

1895

- Phebe Kinney Beard is born June 18, 1895 at Sharp Peak, China. Willard and Ellen live in Foochow, China otherwise.
- On August 1, 1895, nine missionaries and one child were attacked with swords and spears and killed in Hua Shan (or Wha-sang, a mountain village near Ku-chen or Kutien or Kucheng).
- X-rays discovered by German physicist Wilhelm Roentgen
- Willard is 30 and Ellen is 27.

*[These diary entries, dated from **January 1, 1895 to January 16, 1895**, were written from Foochow, China by Ellen. She begins writing on her first New Year's Day in China. Willard had to travel out into the country and it is their first time apart since being married. She talks about some of her activities on the various days. From the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

Tuesday, January 1st [1895]

Our first New Year's day in China! We are spending it with Mr. Hubbard's people at Pagoda Anchorage. Willard and Mr. Hubbard returned yesterday afternoon from a three day's journey in the country about Sharp Peak. We have never been separated for a single night before since we were married. Today Willard and Mr. H. went on another short trip in a boat expecting to return by one o'clock; but did not appear until three. This disturbed Mrs. H's plan to go across the river which was eventually carried out in part.

The thoughts which events have led me to entertain today are apropos to the beginning of a new year. Briefly stated they are, - The necessity of plan and purpose in life; and the necessity of persistence and finess in executing them. Our obligation to others. True love and unselfishness the foundation of happiness in the home.

[When asked about Sharp Peak, Donald MacInnis replied: "Sharp Peak was an island in the mouth of the Min River where the early missionaries went to escape the summer heat. Later, stone houses were built on Kuliang mountain, a day's walk from the city, and a whole summer community built up there."].

Wednesday, January 2nd

The weather today is similar to that of yesterday altho it has not rained. We started at 10:30 for home. I felt a slight headache and after eating lunch, I was thoroughly seasick. We had intended to attend the Missionary Concert at the So. Side but walked directly home from the boat.

Thursday, Jan. 3rd

[no entry]

Tuesday, January 15th.

The weather has been true to the standard of late preceeding days, - the thermometer running below 50 degrees and heavy mists or rain filling the air all day.

Affairs of the mission have precluded all study. At 9.30 A.M. we went into the city and sat in business meeting assembled at Dr. Baldwin's for nearly an hour when it adjourned to attend Miss Woodhull's examination of her Woman's School and Kindergarten. There were several very interesting little ones among the sixteen, who carried off the motion songs and the ball and block studies very creditably after only four months study. We heard little of the woman's work as we returned to resume business before dinner. We with Mr. Woodin dined with Miss Woodhull. At two o'clock we attended the Class Day exercises at Mr. Pete's school. They were arranged wholly by the class and consisted of a discussion of the question "Is an education profitable?" The boys talked readily each from the standpoint of a different occupation and the audience seemed much amused altho I understood none of it.

Immediately following this was Dr. Woodhull's examination of hospital students. This showed good work with four students. Tea was served at the close of the exercises. Business meeting again convened holding until 6 P.M. The principle items of business transacted was the expunging of the "Dr. Whitney resolution", appropriation in asking for a new man to take Mr. Pete's school; also sanitarium suites were voted to be rented.

I have firmly concluded that the rule for new missionaries not voting the first year should be strictly adhered to.

Wednesday, January 16.

The Field Day Exercises of the Scientific College called Willard into the City for the forenoon; they passed off much to the satisfaction of the audience.

I assisted Miss Newton in decorations for the graduating exercises. The exercises passed off very creditably in the afternoon altho not a large audience was present. The class consisted of two girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete, Mary and Miss Chittenden took dinner with us. After the close of the afternoon exercises, a business meeting was held at Mr. Woodin's. Mr. Goddard called in the evening.

*[This letter, dated **January 2, 1895**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks. He and Ellen visited with the Hubbards at Pagoda Anchorage then he and Mr. Hubbard went on to Sharp Peak and had a Chinese feast*

while there. They can have furniture made cheaply in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]

Foochow China.
Jan. 2nd 1895.

Dear Folks:-

A Happy New Year has been wished and I trust spent by you all. We thought of you and remembered you when we talked with the Father.

Last week we experienced the first wet days in Foochow. The rain began to fall Thurs. and it rained steadily till Sun. morning. Fri. afternoon Mrs. Hubbard sent a sampan up from Pagoda Anchorage for us to come down and spend the Sabbath. It was a cold, raw time and rained hard but we went. The wind favored us and we were less than two hours on the water, and found a nice warm fire and a good supper waiting for us. Sat. morning Mr. Hubbard and I arose at 5:30 o'clock and started for Sharp Peak at the mouth of the Min river. About half way down the tide met us and we stopped at one of the numberless little villages along the bank of the Min. Mr. H. talked and read to the crowd that everywhere gather about a foreigner whenever he stops and I stood by him and allowed the natives to examine my coat and gloves and hair, and sold tracts. One man invited us into his house, gave us a seat and treated us to boiled sweet potatoes. They were good. Mr. Hubbard had an errand on board one of the steamers lying in the anchorage so we went on board and were treated to tea cake and crackers. We arrived at Sharp Peak village just as dark fell. The helper= the Pastor- was at the boat to meet us and we went straight to the chapel. The mud was pretty deep in the streets but it was so dark we could not see it so it made little difference. This church was to celebrate Christmas that evening and many of them had already gathered. The servant- a Christian worker and sort of colporteur [*or colporteur - sells religious materials*]- made supper ready for me. The Pastor gave us some tea and a neighbor sent in some milk. These with the food which we took with us made a good supper. The chapel was very prettily trimmed and all in good taste except one cross which was all covered with advertisement cards. It looked a little odd to see this decoration on a cross, but to the Chinese it was very pretty, and answered the same as a cross decorated with roses and lilies for us at home. A number of men spoke, and after these exercises, the presents were given to the children. These chapels in the different parts of the mission- all have a day school connected with them. Where the work is not too large the pastor is also teacher in the day school, so the church and school are very closely linked together. Nearly all the children in the Sharp Peak church are day school scholars. These each had an image of play and gaily painted, and a picture card. The one who had been most regular in attendance had first choice of the images. It was as hard work for them to decide which was the handsomest images as it is for some little American boys to decide which is the biggest orange. After the children were disposed of the older ones went in for a feast. Of course Mr. H and I had to partake. This was my third Chinese feast within a week,- and I had eaten a supper only two hours before! But I sailed in and wished I had not taken any thing with Mr. H. This feast was good. They had some fried oysters that would do credit to any New Eng. house wife's cooking, and the chicken was good. And they had eggs boiled hard, the shells taken off and then fried in batter- fried whole. These were delicious. Two kinds of fish were very nice. I am getting used to diving into the same dish with seven others, and throwing the refuse either under or on the table. Here is a description of our bed. Two horses - just like our carpenter's horses,- on these four boards each a foot wide, on these an oil cloth, then a mattress of cotton one inch and a half thick, and then a plush robe,- sheets and covering. We slept like bricks. The next morning was bright and clear. We rolled out and climbed the hill to create an appetite for breakfast. Hot potatoes and rice were added to our bread and meat. This was our fare till Monday night. I liked it. The sweet potatoes are good and the rice is always good, add a little bread and eggs and meat, and have sugar, salt and milk and I shall enjoy these country trips. It makes me happy to find that they are agreeable to me for my work is in this line. After I have learned to talk I shall be all over this part of the province of Fukien- for 75 miles back from the site of Foochow. Mr. Woodin was gone 16 days on his last trip. This I believe is the longest one that is made in the mission. Mr. Hubbard is located near the center of his field and is seldom away from home more than one night at a time. Sharp Peak is the place where we expect to spend next Summer. Up on top of the hill is a very pleasant house arranged for five families. I think we shall enjoy it. A fine beach lies at the foot of the hill and we can bathe as often as we are willing to descend and climb the hill. Monday morning we started up the river stopping on the way at Wung puo to rent a place for school and chapel and rooms for chapel and school teacher. We reached the Anchorage late in the afternoon. In the evening we all took tea with Dr. and Mrs. Whitney and then son Henry and daughter Mary. New Years morning Dr. Whitney, Mr. H and I started again on a tour, visiting other of the stations and returning at 3:30 P.M. This morning Ellen and I started for Foochow at 11:00 o'clock and reached our home at Ponasang at 3:00 P.M. It is now 4:45 and I'll take a rest. The mail came again last Thurs. Ellen received a letter from Etta. That was all. Fri. morning, Jan. 4th a letter has just arrived from home. I tell you it has done me good. You may be sure there is no discount on home news. We are full of business, but there is always time for and everything is always dropped when

the American mail arrives. I am glad to hear that you are all well. I think it may be a good thing to box up some of the snow and send it over to us. We shall not be likely to see any for a few years. I believe that a little falls sometimes, but it is so uncommon that the Chinese stand on the bridge and watch flakes fall into the river and dissolve, wondering what becomes of them. All along the street they pack it into images- men and women engaging in the sport. Some box it up to preserve it. We have had one or two frosts- nothing colder. Mrs. Woodin's calas are out door in bloom. She has had them put in two nights is all. The Chinese never have fires for warmth. When a cold comes they put on the clothes- padded coats and fur lined coats. The class called Coolies who do the work about the house and carrying on the streets never cover their ankles. It looks rather incongruous to us to see these men with their shoulders and bodies thickly padded, but with ankles bare, no stockings and only a pair of Chinese shoes.

I am glad to hear from Ruth that school is going on so well with all of you. Does James still peddle? I wonder how Ben is getting along. I must write him. You see, you folks have the advantage over me. I must write a full letter myself. Each time you have several for each letter and can take turns writing. I hope you will write all about the farm work and how Oliver is getting along, and all about the Uncles and Aunts and cousins and I hope Aunt Louise will find time to write a letter to us telling all about Grandfather and Grandmother and the news at White Hills. [*Louise is Willard's mother's sister. The 1900 census shows Louise Nichols, born in Sept. 1857, living with her mother, Phebe A. Nichols, born May 1819 in Huntington Town, CT. Louise's father, Nathan Bennett Nichols died in May 1899.*]

I think that we shall send a list of articles for Oliver to purchase and send to the Board rooms in Boston to be forwarded to us. I am lonely without any tools. My knife which you have not seen- which contains a saw, gimblet and tweezers punch, cork screw, hook and two blades- is my whole outfit. It does very well, but I think I must have a complete set of tools for carpentry work. I'll see what I can do here before I write definitely. We have not heard from our goods yet since they passed the Suez Canal Nov. 27. We wish we had bought less furniture in Boston. We can have it made to order here for about half what we paid in Boston. I gave Ellen a writing desk, - 2 ½ ft. long, slanting top, covered with cloth. The top lifts up and under it is a large space and a number of pigeon holes below and back are three drawers a foot wide and half a foot deep. It is of hard wood stained to represent black walnut. It cost only \$4.75 in silver. That means about \$2.50 in gold. I have ordered a desk for myself- an office desk for \$11.00. It is to be 53 in. long. 32 in. wide, - flat top- four drawers on each side of me as I sit at it, and a cupboard on each side at the back and pigeon holes above that are separate from the desk. We are going to have a side board, a book case and one or two wardrobes made. There are no closets in these houses, so each one had to have his own.

Next week will be the week of prayer. The three missions here observe it together. The meetings are held in the P.M. at 3:00 P.M. Next Sunday Dwight preaches. This begins the series of meetings and the week day meetings are prayer meetings held at the private houses. I lead the meeting one week from to day "Home and Foreign Missions".

Yes Phebe, I knew Eddy quite well. He was in Hartford last year and spent one night at the Seminary. I saw him again at Detroit. I do not remember seeing him at Madison. Pitkin his chum was there. Eddy and Pitkin I understand have means at their disposal and are going out to the foreign field under the A.B.C.F.M. but will pay their own expenses. So the Board gains not only two good men but their support as well. I almost envy the man who is able to give not only himself but his expenses as well, and yet this is wrong for the Lord asks of us only what we have and if we give that we have given all, whether it be only self or self with money added. Then again He asks only prayers and work and money and does not want self in the foreign work, but desires the personal work in the Christian land. One work is no greater than the other, and I am more and more inclined to think one work is no harder than the other if both are done with equal consecration and devotedness. There are temptations to battle against here as well as in America. This city has so many missionaries and other foreigners in it that a spirit of rivalry in dress etc. is not entirely absent. Then servants are so cheap- only \$4.00 silver per month that one has to guard against laziness. We new comers feel this more than those who have been here longer, for they can use the language and there is always work enough for every one who can talk. We find it hard to study all the time, and get the proper exercise. Here at Ponasang there is no good place to walk. The city is on all sides of us, and one is not forcibly impelled by the pleasant streets and handsome store windows to stroll out. Dwight and I went out into one of the cemeteries nearby and a beggar spied us. He followed thro the streets for a mile and up on a high hill and would not let us look off with any comfort. When we started down into the street again he blocked our way. I kicked his shins and Dwight accidentally hit him on the head with his cane. He left us then. Begging is a profession here as much [*as*] making idols, and the beggars are often rich people who ply their vocation part of the day and sit at home in ease the rest.

Now that letters have started I trust that each mail will bring something from home, and unless the work becomes very demanding and takes me off away from home you will hear often from me. I am in no danger of going into the country at present- not till my tongue twists more easily.

Love to all Will and Ellen.

*[This letter, dated **January 4, 1895**, was written from Ponasang, Foochow, China by Ellen to her dear friends. She and Willard have been busy socially. Ellen attended a Native Woman's Missionary Society meeting. She will be helping Miss Newton with graduation exercises. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

Ponasang, Foochow, China
Jan. 4" 1895.

My dear Friends,

Willard has left a place in his envelope for my letter which may not be a repetition of his, as we do have some different experiences.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodin invited [*me or us*] to dinner today, Dr's. Woodhull and Nieberg of the Woman's Hospital, Miss Woodhull, of the Woman's and Kindergarten Schools, and Mr. Goddard; it was a very pleasant party. I think it has taken as much of our time to accept invitations for dinners, evenings, excursions and visits since we have been here as it did ordinarily in America; so you see social life is not entirely lacking even in China.

This afternoon I attended the Native Women's Missionary Society. It took eight members, two hours to discuss the disposal of fifty dollars which they had raised in two years with the aid of foreign contributors. I did not stay through the session as I could understand only such of the discussion as filtered through the minds and escaped in occasional remarks of the foreign women present. The society is but two years old, has a membership of thirty, nearly all of whom are comparatively poor women and are doing a good work among their heathen sisters and in the schools. They pledge themselves to go out once or twice a week to do personal missionary work among the women.

We had quite a rest from studying the language the past week, in one visit to Pagoda Anchorage. Willard's three day's trip with Mr. Hubbard was his first experience in "touring" and was the longest we have been separated since our marriage. But I suppose I must become accustomed to his long absences from home as touring is to be an important part of his work.

I am coming to understand enough of this "Baby lovish jargon" to comprehend our washerman's request for starch and blueing and to find the hymns as announced in Chinese; so I think there is a possibility that I may speak the Foochow dialect intelligibly some time.

Miss Newton's school is preparing for the Graduating Exercises of its class of two. She has asked me to assist in the floral decorations which are to be elaborate, I assure you. They are to have a class ode and a parting song composed by the graduates, organ solos and duets by the native teachers and undergraduate pupils, and their diplomas are printed on white silk.

Following close upon the Commencement Exercises of the two schools comes the Chinese New Year which is a time of great festivity. As they reckon time by the moon, their new year begins several days later than ours, - Jan. 26" - it being to day the 9" day of the 12" moon.

I have received but one letter from my home and we were both very glad to hear from you in the letter received to day.

My limited space prevents personal messages, but I send a big bundle of love which may be distributed in Holiday Greetings (perhaps now somewhat passé) and every day remembrances to each and all.

Very Sincerely,

Ellen.



Chinese houseboat. A pagoda can be seen in the distance. Is this Pagoda Anchorage?
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter, dated **January 29, 1895**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks. Some of their household goods have arrived and some letters from home. Willard explains Chinese reckoning and what the New Year means for the Chinese. He sold his bicycle for lack of places to ride it easily. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China
 Jan 29th '95

Dear Folks

It is a long time since I have written you, not because there was nothing to write but rather because there was too much "going on." Two weeks before last was our Week of Prayer. The three Missions joined in daily meetings. Dwight preached the first Sunday in the English Ch. and during the afternoons of the week meetings were held at the homes of different members of the Missions. I led the meeting Fri. P.M. Subj: - Home and Foreign Missions." The meetings were very interesting, well attended and lasted from 3-4:30 o'clock. One of the Ch. Of Eng. Missionaries preached on the last Sunday and administered the Sacrament after the custom of that Church. Interspersed with the prayer meeting our Mission held a number of business meetings which completely filled the day. Then add to this going away to dinner and having others come to dinner and the time was all occupied. To explain this:- the day that I led the meeting, our Mission held a business meeting at our house from 9 A.M. -1:00 P.M. Well ten persons had to come from the city out here and if they attended the prayer meeting in the P.M. they had to stay to dinner. So the folks at Ponasang invited them to stay for dinner. The courtesy was returned when the meetings were in the city.

Week before last was Commencement week in our schools and colleges. And every day was full two or three times over- if we count the invitations from the Meth. and C. of Eng. Missions. Nearly every day was rainy. I conducted the Field Day exercises for our Banyan City Scientific College on Wed. morning of that week. We had

arranged to hold them in our compound in front of our house but the rain drove us under shelter and we had to exercise in Cowan Hall at the College Business meetings demanded very much of our time this week also. One can form no conception of the amount of brain work it takes to manage a Mission like this with the educational and evangelistic work- with too few preachers, too few teachers, too many seeking employment, too many unqualified, a Chinaman is just as ready to accept a lucrative position- even if he does not have to work very hard in it as an American as most of the converts are from the poorer classes and a good living means much to these- they do not look to laying by anything. Our pastors are paid according to their expenses- a man with a large family has more than one with a small family. Then some of the churches help more than others. The largest sum which any pastor receives is \$108.00 per year from the mission, he has a large family and is working where there are no church members. We hold a meeting tomorrow morning to consider whether it is best to keep him. He has worked in this village four years and has done nothing. His boys go to our schools and his girls are in our boarding school. They get all the help possible and then skip off where there is more pay or more (to them) desirable employment. Of course they have a right to do so in one sense, but the man seems to be simply scheming to see how he can squeeze another dollar out of the Mission. This is only one case out of many that come. We young fellows are apt to think the older Missionaries rather lenient sometimes. But old heads are generally better for counsel and I prefer to be seen more than heard for a year or so. Well beside the planning connected with our own work alone, we have to take into consideration the methods and fields of the other missions. Most of the country about is definitely apportioned to each of the three missions. But the city and suburbs are undivided and sometimes before one of us knows it he is working in the same locality as another mission then one has to remove himself. To add to the difficulty of our business this year in arranging our mission work, the appropriations asked for were \$ 2422.00. We received \$840.00. What was to be done? We could not turn off preachers and teachers in this way so we went into our own salaries and have nearly supplied the deficit. Ellen and I gave 1/6 of our appropriation from the Board for this year. But when you know that one dollar in gold which we receive from the U.S. is equal to two of our silver dollars and that one of these silver dollars has as great purchasing power here as one gold dollar in America, we are not so benevolent as would seem at first thought. This is letting you into the inner working of the Mission a little. I hope I have given the true color to the picture. There are so many influences at work, and one part of the work is so vitally connected with every other that it is a very easy matter to give a one sided view of any question pertaining to Mission matters.

A week ago last Saturday all but four boxes of our goods arrived and I have been at work on them since Wed. evening. First I dove into the box which contained the bicycle and wedding presents. Nearly everything came thro in good condition. Some of the spoons or ladles look as if they had breathed a little salt air, and found it rather strong for their lungs. The bicycle arrived in perfect condition and I have been out twice on it. The main street is rather crowded for it, and the paths over the rice fields are too narrow and crooked. Chinese New Years Day, Jan. 26th I rode it thro' the street without difficulty- the people shut up shop on that day- and over in the foreign settlement the roads are very good. I had a ride of about seven miles on a very fine road. After the contents of this box were examined I let the stove loose and we have it at work, and are very much delighted with it, then we opened two boxes of furniture and found a dining table and six chairs, a parlor table, two folding rockers and two folding chairs, rugs lamps etc. So now we have our setting room furnished with our own furniture, our dining room ready for use, and are sleeping under our own clothing but not over our mattresses yet. The beds have not arrived. My desk is finished but it is varnished with Chinese varnish which poisons some people unless it is thoroughly dry. It requires about six weeks to harden. When it is once hard it is like iron. Hot dishes, boiling water etc have no effect on it. Furniture that was varnished 8 or 10 years ago is as good looking now after constant use during all that time. When this desk is in our sitting room, we shall call the room the study, and it will be furnished as completely as we expect to have it. We are taking much pleasure in arranging the articles in our new home and it is a long drawn out pleasure, for the goods come lagging along so. It is nearly two weeks since the other boxes came and the rest have not been heard from since they arrived at Hong Kong. I have bought a Chinese saw, balance and chisel, and have a hammer which I brought from home, and have borrowed a nail puller. The boxes furnish excellent lumber, and I take exercise by pulling out and saving nails, and I have already made a cupboard for oil cans, dust cloths, tools etc and on top the lamps are placed each day and cleaned. I have begun to make an ironing table and must make an ironing board and a bench for the wash tubs. Then we shall need a framework covered with an iron screen or netting for our "pantry." The people here call it a "safe." I shall make the frame for this and there will [be] numerous other articles that we shall need, which I expect to manufacture out of the nails and boxes that come from America. The carpenter or cabinet maker would like to do the work I suppose but I should have to wait his time and pay his price.

A week ago last Saturday was an eventful day for us. Our first goods from home arrived that day and when we went to supper we left our wedding presents and a lot of other nick nacks strewn about the room. We were just

about to put them away after supper as the mail from America was announced and we each found a letter from home. It would not be surprising if our eyes were a little blurred as we read them silently and then it was nothing against us if our voices were a little husky as we reread them aloud. Every thing spoke very loudly that night of home and dear ones. But my best of wives is very brave and we have so much to do, with study and arranging the house, etc that homesickness is not allowed to hold the fort for long at a time. Sat. evening:- I have had a very prosperous sore throat for the last two weeks. It has not however kept me from eating or from working most of the time. It has kept me from finishing this letter for I felt so ugly last evening and the evening before that I did not want to write. The throat is better now.

I think you will enjoy a brief account of a Chinese New Year as it has been seen by one of the Yankees for the first time.

Our time is reckoned from the birth of Christ. The Chinese reckon according to the cycle of sixty years, according to the Dynasty, and according to the year of the reigning Emperor. This sixty year cycle was started arbitrarily 2637 B.C. by Hwangti or his minister Yau. The present year would then be the 32nd year of the 76th cycle. The present Dynasty came in in 1644 at the end of the celebrated Ming Dynasty, and is called the Tsing i.e. Pure Dynasty. The rulers are not Chinese but Tartars. One of the first acts of this power was to compel the Chinese to adopt the national Tartar mode of shaving the front of the head and braiding the back hair into a long queue as a sign of submission. This then is the 251st year of the present Dynasty and the 21st year of the Kuang Hsu reign. The Chinese month begins with the new moon. This year the first of the first month or New Years Day came on the 26th of our January. As there are really more than twelve moons in a year, an intercalary month is put in when the calendar needs it. This year we shall have 13 moons. The 5th month ends June 22nd. The next month is called "In 5th" month and ends July 21st. Then begins the 6th month. The next Chinese New Years Day will be toward the middle of February.

With each New Years Day life begins anew for the Chinaman. He is one year older then without reference to the day or month of his birth. A child born in the last month of the year, is a year old at birth, as all children are, and after the next New Years Day is two years old. One of the first signs of the approaching New Year is house-cleaning. Every house must be scrubbed, inside and out. As none of the houses are painted, and as a hole in the roof is the chimney, and as this is the only house cleaning of the year, the appearance of the city and the villages is greatly changed. I thought at first, as I was passing thro' a small village on the plain the other day, that the houses were new, but it was the effect of the recent scrubbing. The shopkeeper tears down his old sign and puts up a new one in the most gorgeous colors he can find. The old candle stick is thrown on the rubbish heap and a new one is bought. The children appear in new garments, and the older ones also to a less extent. The confectionary stands blossom out in sweet meats of fantastic colors. Restaurants and bakeries manufacture their most tempting and indigestible cakes. One of the most popular is made of glutinous rice flour. The cake is about eighteen inches in diameter and about two and one half inches thick, of a dark brown color, rather sweet, but as heavy as flour and water mixed without shortening, and sticks to your teeth like putty. Fire crackers are very numerous at New Years and the air is as full of noise and powder in China, as at Fourth of July in America. Business is very lively for two weeks at the close of the year. The streets are more crowded than in the busiest parts of our largest cities during the Holiday Season. All accounts must be balanced at the end of the year. This makes a general cessation of business at the end of the year and a fresh start again with the ushering in of the New Year. It is a serious time with debtors, for if a man allows a debt to remain over a New Year's Day, his credit is gone. In some respect this is a good custom, a man cannot run in debt for years and then fail with a few millions in his pocket because his business standing is known at the end of each year. The last day of the year, and I had better add the last night also is a very busy time for the man who is hard up and who has debts to collect. He lights his lantern and goes out in quest of the delinquents, and custom allows him to extend the night into New Years Day as far as he can make one candle burn. But so long as he is collecting he must carry this lighted lantern with him. The last night is spent, by those who have settled their accounts, in feasting and drinking. New Years morning dawns and the city is as quiet as a New England village on a Sunday morning. Every shop is closed and the inhabitants are sleeping. About noon the people wake up, and a few stroll out and form into groups by the road side to gamble. No business is done that day and as I passed thro' the street, the city looked deserted. I rode my wheel without difficulty thro' the same streets in which I found difficulty in making my way on foot two days before. On the second day a very few of the poorer shops open, you meet a few men and women carrying burdens, gradually business starts. But as yet it is far from its usual briskness and this is the 9th day of the New Year. The Feast of Lanterns occurring the 15th of the 1st month helps to enliven business at this season. Lanterns of every conceivable shape are made and exposed for sale. Every one is supposed to purchase one. As we pass thro' the streets now we see the purchasers selecting and we meet others carrying home the paper forms. The lanterns are all made of bamboo frames covered with paper. Inside each is a place for a candle. They are all on the same principle as the Chinese lanterns we have at home, only of all shapes- fish, horses with

riders, men, women, houses, boats, birds, cows, ornaments etc. Some with a windmill arrangement inside, so that the draught of air caused by the heat of the candle will turn an apparatus on which are arranged figures of men, women, officers on horseback and sedans etc. They are very artistic and quite worth seeing. For the first two weeks of the New Year the women are free to go about. There is little work to do at home, as the house has just been thoroughly cleaned and as the men are not busy. Several groups of six or eight women have visited our houses during the past week. This must be a happy season for the poor women who are kept so secluded at all other times- little better than slaves. The house cleaning is done mostly by women who live in boats on the river. And after New Years Day these boat women- all large footed and strong may be seen with baskets going from house to house asking for gifts of cakes etc this they are allowed to do at no other season of the year.

The chair coolies always demand one half more pay for the first time they carry a foreigner after New Years. The native churches observe the first week of the Chinese year as the week of prayer.

The beginning of the New Year is a holiday season with the Chinese, not a holiday as with us. It effects not only the business among the natives but all business with which a Chinaman is connected. Ships are stranded for days because the Chinese sailors must have a vacation. I saw the books of one of the merchants here this morning and during the last month his business was recorded in about ten lines of one page of the ledger. Ordinarily his business for one month covers ten pages. It will take about five days more for business to assume its normal proportions. The more aristocratic a man is the longer he keeps his shop closed. But I can learn of no unusual religious ceremonies connected with the celebration of this festival season. It is the Chinaman's vacation as the summer weeks are the American's vacation and with this difference. The American can not afford the time to rest completely and all at once, so part of him remains at work in the city while the other part climbs the mountain or wades the shore.

I have written this account thinking you might like to copy it for some of the papers, if you deem it desirable. I would send it direct to the Sentinel or Bee but my time has more demands than I know how to meet, and then I have been using borrowed stamps thus far and do not like to ask for more than are necessary. All our goods have arrived and are unpacked (Wed. Feb. 6th) except the sewing machine. That will come in about another month. The mirror on our bureau was in 1000000's of pieces. This is the only serious breakage. I have had quite a siege putting together ten chairs, a dining table, commode, bureau, bicycle and stove. These all came knocked down and packed closely. We have used only about 215 cu. ft. of the 240 cu. ft. allowed us. And have about \$100.00 left with which to purchase furniture here. We ordered a side board 45 in long 41 in high three drawers and two shelves. The back extends 30 in above the top, making it 72 in high. There is a shelf on the back, 18 in from the top of the side board, 12 in wide. Then I ordered a low bureau or rather chest of drawers- 1 drawer 12 in deep one 6 in deep both 45 in long and two drawers 4 ½ in deep 22 in long. Beside these a book case 3 ½ ft long and about 4 ft high the whole will cost \$ 24.50 silver. Alas! Alas!! The bicycle and I have parted. The captain of one of the coast steamers came to see it the other day and asked me what I would take. I told him \$100.00 silver and he gave it. I could make no practical use of the machine and I thought \$100.00 was most too much to have lying about for the sake of a little pleasure once in two weeks or so. The money is on interest at 5%.

I have ordered about \$4.00 worth of silver ornaments- scarf pins, ladies hat pins, breast pins and hope to send them home to you some time within six months. These are all of solid silver- in very pretty designs- silver is so cheap here now that I thought I could send them home and if you like you may show them to friends and sell as many as you like.

Well I must close this long drawn out epistle. I hope you will continue to write for each mail. They arrive once in about 10 days. The last mail bro't no letters from America for us.

God is very kind to us as to all His creatures and we leave all our loved ones in His care. Give love to all. Congratulations for all birthdays. I was 30 yesterday.

Will

*[These letters, dated **February 21, 1895** and **March 4, 1895**, were written from Foochow, China by Willard and Ellen to the folks at home. Willard preached his first sermon and they had their first meal in their own home. Willard talks about the extravagance but necessity of having Chinese servants and the contrast between the missionary homes to the world outside the compound. Ellen tells about a visit to a Chinese home. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China.

Feb. 21st 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I think the last letter I wrote to you must have left Foochow 'ere this altho the only means of ascertaining would be to go over and ask, for there is no regularity yet in the coast service. I received this morning \$5.00 of U.S. stamps and sometime there will [be] another mail start for "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Then too we are getting ready to brave disappointment if another home mail arrives and we find no letters. All these considerations lend an excuse for starting another epistle. Even if the fundamental reason be love for the dear ones. [The following 2-3 sentences were written upside down among the above sentences:]
Mon. A.M. 7:40- I delivered my first address in the Foochow dialect last evening before the Y.P.S.C.E. at Ha puo ga- two sentences, twenty three words. The natives listened with wide open mouths- not exactly aghast- I do not know if they understood but I think they did most of it. Will.

I preached my first sermon a week ago last Sunday. (If I have told this before pardon me. I have written it somewhere but I think not to you.) Mr. Woodin was unable to make the usual tour into his district, and he was unwilling to send me with an interpreter, so the pastor of the church which we attend was delegated to go, and Mr. Woodin expected to preach for him. On Sunday he had the ear ache, and I spoke thro Ming Wung, as fine a young man as I ever saw. He is the same man who translates for me each Sabbath at S.S. Wouldn't we have had a good time in the country together if Mr. Woodin had allowed it! Tell Aunt Louise I should have eaten with this Chinaman and probably slept with him and been his constant companion for ten days, and come out of [it] all whiter than I was after haying a year ago last Summer. Ming Wung is a lovely young man [*probably Ding Ming Uong*]. He is the second generation of Christians, yes really the third, and the whole family are as nice as our own countrymen. There is one married son, Ming Wung, a little cripple, and little Kau Kau,= (Nine nine), and three nice daughters. The eldest graduated from our Girls School this year and begins to-day as a teacher in the school for a year before she is married. The other two are in the school, the youngest is as bright as a dollar and her eyes snap and her whole face has a roguish a look as you ever see on an American "witch cat".

I wrote that the mirror which came with our furniture was broken to flinders. I attended an auction the other day and paid \$7.35 for one to replace it, and as it was too large and there is no instrument here to cut it I must pay \$2.00 more to have the frame enlarged. I may feel thankful tho if this is the only extra for breakage on \$300.00 of goods coming so far. The fabulous prices which old articles brought at the auction made me think it would almost pay to break up house keeping and seen off once in a while. A half doz. chairs something the style of our dining chairs at home went for about \$14.00 and other things in proportion.

We are steadily working toward "getting settled" for housekeeping. The kitchen is in order, but only the stove or rather furnace is there- no spiders that stay where they are put, and such utensils, these must yet be bought. The dining room is all ready- as soon as the side-board arrives, which will be sooner or later. I think we shall be able to keep things running with one man to devote his whole time to cooking our food, and buying it from day to day, and another to help him in setting table and washing dishes, beside doing our washing and ironing and other work. I tell you what missionaries are extravagant on the servant question, but it is surprising to find how indispensable the servants are, and what a means of saving they are. In the first place, it would be poor economy for us to spend our time and strength to do that which a man will do for \$4.00 a month and board himself. In the next place, it is impossible for a foreigner to buy in the market for anything like a reasonable price, when his cook will go to the same market and buy meat and eggs etc. at the same cheap rates as other natives. Then it is impossible to buy in quantities as we do at home. Our cook spends about three hours nearly every day going to market. If we had to do this, how much could we do at the work for which we came out? We do no buying from the shops. When we are on the streets we go straight along. If we chance to stop to look at any thing we are immediately smothered with the crowd. Picture Ellen selecting a silk dress with twenty five Chinamen about her and each are near enough to touch her. Or me buying wash tubs under the same circumstances. I tell the servant I want an article and describe its size, shape etc. and show him one like the article I want and he brings it for less money than I could possibly have gotten it. Our furniture we ask the carpenter or cabinet-maker to come to us for orders.

I have arrived at the stage in the study of the language, when I can find out what is said to me, with the help of my teacher who cannot speak or understand a word of English- and a Dictionary. To-day our servant was going to buy a bed and he wanted to go and see it made so that he might not be cheated. Here is what he said to me. "Cing Siong mo ki kang i hek ngai gi pieng neng ga" (Cing Siong not go see he get badly him cheated.)

Cing Siong is the servant name, I would write out the Chinese characters for you but if I should chance to transpose two of them I could not tell the difference and you might laugh at me(?) for showing my ignorance. I have been able to settle with my carpenter, mason and cabinet-maker for two weeks or more. That is I can tell or understand the numerals and am able to distinguish whether an item is for work or material. When my forgetting and ignorance are in prime condition my good wife comes to the rescue and her superior knowledge brings the laugh on me. The other day we were out calling on some of the friends of the Meth. and Ch. of Eng. Missions. Ellen

was riding, and one of her coolies asked me what time it was “gui deng cung” and I could not make him out. Ellen told me and then he laughed. Bi Sing Sang could not know, but Pi Sing Sang niong knew [*or Bi Sing Sang niong?*]. I am known among the natives as Bi. The Sing Sang is the word for teacher, Niong means wife. The Bi is a high head tone and is not exactly like our B, but is a soft unaspirated P. The words for teacher have the same tones and are pronounced naturally. To pronounce Niong you begin with the high pitch and drop. Use the same quality of voice and pronounce the word as you do the “out” when you say sharply to a dog, “get out.” Well if I keep on at this you will know more of the language than I do.

We have just received \$5.00 worth of U.S. stamps (postage) from Shanghai. The report is that we will have to pay for them on the gold basis after this. We have the advantage over you thus far, for our stamps cost us only half as much as yours cost you owing to the exchange.

Last Fri. night Mr. Woodin was taken ill. He has not been very strong for over a year and the day before Fri. he had a very hard day's work- helping settle some difficulties among the Chinese. The Dr. says he has a constant low fever, but has no vitality- nothing to build upon. He has been here at work steadily for over ten years now since he came back from America the last time and was sadly in need of a rest, and Mrs. Woodin were planning to go home in the Spring of '96, but this makes it imperative that they go at once, if Mr. Woodin gets better. It will somewhat disarrange our plans and the plans of the whole mission. But it is all for the best. At present Mr. Woodin is a very sick man and the Dr. says very little about him. Well I am either tired or lazy and will bid you good night, to resume when thoughts are more plenty.

Mon. Feb. 25th, 8 P.M. This has been a very full day for us. We decided Sat. that, in view of Mr. Woodin's illness and the consequent addition to Mrs. Woodin's burdens, we must take care of ourselves as soon as possible, and planned to eat supper in our own home. We carried out the plan. And this was the way of it:- Our cook arrived about 12 o'clock to-day. We had previously bought a tea kettle and had ordered some flour, sugar, salt, pepper, vinegar, apricots, figs, plums and corn starch. These goods arrived about 6:00 P.M. to-day. But we ate supper in our own dining room just the same, and here is the menu. Boiled eggs, apple-sauce, bread and butter, cake, peanuts, hot-water, cold-water, salt, pepper, sugar.-SATISFACTION, HAPPINESS. Mrs. Woodin had more bread and butter than she could use, so she gave up a little. Miss Newton happened in a few moments before we sat down and wanted to give some thing, so over came apple sauce, cake and peanuts, the eggs, hot and cold water, sugar, salt and pepper. Our cook or we furnished. This was something like picnicing but we did not trouble Mrs. Woodin, and from small beginnings, often, large engines follow. This may be the case with us, for our cook is an experienced hand and may run us into extravagance.

Birthdays have been lying about numerously of late. Feb 5th, 18th, 24th Father Kinney 25th and Mother only a few days before mine.

Wed. Evening Feb. 27th. We have just read your letters of Jan 6th and 8th. If you take half as much pleasure in receiving our letters as we do in getting one from home, I am sorry I cannot write oftener. I feel sorry every time a steamer leaves for Shanghai without bearing a letter from me to you. It seemed to me before I arrived that there would be plenty of time for letter-writing during the first year, but I have decided that there is never plenty of time for anything, for him who would make the most of life. There is sufficient time to do everything required and to do it well, but I believe it is detrimental to character, and it certainly impairs one's usefulness to live on the principal that time is an inexhaustible quantity. The men and women who today are making the world move and the men and women who have every minute full and a good many duties to perform between the minutes. So I always expect to be too busy to do anything “when I have time.” I must manufacture time by rapidity. This principle is being worked out right here in China now- China lives on the principle that there is time enough. The Chinaman moves only so fast, he swaggers along the street and if a man with a heavy load overtakes him, it is just as well, if he barely escapes being knocked down, as it would have been, had he quickly stepped out of the way as soon as the load approached him. And if- as I have often seen- one of the gentlemen of leisure is suddenly capsized by the force of an approaching sedan or other burden, he growls at the man whose road he persisted in blocking. In her war the same principle is seen. “There's time enough.” But little Japan has no time for anything and the big fat giant whimpers “these little men makes me muchee trouble. Please Christian Nation makee him stop.”-like a big black crow and a little king bird. By the way- Wei Hai Wei is taken, the Chinese fleet is all in the hands of the Japanese, so the fighting will not be on land entirely- I might better write the running away will be on land- There is nothing now to hinder the Japanese from going right to Tien Tsin and to Peking. The ambassadors from China are in Japan, and the last report was that at last they had full authority to negotiate for peace. China is learning that she is not the only schemer. Dr. Smith in speaking of this writes me:- “Coming from Japan, a nation which in itself presents in so striking a way the advantages that come from open-mindedness toward the new light and arts and machinery of the times, the lesson cannot fail to be the deepest possible.” It is hard to see what but overthrow will bring the present government corps under the power of the Gospel. Every official must obtain his office dishonestly, and must be a

worshipper of idols- else he is not an officer. It is his business to receive the revenues and expend as little as possible for the people and hoard or appropriate to his own use as much as possible.

Sat. evening March 2nd – This is a kind of piece-meal letter. But it may all the better give you a picture of our life here- it will be more like a diary. Our life is running along smoothly with housekeeping. Ellen tells the cook what she wants for some meals and for the others he prepares what he likes. He is a sharp looking man and an experienced cook. He comes to me with the reputation of being rather quick tempered and able to look out for No. 1. But thus far he has been all that we could desire. We have breakfast at 7:30 A.M. I get up and unlock the door at 6:45. After breakfast we have Chinese prayers. Ellen and I read a verse in turns with the two servants and we sing a hymn, after which the cook who is a member of the church offers prayer closing with the Lord's Prayer nearly all of which we can now repeat. The N.T. and PS and hymns are printed in the Romanized so we can read after a fashion. And each day with our teacher we read over the scripture which we are to read at worship next morning. The teacher does not know the Romanized so he reads the character and we read after him the Romanized. After prayers Ellen sees that the servant fills the lamps and then busies herself with sewing or prinking while I study with one teacher of about two hours when she relieves me of study and I "putter round" till dinner at 1 PM. After dinner we read one half hour, unless we have to go away, and then study till 4:30. And we busy at something till supper at 6:00. After supper we have our family worship soon after which the cook comes up to give Ellen his accounts. He does all the buying. She gives him silver dollars. He exchanges them for brass cash and buys his produce with the cash. One dollar exchanges for 1060 cash. The taking of the accounts consumes some time and is quite a task, for the cook does not speak or understand any English, and we have to find out in some way what he means by what he says. The dictionary helps us and we generally understand perfectly what he has bought, and what each article cost. After he is thro we read or write till we feel like retiring which is early. Since the goods arrived- about the middle of Jan. we have both spent all the spare time and more in putting things to rights and arranging for housekeeping. I have used the few native tools that I have bought to very good advantage, and believe that everything is in order now as far as I can put it in order till more furniture arrives from the cabinet maker.

During the last two weeks the weather has been delightful. We have not had a fire more than half the time- that is not more than half the days. Thurs. afternoon we walked over to the city thro the fields. It was so hot that we had to carry an umbrella to endure the heat. The sun is very hot here and even in the Winter foreigners have to use caution or they are liable to sunstroke. The Winter wheat is just heading out. The rape seed plant is all in blossom- it looks much like our wild radish- grows about two and one half feet high and has a yellow blossom. The fields are very handsome now with this rape seed plant and the wheat all planted in rows. This morning we were up and out in the compound for a walk ten minutes before breakfast. There was a shower last night and the atmosphere was as clear and fresh as a May morning at home. Our rooms are on the South side of the house and our dining the S.E. corner room. It was a very cheerful place this morning with the windows and doors all open, and the sun shining in. And we were a very cheerful pair as we sat down to oranges and bananas for 1st course, eggs on toast for 2nd course, and fried potatoes and gems of whole-wheat flour and coffee to top off. I wish that every young couple might be as happy the first week of housekeeping as we are. If you should suddenly drop down in Foochow and take breakfast dinner or supper with us, I expect you would open your eyes in astonishment and perhaps horror. Everything would be so different from what you had expected. You might accuse us of gross and wicked extravagance, for we have a very good house- not like a Fifth Ave. palace exactly, for our window panes are only 12x14 in. and all the windows are on hinges, instead of in window frames, and very likely you would be able to see outdoors thro some of the cracks around the windows. Our furniture is mostly from Boston. That which we have had made here is just as good. The food which you would find before you would not be wholly rice- This noon you would have had soup, mutton chops, potatoes, boiled rice, peas, beets, oranges, bananas, and hot water- no tea. You could have coffee for breakfast, but never any tea. To find the table arranged as nicely as at home, and a waiter to come at the call of the bell, and clear the table for each course would almost shock you- it did us at first- Then after dinner you write a letter home and instead of going to drop it in the box, you call your servant and send him two miles to the post office. Or you want to borrow a book of paper of one of the missionaries in the city and the servant goes with a note and brings the article. And you make up your mind that the missionary's life is very easy and pleasant. But you have been nowhere yet except in the compound which is divided from the native houses by a high wall, and the gate is watched all day and locked at night. When you go out on the street and are in the turmoil and strife of the busy noisy multitudes, and then go into the dark dirty, close rooms they call homes, or when you go off into the country sixty or seventy miles, and see nobody but Chinamen, and you hear no word but such as the Chinese speak, and live on what you can carry from your home, supplemented by Chinese food, and sleep each night on boards with a blanket over them, and hear nothing from any of your friends during the time you are gone, for at a distance of 20 miles up into the country you are nearly as far away from home as N.Y. is from San Francisco, practically. When you come to get into the work you are ready to change your mind and eat with humble thanks the best food you can

find when you are at your own home, and you see it is your duty to reserve all your strength for work which the natives cannot do, and allow them not only to do what you would otherwise have to do, but even to do many things for your comfort that might not under other circumstances be found necessary, and that might be entirely unnecessary. Now in this I have just written out the change which has taken place in my own mind since I left the dear home in the home land- I must leave the rest of this sheet for Ellen.

Most Lovingly your Son and Brother, Will.

Mar. 4" '95

My Dear Father and Mother, Brothers, and Sisters,

Willard has left a little space for me to fill hastily this morning before he goes to the P.O.- We have a most beautiful weather this morning, so like our December morning at home. There was a heavy frost last night and the air is the keenest we have felt in China; it is very bracing and refreshing. It was only three of four days ago that we suffered from the intense heat during a leisurely walk through the fields.

We are nicely settled now at housekeeping as I suppose Willard has already written. Our first meal in our own home alone at our own table was eaten with mingled feelings which made it peculiarly memorable; of course we relished it more than any other meal we have taken since we left our old homes.

I suppose our efforts at conversation with our servants are often ludicrous, from their point of view, but we generally make them understand our wishes.

That I may not repeat anything Willard has written I am going to give briefly a little sketch of a visit which is outside his personal experience.

Miss Newton, the lady in charge of the girls school invited me to go with her to call on some of the pupils during the vacation when they were at their homes. The first place we visited was the home of a wire maker and his shop was the front room of the dwelling, opening upon the street i.e. the entire front of the room was open. This seemed to serve also as the general living room of the family which consisted of man and wife, son and wife, too little sons, a daughter and a "little wife" (a babe of two years) bought to bring up for a wife of the second son.

As this was their only place to receive, we entered and were offered chairs after they had been unloaded of a non-descript lot of stuff and dusted, but we preferred some narrow benches which were at hand. As we were fully exposed to vision from the street, in this guest room, crowds gathered in front of the shop as foreign ladies visiting Chinese ladies, is a curiosity indeed. As this was a poor family we were offered only little cakes but the usual courtesy, along this line, is tea, watermelon seeds, and two or three kinds of cakes. After a few minutes conversation Miss N. asked a little girl of the school who had come in from a neighboring house, to read from the New Testament. This drew the by-standers into the room as thick as they could stand and nearly treading upon our toes. The street too was nearly blocked. Miss N. then took this opportunity to talk to them of the story of Jesus and the salvation he brought to all men if they will accept. They listened open eyed and open-mouthed; for many had probably never heard it before and not more than two or three of the whole company were Christians. When she had finished we worked our way out through the crowd and were followed by a multitude as we went our way to another place to repeat the same scene.

I must leave you here but again will tell you of a visit to a wealthy family.

With love to all,

Your daughter and sister, Ellen.

*[This letter dated about **March 4, 1895** was written by Ellen Lucy Kinney Beard. Ellen talks about a visit she took with Miss Newton to a poor family of a girl from school and how the neighbors crowded in to see them. Ellen has copied this from the previous letter for another reader almost word for word. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

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I must leave you here but again will tell you of a visit to a wealthy family.

Ellen L. K. Beard

*[This letter, probably dated **March 1895**, was originally written from Foochow, China by Ellen. This is an excerpt of that original letter, the whereabouts of which are unknown. I believe the excerpt was copied by Willard's mother, Nancy Maria Nichols Beard. The excerpt tells about Ellen and Miss Newton's visit to the home of a wealthy Chinese family. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Probably March 1895]

[Excerpt from a letter written by Ellen that was probably re-written by Willard's mother, Nancy Nichols Beard.]

Mrs. Beards visit to a wealthy Chinese family.

...have come here to teach these people, is the only thing which can really better the condition of the individual, we may feel that the opportunities for personal work, pressing so thickly upon us, are avenues through which we may indirectly exert our influence, (be it ever so small) to uplift the nation.

Life for the Chinese is so hum-drum; there is so little change from the old ways of generations ago; so little variety, diversion; so little that is inspiring to either body, intellect, or soul; so little of amusement, wit, humor; little that contributes to the happiness of child life; little to interest leisure; little to comfort and brighten old age.

I have often seen in my travels, through the streets, little ones sitting listlessly on the compters[*counters?*] of the shops, or wallowing with dogs and chickens and pigs on the filthy pavements, with nothing to busy and train hand eye or mind. I have seen aged men and women in their homes, with no other diversion or occupation than smoking the pipe, gossiping with neighbors, or brooding gloomily over their blindness or other afflictions, wondering why the gods should have inflicted so great an evil on so good a person.

I have seen young men and young women, of wealthy families in their homes, who had apparently nothing by way of employment, except the disposal of their leisure which they must accomplish, I fancy, by keeping their numerous servants busy, and by tricking themselves out in their finery and making visits.

As I visited one of these wealthy families with Miss Newton I found much that was interesting to me, and will doubtless be to you.

Entering the outer court of the dwelling, we passed through a door which shut off immediate contact with the street turmoil, as the poorer houses are not. We were ushered into the reception room which was a continuation of the court, and separated from it only by a flight of three stairs, dividing the floor into two parts across the entire width.

On opposite sides of this room were arranged the two tea tables, with a chair on either side, the indispensable furniture of the great room, of all Chinese homes.

Being ladies, however, we were not seated here, but invited to a more private place, - the ladies bedroom. This was small and dark, much of the room being occupied by the large curtained bed, and most of the remainder by high chests of drawers, surmounted by ornaments, idols, bouquets and what not; or by gaily painted and decorated boxes of camphor wood, piled one above another, in which I suppose the gay garments are kept.

The bed is a wooden framed structure, with rattan bottom, on which there is a layer of straw covered with straw matting, to make it warmer. The only cover is made of two thicknesses of bright colored cloth, with a thick layer of cotton between, which is whipped till it is very fluffy. This is rolled up, and with the wooden pillow are pushed to the back side of the bed during the day. The bedstead and pillow are generally painted red, ornamented with gold. The door is closed only by a rattan screen. In such a room we were invited to sit and were accompanied

by a host of servants and children one of whom hastened to prepare the pipe for us but was told by our Bible woman that we never use one.

Neither the calmness nor the pride of our entertainers was disturbed when a big rat made an observation tour through the room. (May it not be said to the credit of the guests that none of them lost their self control!) We were told that the entire household numbered about forty souls- counting slaves, servants, their children and all. Two of the young men of the house being advised of our arrival invited us into "a better place."

This proved to be an ampler bedroom of better appointments generally among them being two foreign upholstered chairs and other foreign articles. The servants brought us tea as usual in covered cups, and later served hot milk in covered cups with foreign spoons. This later courtesy was unprecedented in Miss Newton's experience.

The three ladies of the house were out but these two gentlemen entertained us while we waited. They were very intelligent and pretty well informed. They asked many questions regarding America, and the Japan-China war. Yet with all their intelligence and social courtesy, one of the young men did not hesitate to cross the room to where I sat, and bend over me with the most unconcealed curiosity to make a closer examination of my hat, especially the feathers; it was really a marvel to them. My kid gloves have also been a great curiosity; but this man refrained from touching them and asking the price, as so many women have done, yes and men also.

As the ladies did not arrive, we left the house after a call of an hour.

Miss Newton and I received a call from another wealthy family last week. Three ladies, one a graduate of her school, came at about 10.30 A.M. and staid to dinner. When she had exhausted all her powers of entertaining, she brought them to me. You should have seen their costumes. The glory of the rainbow – fades beside them and their heads more...[the rest of the excerpt is missing]

*[This letter, dated **March 12, 1895**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He is beginning to learn the language through study and daily use. Willard talks about how Chinese patients are learning about God in Dr. Kinnear's hospital. The Woodin's are preparing to leave China. Willard tells what they eat on a daily basis. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China. March, 12th 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

It may be a surprise to you to hear that a Missionary's mail is delivered to him on Sunday. But as we were sitting for a few moments between arriving home from S. School, and taking supper last Sunday afternoon, a letter from each home and one from Harvey Lawson, Ellen's cousin in the Marathi mission, Ahmednagar, India came into the room and we opened them at once. Yesterday a letter arrived from Geo. Wilder in North China. Both of these letters were full of joyful news. Wilder stopped for a week in Tientsin before going to Tung Cho. He met Gertrude Stanley, youngest daughter of Missionary Stanley, and a classmate of ours in Oberlin '91. It was love at first sight and the dear old boy succumbed completely. He is no longer his own. Queer isn't it what foolish things strong men will do. I do not know when the wedding will take place. I think perhaps they are so happy they have not yet thought of that event in detail. Of course under the brilliancy of that bright and glowing mass of frizzles which is Gertrude's crown, every thing in China looked lovely to Geo. And he has enjoyed the study of the language, and the meeting with the people and every thing else. Harvey stands on the end of one big toe which only barely rests on this earth. He can scarcely look down so far as to see other common mortals and all because a young lady looked on him for the first time last New Year's day. His letter is full of the word "papa", and "the nicest girl" etc. I'll just wink to myself for a few months. The American Board in Foochow has the promise of a new member to help in the evangelistic work. The arrangements so far are to have the new member board with us. We think that by July we shall have had sufficient experience in dealing with Chinese servants so that we can make the board satisfactory. We shall have more room in a few weeks- or as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Woodin go home. Mr. Woodin does not gain very fast. Both he and Mrs. W. are getting a little discouraged. But the Dr. says he is doing as well as can be expected. They have written to engage passage on the China from Japan May 4th.

My mistake in thinking that the first year or two would be devoted to uninterrupted study of the language is further intensified. Last Wed. these churches were put into my charge. This means have a general oversight of them, pay the Pastors and the chapel keepers, and in a word do all I can for the good of the church, in all its branches of work. Wouldn't you laugh to see one of the Pastors or helpers call on me. He cannot speak or understand a word of English and I an infinitesimal amount of Chinese. Yet the other day- yesterday a fellow who is temporarily teaching a Day School came in for his months pay, and I gave it to him without any help (it was only a small load \$2.50) and got everything straight. Of course I knew some of the circumstances and I had seen the young man before. But I'll

do no more blowing. I must however say that I have thus far found the study of the language very pleasant. I regret that my time is occupied so much in other business that study is sometimes made a secondary matter. Although the phase may have its bright side= it may guard against my becoming tired of study. Then while I am at other things I am always in positions where I hear the language used, and words are brought to my attention and fixed in memory, when they would not be by just sitting with the teacher. For instance this P.M. I went over to the college to give a lesson in gymnastics. I told the boys to exhale. Mr. Peet said "who". I said "all the boys". "Ok" he said. "That is the word for breath out." That word sticks.

It seems hard to realize that you are having sleighing and skating while we are almost sweltering. To-day has been the hottest day we have seen in China. The windows and doors are all open and have been all day. It is now 9 P.M. and the ther. in our room on the east side of the house, with windows and doors all open, registers 74 degrees, and this is the beginning of Spring! We shall try to get down to Sharp Peak for the Summer early in June. We can study just as well there as here, and it will be cooler- with a sea bath only a few hundred feet below you free of charge- except the climb to get back home. I must learn about a six more characters before going to bed so good night-

Wed. 9:20 P.M. This morning I went over to the Bank. Since Mr. Woodin has been ill, I have done the physical part of treasurer's duties. In less than one week I have had in my hands over 500 silver dollars. You see the bank is two miles distant and not very much frequented by ladies anyway, so the treasurer is kind enough to go to the Bank and draw the money for the unmarried ladies. Three of them chanced to get out of funds lately. At first I used to feel rather shy with 150 or more silver dollars, going thro' the mass of humanity of all descriptions, but I suppose there is not danger whatever much less in a crowded street than in a side street. The weather this morning was very oppressive. I have taken off part of my winter underclothes, and if this temperature keeps up the rest will have to go.

Ellen led the prayer meeting this afternoon, and covered herself with credit- which is nothing to be surprised at. She has set a good standard for the other ladies of the Mission. It is only a very few years since the ladies began to lead these weekly mission prayer-meetings and some of them refuse to do it at all. We see here, among the older missionaries much of that conservatism which characterized the churches at home half a century ago. And it is surprising that we do not see more, when we think that these men and women were transplanted from those churches and have lived here ever since, with only two or three breathing spells. They accept with great readiness the new ideas, and institutions which we younger fry bring out.

Thurs. evening:- Another hot day. This A.M. I attended prayers at Dr. Kinnear's hospital. He meets all of the patients who care to attend at 9 o'clock each morning. Nearly all of the patients who can, attend, and often people from outside stop in. This morning the room was as full as it would hold, nearly 40 present. Some of these students at the Hospital, one was the evangelist and is regularly employed to work among the patients and one was a Ch. of Eng. pastor who had come to consult the Dr. about himself. The account of the demand of Herodias for the head of In. Baptist was read and then the feeding of the 5000 with a little exposition of each by the Dr. and one of the students, then a hymn was sung and prayer offered. After this an invitation was extended to all who wished, to come into the inquiry meeting in an adjoining room. About 23 came in to ask questions and learn about the "Jesus doctrine". I never shall forget the scene. On my right a pastor who has just dropped in to consult the Dr. is talking to a poor old half-blind man and a young man. Both are listening intently. The Dr. tells me that the pastor is saying to them that Confucius and Mencius were sinners as the rest of us, and that they needed the saving power of Jesus as much as we. They did not have any of that power in themselves. How foolish to worship them! Directly in front of me the Evangelist is talking to an old blind man who is almost a Christian and 4 or 5 others, all are listening intently. At the left a medical student of the Dr's. is talking to 5 or 6 more. Now another student enters the room and a corner is found for him, and he has three listeners. A full half hour is spent in this way. The Dr. and I are looking on. But the inpatients must be dressed before clinic at 11 o'clock and it is necessary to stop the inquiry. I speak a few words to all, after another student comes in with about a 10 more men with whom he has been talking in an adjoining room. Then all kneel and prayer is offered. A few more words from the Dr. and the company disperses. Do you realize what this means? That about 40 persons hear the Gospel in some of its parts every day. And that here many of them hear it for the first time, and that these persons would not be at all likely to hear it in any other way. It means more than this. It means that about 25 persons are daily asking questions with a true desire to learn about the Gospel. Do not understand that these are different persons each day, for many come day after day, for weeks and months. It is hard for us to realize the state of mind of a Chinaman who has no idea of God, - who worships the Earth and the heaven and believes in spirits with evil intent only. And whose worship consists in trying to appease the spirits, who plans to have his house situated so that the spirits will not trouble it, and if the situation is bad builds a fence in front so that the spirits will not find the entrance. For this man to turn about and accept the

Gospel of Jesus Christ, which has for its beginning and middle and end love – love to God and love to man, - love to God as a king and forgiving and provident Father. And love to man as a brother with a soul, to whom he is under obligation to not only wish him well, but to work for his wellbeing, - for this man to turn about in his career in this way is not a thing of a moment's achievement. No person will read or hear this, who does not know enough to duty, to know that he ought to love God with his whole being. Conversion with him then is a simple act of the will in deciding to choose the right course. With the ignorant heathen it is different. "How shall they believe in him whom they have not heard?" Often- I may say all the time people are refused the privilege of joining the church simply because they do not in the estimation of the missionaries know enough yet about the truth of the Gospel. This doubtless does sometimes try their faith, but their faith is all the stronger for the test. To-day about a fifteen persons came into the city from a village out on the plain on which our missionaries have been working, to ask for entrance into the church. Since I have been here I do not know of one communion in any of the three churches of Foochow City and suburbs, without at least four persons to join the church. But I was speaking more particularly of the work in the Hospital. Dr. Kinnear speaks of a very marked change among the patients, in the manner in which they receive and treat the Gospel. He said that it would have been an utter impossibility two years ago to have gathered thirty persons for reading the Bible and singing and prayer. He says that the patients used daily to dispute and contradict the Christian workers. There were almost no inquiries. Now there is no disputing. The listeners want to hear and they listen thoughtfully. One of the Pastors (Chinese) told Sunday of the changed attitude of the people toward Christians which has been so noticeable by all workers during the past few months, in this way. When any are to now heard talking about putting out the eyes of the foreign children (=missionaries) even the heathen rebuke him by saying- "Why do you speak thus, that is the language of years ago."

I do not know but every time is a time of opportunity and therefore of responsibility, but I cannot help feeling that God is preparing the hearts of men and women in Foochow just now as never before to listen thoughtfully and honestly to the message which his servants are bringing them. And I do not know how to be thankful enough to Him that He has led me to this field. I have reason already to thank Him for the friendship of Chinese young men. It gives me a thrill of joy, and at the same time a sense of my own unworthiness steals in, every time I shake hands with Ming Wung. And there is another boy- Muk li whom I am getting to love very much. I have been teaching him to conduct a class in the Gymnasium for Mr. Peet, and so have become well acquainted with him. The other day I saw some of the fruits of his labors- a young man who is teaching school in one of the villages on the plain outside the city. He is the first Christian in his village and the only one. His father has recently died. This village has boasted that it has no Christians, and this boast was a great barrier against anyone's carrying out for Christ. Moreover it furnished a good excuse for those who had heard the Gospel and whose consciences were not easy. But this young man had the courage to brave it all and now stands alone- a babe in Christ but as yet firm. The villagers are all the more angry with him because he has taken away their boast that there are no Christians in their village. He is enduring much persecution. Won't you pray for him, and for a number of his fellow villagers who want to believe and confess Christ but who as yet have not the courage. And I trust you will all remember the daily work in the Hospital.

Fri. evening:- We had the first thunder storm this morning. The thunder and lightening were just like American thunder and lightening. And the rain much the same. It came down in generous quantities for a few moments. We have had a fire all day, so you see New England is not monopolizing all the sudden changes in weather, - today the house closed up and a fire to keep comfortable.

Mrs. Woodin is anxiously making arrangements to go home. It is rather hard work for her. She has Mr. W. to care for and he is not very easily enter[tained?] and then the Dr. tells them that they must stay in America at least two years and when they speak of the stay they say "if we come back." As they have been here for 10 years a large amount of stuff has collected, and this has to be disposed of, for the house must be occupied by another while they are away. Mrs. W. is selling most of her furniture etc. We have bought all the stores she had, - butter, canned goods, soap, essences etc. and the kitchen utensils and some other furniture amounting to about \$40.00. Perhaps you would like to know the course of procedure for a miss'y to leave for home. He goes about his premises and rakes together all his old trash, and then puts in that part of the newer that he does not wish to keep or take with him and puts each article down on a piece of paper with the price he will take for it. Then he sends it around to all the people of the mission. They look it over and mark off the articles they will buy. If anything is left, he may have to leave it or throw or give it away, or he may send it over to the auction rooms.

[The following sentence was written upside down:] If Ben will write me a letter I'll send him a solid silver scarf pin.

I have just run on to the clipping from Aunt Maria [possibly Sarah Maria Shelton Beard, the wife of Willard's Uncle William Thomas Beard] concerning the use of the phonograph for training young missionaries in

foreign languages. I forget whether I have expressed my thoughts. But the language is only a part of what we have to learn. It takes some time to become acquainted with and accustomed to the people themselves, and personal contact is here a necessity. Then the young missionary- unless his experience is different from mine will have no moments left unoccupied if he is only willing to work. I doubt if the phonograph entirely supplants the native teacher, just yet.

I was very glad to hear of the church meeting. God must result from such a gathering. It will keep the members alive to what the church is doing, and thus will open their eyes to what the church is not doing but ought to do. And every such gathering will help to make the church members more truly "members of one body" and when we come to realize most fully that we are the different members of Christs body- one the hand another the foot, another only one toe or finger, another an arm, another a mind, etc. All the work according to the direction of the head which is Christ,- each of us obeying that head just as the different parts of our bodies obey our heads,- then we shall realize the fulfillment of the prayer we so often pray "thy Kingdom come." I want to tender my congratulations to Uncle Charlie and Aunt Hannah. They will be fresh even at this late day for it will help to revive the pleasant memories of the anniversary. And people have long ago stopped congratulating them. I payed the poor wheezing Chinaman just as I had agreed with him. I am sorry to hear that Grandfather and Grandmother are not as well as usual, but I hope they are better now.

Flora has written us two nice letters, and we must write her direct sometime. It was a letter from her that reached us first after our arrival at Foochow. I think I have explained the Am. stamps. China has only private local stamps. Japanese stamps were used till the war began. Now we must use U.S. stamps or English stamps in which case our letters would likely go by Eng. Then the Eng stamps cost 10 cents.

I was glad to see a letter from the little brother who used me for a greased pole when I came home from the Seminary, and who used to spoil a clean collar for me every time I came. I wish he could be where he could soil a few of them now. You wonder what I'm living on. Well, pretty good food. This morning we had whole-wheat gems, boiled eggs, white and brown bread, coffee, oranges and bananas. This noon we had soup and duck pie, cracker and 2 kinds of bread and fruit as before. We think it better to eat much fruit and vegetables and less meat, so we each eat one orange and one banana at nearly every meal. Oh I forgot to mention potatoes, peas and boiled rice for dinner beside what I mentioned. I think we are living pretty well, don't you? We have chicken or duck once a week and that means about three meals of it. We get rice, steak and roast and nice corn beef. But we try to have meat only for dinner. We have as great a variety of vegetables as you have at home. We see lots of little pigs here in Foochow. Every time we go out on the streets we have to push them out of our way or go around them.

Mary we set- no, there were several fires set in December, but the rains soon came and since the middle of Jan. there has been no fires that promised to burn thro to the U.S.

I have not had a heartier laugh for a long time than over the word picture of the Episcopal ministers appearance and disappearance. I suppose I had better congratulate all whose birthdays came at or near the arrival of this letter. Tell Father to take care of himself and throw those tablets (brown) of Dr. Randall's into the sound. Lovingly Will.



Written on front: "Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin Missionaries 1847 - 1895" [Caleb C. and Harriet F. Baldwin]
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson. A duplicate is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **April 8, 1895** was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to the Dear Ones at Home. Willard had a surprise birthday celebration for Ellen. She has had a Chinese tailor sewing for her at a low price. Willard will be accompanying Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin to the steamer that will begin their trip back to America. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China,
Apr. 8", '95.

Our Dear Ones at Home,

Your letter dated Feb. 3"-20" reached us on Apr. 4"; and Willard says because it was addressed to me. I must write four sheets and he will put in a note (which by the way is at this moment fast outgrowing the proportions of that name).

I think you must be having a delightfully snowy winter from all accounts; we should appreciate a slice of it here on some days when "nik tan" waxes hot, making us escort to our summer frocks, and the mosquitoes to sally forth in swarms to an evening picnic with genuine picnic appetites. A letter from Mrs. Evans of Shanghai two weeks ago told us they had been having snow for two days and the streets were nearly blocked. It seems strange to think of snow so short a distance north of us, but I think the cold rain and hail we had at that time must have been the fringes of their snow storm. It was amusing on that Sunday afternoon to see the girls in the Boarding School coming home from Sunday School holding up the front part of their gowns to catch the hail stones; it seemed to be a novel experience to them.

When the clouds lifted from the mountain tops on the previous Friday morning a quantity of snow could be seen, but the next day it had all disappeared. So we have seen snow this winter- about the same as seeing it in a picture.

We have recently purchased at Shanghai, a baby-organ which we enjoy very much. It leads the singing every morning at family worship and keeps up our patriotism by rendering "America" two or three times a day.

The 29" of Mar. was my birthday anniversary and Willard was as successful in giving me a surprise as I was in getting my First of April joke on him. Without giving me the slightest suspicion of his purpose, he solicited Miss Newton's assistance to get me away from home about half past five to give him and the cook a chance to work; then he asked the cook to make a birthday cake and get up a supper for three. Miss Newton appeared at the appointed time with an invitation to come over and meet Mrs. Hubbard [*Nellie L.*]. I went and for the succeeding twenty-five minutes there were lively proceedings at our house, I imagine.

When I started home Miss N. walked along with me and as she did not seem inclined to return I invited her in and she accepted. Until the teabell sung I noticed nothing suspicious except that Willard had filled all the vases and rosejars with fresh flowers and gotten out some extra decoration for the room. But when he asked me if we should invite Miss N. to stay to tea and I entered the dining-room to arrange another sitting at the table, the discoveries I made there revealed the secret. It was a perfect surprise and a very pleasant one.

For two weeks I have been employing a Chinese tailor to do dress-making and plain sewing. His work has been unexpectedly satisfactory considering how imperfectly I can use the language to explain my wishes. But let me tell you what he has accomplished and see if you ever got as much sewing done for five dollars (in silver= 2.50 in gold) in America. He has made two mattress covers, two cases for woolen clothing (to protect from moths) two pillow covers, five summer dresses for myself, fixed over two other dresses and done five or six other odd jobs which would take an hour or more apiece. He does his sewing very well and can copy almost any illustration in a fashion-plate with a few suggestions and a waist pattern. The ladies who are just returning to America have had all their dressmaking, sewing and some millinery done here because it is so much cheaper than in America.

Tonight, Willard starts off at about one o'clock to accompany Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, and Dr. Kinnear [*Hardman N.*] who is ill, down the river to the steamer, in a launch which leaves Foochow about 2 o'clock [*see photo next page*]. The Dr. takes a trip to Shanghai for his health and Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin are on their way, to America. Willard will stop on his way home at Sharp Peak where we are to spend the summer in the Sanitarium and I do not know when he will return.

Well, Stanley, another thing we have to eat now is strawberries. We are having them every night for tea and occasionally a shortcake or strawberry cream for dinner.

Now I have no more room and must close without having said anything about our missionary work or anything else except our own personal affairs; but I'll save all the interesting things along that line for another letter. Very Lovingly Your daughter and sister

Ellen.



LAUNCH TRAVEL

Overland travelers must take bedding, clothes, and food in bamboo baskets, carried by coolies. On the rivers and larger creeks these launches carry densely-packed passengers.

Photo from Fukien A Study of a Province in China, by the Anti-Cobweb Club, Foochow, Presbyterian Mission Press, Shanghai, 1925. [Book owned by Jana and Mark Jackson. Copy also in collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **April 8, 1895** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. A birthday and going away party was given for Dr. C.C. and Mrs. Baldwin who have been missionaries in Foochow since 1848 and will be going back home to America. Willard and Ellen attended a talk on Korea by Isabelle Bird Bishop. There is potential war between China and Japan. Willard keeps busy with the business end of missionary work. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China, April 8th 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The diary tells me that the last letter set out on its eastward journey nineteen days ago. It does not seem so long. Since that time I have fallen prey to my better half in an easy April Fool. April 1st was the 75th birthday of Dr. C.C. Baldwin of our mission. He has been here in Foochow since 1848- a stay of 47 years. - He wanted to spend this 75th birthday here and then he was ready to return to America. The members of the three Missions gave him and Mrs. Baldwin a surprise on that day. We had a nice little programme of singing, and speaking by some of the little folks and three addresses, by the three oldest members of the mission body. Beside the missionaries, the Consul's brother, Marshall Hixson and his wife, Mrs. Wynde, one of the secretaries of the Meth. Ch. from America, and Mrs. Isabelle Bird Bishop were present. We had our pictures taken, and Ellen and I are going to send one to each of the homes. Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin enjoyed the afternoon immensely. They knew just enough about it, to break the exhausting force of the surprise, and we were at the house only about two hours in all. That evening Mr. Hubbard [*George H.*] gave a stereopticon entertainment in Miss Newton's school. E and I attended. After the show we were sitting in the parlor and E. looked at my shoes very inquiringly and asked if I had worn them in that way all day. "How?" "Why, the left shoe on the rt. foot." I fell into the trap. But only one other person in the room heard the fall. Ellen has not spoken of it for two days now. I hope she has forgotten it, for it makes a fellow feel so small to be twitted of such a thing.

A week ago last Sat. night we had the rare privilege of hearing Mrs. I. Bird Bishop. I rather think this is the result of coming to China, for I doubt very much if you at home have had the same privilege. She is a very

ordinary looking woman medium height, rather stout, about sixty years old, and some gray. When the picture of the birthday party comes you can make up the rest of the description. She spoke on Korea, and was very interesting, tho not an orator. It is very evident that she keeps her eyes wide open while travelling. She has visited Korea twice- once before the war and once since it began. She was wary about prophesying, but said that the Japanese had begun a good reform. The government of Korea was the government of China carried to the limit of corruption. There are two classes of people- one works and the other squeezes. The result is that no one has any enterprise. She illustrated the squeezing process by telling of the building of a telegraph line recently. This actually cost only about one tenth of the money collected from the people. Each collector and officer took a handsome slice as it passed thro his hands. Tigers abound in the land, so that people never go out after dark. Men bury their money in the garden in the absence of banks. The cash- the only medium of exchange is so unwieldy that she actually ballasted her boat with the cash that was necessary for her trip of a few weeks. The women are worse off than here. They never go out in the daytime uncovered, and they must work almost night and day. The Japanese are undermining the squeezing and monetary systems and have assumed control of Seoul (Sool).
[According to the book *The Boxer Rebellion* by Diana Preston, page 25, *Isabella Bird was attacked and nearly burned to death while traveling in 1896 by a crowd in Liang-shan, China. She survived.*]

I have no doubt that you are watching the papers and the mails very closely for news concerning the war. It seems to be the prevalent opinion that the seat of war is changing fr. the North to the South. I think it is true that the Pescadore Islands are taken; that Li Hung Chang has gone to Japan; that a fanatic Japanese has shot him under the left eye; that the bullet has been found after much probing; that his son has taken his place on the peace commission; that Japan offers peace on condition. (1) that Korea be independent, (2) that Formosa be given to Japan (3) that 400,000,000 taels (1 tael= about \$1.30 silver) be given Japan (4) that a part of the main land be given Japan. In all probability China will agree to the first three conditions. But it is also probable that she will not agree to give up any of the main land. In view of the shooting of Li Hung Chang an armistice of three weeks has been granted by Japan, which will end April 21st, (if it does not before, the Chinese may break the law, and Japan will defend herself). The atmosphere in Foochow is as full of rumors and fears as it is of misquitos. The people saw a great many foreigners going thro the streets last Mon. to Dr. Baldwins and they at once thought that it was connected in some way with the war. The Chinese Christians are very much alarmed- not so much on account of the danger from Japanese soldiers as from Chinese mobs. To-day the Christians are fasting and praying over the matter, and many of them declare that with the report of the first gun they will fly to the mountains. Our cook asked me very curiously the other night if we're going to Sharp Peak- at the mouth of the river- or to the mountains for the summer. He thought Sharp Peak would be nearer the Japanese. Some women called at one of the missionaries houses in the city the other day and wanted to see Miss Chittenden's trunks. They would not believe the words of the missionaries but wanted to see for themselves if the trunks were being packed. These were not Christian women. Those who have charge of the Boarding Schools are in straights. The boys and the girls go out just enough to hear the worst rumors and then come back to the school and tell each other what they hear and the result is chaos. The girls in one of the schools were discussing the way in which they would prefer to be killed the other day. Last evening Miss Newton could not attend church because her girls (about 90) were so excited over the rumors they had heard Sat. P.M. when they visited their homes for an hour or so. If the Christians can only be prevailed upon to keep quiet, and keep their heads I do not think there will be much danger. But they are like so many children ready to believe and fear the worst. They think we will run off as soon as danger threatens, and they think that our Consul will tell us beforehand when the Japs will come,- as if the Japs sent messengers ahead of themselves to notify the people when a battle was to be fought. According to the best reports they will find Foochow an easy prey. The present resident Viceroy is a very old man. His successor has been appointed, but he is sharp enough to be a long time on the way. If he arrives during the war he must pay the soldiers in his province out of the grants made to him, and he prefers to let the present incumbent do this. But the present incumbent does not delight in paying out money any more than the other Chinese officials. He does not care a fig whether the Japs take Foochow or not. He has only a few soldiers with him now. His forts down the river are poorly manned; he has sent all of his goods away, and the Chinese say he has only his pipe and opium bag left. He is not a native of this province, and if he can be relieved of his office soon will be glad. The next officer under him is nearly dead and his deputy is a hot headed rash fellow. This is all from the lips of Consul Hixson and I suppose is reliable.

Tues. night:- The latest rumor is to the effect that peace is declared. You will probably know it before we do if such is the case. The latest papers to-day report Li Hung Chang as doing well.

Dr. Kinnear does not get much better. He has been sick for five days with a bowel trouble. We hope he will be able to go to Shanghai with Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin. They start Fri. The steamer is now in.

The last mail brought the class letter- Hartford Sem. '94- All the boys have written. Abe and Darius are or were in Berlin. Strong in the Maine frontier. Summer still in Minn. Carleton in Ky. among the mountain whites,

Bell at Hartford and Brewer in South Glastonbury. Are we not widely scattered? Carleton trots young "Dwight" on his knee in his leisure moments after teaching twenty four classes a day. Bell has accepted a call to preach in the south and is there at work I suppose before this time.



This photo was probably taken at Hartford Seminary between the years of 1891-1894. Willard names the men in the photo on back as: 1= Thomas J. Bell, 2=James A. Solandt, 3=Herbert C. Carleton, 4=Willard L. Beard, 5=Iso Abe, 6=Ozora S. Davis, 7=Frank S. Brewer, 8=F.A. Sumner, 9=J.A. Otis, 10=Dwight Goddard.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The big bundle of Advances arrived all right. If you will continue to send them, I will order them from Chicago for next year. The orders are sent to the Board rooms from the Mission in a lump in time for the Jan. numbers to start. The papers had all been ordered for Foochow before we arrived and I will not bother to order till next Fall. The Putnam Patrol arrives with each mail and is a very welcome guest- especially to Ellen. I wonder if any of the papers- Bee or Sentinels- care for any of my letters. Enough to send the paper to me?

Here is a conundrum for Stanley. I am walking in the main street of Foochow, which is eight feet wide. In front of me is [a] Chinaman- Just here the street is comparatively clear of travelers- I want to pass by this Chinaman. He takes up, with his body and numerous coats four feet of the street. His swagger occupies four feet more. Where am I to pass by him?

These days are full of business for me. In the last letter I think I wrote of a theft from one of the churches in my charge,- well I had to get Mr. Hartwell to help me out of the matter- we arranged it all satisfactorily to everyone. To-day another of the buildings is sagging and must be repaired. Last week I had nine new benches made and put into the other church. This is very pleasant business,- to be compelled to provide more room for those who ask to come to church. But the more one is compelled to use the language the more he can use it. I spoke again Sunday evening with no one to interpret. This time about thirty words. E. and I have both made a nice mistake this week. She thought to give up coffee for breakfast and told the cook to make only half as much, after that morning. At dinner instead of bringing only hot water as usual, he brought on coffee for one, and I laughed at Ellen. I wanted to go over to a lacquer shop and so told the cook I would go with him when he went to buy for the table, as he would have to go to show me the way, but I heard nothing more from him till he called me about noon and told me

he had brought the lacquer man to me. I had to send him away as I wanted to go myself and see the articles. I wanted to buy something for Oliver and Grace. We have to send by Mr. and Mrs. Woodin when they go. I found a box which I trust Oliver and Grace will find useful and ornamental in some place in their home. We should have chosen a different article if time had allowed. But this gold lacquer requires two months at least in the making and Mr. and Mrs. Woodin's goods go in about two weeks. We send also the silver articles which I wrote of some time ago. In each will be found the price for which it can be sold, and I will put in the box also the price I paid for it in silver. These articles are all solid silver. I gave out the silver dollars for some of them. If you or any friends want more like them I can have them made, if silver remains low. If it jumps up no six[?].

Next Sunday Ming Uong and I are to try an experiment of a S.S. Easter concert at the Ha buo church. We practice a little last Sunday. You might have laughed at some of the responsive reading and at some of the singing, but the boys and others did the best they could. One little fellow yells so both in singing and reading that he grows poor over it. You know the Chinese study aloud and recite with backs to teacher. Their vocal chords are well developed.

The latest news from the Boston office was that a mistake had been made in our appropriations and we must find \$460.00 more somewhere. You remember I wrote that it required \$2422.00 to carry on the work one year. The Board sent out \$840.97. But thro some misunderstanding we (the parent Board) had to pay over to the Woman's Board work, from last year's acc't about \$625.00. Add to this \$460.00 and you see the appropriation is - \$245.00. It looks rather dubious but it will never do for God's servants to distrust Him. I believe the funds will come from some direction just as much as I believe God is to be revered in the whole Empire of China. And if I did not believe that I would start for home next Fri. with Dr. Baldwin. By way of Heaven it is only a step to all the dear ones in Conn. Ellen and I are very happy. The Father is very good. Lovingly Will.

This is the last page of the letter. I wish I could get a letter from Aunt Louise [*Willard's mother's sister, Louise Nichols*]. I used to enjoy her letters so much when in Oberlin and in Hartford. But I know her principle is not to write till the gentleman has written to her. I wish she would lay aside her scruples since this is an old married man. If I wrote to her I should feel as if it ought to go all around as these home letters do. I spend nearly every evening and some of the daytime at this desk with this pen. Harvey Lawson's letter is over a month old and not answered. Of course you will give Grandfather and grandmother our best wishes. Kiss Aunt L for me, and give her a little of Ellen's love. Tell all the Uncles and Aunts and cousins we think of them often. If Elsie will write to us we'll send a letter for her to read to the mission circle.

Ellen is studying Websters Unabridged. She is specially interested in Proper Names. [*Hinting at pregnancy?*] We read of thermometers freezing up and of blizzards- but even while we read the mosquitoes are so thick we have to clear the air before we can see clearly and pith hats are a necessity if one would be armed against sun stroke.

Lovingly, Will

[*This letter dated April 16, 1895 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He talks about the preparations of getting Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin to their steamer for their trip back to the U.S. Mr. and Mrs. Woodin left for Shanghai to go back to the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Foochow, China, April, 26' 95.

Dear Folks at Home:-

A great deal has occurred since I wrote last, not only here in the Mission and in our home life, but in the world about us. We have been busy and so have nations.

Of course we have been looking forward to bidding good bye to Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, ever since we met them in Nov. last. But when the time came, it was a different feeling that came over us, and then too some one had to do a great deal to help them off. This was pretty well divided. One of the ladies helped Mrs. Baldwin in making her outfit; Dr. Kinnear arranged about shipping the goods, etc. When they came to start, more help was needed. Owing to the war also, this steamer has to anchor at the mouth of the river, 40 miles from Foochow. It was advertised to start at 4 A.M. April 11th. The launch which transfers passengers from the city to the steamer left the city at the delightful hour of 2:00 A.M. Dr. Kinnear and I had it all planned to go with Dr. and Mrs. B. as far as the steamer, and after seeing them off go up to our Sanitarium, which is only a mile or so from the buoy at which the steamer anchored, and stay till Sat. and return home for Sunday. But what did Dr. Kinnear do but up and get sick, and not want to have the care of two people over 70 years old.- 75 years old- and one sick man on a launch. Nor did they want to go on the launch. So I and they tried to find a house-boat. This is a boat built [*for the*] purpose to live

on, and when a family is moving down the river and have to be on the water over night they always try to have one. There are eight or ten of them on the river. But at this particular time they were all in use and I could not find one for love or money. So it was arranged that we would start from Ponasang at 12 midnight. Mrs. Hubbard at last volunteered to go down the river to be company for Mrs. Baldwin. We all got over to the launch on time and in good condition if it was dead of night. But the launch was packed with Chinamen and inside it, one could not get a breath- so dense was the tobacco smoke. The deck also was full of luggage. But a sampan was hitched on behind and the two ladies and the sick man rode on that, while Dr. Baldwin and I stuck to the bow of the launch. The trip down the river was rather pleasant after all. We reached the steamer a little after daylight- we hung up to a junk and waited a little for the light.- But the steamer was literally swarming with Chinese. Every state-room was full. The Chinese were fleeing from the city- afraid of the attack by the Japs. But Mrs. Hubbard kicked up such a row that Dr. and Mrs. B. were given a stateroom, and Dr. K. had part of the saloon curtained off. After taking a cup of coffee with our patients Mrs. Hubbard and I said good bye, and took a sampan for Sharp Peak, visited the Sanitarium, then took another sampan for Pagoda Anchorage. I staid that night with Dwight. Next morning we came back to Foochow arriving just in time for dinner. Mrs. Hubbard has been up to Foochow for over two weeks, while Mr. H. has been into the country, and while their house at Pagoda Anchorage was being painted. Well, we arrived at Ponasang to find Miss Newton, who is at the head of the Girls School, with 90 girls, ready to break down. Mrs. Hubbard had to step into her place, and Miss Newton went off to visit and rest. She has been resting since, but expects to return and resume her duties Monday April 29th.

I had thought that the box which I wanted to send home was all arranged for, but the first thing that I heard from Mr. Woodin, when I returned from seeing the friends off, was that he could not invoice my box with his. An invoice costs \$5.26 silver, and lest the merchants who ship large quantities shall stick together and put all their goods under one name, each man has to say that he has purchased the goods which he invoices. Mr. Woodin did not wish to purchase my box. Miss Chittenden was in the same fix. So I bought her box and had the two invoiced. It took me two whole forenoons to get that invoice where I could leave it for the proper men to sign and finish ready to send. But I was glad of the experience.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Woodin were about ready to start,- waiting for the next steamer to Shanghai. They were able to help themselves off. But as soon as they were off we had to tear up and move into their part of the house,- which we have been doing ever since. To-day we have the last of our effects over, and are partially settled.

Since I wrote you last until yesterday, I have been the only man in the compound- only foreign man. Our cook went home Wed. will return to-morrow. Our coolie has never had any experience in cooking, and Ellen has been into the kitchen a number of times daily. We hope to settle down for a month now. Then we must pull up and go to Sharp Peak for the summer.

Tues. A.M. April 30th.

Your letter arrived yesterday. Congratulations to the big 11 year old- take good care of the pigs. If some of the fallow animals that wander about the streets here could find some kind benefactor with nice wheat middlings, to feed them. They would deem it a God send.

The cards arrived yesterday- just in time, for the S.S.'s are all out of them and the little folks begged hard for them last Sunday.

You will notice in the Miss'y Herald just arrived here an article and picture from the Foochow Mission. [*See an example of the Missionary Herald on the last page of 1902.*] The young man whose picture you see is a familiar person. He passes our house four or five times each day. He is one of the staunch characters here in the church, and the head man in the large Xn. [*Christian*] Endeavor of Geu Cio Dong. The young woman read a fine essay at her Graduation last Jan. We heard it. I do not say we understood it.

The hot weather has struck us altho we are standing it very well so far.

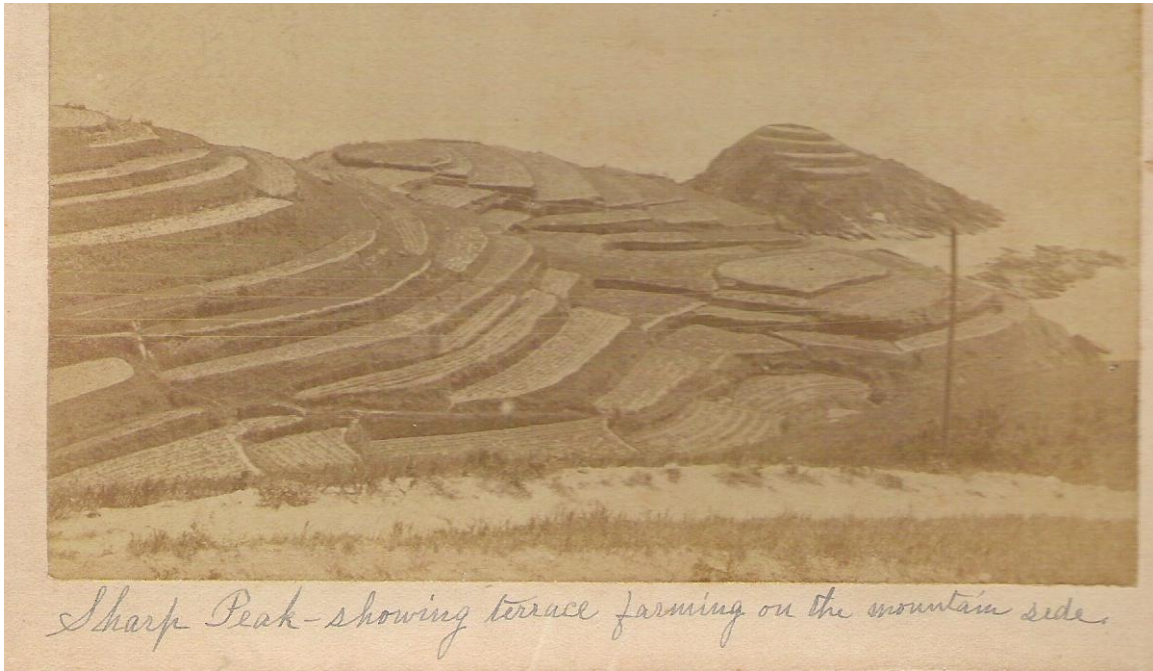
Goddard comes in with his servant and teacher each morning to attend prayers. Three of our servants are Christians and they offer prayer in turn. Dwight and I take our turn in English prayer. But always repeat the Cio Gi do Ung -Lord's prayer in concert in Foochow.

A bevy of papers arrived the other day from you and they were very welcome. A thoughtful friend in Putnam has sent us a few copies of Public Opinion.

When does Elizabeth graduate? I thought it was in March. Well I must make this letter short for it must to this A.M. to try and catch the steamer. Ellen has been very well indeed, has suffered from hives some, but otherwise is all right. Before this reaches you we shall be at Sharp Peak. But our address will be the same. I expect to telegraph to Putnam about July 7th and I shall write them to send a dispatch to you immediately upon receiving mine. [*Willard is referring to the impending birth of their first child.*]

Love to all

Will.



Sharp Peak – showing terrace farming on the mountain side
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

[This letter dated **June 2, 1895** was written from Sharp Peak, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard and Ellen are at Sharp Peak for the summer to escape the heat of the city. Willard describes the process of travelling to Sharp Peak and up to their living quarters in the Sanitarium. They have been married 9 months and he alludes to Ellen's pregnancy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
June 2nd 1895.

(Sharp Peak)

Dear Folks at Home:-

Rest! Peace! Happiness! These three words express the conditions of the Dear One and myself this first Sabbath of Summer months and of our vacation at the sea-shore. Before us stretches the ocean with little islands dotting the horizon in one direction, and the ragged outline of the mountains on the mainland just visible in the other direction. The muddy water of the river gives to the deep blue or green of the sea many varied hues. Just about us on every side are the little hilliest and larger peaks of the island each under cultivation- some to the very top- and each terrassed [*terraced*] in quarter moon fashion, making the scenery very picturesque. The telegraph station shows clearly only 100 rods away, in its dress of pure white. The Methodist Sanitarium a little nearer and the residence of Mr. S. Pye the telegrapher only 50 rods distant remind us that we are not the only inhabitants of our little world. The birds sing merrily and the sea gently rolls and the waves dash against the rocks just enough to lull us into rest. We have lived again to-day the morning at Block Island last Sept 7th [*Willard and Ellen spent their honeymoon on Block Island, located off the coast of Rhode Island.*], and with the intervening experiences of practical live-work, are realizing that God has made man and woman helpmeets, and these two possess in themselves all that is necessary with God's love to bring rest and peace and happiness into love.

We left Foochow- Ellen left Thurs. afternoon and I left Fri. afternoon. We had made arrangements to start with goods and servants and teacher Thurs. P.M. I had to go into the city to attend a business meeting of the Mission Thurs. A.M. Ellen was to direct the last of the packing and be ready to start for the boat when I returned from the city. The cook always attends to the carrying of the goods from the house to the boat. He had several coolie loads on the boat when an officer came and said that it must be reserved for the transportation of soldiers that P.M. The goods had to be taken off- altho we had definitely hired the boat and altho there were other boats which the officer could just as well have employed. We received Ellen's note stating the difficulty just as we were sitting

down to dinner in the city, and sent Mr. Hubbard's Chinese card and the U.S. Flag over to the boat, but it was of no avail. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard were up from Pagoda Anchorage in their own boat and took Ellen home with them that night. I staid with Dwight and the next morning went over to the river with the cook and procured two smaller boats. The coolies had the goods ready by 4 P.M. and the cook told me to come over myself for the boats did not dare to approach the landing to receive the goods for fear the officer would seal them. My presence would deter him from doing it as I could appeal to the U.S. Consul. This intimidates the Chinese every time. So at last we were off. I reached Mr. Hubbard's about 9 A.M. the next morning yesterday. Ellen and I started down the river reaching Sharp Peak about 11:30 A.M. and were at the Sanitarium eating dinner- cooked dinner- eggs, potatoes, etc. at 2 P.M. It took 39 men to bring all our goods up from the boat. These are paid 60 cash apiece. 55 cash = 5 cents. Now do not imagine that we brought the whole city of Foochow up with us. It is a very steep climb from the water up to the peak on which our Sanitarium stands. Some of the way is so steep that stone steps are made. In one place there must be nearly 200 of these on a stretch, and it was all three men could do to carry Ellen up. I made them stop and rest three times on the road up and helped them up the steepest places. The path, much of the way is built on a very steep side hill and a misstep would take the whole lot of them – Ellen, chair, and men down from 10 to 200 feet. Then we have to bring wood for the weekly washing and coal for cooking and provisions- flour, sugar, etc. for the whole summer. Oh yes! The cook bought 9 chickens also and they were brought down (there are only eight now).

We land at the little village at the North side of the island. I have already described this village in a previous letter. It is stuck in between the hills in a little cove, with about 175 houses. There are no other houses on the island except the Customs telegraph. Three Sanitariums and the native houses in which live the men who take care of the Sanitarium during the winter. These buildings are at the opposite end of the island. I should say that the distance from the village up to our Sanitarium was 1 ½ miles. The road of course is very crooked and the straight line would not be over 1 mile.

We are in the East end of the building- have three small rooms one at the outside- one closet – one for the Amah's room [*an amah is a Chinese woman working as a nanny*], one for our wash rooms and wardrobes. Next these are three larger rooms- one a dining room, and I sleep in the next room to that and Ellen sleeps in the other. There is a veranda which can be closed in, besides. There are five suites in the sanitarium. There is a veranda which can be closed in, besides. There are five suites in the Sanitarium. The two end suites are as I have described ours. The three middle suites have the three large rooms and a wash room each. The kitchen and servants quarters are about 10 feet from the dining room door. We look from the East windows down on the ocean, some 400 feet below. The beach in which we bathe is a little to the South, and a very steep descent and climb it takes to get a swim.

We are cut off somewhat from food supplies but fish, oysters and milk and eggs and vegetables are plenty.

Wed. P.M. June 5

It has been very cool since we have been here. We wear the thickest clothes we have, and keep the house closed. Mosquitoes are absent and the fleas which were so friendly at Ponasang are not here.

It is nine months ago to-day since we were married. The time has passed very swiftly and has been freighted with blessings that have fallen upon us so thick and fast, that we have had to stop at times to realize that these good things came from the hand of an all wise and provident Heavenly Father- that they were not chance droppings or mere matters that the ordinary course of events brought.

We have both been well all the time and for the past few weeks have had added to the other joys of life the pleasure of anticipation [*Ellen is pregnant*], which can be understood only by those who have experienced it. Before this arrives it may be that a cable gram will have reached you by way of Putnam. [*In a future letter dated October 29, 1942, Ellen says, "Times certainly have changed! People talk much more freely about this matter than they used to when I was young. Then it was more or less of a secret between husband and wife and the wife's mother and sisters, and the Dr. If a woman was "expecting" it was spoken of in whispers just between two women. Now it is common talk in the family "when the baby comes" unless there are young children present, - before the men relatives too."*]

It is very good of you mother to copy the letters. I had a feeling before I left home that no small part of my work when in China would be in touch with the progress of God's work in the whole world before she has used the means of growth which God has placed at her disposal. And the church at home does not understand how much her knowledge of and interest in the work in foreign lands has to do with her success at home. I shall feel happy if my letters can increase that knowledge and thereby the interest. I only wish the letters were better and more frequent. But you can do much to help on both these deficiencies both by improving the language and by scattering the information. I am glad that you are copying parts of them. I was anxious that some parts of them might reach more eyes, but could not find time to send separate letters. This copying obviates the difficulty. I shall write the Shelton people in the near future. I had quite a list of such letters to write and am reducing it as fast as possible.

[Letter not finished. Ellen's letter dated June 9, 1895 explains why.]

*[This letter dated **June 9, 1895** was written from Pagoda Anchorage by Ellen to her Dear Friends. She is at Pagoda Anchorage for a short time while Willard takes a tour to Ing Hok and other stations nearby. She includes this brief letter with Willard's unfinished letter dated June 2, 1895. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Pagoda Anchorage,
June 9", '95.

My Dear Friends,

We are not wandering Arabs who fold their tents with each sunrising to spread them at its setting, in a different place, altho the several places of residence referred to in this one letter may seem to indicate as much.

It chanced that the adjourned annual business meeting of the Mission, at which Willard ought to be present, was appointed for the Thursday following our migration to Sharp Peak. It was arranged on Mr. Hubbard's offer, that his boat should take us up as far as Pagoda Wednesday eve and that I should stay at Mr. H's to take care of the children and keep house while all the rest went to Foochow. We further planned that I should stay with Mrs. H. for a week while Mr. H. took Willard and Mr. Goddard around through Ing Hok City [about 50 miles up the Min River from Foochow] and several adjacent out stations. This is a field of great possibilities and opportunity but has been only half worked for a number of years on account of the non-residence of missionaries miles north of Foochow, and W. and Mrs. G are looking over the field with the hope of establishing a missionarie's residence there, where one of them expects to reside, and enlarge the work in every way. Mr. Woodin has previously had charge of the work there, visiting the place two or three times a year.

Mrs. Hubbard is in poor health just at present from a low state of the system. She needs a rest very much as the trying summer weather is at hand which will make improvement difficult. They are to spend the coming summer at the mountains.

Our rainy season is nearly over now; it generally ends about the 20th of June after which it is very hot and dry. We have not had as much rain or warm weather this season as usual; but the few days we have already spent at Sharp Peak were very rainy and cool.

This is a very pleasant and restful place, - quite as much so as Sharp Peak as the constant dashing of the waves is not heard here. It hardly seems a typical Sabbath today, however, as I have not been out to church. Last Sabbath (at Sharp Peak) was the first Sunday on which I have not attended at least one service, since I reached China; and I have rarely omitted the second. Willard generally attends three each Sunday.

As he did not have time to finish his letter before leaving, I will complete it by sending his love with mine to all.

Your loving daughter and sister, Ellen.

*[This letter dated **June 16, 1895** was written from Sharp Peak, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He gives advice to his high school aged sister, Phebe, on good study habits. He goes into detail about his trip with Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Goddard to Ing Hok and the surrounding countryside. He and Ellen are now parents to a baby girl named Phebe. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Sharp Peak
June 16th 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

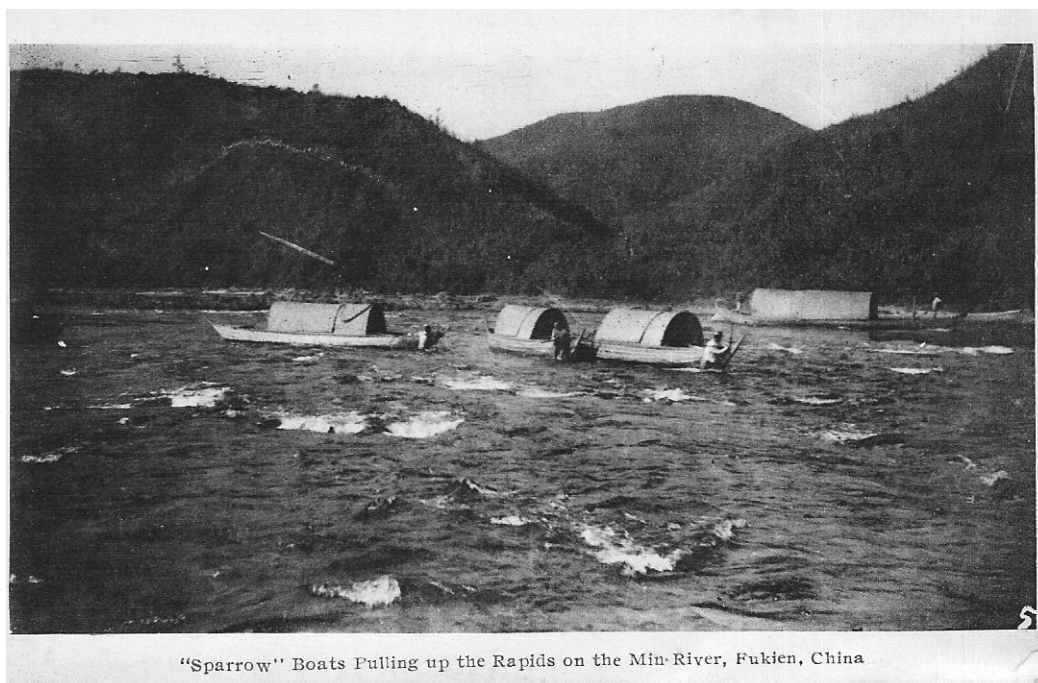
Another letter arrived last evening from Mother and Phebe. It always makes us feel better to hear from you, and between the two homes, we receive a letter nearly every mail. I am especially thankful for two items of news which this last letter brought. First that Grandfather and Grandmother were so much better and second that Phebe was back in school. And now a little advise my dear sister, - but what is the use of advise after the turkeys are all stolen for this will not reach you till one term is over and a good part of the vacation gone, - but it may help on next years work. When I began the second time in the B.H.S. [Birmingham High School] I started the same as you in the Spring term and got along all right that term but the next Fall I tried to do two days work in 18 hours and then in the other 6 hours get rest enough to do two days work more in the same time. This was distasteful to Mother nature as well as to Mother Beard. Mother Beard used persuasion to no avail but the other Mother came to her assistance and

said “stop”, just in time to save me. It does not pay to study after 10 o’clock at night. And if you stop at 9 o’clock and go to bed you will recite all the better the next day. You will be tempted to study late at night unless I am much mistaken. If you yield, it will be only a short time before you become tired and study becomes a burden and you get nervous etc. It requires a struggle to close a book with a lesson half learned and go to bed but it pays. Now another mistake that I made all thro my course of study. I used to study as late as I dared and as hard as I could and then jump into bed as quickly as possible so as to have as much time for rest as possible. But I found only this Summer that this is a poor policy. The brain requires much of the blood to do its work while in action and if one lies down immediately after studying or thinking hard, his blood is all in his head and sleep is out of the question for an hour or more if not longer. I used to get so tired on Sunday that I could not sleep often till midnight and I was troubled in the same way in college at times. I tried last Summer, reading for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour before retiring. I looked for a simple story that took no mental effort. If it was funny all the better. It was a short story in an “Advance” or “Independent” and so entirely different from the line of the day’s work that my brain and nerves were quieted and I found no trouble in sleeping as soon as my head touched the pillow. The person who takes a half hour of perfect relaxation before retiring is pretty sure of a good night’s rest. Even if the hour is late he will gain by taking this half hour in which to prepare for rest. Well postage is too costly and time too scarce to authorize further expenditure in cheap advice.

In the last letter I think Ellen told you I had gone for a week’s trip into the country. We had a delightful time. Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Goddard and I. We started June 7th, Friday at 8 A.M. traveled all day by boat. At 4:45 P.M. we reached the rapids and had to exchange our deep boat for an “up river boat”. The ascent from this time was very interesting. Our boat had two men three women and two children. The older a girl of about 10 years. The younger an infant. Here is the process of ascending a rapid: - the stronger man jumps into the water and with a stick, fastened across the bow of the boat, lifts the boat along thro the rushing waters. When the water is a little above his knees, this stick just rests on his neck. The other man is doing the same work at the stern. The water in some places is very shallow and the bottom of the river full of stones. The boat catches on these and the men must lift it off. At times it requires the combined strength of the whole six [*these men are called “trackers”*] to move the boat up against down-coming water.



This photo is on a greeting from F.H. Sparks with the words: “All good Wishes for “1926” from F.H. Sparks, Pucheng. This is how we are “pulled” up the River Min.”
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



"Sparrow" Boats Pulling up the Rapids on the Min River, Fukien, China.
[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Fri. night we reached Gak Liang, and spent the night there. We found a chapel as large as an old fashioned New England dining room. The ceiling was about as high as the ceilings to those rooms used to be. The floor was of dirt, and a pool of water stood a little one of side of the center. In the second story, we found a native stove, a table, a rattan bed bottom on two wooden stools, and some chairs. We carried our own mattresses and bedding. In a very few moments we had the beds ready, and were called to supper. This was a little like picnicking, - a little better for we had hot rice and potatoes, and hot water to drink. Supper over we held a service at which the natives crowded *[crowded]* in with curiosity to see the little organ which Mr. Hubbard carried with him, and of which old and young never tire. What would they do if they should hear a large pipe organ, or an orchestra? The next morning we started again for Ing Hok, 15 miles up the river. The scenery was very pleasing. The river became narrower, and in places full of rocks. The mountains rose continually on either side in long ranges. The valleys between the ranges extending many miles back from the river. The sides of the mountains were covered with trees and here and there a mountain brook dashed headlong over rocks and this gorges racing with itself on the way to the larger stream at the mountain base. The banks of the river were beautiful by flowers of different kinds, prominent among them were Easter Lilies in full bloom. Very few villages were seen from the boat, and these not large. But we walked two or three miles for a rest, and found the houses stuck in behind the hills all along, so the country was by no means devoid of population. Orchards of Plumb, orange and peach trees were seen wherever the land was level enough for them. The water buffalo was a common sight. We saw several herds of from 9 to 12 feeding under the care of a boy or lying in the water taking their daily bath. The little yellow cow, something like our Jerseys was frequently seen also. In and about Foochow we use the milk of both these animals, but I could not find as they were used for anything except for plowing and for food up the river. At 5 P.M. we landed at the walled city of Ing Hok.

Sunday June 23rd (A whole week has sped since I began. This bringing to our home the little daughter, of whose advent you are doubtless acquainted 'ere I write this. Inclination leads me to break off the Ing Hok trip and tell the weeks experiences now, but I'll stick with my story.)

We were scarcely unpacked when the native helpers came to Mr. Hubbard with a problem. There are here, one theological student who has studied two years, one who has taken the full course and a young man. Ming Uong's brother who has studied medicine and is practicing some, and preaching every other Sunday. The whole region has one ordained Pastor. We found him here at Ing Hok. These helpers said that a church members wife had died. His father is not a Christian. She had a younger brother who was not a Christian. In the hurry of the funeral arrangements the husband asked a friend to order some food for the friends who came in to attend the funeral services. The deceased wife's heathen brother met the friend and told him to buy also some idol paper, very much more food, and to have the Taoist Priests come to perform their incantations. When the husband heard of this he

refused not to pay for the idolatrous part of the ceremony. Now what should we do? We all went over to the officials, told him the case and asked him to send and inform the heathen relatives that the Christians would not pay for the idolatrous worship. He was very kind and did as we desired. The approach to the officer was a very interesting part of our trip. Arriving at the Yamen, we pass thro three doors which are open, and which lead into open courts with the quarters of Yamen runners and hangers-on on the side of the courts. At last we came to a little side door where are two door keepers. We must now produce cards. Each of us has his Chinese card and one of the doorkeepers takes these while the other watches us and the crowd that have followed us in. We are asked to walk in. We go thro a dark room with another open court. Here a man asks our business. This explained partially and after a time we are asked further in. This a little dark room with an office. A table stands in the center of the room and everything looks as if a game of gambling had been broken up. We do not find the head officer even here. But this young man is his deputy and has authority to inquire into all cases. If they are not too serious he manages them himself. Our case was listened to by him, and after consulting the head officer he did as we desired. All the time the case was being stated the windows were full of natives who had followed us in and hear all. Nothing can be done in secret here in China. The public is peace maker and police court. Every wrong is told in the street- shouted out at top of the voice, curses called down upon the offender's head, and the neighbors given the details and made the judges. This for petty offenses. The serious crimes go before the officials. I have seen many a fight on the street, which after all was only words. The would be (?) fighters begin with loud words and curses, and finally come to blows. This is the signal for the lookers-on to interfere. The fighters are torn apart, and held, then they become very fierce- they act like mad men. You would think they were ready to tear each others eyes out. But the truth is they know, they are safe, for the neighbors will hold them. Well this publicity is the balance wheel of society, and were it not for the power of money, and official squeezing I should think it might work very well.

But to get back on the subject: -Sat. evening Mr. Hubbard held a service in the chapel at Ing Hok. Sun. he administered the sacrament. In the P.M. we walked up the valley about 4 mi. to hold service at a village but the only one had gone to another place that day. So we sold some tracts- I sold one with Dwight's help- and came back to the city and had another service in the chapel. [*Earlier missionaries passed out tracts (religious literature) for free until they realized many were coming to get them just for the paper and not the information on them. Carlson, Ellsworth C. The Foochow Missionaries 1847-1880. Cambridge, MA: East Asian Research, Harvard University, 1974.*] Mon. we went up the mountain about 7 miles. It was a delightful trip in all senses. The day was cloudy, and not excessively hot. The scenery was grand. We wound up around one peak after another- most of the way by a mountain stream now shut in with a very narrow vision- now coming out in view of the city below us, and catching glimpses of the river as it felt its way down between the mountains. We were to visit two chapels. The first was Gatau=the head of the divide. Here we saw one Christian whose face I shall remember a long time. It was so buoyant, and he seemed to be so sure of his hope. Mr. Hubbard talked with his neighbors a little. They knew the right, but just like so many people at home said "yes it is a good life, but your neighbors only curse you, and then one can not live up to the standard. If you only do as well as you profess it would be very nice." To which this bright man answered, "Your neighbors curses fall back on himself. A peaceful mind comes from doing the best one knows how." We held a service here with about 25 and went on to Uo-cia, ate lunch with three dear old Christian gentlemen- farmers to bring us tea and hot water and help us in any way possible. We held another service here and then came down to Ing Hok. The mountaineers greatly took my fancy. They are so simple and earnest, and modest. They live in the midst of God's most beautiful handiwork. Nature teaches them in the quiet morning, at hot noon, and with the lengthening shades of fading day. The bird in the tree above their heads and pure water rippling over the stones below them is each unsullied by contact with the world of sin. The whispering breezes from the fir does not think so harshly of the old monks who retired from the wicked world, and the quiet of the mountain solitude, to live out their days in contemplating God.

The mountain sides here are very steep. But, some of them are cultivated to the very peaks. All the terraces. I saw many of these terraces only 4 ft. wide and 3 ft. above each other. They are irrigated by water led thro bamboo troughs from the mountain brooks. How would you like such farming on strips of land 4 ft. wide and 3 rods long- on an average I counted 17 hills of sweet potatoes on one of these terraces the other day.

Mon. night Mr. Hubbard had to go to see the officials again and I conducted the service in the chapel. I did not preach. But I could ask one and another of the Christians if they loved Jesus, or if Jesus loved them, or if Jesus loved all men, and then when they said yes, ask them to tell why. The men in the audience- and the room was packed [*and they*] were very attentive. Tues. A.M. - At 6 we were descending the river. At 4 P.M. we reached Liong A where was a chapel and where we stopped for the night. Wed. we reached Pagoda Anchorage and found the dear ones all right at 4 P.M.

July 3rd. Another letter arrived from Mother, James and Ruth night before last. I read them to Phebe. She expressed a strong desire to see her Grandparents and uncles and aunts. When I told her of them and their number

and how much they would like to see her, she opened her eyes wide. Now you want to hear more of her history than than the brief note I sent to her great grandparents. Well. Ellen was quite well till 12 o'clock midnight June 17. She woke me at 2 A.M. June 18. At 7 A.M. Miss Phebe greeted us with a lusty yell. Since then Ellen has been growing strong steadily every day, and Phebe has been growing smart, pretty, good etc. large and fat also. If I had been able to order the whole course of events I would scarcely change a thing. I wrote in the White Hills letter that we had a Dr. and his wife a trained nurse in the same building. The weather has not been excessively hot, and this was just right for we have not been afraid of colds. I have done everything except wash and dress Phebe, and to-day I did that. How she enjoyed it! I put her into a bowl of water and let her kick, - at which occupation she is an adept. I have not touched the language since Phebe arrived but I have done a lot of writing. The Mission have voted to ask money to enlarge one of the churches in my care and to build a Theo. Sem. I shall probably be in charge of this also. I was asked to present these needs to the Board in a letter, and it took all my moments for 12 days. I am also authorized to engage Ming Uong to help me in teaching, and have had to write him two letters. Then last Sunday the Missionaries here on Sharp Peak said that they must have a service and I was at the top of the alphabet so I preached to-day. I have the Mission Prayer meeting. Tomorrow we celebrate and you must not judge too harshly of the character of the Americans if I tell you I am the last resort for the oration. I hope to write a good long letter to Dr. Smith after this work and then get to studying again. - But this is digressing. I am very sorry Dear Mother that a letter does not go home by every steamer, but other duties press so hard that it is a very hard thing to do. I tell Ellen she will have to do a little more in that line when she gets up. She sits up now to have the bed made and to eat. She also can tend Phebe some. But that little darling needs little but enough to eat- of which Ellen has a good supply, - clean dry clothes and a good bed. She is not in arms one hour of the 24. She is awake about 5 hours now, but amuses herself. You see we began at the very first and she never has been walked with at all except as she has been carried from one bed to the other. Why did you all keep so mum about the fire? But we are thankful for the Providence that kept you all safe. This letter is all about myself and my increasing family, but I judge your wishes of my own in making it so. God has been very good to us. I never saw Ellen look so perfectly happy clear thro as when she lies watching her little charge. We have only one wish unsatisfied and that makes the other blessings all the more dear.- We wish, so much, that you could all see your little great granddaughter, granddaughter, great niece, niece, but we must abide the Father's will. Meantime pray that her parents may have wisdom to guide the little life into Christ's love from infancy.

We think of Oliver, and Grace as very happy in their home. Most hearty.

With love Will.

*[This letter dated **July 28, 1895** was written from Sharp Peak, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. They are still at Sharp Peak. Willard updates his family on the growth and development of weeks old baby Phebe. He attended a convention on Kuliang of missionaries and other religious men. Willard attended a native church on Sharp Peak. He speaks of an epidemic in Sharp Peak and Foochow which caused many deaths in Canton and Hong Kong the previous summer, but he feels they are safe high up on Sharp Peak in the pure air. He lists others who are staying at Sharp Peak for the summer, also. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Sharp Peak

Foochow, China

July 28th 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The sun and the tide keep on their course and Phebe grows just the same whether study and letter writing is done or not. But too long an interval between letters is sure to bring news of anxious waiting so I'll improve a few minutes now. Phebe is asleep and her mama is preparing to go to the service which is in English this afternoon. Today it is held in the Methodist Sanitarium and the distance is not far, - about five minutes walk. Ellen has not yet been down the hill from our San. but she plays croquet and walks about as she likes, so I am going to let the Amah sit by Phebe while I help Ellen down the hill then. I'll come back and "tend baby", unless she sleeps and lets me write. We do not like to leave the little girl with the amah alone yet. Ellen can not bare to see the amah touch her, so one of us is always at home. Phebe is doing well- growing like a little pig. Her stretching is something prodigious. In the morning about 5 o'clock she begins and as if she had grown so much during the night that her skin had to be stretched out to allow for room. She still sleeps a good deal of the time, tho she begins to think that life does not consist wholly of eating and sleeping. She holds to eating well, and that is the one thing she cannot be cheated on or out of. She has outgrown two shirts and four pairs of socks. It is impossible to keep on a pillow for she is sure to roll

off. Today she turned over in bed alone. I am thinking of taking her down to the sea some day and put her in to see if she will swim naturally. I think there is little doubt about it for when she is awake her hands and feet are seldom still. Last night she slept from six o'clock till twelve. Here endeth the first chapter which is all about a little bit a bundle of humanity of only about 10 lbs. weight.

Since I wrote last I have paid a visit to the city and to the mountain where some of the missionaries and other foreigners spend the summer. Mr. Hartwell and Mr. Hubbard held a meeting for Pastors and helpers July 16-18. The Pastors and Preachers and teachers and colporteurs [*a seller of religious books or material*] and others in the employ of the Mission come together for a kind of convention. Three meetings were held each day. Sermons, prayer meetings, essays- the subj. of one was the advisability of a newspaper for our Christians- Foochow has no such medium of news now,- then the drawing ticket for the men is the fact that at this time they receive their quarterly pay. And this is a bad feature. The men got their money by Thurs. noon. The meetings closed Thurs. evening and one of the best men was to preach that evening. But only six of the brethren were to be found. The rest had gone away to be near the stores where they could buy what they wanted to take back home. I told Mr. Hartwell I should have ended the meetings before rather than have such a slim attendance at the last. But it seems this is not an unusual occurrence, and the older men are used to it. - Wait a bit!!! But another outside feature did more to take away from the real spiritual life of the meeting. This will give you a little idea of the multitudinous demands upon a missionary's time, strength, patience and tact and executive ability. I wrote you of the little difficulty we found at Ing Hok between the Christian and the idolaters. At this meeting in Foochow these difficulties were large and numerous and all the time of Mr. Hartwell and Mr. Hubbard and the ordained pastors was given to these cases, when the meeting was not in session. I did not hear much of the trouble because I could not understand and then I was not present all the time, but I got enough to see Christianity is making... [*Unfinished, then jumps to the following:*]

Monday.

This is the last page. - I am getting very careless about the order of my pages, but please pardon me. Phebe kept a faithful watch all the time her mother was at service yesterday, but the Amah held her and I wrote till Ellen was seen on her way home. Then I went down the hill to help her up. This was her first time away from the Sanitarium and she stood it all right. Phebe lies on the bed cooing, and beginning to think someone might attend to her.

Next week we are to have daily meetings in English. Sat. evening we got ready for a typhoon but it did not come. A typhoon gives warning at least 24 hrs. beforehand. In this it is better than a cyclone, or a tornado. But it lasts about 3 days and tears roofs off and carries away the sides of houses etc. Our Sanitarium is built with a view to keeping the wind and rain outside when a typhoon comes along. The Eng. San. is in a very exposed place. A few years ago a family was living in one end. A typhoon came along and tore off the roof from the room they were in. They moved. That roof went and on till the last room in the San. happened to hold and they were safe.

Lovingly
Will.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Everything but study is progressing well. I have begun again to study some and find that some of the characters have stuck. I am reviewing the first 6 chaps. of [*unreadable word*] in the character by myself. My teacher has heard that he has a two weeks old son and wants to go and see him. I could not say no.

I went to the native church yesterday for the first time since Phebe was born. It is in the village at the other end of the island and down on the seashore between two high cliffs, - so high and steep that there are only three or four places where one can go up by means of steps. Of course it is very hot down there and as it is a walk of two miles the foreign attendance is not large. I was alone. But I was glad to count 14 Chinese who came from our homes, - servants, teachers and students who are here studying with some of the missionaries. I pronounced the benediction in the Foochow dialect- the first time here, the second time in all.

While coming home from church I heard that the same or a similar epidemic to the one that caused so many deaths in Canton and Hong Kong last summer, had appeared in Foochow, and in the Sharp Peak village. It has taken away some whole families in Foochow. It appeared down here only a few days ago. I write this because I expect you will read an account of it in the papers and at once think of us. But we are as safe here as you are in America. We are on one of the highest points of the island- about 350 or 400 above the sea- if I have written differently before, take these figures in preference- the air is very pure. A strong sea breeze that makes the mould grow luxuriantly on everything blows nearly all the time. Our shoes have to be cleaned every other day. A mouldy Bible is no proof that it is not read every day. The case to my razor is green every time I take it out. But we bro't down only the few things necessary to live with, so our trouble from mould is slight. The thermometer remains at about 78 degrees, rising to 85 degrees and falling to 75 degrees. But there is a something about the atmosphere that

makes one perspire at the least exertion, so that a change of clothes is necessary about every day. During the morning and until 4 P.M. the sun is very hot and very bright so that no one goes out unless necessary. About 4 P.M. you will see different ones going for walks or to make calls or for baths. I have enjoyed the bathing very much. Sat. P.M. 22 were in the water together. It makes a jolly time. But as the path is much of the way steps and all of the way very steep it makes a good climb of 350 or 400 ft. up to our sanitarium.

As the population is now settled for the Summer perhaps you would like the personelle of the island. The foreigners are all in five houses, - three Sanitariums and two private houses. The Eng. Sanitarium has six suites of rooms. There are one family with children, a gentleman and his wife and a single gentleman in this Sanitarium. The name of the single gentleman is Star. The married man's name is Light. So as Ellen says it is always Star-light at this place. There are six suites in the Meth. San. also. Here we find Rev. and Mrs. Wilcox and five children, Rev. and Mrs. Mirror two children, Miss Rouse, Miss Sites, Mrs. Gray (who knows Miss S.) and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hixson brother of Consul Hixson. These last three are visitors. Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear [*Ella J.*] of whom we have written before have moved into their own house. In what is known as the "telegraph house" there are two English gentlemen- Hill and Pye. In our Sanitarium, we occupy one end suite. In the next two suites are Dr. and Mrs. Whitney and Henry and Mary aged about 16 and 14, and Miss Wiley [*Martha S.*] a Eng. Lady who is boarding with them till she gets married. Her intended is a young man in the customs and cannot get off till sometime in Aug. to take to himself a wife. Next there is Dr. Bliss, a young man out only a year and a half. He is stationed at Shaowu (Shaowu) the station 250 mi. up the Min river. Next him in the other end suite are Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner [*G. Milton and Mary J.*] and two small children. If you should call on us you might think we were rather lazy and lived in a narrow world. It is true there is little physical activity. But we are doing quite a little work after all. Mr. Gardner has two theological students who came down from Shaowu [*pronounced show-woo with the ow as in how, according to the ABCFM*] with him and he has a recitation with them each day. Then they have two Shaowu girls about 14 yrs. of age who have been in Miss Newton's school during the last term. It is so far up to Shaowu- a three weeks journey- that they are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Gardner. These are some care also. Then I consider that I have earned \$12.00 a week beside my board as nurse during the last four weeks. And besides I have done a lot of writing that makes me feel good. Ellen needs no care now, indeed. She takes the most of the care of Phebe. So I have been able for three days now to put in about six hours on the language. Each Sunday afternoon we have a service in Eng. and each Wed. afternoon our Mission holds a prayer meeting. Two of the servants are quite athletic and after supper we have a little sport. Even my imperfect efforts and only ordinary strength gives me no little prestige among the Chinese. There are three croquet grounds and a tennis court here so we have a little fun, and in the evening we sometimes have games and social times. About week after next I expect to go up to Foochow to attend a quarterly meeting which Mr. Hartwell and Mr. Hubbard are to hold for the native preachers and helpers.

Week before last I received a friendly letter from a nice little Chinese boy. He is bookseller and chapel keeper at my Ha Puo church and a fine little man. But his letters are knotty things to read. He wrote it the classical character which is no more like the Foochow dialect than English is like French. But my teacher translated it with the dialect and I could make sense out of it. He said he had been on a visit to his home, and had been talking with some of his farmer friends about his religion. One family who kept an incense shop with many idols in it have just thrown away their idols and given up the sale of incense. I hope this young man may study theology under me in the near future.



Shrine- In the opening incense and idol paper is put and burned
 [Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

I think I have told you that I am in a fair way to become Pres. of the Theological Sem. next year. I have written two or three letters to Ming Uong about it, and shall see him when I go up to Foochow. I must, if it is a possibility, obtain him for my helper.

You are in the midst of haying- all at home I expect, except the two sons who have families. I wonder if father and mother feel any bigger with 12 children and a grandchild. There must be a little more room in the old home, - unless the younger ones have grown enough to fill the space. Has Mary reached Ellen's stature yet? They say I must not say "little sisters" when referring to Ruth and Mary, but save that appellation for Phebe. I want to hear from Elizabeth, about her tussles with bread. How much rice does it take for a pudding? Can you make a good pumpkin pie? If Ben won't write me I shall not send him a wedding present. If he will write me in time- at least one year before the event, I'll have something fine made. I suppose Flora writes as often as "school ma'am duties permit. Father ought to honor his first granddaughter with a letter. I enjoyed your letter James very much. I know you are having to work hard. But if you set out to go thro college and then take a professional course afterward you have a good many years of hard work before you and it may be an encouragement to you if I say that the boys who had to work with their hands to help the pocketbook while I was in college are the boys who are being heard from now. The last review brought news from four or five of these poor boys and the news was that they had taken first place or high places in their seminary classes, or had become associate editor on a city paper, had had honorable mention for work done in science while at Harvard or other institutions, had just been called to an important church etc. Of course the names of boys who had money enough, are in this category also, but proportionally the poor boys come out best, and the reason is, it takes hard work with sticktoitiveness to keep at study for 10 years with one purpose in view and the boy who has huge difficulties to surmount at the beginning has already learned a lesson in grit that comes to his aid many a time later. I do not know what college you intend to enter. There is plenty of time to consider anyway. It would be well to take the examinations at Yale and obtain certificates. But before I entered I should think twice. More on this later perhaps.

Letters overweight in foreign mail have to have double postage paid. Aunt Louise put a 2 ct. stamp on her letter. I had to pay 6 cts.-12 cts. in our money to get it. So if my letter was over weight you would have to pay 10 cts. extra- don't tell Aunt L. I'd rather pay twice that than go without her letter. Love to all Will.

The Hua Sang Massacre

Written by Willard L. Beard in Fukien A Study of A Province in China, by the Anti-Cobweb Club, Foochow, Presbyterian Mission Press, Shanghai, 1925.

In the early nineties there grew up in the Kutien district a society called the Vegetarians. By 1895 their numbers had reached 3,000 or 4,000. They seem to have been bandits bent on destroying the power of the officials. In 1895 the missionaries of the Methodist and Church Missionary Society missions in Kutien left for the summer resort at Hua Sang, fifteen miles distant. On the night of July 31, 1895, 2809 men started for Hua Sang; 120 actually reached the place, about six a.m. on August 1st. The Vegetarians burned the houses and killed nine adults and seriously injured two others, and two children died of wounds received during the massacre. All the victims were British except Miss Hartford who was an American. This massacre was not the result of anti-foreign feeling.

Massacre of Missionaries in China

[From "*The Illustrated London News*" August 31, 1895, page 259.]

The cruel and savage murder of a whole household of English Church missionaries, including the Rev. R. W. Stewart and his family, eleven persons in all, by a fanatical band of Chinese, on Thursday, Aug. 1, at their residence, Wha-sang, near Ku-chen, some days' journey inland from the commercial treaty-port of Foo-chow, is a shocking event to be more precisely related. The victims killed are Mr. Stewart and his wife, formerly of Dublin, with three of their children, Miss Elsie Marshall, daughter of the Vicar of St. John the Evangelist, Blackheath, Miss Flora Stuart, Miss H.E. Saunders and Miss E. M. Saunders from Melbourne, Australia, Miss HESSIE Newcombe, and Miss Gordon, Miss Codrington and several others were severely wounded; two of the children were saved, but hardly anyone in the house escaped without cuts or stabs intended to kill. The attack was made in the night, when they were all in bed; most of the wounds appear to have been made with spears. It is said that the assailants numbered about eighty, and that they were a sworn band connected with a Chinese secret society, widely spread in the province of Fu-kian, and in other southern provinces, which has undertaken to destroy or expel all foreigners. The members of this association can scarcely belong either to the Confucian or to the Buddhist religion, both of which are supremely tolerant; it is more probable that they form a new sect arising in the pagan barbarism of the lower classes, but encouraged, possibly, by conspirators who are men of education, and even by some corrupt official persons, seeking to overthrow the empire, already much shaken, by bringing it into collision with the European Powers. The members of this fanatical league seem to have also taken ascetic vows of abstinence from liquor, opium, tobacco, and flesh-meat; hence they are sometimes called "Vegetarians." It is certain that they do not at all represent the ordinary disposition of the mass of the people, who regard Christian missions, in general, with complete indifference, and whose behaviour to strangers is usually quiet and peaceable.

We have been favoured by the Church Missionary Society with some photographs of Ku-chen, and of the mission premises there, which were the ordinary residence of the Rev. R. W. Stewart, and of the ladies belonging to the Zenana Mission. There are also views of the chapel and summer dwelling of the missionaries at Wha-sang, situated on the hills about six miles from the town of Ku-chen, and the actual scene of the late dreadful massacre. These have been communicated by the Rev. H.C. Knox, Vicar of Sileby, Loughborough.



The above photo is a close up of the following photo. I believe that Ellen is the woman at the far right standing and Willard is the man standing right behind the man with the dark beard. About 1895.

[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



[This letter dated Sept. 8, 1895 from Sharp Peak, Foochow, China was written by Willard to the Folks at Home. Because of the raging cholera outbreak, the schools are not opening. One doctor estimates that as many as 21,000 have died in a small portion of Foochow. All of the missionaries from the country were called in because of the massacres in Kucheng. Dwight Goddard and Dr. Nieberg are secretly engaged. Willard describes a wedding of Christian natives which he attended. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Sharp Peak- Foochow
Sept. 8th 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

You see we are still at Sharp Peak and we expect to stay here until the first of Oct. I can do very little if we go back now, and as for studying I might just as well be here. The cholera is raging quite badly in Foochow and neither Miss Newton's Girl's School nor Mr. Peet's college will open until about Oct. 1st. This will keep all the workers in Foochow at the summer resorts later than usual. All Missionaries who were in the country have been called in, so the whole force of the three missions in Foochow is now at Foochow or at the mountain or here. I say at Foochow because on what we call the South Side the missionaries houses are on quite high ground and entirely separated at some distance from any native houses. It is much cooler here, and some of the missionaries may be found here all summer. Those who have come in from the country at the Consul's call do not know when they can return to take up their work. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner and Dr. Bliss from Shaowu 250 miles N.W. have been down since May and expected to start back about Oct. 1st. They may not go this winter. Mr. and Mrs. Walker the other Shaowu workers did not expect to come down this summer. But after the Kucheng trouble the Consul called them in. They arrived a week ago. So we may have a big force in Foochow this winter. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard and their family are to move from the mountain and occupy the two suites next to us here in the Sanitarium next Thursday. Dr. Whitney and his family have gone home to Pagoda Anchorage. Mrs. Hubbard has been far from well all summer. She has been under a Dr.'s care all the time, - has not been confined to her bed, but not able to do anything. She is better now and they hope she will be all right if she takes proper rest.

Perhaps it will do no harm now to write you that Dwight is engaged. Dr. Nieberg is the fortunate one. They told us in May, but we have had to enjoy it in oyster fashion. They have finally told Mr. Peet. And others I find are wondering why he makes so many calls on one particular lady. Her picture is in the Baldwin Reception group which we sent to Putnam, - one photo for the Putnam home, one for the Long Hill home, and one for Grandfather's folks. I will send the tissue paper with the names of the different ones on (may have gone to Putnam) in this letter. But the paper over the picture and the number comes directly over the face of its owner. You will find the name elsewhere on the paper opposite the number.

Phebe grows like a little pig- as her great grandparents would say. I think it would make Uncle Stanley tired to take care of her for half an hour. She is such an active child, kicking all the time while awake. She is beginning to want to jump now, - watches us as we move about the room, laughs and plays and cries. She sleeps perfectly all night. The other night she went to sleep at 8 P.M. and woke at five the next morning as bright as a new silver dollar. She generally takes one lunch during the night. Sometimes I know about it and sometimes I do not. She is becoming somewhat accustomed to lying on the bed, alone, or with one of us to entertain her. She enjoys nothing as much as her bath in the morning and her rubbings at night. She measures 23 inches from tip to toe. Weighs about 12 lbs. But she has no use for the Amah. I am afraid we shall have to turn her off. She does nothing that one of the men could not just as well do, except washing the baby's clothes and tending her a little.

It has been nearly three weeks now since the home mail came. We begin to feel hungry for letters and papers. I have no doubt that the account of the massacre at Kucheng have caused the friends in Conn. many anxious moments, as their thoughts turned toward Foochow. But you have accurate accounts I think and are informed that we are all right because nothing is said about us. The cholera is raging furiously in Foochow. The Dr. forbids the opening of the schools yet. Our Dr. advises that they be not opened till November. One scarcely knows whether it is not more merciful to rejoice with the victims. Many of them are wretched beings simply existing from day to day, - some in houses crowded worse than the N.Y. tenements. Some with no place even sleep, eating and sleeping on the streets, and picking over rubbish heaps to find morsels of food. It is impossible for me to tell anything about the number of deaths from what I have seen. There was a report that 300 were dying in a day. The head physician (foreign) says that there have been 21000 deaths in a small portion of Foochow suburbs.

Sept. 16th Mr. Hubbard and family are in the suite next us. The children are very much interested in Phebe. The Sanitarium is not so lonely. Dr. Bliss and I expect to start for Guliang- the mountain- today. We go to Pagoda Anchorage and spend to-night and go on up tomorrow morning. We will return the latter part of this week.

Mother's letter arrived since I began this. I do not understand why you have to pay extra postage on our letters. I take pains to see that they are not over weight. Ask the Post Master to weigh them and if they do not weigh over ½ ounce they have no right to charge anything.

I suppose you are all scattered again. Flora back at (?) teaching. Phebe and James in Derby High School and Ruth in Shelton. Mary and Stanley at Long Hill University. Elizabeth in the culinary department of Century Farm Industrial Academy. Ben is eating 30 peaches a day, - is the oldest child at home feeling the weight of his responsibility and his increasing years. Evidently both he and father should be taught the art of writing. I have been waiting a long time to hear something about the arrangement of the new barn.

I came very near performing my first marriage ceremony the other day. Mr. Hubbard has charge of the work in Sharp Peak village. A couple wished to be tied. Mr. H. was notified, but had not replied. The evening before, I received a call from a friend of the bridegroom. He asked me if I could do the business, and I consented. I had the ceremony in Chinese character and set up till nearly midnight plugging on it, arose early before b-fast and read it thro 3 or 4 times. The time was 8 A.M. I took an early b-fast and started. I had all the arrangements, had the names of the victims, and was getting anxious when in walked Mr. Hubbard just in time to take all the honor. My invitation came on red paper in a large red envelope. The groom himself came to announce when all was in readiness. Arriving at the house we found one room- dirt floor, board partitions, bare rafters, one table, 4 candles, a tray with tea and cakes on it, two wooden horses for seats for Mr. H. and myself, the bride in a robe of bright red, and a red cloth covering her head. Her mother or an elderly woman stood holding her with both arms about her. When all was in readiness a mat was spread on the dirt, and over that a blanket. The groom stepped on one side. The bride was led onto the other side. The groom wore an official hat, and a thick wadded ulster. A coarse cloth hung on the partition, which he used from time to time to mop off the perspiration. He said very politely "I will". She merely bowed. No one saw her face. While the ceremony was being read they were not near enough to touch one another. The room was about 12 and 14 ft. In it were no less than 75 people and as many more looking on from all directions. These people were dressed as they happened to be at the time. Some had sickles and other tools in their hands. The children had bibs on- no other clothing. Many of the spectators never saw such a ceremony and were much amused. In the afternoon the groom called on me with an invitation to attend the wedding feast. The invitation was verbal accompanied by a blank red paper envelope and paper. A half grown chicken was flying and jumping about the room all during the ceremony.

Sat morning I caused great surprise by donning an old suit and dressing a beef. We have had three small cattle dressed by the Chinese. The skin is not taken off. The natives must have it on or they will not buy the meat. The dressing is done very poorly and I just thought I would show them how. The natives were not a little surprised to see a foreigner working at this.

I must close now to get ready to start.

With love to all
Will.

[The following was written in Ellen's handwriting:]

My Dear Uncle Ben and all the rest:-

Papa said I might put on the P.S. so I'm going to fill the rest of this page. Papa has been gone almost a week and I shall be glad when he gets home; he's coming next Tuesday and what do you suppose he'll say when he sees my first tooth through for mama says it's really almost through. Mary and Henry Whitney are staying with us while papa is away but they go home tomorrow. There was a little boy missionary come to Mr. Peet's home just a week ago but I have not seen him as he is at the mountain; probably papa will, before he comes home. Love to you all. Phebe

Sunday.

We have had typhoon weather ever since the day Willard left home, so that the houseboat has not been able to run; consequently this letter has been delayed a week. It has come off clear and cool today with the mercury at 74 degrees. Ellen.



Example of a ricksha and chair
 [Postcard photo purchased from ebay by Jana L. Jackson.]

[This letter dated Nov. 10, 1895 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He has been busy with the Annual Meeting. He tells the latest on his daughter, Phebe and how she entertained some Chinese guests one evening. Five of the murderers of the Kucheng Massacre were beheaded in Foochow. Willard requests from his father his recipe for communion wine. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow- Nov. 10th 1895.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I have half an hour before church service to jot down a few scattered thoughts. The Annual Meeting of the Mission began last Tuesday evening, and of course there has been no time for anything else since. It closes next Tuesday. All the pastors and preachers and colporteurs, and teachers and others in Christian work under the supervision of the Mission are in Foochow in attendance. I think altogether too much time has been given to the examination of Bible students, in which only the examiners and the students were interested, and to detailed reports of the years work. One Missionary took half an hour to tell what books the children in a few Day schools in his care were reading. And this when the next topic was "Self-support in the native churches". The same man the next day was reading a paper on "Dangerous Habits" and was telling about the manufacture of wine in different countries. He asked how long he had been talking. I insolently spoke up and said "25 minutes". It had the effect of shortening his speech a little but Mr. Hartwell was cut out of a talk and the delegates from the Meth. and English missions were limited to 5 minutes. But this straw will never do for a missionary any more than for another person. It is a very natural and a very easy thing to criticize, in my position- a new comer and mostly an observer. - Then beside the men who saw the beginning of the work here in Foochow is still here and the leader because he has been here the longest of any one. The work has grown and developed. Mr. Hartwell has also grown but he has not kept pace with the new methods at home. The introduction of a little more "hustle" and the eradication of stereotyped forms would be a great benefit to the meetings. And altho the Chinese do not realize this so as to perceive what is the matter. Yet they are very quick to perceive when the change is made from the old ruts into new paths, and they are also quick to respond.

Another hindrance to the best results from our Annual Meeting is the lack of any suitable place in which to hold it. No church will accommodate the gatherings and thus all meetings are held in two different churches two miles apart. When we all come together some can't come together for lack of room. But we have just purchased a building and lot adjoining the church here near me and I trust in His own best time, God will provide the means for the enlargement of the church building.

7:45 P.M. I am at home this evening, have just put Phebe to bed. She is a darling little treasure, happy all day long- if her food comes regularly. She did not like the first amah any better than her parents did, and frequently she

expressed her dislike in no gentle strains. We have a new one and I am sometimes afraid that we shall leave the little girl too much to her care. I think she takes just as good care of her as we do and the little one is very good with her. Thus far we have not asked the amah to have the care of her after we have furnished supper unless we are out of the house. The little bird wakes about day light and coos for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Then she wants to get up. I am generally ready by that time to take her to the amah. After our breakfast her mama puts her in a large tin bath tub and she kicks and crows and generally gets good and tired so she takes a nap after the bath. She does not sleep much during the day now. She is out of doors quite a good time in pleasant weather- and when the sun is not too hot. She has just purchased a carriage \$5.50 in which she takes a ride two or three times a day. After tea she is dressed for bed and that is the signal for a frolic. She has the privilege of jumping and cooing and laughing with papa and mama for a hour. And I wish you could see her improve the privilege. She bounds up like a rubber ball, and we have to hold her tight or she will jump away from us. It is her special delight to have her mama hold her, so that she can jump and her papa sit near and read or do something from which he can look up and talk with her. She expresses her delight in this by the most extravagant smiles. Last Wed. night she fell out of bed. I heard her wake about 4 A.M. and after kicking and wiggling for a few minutes she began to talk to herself. I was dosing when I heard a thump and then a yell. I jumped out of my bed and went over to find her the misquito netting was so tucked in that it broke her fall and sent her under the bed. She struck flat on her nose. Her mother lit the lamp and at the sight of the light the tears dried and the noise stopped.

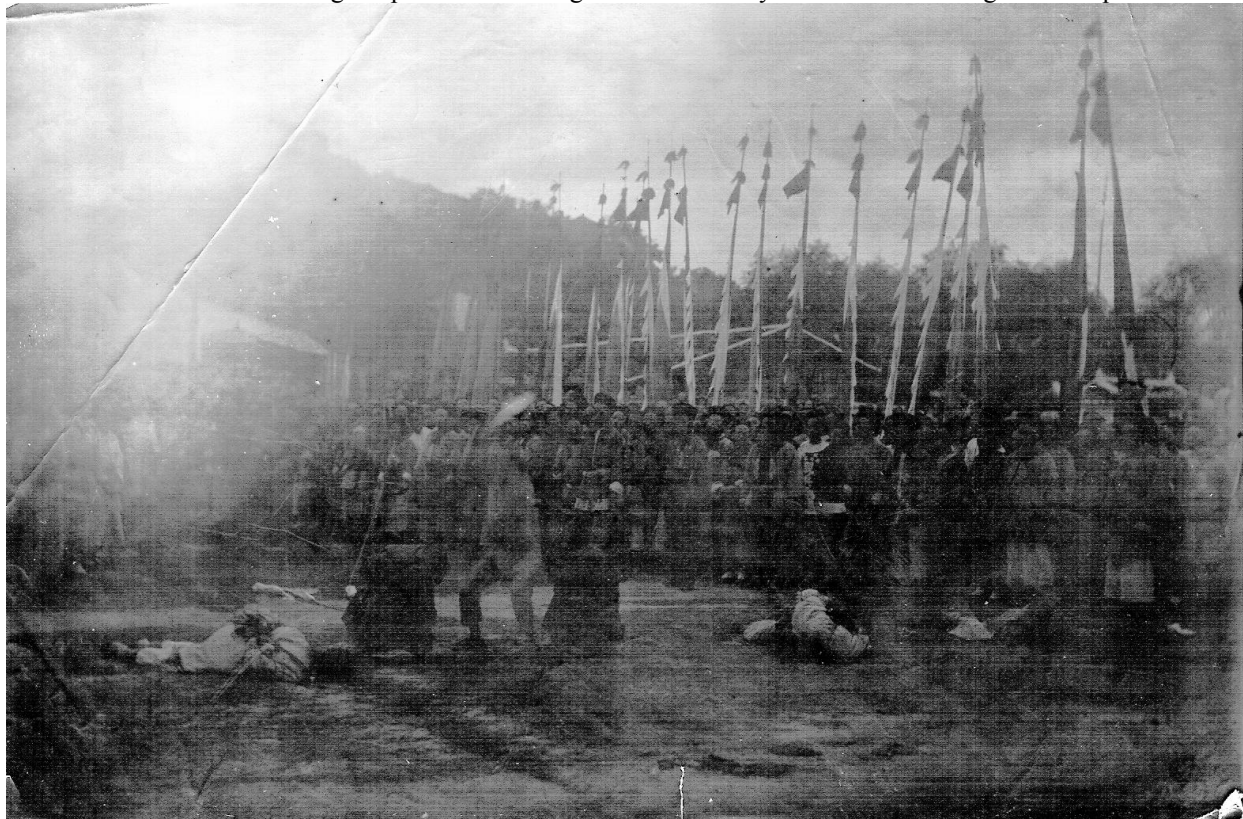
We entertained about 30 Chinese Christians the other evening. They arrived half an hour before we expected them. We had asked Mr. Gardner to show them stereopticon views and Mr. Walker to come over to talk with them and act as interpreter. But there was half an hour and I was in a straight. Ellen was busy and I could talk but little. I took our daughter and if you could have seen the way in which she entertained that room full of Chinese, you would have been doubly proud of your descendants. She acted as if she understood the situation and put on her sweetest smiles and threw them out to all alike with no partiality. It pleased the men very much to have the little foreigner take so much notice of them. I think she must be a true missionary.

Dr. Bartow has written from Japan that it is probable that he will visit China before returning to the States.

Last Thursday morning at 9:04 o'clock five more Kutien murderers were beheaded here at Foochow. They were brought down some time ago, but had to be reexamined and identified by the Consuls. Four of these were the leaders in the massacre. One of them carried the flag and shouted "Kill outright". Another was the instigator of the plot. The fifth man did not go to Hua-sang at all and advised the others not to go. He wanted to plunder and said the missionaries had little money or valuables. He advised attacking the officers Yamen at Kucheng. So his case was entirely in the hands of Chinese. The execution took place on the parade ground just outside the city wall. Dr. Kinnear and Mr. Peet attended. Dr. took 10 pictures- snapped all the time from the time the prisoners were brought to the place until the business was all over. He said the Chinese Prefect was very kind to him and kept the crowd away so that he could work his instrument. He estimated that not less than 10,000 people were on the grounds- 22 foreigners were there 22 at least- many of the Chinese officials were there. I attended the meeting that morning at Giu eio dong. On the way home, I walk on the street about 30 rods. I met the Eng. Consul, Dr. Gregory (M.E. Mission), the executioner carrying his sword and followed by an excited crowd and two other foreigners. I started from my home immediately with Dr. Kinnear- just as soon as he arrived from the execution, to go over to the river. All along the street the one topic of conversation was the execution and frequently the natives "that man was there and took pictures". We heard this four miles from the parade grounds. This shows that the event was thoroughly known. That the people know that foreigners are not incapable or afraid to punish the evil doers. There has existed an idea in the minds of the natives that missionaries especially were what we term chicken-hearted. That they could injure them with impunity. This event I think must do much to disabuse their minds of the illusion. The reports about the executions have been very confused. I was at the consulate Wed. and the following is the official number. At Kucheng the first time 14. Second time 7. At Foochow 5. - 26 in all. But in my mind it is not that this number has been beheaded. That should cause us to rejoice, but that a just court has been held and that guilty men have been executed. The Chinese have a way of offering to kill any number at a time like this. But they take no pains to find the guilty ones. Indeed they pick up coolies and beggars, any worthless friendless fellow, and he head counts one. But Consul Hixson insisted on a fair trial. He found by cross examination one of the men whom the Chinese wished convicted was a professional beggar. Under torture such a man would confess or say that he was one of the guilty party. On the other side the Chinese let a number of the prisoners go after the first examinations. Consul Hixson demanded they be brought back. One of these men was guilty and thro him they got the names of 25 more implicated in the business. The precedent has been established that a foreign government can demand and receive due recognition- in the settlement of such cases, and that a foreign government can also compel a fair examination of the prisoners. Now let Christian governments follow the good precedent and never be satisfied with a few dollars and a few beggars heads.



Above: Scan of original photo. Below: Lightened version by Jamie Jackson using Photoshop.



[This may be one of the photos that Willard is referring to. Following are descriptions from a list of photos that Willard sent back home in 1896:]

3. Parade ground at Foochow,- showing lines of soldiers trying to keep back crowds about 10 minutes before execution of the 5 Kucheng murderers Nov. 7th 1895.
4. Same ground as No. 3, - The five prisoners condemned kneeling, hands tied behind and flags stuck down their back telling names and crimes. The middle bent forward ready for the executioners axe.

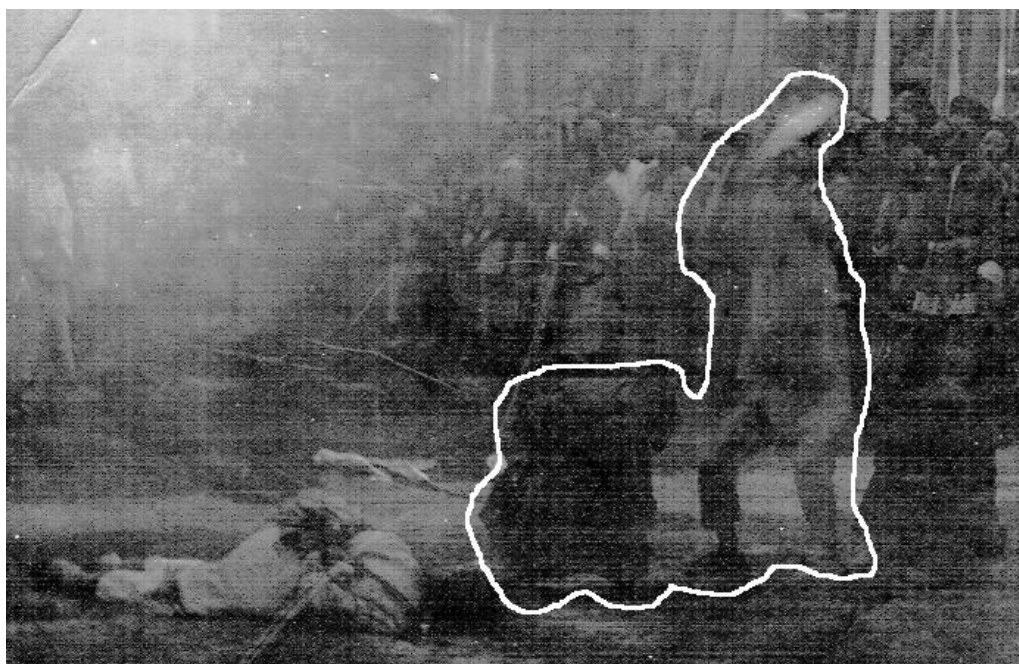


Above: This is a professionally restored version of the previous photo.



Previous photo magnified by Jamie Jackson. A man wearing light colored clothing is already lying on the ground at the left. Another man in darker clothing is kneeling immediately to the left of the man with the bent knees. You can see the flash of his ax above his head. See outlined photo next-outlining by Jamie Jackson.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



I forgot to tell of my latest achievement which was the attempt to read a 15 minute paper in the Foochow dialect at the meeting Friday morning. I was able to make the men understand enough so that there was a very lively discussion afterwards for nearly half an hour. I wrote on "Ken Laung Sing-ta Giong Caung Cai U Lieng-lik"= The necessity of proper exercise for the preservation of health. Of course it was only an attempt. The pronunciation was very faulty. But I consider it some encouragement that I could make the natives understand most of it. I wrote it in English and Miss Newton translated it for me. So only the reading was mine.

Will you send me the receipt [*recipe*] for making communion wine. I think you father make a lot of it and bottle it so that it keeps all the year. We are troubled here to get anything good. Grape jelly dissolved makes a

substitute but a poor one. We have nice grapes in August and Sept. and if I can get the receipt and your method of bottling I will put up some next year.

Before this reaches you another thanksgiving will have passed. God has preserved us another year and given us blessings too numerous to mention. Let us always remember Him as our Provider, Protector, and Father.

Love to every one of the dear ones is sent by
Ellen and Will.

I shall send Phebe's photo in a sermon by Mr. Walker which you will like to read, and lend to Mr. Park and Mr. Kenneston and Mr. White.

W.



This is probably baby Phebe with young looking Ellen. Probably 1895.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated Nov. 28, 1895 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his Dear Ones at Home. He and Ellen have been missionaries in Foochow for a year now and Willard still struggles with the language. The Annual Meeting concluded and it was felt to have been the best yet. Dwight Goddard and Dr. Nieberg were married. Cholera is still present and some Chinese around them have died. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China,
Nov. 28th 1895

My Dear Ones at Home:-

A year has passed since we began work in Foochow for a Missionary begins his work the moment he lands in the place where he is to labor. The time has been very short, because each day has been full of duties. Of course the study of the language never lets up. One is continually on the alert for a new word or phrase and when one recognizes a sentence it so rejoices him that his senses are all alive. He hangs it up on a peg in his memory box, sure that it will remain right where he has put it, and sure that he can go at it at a moments notice. In a day or two he wants to use it or perchance he hears it again, and lo' it has slipped off the peg and lies in a heap with the common lot of jabber, and he must haul the pile over till he finds it. Only repeated use serves to find where it is found when wanted.

Perhaps I am a trifle disappointed in the progress I have made in the language. To be sure I can make myself understood to some extent, but I know the idioms which I use are very laughable to one who knows the genius of the language. But this disappointment is partially compensated by a greater knowledge of the work and the field than I had hoped to gain in one year. It is further compensated by the thought that I have really done some work which the older and over worked missionaries would have had to do. The Annual Meeting which closed Nov. 12th with a Grand Y.P.S.C.E. [Young Persons Society of Christian Endeavors] Rally was a great help in learning the field and work. All the helpers both men and women were in attendance and each had something to do, so that we saw each one and knew where he was working, and also heard something about him.



Written on back: "Foochow Y.P.S.C.E. Nov. 12, 1895 Banners, organ, stage"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back of photo: "Foochow Y.P.S.C.E. Nov. 12- 1895"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The experienced missionaries agreed that this was by far the best Annual Meeting that the Mission has ever held. The reports showed great progress in some fields and little in other fields. But on the whole the progress has been greater than in former years. There are several villages calling for pastors- one in which there are 37 church members- but there are no pastors. And the only available man to place at the head of a theological class is my own poor, weak self-made weaker by the ignorance of the language. But in God's plan there is time enough for all things, and He will bring all things to pass in His own best time. I have written many letters during the past few months mentioning the need both of the enlargement of the first church of which I have charge and of the need of a building for a Theological Seminary. We pray for these objects daily. This morning I found this verse in Micah 7:7. "I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me". I am afraid if we men had our own way the world would get to whirling so fast it would fly in pieces. WAIT. But to-day is Thanksgiving Day. Don't think I am going to enumerate the things for which thanks should be offered, - for it would be an enumeration of all my experiences. If I live up to the thoughts which I gave in my Sunday's Sermon on the U.S. Concord I must be thankful for bitter as well as happy experiences, for God intends them all for our development into well rounded Christian characters. We have both been well all the time. The news from home has been good news. God has protected us here from any danger, and has continually surrounded us with the kindest of friends, who have been always very thoughtful and helpful. Above all of these he has given us the best little cherub to brighten our home that we have ever seen. She is becoming daily more interesting, and as she grows older of course her personality is stronger. I think that she naturally has a very pleasant, happy disposition. She cries very little and is always ready to smile. Even when Mama or Papa speak to her from the other side of the room. And in the evening after her clumsy fettering day clothes are off and she feels free in a little flannel night gown she is ready to jump and kick and laugh in Mama's lap or roll and tumble on the floor with Papa. They tell me that I'll make a tom-boy of her. But if she only preserves a strong healthy body, develops a sound mind, and has a hopeful happy spirit that seeks to do good and above all tries to live a Christ life I will take all the risks of the tom-boy phantom. Thus far she is exceptionally healthy and happy. Her blue eyes are still blue. Her bald head is beginning to look streaked with a little hair. The day she was 5 months old she weighed 16 ¼ pounds with no clothing. Mother Kinney wants her picture at 8 months

to put beside baby's mother's taken at the same age. Before this reaches you, you will have seen her photo at 4 months old.

Sat. Nov. 30th. It is too bad after what I have written about Phebe to have to say that she has a hard cold. But this morning she seems better.

Last Sunday we all three spent with Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard at Pagoda Anchorage. We started from home at 7:30 Sat. morning so as to catch the tide down. It was a sail of three hours. In the afternoon we visited some potteries. The process of making the earthen jars out of the mud that is dug up near the river is very interesting. The large jars that hold half a barrel or more are made by sticking one layer after another of the mud on, and squeezing it into the proper thickness and shape. The men become very expert at the trade. The jars are put aside and allowed to dry after which they are baked. A long flume, partly under ground, on a side-hill is filled with the dried jars. In the side of the flume, once in 8 ft. or so, is a hole into which dried brush and grass is stuffed and fired. The flume being on the side-hill with an opening at the lower end. There is a tremendous draft and the heat is all kept in by the thick walls of the flume. The smaller jars are made on revolving wheels which are set in motion by the foot of the workman. One of these men was very proud to have us look at his dexterous motions and said that he had many designs of different forms of jars in his stomach. This is the ordinary way of saying "in his head" in English. Sunday morning I preached on the U.S. Gunboat "Concord". The Captain, 1st Lieut. and two other officers were present and about 40 of the men. The whole audience gave the closest attention and several stopped to speak a few words with us after the service. A Y.P.S.C.E. society of 4 members floats on the river and goes from place to place. These four men are the only Christians so far as I know on board. The Captain asked us to come over Mon. A.M. and see the men drill and look over the boat. Mrs. Hubbard, Ellen and I went. Mon. P.M. we returned to Ponasang.

Wed. P.M. the weekly prayermeeting of the Mission was held at the Kate E. Woodhull's in the city. Dwight and Dr. Nieberg had arranged two weeks previously to be married immediately after the meeting. E. and I were the only parties informed, and we were hermetically sealed. The Consul had to be present so as late as possible he was asked. He arrived when the meeting was about half over. He did not know about any prayer meeting. And when the hymn "Rescue the perishing" was given out soon after he sat down, he was at a loss what to make of it thinking that hymn hardly appropriate for a wedding gathering. The officiating clergyman never performed the task before, but he succeeded in tying the knot so that all were satisfied. Most of the party were completely surprised. The Mission had been calculating on a Christmas wedding, and not even the Consul's appearance caused some to suspect. A collation was served, while Mr. Peet and I sowed the apartment of the newly wedded couple with China's staff of life. And a few toasts were given one to the bride- one to the groom and one each to the next Foochow bride and groom.

Thanksgiving evening all the Americans in Foochow were invited to a 7 o'clock dinner at the Consulate. It took about 2 ½ hours to eat. Then a few toasts and music and we arrived home a little after 1 A.M. next day.

The cholera is still present all about us. In August it was specially bad near Ponasang. Then it abated here and was bad in other regions. One of Mr. Gardner's servants died in our house Nov. 11th and Dr. Bliss' servant has been sick for over a week now. This is a good sign as a man is not likely to live more than three or four days after he is taken unless he is going to get well. One of the chair bearer's who carried Ellen over to the Consulate Thanksgiving evening was taken while there and was unable to carry her back home. He died next morning. This I know would seem very dangerous to me if I were at home and heard such news from a friend on the opposite side of the globe. But in China one simply must become accustomed to living in the midst of all sorts of disease and death. Trusting in the protection of an Almighty Hand to shield him. There is no danger from cholera if everything eaten is boiled, as boiling destroys the germs and the only way to catch the disease is to take the germs into the stomach.

Mon. morning Dec. 2nd. To day is the 54th anniversary of Grandfather's and Grandmother's wedding. Please give them the heartiest congratulations from their great-granddaughter- from their eldest grandson and eldest granddaughter.

Phebe is almost herself this morning. She slept all right last night and awoke with a smile this morning. The amah has gone home for two days so Phebe will have the care of her mother and father for a little time. The cook went home to see a sick relative more than a week ago. He sent a substitute. Sat. evening the cook returned sick. The substitute was taken sick at the same time. So with two cooks we have none. The coolie however is very anxious to learn the cook trade and he is willing to do his own and the coolies work for a little time.

I have not written much about the Y.P.S.C.E. Rally because I hope you will see an account of it either in the Golden Rule, Miss'y Herald or Advance. To all three of which I have sent a report and to the first two a photo of the gathering. I have sent to Father Kinney some photos and marked some of them for you.

Please tell Aunt Louise that the Advances have been very acceptable this year. But during 1896 we shall receive a copy each week from the office, so she need not send them. Tell her she might write some letters instead, to me.

Have I written that Mr. and Mrs. Gardner have another son the third. He arrived Nov. 13th 5:30 A.M. and is getting up good vocal muscles. Mrs. Gardner is doing well.

I want to hear from the school goers and the school teacher and the home stayers. Love to all from the three of us.

Will.

Our lemon tree had 29 lemons on it. The largest was 10 ½ in. in circumference, weighed 14 oz.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Years
W. and E. and P.

Phebe got hold of this sheet one day and the wrinkles remain. They are her greetings to you. W.

Although Willard and Ellen never mentioned it in their letters, many of the missionaries throughout China were called "Foreign Devils" by the Chinese.

From a letter in the collection of Virginia Van Andel, dated November 15, 1940, written by Catherine Hsueh (wife of Donald Hsueh, President of Foochow College at the time), we read an account of her trip up the Ingtai (Ing Hok) River and the difficulties of negotiating the river rapids:

"By this time perhaps you have received my last letter telling about our safe arrival in Foochow. Now we are at Ingtai, an interior place where Foochow College is, about thirty-five miles from Foochow City. The trip from Foochow to Ingtai was harder than the one from America to Shanghai.

Ingtai river is very narrow and has more than twenty rapids on the way between Ingtai and Foochow. When the boat came to a rapid the four boatmen jumped into the water, one man at each end of the boat to push it up and the other two men to pull on a long bamboo rope tied to the mast. It required a skilful man to handle the long oar at the end of the boat. One of the boats in which we had put some baggage crashed against the rocks in the rapids and was wrecked and all the games which our American friends gave to our children were lost and some of our clothes spoiled. Fortunately we had put most of our baggage in the boat on which we were."



Hospital Evangelist. Spends nearly all his time among patients of hospital. Undated.
 [Written by Willard. Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

FIRST LESSON IN CHINESE

One man has two hands. "One" is a single horizontal stroke to the left; "two" is two strokes and so on. Take a look at the character for "man."

一	one
人	man
二	(has)
手	two
	hands

It looks like a man. It has a body and two legs. "Hand" too, looks like a hand with its fingers. The word "has" is not written in the sentence.

A lesson in Chinese by the ABCFM
 [From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1896

- Myron Gould Beard is born November 13, 1896 in Foochow, China
- Utah is granted statehood
- First modern Olympic Games in Athens, Greece
- William McKinley won the U.S. Presidential election against William Jennings Bryan
- Willard is 31, Ellen- 28 and Phebe- 1.

[This letter dated Jan. 13, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He tells about his experience getting bids for the new Theological Seminary Building and includes a sketch of the floor plan and estimate of costs. There is interest from a region near Pagoda Anchorage to learn the Gospel but there is a shortage of help. It is decided to send spiritually fitted men regardless of vocation or calling to become "home missionaries" to help out. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow Jan. 13th 1896.

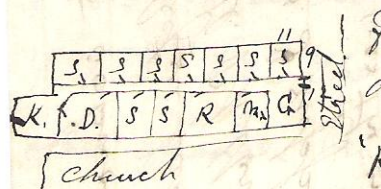
Dear Folks at Home:-

Since I wrote you two letters have arrived from you and one from Ellen's home. I have only a moment now then must attend a business meeting of the Mission to plan for this year's work. I trust you will pardon the careless way in which I have answered your letters. I have been so taken up with the things about me when writing, and the thought that you would like best to hear all about the home here and the work in which we're engaged, has been so prominent in my mind while writing that I have neglected to look and see if all the questions in your letters were answered. We did receive the letters and the pictures referred to in your last letter. In fact I may as well make a universal statement and say that as we read the letters Sat evening we had to admit that everything which you referred to as sent and not acknowledged had been received.

The mail before last brought a note from Mrs. J. D. Philbrick and a package of cards from her. I suppose she lives in Mass. East Andover was the only address at the head of her letter. She is Mr. Keneston's Mother-in-law. If you think of it when you see him you might ask him if I sent to the right place, and if he can write to East Andover, Mass. and have the letter forwarded. It pleased me to read of the interest in my letters shown by the people in Shelton, and to hear that they would send more cards. The money which they sent me last year has helped to purchase land on which to fit up a building for a Theol. Sem.

For the past two weeks I have been busy making arrangements for the fitting up of this building. Of course my lack of experience with the customs as well as with the language of the people has made this task harder and longer than the next one will be. It has not been the custom for the Missionaries here at Ponasang to write out a contract with masons and carpenters, nor have they received bids from two different men for the same work. I had written a plan of the work to be done, both in masonry and in wood work and told the carpenter to tell me their figures. I told him that would not do, but that I must now give No. 1 another chance. No. 2 was at last the lower and I gave him the contract. No. 1 then had a grievance and accused me of unfairness. But after a little he had to own that I had been entirely fair. I find later that it hurts his standing to be underbid, and that he was relying on the fact that he was a church member at my Ponasang church and the other man not, to give him the job. To add to the unpleasantness, the Pastor and fellow church members of No. 1 wish very much that he should have the contract. But I think it will do the man good to find that even if he is a church member, he must act on principle and that he himself must bear the responsibility of his actions. I have given the masons each an envelope and told them to enclose their figures, seal, and give to me and that I would accept only one bid.

The new building is to be 26 ft. X 70 ft. with an extra room in the rear for a kitchen.



A 3 ft. hall will extend the entire length, with doors opening into the students rooms "3", the Dedication room "R" and Ming Uong's room "M", the room marked "C" is for a reception room. In front the wall will be of brick 1 ½ ft. thick and three ft. higher than the roof to act as a protection against fire. On the north side, the opposite side from the church there will be a fire wall 1 ½ ft. thick and a little higher than one peak of the roof. The rooms will be wainscotted 4 ft. up from the floor and plastered 4 ft. above that. Above this all will be open- no ceilings. "D" is for dining room and "K" for kitchen. I can put two students in each room, and if necessary 3 and 4 in some.

The land and building- a mere native shell= posts enough to hold up the roof and a board partition in front, - cost \$931.67. Cost of recording deeds about \$125.00. The repairs will cost, carpenter \$174.50. Mason about \$110.00, moving the fire wall from the South to North side \$70.00 making a total cost of about \$1410.00. It is now the intention to use this lot for the enlargement of the church as soon as the funds come (when?). I am trying to arrange the repairs so that they shall be permanent in case the church is enlarged. The front wall of brick will stand, the fire wall on N. side also. The floor will be all right for the church floor. Of course the frame and the roof must be changed. To meet the cost, we have \$420.70 only at present. The rest of the money will have to be furnished by individual missionaries and we will wait till more is sent us for our pay. We can not use the funds of the Board for

the work, but when money is sent as the Shelton church and as Abington church and Hartford Sem. has sent to me. I am at liberty to use it as I see fit.

The men from the English Gun-Boat, the "Swift" which lies in the river at Foochow, have attended our meetings regularly during the week of prayer. Six partook of the Communion with us last Sunday. I have been over to the city with two this afternoon. They are clean, earnest Englishmen of the working class and it does us good to associate with them and they do so enjoy a bit of home life. One of those who was with me this afternoon had just received a photo of his wife and little boy. I know how delighted he was with it. We have asked some of them to attend Communion in our native church next time. They are very sympathetic and much interested in our work. It will do them good to see native Chinese baptized and with them partake of the emblems of Christ's body. This intercourse of Missionaries with the men in the navies of both U.S. and England and the knowledge which the navy gets of the work among the natives, will be the best means of giving the people at home a true estimate of the work which the missionaries are engaged in.

For several weeks news has come from a region between Pagoda Anchorage and the Ocean that the people wished to hear the Gospel. Later men from different villages in this region came to Foochow asking for preachers. But all our preachers were engaged and there seemed to be no one to go. The Mission was doing nothing. The Pastor of my 1st church preached two rousing Missionary sermons. Speaking in particular of this opening where the people actually asked for instruction in the Gospel and promised definite sums for the preachers salary and the rental of a suitable place to hold service. A week ago Sunday evening Miss Newton told me how earnest Pastor Bang Ho was and that he could hardly endure it to think that the Mission was doing nothing to occupy the field which had opened it's doors so widely. I asked Miss Newton to go back with me and talk with the Pastor about it. Some of the Y.P.S.C.E. members were still there and after talking over the matter we decided to let the pastor come Mon. A.M. and recommend ten men without regard to vocation or calling. If only they were spiritually fitted to go down to these villages and work for a few days or two weeks. Mon. morning he came with ten names, but he thought they would all want wages and board, and travelling expenses. These I refused to give. We finally agreed to give four of them \$1.00 apiece if they would go down and stay for at least a week. In the evening he returned with the names of four men who were willing to go Tues. morning at 8 o'clock and the pastor was to go with them to arrange for the work. But the field was under the jurisdiction of Mr. Hubbard and Dr. Whitney, and it would not be right for me to send men into it without their consent and approval, so I had to take an early breakfast and board the launch and go to Pagoda.

On the way down the most of the talk among the natives near me was about accepting the "doctrine". This just to show that in general people are becoming to know and think about what the missionaries are doing. Of course the Rev. and Dr. were glad of our arrival and after eating dinner and bidding my fine companion Home missionaries adieu, with the understanding that they would go immediately that afternoon into the field and work. I took the launch for home and arrived at 4 o'clock. Went 15 miles from home, transacted business, ate dinner, made a call and returned home within eight hours in China! Don't call us slow.

Tues.

Last evening, Jan 13th, the Missionaries arrived home, and gave the following report, which I took from the Pastor this morning. Their plan was to go two by two into villages, and if received, stay and work, talking and praying with the people. They went to villages where no work was being done, and where the people invited them. 11 villages were visited. Some of them twice. In these there were only 8 church members. 5 in one village and 3 in another. There were 149 men who were already going to church on Sunday and learning the truth. Some of these were walking 17 miles and back on Sunday over a bad mountain road for the privilege of hearing the truth. To do this they must rise before light in the morning cook and eat their rice, and start by the light of their lanterns. Returning they would not reach home till after dark. Is it any wonder that such men are calling earnestly for a teacher, and are willing to give money to one who knows the truth which they are seeking, if he will come and live with them and teach them?

In one village an organ has been given and awaits a skillful hand to use it for the Lord. In one village a large house is offered free for worship in another Buddhist temple is offered. The brethren used it last Sunday. This means that a majority of them are not given to swimming about looking for a chance to get into the net nor do they try to find the hook to deliberately swallow it. Christ told his disciples to follow and He would make them fishers of men. Man must be baited and caught to-day as well as 200 years ago. These men near us are looking at the bait. Shall we withdraw the hook for fear they want only the bait? And wait till we are sure they want to swallow hook and all? I say by no means. Teach them the truth as fast as they will hear it, and leave it to the Holy Spirit to lead them "into all the Truth".

I have been much pleased with this Home Missionary Enterprise. Because of the five men who went, three were business men and gave up their business for one week. These are the members of the church which is this year

to be self supporting. The men- some of them- who took off their long robes and carried the benches from the church to the tent for the Y.P.S.C.E. Rally.

About the time that this reaches you I shall be opening the Seminary. Pray for me Love from Ellen and Phebe and me Will.

[This letter dated Jan. 27, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He travels to the village of To Cheng 36 miles away to witness a native Christian wedding. He describes the trip and the ceremony but sadly realized the bride was purchased and will become a slave to the wife bridegroom's brother. The Theological Seminary is now under construction. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China-
Jan. 27th 1896.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last time I wrote was on the eve of the wedding day. I arose at 5:30 next morning and was off before sunrise. The cloth dyers were spreading the native woven cloth about 14 inches wide on the fields sprinkled with rice straw. The sun would shortly be shining and dry the colored fabrics. The farmers in the little hamlets by the way came out of doors rubbing their eyes as if they had just come out. My three coolies knew that they had kept me waiting for nearly half an hour and that I was afraid we should not reach the village in time to witness the marriage. They therefore made good time. In a little over 1 hour we had made 15 li or 5 miles and reached the Upper Bridge. Here I was dropped and the coolies went after some breakfast- no less than 40 men and boys gathered about me, almost shutting out the light. I was glad to rise and stand. One after another asked my name and age and residence and native country. My clothes were duly wondered at and the material and price inquired about. A "Christian Herald" which I had been reading on the way and had finished was eagerly snatched by the boys as I divided the leaves and gave each a picture. These people knew of the work of the Missionaries and some of them had been to our churches in Foochow. (Last week word came that this village would give \$36.00 toward the support of two day school teachers, - about half enough to pay them. We shall supply them and hope to teach them something beside and better than Chinese classics.) Rice eaten the coolies started on only one more stop of about five minutes for a drink of tea before we arrived at To Cheng- having made the distance of 36 li 12 miles in 3 ¾ hours. I had walked over the roughest places and up and down the hills to help the coolies. The family were awaiting the arrival of the bridal chair bringing the bride. I did not wait long. An Eastern house you know is a big thing. There are 353 people in this one. There is only one outside door. We walk thro this into an open court. Directly in front of this court and opposite the front door is the parlor or guest room. The first announcement of the approach of the bridal chair is the sound of distant music. Then a man enters the door carrying a large Chinese lantern on the end of a long pole. The bridal chair is a sedan covered with bright red cloth, and highly ornamented with gold and other materials and raised images and pictures. Four men carry it. They bring it into the open guest room where I am seated and where the family are standing about, and set it on the earth floor. The poles are taken out and the chair left while blankets are spread before it and the youngest child in the house is held before the chair to call the bride out, (which the half frightened child does in natural, lusty child yells- something like a hungry American baby's language- the bridesmaid takes off the front curtain and reaches in and half drags out a covered figure, the bride entirely covered. The chair is removed and the bride is led away by the bridesmaid. The blankets are taken up one after another and carried before the bride spread out for her to walk on so that her shoes do not touch the ground. She is led into an inner room while the bargain is sealed and the grooms father pays the rest of the money. Then she is brought back to the guest room, and she stands on one side of the blanket and the groom on the other. I am asked to read the service with the help of the grooms brother (who speaks a little English). I read the character, explaining the Christian marriage and ask the young man if he takes "this woman to love cherish and protect while both love." He answers "yes." The woman is asked the same and thro the maid answers. A hymn is sung. I offer a few words of prayer in Chinese and pronounce the benediction, then some native ceremonies which I could not understand were performed. On the table I noticed a platter with some cakes, a pair of scales and other articles on it. I watched the ceremonies closely till the maid reached for this, without detecting any idolatry. Here I exhibited some concern and the ceremony was stopped. The bride was led away to the bridal chamber and preparations for the feast began. I had brought no lunch so of course sat down to eat with the most distinguished guests. Ellen tried to make me promise not to eat any of the native food but I was hungry and I ate. However I should think that pigs were the chief product of that farm. The courses were many and I could eat some of them. When I could not eat, I took up the time eating water melon seeds. After the feast, the neighbors and friends came to see the foreigner for half an hour. Then I was asked to come and see the bride. Three of us men beside the groom all of whom had eaten with me, were led into

the bridal chamber. The groom and I sat on the bed. The others on stools. There were perhaps ten people in the room and we filled it. I saw only one woman and I recognized in her the maid. Query, where was the bride? I waited. I thought I could see all over the dimly lit little room and I was sure she was not there. But presently there was a stir at the foot of the bed- between the bed and the wall, a space of about one foot. I looked and saw the maid pulling at something. The groom turned to me and said "She is very cross." By this time the blushing, bashful maiden stood before us with chin on her breast. I arose to greet her. The maid stuck her hand under the girls chin and raised her head. When she saw me she smiled, and I saw a pretty girlish face. She was in a hurry to crawl back behind the bed out of the gaze of so many pairs of eyes. I was not happy. I was sad as I sat beside the young husband and told him that he must be loving and gentle to his wife, and saw the other men staring at the poor girl in idle curiosity. It seemed just like the purchase of a new cow at home. There was no sign of love in the husbands act or word. The girl had been brought away from her home to this strange house and not one of her kin were present. She must come out and be looked at and laughed at and commented upon by all who wished to do so. If she uttered a word of remonstrance, she was dubbed as unfilial and "cross." She was virtually now the slave of the oldest woman in the house= the wife of the oldest brother of the groom. I left for home, glad that I had been present to help the Christians stand against the pressure for heathen ceremonies, and thinking of the vast difference between this poor girl and an American bride. "How long O God, how long??", before this kingdom shall know the Love of God, and emancipate these enslaved girls? How long before true love shall be the basis of the family instead of \$150.00 silver dollars? The groom would remain at home four days then return to his school and study for five years more unless a lucrative position is offered him before the expiration of that time. The bride does not know a character, and cannot write her own name. She will wear the common blue cotton dress of the field women and go barefoot. Her husband will wear silk and his hands will not know toil. His fingernails will be half an inch long to testify to his high literary position and to the fact that he does not work.

Since I wrote you I have written to the Miss'y Herald about the call for workers in Diong Loh [*pronounced de-ong-lock according to the ABCFM*], and the offers of financial help which the villages of that field make for Christian preachers and places for worship. I will not write of this in detail, trusting that you will see at least the main points in print. The "Chinese Recorder"- The Missionary Journal of China- Intercontinental- gives my account of the Y.P.S.C.E. Rally of Nov. 12- in full. Sat. evening another home mail arrived. I was gratified to find again the cause of Missions was given space in the Sentinal. I was also glad to read of the dedication of the new Library and of the new advance in Christian activities outlined by Mr. Kenneston. Please remember me to him and to Mr. Tomlinson and thank them both for the cards which are on the way. The last mail brought a few picture cards from C.S.B. Tilton N.H. I cannot think who it is. The Advance, Golden Rule, Century, Public Opinion, and Christian Herald now come regularly. The Independent will soon begin to come. Some of these are gifts and some we have subscribed for. I have begun to read the new serial in the Advance "Mand Brayton" "The cow-boys adventure in the Girls Seminary was very amusing.

The Theological Seminary is going up as fast as 15 or 20 men can make it. The mason has been in to consult about putting iron bars in the street windows. It is pleasant to be able to talk with him. I had to tell one applicant for the course that he could not be accepted. I asked Miss Newton to translate for me and told him frankly that his reputation was not clear. That he had not been strictly honest and square in his business during the past year; that I would let him continue to teach his day school another year and would pray for him and help him in any way possible to live a strictly honest and manly life during the year and if his actions warranted it would be glad to have him study next year. He thanked us for the talk when he left. Dwight has been given the charge of the Ing Hok field 40 miles up the river, where he hopes to build a house and live in about two years. He with Messrs Hubbard and Peet have started for that field to-day to visit the churches and to arrange for a building site. The appropriations have not yet arrived. They are later this year than ever before the missionaries say. It makes it bad for us because we ought to have our plans for this years work all laid now. But cannot complete them till we know about the money foundation. We have changed personal teachers. This year we are to have a 1st degree man who joined the church only at the last communion.

After the last letter was mailed it occurred to me that I had not mentioned Phebe at all. Why? Well why do men go to town with only one errand and return after having done other business, and suddenly remember that the one errand had slipped their minds? It is a queer freak of the human mind to sometimes forget the most important thing. The little sunbeam has just torn a paper into little bits and scattered it all over the floor, and has put her tired head on the Amah's shoulder and gone to sleep. Still we say, without thinking of exaggerating, that Phebe is the best natured baby in existence. She never cries except when she is hungry or tired or frightened. And all of these causes have remedies which she yields to immediately. She is always ready to smile at Mama or Papa and is getting to play bo peep, and to clapping her hands etc. She sings (?) a great deal. Her notes were all vowels, till Saturday evening when she struck up a new strain that sounded like "Gu Ge, Gu Ge", u as in put, e as in her". This was just

after Dwight had been in and as I was holding Phebe and we were all joking. Dwight made a sudden gesture and spoke rather loudly. Phebe was very much frightened. Soon after she recovered she began this new strain. It sounded a little like "Goddard, Goddard."

Both Dwight and I have written urgent letters to James D. Solandt to come out and take the Theological Seminary. If he does I shall take several churches and do direct evangelistic work.

Flora's long letter was a delight. Until I can write her she must accept congratulations for her success. The Mission is calling loudly for seven young ladies to come out to take up teaching and work among us men. Who will come? Who will send them? The Eng. Ch. Mission has 12 ladies on the way. These have come out to join the Methodists this last Fall. The Eng. have also welcomed three young men and the Methodists one.

We have arranged to spend the summer at Mt. Guliang sharing a house with Dwight and Dr.

Tell Grandfather and Grandmother we think of them often. Tell Aunt Louise to wait patiently and she will find a letter from Foochow. The same to Elsie.

Love to all from the whole family.

Ellen, Phebe, Will.



This may be similar to the bridal chair that Willard talks about in the above letter.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Feb. 9, 1896** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Problems arose when in the process of building the new Seminary, a wall fell on a wire shop and injured some of it's inhabitants. He tells the story of a church member being seized and imprisoned and how he and Mr. Walker and others of the church had to intervene. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.

Feb. 9th 1896

Dear Folks at Home:-

Yesterday and to day have been so full of events and doings which were not in the ordinary course of my life in Foochow hitherto that I think a diary of the events which have occurred may be the most interesting form to cast this letter in.

The fitting up of the building to be occupied as a Theological School has progressed rapidly and as far as all could judge, well, the high fire wall on the north of the First Church and between the church and the building which we were fitting up, had been moved so as to protect both buildings i.e. pulled down and built up on the north side of the school building. The wall was of dirt made by building brick posts about 14 feet apart in the wall and then filling in between these with mud tamped solid. The wall was about two feet thick at the bottom and tapered to a little more than one foot thick on the top. It was about 20 feet high. One of these walls stands for a long time if it has a good chance to get dry, after it is built. This wall was finished a week ago. There was very little dry weather while it was in process of construction. Every day was cloudy and damp. Just as it was finished the heavy winter rains set in. Thus giving the wall no chance to dry. On the other side of the wall from our building stood a native

shop about 16 ft. wide and of the same length as our building. This shop was used for the wire pulling business, and four men and a boy occupied it. Yesterday morning at 5:30 before light there was a loud pounding on our compound gate which brought both Ellen and me to the window to see what was the matter. The keeper opened the gate and I heard the Pastor of the First Church tell him the wall had fallen and some men were under it. I went to the door immediately and the Pastor wanted to call my coolie to go over and help rescue the men. I started at once for the scene of the accident, and found the wall had fallen, and had taken the wire shop with it. Wall and shop lay flat on the ground. 30 or 40 men had already collected. But they were all strangers to me. Our friends were away notifying interested parties. I met the Pastor when I was about half way and he told me one man had been killed. I asked him to go and call Dr. Kinnear. I was perhaps a little excited when I reached the scene, and the men who had collected were in similar state of mind. I asked how many men were in the building before it fell and understood 7 or 8 and that only 5 had been found. I tried to have them tell me where the three were sleeping and wanted to know why they were not trying to find them. I was much relieved however to see a much battered man come to me and tell me there were only 5 in all. Three of these had been rescued and the other two were nearly dug out. I went over and helped free these two. By this time, Drs. Kinnear and Bliss and Mr. Walker arrived. All the men but one had been able to walk when dug out. He was placed in a sedan and taken to the hospital. Three others afterward went there. After examination no bones were found broken and the wounds were all superficial. So my mind was greatly relieved.

Now that life and limb were safe the next thing to demand attention was the damage to property. According to Chinese custom the mason who built the wall would be held responsible for all damages. I wrote Mr. Hartwell, before I ate breakfast, all the facts, and started for the city immediately after breakfast to talk with him. But the mason was there before my note arrived begging Mr. Hartwell to have pity on him and to influence the Mission to help him bear the loss. The wall was built so far as I know according to contract and I think it only just that we bear most of the loss. This matter however is still to be adjusted.

We have some time ago tried to buy the lot on which the wire shop stood, but have been unsuccessful hitherto. It seemed best to try now to purchase the whole thing instead of throwing away money in replacing the building. Operations were accordingly begun. You will be interested to know these in detail. First let me say that the Chinese year ends Feb. 12th. And you remember I wrote last year that there is a general settling of accounts at that time. This makes the end of the year a very busy time, and a time favorable for purchasers who have ready money.

We tell one of the church members we wish to purchase this lot. He calls another man. They together go to the owner and get his price. \$600.00. They come again after consulting the owner and report that he will take \$550.00. I answer the same as before, and we stop for Sunday. In the early afternoon another go between hears that we wish to purchase and comes to ask me if he may go and talk with the owner. He is quite confident that we have offered all the land is worth. I tell him to go ahead. He reports that he has seen the owner who has several brothers, these will all be consulted to night (Sat.) and the business will be settled satisfactorily. Here Sunday- the day of rest (?) - stops operations as far as I am an actor.

I had just finished dinner yesterday as the Pastor came and wanted me to go down to the hospital. One of the wounded men wished to talk with me. With Mr. Walker as advisor and interpreter I go. It is the head man of the shop. He is looking better than when I saw him in the morning- his head sticking up out of the debris in which his body was still buried. He is now quite comfortable lying on a clean couch in the hospital ward. He says that a friend had entrusted to his care the day before \$28.00 in native bank bills and he did not get them from the ruins. It took several questions and some pressing to extract from him the place where he had left this money the night previous. Finally he said he put it into a table drawer that the table had been carried away, but no money found. I asked why he did not tell us before, instead of waiting 7 hours, and until the debris was nearly all cleared away. He said his head was not very clear in the morning. The Pastor thought it highly improbable that a man would have \$28.00 in a table drawer, unlocked, and go to sleep, especially as the money was in bills and could easily be put into a pocket. Here this business rests with strong suspicion that the shop man is trying a sharp game in which he will be worsted.

About the middle of the afternoon a man comes in for the yearly dues of the police in the vicinity of one of my chapels. In the evening our personal teacher who next year will preach in one of the villages recently opened to Christianity in Diong Loh next Chinese year came in to say good bye. Add to this two hours talk with Ming Uong about theological school matters, a talk with various interruption and you have an account of yesterdays work.

This morning I walked over to the Au Long Die chapel to morning service. Just before we were ready to set down to dinner, Mr. Walker came in to say that one of the members of the First Church had been unjustly seized and imprisoned. The Pastor wanted us to go and help get him out. I heard the story and thought it wise to go to the Yamen and see about it. It might be interesting, but it is too lengthy to report the different versions of the story that I received until I was satisfied that I had the true one. So I will give only the one. About a week ago an official came up the river, and was going into Foochow city. He had three men loads of goods to be carried into the city. A little more than half way in the coolies stopped to eat at a restaurant kept by a man who has been attending church and

learning about Christianity at the First Church. After the coolies had finished eating the shop man wanted his pay. The coolies had no money but opened one of the baskets and took out a garment proposing to pawn it. The shop man said "no." And recognizing that the goods did not belong to the coolies, refused to let them take them away. For they had already proposed to pawn some. They would never dare to take the baskets to their owner with some of the goods missing. So the shop man suspecting that the coolies intended to steal the goods and run off with them, compelled them to leave the goods with him till the owner instituted a search, then restore them. In a few days a reward of \$10.00 was offered for the goods. The shop man restored them. He went before the Prefect who commended him for uprightness, and allowed him to depart. But before he could get outside the Yamen gate, some of the "runners"- the words used to designate the innumerable swarm of hangers-on, about all the official residences here, - seized him and shut him up. They knew that he has some money and hoped that money would be paid for his release.

Mr. Walker and I with the Pastor and another Chinaman went to the Yamen this afternoon and called on the attendant who had had charge of the case. He admitted all that I have written above and pretended not to know why the man was not released. But said he would go and speak to the official. After 15 or 20 minutes he returned accompanied by the aforesaid shop man who kneeled before us in grateful acknowledgement of our help in gaining for him his liberty. Mr. Walker said that it was very probable the "runners" did not wish the head official who had commended the man and sent him away, to know that they had detained him. And it was not at all likely that the attendant who said he would go and ask the official, had seen that official at all. But this attendant had just gone to work to get the man, and if the justice of the affair were to be enquired into he wanted to be rid of the man.

What a system of Government!!! No man is ever safe. Justice is well nigh impossible. Even if the head officials are all honest and try to be just, there is such a ravenous pack of vultures hanging about- each official, upon whom he must depend to execute his commands, that his honesty and justice does not reach beyond the walk of his own apartment. But this supposition is contrary to fact. The officials are neither honest nor just. How can the people rise? Never except by the interposition of a merciful Heavenly Father whose is all power in heaven and on earth who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords. He knows how to purify even this corrupt mass called the Government of China.

Ming Uong graduated from the Anglo Chinese College last Tuesday [see photos following]. have sent you his graduation essay on "The Education Needed in China." This is the production of a young Chinaman who has studied English for eight years. Mrs. Smyth the lady who looked over and corrected all the essays for the class told me that she made a very few corrections. Ming Uong is now at home. He will have a vacation till Mar. 1st., then the Theological School will begin and he will teach 2 hours a day and I will give him private lessons in the Theological subjects. I think the fall of the wall will not have any bad effect on the Theological School.



Written on back of photo by Willard: "Teachers and students of Anglo Chinese College Foochow- South Side. Methodist."



Ding Ming Uong can be seen in the middle of this magnified view.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

I sent with the essay 10 photos. In this letter I enclose the index to the photos. Perhaps in justice to the photographer I should say that these are not A No. 1 photos but some cells that he let me have for less than half price. Perhaps you will send them to Putnam some time and let the friends there look at them.

Love from all to all Will.

Tuesday, Feb. 11th.

I had so much other business yesterday that this letter could not be sent, so I can put in a word about Phebe. She is just the same little sun shine. Her mother bathes her after we are thro breakfast and then the Amah has most of the care of her until we are thro with supper, then we give up an hour or more- until she goes to bed to visiting with the young queen. This is the happiest time of the day for all three. She is now taking one or two meals a day of cows milk, - has two upper and two lower teeth, - will be 8 months old one week from today.

The wire shop men have given up the \$28.00 dollar business. It was too thin.

Love Will.

[On back of letter is written:]

I enclose an invitation to the wedding I attended a few weeks ago up in the mountains. It is in English(?)

Will

I can say Ba Ba and goo girl
 Phebe.

Catalogue of Photos. *[Location of actual photos unknown]*

- No. 1- Junks anchored just below the bridge at Foochow in Min river
2. Mr. Pye Telegraph operator at Sharp Peak, - sedan and coolies.
3. Parade ground at Foochow, - showing lines of soldiers trying to keep back crowds about 10 minutes before execution of the 5 Kucheng murderers Nov. 7th 1895.
4. Same ground as No. 3, - The five prisoners condemned kneeling, hands tied behind and flags stuck down their back telling names and crimes. The middle bent forward ready for the executioners axe.
5. Native carpenter at work. He is a member of the 1st church. See, plane, saw, square, axe, ink pot, with marker in it and line or reel attached.
6. Native travelling shoe maker
7. " Barber
8. " house- showing manner of drying clothes hung on bamboo sticks
9. Native travelling restaurant
10. Rain coat- made of a fibrous palm.

[*Invitation from Ga Dieng Wong:*]

Foochow Jan. 13th 1896.

Dear Mr. Beard,

How are you sir? I like to write to you today. But I am sorry I have no envelope, paper, ink and pen. Please excuse me. My brother will be merry in Thursday. I am very glad to have you come to me and get a feast on that day. If you will come please tell me now. Kindly return your letter to me.

Yours truly

Ga Dieng Wong.



A native barber. This photo may be similar to the one Willard refers to in his catalogue of photos.

[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

[*This letter dated **March 4, 1896** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He tells of the latest developments of baby, Phebe. He purchased the building and lot that the wall fell onto and described the process. Mrs. Walker died of stomach cancer. Willard tells about the Chinese and their feelings toward death. Mr. Walker, Mr. Gardner and Dr. Bliss have left for a trip to Shaowu. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Foochow, China.

March 4th 1896.

Dear Folks at Home:-

My diary tells me that three weeks have passed since I started a letter toward the old home. We received letters from you Feb. 21st bringing the proofs of the girls pictures. Father spoke of sending his proofs but we did not find them. It did us good to see how foolish you all were acting over Phebe's picture. But the dear little sunbeam is worthy of it. She is so good that the amah has a very easy time. For a few days past the sky has been clear and the weather mild. Phebe has spent nearly all day in the open air. If she does not get out before about 2:30 P.M. she begins to tease and keeps it up till she is in the fresh air. She is now taking two meals of cows milk each day. Her mother thought she ought to have some mellins food with the cows milk so we bought some and tried it yesterday. Phebe was not wholly pleased with the experiment. At 8 months old she weighed 19 ½ lbs. with no clothes. Her

eyes continue to be blue. She does not creep and I think she will not learn. It is better for her not to be on the floor as the ever present flea would be too cordial. She stands in chairs and holds herself up by the backs of the chairs, enjoys her baths as much as ever, sings and jabbars like any other common baby- in short is the most uncommon baby that we have ever had.

The mail Mr. 2nd brought a letter from Mr. Park- Miss Wooster (Ella), Mrs. Albert Smith of Abington, and one from a Mrs. Parsons of Salt Lake City. He wanted me to send some stamps to his little son. He did not put sufficient postage on the letter and I pay 20 cents for it. A few weeks ago an advertisement came from a Chicago firm on which 20 cents was due. This overdue postage is quite an item in our expenses in the course of the year. The worst of the matter is that these letters are nearly all of the nature of above mentioned two- of no importance to us.

Since I wrote you, very much has transpired here. I think I was in the midst of buying the lot and building on which the wall fell when I finished the last letter. We bargained to pay \$500.00 in a bank check. But at this juncture Chinese New Years came and all business came to a stand still. We waited till the bank opened. Then the go-between came and demanded that I go to the bank and get the silver dollars and give the owners. This I flatly refused to do. After an hour of bantering I told them I would go to the bank with them, as I had business there, but I would not bring the money. Then four brothers who owned the property came to our house. Three of them signed the deed. The two go betweens signed and the man who wrote the deed signed. Then the fourth brother took the pen and told me that before he would sign I must give each of them \$1.00. I kicked. After talking for an hour and a half, one of the go betweens said if I would give \$1.00 he would fix it up. I succumbed and the fourth name went on the deed. Then we counted the deed eighteen in all. Each sale makes two new deeds so we have the records of the last 9 sales of this property. We had consumed the whole forenoon in getting these 7 names on the new deed. Ming Uong had been with me to help as interpreter. I was hungry and not in the happiest frame of mind. It was raining hard and the bank was nearly two miles distant. I told Ming Uong to come up stairs and have a little lunch with me and then we would go to the bank. While we were waiting for our lunch I thought about loving enemies and doing good to those who spitefully use you and we asked the five hungry men down stairs waiting to come up and take a cup of tea and some cake. Then in all that rain 7 Chinamen went over to the bank to get the money. So distrustful are they of all mankind. When we agree to pay so many "dollars", we meant the so called "chopped dollar." But these are becoming scarce and when the bank pays new dollars a premium of .50 on \$100.00 is charged. I had at last to bear this for the \$5.00. All the gouging the 7 Chinaman did amounted to \$3.15. This is not so bad when you know that in a transaction of \$900.00 last year it amounted to over \$30.00.

This was my first experience. The natives are beginning to think of me that when I say \$10.00 I mean it, and not \$10.50. They are also getting rather wary of asking me to lend money. The falling of the wall has made many changes in the plan of the building for our Seminary. But it is rising slowly and all we want is pleasant weather to see a nice clean building ready for use.

When I mailed the last letter Mrs. Walker was not well, but as she was subject to attacks of indigestion we thought little of it. Tues. Feb. 11th Ming Uong graduated from the Anglo-Chinese College, and Mrs. Walker had known him from a babe, and made a great effort to go and hear him. When she arrived home she felt worse, and continued gradually to fail. The next Mon. Miss Newton, with whom you remember Mr. and Mrs. Walker were staying, and Dr. Kinnears family went down to Sharp Peak for a vacation. They did not think that Mrs. Walkers illness was serious. But Thurs. Feb. 20th the Dr's decided that her trouble was cancer of the stomach and said that she could not recover. Sat. P.M. Feb. 22nd she passed on before very peacefully. She was conscious to the last and very happy. She suffered almost none at all. The funeral was arranged for Monday 24th at 10:30 A.M. Telegrams were sent to Pagoda and Sharp Peak. The Pagoda people arrived in time. But there was a flood in the river and the friends from Sharp Peak did not get up till 5 P.M. Mrs. Walker leaves one daughter a little over 20 yrs. in Oberlin. Mr. Walker has shown the sustaining, comforting presence of God's Holy Spirit to a wonderful degree. I can see now how God uses the Christians death as well as his life to bring the heathen to a true knowledge of Him. There is and always will be a mystery about death. But in this heathen land this mystery is enveloped in a mass – a thick cloud of superstitious fear. The whole family will spend the last dollar to have the proper rites and ceremonies performed, and the requisite number of prayers chanted, for fear the spirit of the dead member will return to harm in some way. There were about 50 Christian natives present at the services Monday morning. Much was said of the joy that Mrs. Walker had during her last days, and of her willingness to go. Mr. Walker came over and took his meals with us after Mrs. Walker's death. That Saturday evening the cook as he came in to serve tea said to Mr. Walker "So Mrs. Walker has gone to heaven." Mr. W. said "yes." The cook said "Alas!" Mr. W. at once said, "No, don't say that. She is very happy now with Jesus and the Angels." On the next Friday Feb. 27th the little boy of our Ha Puo pastor passed away and his funeral was a thoroughly Christian service. The little body laid in flowers was brought with into the church and a beautiful service held there. This was also a great object lesson to the unconverted Chinese. No member of the family can touch the body of the dead member. Strange hands must

perform all the last ceremonies. The casket must be sealed and never opened. But here the little boys father and brother (Ming Uong) and I placed him in the casket and carried him into the church and after the service the friends were asked to take a last look at the little Christian. One needs only see a little of the heathen superstition about death, and the ceremonies to which it leads to heathen, and then to witness a ceremony like this and hear the father himself standing by the open casket, tell of his last talk with his little boy to realize the power of Christianity to lift up the poorest mortal however far down in sin and ignorance and superstition he may be Pastor Ding said. Before the little boy passed away he asked him if he was ready to go and the little fellow said yes. He told him then that Mrs. Walker had gone on before and would be ready to greet him. This pleased the little boy very much. He has been ill with a spinal disease for over three years, but has always been a very patient and trusting little sufferer. He was about 11 years old.



Pastor Ding's family. Foochow City

On the back is written "The oldest daughter graduated from Miss Newton's last Jan. 1895 stands next Ming uong"
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

Since the last letter I have arranged for 9 Day Schools in connection with the other work here. These are to be under Ellen's care.

The Seminary opened this morning with 8 young men to study for the ministry. Ming Uong is a prize. I shall put him into Fairchild's Theology next week and into Greek. Until the new building is ready for occupancy the boys will have to sleep in the chapels. They are now studying O.T. [*Old Testament*] exercises under Mr. Hartwell 3 hrs. weekly. Biblical Geography 3 hrs. weekly, Geography 1 hr., the Romanized Foochow colloquial 2 hrs. under Ming Uong, the native books 5 hrs. under my personal teacher, 1 hr. per week in general exercises. Then we have chapel each morning at 8:30. Sat. is free. On Sunday the young men will visit the different churches in the morning and in the P.M. each will have his S.S. class. In the evening they will help in the Y.P.S.C.E.s of the churches. We help each man to the extent of \$2.50 silver= about \$1.35 gold per month. This makes about \$17.00 per year in gold. On this the young man lives, with the little help he can get from home. You might put this bit of information in the paper. \$17.00 enables a young man to study theology one year.

Thurs. A.M. Mar. 5th.

The Shaowu brethren Mr. Walker, Mr. Gardner and Dr. Bliss start for Shaowu this morning. They are happy at the thought. And the Christians up there will be rejoiced to meet them, they have been away so long. They will be about three weeks on the way. It takes a large boat to hold them with all their goods. This boat costs \$28.00

for a little more than half the distance. A contract is written, a little bargain money paid, at the time of signing the writing more when they take the boat and the remainder when the journey is accomplished. The goods were put on the boat yesterday afternoon, and the boat was to go up the river about 7 miles last night. The brothers will walk up to this place and go aboard. Yesterday afternoon, they went over to see the boat as the goods were being put on. After a long search they found it with 1 ton of kerosene oil aboard. This was rather tough considering they had bargained for the whole boat. The duty on all foreign articles is very heavy for natives. Missionaries goods go through free. There are 8 or 10 "leekin" stations where duty has to be paid between here and Shaowu. These boat-men thought to get this oil on board and run it up river as Missionary goods thus avoiding the duty. The oil was all taken off the last I knew. What they will find this A.M. I do not know. Thursday evening. The Seminary has now 12 students and is doing regular work. I am pleased with the men thus far. Six have applied who for various reasons are not admitted.

To-day has brought two experiences of the same kind, that are more depressing to my feelings than other experiences that I have in my work. First one of the school teachers came in and wanted money to buy brooms etc. for his school room. I have not furnished these articles to any of the new schools. But the old schools under Mrs. Woodins care last year were furnished. But the teachers also had less pay than I give them. I gave one of these teachers .20 yesterday for these articles and he was perfectly satisfied. To day the other boy came and wanted .30. I gave him .20 and told him that was all. He begged for a long time and all I could do was to say no until he got tired and went away. In about an hour the mason who built the wall that fell came and wanted some money. He wants the Mission to bear the expense incurred by the falling of the wall and I told him to-day positively that I was willing to bear just ½ of it. He put on a very injured look and said it made him very sad. He wished I would help him a little. The man is rich- has got rich out of the work the Mission has given him. According to native custom he would have to stand the whole expense of the falling of the wall what makes my position all the harder to bear. Mr. Hartwell sympathizes with the Mason. Well you will find it very difficult to understand the Chinese way of begging. But I want your prayers that I may be able to strike the golden mean= not be too severe so as to repel the Chinese- not be too easy so as to take away their sense of manliness and self respect.

Ellen is buying peanuts by the half bushel, - come over and visit us Stanley. You may have all the peanuts you can eat after each meal but nothing between meals. Pumeloos are gone. We are now reduced to 2 kinds of oranges, bananas and peanuts.

We are talking of riding out to Century Farm on the electric cars and visiting the public library and art Gallery of the city of Shelton. Its prominent citizens must stop pleading in court for more saloons tho or prosperity may not dwell within her borders. Love to all from all Yours

Will, Ellen, Phebe.

*[This letter dated **March 15, 1896** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. They have had many days of rain in Foochow. Willard tells a few stories of instances where he has been called upon to intervene in cases involving church members. The Seminary building is progressing slowly. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
March 15th 1896.

Dear Folks at Home:-

It looked like rain. It began to rain. It rained. It has been raining. It was raining. It rained again. It continued to rain. It rained incessantly. The rain fell. The rain descended. The rain came down. It was rainy. Day and night the clouds distilled rain. It stopped raining. It rained again. There was a thunder shower. Then another. There is a thunder shower at the present moment.
Mar. 19th.

We have had a pleasant day today, but this evening, there is thunder and lightning and it rains. The winter seems to be over. The air feels like spring but very damp. The pastors and others in my chapels and parsonages are complaining of leaky roofs and some of our houses are letting in the rain. But it will stop sometime. The workmen have been busy again on the Seminary today. They worked some yesterday. And it did me good to see the building move on a little.

The Secretary of the Woman's Board for Boston, Miss Abbie B. Child arrived Tues. Mar. 17th with her sister. I met them at the launch which bro't them up from the steamer. They will stay with Miss Newton, and Dr. and Miss Woodhull, visiting the work of the W.B. M. and also to a good extent the work of the parent Board. Yesterday morning, Ellen and I took them over to Ha Puo church where Ellen has charge of a Woman's Station

Class. About 25 women were present. They were learning characters i.e., learning to read- some John's Gospel, some Mark's, some the Acts, some the Commandments, some the catechism, etc. They were all reading these different books aloud. Miss Child asked if any foreigner was compelled to listen to the jargon all day. Fortunately not, then after she had spoken a few words and I had tried to translate them for the women, she and Ellen looked over the pastors house with his wife while I played with his grandson and chatted with him. Then we visited the Day School connected with this church with the 27 boys present,- then went on a mile or more and visited another Day School with 17 scholars, then another with 17 scholars. Of these 61 students 3 were girls and 5 were from Christian families. This shows somewhat the foundation work which these Day Schools are doing. The boy from the heathen family goes to the school and read Christian books, - learns the Lord's Prayer and 10 commandments, hears the Gospel each Sunday, and learns Christian hymns. Thus the knowledge of God and His Book is spread.

A few days ago a man came to me and said he owned the house in which the father of one of my chapel keepers lived. He said that during the last 15 years about \$10.00 had been accumulating on rent due and not paid,- a little each year. Then on last years rent \$2.00 were still due. - The rent was \$12.00 per year. He asked me to take this amount out of the chapel keeper's salary and give it to him. I told him I would investigate and he might come again. I found that during the 15 years the owner had repaired twice. That the renter had to repair often himself. I found also that the owner had promised a year ago not to say anything more about the \$18.00. That the chapel keeper had asked him to wait a few weeks and he would pay the \$2.00 due on last years rent. Well when the man came he met me just coming out of the door to go into the city to prayermeeting, I told him I was busy but would do his business. In about 4 minutes, I told him of his promise concerning the \$10.00 and assured him that the \$2.00 would be paid. I also assured him that I would let severely alone all that pertained to the \$10.00. He then asked me if I would not collect his rent for him and give it to him. I answered him with one word. Then he asked me if one of my pastors could do it. I answered him in like manner. He began to talk about the bothersome business of collecting and I told him I had lots of bothersome business, meanwhile closing the door of my study, and asking him to walk slowly left.

Last Sat. evening as we were going out into the dining room for supper I was called back by a helper and a church member. They had the following story. A man who is learning the truth at Au Long Die bought some goods for \$2.00 a load after looking at the sample. The goods came and he said they were not as good as the sample and was willing to pay only \$1.50. The two could not agree. The learner went to the helper at Au Long Die and the helper and a ch. member went to the merchant. The two parties could not understand each other very well and after a time the merchant thought that these two men meant to help the learner cheat him, and told his men to beat the visitors which they did in short order. The helper and ch. member ran to me as little boys at home do to their parents when bigger boys pummel them. I told them it was too late to do anything then and the next day was Sunday, and I was busy until 12:00 Mon. They might come then. I decided at that time to call the merchant and have a talk with him. I sent my card and asked him to come over immediately. He could not come that P.M. but would come Tues. A.M. He sent his card with his greeting to me. Tues. A.M. at the Seminary prayers at 8:30 about 12 church members were present. They had come to see that the merchant was dealt with in the right manner. Fortunately he had not arrived when prayers were over and I took these ch. members into a room by themselves and asked the pastor to read Matt. 5:38- end of chap. then told them we were not seeking this man harm but his good. He had hurt some of our members but now we must not want to injure him in return, but pray for him. When he came I asked him about the beating. He began to tell about the money difficulty. I had to shut him off and tell him I would not touch that. That was a purely business transaction and I had nothing to do with it. But when I heard of men beating other men without cause it was my duty to help the weak. I asked him if he did tell his clerks to beat the 2 men. He frankly said "yes." I asked if he considered that he did right. He frankly said "no." I asked if he was willing to make reparation. He was willing to pay the doctors expenses to visit the man who had been hurt by the beating. He also promised to tell his neighbors that the beating was wrong. I thanked him for coming to me and for being so frank and fair and left. The natives afterwards settled the money difficulty; assured him that we were not after money but wanted fair dealing and honesty. They also asked him to come to church and hear the Gospel. He promised to come. I was very much pleased with the visit from this man and especially please with his readiness to do the fair thing. I cannot account for it. Because all the other cases of this kind have been so troublesome. I may be hasty in judging but so far as I have heard, the older missionaries are very apt to try to find out the facts thro third parties instead of going directly to the parties interested. This is the Chinese custom. Do no business direct- always have a middle man.

Good night.

Mon. Evening Mar. 23rd.

It rains. This is the principle new item since I wrote last. The Theol'l School goes on each day, slowly but surely. Ming Uong is proving himself invaluable. He does not work so many hours each day for so much pay but

has the welfare of the school at heart and spares no pains on his efforts to promote the efficiency of the school. Beside this he is doing good work in his father's church. The S.S. and Y.P.S.C.E. already show the results of his efforts. The last scheme that he proposed was to institute a Village Improvement Society to keep the street in front of his house= our church- clean. I am going to help him in this all I can. This help however will consist principally in sympathy and such influence as I being a U.S. citizen can exert. The Seminary building progresses slowly on account of the rain. The roofs are only partly on. But the carpenters are at work every day. The floor is all down and the partitions partly up. The doors and windows are all made ready to be put in.

Phebe is the next and last topic for discussion. I am sorry I cannot give as good an account of her as heretofore. But it is not her fault. Her mother has ceased to furnish her with the staff of life, except during the night and the young lady feels slighted and as is her custom she expresses her dissatisfaction in tones of unmistakable meaning.

This however has been the order of the day for over a week now and the princess is getting a little accustomed to the spoon. We tried a rubber nipple the other day and she rebelled absolutely. We desisted. She now takes 6 good tea cupfuls of milk each day. It is going to be an added expense to us to keep her in this way. I have already ordered half a bottle of milk extra for each day. This will be \$1.00 a month added expense. But I tell you she is a cherub, - a dear little comfort. Plays like a kitten only with much more intelligence. Sees her Papa as soon as he comes in sight and always has a smile for him- unless some one is trying to stuff milk down her in that unnatural way. Her naps during the day are quite short- never over 1 hr. and seldom as long as that- generally ½ hour. She still sleeps well at night calling for food 2 or 3 times. But scarcely waking while taking it. She is now trying the experiment of ducking herself when in her bath. Twice she has deliberately put her face under water and of course drew in her breath almost strangling herself. But it does not make her afraid of the water at all. She passed the 9 months post last Wed.

I send in this letter a list of goods that I should like you to put up and ship to Boston if time permits. I sent a draft on the treasurer of the Board for \$50.00 last Oct. I sent to Oliver Jr. but have not heard from it. Will some of you not look up the matter and let me know just how I stand with you. Tell me also how much there is due on this (enclosed) order after you have put it up and I will remit. The last shipment has not yet arrived. It is unusually late. It has also been over three weeks since a home mail arrived. We are expecting one at any time now.

I ought to add a word more about some of the things in on this list. As to the shoes. I think it would be well if either Ben or Oliver could go and try them on. They should be a little large for them. Also ask the dealer to remember the style and size and name of shoe. Please do not get pointed toes. If they fit I shall want about 1 pair a year. \$3.00 ought to buy a pair good enough.

Most of the things ordered are perishable and I think it would be wise and perhaps the cheapest way to estimate how large the box should be and after making it have a lining of cheapest tin put in and then a tin lid soldered on before nailing the board lid on. Dr. Kinnear is packing all his goods in boxes fixed like this. - Bedding and books etc.- If you do this way cloth bags or paper board packages are good enough for all the cereals- By the way Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear are going to live in Meriden a good part of the next year and a half. I know you will see them. I will write more explicitly later. Ellen and Phebe send love- me too Will.

The whole page of Love to Grandfather and Grandmother and uncles and aunts and cousins.

Will.

[This letter dated April 8, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. They have received word that Dr. Bliss' father has died but this information will not reach Dr. Bliss for a few more weeks. Miss Abbie Child from the Woman's Board visited many of the churches. More women are needed in the fields to work with the Chinese women. Willard has had a touch of malaria. Churches are full and Willard is concerned that there are not enough missionaries to do the work. He is so busy now that he has less time to study the Chinese language. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.

April, 8th 1896.

Dear Folks at Home:-

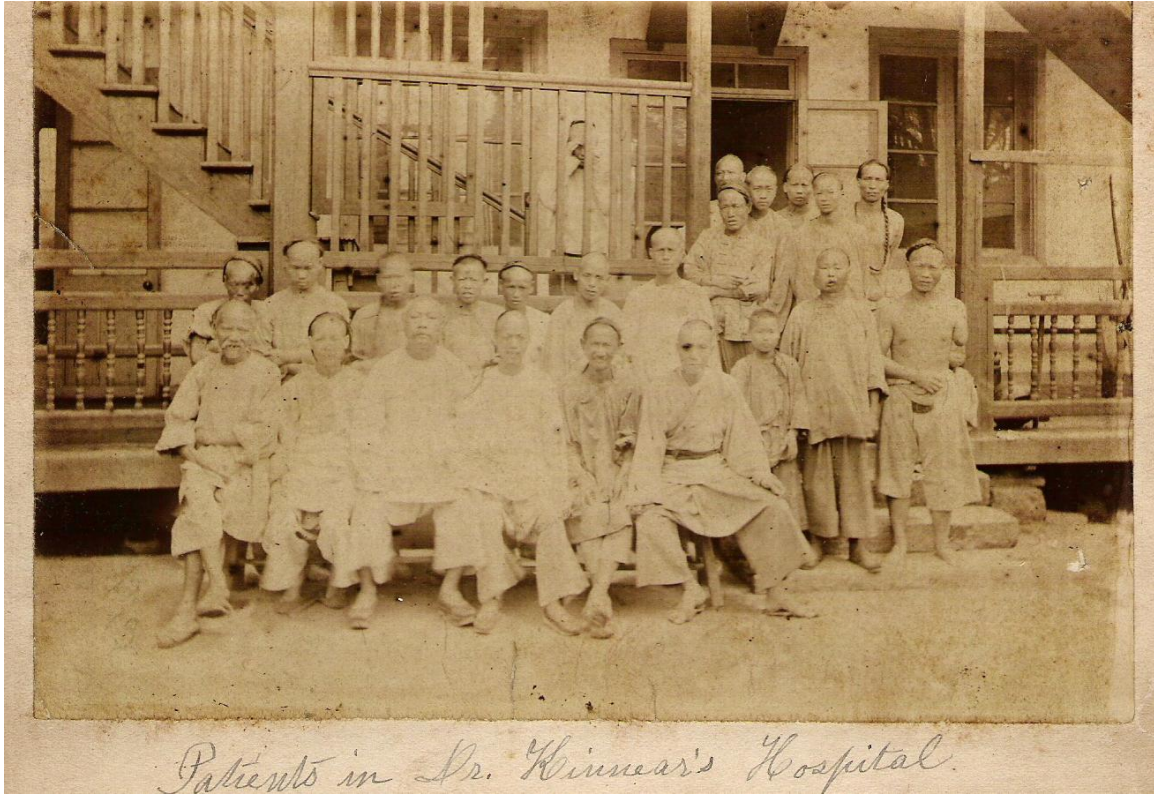
It seems more like Spring for the last few days. The warm weather is later this year. A year ago we had misquito nettings up before this. Last night we heard one or two of the visitors but were not annoyed. Strawberries are not yet in market. I am afraid that the continued rains will damage the fruit. We have not yet taken down our stoves, but shall in a few days.

Since I wrote last letters have arrived from both homes and one from Northfield from Etta. The last mail brought the news of the sudden death of Dr. Bliss' father. He does not know of it yet nor can he hear of it for two or three weeks to come.

Miss Abbie Child Sect'y of the Woman's Board left us a week ago to-day, and went to Pagoda, hoping to have two or three days there to visit the work. But her steamer sailed two days earlier than advertised and she had to go on board Thurs. evening- 24 hrs. after arriving at Pagoda. Her visit here was a very pleasant one. She was at Ponasang Sunday Mar. 29th. In the morning she attended Geu Cio Dong= First Church. As usual the standing room was all utilized. The vestibule full and men could not get near enough to hear the preacher. This was the same last Sun. Apr. 5th. How to obtain funds to enlarge this church is one of my great problems. I want the people to make a start first tho'. In the afternoon I started with Miss Child at 1:45. We visited Au Iong Die chapel- found it full of Sun. School scholars. After remaining 15 min. we went to Ha Puo Ga and found it full with orderly classes systematically arranged. Here we went thro' the customary opening exercises and part of the lesson study and Miss C. watched. Then we went to Dr. Kinnear's Hospital and saw 120 little street waifs gathered in a room not more than 12 X 14 singing Christian hymns, learning the Lord's Prayer and listening to the explanation of the parable of the vineyard. When we were thro here we stopped for the afternoon. As to the results of Miss Child's visit I am sure that she realizes as never before and as one never can from reading letters the difficulty of reaching women of China. She sees that in order to reach the women, women must be sent to us. The men cannot work among the women. If 3 or 4 young women do not come out during the next year I shall be surprised. Then she also received the impression that we needed more room in our church.



Rear View - Dr. Kinnear's hospital [*Jill Jackson had a similar photo of this hospital and stating that it was Dr. Kinnear's hospital, but this photograph is clearer. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]



Patients in Dr. Kinnear's Hospital
 [Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

One week ago to day I laid me down and rested and rested till day before yesterday. - Mon. I got up and took breakfast with Ellen. I believe some say I have been trying to work my Chinese teacher too hard, others that I had imbibed some of the malaria with which the region is abundantly supplied. I am on my feet again however - went over to the Consulate and took dinner yesterday. To day I have done nearly my usual amount of work.

Apr. 9th.

The next subject to which we will give our undivided attention is a new one i.e. of recent date - June 18th '96. Phebe is all right. She is entirely weaned, and accepts the situation as one that is for the best and that is to be permanent. We take super at 6 P.M., and are thro' with it about 6:30. Then the little girl gets into her night robe and either her papa or mama lies down with her a few moments while she coos and pulls their nose and pinches their necks until Somnus [*Roman God of sleep*] gets the better of her and takes her off. She wakes once or twice before morning and takes a drink of water or is turned over and then goes right to sleep again.

This morning I awoke at 6:30. She was singing away like a canary. She had kicked all the clothes off and her feet were the drum sticks and Ellen's body the drum. E. was asleep but soon awoke. The little girl is in doors just long enough to sleep and eat. The rest of the time she spends in the open air. The Dr. vaccinated her the other day, and her arm is getting pretty tender. The vaccine took well. So during the next week she may not be as good natured as usual. She sits alone now anywhere, and pulls herself up on her feet. While sitting in her bath she has great sport in turning to one side and taking hold of the top of the tub and pulling herself up. The other day her mother wanted to leave her a moment and so put her in the clothes basket thinking she would be safe there. She had not moved ten steps before the young giant was on her feet ready to go nose first over the edge of the basket on the floor. We have not had another picture taken but are watching for it.

There is nothing but the most encouraging news to write concerning the work. The churches are all full every Sun. Every week requests come for a preacher to go to some new place, - sometimes the people offer to pay his salary if we i.e. the Mission will provide the room to meet in. I have started three new centers of work this year. At one 5 min. away, 70 were present a week ago last Sunday and as many more last Sunday. In another place a little temple was filled with people who had come to listen to the preaching. In the third place the room hired for a day school could not hold the people who wanted to listen. So it is all over the field not only in our Mission but in the other Missions as well - all the churches full and crowded to the doors - not with curiosity seekers but with men and a

few women who want to listen and learn about the Truth. There is only one phase of the present condition that disturbs me. We have not the laborers to thrust forth into this wonderful harvest. The people are anxious to learn the Truth, but where are the men to teach these multitudes that throng our churches and homes and the homes of our Pastors. The force of Christian workers is inadequate. Consequently many are asking admission to the church who have not been, and could not be sufficiently instructed in the Truth to intelligently accept the vows which church members are required to make. These must wait then until they are better instructed, unless the examining committee is too late.

Sat. April 11- Yesterday afternoon I went with two of my right hand men to visit a village which has been calling for a man to come and teach them the Truth. I found one of our church members there. I wish you could have seen him when he saw me. He did not know how to express his joy. He made all sorts of excuses for his poor house and when we said we were in a hurry and started to go he fairly held us down and declared that he must have the privilege of showing his respect to us and said that he had a meal almost cooked for us. I knew I could not eat much, but I told the boys we must go in and sit down and eat a little to please him. I'll not describe the room or the food or the 20 naked and half naked children that were within the sweep of my arm while I ate (?). We saw about 6 men whom this church member had interested in the Gospel. All the people were very friendly. This man comes to church quite regularly. To do so he must walk 2 miles to the river, cross in a ferry boat, and walk 2 miles more. This makes a walk of 8 miles to attend church. Don't you think he ought to be helped in his endeavor to tell of Christ's love to his neighbors?

When we returned he accompanied us as far as the river and kept the boatman from charging us twice as much as he should for our fare.

This morning another American mail arrived bringing a letter from Etta and one from Mr. Kenneston. That letter from Mr. Kenneston was better than all the pills Dr. has been giving me during the past week. Work has pressed very fast. One of the Meth. brethren is finding fault with me for getting a school to near his. Au long Die chapel wants to break off from Geu Cio Dong church and this just as the church and chapel were together working to make one self supporting church. Calls and requests are coming oftener than once a week for men to go to new places to teach the people the Gospel of Christ. The Theological Seminary requires 2 or 3 hours of my time every day. Then I pretend to be studying the language. I must confess however that this takes a back seat now-a-days – altho I get the practice in the business that I have to attend to every day. I hope that the oversight of the 30 or more men who are under my care will become easier in time. I have put a stop to borrowing- am getting hard hearted. Last week a young man sent word to me that he was sick and out of money and wanted to borrow \$2.00. I said no flat because I knew he was not in destitute circumstances. Dwight is with me in this movement, so are Dr. Kinnear and Miss Newton. As soon as the men see that I mean what I say, when I tell them "no" they will stop coming to me. But you must not think that all these 30 men are of this stamp. Many of them are as conscientious as I am about these matters and these men are the people that hold me up.

Monday April 13. We are now having genuine hot sultry weather. Last night and this morning heavy thunder and copious rain is the order. Ellen was a little under the weather yesterday, but is better today. Phebe's vaccination is past the worst stage. The little girl looks about melted these hot days. But she is happy when in the open air and gives us very little trouble at night.

Next Fri. a church is to be dedicated in Diong Loh, Dr. Whitney's field. It is an Ancestral temple given up and made over into a house to be used for the worship of the one true God. Our washerman was taken out of a heathen home when we first arrived in China. He has been under Christian influence now for more than a year. But he has never said any thing about becoming a Christian. Two or three weeks ago I asked him if he was not going to make a start and he said he wanted to go slow. I told him I thought he had been slow enough. But that Jesus never said "go slow" in becoming a Christian. I was pleased last evening when he told me he was to join the C.E. next Sun.

Love to all from all Will.

*[This letter dated **May 4, 1896** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Some of the churches are beginning towards self support. Willard tells a story of a dying widow who wanted to will her 7 year old daughter to him. He talks about Phebe's latest developments. Willard wonders when more help will come to do the missionary work. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
May 4th 1896

Dear Folks at Home:-

If I do not begin to write very soon I shall loose my bearings and shall not know where to begin or how to select from the many interesting items those which will be most interesting to you.

Last week I was busy on my Annual Report which each Missionary must write to be sent to the Rooms at Boston. This week I am the only member of the male persuasion in our Mission, at home. Messrs. Hubbard and Goddard are in Ing Hok. Mr. Hartwell is also in the country. Messrs. Peet and Dr. Whitney are to night half way to Shanghai to attend the Education Conference, and Mr. Peet expects to remain for the Y.P.S.C.E. Convention the last of May.

Two very interesting developments have taken place in my work since I last wrote. Thursday April 23rd. The Senior deacon at Geu Cio Dong came to me and said there was a division in the church regarding the self-support of the Pastor this year. The Pastor he said wanted \$10.00 per month. Some of the members were willing to give it but some were not willing to give more than \$8.00 per month. He wanted to know if he might come with some of the church members and talk over matters the next evening. I told him of course. He also went to Miss Newton and asked her to be present telling her the same that he told me adding "do not let the Pastor know as we would prefer to talk over the matter in his absence." With Friday evening came about fifteen of the church members- with the Pastor. I saw the Pastor alone and told him the business to be discussed and suggested that it might be better if he were not present. That the men might feel more free to express their real thoughts. But the Pastor did not seem at all alarmed and said the Deacon had invited him to come. So we all sat down. I said to them, "We have a difficult matter before us. What shall we do first?" Some one said "Pray." After two prayers I asked the Deacon if he were spokesman and if so if he would state the business, - telling just where the difficulty lay. He simply said, "We members of Geu Cio Dong have talked the matter over and are agreed to pay our Pastor \$10.00 per month. We are also ready to vote to night on the question of paying our Pastor." This gust of wind from this unexpected quarter caught me unawares. I had rigged all my sails to meet two factions of men at variance, and was steering to affect a reconciliation thro a compromise. This sentence from the old deacon upset my bark and I was left sitting on the wrecked hull helpless. I could hardly believe my ears, and lest I had misunderstood simply said "That is very good. I am glad. Then there is no difficulty?" the men answered with a shake of the head while a sly smile passed along the line and I realized then they thought best to act on self support. The little seed has made wonderful growth in one short year. Pray for this church that it may be guided by the Holy Spirit in this new undertaking and that the leaders may be given great wisdom in managing the money matters of the church.



Written on back of photo by Willard: "Interior of Geu Cio Dong church- oldest church in Foochow. I now have charge of it. It seats about 250 and is packed every Sunday at 10:30 and at S.S. in P.M. 2:30."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

About a month ago the man who preaches at my Au Long Die chapel told me that there were several men who spoke a Southern dialect (which was his native dialect) doing business in the great fish market, the busiest place in Foochow, who wanted a chapel started in their street. They were willing to pay him if he would come and preach for them. But they wanted the Mission to rent, repair and furnish a chapel. This would take about \$200.00. There was no money in the Mission treasury, so I went to Miss Newton and told her the state of things. She was willing to help \$50.00. We put in an equal amount. I told the people that we could help them \$100.00. If they could do the rest we should be very happy. At first they said "Impossible." I also said impossible to raise on the \$100.00. But in about a week they came five men and told me they were ready. They had the carpenter and the mason with them with contracts all written out. And the orders for the benches and other furniture had been given. They are to have the new chapel dedicated in a few weeks, and pay their preacher from the first. This makes two self-supporting for me. The next surprise I expect from Au Long Die. I do not know in what line it will be, but there are some energetic, warm hearted, Christian men there who are not poor, and they are planning something these days. I do not know exactly what. I prefer to give any help in the form of suggesting principles and giving hints and leave the people to do the thing in their own way. If they do it in my way, they derive no benefit, and they do not take the interest in it that they do if done by themselves in their own way, feeling that they have my prayers and sympathy and that I am ready at any moment to help them in any difficult problem.

We are just now busy examining the Day Schools. Thus far three have been examined. I go with our personal teacher to the school. 20 or 30 pupils are sitting at their desks awaiting our arrival. I ask my teacher to offer a short prayer, after which he calls the pupils one at a time to come forward with the books which they have read. The first boy brings two or more books, some the native books of Confucius or Mencius and some the Christian books written by the missionaries and native Christians. He places these books on the table before us, turns his back toward us, and begins to recite as if his supper depended upon his finishing at a given limited time. The teacher turns two or more leaves ahead of where he is reciting – for there is not time to hear him recite the whole book- and reads three or four words. The boy takes up one passage without even repeating what the teacher has said- literally takes the words out of the teacher's mouth and rattles on at a break-neck pace. This break-neck pace of itself is laugh-provoking, but you add to it that peculiar swaying or rather tattering from side to side, from one foot to the other it makes Ellen and me bite our lips. This motion is for the sake of helping the memory and when the memory stops the boy stands still. When the memory is the swiftest the boy goes from side to side like the sieves in a farming mill. This motion is however going out of date in our best schools. I have three teachers who have never taught for the Mission before and do not know how ludicrous we regard this practice. In other schools it is not so prevalent.

May 8th.

I was roused this morning at 2 A.M. and requested about 1 mile to see a dying widow who asked to will her little girl 7 yrs. old to me. I dressed and went over to Ha Puo Church of which the widow is a member, and told the Pastor and his wife, who had sent for me that I was not willing to accept any such responsibility. If they or the church wished to take the little girl good, I would witness the transaction and be of any service within my power. Here the real state of affairs came out. The woman was the 2nd wife of a man who had 2 brothers- one older- one younger. When he died according to custom the older brother has power over his family. In this case the older brother came and ransacked the house taking away all the deceased mans deeds to property and leaving the widow destitute. She had one little boy and a girl who had been bought for his wife. She herself has since bought another little girl and has the deed for the little girl!! Afterward she became a Christian and joined the church thinking that she was not likely to live. She realized that these children would fall into the hands of the husband's elder brother and his only thought regarding them would be to get as much money for their sale as possible. Lord how long, how long? must this people continue to devour each other? Widows houses are devoured, the bread is taken from the children's mouths. - The man that falls is trampled under foot by those who are stronger- every advantage is taken to get a cash. Mercy is almost unknown- and justice is rare.

I told this Pastor if the church wished to take the little girl good. They must write a will to that effect. I would witness and this they did. Then we went to the house. Within were the elder and younger brothers- ready to grab the booty as soon [as] the woman was really gone. Also a daughter of the deceased husband by a former wife all bitterly opposed to Christianity, also a Bible Woman, an old man, a church member and myself. The note which called me said that if they waited till day light they feared the woman could not speak- she however could make a good deal of noise when I arrived and I did not feel in any hurry for fear we were too late. We asked her in the presence of the brother-in-laws what was her wish. She spoke very plainly saying she was afraid she might not live and if not she feared that the older brother of her husband would take her little girl and bring her up to worship Buddha and perhaps sell her for the worst purposes. She spoke plainly also of her love of Jesus and of her desire to have the little girl brought up to love Jesus and to serve Him. Then we read to her the will we had prepared and she

assented and signed it. I signed as witness. Ming Uong as another witness. We then asked the elder brother to sign but he refused. He said however in the presence of us all that he had no power over the girl. The woman bought and paid for her. With this oral evidence from him we left after praying with the woman and saying a few words of comfort and cheer.

Not until just this moment has the realization of my situation while in that house reoccurred to me. But it comes back to me now as it flashed over my mind while standing in the room alone last night with those Chinese. I was alone far from any other foreigner at dead of night in the presence of two men whose evil purpose I had openly come to thwart. Within sound of their voices were not less than 100 persons who were not friendly to Christianity. But did not once for a second think of fear. I think this fact has two explanations. 1st I am accustomed to go anywhere among the people and have never received anything but kind treatment. 2nd I think God shuts out fear from the mind of His children when they are about His business.

Sunday evening: May 10th. It is my first duty to say that after the Dr. had been to see the above mentioned woman, and found that she had indigestion and worms, and is now well on the road to recovery, my sympathies have abated.

The amah has gone home for Sunday. As Ellen has a S.S. at the Hospital and as she plays for the Y.P.S.C.E. at Geu Cio Dong, I have been amah, have had the care of Phebe all the P.M. and until she went to bed and fell asleep. Her habits are getting quite regular now that the weaning process is over. She wakes about 6 A.M., takes breakfast 6:30, her bath at 9:00, then has a good long nap, and another meal and works (?) till 1:30 when she eats again and then has another nap, eats again at 4:30, again at 7:00 and goes to bed. She is very active, never quiet. One of her great amusements is to play with four or five little stones on the steps. She will pound these against one another by the half hour. Perhaps she will make a stone mason. Then she is much taken with watching the birds and gets so excited she almost flies. I have not gone down stairs with her today when she has not begged for a flower. The red and pink geraniums are very pretty now and she will hold one of these blossoms extending it now and then for me to smell and if her mother comes out will hold out for her to smell and she will keep it for a long time, then suddenly crumble it up and train to other business. Ellen gives her cows milk boiled and the cream stirred in with enough hot water to warm it and with each meal 2 tea spoonfuls of Mellins food. She is getting fat every day. To day she received her first severe bump. I was rolling her in her carriage on the walk when she suddenly put both hands on one side of the carriage, raised herself up on her feet and went out head first turning a complete somersault. Fortunately the place where she struck was soft and in a few minutes she was all right. I expect it is only in this way that she will learn to be careful about falling. At present she is entirely devoid of any fear.

Dr. Kinnear's family started for home a week ago Thurs. I am the only man in the compound. A week ago for four days I was the only man of our Mission in Foochow. The others were either in the country or had started for Shanghai.

As to your offer to make the balance due me \$50.00 and put it in the bank father. We intended to do that very thing before the year is gone only we shall not tie the money for any length of time. To accept your offer I should have to send you an order for \$30.00 which I do not want to do now. Her allowance is this year \$45.00. We expect to lay this aside each year. But it would not be wise for us to lock it up till she was 21 years of age for if every thing is favorable she will need some of it before that time for her education.

The boxes from home have not yet arrived. They may be expected any time. Mr. Kenneston wrote that the Shelton church had sent 14 lbs. of cards to us. We have not received them. I wonder if he put them in the box which you sent.

The work is very encouraging in all parts of the field. We no longer seek opportunities to preach, no longer try to gain an entrance into villages or sections of the city and suburbs. We simply cannot supply all the calls that come. There has been one chapel connected with Geu Cio Dong for three years. Within the next two weeks there will be two more off-shoots- one a chapel, the other the self-supporting church in the fish market referred to above. Not a week passes when the pastor does not tell me there must be one more chapel in another important section where there are several church members. One village that comes under the care of Ha Puo Ga has teased so long that I have at last given the church members there money to buy the lumber and they are going to make benches themselves to put in one of the members houses, so as to hold worship each Sunday. Other places are waiting. The harvest is ripe. Laborers are few. Who among the 1000's in Christian America will say "Send me??" Who will send him?

Lovingly, Will.

[This letter dated May 21, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He talks about the items sent from the U.S. and the condition in which they arrived. They went to Guliang (Kuliang) for the

weekend and Willard enjoyed getting a rest from the many problems brought before him by the Chinese. He is pleased that the idea of self support among churches is catching on. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.

May 21st 1896

Dear Folks at Home:-

Last week brought with it the long looked for boxes from Shelton and Putnam. The box from Shelton came all right except two of the glass cans. One in which dried apples were put must have had a good rap some time for it was well shattered. One of the cans of butter arrived- only we could not find the butter- with the lid in two parts. The butter was in the box well distributed but we could not find it. However the damage amounted to almost nothing. Perhaps two pounds of cereal were damaged- nothing else suffered. Elizabeth was very thoughtful to put in pumpkin pie seeds and dear little Stanley- is little right now? - was very kind to put in the popping corn. We shall enjoy it so much and it will make us think of home. Ellen's eyes snapped when the little shoes and bonnet came to light. Do you know the little girl has such big feet that those shoes will just go on now. We gave Phebe the ball and she looked at it rather demurely, but when the little paste board box with the pumpkin pie seeds came out and we shook that before her she gave one jump, stretched out her hand and during the rest of the day that old rattle box was her companion- she likes a noise. Ellen put on the ring from Uncle James, but after a glance she turned again to her pumpkin pie seeds. The ball has since become attractive to her, and a rubber rattle from Putnam has been a great source of amusement to her. When the boxes of cards came to light Ellen fairly screamed with delight. She had given away nearly all of her stock and the children were literally crying tears for more. It looked rather dubious, but this addition makes it all right for the next few months. Ellen said the dress pattern for herself was exactly what she wanted. The pen, shears, comb etc. were all in perfect condition.

Last Sat. afternoon we went up to Guliang- the mountain resort with Dwight and his Dr. and staid till Monday afternoon. It seemed like moving to another sphere. The air was cool and clear. All was as quiet as it is out in the fields at home. The temperature on the mountain was about what you are enjoying at home at this season of the year. But the best of the outing was to think that no Chinaman could reach you for two whole days with any business. Now don't accuse me of disloyalty to the cause which we came here to foster. But since the first of last Oct. I have had three days off at different times. With this exception it has been a steady pull almost seven days in the week in spite of everything I could do. The work has grown and developed wonderfully since Jan 1st '96 and every day brings men to consult about new work or the enlargement of old work- or some man is in trouble and wants help- or a church or chapel must be repaired etc. etc. this is all work that must be done and therefore is in the line of duty and when done brings its reward in a peaceful and contented mind. But the body gets weary and the mind gets weary, and two days of perfect quiet surrounded by God's own handiwork- out of the din of the crowded city, are better than any amount of pills if one must remain in the whirl. We were in bed at 8:30 each night. Sun. A.M. we breakfasted at 9:30 o'clock. Mon. A.M. we did better. Phebe was asleep when we started from Ponasang. She woke up while we *[were]* on the plain and did not know where she was. She acted just as if she thought some one was carrying her off. I had to carry her in my arms about half way up the mountain. This gave me good exercise.

Fri. May 22nd. Last night was Ong ick that is very hot and this morning is about like a hot, muggy dog days morning at home.

Ming Uong was taken ill last Sunday, and has not done any thing this week. I have taken two classes. But as I do not have to teach him, I have been comparatively free this week and letter writing has advanced a peg. This makes the sixth since Tues.

We have waited most a week vainly for a home mail. The last arrived three weeks and three days ago. Yesterday we hear that the "Rio" one of the Pacific steamers was off for repairs and so one trip skipped. The result is a long period with no letter, no papers, then we are covered with both up to our necks.

The work grows amazingly. The self support idea has taken hold of the heartstrings and purse-strings of the people in my field, and every one is planning for enlargement of the work- and planning to give themselves a good share of the money. Several of the members of Geu Cio Dong live within the city wall. There are about 20 of them living quite near together. Goddard wanted to do a little work on his own hook and I told him these people would greatly appreciate a chapel in their midst. He told them to rent one and he would meet the expenses. They tried several places, but it is a section in which foreigners are not well known and none of the natives were willing to rent. The Christians had no suitable place. So they say, "Never mind, we will rent ourselves and pay for it." Now this is the spirit that will be conducive to the surest and swiftest, and healthiest growth of the native church. I have been working and praying for this spirit during the past year and the pastor at Geu Cio Dong has preached and talked and prayed for it. Now I have to hold the people back sometimes. A few evenings ago I asked some members

living in a suburb if they could not rent a house for a chapel and pay for it themselves. Yesterday morning they reported that they wanted to buy instead of rent. They wanted a nice looking church, but they could not raise the money now and wanted me to advance it and let them pay it back after a few years. But I do not do business in that way. And I told them to begin small and as their numbers increased enlarge and beautify.

It is most time for another letter telling all about the farm work, and the cattle and horses, - telling about Flora's school, and Phebe's lessons, and James' and Ruth's. I shall hear whether Mary goes to Shelton in the Fall. And is Stanley as indispensable to the running of the farm as ever? How tall are you Stanley? If you can be spared for a few moments, I wish you would write me another letter. Ben's letters are very interesting, but like many interesting things they are rare. Elizabeth I know is having a great time playing duets with Grace. Now my dear girl, just lock up that old noise board some day, and give Grace a sheet of paper, take another yourself and write a good long letter- leaving space for Oliver to add a few pages. I have not heard directly from him since I was in China.

The news has come to us from a round about source that five new ladies were coming this Fall to help us. One is Mr. Hartwell's daughter. We know she is coming. But as to the other four we do not feel all sure the news is too good to be true, and then why have we not heard directly? Mr. Woodin has written that he was to return in the Fall.

Phebe creeps some. We do not encourage her in it. But she goes all over the bed and in the morning when her mother wants to sleep the little girl is just full of the old nick. This morning she woke Ellen by screaming. Ellen found her more than half off the bed caught in the corner between the side of the bed and the door post. She knew enough to be afraid. She pulls herself up on her feet, but has not yet tried to stand alone. She says MaMa and PaPa all right and eats five times a day. She knows when she is hungry and whether her food is properly fixed or not.

Strawberries have been very plentiful this year. We have them three times a day and I believe Ellen has several quarts canned. The other fresh fruits are pebas, a yellow round fruit about the size of guineas eggs- 1 ½ in. in diameter. Each has three large seeds in it. We like it very much. Bananas and oranges are nearly gone. Plums will be ripe in a few weeks. Another fruit that looks much like strawberries- but which is very sour is just coming into market. We can eat it if plenty of sugar is used and it is cooked.

We have packed and addressed another box for America this time we send to Putnam. The box contains most (?) every thing that the Chinese use! It is full of stuff and is Ellen's gift. You will need to buy no more knives or forks or spoons or razors, or ear rings, etc. etc. use chop sticks and Chinese substitutes instead. The box contains two of each article. The Putnam folks will keep one of each and send one to you.

I must close this now with love to you- a lot of love to Grandfather and Grandmother and Aunt Louise. From us all

Will Ellen Phebe

*[This letter dated **June 5, 1896** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Phebe continues to develop. A line of steam launches has been put into the river at Foochow recently so travel is quicker. They will be leaving for Kuliang and at times Willard will go back and forth with work. Two new chapels were dedicated. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow China
June 5th 1896.

Dear Folks at Home:-

This is writing an answer to letters before those letters have arrived. I do not know what is the matter with the mails but during the last month American news has been very scarce. We have had two papers- no letters.

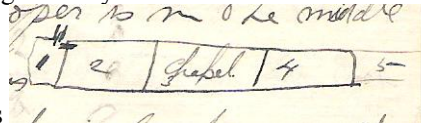
Phebe is just getting there! Her daily gymnastics are to climb the stairs to our house three times each day. It is fun to watch her go up. The Amah ties her dress up so that it cannot trip her. And the little thing acts just as if she knew we wanted to see her creep up. She often goes from bottom to top without stopping. She never goes from top to bottom,- because Amah does not allow it. She creeps all over the house, and mops up the floors in great style. It has been so hot that we have put nothing on her feet lately and she wears only a very thin little sleeveless shirt and a thin white dress. Her knees are getting brown and callous. She stands the heat very well indeed- better than many of the other children. She says Papa and Mama and "shakes a day-day" when her papa goes away. As yet she eats only Mellins food and milk. She pulls herself up on her feet and stands by holding onto things, but does not yet try to walk. She goes out of bed frequently, but as the misquito netting is always well tucked in at the edge of the bed and as there is a good deal of elasticity to it, her fall is so broken that she is not much hurt.

Mr. Walker, Mr. Gardner, and Dr. Bliss returned from Shaowu Wednesday. Since they have been away from Foochow a line of steam launches has been put on the river, running up to the foot of the rapids. Mr. Gardner

took the launch when they got down to the place where the launch was. He arrived about 5 P.M. Tues. Mr. Walker and Dr. stuck to their boat and arrived about 3 P.M. Wed. So the launch makes some difference. These little launches that run up and down the main river and a little distance into the branches are completely revolutionizing to passenger traffic about Foochow. In this way- by the patronage which these launches have the Chinese shown that they do have some idea of the value of time. The launches must be immensely lucrative, for it is reported that one line paid the government \$30,000.00 for it's charter. Another line offered Mr. Peet \$1200.00 if he would simply help them get a charter, and allow his name be used in connection with the company. When I tell you that I can go 15 miles on one of these launches for 5 2/3 cent you can estimate the immense traffic there is on them. But the expense of running one of the boats is slight. An engineer, a fireman, two steermen, two conductors to collect fare, and perhaps two others. \$2.00 a day will pay all eight. \$1.00 will buy the coal. The furnishing amounts to almost nothing. A few wooden horses, the passengers for the most part sit on baggage on the sides of the boat, on the floor or stand and lean against each other.

Before this reaches you we shall be at Guliang if all goes well. The Seminary will close June 26th. Then we are off as fast as possible. Ellen and Phebe may go up before. We can see the house on Guliang in which we are to live from Ponasang, so we seem very near home. It takes a little over three hours to go up from Ponasang. This will make it easy for me to run down occasionally and see how the work so going on. I can come down in the early morning and return in the afternoon, thus avoiding the heat while travelling. The Seminary building- temporary building- is almost done. We expect to recite in the new recitation next week. The sleeping rooms will not be dry enough this term for safety to health so we shall not move into them till next Fall.

Mon. June 8th. Yesterday we dedicated a new chapel- rather two new ones. Mr. Hartwell has opened a new one in the city. He pays all the expenses there. The other in my field is self-supporting from the first. The people there have also furnished most of the money for the repairs and furniture. This chapel is in the busiest portion of the suburbs.- The big fish market- It is the back portion of one of the stores. These stores are from 12-15 ft. wide and this one is nearly 200 ft. deep,- very long and very narrow. We have about 90 ft. on the back end. The chapel proper



is in the middle 30 ft. It is arranged thus and lamps is in the center. 1 is an open court at the rear, with a door opening on to a side street, and is a room fully as large as the chapel which we can use for a school room. 4 is a court closed in which can be used to enlarge the chapel. 5 is the house of the fish dealer i.e. the rooms in which he lives. Further from the chapel and next the big street is his store.- The arrangement for the chapel makes a very elastic affair, ordinarily they will use only no. 3 or the chapel proper, which will seat 100 men if crowded. Yesterday 2, 3 and 4 were all thrown together and there were about 300 men and women in attendance. Over no. 2 are the rooms for preacher and janitor. The funds for this church are as follows: rent \$72.00, Preacher \$50.00, repairs about \$70.00 I=Mission have helped them \$100.00.

The mail has just arrived from home. How we rejoiced! Hurrah for Annie Gilbert Beard [*daughter of Oliver Gould Beard, Jr. and Grace Gilbert Beard, born April 25, 1896*]. I'd like to see her and Phebe have a tussle. They would stand and look at each other and then Phebe would touch her, then feel of her eyes to see what color they were. Can she walk yet? But I'll save further inquiries to send direct to Oliver and Grace. It's most time for a picture to arrive. We did not receive a letter from Aunt Ella, but are ready for one at any time. I am afraid it got lost some where. You see from the "Herald" (Missionary) that a fellow has to do lots of writing or I should say ought to do lots of writing. I have a whole stack of unanswered letters now on hand. I try to write regularly to you and to report all interesting items to the Herald. Other correspondents are answered when I have time.

A mail closes this afternoon. The messenger is waiting to take this so I must close with love to all from us all.

Cards came this A.M.
Thanks.

Will.

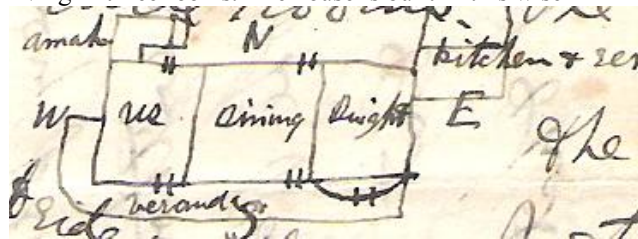
[This letter dated **June 29, 1896** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He moved Ellen and Phebe to Guliang (Kuliang). He is pleased that self support is catching on in the churches. The Kinnears, Woodins, and Mr. Walker have all left for America. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Guliang.

Foochow, China
June 29th 96

Dear Folks at Home:-

Last Wednesday we all three came up to Guliang. I staid just long enough to put up the bed and do a little unpacking so that Ellen and Phebe could be comfortable for a few days. Then I went back down the mountain to Ponasang. Thurs. the examination of the young men who have been studying in the Theol. Sch. took place. Mrs. Hartwell [*Hannah L.*], Mr. Peet, and Mrs. Goddard and two of the native pastors were present. The boys acquitted themselves well and the examiners spoke very favorably. Thurs. afternoon I met them for the last time this term and talked with them about the Summer's work, and they went away to their various homes where they will help in their home churches, with happy faces and I think buoyant hearts. Fri. morning various little things had to be done, and the cook had to be paid off and a good bye said to him and I had to listen to his story, that he was honest and that Ellen had misunderstood him etc. I started in company with Miss Newton at 3:45 P.M. and reached the house here at 6:00 P.M. Dwight and his Dr. had arrived for dinner. You know we are living with them in their house. We are all living in three rooms. The house is built in this wise



The rooms are each 12 X 20 ft. The outside walls are of stone two ft. thick, the veranda has a wooden floor, is 8 ft. wide. We are snugly packed in here, and thus far have not fought at all. The temperature is very much like that at home in New England. When I was down at Ponasang I had to wear the very thin white cotton pants and coat with the thinnest undervest. Here the clothes I wore at home in America are very comfortable. At night we need a blanket. I hardly knew Phebe when I came up Fri. evening. She had changed so much since Wed. The heat has caused a bad breaking out all over her head, hands and body. This had all disappeared by Friday and her little face was sweet and fair.

June 21st was one of the most interesting Sundays I have spent in Foochow. Mr. Walker conducted the communion at Au Long Die. This was the establishment of a church organization in this place. Mr. Hartwell opened a chapel there two years ago. The work had been connected with Geu Cio Dong and the people in this field have joined the Geu Cio Dong church. I have had charge of it since March '95. 39 members took letters from Geu Cio Dong and formed a new organization at Au Long Die. 6 men and 1 woman also joined on confession making a church of 45 members. These people have already offered a man \$8.00 per month to be their pastor. I attended church that morning at Ha Puo Ga. The subject of the morning was "giving." Ha Puo Ga had not yet been very enthusiastic on the subject of self support. I have been talking to them for a long time and they have at last opened their eyes. The Pastor, Ming Uong's father, gave a good sermon on giving. Then I spoke a few words, and the two deacons and Ming Uong followed. Subscriptions were taken and collectors appointed. One man subscribed \$4.00 another \$3.00 another \$1.00, another \$6.00. The whole amount subscribed that day and previously was about \$60.00. This compared with the \$18.00 of last year is very gratifying.

In the afternoon I went over to city, to attend the opening exercises of a new chapel. About 12 members of Geu Cio Dong live near together here and it is over two miles for them to come to church. They have with their own money rented this chapel and are going to fit it up. I had tried to rent three different places in this vicinity for these people but the rentees were afraid to rent to foreigners. It was very pleasing to hear that the people had gone ahead and done it themselves without asking a cent of me. The room was filled with about 100 persons. The Pastor of Geu Cio Dong was over and gave them a good talk- telling them that God looked not to the house they worshipped in but into the heart. If that was all right, it mattered not whether the house was fine or coarse. A thunder storm came up during the service and I was sent home in a sedan chair at the expense of the people. Mr. Walker was also thus treated to a free ride by the people at Au Long Die after his morning service.

So you see that three events of marked importance make June 21st 1896 long to be remembered. The self support idea I think had taken firm hold of every one of my churches and the churches in other parts of the field are beginning to catch the idea.

Last Sat. evening a letter arrived from you addressed to Ellen. We were glad to hear good news from the baby. It must be fun for Elizabeth to take care of a baby two hours each night. I sent a letter to Oliver and Grace in care of father because I did not know the B-port address.

(This is Phebe's greeting to Annie in her own hand. Her mark is above.) [*There is a 3" pencil line on the letter. He's referring to Oliver and Grace's new baby, Anna Gilbert Beard.*] We were also happy to hear that Grandfather and Grandmother were so well. The measles seem to be having their own way in Conn. It was good tho to hear the news

after you were getting most well. By this time Phebe is out of school with all the rest. Flora is home, and with the exception of the two eldest the children are at home. How your borders are enlarging father and mother, and how your numbers increase! When Au Long Die took 39 members away from Geu Cio Dong, the pastor and leading members of the mother church looked rather anxious especially as they are just trying this year to pay all of their own expenses. I told them this church was like a father and mother. They have now three children. One a church as large as themselves- another with 70 members and the youngest Au Long Die with 45. The Lord is prospering them greatly. And in a short time they will have grandchildren. But all this time this parent church itself has gained in strength and numbers to found other churches. After the last church- before Au Long Die- went away, there were about 70 members left. After Au Long Die left there were about 170 left. This it always is, when we are willing to give freely God amply reimburses us. A man never loses by unselfishly giving of the goods God has lent him to the Lord's cause.

I wonder if a letter was lost or whether you have not yet received it. I wrote father about the Literary Digest, saying that a gentleman from Putnam sends me the Public Opinion each week. This comes before the Digest does, and covers nearly the same ground, so perhaps it will not be necessary to send the Digest. If the Putnam gentleman discontinues I will let you know. I also wrote concerning the money you offered to put into the Bank. I do not know when I can do it but we plan to put by at least that sum. It looks as if we might have to put up a shanty here at Guliang that will take about \$300.00, and will make it look sharply to the dollars for a time. We have not been here long enough yet to decide certainly. The weather is much cooler here, and it is much easier of access than Sharp Peak. The expense of summering at the two places is about the same. It takes at least a whole day to go from Foochow to the Peak, we come up here in 4 hours easily and go down in less time. We also get better food here. Meat and fruit are fresher. There are now so many on Guliang that two stores have been started here and we can buy every thing we need. I can run down once a month to see how things are going on in the churches. But Ellen counts this a draw back and declares I am not going. The only reason why the Peak should be chosen is that the rent there can be paid each year. Here we must build and have all the money at once. This we shall be able to do next year.

We have heard that Dr. Kinnear and family were quarantined in Japan. They must be in America by this time however. I do not know when they will come to Meriden. I hope you will see them while they are there. Mr. Walker started for America last week Friday. He said he should be likely to visit New Haven. I gave him your address and invited him to call. We feel very slim in numbers now but hope that the Autumn will bring 4 or five out to help. Mr. and Mrs. Woodin, 2 Misses Woodhull, Dr. Kinnear and family and Mr. Walker are in America.

With Love from all of us to all of you Will.

*[This letter dated **July 13, 1896** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard left the cool mountain and went back to the heat of the city. He tells of a church member who was seized, imprisoned and tortured. He went on a hunting trip with Henry Whitney but they shot nothing. There are about 200 people on the mountain for the summer - missionaries and merchants all with their servants. Willard is thinking of building a summer house on Kuliang. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.

July 13th 1896

Dear Folks at Home:-

I started from the top of Mt. Guliang this morning at 5:55 o'clock and reached Ponasang at 9:30 o'clock. I never experienced a more rapid rise in the temperature. When I arose I tried to dress for the hotter regions below, but was compelled to put on an extra woolen coat, to eat breakfast and I found it very comfortable during the first quarter of the descent, then the temperature went up as I went down and I soon found myself in a reeking perspiration, from which I have scarcely dried yet. The day here has not been as hot as many but coming down from the cool mountain air one feels the heat more than he would if he were in it all the time. I have ridden in a sedan or walked before it about 12 miles today. This is the time when I have to meet the Day School teachers and Preachers to give them the money which comes from the Mission as help. As soon as it was known that I was in the compound every one who was at home and had any trouble rushed in and the relatives of the absent ones came as representatives. The mother of a young man under Dwight's care came to ask for her son's money, Dwight had paid it two weeks ago and I knew it. One man came once and four men came once to get me to intercede with the Consul in behalf of some people in trouble, who are in Mr. Hubbard's field and this after Mr. Hubbard had himself twice visited the consul about the matter.

God had very richly blessed our churches during the past ten months. They have nearly doubled their membership. Now it looks as if he were testing and hardening the young shoots by persecution. If the persecution

did not come, it is certain the growth of the church in numbers would be abnormal. It would be next to impossible to keep men out of the church until they had learned the fundamental truth of the Christian Gospel.

A man from a village about 100 miles up the river Min joined my Ha Puo church three months ago. Upon returning home he was seized and imprisoned and has been in torture every since. As near as I can get at the truth of his case it is this: About two years ago there was difficulty in his family over a wood lot owned by several members of the family. This man was seized and imprisoned – not for the wrong he had done but because he had money. He was tortured till he promised to pay \$200.00. This money he did not pay. But the case was dropped until this man joined the church, then he was rearrested, and he has had his hands cramped in a torturing position for three months. I can hardly endure to think of him in this condition and I have to by mere force of will power put him out of my mind. He called on me twice while he was in Foochow. The last time was the morning before he left for home and just as he was about to say good bye he asked to have a prayer with me and we knelt and prayed together. Pray for him.

It is bed time and I have had a long day of it. It seems very lonely with no dear ones near. I have thought once or twice I hear that familiar little grunt that means Please Mama or Papa come in a moment and kiss me and pat me a few times then I'll go right to sleep again. But it is only a delusion and I am alone in the midst a teeming multitude. I must retire to a hot bed and try to sleep. - Will

Sunday, July 19th. - You see I have taken a rest. But to begin where I left off. I slept quite well at Ponasang. I just opened all the doors and the slats of the blinds and drew the bed into the middle of the room and thus got the benefit of every breeze that came along.

Tuesday morning I paid out about \$100.00 and met and talked with 25 or thirty natives one or two at a time to "Pang gong" i.e. chat. About 3:00 P.M. I started for Guliang and arrived just in time for supper.

Thursday Henry Whitney and I arose at 3:50 and started at 4:30 A.M. on a deer or anything – else hunt. We went down into a valley and the four natives with their dogs raced over the mountain sides for game. We hear partridges whistle, but nothing better till 8 o'clock when we scented bread and jam and boiled eggs etc. After a lunch we were resting a little when one of the dogs began to bark and a native shouted "gi eeng duai" which is being interpreted, "A deer, very big." Of course we started but the deer came down into the valley, crossed the path right where I had been standing and went up on the other side of the valley. This was about 10 A.M. It was getting hot and the dogs were getting tired. I must tell the truth. We lost the deer and then returned home having had a grand good walk, and seen some beautiful scenery.

There are now about 200 foreigners on the mountain, including missionaries and merchants. Several missionaries are here from Amoy. Sunday is a full day. I try to attend Chinese service at 9:30 A.M. Chinese C.E. at 5:00 P.M. There are more Chinese appendages to foreigners than foreigners themselves. You see there must [*be*] a teacher, cook and coolie for every house, and where there are children an amah is added. A special effort is being made to interest the mountaineers in Truth. The missionaries have been here now for eight summers and there is not yet one Guliang native who has embraced the Gospel. They have been too eager to get money out of the foreigners, and the foreigners have been too eager to keep from being cheated by them, I am afraid, to pay much attention to the higher spiritual things.

Phebe is developing very fast. She stands alone and walks along the wall quite easily. Mrs. Goddard is very much attached to her. The little girl kisses every one permiscuously. When she happens to have a kissing speck on she begins to smack her lips and reaches first toward one and then toward another to let her kiss them, giving the amah her full share. She still wants her milk and Mellins food and is very much grieved if we try to palm off oat meal on her. The other evening we gave her the soft part of popped corn and she ate it ravenously. To day she ate the best part of two lie chis- a fruit of China.

Well I am glad to hear that Long Hill Ave. is to be macadamized, and that Ben is to do the work. What a lot of stone will disappear from the old farm! I shall be interested to hear all about it. How many teams were on the work, and how the work was done, and [*how*] long it took etc.

Mrs. Kate Johnson's death must have cast a gloom over the whole community. I have not been so much surprised at any news received since I came to China. But the Lord's ways are always wonderful and always best.

I was glad to hear that the measles had withdrawn leaving you all well and that Grandfather and Grandfather [*Grandmother*] were able to come down to see you. I wonder when I shall find time to write directly to White Hills. I must also write Mr. Park and Mr. Kenneston. James Solandt has written me a very earnest letter of enquiry about coming to Foochow. I must answer that.

The days are getting pretty warm, but not so bad but that I can wear collars and cuffs. I could not think of doing this at Sharp Peak last year. We are talking seriously of buying and putting up a house this Fall to be ready for

use next Summer. If any one wishes to send money to me they can either give it to father to place to my credit, as I shall have to send home twice a year for things- or they can send it to the treasurer- Frank Wiggins 1 Somerset St. Boston and ask him to place it to my credit. I shall personally receive it then. Lovingly Will.

[This letter dated July 19, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to the dear ones at Huntington home. Ellen talks about the latest on Phebe and thanks those at home for the box of gifts. She thanks them for the cards that they sent for the Chinese church members. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Mt. Kuliang, Foochow,
July 19", '96.

My dear ones at Huntington home.

Just as I sit down to write, Phebe climbs up by my knee and offers to dictate while I write her thoughts; at least, she is chattering away as fast as her little tongue can move and pulling at my dress to attract my attention. Is this a plea for that "whole letter about her", do you suppose, Ruth? I hope before the summer is gone I shall find opportunity to gratify your wish.

The little girl has been very happy entertaining and shall I say "cute"? this afternoon. She has just learned to kiss and always gives three rousing smacks when asked to bestow that token of affection. She goes spitting about the house at a lively pace especially if she knows she is wanted, or any one chases her in play. She is learning to walk and can already stand alone for a part of a minute. Her amah is very fond of her and cares for her very patiently and lovingly; Phebe likes her very much too and always stays with her contentedly. She was thirteen months old yesterday and weighed twenty-one and one-half pounds.

Now Phebe and I both want to thank you very much for the beautiful gifts you sent us in the box. The dress pattern is especially appropriate for a wool dress in this climate since we wear summer clothing so long and need it so thin for comfort. Phebe's pink cashmere is just her color and will make her a very handsome dress for next fall. The bonnet she has had a great deal of use for already. The shoes she will wear when her little trotters become accustomed to their work. She has taken one deep breath of the perfumery so I think she appreciates it. But one thing in which she takes great delight is the pansy bouquet calendar. She points to it across the room and when held up before it talks and laughs, pats the faces and says very plainly "pretty babies." The box of pumpkin-seeds she enjoyed immensely as a rattle: it made such a big racket.

Until I came to the mountain Dr. Kinnear's Hospital Sunday School was in my charge, from the time they left for America. In the little clinic room were gathered the lame, the leper and the sick of all manner of disease- a company it seemed to me as I looked upon them, not so very unlike the multitudes that followed Jesus when upon earth. Of course I could only teach them, through my Chinese assistant a simple Bible story from one of the large Bible pictures such as are used in primary classes at home, and give them one of the cards you sent with a text pasted on the back. It is the ambition of many of these boys and girls to learn that text to recite the next Sunday and so receive a large, beautiful card in addition to the one received in the general distribution. In this way some part of the Scripture is carried each Sabbath, into more than a hundred homes.

If you could be present once and witness the eagerness and delight with which they listen to the story and receive the cards, you would feel repaid for the trouble you have taken to collect them.

Several hundreds of the cards were given to our day-school scholars who thanked us profusely for them; but as we only asked the American friends for the pictures, I think their gratitude should be passed along to the real donors.

Now, we have sent a box of -trash Willard calls it, to Putnam; after taking out the things designated for them they will forward the rest to you. An explanation of the articles and their use will be sent later.

Thanking you for all the kind letters and promising a longer answer next time I am yours with loving regards to all, especially little Annie.

Ellen.

[This letter dated Aug. 9, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The Kinnears were stuck in Japan because their children had whooping cough and had to stay there 6 weeks longer than their 3 weeks intended stay. The Kuliang Convention was held. Mr. Saddler of the London Mission in Amoy discussed those who were murdered in Kucheng. Willard tells the family back home about the process of obtaining land to build upon on the mountain. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
Aug. 9th 1896.

Mt. Kuliang.

Dear Folks at Home:-

During the last ten days the mail has arrived twice but other people had all the letters. Mrs. Goddard received letters from Dr. Woodhull and her sister written en route for Van Couver from Yokahama and one also written two days East from Van Couver while they were resting for Sunday. Just as the ship came into Van Couver a heavy freshet came in that region and trains for the East were delayed. Their train was the first to pass over a large bridge that had to be rebuilt. They left Yokahama June 19th. Dr. Kinneer and his family were still there. The children had the whooping cough and the ship's Dr. would not let them come on board. They intended to stay in Japan three weeks. The last we knew they were detained six weeks longer making nine weeks in all. It is too bad for the delay will bring them into the hot weather to cross the Continent and will also cut a big slice of the stay in America.

The past week all the residents of Kuliang have given themselves up to the "Kuliang Convention." There have been two meetings each day one at 9:30 A.M. and one at 5:00 P.M. there has also been a daily prayer meeting at 7:00 A.M. which we have "skipped." The meetings as a whole have been very interesting and profitable. I will enclose a programme. There are about 50 young ladies here, most of them from England, Scotland, Ireland and Australia. About ten from America. The British young ladies especially are very fond of prayer meetings, and they can attend longer services and more of them than people who have families. Then too they are entirely free from care and work connected with their stations, so we are well supplied with meetings. We found the meetings on Mon. A.M., Fri. A.M. and Sat. P.M. very interesting and helpful. Ellen and Mrs. Goddard attended Thurs. P.M. and told Dwight and me, who climbed the next to the highest peak near here, instead of going to meeting, that we missed a good service. The Memorial service Aug. 1st was very impressive. Mr. Saddler is a man of about 60 of the London Mission in Amoy. He is a very effective speaker, and made us all feel that the eleven who laid down their lives at Kucheng a year ago had served Christ in this way as they could in no other way. It is generally conceded that the connection between the massacre and the great interest in the truth in this whole region during the past nine months, is very close. Mr. Saddler made the thought very impressive, that when we came to China to work with God we gave ourselves into his care and into his service to be used in any way, whether by our lives or by our death for His glory. The meetings all through with the exception of Miss Newtons have dealt with the subjective side of the Christian life. We most need one or two meetings now to fasten these new glimpses of Truth and to help us apply them to every day life and service. There will be several conferences on different subjects following on now. This coming week we will meet to consider the Student Volunteer movement. I am to head the meeting. Then we talk of considering the subject of persecutions and how we shall act with regard to taking these troubles of the native Christians to the officials and to the Consuls. Doubtless other subjects will be presented at other meetings. I was reading an article to day in the Advance which said that a minister needed to attend some good rousing convention during his vacation, for his mind was apt to get in a starving condition, and the quiet solitude of the country was not all that he needed. Kuliang furnishes both. The Archdeacon of the English Mission here has built his house about two miles away from the other houses because he did not want any company, nor did he want people coming to see him all the time while on Kuliang. He came here to rest and he wanted quiet. I have seen him at just one of the meetings this week.

We were very happy to receive the piece of paper with a blot on it. Annie must be a very handsome baby to affect the camera in that way. Allow me Flora to suggest that next time you do not let your camera face a window. However this is a very good piece of work for an amateur. I am afraid that Phebe's photo which has reached you before you read this will be a disappointment. Phebe had had rather a tough time with her teeth. She now has ten, four in front both lower and upper, and one eye tooth and one next back of it. The two corresponding on the other side are trying to get out to the light very hard. She eats fish balls, bananas, apples, and other native fruit. Her mother gives oat meal with nearly every meal.



This may be the photo Willard is referring to in the previous passage.

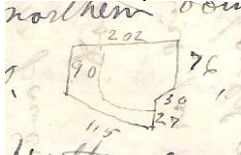
Written on back: "Phebe"

About April 1896

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

I have been negotiating for the rental of a piece of land on which to build. You will be interested in the details showing Chinese greed, custom, law, and that quality which keeps the greedy from utterly devouring the widow's house and lands. You will also see the rise in property which will equal some of the instances in the Western part of the U.S.

I wanted a piece of land on a hill top sloping to the South. The northern boundary is 202 ft E. 76 ft. S. 115,



W. 90. *Brother's gran*, three fourths of it was claimed by two brothers, grandsons of the oldest man on the mountain. The N.E. portion of this lies nearly on the hill top, and is useless. The other quarter is lower and has sometime been used to raise potatoes (sweet). I was to rent this piece of land for 20 yrs. for \$3.00 per year, all to be paid now. The land lords were to furnish a place for a well and to provide a place where stone could be gotten for the house. They wanted the contract to read that at the end of 20 yrs. the house should be owned by them. But I changed the pronoun. Well the contract, after three days of bartering was satisfactory and I was to have it all fixed up last Mon. P.M. But then an old woman- a widow without children or near relatives put in appearance. She said that her son who was an opium smoker, had sold the hill top (3/4 of the piece wanted) unknown to her some years ago to these two brothers who claim now to own it. They had given the son about \$1.50 for the land and he had given them a false deed. She now demanded of the \$50.00 if they rented the land to me. They were willing to give her \$4.00. She finally came down to \$20.00 and they raised to \$5.00. Here the matter rests. As near as I can learn

\$1.50 was a fair price for the land, but now that the value has so much increased, the man who last sold it, can come and demand a slice of the "unearned increment." This would be the case even if the sale had been bona fide. As it is the sale was not straight and the widow has the men in her power. She is a pauper, but has friends who are backing her. So long as the land remains vacant nothing will be done, but if these men rent the land without satisfying her she will take the case to the court. She has nothing to loose. The men have money. If the officers send for them the fees will not be less than \$10.00 and they will have to give up the land and loose the chance of renting. The natives tell me that if this woman were a man the case would be much better for the two landlords. Custom, public opinion, and the fear which the people have of each other are China's salvation. This fear, gives an old woman who can scarcely walk, who has to live off her neighbors, who is alone in the world, the power to say to a rich household of 60 persons "You must not" and they dare not.

The invoice for the last shipment has arrived. The goods started very promptly and should arrive about the middle of Sept. I do not see any account of table cutlery. I wonder if I made a mistake in ordering. But it makes no difference. We can live with what we have or buy here. I sent a letter to Aunt Louise last week. I directed to Shelton I believe. That was before the Ladies H.G.[?] with her Derby address arrived. We are all well and send Love

Will Ellen Phebe

Friday, 7th Aug.

9.30 A.M. Example . Miss ELLA J. NEWTON.
Rom. 14:7.
5.00 P.M. A Royal Priesthood . Rev. J. R. S. BOYD,
I Pet. 2:9.

Saturday, 8th Aug.

9.30 A.M. The Second Coming of Christ . Miss ALTHEA M. TODD.
5.00 P.M. Praise Meeting . Rev. J. MARTIN.
Sunday, 9th Aug.

5.00 P.M. Sermon . Rev. L. W. KIR.

M. E. Mission Press, Fochow

KULIANG CONVENTION.

August 1st to 9th.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND SERVICE.

1896

5.00 P.M. Memorial Service REV. J. SADLER.

5.00 P.M. Sermon REV. D. GODDARD.

9.30 A.M. Filled with the Spirit . . Miss PHOEBE WELLS.
Eph. 5:18.

5.00 P.M. { The Mutual Indwelling }
REV. W. L. BEARD, { of God and His Children }

9.30 A.M. . . *Qualifications for a Witness.* . . MISS HARRIET B. RODD.

5.00 P.M. Divine Friendship . . . REV. F. P. JOSELAND.

Wednesday, 5th Aug.

9.30 A.M..... Earthen Vessels...Miss ANNIE TOLLEY.

5.00 P.M. Sacrifice.....REV. C. C. BROWN.

Thursday, 6th Aug.

9.30 A.M. Satisfaction . Miss FLORENCE OATWAY.

5.00 P.M. { The Motive Power of }
 { Christian Service. }
 REV. G. B. SMYTH.

Jno. 14:23, 24.

[This letter dated Aug. 23, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He talks about the squeezing of money by the servants and what a problem it is. He now has land on which to build a house on Kuliang for next summer. He includes a sketch of what he would like for the house floor plan. Mr. Woodin died in America. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

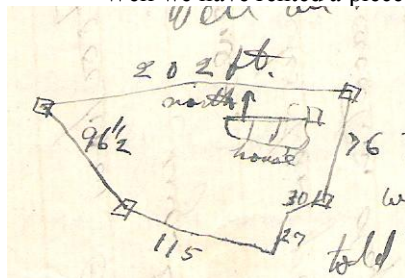
Foochow, China
Aug. 23rd 1896

Dear Folks at Home:-

Two weeks have passed since I wrote you. These vacation days fairly fly. Only one week and two days more for me, then the Seminary must begin. I shall go down Sept. 1st for the opening and see that everything starts all right. Then I shall come back and spend a few days before taking wife and baby down. The hottest weather is past on the mountain now. The days are getting shorter and the sun does not have time to heat things thro. Some days are still rather hot in the middle of the day but we must keep under blankets at night and an hour at noon is a very short time to endure the heat.

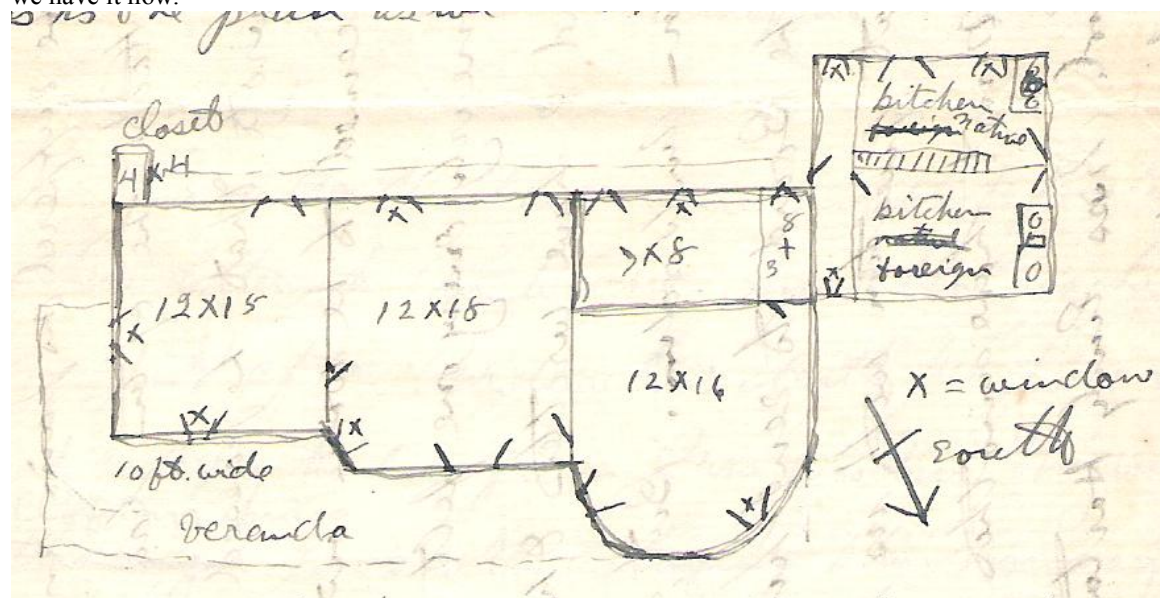
After the convention week the Chinese held meetings each afternoon for a week following much the same topics as the English services. There was much interest taken in the Chinese meetings. At the last one on Sat. P.M. several Chinese arose to confess their sins. Many of the cooks said they had been cheating and charging more for things they had bought them they had paid for them. This is something that the missionaries have been very much troubled over and which they have failed thus far to remedy. The cooks of course have us entirely in their power. We must depend on them to buy for us. The prices fluctuate, and then we do not know the prices of all articles. So they can charge any price they like. The native custom from the highest officials down is for servants to get most of their living thro squeezes. Not only do they take a portion of all the money they pay out for their employers, but no one can bring anything to us to sell without giving the servants a tip. Miss Newton happened sometime ago to order a ton of coal. She had a new servant and an honest one. When she paid for the coal the coolie who ordered it for her came back with 50 cents and said the man who brought the coal gave both cook and coolie 50 cents. He, the coolie thought it not right to take the money and so he returned it. This squeezing is felt to be wrong by all the servants, and they do not like to admit that they do it. It is a great problem for us. We pay the servants enough so that they do not need to do it. Can we treat as a Christian one whom we know is cheating in this way every day. We knew our cook was doing this last Winter and Spring, and we discharged him. Now we must look up another (Mrs. Goddard's cook is cooking for us all this summer). Shall we be able to better ourselves?

Well we have rented a piece of land. This is the shape and dimensions.



The land is rented for 24 years at \$3.00 per year and the money is all paid in advance. I believe I wrote you that an old woman without relatives and a beggar had blocked the business. Well I finally told the men I would rent the land for 4 years longer. This would give them extra money enough to cover the difference between the woman and them. I also gave him just two days to come to our agreement and he did it. I wish you could have seen the signing of the agreement. There were present two men who owned most of the land- or claimed to own it- their uncle who owned the remainder. The woman who claimed a share, and two of her relatives, my teacher and myself. The agreement was read in the presence of all. The uncle then took one of the copies to his father, an old man 87 years old to read for fear of getting cheated. Then the two men, their uncle, my teacher and myself signed the agreement. The second I put my name on one of the men grabbed the three copies which had been signed. I told him I was to have one of the copies. He said "money." So I got the checks. But before the checks were given the woman and her two relatives had to sign the deed quitting all claim on the land which her son had sold some 8 years ago without her knowledge. I gave the woman a check for \$20.00 and the uncle one for 26 and the two men one for 26 they were happy- why not. The land was bought for about \$1.35 and now after only 8 yrs. rental for \$72.00. They do not worry about the morality of accepting money before they have earned - or without having earned it. It was 25 days after agreement was written before it was signed, and not a day except Sunday when some of the parties interested did not come to say something about the matter.

We plan now to put up a house immediately so as to have it ready for occupancy next Summer. This is the plan as we have it now.



We can use either the middle or the round room for a dining room and the other two rooms will be used as sleeping rooms. The kitchen will each have a loft over them for teachers and servants. The double traced lines indicate stone walls. The stone is broken out of the quarries by hand, and laid up in the rough just like a stone wall at home only not as smoothly. Then the cracks are filled up on the outside with mud mixed with rice straw, and an apology for white plaster put over this. The inside is plastered with the same mud and straw and a very good looking wall is made. The partitions are boarded up four feet then a single set of reeds or sedge is woven in among some pieces of wood above the partition and plastered on both sides. The roof is of tiles. I want the whole done for \$1500.00 silver. This is as yet in my mind. I have not put it into a Chinaman's mind.

Your letter to Ellen came night before last. Mother's letter to Mr. Woodin must have reached them just after Mr. Woodin's death. We have received full particulars from Mrs. Woodin. They were at Clifton Springs June 10th attending the Missionary Union. Mr. Woodin was advised to take sulphur baths and did so, but he was there only a week- not long enough to do any good. Returning home he did not feel well Sunday June 21st, but did not see the doctor till Fri. and he then walked to the Drs. house in the morning. Dr. was out, called on Mr. W. in the afternoon, found him with a high fever and malaria. He had had so many like attacks that Mrs. Woodin nor he thought much about it till Sun. noon when Mrs. Woodin knew he was much worse than she had ever known him to be. She at once called the Dr. who said Mr. Woodin was past recovery. He passed away at 4:30 P.M. He suffered no pain and was hardly conscious after Sat. noon. When he had these attacks he often lay in kind of stupor for half a day at a time. Mrs. W. wrote that he passed away so quietly that they did not know the exact time. He seemed to be worn out and like a tired child fell asleep. On the field here nearly every one felt that his work was done some months ago and Goddard and I have written that a young man on the field would be of more service than Mr. Woodin. But, altho he knew this, he wanted to return and asked the Board to send him out again. The Lord had other plans. Now the great question with us is will the Board send another young man this Fall. We must have another young woman also to help Miss Newton in her school. Miss Emily Hartwell sails tomorrow from Van Couver but her work will be in the city. We want a young lady at Ponasang to be with Miss Newton. She has over 70 girls in the school and for 2 years has been alone. She cannot stand it much longer. It seems sometimes as if the work was going to break us all down. When will the young man and young woman offer themselves and when will the people to whom God has entrusted the money send them?

Phebe eats fruit and cereals and milk toast and pins and seeds and stones etc. She takes two steps alone, but she has creeping down so finely that she does not try very hard to walk. Both Ellen and she are quite well.

The last papers brought the news of the Chicago Democratic Convention. The sense this year seems to be along the line of finance, and it looks as if there was going to be a general shaking up of political parties. We shall watch the result with interest, both as to ourselves and the work. If silver goes up it means less for the work here unless more gold comes from home. But God reigneth in the Heavens and on the Earth.

Love to all Will Ellen Phebe

[This letter dated Sept. 6, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He is in charge of handling the shipping or selling the Woodin's possessions in China. The Chinese try to chase off sicknesses with lanterns, gongs and firecrackers. He often finds his time is spent dealing with persecutions, quarrels and bad reports from new church members. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang

Foochow, China

Sept. 6th '96

Dear Folks at Home:-

The mail from America has been very shy of bringing home letters recently. Last week both Ellen and I had a letter from Mrs. Woodin relating to the settling up of her affairs here. She has practically left everything in our hands with very large discretionary power. Nearly all of her household furniture, dishes, books etc. are in our house in Ponasang. We are to dispose of these as best we can, or send home to her some few things. The prices she leaves with us. This will be no easy task. Most of her things are several years of age- many could vote if they were U.S. citizens.

My work has begun, the Seminary opened last Tuesday, Sept. 1st. I went down on that day and came back Fri. afternoon. The weather was terrific, - 93 degrees in the coolest place I could find. In other houses 97 degrees and 98 degrees. At this season there is apt to be much sickness in the city and suburbs. The way the natives ward it off is to form big lantern processions and carry an image of Buddha about till daylight. Or they decorate the streets with gay colors, and about one store in five they trim up in all colors of the rainbow, and then get foreign clocks, and glass cases with wax flowers inside, and a lot of other nice looking things, and then light the whole with Chinese lanterns, and beat gongs and fire crackers and yell. The image of Buddha sits serenely in the rear of the store pleased (?) with the sights and the sounds. The first evening at Ponasang I had occasion to go over to the church and so had a good view of the proceedings the street was so full of men I could scarcely squeeze thro. At night with the ther. at 90 degrees and 100 beaters of puter for idol paper within from 40-100 ft. of my bed, and these idolatrous ceremonies as near, with canon crackers going off hourly you may imagine me not sleeping all the time. But Thurs. most of the idols were moved to another region and I forgot the heat and had a good nights rest. But how refreshing the mountain air was Fri. afternoon as I ascended into it. The Seminary was my one source of encouragement while at Ponasang. The 9 young men are all back in good health and in good spirits and have gone to work at once. Both Ming Uong and Gong Sing Sang- my native teacher are well and for a week to two will have charge of the teaching. Most of my time however was spent in dealing with persecutions or with quarrels or in listening to bad reports from new church members. This however must be expected after the great increase of the past 9 months. In my field three new chapels have been opened since May and they have all borne most of their own expenses. This is new work for the Chinese here, and it is almost inevitable that mistakes will be made. Some of the church members have been seen in the idol processions. Some are reported to have been connected with gambling, some men who I hoped would be ready to join the church this month are still smoking opium. One chapel is reported to have been fitted up with money contributed by evil men who will use the chapel for wrong purposes. The man who has taken the lead in fitting up this chapel is rather an aristocrat who joined the church last December, and who thinks more of making a big show than of being of a true heart. He has fitted up a chapel in elegant style. It stands among the other buildings on the street like a rose among dead thorns. He has spent \$30.00 more than he has collected, and now he comes to me and tells me that I promised to pay the rent on the chapel. Last Spring I spoke to the church members in this place about renting and fitting up a chapel with their own money telling them very plainly I had no money with which to help them. They tried to agree on some plan but could not raise money enough. This old man kept saying they must have a nice looking chapel or people would not come. They tried in every way to get me to help. I simply repeated what I told them at first, that I had no funds. Now this old man thinks if he goes ahead and gets a nice looking chapel all ready I will be that pleased that I will give them money to pay the debt. He finds me different from his expectations and he actually foams at the mouth as he talks and gesticulates. What is worse he is in a quarrel with a young man who lives near him. I do not know the beginning of the quarrel- some difference of opinion I think. This was fanned into a flame of hatred when the young man wrote to me that they had raised \$80.00 and spent \$65.00 on the church. The old man did not know of the letter till after he had shown me his memoranda of \$80.00 spend and \$55.00 raised. He then was too mad to be sane. I sent for both men to come to see me and talk over matters with the two Pastors. The young man arrived first. The old man came up the stairs out to the veranda. When near the top of the stairs he caught sight of the young man, and he could not have gone down those stairs quicker if he had been knocked down. He refused to see the other man, saying "When I see his face, I am so mad I do not know what to do." The young man withdrew and then the angry man came up but words were lost on him and I shall have to pray about the matter and work over the case again this week. One day

was spent in helping Dwight in a case of persecution in his district. This has been going on all Summer. Seven members of the church are not allowed to do business. Two influential men in the village command the people not to see to these members and if any one buys of them, these wicked persons give authority to any body to snatch away the goods with impunity. The Day School of the village is closed and the work on the new church is suspended- I write these things to show that a Missionary's labors do not at the present time consist of going about with a bundle of tracts and preaching to crowds on the streets until he is tired, and then going into the house and reading or writing or resting. Thursday morning before I was up I had a call and before I had finished supper five men were waiting to see me and they left just in time for me to retire reasonably early. Fri. I had to politely send a man away in order to get to the mountain before dark. These poor people are suffering. It is often due to what we may call their own impudence. But they must be taught better. Then there are those who are in distress from persecution for righteousness sake. They need sympathy and physical help. All need counsel and advice. The Missionary's store of patience should be inexhaustible. The coming year is going to be [a] hard one on my stock patience. Six centers in my field have put forth strenuous efforts toward self support. They have done it after many talks with me. Their ideal has been high. It is as hard to raise money here as anywhere, and I feel as if the next year was a very vital time. The first burst of enthusiasm will have passed ere long and then the hard pull will come. Pray for me.

Have I written that John R. Mott chairman of the Students Volunteer Movement was coming to Foochow? We expect the Conference here to begin Oct. 14th or 15th. D. Willard Lyon who arrived in Tientsin a year ago under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions is coming with him. The Conference will last 5 days. Chinese addresses (Mott's addresses translated) in the morning and English addresses in the P.M. I have the work of committee of arrangements, and it is not easier to satisfy 75 Missionaries than it is to satisfy that number of people at home, as to time, place and other details. Then we are going to try to unite the young people of the three missions more than they have been before. We are working for a grand rally and get about 1200 of the young Christians together for a day about the middle of Nov. I seem to have the arrangements for this mostly on my hands also.

Phebe is learning to walk and as a result gets numerous bumps. She is such a good creeper that she does not see the need of walking until some other children come around her. When she sees them walking she wants to do likewise. Ben must have the road all finished. I should like to drive over it. Ground was broken for our house last Fri. The men promise to have done Jan. 3rd. We expect a new Missionary about the middle of Nov. We have not heard whether it is to be a gentleman or lady. Whichever it is will board with us. Ellen is quite well.

Love to all Will.

[This letter dated Sept. 13, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Ones at Home. He has been both on the mountain and in Ponasang for the past 2 weeks, but those families on the mountain should soon be moving back down soon. Willard and Ming Uong and others settled a disagreement between 2 church members. Willard and Ellen have been married 2 years now. Word came of Mrs. C.C. Baldwin's death in America. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
Sept. 13th 1896

Mt. Kuliang.

Dear Ones at Home:-

The past two weeks I have divided between Ponasang and the Mt. I have gone down on Tues. morning and week before last returned Fri. afternoon- last week I returned Thurs. afternoon- the weather was very pleasant and comfortable last week. The mercury did not rise above 80 degrees, and I wanted a blanket at night. But it is lonely down there with no other foreigner. Four days on a stretch is enough. It is very pleasant to meet a wife and little girl again as I ascend the Mt. I have taken a sedan to and from the foot of the Mt. and walked both down and up the Mt. I can go down in 45 min. easily and can come up in 1 hr. 35 min. if the temperature is not too high. I shall go down again on Tues. and come back Fri. to go down the next Tues. with Ellen and Phebe. Week before last was very hot. Last week was cooler. It is already getting quite warm again. I am counting on a warm week this week and a cooler week next week. It makes a pretty hard life to keep running up and down and the expense is not trifle. But both Ellen and Phebe need to stay up on the Mt. till the hottest of the weather is broken. Phebe seems to feel the heat very much. She was very badly broken out with prickly heat in June and once this Summer here she has been broken out some. Next Tues. Sept. 15th, Kuliang will be nearly deserted. The schools will all begin this week. This is the signal

for all to go down. Mon. to pack and Tues. to descend. Mr. and Dr. Goddard will go then. Ellen and Phebe will be alone in the house till I come up again on Fri. Four or five houses will be occupied, so they will not be all alone.

Phebe is getting quite independent on her feet. She runs along by the side of the house and by chairs easily and thinks nothing of cutting corners with nothing to hold on to. She has eight teeth on the upper and four on the lower jaw, with two more on the lower trying hard to come thro. She talks a great deal but does not say much. She however understands very many things, either in Chinese or English. She is familiar with the word "misquitoes", and knows how to distinguish several different persons when the names are spoken and understands when we talk about her food or a drink of water. The word "dog" or "cow" makes her very animated. She continues as healthy as ever. Wouldn't it be fine if she and Annie could see each other!! We are anxiously waiting a letter from Oliver and Grace for only then shall we have the praises of the dear little cherub worthily sung.

I think I wrote you a week ago about the old man who had been fixing up a chapel this Summer and is now in trouble because he has spent more money than he could collect and because he could not bluff me into paying something which I had not promised and which I had on five different occasions distinctly told him I could not pay. I wrote also about how angry he became and how mad he was at a young man who lived near him, because this young man had written me a letter giving a different account of the finances of the new chapel from that which the old man himself gave. Well, this last week I again invited both men to come to my home and meet with some of the pastors and Christians. The old man came first and took a much more hopeful view of the financial situation. He says he can raise the money all right, and wants the chapel dedicated in about four weeks. When this was nearly settled the young man came up the stairs on the veranda where we sat. The elder man immediately went down stairs. I kindly invited him to return and Ming Uong went down and talked with him. But not till I had asked the young man to withdraw to the dining room would he come back. We talked with him for some time. I called his attention to the "forgive" petition in the Lord's Prayer and made it very clear that if he could not forgive the young man, he was asking God not to forgive him. After a time he consented to let the young man be called. I asked the young man if he felt sorry for what he had said and written. He answered "yes." I then asked him if he wished to be forgiven. He said "yes." Then I asked the old man if he was willing to forgive, and he said yes. We then knelt and two prayers were offered, after which we consulted in regard to a case of persecution, and before we separated the old man had frankly spoken his opinion in a calm manner and had also offered prayer for the persecuted. I felt very much encouraged.

A letter from each home arrived last week. They reported the visit of the Putnamites, Phebe's graduation, Flora's intended visit to Putnam and return to East Berlin. The road stoned to Donovan's gate, and dug out to school house, grandparent's at church, haying in progress. Etc. Etc. This mail has been delayed somewhere. It was nearly two months coming.

A week ago yesterday was our wedding anniversary- no. 2. Four young ladies from Amoy who are spending the Summer near here came over in the evening and ate goose with us to celebrate.

Theodore Hubbard arrived Sept. 6th. Mrs. H. and the boy are both doing well. This makes three girls and three boys.

The excavation for our house goes on slowly. This morning as I was on my way to Chinese service I saw the full force at work up on the hill. I went up and told them this was Sunday and they must not work. But they immediately said they had not been informed. I told them they knew now, and must stop. I asked them to accompany me down to service. One accepted and after the rest had taken their tools and left we two went to church where we listened to a simple sermon on PS. 90:12. Much of the talk also was based on Math. 6:19 + The man listened attentively thro the whole service.

Tues. evening Ponasang.-

I started from the Mt. this morning at 6:45, and reached Ponasang at 9:00. My theory about the heat is proving real thus far. The ther. has registered 84 all day and stands there now. I hope next week when Ellen and Phebe come down the ther. will also come down.

It seems quite like old times here now. Miss Newton came down yesterday preparatory to opening school Thurs. Mr. Hartwell came from Sharp Peak last Fri. and I have seen him twice today. To-night I think of Mr. and Mrs. Peet and family, Miss Chittenden [*Caroline E.*], Mr. and Mrs. Goddard as in the city and tomorrow we have our first prayermeeting.

Another home mail arrived this noon. It came to me. I looked over finding papers and letters for all the folks but us, and wondered at it until I remembered that the mail distributors were informed yesterday that the others were all coming down- we were going to stay on the Mt. another week. So Ellen will have the pleasure of whatever letters came. As for papers, I have a whole stack of Mr. Walker's papers here to read if I have time.

Wed. A.M. 6:30. Ther. 80 degrees. Quite cool. We have just heard of Mr. [*actually Mrs.*] C.C. Baldwin's death. She went home just 31 days after Mr. Woodin, Dr. Baldwin writes very pathetically. In his 77th year he is

quite well, but few husbands and wives were as attached as he and Mrs. Baldwin. He will feel very lonely and his desire will be to join her as soon as possible. This makes the third Foochow worker who has gone to his reward since last Feb. 22nd. Our question is- when will God send more to take their places. The work is more than doubled in the last 3 years. The force!!! When we came to Foochow there were 27 missionaries here. To day there are 17- Miss Emily Hartwell will arrive next week Tues. and Mr. and Mrs. Peet will go home next Spring. If no more come out next year we shall have 16 to do twice the work that 27 were doing 2 yrs. ago. But God has a purpose in it all. The Chinese are learning to do more for themselves and the missionary is learning (or ought to be) to help them less. Kiss Annie for us all and take our love.

Will.

[This letter dated Sept. 23, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Because there have been jokes about his penmanship, Willard has started typing his letters. They moved back from the mountain and their house at Kuliang should be ready in May. The box was received from home and the enclosed cheese made quite an impression on them when the box was opened. They are still working on the disposal of items from Mrs. Woodin's house. Willard comments on the upcoming election and choosing either a gold or silver standard. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China Sept. 23rd. 1896.

Dear Folks at Home,-

When I was taking lessons in Bookkeeping of Mr. Joseph Tomlinson he told me that my hand writing was below par. Since that time very many persons in different parts of the world have agreed with him. Oliver once told me that he could not spend time to decipher my letters, so he let the others read them and tell him the contents. Since I have been in China the Missionaries have had a standing joke about my penmanship. Dr. Whitney declares he cannot get the meaning of the letters I send him. I know you folks at home would say the same thing if you spoke your mind freely. The only one that might differ would be Flora, and she is prejudiced because she has already said that if I ever wrote a letter to her on a typewriter she would not read it. Now I am truly sorry for her, but really I do not see what to do about the matter, except to write you as usual and allow her to get the substance from you. Fairchild says that "Benevolence" consists in regarding the greatest good of the greatest number. This I am trying to do.

Fri. Sept. 18th I went to the mountain again and remained till Mon. when we all came down. Sunday was a homesick kind of a day. The sun did not get out at all, and there were only a few people left. We had a service at which I held forth. In all there were eighteen present. Of these only four were men, the rest women. This week will see nearly every house deserted. The men are still digging away at the sidehill to make a level place for our house. They agreed to have it all finished Jan. 3rd, but if it is ready for occupancy by the first of next May we shall be satisfied. It was very hot coming down the mountain Mon., the sun had unhindered access to our path, and the wind could not strike at all. But when we reached the plain there was a fine breeze all the way home. Phebe seemed to enjoy the journey, talking to the birds and other objects along the way.

The weather seemed to understand that we were green hands in China, and the delightful cool atmosphere that I had found for two weeks, withdrew in favor of 90 degree weather. Every day has been sultry and hot, - much like our dogdays at home, only more so in all bad respects. The little girl feels the heat very much. Her neck is covered with prickly heat and she looks as if she was miserable. To add to her trials, two double teeth are just coming thro. She is running wherever her fancy leads her. This helps to make her cross, (for I shall have to admit that she is cross these days. She continues to sleep well at night tho, so it is not as bad as it might be. We are going to have a hard time to tell whether she is to speak her native tongue or Chinese. Several words already she says in the Foochow colloquial. Would you not laugh to hear her come home now and address you in the Chinese tongue?

The boxes from Boston arrived last Fri. just as I was starting for the mountain, so I had to let them remain till Tues. before opening them. Every thing came in good condition. The cheese- ah, well the cheese. Its strength was not at all impaired by the long journey. It came out as fresh and strong as when it was put in. I believe if the engine had at any time given out that cheese could have pulled the load alone. But Ellen says it is good, so never mind, it has done no harm, and we will call it - - CHEESE. A little blue salt or pepper shaker surprised us as we opened the box, the samples of cocoa and soap also came in perfect condition. If we are to thank any one for these - THANK YOU- The different pieces of cloth also came in good condition. The doll's head made Phebe beg for it. The picture cards will make the little Chinese eyes bug out with delight, and anticipation.

We have had two mails this week. One came Wed. and one tonight. - Fri. The picture of "the most wonderful baby on this side of the earth" arrived in perfect condition. The earth is now balanced, and ought to run

smoothly for two months. I was very much please to receive a good long letter from Oliver also. Mr. Kenneston sent a cheerful, spicy letter at the same time. The mail to-night brings a letter from Mrs. Woodin merely repeating what she wrote in the last, in case that should be lost. Dr. Smith writes a very pleasant letter from the Rooms at Boston in reply to mine of July 6th. He says nothing about finances in which we folks out here are particularly interested. The work has assumed such large proportions that merely to keep up with it requires a large amount of money. Of course the Chinese are themselves giving liberally in many places, but there are many important centers where the work is new, and to curtail in these places means disaster. Then as I wrote last week it seems as if we must have more foreign workers.

Just now Ellen and I are both utilizing every moment possible in settling Mrs. Woodins affairs. She has left a lot of things to be sent to her, and more to be sold and others to be given away or destroyed. It is very slow work, for I can work only half a day at a time. The Mission work demands the rest. You should see our house. Not a room put in order yet. Mrs. Woodins things everywhere. Today I nailed up the first box, and got two more under headway, so the coast is beginning to clear.

I expect times are pretty lively at home just now. The issue is entirely one of principle. This I consider fortunate. Both candidates are clean men, with clean records. The youth of the country will not have to read a lot of filthy stuff in order to get the campaign news. On the other hand they will be educated in one of the greatest questions that the countries of the world have to deal with. A dissertation on the relative merits of gold and silver as monetary standards, from me, would not influence the coming election greatly so I refrain. At the same time I cannot help thinking from what I have been able to read, that the Silverites are working for the poorer classes and the Goldites are pulling for the moneyed classes. It is not at all strange that the people who have money due them should desire to be paid in gold, and the people who owe of course would prefer to pay in the cheaper metal. But whether the gold or the silver standard will be better for the poor man in the long run is the question. I see one paper in Ohio recommends the free coinage of mud at the ratio of 6,000,000,000 to 1. Well I expect that neither party will demolish the government in four years. If something can be done to let the merchants and others who invest money, know upon what basis to make their estimates, and upon what to depend, they will be willing to invest.

Ellen thinks we have done enough for one day and had better go to bed.

Good night.

Mon. Sept. 28th.

The Shanghai steamer came in to day, so I must finish this and start it eastward. The first and most important new is – It is HOT- I think the mercury rises as high at home, but it never continues as hot for a long period. Day and night there is no let up. People say it is unusual at this season. I hope so. Phebe bears it bravely, but she looks most uncomfortable, with her little head covered with red blotches. Tonight we have another theater to make things lively.

Yesterday the churches here were full. Geu Cio Dong was filled to the doors and men left for want of room. What is to be done here I do not know. The people are doing bravely at self support, but they do not seem to be able to build a large church. It will require about \$1500 to enlarge this church so that it will seat 1000 people.

We are not going to send to you for an order of groceries etc. this Fall. The cereal that came last Spring is not all gone yet. If we want one or two things it is very easy to send to Boston. The planes that arrived last week have already nearly paid for themselves. I have had to make special boxes for three of Mrs. Woodins articles, and the planes were indispensable.

Fruit is just beginning to be good again, after a few months of comparative scarcity. Pumeloes, and persimmons are very good. Bananas are good part of the time. Phebe enjoys all kinds of fruit. It is also good for her. She often eats a whole banana and used to eat peaches and plumbs like old folks. As soon as I get some of Mrs. Woodins things off my hands, I am going to make a chicken coop and buy some fowls. We then shall have good eggs and good poultry to eat. The idea that it makes no difference on what hens are fed, about the quality of the eggs, is erroneous. It does not take any more of an expert than I, to tell the difference.

The M.E. Mission has just received an addition of a young man whose name is McVey. I met him today, and one of the first things he said was that he had a card of introduction from Davis. He met Davis in Leipsic, about Spring. It was unusual to hear from an acquaintance in such a round about way, as McVey came back by way of the States. The message came more than half way round the globe. It is Davis' business to start another class letter on its way around the world, but I expect his mind is so taken up with Ph.D. and Matrimonie, that he has not time for miner details.

Well this machine is getting tired. So wishing you all the best things from the Giver of all good.

We are with lots of love,

Ellen, Phebe, Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 1, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Mr. Mott and Lyon and many native preachers and teachers will be coming to the Foochow Conference of Christian Workers. He checked on the excavation of his future Kuliang house and found it was not to his specifications. He and Ellen have now been missionaries for 2 years and Willard feels that it was the right thing for him to do with his life. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, October, 1st. 1896.

Dear Folks at Home;-

I am writing this simply to let one of my boys see the wonderful machine that can write.

Oct. 10th.- This paper has enjoyed quite a rest. I on the other hand have not. Mrs. Woodin's boxes are all packed but one little lacquer box which is not dry. We have one room full of her things. It is a veritable curiosity shop. Every thing in it from an old tin plate to a mahogany bureau. I just let the things rest there, and nearly every day something is disposed of. To-day has been an especially good day in sales. 9.00 p.m. Consulting with Miss Newton about the program for the S.E. rally to be held Nov. 18th. has consumed the evening, so I must say good night, and good bye till another time.

Sunday p.m. 4:30. Today has been the regular day for the 9th month Communion. All of our churches that could, have observed it. Those that have no ordained pastor and those where an ordained pastor or a missionary could not attend, will celebrate next week or week after. Today at Geu Cio Dong 9 people joined, and at Ha Puo Ga 6. I think that 5 or more will join at other places in my field in a week or two, making the number for the Suberbs 20. As many more have been examined and asked to wait. For the first time, I have today helped in administering the Sacrament. I went over to Ha Puo Ga, and finding the pastor laboring under a heavy cold, I accepted his invitation to help at the service. This means that hereafter I must stay at home if I do not wish to take part in the service.

Query, - how long before I preach the first sermon in Chinese?

The Foochow Conference of Christian Workers is the all absorbing topic now. I received a telegram last night at 11.00 o'clock saying that they would start from Shanghai today. "They" means Messrs Mott and Lyon. So they will arrive here tomorrow or Tues. The conference will begin Wed. morning with a session in Chinese. There will be two Chinese and two English sessions each day. The tent which is in process of construction will seat about 1500 people. I think it will be full. Very encouraging letters have come from country stations far up in the country, announcing that plans were being made to send native preachers, teachers etc. down to Foochow to attend the conference.

The weather has at last changed. It was an awful struggle but the cooler head has at last come off victorious. Today is the first that I have been able to wear my ordinary home Summer clothes, since we came from Kuliang. The mercury stands at 74 now. Phebe is looking quite like a healthy child again. The heat came out on her so badly that she resembled one who has been poisoned and is just getting well. The skin that covered the festers of heat is all peeling off. She is sitting at the table with us for dinner and supper. We let her eat most every thing that we eat except meat. She is very fond of fruit and eats most kinds without harm. She is getting too old for two naps a day. One nap a little before noon is all she can find time for. This makes her sleepy earlier than formerly and she now wants to go to bed as soon as her supper is over. I have Annie's picture and Phebe's on my desk side by side. They are two pretty good specimens. I should think Annie was a little fatter than Phebe. She has never been fat, only plump. If she would be content to keep still long enough the fat might accumulate now as the weather is all right and she is eating us out of house and home, and sleeping like a log every night.

I went to Kuliang last Monday to see the house. The mason told me the excavating was done and he wanted to have me stake out the position of the house. I went up and found the land all smoothed off nicely, but the excavation was only 6 feet and a half. It was to have been 7 feet. Be-sides the lower portion of the land was not excavated at all. This would let the water run under the house when it rained. So our house is not yet done. One of the greatest reforms that Christianity has to accomplish in China is that of making men keep their agreements. I agreed with the carpenter to give him so much to make a speakers stand and some seats for the meetings this week. The work was to be done Tues. noon. I was over yesterday and the job was not half finished. About three fourths of the time was gone. I told the man that for every hour after twelve o'clock Tues. noon, I should cut him 50 cents. We buy potatoes and stipulate emphatically that there shall be no small ones. The tubers are brought just as they are taken out of the ground. It is not at all pleasant to be compelled to keep punishing by cutting in money payments and other ways all the time, but if this people were perfect or comparatively so, we should have no business here. Then we and the nation which we represent are not above reproach in many of the qualities for which we blame the Chinese. These two facts, especially the former, are a great help to me in being patient.

I must close this now. We have not had a home mail for a long time, the next steamer should bring as news from you. All about what each one is doing this Fall. More than two years have passed since we said goodbye to the dear ones in Conn. The time has passed very swiftly, and pleasantly. I have never had the thought come to my mind that I ought to be doing anything else than working right here. I do not know why I should have thought of it now. Before we actually decided to come to Foochow, I used often to wonder if this were really God's plan. But for two years now I have not thought as there could be anything else for me to do.

Give our love to all the friends. Hug and kiss Annie. Congratulate grandfather and grandmother on their 55th wedding anniversary (if I'm right). Tell Mr. Park I'll try hard to get a letter around for the New Year. Take a lot of love for yourselves from us all.

Will, Ellen, Phebe.

[This letter dated Oct. 25, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Mr. Mott and Mr. Lyon arrived just on time for the Foochow Convention. One of the topics discussed at the convention was a need for a National Y.M.C.A. for China. Willard hints at the coming of another baby. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, Oct. 25th 1896.

Dear Folks at Home:-

It seems as if it had been a long time since I had sent a letter eastward, but if I am right in my calculations, it was only about two weeks ago. These two weeks have been full tho, so the time may seem longer on that account. I cannot give as detailed an account of the doings of the last fortnight as I should like, but I will try in the little time remaining before I crawl into my little bed to give a brief outline of events.

When I last wrote Messers. Mott and Lyon had not arrived. The meetings were advertised for Oct. 14th. The steamer was late and the gentlemen reached Pagoda Anchorage at 1.00 p.m. Oct. 13th. I had spent all the day Oct. 12th. trying to find out when they would arrive, and decided to let them come up the river alone. But the 13th. dawned bright and clear, with a good breeze blowing down river. I arose a little early and took my houseboy, and hired a sampan. We were at Pagoda in 2 hours and 30 minutes. I took dinner with Dr. Whitney, and had just arisen from the table as the steamer came in sight. The trip up the river we spent in arranging affairs for the Convention. We arrived at Ponasang at 4.00 p.m. It was decided that the gentlemen should go into the city that night and visit Mr. Peet's school. Mrs. Mott who accompanies her husband on this trip, spent the night at Miss Newton's. At 9.30 a.m. of the 14th. the first session would commence. I was over the river where the tent was to be erected, at 8.00 o'clock. Just about one half the work was done. I was sick- that is sick of depending on Chinese workmen to do anything on time. But Ming Uong and the 9 young men who are studying Theology under me proved true. We all took off our coats and in less time than I am writing this we had a covering of cotton cloth over the seats, and the meetings began on time.

The friends had to return in three days, so the meetings had to be crowded in pretty thick. There were three meetings in the tent each day for three days. Beside these, Six Institutions were visited, and a Y.M.C.A. instituted in each. Also one session in English was held each day. The friends left at 10.15 Oct. 16th.

The results of the work done during those three days cannot be written now. We can see only a few of the influences which we exerted. The people here are alive to the benefits and necessity of a National Y.M.C.A. for China. As I have already said six local Associations were established here in Foochow. Each of the three Missions is planning to send a delegate to Shanghai this week to attend a convention of the leading Educators in the Empire, for the purpose of establishing the National Association. Beside the Missionaries and other Foreigners, who attend, there will be present several English speaking Chinese from the various Colleges and schools in the Empire. At least two will go from Foochow. It has been my good fortune to be chosen by our Mission to represent them at this Conference. I expect to start next Fri. Oct. 30th. and shall be gone a little over a week. So before this intelligence reaches you I shall be back in Foochow.

There are now about a 20 Associations in China. These are scattered from Tientsin to Canton. They reach into the interior to Hankow. Gilbert Reid will be present at Shanghai to represent some of the interests among the higher classes in North China. Dr. Sheffield of our Board will come from Tungchoo. Mr. Banister of the English and Mr. Smyth of the Methodist Mission will go from Foochow.

The day after the friends left, an interesting gathering was held in the tent by the Chinese. On the Sunday following the church members of the three Missions here met together in the tent for a united Communion service. About 700 were present. 550 partook of the Sacrament. The oldest Pastor present, Ming Uong's father, stood before the audience and said that in his more than 30 years of service, here in Foochow as a Pastor he had never witnessed

such a sight. He was glad to see the union. The Christians of our Mission and those of the English Mission are working hard to get the three Missions united. The Methodists rather stay by themselves.

At the Convention were 51 preachers, 570 students, 150 teachers, and over 400 others. A good number volunteered for the ministry and a very large number agreed to study the Bible daily. Prayer and Bible study are impressed on the minds of the Foochow native Christians as never before.

[*The remainder of the letter is handwritten.*]

Phebe is a joy forever. Wonder what she would say to another incumbent. - Ellen is delighted (?) with the rapidity and perfection with which her tailor does his work. The Shaowu people are hindered on account of sickness and are still here at Ponasang.

Lovingly Will.

[*This letter dated Oct. 16, 1896 was written by Ellen Lucy Kinney Beard from Foochow, China to her family back home in the states. The letter was started in October and finished in December. Willard was in Shanghai for various missionary meetings. The Gardner's and Dr. Bliss are leaving for Shaowu after being away from there for a year because of a massacre. She reports that in November she gave birth to a baby boy named Myron Gould. She talks of her missionary work preparing for Christmas and tells a funny story about daughter Phebe and a doll. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Foochow, China,
Oct. 26", '96. [1896]

Dear Home Friends,

It is time I began another letter to you. The needle was mailed day before yesterday and this is the knot-at-the-end-of-the-thread.

I don't think I shall dare write such familiar and nonsensical letters if you are going to send them as a whole to Mr. Beard's people and others. I naturally have written them only for the family knowing of course that you would tell or read some portions to others; but if your scrutinizing and conservative judgment does not condemn them or feel ashamed of them I suppose their author ought not to be.

I am glad you asked these questions in your last letter indicating what had been lacking in my previous letters as I often do not recall when I sit down to write what I have not written nor know what you would most like to know. But in this letter I would like to write about things to which you have suffered or about which you have asked in former letters.

First let me say that I suspect there have been about two home-bound mails lost; one leaving here a little over a year ago now in which there was a letter to Mr. Sargent from Willard which we thought would be read on Church Day or, at least at the Missionary Concert preceding; but of which you have never written not Mr. Sargent ever acknowledged. The other leaving here last January in which there was a letter from me describing our last year's Thanksgiving party at the Consulate of which I distinctly remember of writing and which could not have reached you in December at which time you say your last letter from me was received. I am particularly sorry that Mr. Sargent's letter was not received, for obvious reasons.

Nov. 8.

My pen has had a long rest and I doubt if I can recall all that has transpired between, that might be of interest to you. One thing I do not forget, in that time is our largest separation since our marriage. Willard has been in Shanghai for a week and during that time Phebe and I have been in the house alone with the servants in the basement.

The occasion of his going was an outcome of the visit of Messrs. Mott [*John R. Mott, 1946 Nobel Peace Prize winner*] and Lyon. During Mott's trip through China he has organized twenty-five Y.M.C.A.'s in the Educational Institutions where he has held conferences; and before he left China he picked delegates, one foreign and one native from each of those institutions to meet at a central city, Shanghai, and organize a National Union. Willard represented the Theological Seminary and Mr. Peet the College. Three other foreigners went from the other missions here.

They started from here at 7 o'clock, Saturday morning Oct. 31" and arrived home yesterday morning rather unexpectedly to me. Willard was dreadfully seasick both ways and now that he has landed at home is in bed living on toast and milk, and under the Dr.'s care. A very poor sailor, I fear he would make. It takes two days and one night to make the distance from Foochow to Shanghai. Willard was appointed secretary of the meeting. Upon him

also, devolved the management and responsibility of the Mott Conference, and there was a great deal of planning and hard work to be done for it; so I was very glad that he could have this little rest from regular duties, and recreation in the trip, but don't know as he is going to gain so much as I had hoped from it, the voyage was so trying to him.

Our Annual Meeting begins next Tuesday and Willard has had charge of arrangements for a tent (a huge affair of matting and bamboo) to be erected in our compound for holding the meetings. With so much to attend to he can ill afford to be sick long. We shall have lively times in our compound for the next week.

Tomorrow the Missionaries whose work is at Shaowu, several hundred miles up the Min river, return to their field after the summer vacation spent here and at Sharp Peak. The company consists of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, their three boys and Dr. Bliss. They came down a year ago last summer and on account of the massacre the Consul did not give his consent to their return the following October as they had planned; but Mr. Gardner and Dr. Bliss went up later, returning for this last summer, while Mrs. G. and the children have remained here a year and a half. As she goes unaccompanied by any other woman and will probably not see any other foreign woman till she returns next summer, she will probably be rather lonely. Mrs. Walker who died last fall has always been up there with her before. They have occupied Dr. Kinnear's house in our compound since they came from Sharp Peak and we shall miss them when that house is shut up and vacant and there is no one but Miss Newton and us in this compound. They have been detained here a month longer than they expected on account of the illness of the two youngest children of dysentery.



Written on back of photo: "Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear wish you all a bright 'Good Morning'." And also in different handwriting: "The comfortable temporary home of one of our missionary doctors (Dr. Kinnear of Foochow). One of the newest and best houses of the Foochow Mission."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

December, the sixth.

As this news could not reach you in time to be counted among your blessings for Thanksgiving, nor yet to be hung on your Christmas Tree or put into your stockings, we present you with a little Grandson and Nephew for a New Year's gift, as reaching you nearest that distinguished day of any unless it be better to call him a Valentine or his Grandpa's Birthday gift.

In November, the thirteenth at 1:20 P.M. the new little life began and brought a great new joy into our home. We have both gotten along nicely and are now today for the first time all out in the library with the regular routine of life taking up again.

"Boy" or "Buoy" as Phebe pronounces it, weighed 8 ½ lbs. on his arrival- over ½ lb. more than Phebe weighed. The first week he gained 1 ¾ lbs. a very remarkable gain. We thought Phebe a very strong child but this one goes ahead of her. His papa often remarks that he doesn't think of being careful of him in handling him,- it doesn't seem natural to be, he is so stiff and strong. The way he stretches and straightens and kicks, and the kaleidoscopic variation of physiognomy resultant there from is certainly amusing to say the least. This is the fiftieth anniversary of the Mission in Foochow and as he came in the midst of our Annual Meetings in which we celebrated the Jubilee, it was suggested that we name him Nathan Jubilee. We hesitated some time between Myron Gould and Nathan Bennett for a name; the latter, to have him like Phebe, named for the great-grandparent; the former, for both grandfathers. But I wanted Willard to name his first boy and as Myron Gould was his first choice, of course it was mine. We call him Gould to avoid confusion by having two Myrons in the family and also to have a name somewhat new and unique. We were over two weeks deciding on a name for him but were less than that number of hours deciding our little girl's name. He has brown eyes like his father, I think, and dark brown hair.

[The next paragraph is written by Willard.]

At this p't E. left to give the little dear his supper. I have read the letter once- out of curiosity, but according to our custom of always knowing and criticizing each others letters- I want to write just a word re the first paragraph of this letter. You must continue to send these letters (RARE GEMS) to the home in Shelton. They would feel very badly indeed to be deprived of any letters at all from Ellen. Ellen also seconds this command. It was only her false(?) modesty that led her to write that first paragraph- Loving Father of the Boy.

[Back to Ellen's handwriting.]

Dec. 13th 1896.

Phebe loves her little brother very much, and expresses it by kissing and hugging him, the latter quite to his displeasure. He thinks too, that she pats him on the head rather savagely sometimes; but she gives it all in love. The other evening Phebe was very tired and for the first time thought little Gould had usurped her rights. She pulled at my dress asking me to come, ran to the bed and told me in, in Chinese, to put the boy down there then came back and asked me to take her. This was plainer than she ever expressed herself before.

Dec. 13.

This letter having taken three long rests decides to be finished and start for America.

I have been busy for the last two days preparing cards for Christmas distribution. We give this season over four hundred cards to women and children only, who are members of the church, and of the schools. The finest and largest cards of all that are sent us during the year must be selected for Christmas gifts; they often need the edges trimmed after their long journey through the mail; and these things with the counting and apportioning to each church and school preparatory to our teacher's writing the names on them takes more time than one would think. This is one of the small branches of missionary work but contributes much to the happiness of the Chinese,- small as regards my share of the work, but very much appreciated as regards the work and sacrifice of contributing and collecting at your end of the line.

Each church and chapel has its celebration on a different day so that its members may attend all the others.

In my next letter I will give you some account of how they celebrate Christmas.

Now something more about the children, of course. I must tell you about Phebe's doll. Some one from Willard's home sent a doll's head to her, in a box; but as it was breakable we thought it best not to give it to her until she knew better how to handle things. But Mr. Goddard bought her a doll (all dressed) of the Shanghai merchant who was here for a week or two.

You should have seen the expression on her face when she received it. She looked astonished to see a human being (as she evidently thought it) so small and acted as if she were waiting to see what it would do. Then she reached out her hands and took it, held it up to look at it again then hugged it to her bosom as naturally as a mother would her child. Back and forth she ran from one room to another putting the doll down in a chair and taking it up again many times. Finally she dropped it on the floor and in trying to pick it up stepped on the dress which was made of thin cheap silk. She grasped the doll gave it a jerk that entirely faced it from its gay gown leaving it in rags on the floor while a few shreds dangled from its neck. Before she went to bed that night the

unfortunate doll had lost an arm; and in five short days, all that remained of this luckless doll was a one-armed headless body with a petticoat and sash on. Not all of her toys end their career so promptly.

By the By I want my two old dolls sent in the next box, the wax one and the "speckled faced" paper-head doll, with the hat, just as they are. The one will be a great treasure to her a few years later; the other will stand hard usage by another family of children I think.

Well I drifted off on to a branch stream and found myself so far from the main channel that I have not attempted to return against the current of thought; so "the things to which you have referred or about which you have asked in former letters" are not "written about" after all. [*Letter torn*] you are as well and happy as we are under the one Father's care,

I am

Your loving daughter

And sister,

Ellen L.K.B.

N.B.- This letter is too stale to be sent away from home to anybody.

E.L.K.B.

That is to say, I shall be overjoyed to hear, - as I have heard from each one of my letters excessively, - that it has been read with pleasure and profit by all friends near and far, and that it has been read in the columns of the Patriot.

[This letter dated Nov. 10, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He went to Shanghai for the Annual Meeting and was very seasick on the trip up. While there he visited a cotton mill and felt it was very similar to those in the U.S. He feels Shanghai will become the New York of China. It was decided at the meeting to organize a National Y.M.C.A. of China. The Gardners and Dr. Bliss left for Shaowu. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, Nov. 10th. 1896.

Dear Folks at Home;-

Just before I started for Shanghai I dropped a short letter into the mail for you. Two weeks have again slipped away and no writing has gone homeward in the meantime. Our Annual meeting begins tonight and the next ten days will be fully occupied so I must dash off a few lines to let you know we are well and in working order.

On the trip up the coast from Foochow to Shanghai I was seasick. Please notice I use no adjectives. I leave you to use your most vivid imagination. No man was ever sicker than I was. We started Sat. a.m. at 6 o'clock from Ponasang. The steamer left Pagoda at 12 noon. A head wind made the ship pitch all the way. Sun. night we anchored at the mouth of the Shanghai river. At daylight we went up the river reaching the city at 9.30 o'clock. There were ten of us in the party. Five foreigners and five natives. We went directly to the Presbyterian Press and were assigned to various places in the city for entertainment. In the afternoon we went with the Chinese out to see the big cotton mills in which Li Hung Chang is a very large owner. These mills cover several acres of ground, are run night and day, are lit by electricity, and furnish employment to 5000 persons. The machinery is driven by a giant engine made by a firm in England. It seemed for a little time that I was in one of our American cities looking thro a big factory. The only thing to remind me that this was China were the Chinese. The operatives are mostly women. The looms are tended entirely, so far as I saw, by women. The men were engaged in the heavier labor. A large number of boys were also at work at the spindles and then lighter parts of the work. The cotton comes to the mills from the cotton Gin. It goes out in the cloth. The machinery is of the most modern type and there is no reason why these mills should not compete with the mills of any other country. As yet only plain, unbleached, white cotton cloth is made. But as the cotton is raised near the mills and as labor is so cheap- about \$8.00 per month- gold- England and Germany which have shipping this cloth to us in large quantities, must feel the difference in the amount of trade.

This mill is controlled by Chinese capital. One Foreigner is employed to be at the head and look after the running of the machinery, and have general supervision of the mills. Otherwise the Chinese do all. The location is a little over three miles down the river from the city of Shanghai. Adjoining this mill are two other large mills in process of construction. These are built with foreign money. Each is about the size of the one in operation. This new industry has the same effect on the city of Shanghai as it would on any city in the U.S. There is a great influx of population, and wages are creeping up fast. There seems little doubt that Shanghai is soon to be a large and influential city, - the New York of China. Just now everything seems to be centering there.

While in Shanghai I met J. Arnold Norcross a class mate in the Birmingham High School. I was too busy to talk long but it was very pleasant to meet an old schoolmate for even a quarter of an hour.

The Conference of course was first in order. We held five sessions. Two on Wed. and three on Thurs. There were present 21 voting and 13 visiting delegates. Each Institution in which a Y.M.C.A. had been started was allowed one voting member. These were mostly Foreigners, but in some cases the Chinese were given the power of wielding the ballot. Perhaps I was the youngest member of the company. At the other extreme were Dr. D.Z. Sheffield of our Board from Tuncho, and Dr. Calvin W. Mateer, Presbyterian, from Tunchow.

It was voted to organize a National Y.M.C.A. in China. The time was then given to the constitution, and the terminology to be used. Nearly all the terms used in an organization of this kind have been coined by Missionaries. In this big Empire of course a great many different terms have stood for the same idea. And so when these men from different parts come together to decide on some one term which shall represent the same idea in all parts, there is much discussion. After the committee of the best scholars had worked for hours together - some of them had been working for weeks - The Convention spent over an hour on the term for "Young Men's Christian Association." But in the discussion there was the utmost unity and all were satisfied at last. An Executive Committee of 14 was elected and the National Y.M.C.A. of China is now a fact. The management of the National Association is in the hands of this Executive Committee. Another Committee is appointed to decide on the relation the Student Volunteer Movement shall bear to this Y.M.C.A. I was unable to remain for the meeting of this Committee, as the steamer left Thurs. morning at daylight. If I waited for the next steamer it would delay me too long. So I left Ming Uong to do the business for me. By the way he is one of the Executive Committee of the National Association.

There are at present 26 Y.M.C.A.s in China. More will soon be formed. From the way in which this Movement has started, and the way in which the students of China are taking hold of it, I believe it will be a mighty power in this land to lead young men to Christ. One of the greatest advantages of the movement, is to come out of the union of the Christian young men of China. And the union of these again with the Christian young men of the world. The "World's Student Christian Federation" will encircle the globe as soon as Japan comes in. What a power against the forces of evil! - This band of Christ's Disciples with hands and hearts joined forming a complete circle of the globe!

Phebe is becoming more and more interesting each day. She is talking as much as a girl of her age ought to. She points to her nose, eyes, ears, mouth, hands, feet, etc. and can express "yes" and "no", calls the kitty, and wants her Papa to use the napkin if a little of the food gets on her hand or mouth at the table. I am afraid if she were to be the only child long she would become very proud.

The Shaowu people, -Mr. and Mrs. Gardner and three children and Dr. Bliss, started for Shaowu yesterday morning. That field needs a young man and wife and two young ladies. We must have a man and wife and three young ladies here. How long will God wait before sending them?

Lovingly Will, Ellen, Phebe.

I want a photo of Stanley. I wish it might be full length. Will

[This letter dated Nov. 14, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He is announcing the birth of their son who is yet to be named. Ding Ming Uong will be attending the Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation in Massachusetts in 1897. He asks his family if they would like him to visit at the farm for a week. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, Nov. 14th. 1896.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I have time for just a word this morning concerning very interesting business. Yesterday at 1.20 p.m. a young Missionary, a single gentleman, arrived. He will board with us for the present. His name is _____ . Phebe is as much pleased as any of us. The only thing that she rebels at, is the lack of attention which she receives since the new arrival. She realizes that something has changed, just what the change is she has not yet analyzed. But she knows that it is a detriment to her in some way. However she puts up with it well, and will soon fall into the regime. The BOY tipped the scales at 8 pounds and one half. He has behaved so as to bring credit to his ancestors. He aired his lungs well for about five minutes and has slept nearly all the time since. Ellen is doing very well. I told her I thought this was the ideal way to do things, - use the daytime for work and save the night for rest. We all got our usual amount of rest last night, and the regular order of things was not disturbed. Dr. Nieberg-Goddard is a jewel. She came in again this morning and gave the HEIR his ablution. We have an extra

Amah for a little while. I am the only man in the Compound now and I can not afford to work for \$4.00 a month, when a native will do the work just as well.

I received a letter from D. Willard Lyon last night giving me an account of the doings at Shanghai after I was obliged to leave. There is one point that may concern you a little so I tell it now and I hope you will answer as soon as possible. Ding Ming Uong my assistant in the Seminary has been appointed delegate to the Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation. This Conference will be held at Williamstown, Mass. about the middle of July next, - July 1897. - Would you like him to spend a week sometime in Aug. with you? I should like very much to have him speak in Shelton, Huntington, Trumbull, Stratford and perhaps other places. It is not certain yet that he will come, but probable. If he comes he will be in Springfield Mass. about June 1st, and probably remain there till July 15th or so. Then he will visit in Sept. some of the colleges. This is all for now. Send news to Putnam.

Love from the family of four. Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 29, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He lets them know how the new baby is and that they named him Myron Gould Beard. The Annual Meeting went well and Willard gave his first address is Chinese. More leaders at the meeting were for church self support. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, Nov. 29th. 1896.

Dear Folks at Home:-

There is no letter to answer, but I expect it will be all right to send a few lines. The heir and his mother have been doing well every day, and sleeping soundly every night. I think he is awake more than Phebe was at his age, but he is as good as you could expect a boy to be. His greatest anxiety seems to be in regard to food. He seemingly has an apparition that we are trying to starve him, and it is very evident that he has made up his mind that he will "die game." He has a prodigious pair of lungs, judging from the amount of noise he can make with them. He has a large amount of that commodity known as "sticktoitiveness". If he develops in this direction, there will be very few unfinished undertakings among the accounts of his life. He rolled off the pillow on which he was placed yesterday. He was lying on his face on the right side of his head the other day, and he raised up and turned his head over and lay on his other cheek. To make a long account of the wonderful feats he has already performed short, he is one of the most wonderful boys that this world has ever seen or had the honor to contain. I sent a short letter to Putnam a week ago, and told them that we had named the young man Myron Gould, and shall call him Gould. He will be known as M. Gould Beard.

Phebe is quite well and grows like a weed. She has eaten with me every meal since Ellen was in bed. I let her have nearly everything except meat. She is very fond of fruit and cereal. I opened the tin of codfish the other day, and have had the cook make it into fish cakes. Phebe is very fond of them. I have just weighed her and she weighs 26 lbs.

The Annual Meeting was in every respect a success. The numbers exceeded those of any other year in the history of the Mission, by at least 300. The attendance last year was about 400. This year 700. About the time this reaches you, this Mission will be 50 years old. The ANNUAL Meeting this year took the form of a Jubilee. The larger part of the time was given to historical addresses.

The oldest Christian in Foochow was present, the man who cooked the first meal for Mr. Hartwell was here, and many others who well remember the earliest days of the Mission. In the a.m. the men and women held separate sessions. In the afternoon a union session was held in the compound here at Ponasang. The audience numbered each p.m. about 700. Beside these there were from 100 to 200 who came and sat for a few minutes and went out. I gave my first address in Chinese before an audience. From the most authentic reports I think the people understood me. I had anticipated the session on self-support, which I was to have conducted, very much. The Suberb station here of which I have charge is the leader in this new department, and during the past year the whole field has caught the idea. Last year one of our oldest Pastors spoke against trying to urge the churches to become self supporting, because he thought the time was not ripe for it. But he has been changed during the year, and has gone to a district in which one church is paying the pastor's salary, and several others have made good liberal contributions toward their own expences. But unfortunately I was in bed that day. However I was very glad that the report of every one was the same- "It was a good meeting". Mr. Hartwell has not been at all enthusiastic on the subject, because he has rather held that the people were not able to meet their own expences, owing to the poverty that existed among the church members generally. But he was very much pleased with the results as brought out in the meeting this year. And he stands ready to push the matter now with the rest of us. Thus far this year in my field

there has been more than \$100 given by the churches which last year had to be paid by the Mission. If every thing goes well another \$100 will be paid before the end of the Chinese year. - a little after Feb. 1st.

The last day of the Annual Meeting, or rather the day after the Annual Meeting, the 4th. Annual Rally of the Foochow Y.P.S.C.E. was held in the tent here. 750 were counted in the a.m. and 900 in the p.m. Over 30 societies reported. And there are as many more in the province that were not represented. All the addresses were short. An American could not have done better as a presiding officer than did Mr. Ling Muk Gek the first Christian Endeavorer in China. At the Consecration meeting in the p.m. I believe 132 took part in one half hour. The leader resorted to a unique method in conducting this part of the meeting. He first asked those who wished to speak, consecrating themselves to Christ, or who wished to recite a verse of Scripture, to rise. They remained standing, and sat as each had finished speaking. Then he asked- those who wished to pray to rise, and all bowed the head, and as each had prayed he sat as before. This saved time and confusion. We like the plan. But I will not delay longer on this, for you will see reports of the Rally in the Golden Rule and in the Missionary Herald.

I have just sent Mrs. Woodin's goods to the steamer. - 5 boxes and a bale. They have been around in the way since Sept. 1st. The effects that she wished sold here are also off my hands. They have brought about \$160. These were as many articles to be sold as they brought dollars. So you see it was no small job. During the month of Oct. my bookkeeping amounted to as much in items as many store clerks have to show for a months work. I have over \$300 to collect for the Mott Conference and the National Y.M.C.A. of China.

Last Thurs. was Thanksgiving day. It was the quietest and most uneventful day that I ever knew. The Consul as usual invited all the American citizens to his home for the Thanksgiving dinner. But Gould thought we had better not attend. Of course we had to follow his directions. So we simply staid at home and rested. We want to hear all the news about the gathering at White Hill. The number was one more this year I suppose. Wheo! How the number of greatgrandchildren is swelling!

Ming Uong will probably cross the Pacific with Mr. and Mrs. Peet who return to the States next Spring on a furlough. His expenses will be about \$800. Mexicans i.e. silver. I know where \$500 of this is coming from. The rest I think can be raised without much trouble. It is a National affair and the sources are many from which to look for help. Mr. Lyon of Tientsin is fully as much interested in his going as any one, and he will raise a good part of the money. Of course there is some risk in sending him. He may get the "Bighead". But it is the opinion of all the Missionaries that this risk is small. I hope it will only open his eyes to greater possibilities in Christ's service here.

Love to All

Will.

[*"The 'clean' Mexican or silver dollar, - this term includes a number of recognized silver dollars, such as the Chinese 'Yuan' and 'Dragon' dollar, the Japanese trade Yen, the Hongkong silver dollar, etc. These dollars when not struck with a dye, or chopped are called 'clean' Mexican dollars.*

The 'chopped' Mexican or silver dollar, - this term includes all silver dollars of recognized standard which have been 'chopped' or struck with a metal dye, to denote genuineness. It is dealt in by weight only." Price, Ernest B, Anti-Cobweb Club of Foochow, Fukien, A Study of a Province in China. Shanghai, China: Presbyterian Mission Press, 1925.]

[*This letter dated **Dec. 5, 1896** was written Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ellen is doing well since giving birth to Gould. A Second Degree Chinese man joined the church. Willard is hoping that their budget will be increased for the next year. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Foochow, Dec. 5 1896.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last two days have been very pleasant. Unusually for Foochow, we have had several rainy days in Nov. this year. The weather has also been quite warm. We put the stove up today, and put the carpet down. I have had a stove in the bedroom for several days, with a fire night and morning. Ellen took dinner and supper with me in the dining room today for the first time since Gould was born.

Sunday: - Ellen has taken all her meals with me today. I have urged her to lie down but to no purpose. She says she is not tired. The boy grows like a weed. It seeks [seems] as if he were an exceptionally strong child. He holds his head up like a grown person, and if he gets the chance he bears his whole weight on his feet. He has thus far slept well every night. We are greatly blessed in having two children who go to bed and sleep all night. Phebe has taken only one nap a day for sometime. She goes to bed and sleeps all night. Phebe has taken only one nap a day

for sometime. She goes to bed about 7:00 p.m. and wakes about daylight. She wants to come from her crib into my bed when she wakes, and you should see the way she hugs! When it is time for me to dress she goes to the amah and has on a thick coat until after breakfast, when she takes her bath and is dressed for the day. Now that it is colder I think we shall keep her in bed until a fire is started and the room warm.

It has been a long time since we have heard from you. Mails have arrived, but they brought only papers for us. We have to accept no news as good news and trust the Father that all is well.

Mon.:- Yesterday was Communion Sunday in the churches here in Foochow. At Geu Cio Dong 8 were received. One more was examined, but he was not able to attend the service yesterday, because the Official called him to see about some matter. I counted this rather an unfortunate circumstance, because this man was a Second Degree man. - the first Second Degree graduate who has asked admittance to one of our churches. I had the honor to conduct the examination. He has been thinking about accepting the Gospel for nearly a year now. He seemed to understand the principle Truths of the Gospel thoroughly. I asked him if he found it hard to accept a Gospel that placed all men on the same level. - that told him to recognize the coolie who carried burdens on his shoulder, or the man who carried the sedan chair in which he the Literary man sits, as his equal. He said it was hard, but he recognized that the Gospel of Christ required this. Another who united was a First Degree graduate. This makes two of the First Degree men in Geu Cio Dong. It means much for one of these Literary men to leave the ranks of the Four Hundred, as they would be called in the U.S., and unite with the Church. Next to the Officials these Literary men i.e. those who have taken examinations and obtained a degree hold the power in this land. They are respected and feared by the people, and the Officials are very careful when a case involves one of these men. A case has just come to my notice this morning in which the Literary men instead of the Officials were consulted. There was a dispute between two men over a piece of land. The case was left to a number of Literary men to decide. In this instance however the decision, altho agreed to by both parties, was not final. One of the men has secretly carried it to the Officials. And now, as he has implicated me by writing the Official that "Several tens of Missionaries came to his house who looked as fierce as tigers, and forced him to give up his land to the other party," I have business with the Officials. This however is an unusual case, bordering very closely on perscutisn [*persecution?*]. I have seen the answer which the Official sent to this petition, and he tells the man who wrote it that he does not think the church member would do as he has accused him of doing. And that he has heard of the decision of the Literary men and thinks they are right.

If these Literary graduates are sincere, and earnest, they will be of great help to the Church. Of course there is danger of pride among the other members, because of the presence of these "Honorable brethren". There are other dangers also, but we are much rejoiced that the Gospel is taking hold of the upper classes.

Christmas is near, and the Churches are already planning for the festivities. Last year the crowds were so great that we are to hold the services in all the churches at the same time this year. I meant to have written earlier, but altho too late for Christmas this year, it will be of use next year. If you have and Exercises for Christmas, or Easter Concerts, I wish you would send me some. Of course one of a kind is enough, as I shall use only the translation.

Mon. evening: - I have been to Kuliang today to see our house. I am getting to enjoy a trip up there hugely. It takes me entirely away from all the work here, and gives me an entire change. The exercise is just right, not that I am used to the climbing. I ride to the foot of the mountain in a chair, and walk up. The ride occupies one and three fourths hours. It took me today just one and one half hours to walk from the foot of the mountain to our house. Today I laid out and drove the stakes for a house of one of the Methodist ladies. I was on the mountain about three hours. The air up there is clear and crisp. It is so cold that the workmen say they cannot work at all in the early morning and late afternoon.

An American mail came last evening. Letters arrived from Long Hill and from East Berlin. They were good and newsy, jut the kind we want. What was the matter with old Dandy? How much of the stone wall in front of the house went into the road? How have you fixed the ground in front of the house now? What has become of my little brother? You don't know how I long to see him. You must write oftener Stanley. I wish you would send me one of your photos- a recent one. And if I was real selfish I should want a full length portrait so that I might see your size.

I was very much pleased today to read in the account of the Board Meeting at Toledo, that the Prudential Committee have been instructed to increase appropriations for next year \$65,000. This gives me courage to hope that our appropriation will not be less this year than it was last. With this amount we can keep the work moving. To cut off help in many places, means to kill the work.

Love to all Will

I read with much concern of Mr. Keneston's illness- May God spare him to the work in Shelton. Cousin Carrie Bennett has endured much. I trust she is now happy with her Saviour. Remember me in sympathy to cousin Elizabeth.

W.

[This letter dated Dec. 18, 1896 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He tells how Gould and Phebe are doing. He has had the duty to prepare and send a shipment of food up the Min River to the Shaowu missionaries. The Chinese Christians are realizing that the missionaries do not have an endless supply of money. Results of the U.S. Presidential Election have reached China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, Dec. 18th. 1896.

Dear Folks at Home:-

There is time to commence a letter tonight before going to rest. The mail Wed. brought a letter from Mother and one from Phebe. - aunt Phebe. Father and mother must feel lonely now with half their children away from home. But they must at the same time feel very broad and long when they think of the extent to which they have expanded, and they must feel very important when they think of the influences which today emanate from them thro their children.

Myron Gould is flourishing. He is a good boy. This is true whether his mother admits it or not. Ellen left him today for the first time. She was gone about three hours. His manship decided that his dinner basket should be filled before his mother returned, and the way he talked was a guarantee of his strength in body limb and lung. He never will starve because he did not ask for something to eat, or because he did not ask loud or long enough. He is good as can be about going to bed. His mother puts him in the bed wide awake and he does not peep but just shuts his eyes and goes to sleep. Phebe is just now suffering from Eczema which makes her rather particular. She is developing fast. Ellen has a set of blocks which the little girl plays with quite intelligently. She understands all ordinary household language and says many words. If she does not know how to express her thoughts, she finds other ways to tell her wants. This morning I took a stuffed cat she was playing with and used it for a foot-ball. After I had stopped she wished me to do it some more. She took my hand and put it on the cat and then patted my shoe, and stood off looking for the result. She loves little brother as well as ever, and is quite happy to sit on one knee and have the "Buoy" sit on the other. If all parents take as much pleasure in their little ones as we do in ours this world has a lot of happiness in it.

Today I have sent a shipment of oranges, potatoes and books to Shaowu. This is the first time I have had this duty to perform. It is not fun with all the other business connected with the Station. Oranges and potatoes, and in fact almost everything is bought by weight. The buying is much like buying at an auction or a fair at home. No goods guaranteed. You buy with your eyes open and if you get the worst of the bargain you must bear it.

Mon. Dec. 21st. All work now centers around Christmas celebrations. In my field there will be 7 this year. Last year there were 3. The first is today. One is on Thurs., one on Fri. (Christmas day) two on Sat. one next Mon. One place celebrates for three days in succession. It has been no little task to satisfy all these different sets of Christmas Committees in the amount of money which we gave them toward the expenses. A Chinaman thinks that what has been done once should be a precedent for succeeding generations. Last year there were 10 Missionaries in the compound and each gave \$1.00. This year there are only 3 of us, and the difference between \$10.00 and \$3.00 rather discourages the Chinese Christians. Ellen and I have taken pity on them to the extent of \$6.50. This is not by any means as much as they received last year, and there are fully twice as many to divide it among this year. It is good for them tho, the sooner they learn to be independent of foreign help, the sooner the Chinese Church will begin to grow by leaps and bounds of which the world has never yet known. The young Christians are fast learning this lesson of self-dependence, and they see that dependence on foreign help, (more than is absolutely necessary is a detriment to the Lord's cause. But these old men and women who have been "babied" for two score years or more, look on the Missionary's pocketbook and the Mission treasury as inexhaustible sources of supply, and as sources from which first of all the money is to come for carrying on the work. But we are thankful for the young blood and that some of it is finding its way into the veins of these older Christians.

Dec. 10th. the 2nd. Degree man of whom I wrote in my last letter, united with the church. The same day at Au long Die 6 men united. This makes 19 this month. Next Sun. I hold another Communion at the Fish Market chapel and shall receive 5 or 6 more.

Sat. p.m. the two eldest sons of one of our neighbors returned to Tientsin, where they have been attending the Medical Department of the Imperial University. The father of these boys was a preacher in our Mission, but for some misconduct was turned out. He is repenting now and talks of again uniting with the church. The mother is a

lovely Christian woman. There are three daughters in Miss Newton's school who are earnest Christians. Then there are two or three younger children. The family are quite well to do. These two boys (now about 20 years of age) have been in Tientsin for three years. When they went they were both hostile to Christianity. But they have come under influences in Tientsin which have turned them about and made them very earnest and outspoken Christians. Doubtless before this reaches you, the papers will be full of the accounts of the trouble in the Imperial University. These two young men were the prime movers in the affair, and I must get time to send a correct account to the Sentinel. The papers do not tell the truth, and as I have it first hand, and from those who have been in the thickest of the fight from the first I'll send it home. So I say no more here now. What I want to say now is that we are hoping to find that God has in this occurrence in Tientsin a blessing for His Cause in Foochow. The younger of these boys is very bright and seems to us to be thoroughly consecrated to Christ's service. He has the "stuff" in him that Paul and Luther and Finney and Neesima were made of. While they were in the University at Tientsin they were bound to remain in the service of the Government for about 7 years to come. Now that they are dismissed by the Viceroy of that Province it looks as if they be given power to preach so as to convert 1000s. They have begun well. The younger went with me yesterday and spoke in one of the chapels near here. Above all other temporal things we need now workers.

9.00 p.m. I made the longest speech in my life this p.m. - - in Chinese.

Tues. a.m. Dec. 22nd. Here goes for a finish to this document. The boys of the Theological School have been planning for some time to make a tour of the field of our Mission, and hold services in each place for a few days. Last Fri. the examinations were over and this a.m. at 8 o'clock they called to say good bye and ask our prayers. It is a bright cold morning- just the right time for a walk of 6 miles. They are to take care of themselves, as far as money goes, on the trip. It did me good to see them start off this morning with happy and expectant faces. I hope that they will have the courage to carry out their whole plan. It will mean for them a good deal of hardship. There will be much walking and they will shiver with the cold more than once. They will have to endure the hardships of a Missionary touring in the country in the winter season.

The papers announcing the Presidential Election, arrived last evening. You remember we heard the news of the election as soon as you did. Knowing the result, it has seemed rather queer to receive the letters from home discussing the preelection features of the campaign and the probable outcome. It is a good thing for us that the gold standard triumphed. - unless a silver bases would so increase the amount of money they are now sending. This I consider an impossibility. I am glad to note the hopeful tone of the papers relating to the financial situation in America. I hope it may be on a solid foundation, even if we do have to pay \$3.00 instead of \$2.50 a bag for our flour.

The shoes you sent me in the last shipment are just right. I hope you will be able to duplicate them for next Spring's shipment. We are enjoying Pettijohn's Breakfast food very much. Cereals form the major part of breakfast and supper for us. I have bought 50 lbs. of rice and 300 lbs. of sweet potatoes and 200 lbs. of Irish potatoes. I have a hen yard and 9 fowls. By this means we are able to know a little better what we are eating.

Ellen has been busy this week selecting the picture cards for the women and children of the churches and day schools, to be given at the Christmas festivities. It has taken about 400. I said something about this yesterday at the services at Ha Puo, and then told the great increase this number was over that of last year. I also said I was glad of the increase and hoped next year there might be an increase over this year of I stopped for a moment, and an old Church member shouted "Sioh chieng" i.e. 1000. I asked where the cards would come from to supply so many. He said he hoped God would help the good people in American to "Chok lik" i.e. put forth strength, and help a little.

I am glad if the typewriter is a source of pleasure to grandfather and grandmother. I should not be surprised to hear the same from many others who have grown weary trying to decipher my hen tracks.

Well I am waiting for a letter from Stanley. It has been a long time since he has written. We have had the Heir to the throne snapped. Today the proofs come. If they will answer we shall have some printed. He was 5 weeks and one day old. Phebe is all right again. Today her nose is as red as it would beat home on a cold Dec. a.m.

Will.



Tennis courts on Kuliang

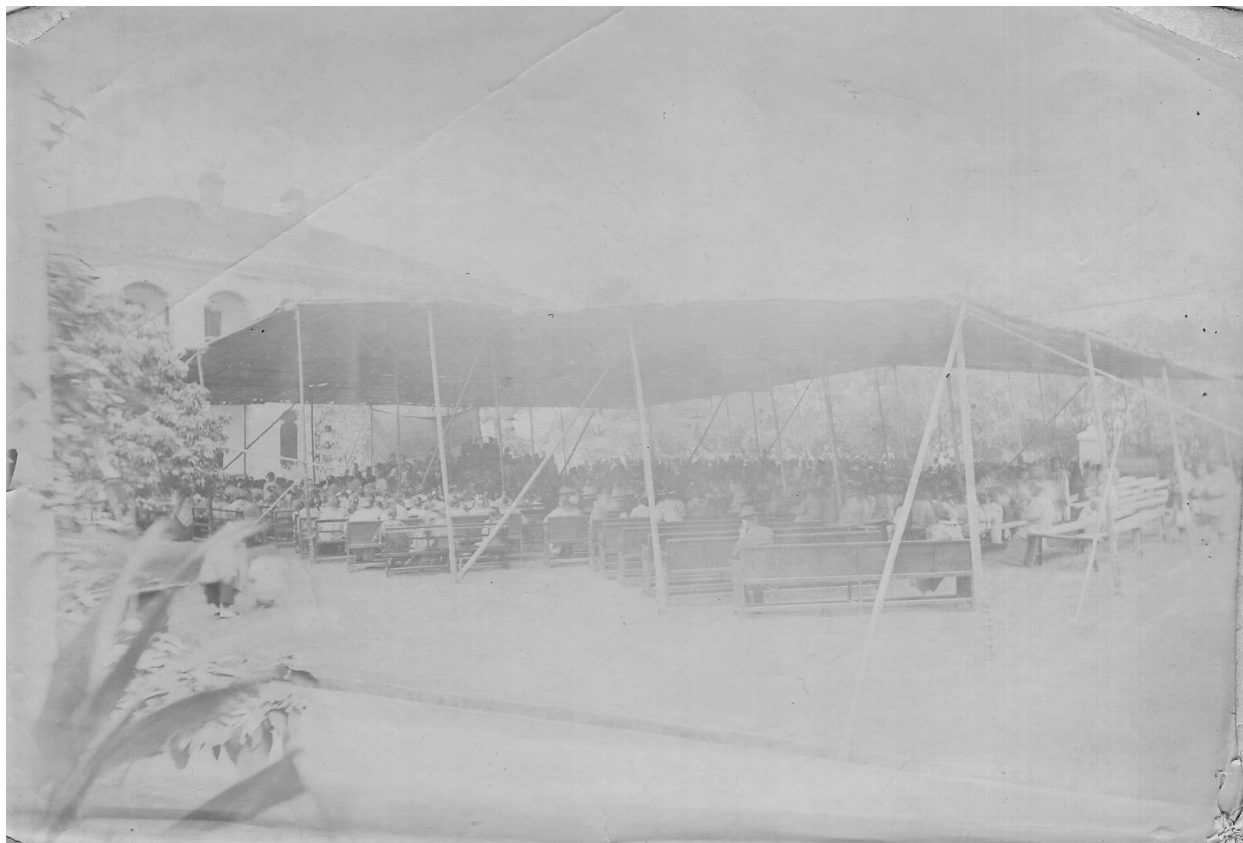
[This photo was actually taken about 1915. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Kushan Mountain and Monastery.

Kushan Mountain and Monastery.

[Photo postcard from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



A meeting or event of some sort held under a tent.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

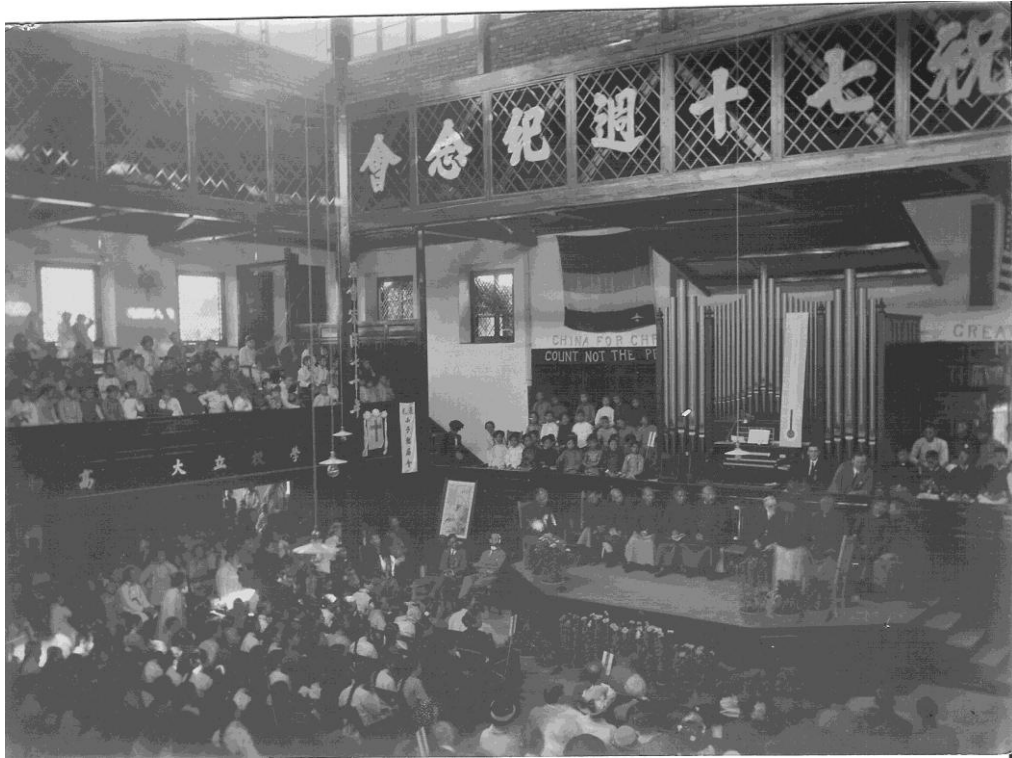


This is probably another church in or near Foochow. Note the Chinese men's queues. Probably before 1910 when queues were still popular.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



More miscellaneous photos of Chinese churches.
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



1897

- Amelia Earhart is born
- Klondike Gold Rush of the Yukon Territory begins in July
- An Anti-Foot-Binding Society was formed in Foochow, the first being formed in 1895 in Shanghai
- Willard, Ellen and family are in Foochow, China
- Willard is 32, Ellen- 29, Phebe- 2, Gould- 1.

*[This letter dated **Jan. 7, 1897** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. He is sending money and asking his father to pay his life insurance. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.

Jan. 7th 1896. [*Willard meant 1987*]

Dear Father:-

I have been very negligent this year about sending the money for my life insurance policy. I think however there is time. The premium is due Feb. 27th, so if you will kindly send the money as soon as you receive this I think all will be well. The premium is \$27.86, the address is Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co. 752 Broad St. Newark NJ

The mails are delayed again for some reason or for no reason. It has been a month or more since we have heard from Putnam and about two weeks since a letter has come from Shelton. We are also waiting for the letter from Boston which will tell us how much money we can use in the work next year.

This is our Week of Prayer,- one meeting each P.M. New Years day our Mission met for the "Jubilee Dinner." Sat. P.M. we met for our Jubilee celebration. It was just 50 yrs. ago Jan. 2 that Mr. Johnson landed in Foochow- The first Missionary to take up work here. He was of the A.B.C.F.M.

Ellen and the children are well. We took Phebe to church with us Sunday. She was as good as could be. Yesterday I had to let up. I got up this morning at 11:00 and am on the right road again.

The weather had been quite warm for a week. We have had no fire in the study- and nor fire at all except to bathe the babies by.

Love to all
Will.

[The Foochow Mission was founded in 1847 by Stephen Johnson and Lyman Peet in the City of Foochow, the capital of Fukien Province. Foochow City in 1847 had a population of about 500,000 whereas the field which became the particular responsibility of the Beards had a population of over 2,000,000. In 1941 the city was reduced to about 300,000 due to migrations to the rural areas and to the West because of the war. Source: "ABCFM, Getting Acquainted with the Foochow Mission, 1940-41" from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Jan. 3, 1897** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. There were many Christmas celebrations in the churches. Willard checked over the house on Kuliang and it is coming along nicely. He updated the family back home on his children. January 2nd was the 50th Anniversary of the first missionary in Foochow. They are waiting word from the Board in Boston on their appropriation for 1897. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China, Jan. 3rd. 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Since I last wrote the 7 Christmas celebrations have all passed off nicely. Three of the largest churches held their exercises on Christmas day this year so the crowds were not as great. Then too the Christians had the experience of last year and had taken the necessary precautions against any disturbance from crowds. I made a speech at each gathering and ate a Chinese feast at three. There is a saying here that if a man can eat the food of a place he can learn to speak the language. I found this daily practice in speaking a great help. Then too during those days I was with the natives almost constantly, and heard the Chinese all the time and had to speak in the Chinese if I would convey my thoughts. I am more than ever convinced that if a person would get the language quickly he should go away from foreigners and live with the natives where he would hear only their talk and where he would be compelled to speak in their language.

I went up to the mountain the last day of the old year to see our cottage. The roof is on the floors laid. The partitions are up and the plastering going on. We shall have a nice cosy little place to go to in the hot weather if all goes well. Dwight and Mrs. Goddard go up to their cottage about once in five weeks and spend parts of three days. Mrs. Goddard has an unusual amount of work this year, and she finds it necessary to take frequent rests.

The annual report of the Mission is at last printed and ready for mailing. I am planning to send 40 copies to various friends at home.

In the last mail I sent a photo of Gould [*see photo below*]. He was five weeks and one day old. It was impossible for us to have the picture taken in the house so we had to go out in the open air. The light of course was

very bright for such little eyes, but we told him to try and open them as wide as possible and he obeyed. The result as you will observe is a scowl. He has been known to look like this once or twice since his arrival, so it is not entirely unnatural. With the exceptions of the scowl the likeness is a very good one. Ellen's picture here is perfect. It is the first one she ever had taken when she was unconscious of her self. I wish her head was elevated then we should have a perfect likeness of all her features. Gould weighed 16 lbs. in his clothes Jan. 1st. Ellen weighed 161 lbs. and Phebe 27 lbs. I was not weighed. Both the children are quite well now. Phebe makes rapid progress in talking. She goes into her crib at 7 p.m. with her dolly and her "doggy" and after singing a little she is fast asleep, and she has reached that state all alone in the dark. Gould is a funny fellow. For the past day or two he has slept very little. But today he has slept all the time scarcely waking to eat. The week of prayer begins today. Mr. Hartwell preached an historical sermon in view of the 50th anniversary of the Lord's work in Foochow. Both Ellen and I wished to attend. One amah had gone home. One amah could not take care of two babies alone in this place. So we took Phebe with us. She was a good girl all thro the meeting. A few people who sat nearest us knew she was there but the majority of the audience knew nothing of her presence. How is this for an 18 months old girl?

The first Missionary came to Foochow 50 years ago yesterday, (Jan. 2nd 1847). The first Christian was baptized in 1856. I will not now say more of the work of the earlier day because it will all be printed in the course of time and sent to you. In commemoration of the beginning of the work here (this was done by Missionaries of the A.B.C.F.M.) we met as a Mission yesterday and listened to letters from the absent members, many of whom were here in the pioneer days. One of these letters came from a Mrs. McGowan now in England. She came to Foochow in 1847 with her parents when she was 3 years old. Dr. Baldwin who returned a few months after we arrived, first reached Foochow in '51. The American Board was first in the field, baptized the first Christian, established the first Hospital, sent the first Missionary into the country away from Foochow to live, and had done the greater part of the literary work in the Foochow dialect – the printing of the Bible and hymns and text books, and especially the Dictionary.

Today I held a Communion service at the chapel in the big fish market, that I wrote about last April or May. I was a little discouraged over the work and prospects there during the Summer and early Autumn, but today the results justify the opening of the work there. We received six men on confession. These are the first members of this church and we have tried to be very careful in admitting them. One of them was examined last June. The others last Oct. We have asked them to wait till now that they might prove their faith. As many more have been examined and asked to wait till another Communion season before joining because they did not seem to be thoroughly acquainted with the Truths of the Gospel.

Mr. Hubbard and his family are up in Foochow to attend the Jubilee and the week of prayer. Dr. Whitney and family also. They are all in our compound. We are quite a little city now in comparison to what we were before they came - - only three adults.

The Theological School closed two weeks ago and the boys have been out in evangelistic work since. They are enjoying the work. They have arranged to meet their own expenses without asking the Mission or the missionaries for any money. This is the most encouraging feature to me. The Chinese do so enjoy getting money out of the Missionaries.

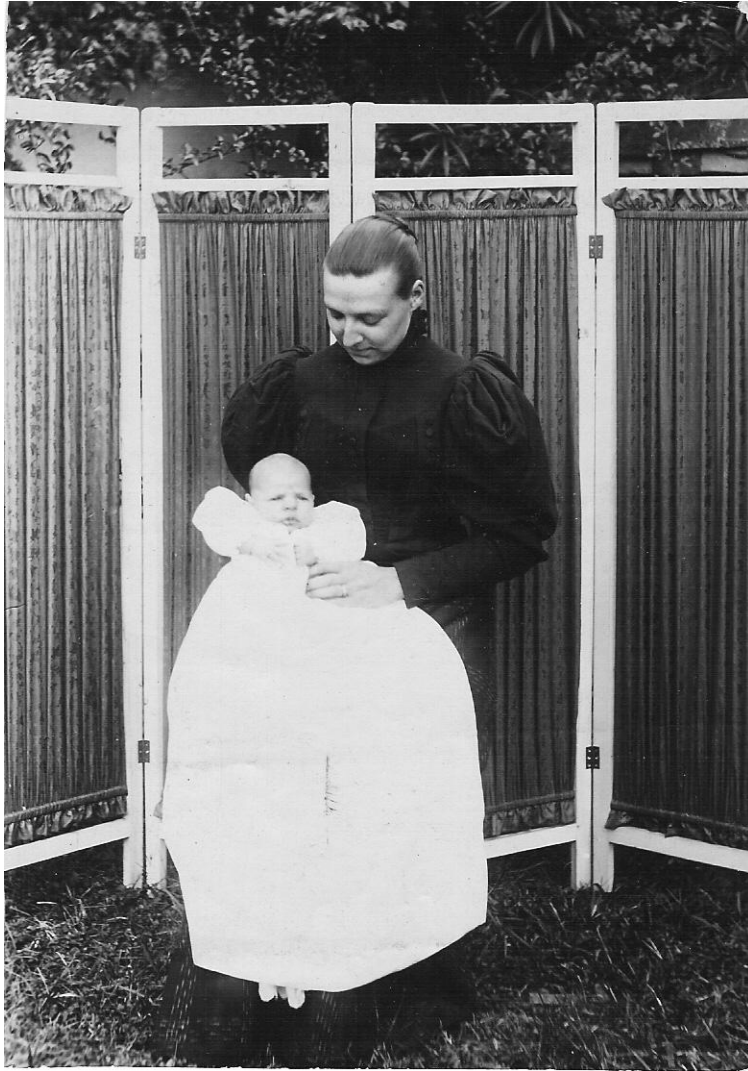
We are waiting anxiously for the letter to come from Boston announcing the amount of our appropriation for next year's work. The wonderful results of the efforts of the native church toward self-support this year have made it possible to meet all our obligations as a Mission to our helpers and we have enlarged the work and the force. Next year - - this year foreign reckoning - - I at least must have more day-schools and more preachers.

I must close this now for there are other letters that must be written and if I leave this in the machine over night I shall have more to write in the morning. This will delay the next letter.

Love to all the friends

From Grandchildren and children

Will.



Written on back of photo: "Gould's first picture, five weeks old. Taken at Ponasang, Foochow".
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

January 18, [1897] 6 A.M., a distinct earthquake shock was felt here. The natives said, "The earth-ox was rubbing his shoulders."

From the *Banyan City News*, Jubilee Number, Feb. 1897. (Published at the Banyan City Scientific Institute, Foochow, China.) [From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Jan. 31, 1897 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard and Ming Uong traveled six hours to a country village to perform a Christian wedding ceremony. He tells more about this five day trip to Chong Ha and Nang Seu. They have received the appropriations amount from the board and it is not as much as needed. Daughter, Phebe, is speaking a combination of Chinese and English words. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, Jan. 31st. 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Your last letter bore the date of Dec. 7th. 1896. I wrote last about the middle of Jan. After this I shall keep a record of the letters received and sent. Then we shall know if any are lost and which. I will begin each letter as this is begun.

Jan. 21st I started for a stay of 5 days in the country. One of our nice young men who has been teaching a day school but who is to act as preacher in a newly opened chapel next year, had invited me to perform the marriage ceremony for him. His home is about 6 hours journey from here. I had been very busy planning for the work of the new year and thought I would take this opportunity to get away for a few days. Ming Uong and another young man who speaks English - - one of those who recently came from Tientsin - - accompanied me. We went about 8 miles by chair then as much farther by boat and then walked a mile and found a country village of about 500 inhabitants situated on a large plain on the other side of the Min river from Foochow. There are many other villages scattered all over the plain at short distances from each other. At this village, Chong Ha, we have a chapel fitted up for the use of our Missionaries when they are visiting the part of the field which lies up the river. After a lunch I was notified that the bride had arrived. I then read the ceremony for the second time in the Chinese character. There were two ordained pastors of our Mission present and several other helpers and Christians. It was a Christian wedding. The bride is a recent graduate of Miss Newtons school and a very earnest Christian. They will begin their work together in one of the newly opened suburbs of Foochow about ten minutes walk from our house. He will act as preacher and she will teach a day school in connection with the chapel and work among the women.

The wedding was on Thurs. Fri. I went over to a place called Nang Seu. Here the Mission has had work at intervals for 30 years, with no fruits. Last year Mr. Hartwell again opened a chapel, and a nice rather quiet man and his family have been staying there and doing what they could for the Master. Two men are now hopeful enquirers there. We went out on the street and had a good opportunity to talk with some 20 men who gathered as they saw us. Two of these appeared interested, and before we left the place one of them came to the chapel to talk more. While we were at the chapel two different men came in and were glad to talk about the all important theme of Redemption. At this chapel I for the first time sat at the table with a native family and partook of the ordinary meal of an ordinary citizen. Always before it had been something special - a feast or a meal specially prepared for foreigners. Ming Uong and I went back to Chong Ha for the night. The other friend stopped with one of his relatives in Nang Seu. Sat. morning Dwight came in just as I was eating breakfast. He had been visiting the stations in his field which lies on the river above Chong Ha for a distance of 80 miles or more. That day we all took a walk among some of the villages, stopping at the house of a rich young man whose father has recently died leaving a large property to the son. The father on his death bed advised the son to become Christian. The son has given up his idols and has attended church some. He refused to pay the idolatrous money and has thereby incurred the enmity of the rest of the village who are now doing all in their power to harass him. We took a little lunch and went up on a high hill to eat it. Sun. was a quiet day in a country church that made me think of some of the New England churches - - all the members with a very few exceptions old men, and very few of the young men ready to take their places in the church. The boys are all in the city of Foochow at school or learning trades or in stores. The rush for the city is just the same here as in America. Monday morning we walked over to Nang Seu where Dwight had gone on Sun. and from there we took a boat for home. After leaving the boat a walk of 2 hours and a half brought us home to the dear ones. Ellen and the children had been alone during the day. Mrs. Goddard had come out from the city each night to keep them company. I went for the change and rest. I have not enjoyed such a quiet time in months. It did me a world of good. It was just like getting out of the busy whirl of the city at home into the quiet of the country. I was away from all responsibility, where I had simply to follow my own inclination, and go and come when I chose and where I chose.

The appropriations for 1897 have come. The money has been divided. I have carefully counted the cost of carrying on the work of my station this year and it will amount to nearly \$300 in silver more than the sum allotted to me. Ellen and I have counted the cost and we can hold ourselves responsible for this extra amount. We have a little in the bank here and by careful living we can make the ends meet. Our hope is in God and we know He will not allow His work to suffer. I have faith that the churches in America will see the need and so increase their contributions to the Board that more money will be sent us. Or that God will lead private individuals to give to special objects. The planning to make \$1.00 do the work of \$1.25 when the sum total is \$2000 is extremely wearing on the vital energy of the Missionary. It sometimes seems to me that the churches are using up human lives very fast by these scanty contributions. We have had word that the Prudential Committee are ready to send Mr. Solandt to us as soon as the money is at hand to pay his passage and salary. Meanwhile he waits and we work. This is no complaint, only the situation as I see it. When I made up my mind to go to the foreign field I gave up all thought of an easy time in life or of making money. So if I am spent it is in line with my purpose.

Ellen and the children are well. Phebe is developing very fast. She says almost everything. Her speech is a jumble of Chinese and English. For instance she says "shoe" but for hat she says "mo". She says "boy siah" for "the

boy eats". She loves the boy as much as ever. She often wants to take him. He is getting to be an intelligent being. It was very gratifying to a father's pride to come from an absence of 5 days and have the little man smile and coo to me. I think you must have received his picture before this.

Father's letter was extremely interesting. We are already counting the years before we can go home. The changes are so great even now that I am afraid we should hardly find our way about unescorted.

The Seminary will open Feb. 18th. (father's birthday) The boys, 19 in all will be very much pleased with the organ. And they will use it to good purpose. I shall have to teach two hours a day during Ming Uong's absence. It will do me good in learning the language as I shall have to depend entirely on the Chinese tongue to express my thoughts.

The Sentinel is a welcome guest. Ellen's home paper keeps her informed of the changes in Putnam. The White Hill's paper is a credit to the enterprise of the people there. Give them my hearty congratulations. I must close now and go to the land of nod. This is the paper that the Chinese use to write their best letters on. In other words it is stylish.

The rainy season is here- Love to all- Yesterday was another birthday. Feb. will make many of us one year older. Will.

[This letter dated Feb. 14, 1897 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He talks about the cold weather they have been having. The young Chinese Christians held their first union meeting of all the Y.M.C.A.s in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China Feb. 14th 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter I dated Jan. 31st, I believe. The last arrival was Feb. 9th dated Century Farm Dec. 20th 1896. It contained a good letter from Phebe, who enjoys kindergarten and is growing fat. The misses Woodhull [*Hanna and Kate*], who are now at home on Long Island someplace are looking for a kindergarten teacher to come back with them next Fall. Phebe will scarcely be ready by that time.



Dr. Kate C. Woodhull (left photo) and her sister, Hannah Woodhull (right photo).- undated photos
Written on back of left photo: "Dr. Kate C. Woodhull with children of Hospital patients. 'Please give us some sweet cough medicine'."

Written on back of right photo: "Gio Cais [?] girls with Miss Hannah Woodhull Kindergarten's future pupils."
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

With regard to the present from Aunt Louise. I think it a good idea to put in the Bank at home. I think it will insure less complication if it is in my name.

This last letter brought good news concerning everybody. Grandfather and grandmother comfortable. Grace better. Mr. Kenneston able to be with his people again. The Father has been very gracious to us all since two years ago. I suppose we are more impressed with this fact because we are at a distance where we get a landscape view of all the friends in America and because the conditions as they existed when we left are so clear in our minds.

We have almost forgotten how it seems to wade in a foot of snow; to ride in a sleigh or go in a carriage. The past four days have been pleasant and cold. Fri. morning the ther. went down to 33 degrees. This is about as low as it goes here. But the day was clear and the cold was not felt as much as when the ther. is higher and the atmosphere damp. Feb. 5th I was 32 years old. I celebrated the day by going to Kuliang. The morning was cloudy but I thought it would not rain, so sent word into the city to Dwight to go with me. The note had not reached him when the rain was falling heavily. But in 15 minutes the sun was shining. We take different roads to the foot of the mountain, and we ride in chairs to the foot and walk up. We were fortunate to arrive at our destination in the chairs at the same time. It takes me about 1 hr. 40 min. and Dwight 1 hr. 30 min. to go from our house to the mountain foot. We reached our new cottage about 11:30 A.M. The ground in many places was frozen and there was no lack of ice in little holes and on sticks and on the trees, tho none in the ponds. The people were all in their houses. I went to see one old man and found him with his house shut up tight, and a bonfire in the center of the room, over which he was tending trying to keep warm. The people in the country do almost nothing in the cold weather. They put on all the clothes in their possession and double themselves up and sit around or for diversion gather a few sticks and build a little fire on the dirt floor. In the larger villages and in the cities business goes on about the same in Winter and Summer. I found our cottage shut up- all the workmen gone home for Chinese New Years, and they had taken the key with them. I burst in one of the doors and found the house nearly finished. The walls need a little more whitewash, and one or two door latches are not on. I bargained to have the wood which is exposed to the weather painted. This is not yet done. The wind wall is not completed and the grading needs a little more attention, then the house is ready for occupancy. The rain fell steadily, the wind blew strongly from the North, the veranda floor was all ice. We walked over to Dwight's house- a 15 minute walk. My hands became numb and my ears ached with the cold. This is the first experience of this kind in China. The cold is generally of that damp chilly nature that goes all thro you, but does not make your hands and ears feel like freezing. In Dwight's house we found a stove and soon had some water warming and our bread toasting and ourselves thawing out. I left my overshoes at the foot of the Mt. and wore the shoes that came from home in the last box. I found in the Mt. house an old pair of shoes that I had discarded last Summer. I put these on to walk down the Mt. as I knew it would nearly ruin the new ones to walk down thro the wet. Of course my feet were well soaked but I had two over coats and when I got into my chair I wrapped my feet in one and put on the other and went home warm and comfortable.

Last Fri. Feb. 12th the Y.M.C.A.s of Foochow held their first union meeting. I was surprised on Tues. while at Dwight's on business to have 5 of the leading Chinese Christians young men come in to consult us about the meeting. They had been to our house at Ponasang and learning that I had gone into the city walked straight in to consult. They had the plan all fixed up themselves, but they came to us as if they wanted us to help in the planning. However we little by little drew them out and finally found that they wanted 3 Missionaries and three Chinese to speak. The object of the meeting was 2 fold. (1) to inspire Christians with greater zeal in Christ's service (2nd) to explain the Plan of Salvation to those who did not know it. Geu Cio Dong was full- I estimate 308 present. These were picked people. Many students and teachers, and many from the well-to-do home of Foochow- many also from a Chinese Transport or training ship now lying at Pagoda. The meeting began at 2:45 and closed at 5:30. After the speaking by those who had been asked to speak and singing- an opportunity was given for testimony. I wish you could have heard those young men talk. I wish you could merely have been there to see their faces as they spoke and to have seen their earnestness. You would never again doubt whether a Chinaman-could be dead in earnest over Christianity. One young man denounced, in as bold language, as Mr. B. Fay Mills used in Washington, the Arsenal at Pagoda Anchorage under the control of the Chinese Government. He has been there a short time as a student, and he said to the audience "It is a very wicked place, full of temptations. Do not go there." It is very seldom that one hears such words as these in China. The Chinaman is altogether too polite generally to denounce evil in very forceful language, - even evil in the abstract, to say nothing of a concrete case. The young men of the six associations have decided to hold a Union meeting once a month. One of the most encouraging features of this gathering was the fact that not until nearly at the close of the meeting was mention made of the three Missions being gathered in one place. The young men came together as Christians and they forgot other names that suggested divisions. Another sign for laying aside doubts was this: - the meeting was planned by young Chinese Christians and all the speaking was (practically) done by them. The audience was composed of young people- most of them Christian young men. These young men were on fire. In these young men there is strength. They are the second generation of Christians. They have put their shoulder to the wheel, and Christ's cause here is sure to advance. I

write in the face of the fact that appropriations from America are so meager. I am trusting that from some source these appropriations will be increased.

Only half a page left to write about the Girl and the Boy. Well they are both flourishing. They have the best of care, during the day and at night they still continue to sleep like bricks. This morning the boy awoke and cleared out his throat, then lay looking about till we were ready to go out to breakfast. He is the very best boy that we ever had, and I have some misgivings as to there ever having been many better. Phebe is daily learning the language, from the ease with which she picks up the Chinese I am more and more inclined to think that this is a child's language. The boy is just now cooing and laughing with his mother. I sit more than four feet away and speak, and he looks and begins to talk to me. He is a very happy little boy, always ready to smile when we speak to him, and he almost never cries without a good reason. We had their pictures taken the other day. The Boy was sitting in a chair and Phebe standing beside him. The Photographer came late in the P.M. and I am afraid it was too dark. He has not bro't the proofs and it was five days ago, so I am afraid we must try again.

The post office regulations now allow us to send letters to the states with only a Japanese 5 cents stamp, and papers with a 1 cent Jap. stamp. To send anywhere in China we must pay 2 cents per ¼ oz. Love to all
Will

*[This letter dated **March 7, 1897** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He talks about the Chinese men and facial hair. Mr. Ding Ming Uong will be leaving for the U.S. in early April and will visit Shelton sometime during his stay. Willard hopes the U.S. will endorse the Arbitration Treaty. He visited a Chinese Christian who was being persecuted for not paying money toward idol worship. He and Ellen have reluctantly decided to call their son, Gould, "Myron" instead as it appears that neither side of the family back home likes the name "Gould". Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, March, 7th. 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

According to my records the last letter sent to Shelton was dated Feb. 14th. The last received bore the date Jan. 10th.

We are glad to hear that the box we sent has at last reached you. I have heard something about that shipment lying in the custom house at New York for a few months. This was due to error in marking I think. I do not wonder that it puzzled you to know the use of some of the things. Ben must have been right tho about the mustache comb for there was such an article in the box. The Chinese carry them about and use them. A Chinaman is very proud of his whiskers. They are a scarce article, and when they can be induced to show themselves, the man feels greatly honored. I have not seen a man (with whiskers) (under 40 years of age). At that age he begins his mustache- if he can. Later on he longs for a little down on his under lip. And when in his 50's and 60's he stops shaving his face. I have often been told that I must be at least 40, and when I say 33 (in Chinese reckoning) they say "only 33 and has a Mustache! Why people in your country have whiskers when they are very young." The articles which you call drawings are evidently sheets of writing paper. As in America, so here there are many styles of this. If I remember rightly that which Ellen sent was the paper on which friends would write to each other. The size is uniform. The color and quality vary. When I write to an official, I must have a palish red with lines of a different shade of red from the paper.

This is the first warm day this year. The mercury registers 76 in the house. We dare not take off any of our Winter clothing, for the air is very damp and then tomorrow may be cold again. There has been much less rain this year than last.

Today is the 5th of the Chinese moon- and the year's work is not all running smoothly yet. We have been making preparations for enlarged activities, both in chapels and schools, and it takes lots of time to adjust all the several parts so that they will run smoothly, and not interfere with one another. This year there will be 2 chapels, 2 woman's schools, 3 day schools, 8 Theological students, 1 place at which services are held each Sunday except Communion Sunday, in addition to the work of last year. i.e. a year ago. One year ago there were 2 church organizations, now there are 4.

Mr. Ding (for such you will call him) started last Wed. for Tientsin where he will be with Mr. D. Willard Lyon for a short time to learn about the Y.M.C.A. before sailing for the U.S. on the "Doric" with Mr. Peet and family April 5th from Shanghai. As to the time when he will come to Shelton I can not say now. You can probably choose the time most convenient for you. I should think during August would be his most convenient time. His address in the U.S. will be care of Rev. H.P. Beach D.D. Springfield, Mass. I will ask him to write you as soon as he

reaches Springfield. Then there will be no difficulty in making arrangements. You will find him in every way a true gentleman. Don't let his clothes prejudice you against him. Find the man within.

March 14th. A whole week has slipped away since I began this. A mail has arrived from the States but nothing from either home. The papers are very jubilant over the Arbitration Treaty. By the time this is read by you the treaty will have met its fate at the hands of the Law Makers and will be history I suppose, unless Congress refuses to touch it or to endorse it. We look upon the Treaty as the greatest achievement of the Nineteenth Century Christianity. From the accounts in the papers Great Britain will not refuse to ratify it. God grant that the nation that takes the lead in Christian Freedom of all the nations on the globe may not block the passage of this advance measure.

My diary of the past week would read about as follows: - Mon. Taught three hours in the Sem'ry in a.m., in p.m. walked two and half miles to see the Christians in a part of the city where Christianity and Missionaries are not in high repute. Went to the shop of one man who is being persecuted for his refusal to contribute to the idolatrous ceremonies of his district. He has a small shop in which he makes cakes. He has one small oven, and used only charcoal. He refused of course to pay money toward idol worship. This he did repeatedly, until the collectors became angered and wrote the official that he had recently opened this shop and was using a stove which was very dangerous. They were afraid that the stove would set fire to the shop and the surrounding shops and houses. I went myself to see. On the opposite side of the street is a large shop of the same kind, using wood and having several stoves and furnaces. On two sides of his shop are two more shops both larger than his and both using wood which is far more dangerous than charcoal, of course the letter to the official was a lie of whole cloth. After the man had himself written to the official stating the truth, I also sent him a note telling the reason of the lie, and asking the official to stop the persecution. After eating dinner with 10 of the Christians in the place, and after talking money matters with them and receiving their promise to give \$33 toward the support of the Gospel this year, I returned to Ponasang just in time to sit down to the table with Ellen and Phebe. But what can a man eat after having taken a Chinese feast?

Tues. a.m. taught three hours and reckoned with school teachers and masons and carpenters and preachers etc. In p.m. studied and prepared goods to be sent to Shaowu.

Wed. a.m. taught three hours and studied a little. p.m. attended Mission prayer meeting.

Thurs. a.m. taught three hours, studied and planned with helpers about the work. P.M. went to see two chapels that are in process of being repaired. Worked on Shaowu order.

Fri. a.m. taught one hour and one half. Went over the river to buy things for Shaowu, and to do business at the Bank. P.M. went with Pastor Ling and one of the church members to visit some men who are interested in the Gospel. We went to a part of the Suburbs where the wealthier business men live. There are not many shops here but mainly residences. Four men had united and invited us to come over and eat and talk about the Gospel. The front of the house was all open and I should think not less than 30 men came in and listened for a longer or shorter time while we were there talking. After talking for an hour the feast was ready and we sat down to eat. While we ate the neighbors left, there were five men tho who ate with us or helped entertain who asked questions or listened all the time for an hour and one half. After the rest we sat down again to talk and the neighbors and passers-by came in and listened. All said the "Ta Su Gau" i.e. Jesus Doctrine was "Ceng ho" i.e. very good. I think an impression was made on some of the men who invited us to come. One of them was already subscribed \$5 for the work this year. They all say they like to go to church.

Sat. was spent in planning for the work in the new chapels, in reckoning with workmen who have been fitting up these chapels etc. I called on one church member in whose house a chapel was last year. Miss Newton and I together furnished \$100 for rent and repairs on this place for last year. The men who were interested there furnished the rest of the money needed to purchase furniture and pay the preacher. This year the man wants the whole of his shop to carry on his business. I called on him yesterday and he gave me in money \$20. This was to reimburse me for the money used in permanent repairs. If you knew how a Chinaman hates to part with a single cash, you would be able to rejoice with me to see the willingness of this man to help the church. He has subscribed \$20 toward the preacher's salary this year.

Today I have been to church and to Y.P.S.C.E. This p.m. I actually went to sleep, and slept nearly two hours. I am planning for some special meetings to be held next week in the Ha Puo church, (Mr. Ding is a member here) and if these are profitable I want to do the same thing in other churches. The two young men of whom I wrote some time since as having returned from Tientsin, and as being very earnest Christian workers are going to help in these meetings.

The children are both as well as they can be. Both homes seem to have rejected or refused to own our son, because we call him by a name that does not suit their fancy. Well I said at first that we could continue to call him by that horrid (to them) name and not take him to see them when we went home. Then I repented and thought that

would be revengeful, so we are talking now of calling the young gentlemen "Myron." Now you may just as well tell us that you think this name is "perfectly lovely" as to find fault with it because some one of Adam's descendents by that name once borrowed a pin and forgot to return it. He is not named after that man whoever he may be but he is named for his grandsires. His name is Myron Gould Beard. We shall call him Myron.

The clock has struck ten, so with love to all from us four.

I am you Loving Son and Brother

Will.



Written on back of photo in Ellen's handwriting: "Phebe Kinney Beard 1 yr 9 mos. Myron Gould Beard 4 mos. Phebe's third picture, Gould's second picture. Taken at Ponasang."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **March 28, 1897** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He talks about the Chinese process of working in the rice fields. His children are doing well. They have a night watchman now because thieves broke into Miss Newton's house. He talks about the baby tower which is an alternative method for burial of Chinese babies. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, March 28th. 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter arrived Mar. 24th. With it came one from Aunt Louise and one from Grandmother. How we prized this! Mr. Kenneston also sent a note. My last letter was sent Mar. 15th.

We are very glad to know that the friends at home do not forget us. Please tell them all that we cannot forget them. Remember us especially to Cousin Elizabeth.

We can hardly think of our "little" sister Ruth as leading the singing in a public school. But time moves on and we must try to adjust our minds to the changes that are constantly occurring at home. Of course the picture as we saw it last two and a half years ago has very distinct outlines and it is difficult to change there when our only resource is a little ink on a piece of paper. Ben's photo is good. Ellen thinks he is not as fleshy as when we left, but I do not see much difference. I wish we had Flora here to take some photos for us. We have had very poor success with the Chinese artist.

Spring is here. I went to Kuliang yesterday. All the way across the plain the farmers were at work on the rice fields. Some were ploughing, some harrowing, some fertilizing and some had their fields ready for the rice and had flooded them and were waiting for the ground to - - I hardly know how to express the action, get ready. That is, the field waits a short time before the rice is planted. You would be amused at the process of harrowing. The harrow is of iron. The principle is that of the old mankilling hay rakes. It is 3 feet long, has about 8 teeth 10 in. long. Two pieces of iron run straight up from the head of the harrow and a rod connects these. This is the handle which the man holds and by which he works the instrument up and down, backward and forward and sidewise. A single ox or cow is attached to the harrow and is guided by a small rope- which is tied to a ring in his nose. There is water enough on the field so that all the field is under water except a few of the highest lumps. The farmer takes off all his apparel except one pair of trousers. These he fastens about the waist and then rolls up the legs so that there is practically nothing to get muddy and then he begins to shout at his ox and jerk to rope. This shouting and jerking continues till the man gets hungry. One of his household then comes to the field with a large bowl of rice which the man proceeds to devour while he squats on the edge of the field which is raised to keep the water in. His rice swallowed - - it would be more genteel to say eaten but it would not be true - - he goes to work again. During planting and harvest the farmers work hard. Their oxen also work hard. At other times both men and oxen do not work as hard altho the men are seldom idle. I have not seen the oxen at any work except plowing, harrowing and grinding. They have much leisure.

The flowers were beautiful on the mountain. The little blue violet was everywhere. The other varieties are not seen at home. On the mountain the farmers were just beginning to plow. When I started at the foot to walk up, I took off coat and vest and loosened the front of my tennis shirt. I was uncomfortable even then. Before I reached the top of the mountain I had to put on my clothes and keep moving to be comfortable.

Who can find words to express the joy that parents take in their little charges who God in his providence entrusts to their care? Both Phebe and Myron seem to be in perfect health. Since the rains have ceased they are in the open air all the time. This gives them good appetites and makes them sleep like bricks at night. I know of nothing that ever brought as much cheer into my life as does the smile of recognition from the little boy and the shout of "Papa" from the little girl as I come into the compound after a half day spent in these dirty nasty streets and among a people of strange habits and tongue. Phebe is developing very rapidly. At 21 and a half months we send her into another room after different articles of clothing and other things, her mother is teaching her to sing and she tries to make the tones. She tries to comfort little brother when he is alone and is worrying. Myron cries after his father when he leaves him and the other day he cried to go to me from his mother, - - which of course made his father proud. It is his chief delight to sit at the table with us and play with the spoons. It is fortunate that Ellen is not writing for if she was she would be telling what an indulgent father I am, and of her fears that I will spoil the children with indulgence. She has one good joke on me which you will never know until she writes.

Mon. evening: - One week ago this evening thieves broke into Miss Newton's house and took off several articles- - lamps, a clock, magnifying glass and other smaller things. Part of the articles have been found in a pawn shop. Miss Newton will have to give money to recover them. The man who is on the lookout for the thieves is himself a thief. This is on the principle that it takes a thief to catch a thief. This occurrence has had the effect to make us engage a night watchman. So now we are guarded as well as men can guard us both night and day. The watchman is Mr. Ding's uncle. - his father's brother who has recently joined the church. You may tell him when you see him, for I shall likely forget it. By the way, Mr. Ding is expected to sail for America on the same steamer that takes this letter. A telegram came last Thurs. from Lyon stating that the "Doric" was full. If this is the case and it is impossible for him to go on this steamer he will have to wait for the "China" which starts 10 days later.

Some time since Mother asked about the burial of infants in Foochow. I saw the article to which you referred. I have never seen or heard of any such thing in Foochow. Scarcely a week passes when I do not see at least one body of a man lying by the side of the street, or perhaps in the middle of the street so that every one has to turn aside to pass. But I have never seen the body of an infant. The "baby tower" is for the interment of infants whose

parents are poor or who do not care to go to the expense of a funeral. The tower is about 5 ft. in diameter and 6 ft. high. When it is full it is considered a work of great merit to clean it out, and there is generally some one ready to do it. When the tower is too old for further use it is torn down and the place is marked by a little mound which is covered over with mortar and lime to remain for an indefinite time. This operation has been done in the cemetery near us since we came to Foochow.

This morning another mail came from home. There were letters from Putnam and Shelton, from a boy in N.Y. State asking me to send him some silk worms, and offering to send me some Botanical specimens in return. For a wonder he put sufficient postage on his letter. We have come to expect to pay 20 cents on such letters. Your letters are all right as to postage.

Ckgg km, o.ea.l, lcmgkxckcl, aeiony:., lcl,aa.. .lcmgkge . aein:a .aeioyony
..a,lcmgkm?mgglfpbedfdpcpfdaeeiony .aeoia. , lmmmc, wion .aeeeeepcfl,aei ..aalmcmk

Mon. a.m. I left this last evening and Phebe sat down here in her mother's lap. The two lines above are the result.

[The following was added in handwriting by Nancy Maria Nichols Beard. The bottom $\frac{3}{4}$ of the page appears to have been cut off. It probably had an order for items on it and she cut it off in order to send the letter on for other family members to read.]

I have kept the order for June shipment. N.M.N.B.



[This is a photo of a "Baby Tower" in Foochow. Very small dead babies of poor parents who cannot afford a burial are wrapped in straw or cloth and put in. Every 2 or 3 days, when full, someone gains great honor by cleaning it and providing a decent burial. The arches in the left rear are memorials to virtuous widows, i.e. widows who have not married again. Information provided from the back of the photo from Jill Elmer Jackson's collection and from the book, Chinese Pictures, by Mrs. J.F. Bishop, a missionary in China at the time Willard and Ellen were there.]

[This letter dated **April 11, 1897** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ming Uong did not find space on the ship, so he will be delayed in leaving on his trip to the U.S. They received a box from home and are grateful for all of the items. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

No. 1.

Foochow, China, April, 11th. 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter started Mar. 29th. It contained our order for the June shipment. Your last letter arrived the 28th. of Mar.

Fri. night letters came from Ming Uong in Shanghai stating that there was no room on the "Doric" for him and he is left in Shanghai. Mr. and Mrs. Peet, Henry and Mary Whitney have sailed. They will reach San Francisco about May 1st. I think they intend to stop at a few points in the States, and arrive in West Haven about June 1st.

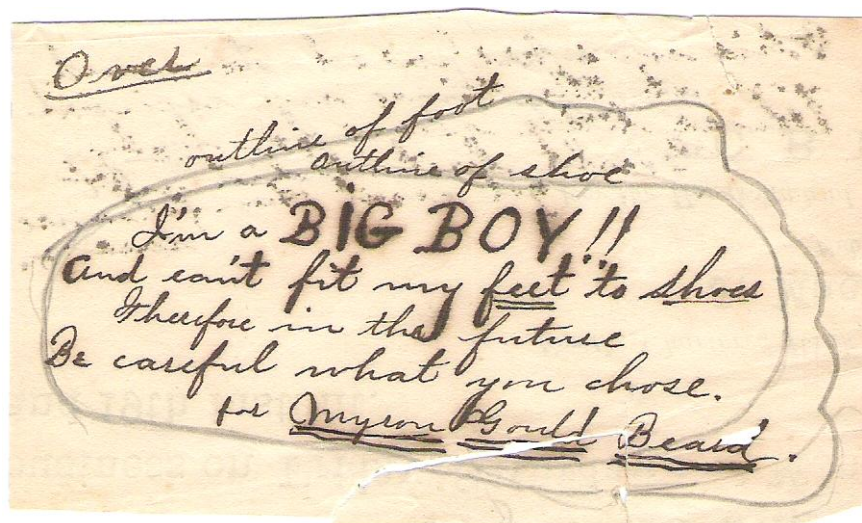
I have conducted a whole service myself for the first time. While Ming Uong was here I could call on him at any time to preach for his father and that left his father free to go with me to conduct the communion at the chapels. But it is not so easy now to find substitutes, so today I found myself alone with the preacher at Au Iong Die. I asked him to read the Scripture. The rest I did alone. O yes I asked him to read the longest part of the creed. I received two persons into the church. One man and one woman. I believe this was the time I have performed the ordinance of baptism at all. There were from 60 to 70 present. The majority were church members. Two weeks from today I expect to form a new church organization in the part of the suburb known as Au Ciu. This will make 5 churches in my care. One year ago there were two.

I have just finished my annual report for 1896-7. The number of additions to the churches in my care is 110. The amount of money paid by the natives is \$759.75. Last year the amount was less than half as much. Of this amount \$209.13 was paid by the scholars in the day schools for their tuition. About \$200 was paid for repairs on two new chapels and the furniture for these chapels.

The boxes from Boston arrived this last week. Phebe and Myron are rejoicing in the new shade for the baby carriage. They can ride out now if the sun does shine. A box came from Putnam with lots of things in it. Dress goods and hats and shoes and other things that Ellen could tell in a jiff. I should have to go to the Dictionary to find how to spell them, after I had learned the names. So you will have to wait till Ellen tells you all about them. I do remember one article. It was a pair of shoes. We could not determine who they were meant for. At first we thought it possible that some one intended to send them for Myron. But he could scarcely get his big toe in one of them. His bare foot is fully a quarter of an inch longer than the soles of these shoes. And his foot is half an inch wider than the shoes. I have drawn a line around his bare foot and then another line around the sole of the shoe. I shall send it to Etta. We think of returning the shoes, in case she may find some use for them.

The children are troubled with eczema. Otherwise they are well and happy. Myron is the best boy that we ever had. The little fellow wakes up in the morning and lies on his back and kicks and crows just like a jolly healthy boy. He is five months old day after tomorrow. He is beginning to put out his hands and take things. Today he pulled a rose, which I had in my button hole in pieces- I have to be careful of papers when they are in his reach. I must close this now hoping to be able to write more next time.

Lovingly Will



[This letter dated **May 2, 1897** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The missionaries are trying to encourage the Chinese Christian men to bring their female family members to church. Miss Newton will spend her summer in the U.S. to get medical help for her eyes. Willard hopes for more help in the Fall. Ellen accompanied Miss Newton to a home where a young widow who wanted to rid her house of idols.

Willard has had a touch of malaria and realizes he must make sure he gets his rest, so he rides in the chairs more now. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, May 2nd. 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

My last letter was dated April 11th. No. 1. The last one received was on Mar. 24th. The last American mail was received here April 3rd. We do not know the reason but there must be some cause for the delay.

Three weeks ago today I conducted the communion service for the first time alone. Last Sunday I did it the second time. In all I received 7 into the church. The first person I ever baptized was a man who joined at Au Long Die three weeks ago today. Last Sunday I spoke for about 20 minutes with pleasure. The people listened attentively and they understood a portion at least of what I said. Today I have been into the city to a chapel which was opened last year under the auspices of Geu Cio Dong. The chapel was full and men stood in the doorway filling it and some stood in the street. There are no women in this church yet and none come to the services. The preacher took for his subject the passage in Mark which tells of Jesus meeting Mary Magdalene after his resurrection, and then urged the people to bring their wives and mothers and sisters to church and to teach them at home. The attention was remarkably good. After the service we asked the people to remain a few minutes and talk over church matters. \$36 were subscribed and it was decided to give the Theological Student who goes over each Sunday to preach \$12. The man who is this year teaching a school and holding meetings in the evening, and keeping a parsonage where the people may come and drink tea and talk about the Gospel, is to receive \$12, and the mother church Geu Cio Dong is to receive \$6. This is all native funds. I shall have to help this place in all about \$50 this year. That is in gold about \$25 for a day school and chapel. This would make a nice work for some Sunday School or Endeavor Society to support.

A letter from Ming Uong written in Kobe states that he expects to start from Japan for the States about April 20th. If he got off at that time he is approaching Tacoma by this time and will be in Springfield about the time this reaches us if not before. His address while in America will be Mr. M.U. Ding, 40 East 23rd. St., New York. From here letters will be forwarded to him.

The weather is reminding us that we must begin to prepare for Summer. The trees are all leaved out and our lemon tree is in bloom. It stands just in front of the house as you will see by looking at the photo. The fragrance is very pleasant in this place where there are so many odors of a different nature. Our cottage at Kuliang is not yet ready for occupancy, but now that the weather has settled down the men can work and we hope in the course of three weeks to get it into livable shape. We plan now to let the children and Ellen go up as soon as the hot weather comes and I shall have to stand it two or three weeks longer till the Seminary closes. This will be about the last week in June.

Miss Newton expects to sail for the States the first of June. Her eyes for some time been giving her trouble and she can get no help here and her correspondence with her oculist in American is of no avail. She expects to reach San Francisco in time for the Endeavor Convention, and to return in time to take up her work again in the Fall. This will leave our mission so small that we can hardly find ourselves among the 30 single ladies and 6 or 7 married missionaries in the English missions, and the 30 or so persons in the M.E. mission. Our number will be 12 this summer. It seems as if the Lord must send us reinforcements before the year closes. Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear have their appointments to join us again in the Fall. This will take a burden off me as he will be likely to take the care of the shipments to Shaowu. I also have charge of the evangelistic work in the hospital. He will of course take that.

Ellen had a very interesting experience the other day. Some of the girls in Miss Newton's school had been out doing Christian work in the homes near Ponasang here and a young widow had become interested in the Gospel. Her husband died about a year ago, and only a short time ago her little girl about four years old died. This caused her to loose faith in her idols and just about this time the girls met her and told her of the Heavenly Father's love. They had visited her only two or three times when she said she wished to throw away her idols and become a Christian. The girls appointed a day and asked Miss Newton to go with them to help in the destruction of idol worship in this house. Miss Newton invited Ellen to accompany them. They found the house full of idols and idol furniture. The woman knew very little about the Truth but she knew that she wanted to destroy her idols and that she wanted to learn about the true God. One room after another in the house was stripped of its idols and idol furniture and the paper and other material that was of no value at all was put in the kitchen stove and a fire was made of it. But it was seen that the quantity was too great to burn quickly and the woman brought her rice out and put it on to boil. So even the idol paper was turned to account. The principle idol was taken from his shrine and given to Ellen. He will probably be introduced to you in the process of time. Phebe takes a great liking to him. She calls him her "doggie". I hardly think however that she is in danger of becoming an idol worshipper. Before the idol was taken

from the house an old man, a neighbor of the woman, tried as hard as he dared to get it to worship himself. This would be a cheap god for him. Before leaving the house Miss Newton had a prayer with the woman and told her that she must go to church. She said that would be impossible. But it was at last arranged that one of the girls would stop for her to day and she would go with her. Today she went to church for the first time in her life. She said she had never walked so far before since she was a little girl. The church was about as far from her home as from the end of our lane to the school house. This will give you an idea of how much the poor bound footed women here go about. The girl who took the lead in urging Miss Newton to visit this woman and who took the initiative in the destruction of the idolatry was the woman's next door neighbor. Her parents are both heathen and are to day worshipping idols. Her mother was there when her daughter was tearing down the idols. She was displeased too but the girl did not hesitate for a moment. She did what she believed to be her duty. At least 50 of the villagers gathered to witness this wonderful performance. They had a good object lesson in Christianity. The work was done in a kind and loving spirit. The next day we looked for trouble but every thing was as quiet as could be desired. So we hope that another soul is won for Christ.

Mon. May 3rd.

A mail arrived today. It brot a letter from Phebe and one from mother. Ellen got one from her cousin in India, Rev. Harvey Lawson [*Harvey Lawson's mother was Sara Ellen Corbin, sister to Ellen's mother, Mary Jane Corbin. Harvey was also a member of the A.B.C.F.M.*]. He has been on the field three years last fall. His wife is not well and they are on their way home for a rest. They passed Foochow this week but that was all the good it did us. They hope to return in the fall. A letter also came from a cousin of Ellen's in Springfield, Mass. Another came from the ladies of a Sunday School class in Putnam. This brought a postal note for \$6. to be used in the work.

Phebe remarks that the boy looks like her in that he has a scowl. She says that grandfather said when he saw the photo that the boy looked like him. He was exactly right. I have often remarked to Ellen that Myron made me think of his great grandfather. His head is almost the same shape. He has a broad nose and often an expression that reminds me of grandfather.

The churches in my care have given this past year over \$750 toward the work. This is more than double the amount they gave last year. 124 members have joined during the year. In the whole mission's field about 550 have united with the church. The year before the number was 251. From all reports I think the present year promises to be even more fruitful than last.

Mother writes confidentially to Ellen to know why I remain in bed so much. Well the truth is that I am not proof against the malaria that infests this region. I am all right if I do not overwork. This year I knew that all the work in this station depended on me. I used to think that it was my duty to walk a good deal. But I have for three months ridden nearly all the time. I have been the better for it. I spoke the truth when I said that I was resting. I have very little pain. It is simply a tired feeling with a little fever and no appetite till I have rested. Then I am as well as ever. I should say that last fall my liver was not right and I did have some severe pain. But since I took the vacation of a few days in the country I have not felt anything of this trouble.

I was very much interested in the account of the lively times you are having in the town meetings in old Huntington. The grand list proves that some one has not been paying more taxes than he should have paid. Does the revision effect your list and does the 7 mill tax lessen your taxes?

Miss Newton received a letter from Miss Child Sec'y of the Woman's Board that we were to have a new building her at Ponasang for the girl's school. This means that we are to have a new house to live in. - If the proposition really matures.

We are all well and all send Love. Will.

[This letter dated **May 9, 1897** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ellen and Gould are on the mountain and Phebe and Willard remain in the city. He finds he has much correspondence to do all the time and estimates that he uses about 100 envelopes a month. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

(My Chinese card is enclosed.)

Foochow, China, May. 9th 1897

Dear Folks at Home:-

Another mail arrived yesterday. This makes your last letter arrive May 8th. I sent letter No. 2 (the last) May 3rd. You are surprised to receive another so soon. Well in the solitude of bachelorhood I am passing the time in this way. Ellen and the boy went to the mountain Fri. starting about 2 P.M. and arriving there about 6 P.M. Mrs. Goddard went up in the morning. Dwight went on Saturday. All will return tomorrow. Phebe and I have kept house. I was very tired today and took the advice given in mothers letter and remained at home this morning. In the

afternoon I just went down and stood around and then dealt out the cards at the hospital S.S. in Ellen's absence. Then I stepped across the street to attend a union meeting of the Y.M.C.A. When I came home you should have seen Phebe. She fairly screamed with delight as she saw me from the veranda. This touched a tender spot in her father's heart. The little girl misses her mama and little brother but she is no trouble at all, and makes a big lot of sunshine here for me. A package of cards arrived with the mail yesterday. I do not know who to thank, so leave the word with you to pass along. I used 157 this afternoon at the S.S.

I am afraid that I am getting negligent about my correspondence. My time is so full with teaching and doing the necessary overseeing and planning for the work and in writing business notes that I actually shrink from taking up a pen or opening the typewriter to write about the work for I know it means hard work- the letters which I have written during the last four or five months have either been done when I should have been in bed or they have been in the machine for a week and I have written snatches as I found opportunity. I use about 100 envelopes a month. This will give a little idea of the writing I am doing. Of course this is not large for a business man, but for a man who has most of his time occupied in other lines of work it is not bad.

Fri. afternoon I finished examining day schools. Ellen has examined two for me. She has examined 2, I 10.

Strawberries are in their prime. I wish I could send you some. I wish Ben would write a good long letter again telling me where the different crops are planted this Spring, how many cows, what oxen and horses, wagons, dogs, etc. he has. Flora's photos give a very good idea of the "new place".

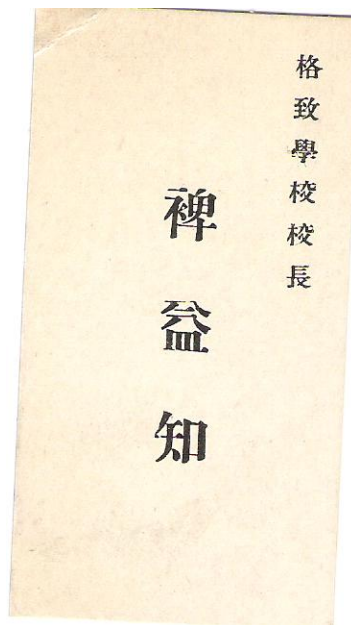
This is all for this time. Lovingly Will.

The enclosed order (\$10) is for the purchase of the goods we sent for last month. I shall ask Mrs. Smith to send the \$25 to you. Keep it. I shall wish to use it at home. W.

Tues. A letter from a Mrs. Smith an aunt of Mr. Kenneston arrived in this mail. She promises to support a Theol. Student.

Good. W.L.B.

dear Geraldine, Margaret or Kathleen.
I have sent orders for \$500. to last
away for expenses of Margaret and Kathleen
and father
 Willard L. Beard
father
 President Foochow College,
 Foochow, China.



Willard's Chinese calling card

[An interpretation provided by Robbie Lau via email, friend of Jana Jackson.

"First the 6 characters on the upper right hand corner is your great-grandfather-in-law's title:

pronunciation ge zhi xue xiao xiao zhang

meaning NAME School Principal

First two characters is the name of the school.

3rd and 4th characters means school.

last 2 characters mean principal.

There is a high school in Shanghai with that name. The name means to "study the phenomena of nature to acquire knowledge".

The 3 big characters in the card is the translated name of your great-grandfather-in-law.

pronunciation pi yi zhi

American pee yit gee

It could have been the approximate pronunciation of a last name like Pitre."']

*[This letter dated **June 6, 1897** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his Dear Wife and Little Ones. He writes about the weather they have been having and tells Ellen that he will be sending coolies up with various items and she can send word back with them of what else she wants. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Sunday – Foochow, June 6th '97

My Dear Wife – and Little Ones:-

I wonder how the day has gone with you on the mountain top! It has been a very quiet restful day here. I went down the mountain yesterday P.M. quite easily. The little rest that I took after dinner did me good. The shower met us about half way between the foot of the mountain and the first village Au Seu. How it did rain! My umbrella acted as a sieve. The drops of rain were very large and came with a good deal of force. They went right thro the umbrella and settled on one in a fine mist. I had enough on about my shoulders so that I was not wet there but my pants were pretty damp, -also my feet. I took a hot bath after reaching home and was all right. At 8:30 I retired. Of course I was tired, and of course it was hot. I had nothing over me- put on only upper pajama, wheeled the bed into the middle of the room and went to sleep immediately. It was 5:30 this morning when I awoke. I went to sleep again about 10 o'clock and the bell for church awoke me. 4 were received at Geu Cio Dong and 10 at Ha Puo this afternoon. I have had another good nap. So you see I am resting with a vengeance. I wish I knew if you had rested as well. It has been quite cool today. This P.M. I have worn a woolen coat all the time. Dwight called and talked for an hour or so. The Am. mail came last evening. Only one letter (for Dr. Smith) for us. I shall send Miss Newton's letters to you to open as she requested. I judge 2 of them are from Dr. Baldwin. If so and they refer only to common matters- that is if there is nothing in them which Miss N. should see at once I should send them around for the friends to read.

I shall send I No up tomorrow morning. I cannot tell now just what I shall send with him. Perhaps you had better send back one of the baskets. The smallest one. The coolie Lliong Ging used it to take up the native bowls etc. in. He will get it for you. Let me know what eatables etc. you want. If we have a messenger and can just as well as not we had better save the 5% charges by the stores for carrying things up.

[The rest of the letter is missing. Page trimmed short.]

*[This letter dated **June 6, 1897** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He talks about the difficulty in working with the coolies at times. Because appropriations from the Board were low this year, Willard and Ellen are giving more of their own to help make up for the deficit. It appears that they have gone back to calling their son "Gould". Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China. June 6th 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

According to my register the last letter that started from here for Shelton was written May 9th (No. 3) Your last arrived May 24th. It is humiliating to me to think that almost a month has slipped away and I have not written – yes, I wrote to Grandmother. But such is the case. If I remember correctly it was getting warm the last time I wrote. Well it has been hot since. Both Phebe and Gould have felt the heat a good deal. I wanted the little fellow's picture taken as he is seen about each day but I could not have my want supplied- he has on just two articles of clothing- the little sleeveless vest is of the thinnest gauze. Arms, feet, legs, head all bare. The amah has a peculiar way of holding him. She lets him sit on her left hip with her right hand under him for a seat and holds him up by passing her left arm about him just under his breast. This leaves his legs freer to kick and his hands free to fly about or take things to his mouth. He is the happiest little boy that every lived.

Our house at the mountain is not quite ready to move into. But we had furniture in Dwight's house and he is not going up just yet so we arranged to go in there for a few days till ours is ready. Yesterday we were up long before light and ate breakfast at 5 o'clock hoping to start soon after but things do move slowly in Foochow. The coolies were asleep when I sent for them at 4:30 altho I charged them particularly to be here ready to start at the first ray of light. Then when they did come some of the loads were heavy and other complaints were made till I asked the head man if he would like me to complain to the Consul. He looked at me a moment and then did as I said. We started at 6:45. Fifteen men were carrying goods or sedan chairs. So you see it is not the easiest thing in the world to move a family from the plain to the top of the mountain here in China. If the coolies were only angles [angels] or even had angelic natures it would be different. If only you could use horses or oxen the problem would be simpler.

One could feed them well and be reasonably sure they would do the work. But it makes no matter what the bargain is or how kindly you treat these coolies. If anything occurs that makes his task a little difficult or if a circumstance occurs that puts you at his mercy, then look out- Be ready to sit down calmly and wait, - unless you have some means to compel him to behave. For instance, Ellen was in her chair yesterday morning. I was in mine with Gould, the amah was in hers with Phebe. Ellen has started. My chair was ready to start when the coolies refused to lift the Amah's chair. I simply ordered my coolies to wait and sat still while the head man labored with the refractory heathen. In about 10 minutes they had talked enough and then took up the chair and we started. Again at the foot of the mountain they made another fuss. But the times heal many kinds of sickness and it healed this. 12:30 found us and our goods all safely at the mountain top. The day was terribly hot on the plain, but on the mountain it was beautiful. I hardly expect to know the children when I see them again. They were so broken out with heat that they did not look like themselves. This will all pass away in a few days on the mountain. Miss Newton started for Shanghai May 24th. I think she sailed from Shanghai for Tacoma the 29th. She will attend the Y.P.S.C.E. Convention at San Francisco. I am the only foreigner at Ponasang now and expect to keep bachelor's hall for three weeks. The teaching in the Seminary is quite confining. I have taken Sunday as a rest day for a few weeks. But the next three Sundays I shall have to conduct Communion service and during the week I shall have to attend the examination for candidates for church membership in three places. Today at Geu Cio Dong 4 joined and at Ha Puo 10 joined. During the past two years I have not known a communion in any church of this station when there were less than one to be received. At one communion there was only one man to join.

Last night I was asleep at 8:30. I awoke this morning at 5:30 and have had 2 good naps today. I have been perfectly well for the past month able to do a full day's work every day and some extras. I sent a letter to Grandmother May 16th and one to Mr. Kenneston May 20th. So my delay in writing you may be compensated. Please tell Mr. Kenneston or any of the Shelton people that their gift came a few days ago. We are receiving a number of special gifts this year. They must be in answer to our prayers for the work. At the beginning of the year the appropriations were cut down badly as you know. Ellen and I pledged to the work here in order that it might not suffer, all the money we could call our own telling God that if it was His will we would use it. If He would send us money from other sources we could save it for future needs. He is sending money from other sources.

Ellen is well but the heat has worn on her somewhat. Then she has had two tailors for three weeks doing the Summer sewing. So she is tired. I am so glad she is at the mountain this early. She can rest there and other families are there so she will not be alone. With love to all – hoping that the ailing ones are better. Will.

*[This series of letters initially dated **June 10, 1897** was written from Ponasang, Foochow, China by Willard to Ellen. Ellen and the children are on Mt. Kuliang and he is in Ponasang. He lets her know about the laundry and who will be doing it. He is looking for padlocks for the new house on Kuliang. He tells her various things that he has been doing. Letters donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ponasang, June 10th. 1897.

Dearest Ellen:-

I have just finished a very difficult task- that of telling Si tu he could not study in the Sem'y anymore now because his scholarship was too poor. He will go to Goddard this P.M. to talk about working in Ing Hok. The coolie who came up to the mountain on Mon. has been sick since. Diong Ging washed yesterday and is ironing your clothes to-day. Diong King and Lieng Die have entered into partnership to do the washing and carrying of clothes for us the Summer. Diong Kong will carry the clothes up and back and Lieng Die will wash and iron. I could not make them come up twice a week, so have told them to come up each Mon. morning. I wonder how you will like this. I think the washing and ironing will be done well. If the house is ready to move into by Tues. I will come up Mon. afternoon and help move on Tues. returning Wed. morning. If you can do this tell Ga U that you want his friend to come Sat. if possible to dong noh. He wishes us to hire some of his friends to do this and I shall be happy to do so. If the man can not come Sat. he must be on hand Mon. morning early. If the house is ready I will send up a lot of things Sat. anyway. I shall first send up 2 hasps and padlocks for the kitchen doors. I think the cook can get some one to put them on the doors. I think they had better go on the doors on the East side under the little shed. After these are on, the things that belong in the kitchen can be put in and locked up. After breakfast Sat. have the cook go over and receive the things and see to them. You can go if you like too. (Am I not good to allow it?)

How I should have enjoyed seeing you after that toad! Behold what a big matter a little toad kindleth- in a woman's sanctum! I was very glad to hear that your finger was eased. I hope that you and the babies will soon be able to enjoy the mountain air. You have no idea how lonely it is here. Of course my time is full, but when I do have

a moment there is no wife to speak to – and no little girl and boy ready to frolic. But I am taking much pleasure in anticipation.

If you have any soiled clothes send them down by bearer and they can be washed Sat.

With lots of love to you I am

Your Own
Will.

The Hubbards will be in Peets house- Hartwells go to the Peak.

W.

No. 2

Dearest =

The coolie asked for starch this afternoon. I could find none. Perhaps you had better send some down each time the clothes came. I have been over to Rethods[?] and Hong Sings but cannot find padlocks except \$2.00 ones. These are too dear. So I shall send up the store-room padlock and the big native I can put another one on the store room. Be sure that this man waits and takes the baskets. I must have them to send things up in next time.

This afternoon I saw the Ha Puo school's picture taken. I had some of the boys sitting at their tables studying- some standing and one with his back to the teacher reciting. I am thinking of you nearly all the time. It seems a month since I have seen you- kiss the babies.

Lovingly Will.

No. 3

Sat. P.M. 4 O'clock

My Dearest Ellen:-

Your Loving long letter came this morning. It was good. I must stay now tho to write only necessary business. A man has just come from Ga U's home saying that his wife is very sick and they want him to come home immediately. We ought to let him go at once. So I sent Diong Ging up to care for you. Ga U can reach home tomorrow. The time will be so short that of course Ga U will not return to the mountain. I'll board with Miss Newton- Say nothing to Frazer- let him come. You must let me know when you want to come down. You can fix up a coolie load of chairs, books, extra clothes, some of the kitchen utensils a day or so before you want to start and in that way I shall know- unless you can fix the date early enough so the milk man will get the word to me.

My idea about the window in the new room was to have it high enough so people could not look in. If we want the two windows of equal height I had rather have the other raised. This can be done quite easily.

A letter came from home this A.M. which I read.

I must close now for D. Ging wants to get up before dark. All Love to you All.

Will.

No. 4.

10 A.M. Sunday

Dear Ellen:-

Ga U is just here and starts directly for his home. This and the house makes lots of Sunday business. My contract with the workmen was, that the outside door should be 3 ft. wide in the clear. I did not mention height. The inner door was simply to be hung on hinges. The outside door was to open out. This will effectually shut out the weather. It was to be a door of the same kind as the inner door- not foreign style. If the place over the fireplace still leaks ask the workmen to fix it. Of course it was impossible before any work was done to tell just what the finished job would be. If anything more needs to be done I will "gau dai" you to see to it. When I come up to go down with you I will bring up a check for the workmen.

I am boarding with Miss Newton now. Frazer and I will have to take our meals there. Ga U may be gone till the latter part of the week.

This morning I went to Ha Puo to church. It was good to see so many of those one knew before and had watched for months, at church. I think there ought to be a Woman's class started at Ha Puo this quarter if possible. There are several women near the Geu Cio Dong who wish to study and they ask that Mrs. Long Bang Ho may teach then. Perhaps it will do no harm to try her. In this way you will get the Pastor's influence in the school which will be valuable.

Gould is getting able to take care of the house fast. I impressed it on him the day before I left that he would have to see that no care came to his mother and sister and that he would have to help in seeing that the amah's and cook did their duty. I suppose he was afraid the flour was getting musty. I have watched Phebe with a great deal of interest all Summer and at times there has been an impression which I have never voiced that she was a child that we should rather restrain, hold back then push forward. Her perceptive faculty works very rapidly, her mind is like her body, rather ahead of children of her age and I have been afraid sometimes that we were too proud of her achievements and in danger of pushing her too fast. The result of this in ten years will be a sluggish brain if nothing more serious.

The weather today is quite warm tho not hot. This afternoon a nice breeze makes it pleasant. I see you have some sun shine.

The Boston order has come, but the box from Shelton is among those that have stopped on the way for a rest and will not get here for a week or so. There are some of the Shaowu boxes delayed. This is too bad for their boatman is here now to start in a day or so. Tell Phebe papa misses her as much as he does him. Tell Gould to take his responsibilities easy. Hug and kiss them both. Yours entirely Will.

No. 5.

Tues. Evening.

My Dearest Wife:-

Your good letter with the most excellent one to Grandmother arrived this morning for me to read before b-fast. You do not know how much pleasure this letter will afford Grandmother Nichols. It will be next better to her, to seeing us all. It was very thoughtful of you to write it.

Mr. Frazer came last evening just as Miss Newton and I were sitting down to supper. It was pretty hot last night. Frazer did not sleep very good. I managed to do pretty well. This morning we went over to the Seminary and I stayed an hour, then we went thro the Hospital, then to the city and did up the Woman's School, Hospital, Kindergarten, Church, Institute- called on all the foreigners, then went over the hill thro the temple, on over the wall and home. This afternoon we went thro Miss Newton's school, then over to Cui Buo to help a household destroy idolatry. The man is a brother (elder) of the little fat, short Bible woman. He brought out the idol and all the paraphernalia and we held a very nice service with the heap lying on the table. Neighbors to the number of 50 that I counted and how many more I do not know gathered and paid very respectable attention. After the service they asked me to take the idol and all the books and other material away. So one of the men put them in the sedan. When we arrived at Ponasang I wanted the coolies to go on over the river with Mr. Frazer. The coolie asked if he was to take the same chair. At the same time saying that I must take the idol out. He did not want that to be carried over the river. A photo of, I suppose Annie came this A.M. In the last letter some photos of the Long Hill home and Stanley came I am sending all of to you. You refer to locks of the children's hair in Grandmother's letter but I did not find the hair so I will wait till you send it. I am also sending a Palinot and Babyhood. Dr. Whitney has a little mail locked up in his part. When it came the coolie was washing his room. I thought he would be down in a few days so-- ----- Diong Kong has just returned from S. side, has bought bananas, yellow bullets and persimmons. He says Dr. Whitney's bags are with him so I can send the mail. Mr. Frazer goes to Mr. Smyth to b-fast tomorrow morning.

It is going to be a hot night. How glad I am that you and the babies are at Kuliang! I must close now with lots of love for you all.

Will.

No. 4

Fri. noon

It has been quite cool every day this week. I have slept under 21 thicknesses of blanket every night but last Sat. night and have worn woollen clothes until yesterday.

Mrs. Hartwell was home and took the prayer meeting. Yes I sent the notice business meeting.

I cannot find the Kuliang record Book at Miss Newtons. Where did she say it was?

Lovingly Will.

No. 5

Ponasang, Sat. evening 9 P.M.

My Dear Wife-

Your note concerning the painting came by the men this afternoon. I finally made up my mind to pay him all and get rid of him. It is hot to night- has been all day. The shower about 4 o'clock cooled the air for a little but the atmosphere is dead now.

Diong Kong brought down some bread and cake yesterday to my surprise. Now don't let any more eatables come down- I am afraid some of the bread and cake will spoil. I expect to send this by a dang dang man. He will stop at Goddard's house perhaps but the things he brings, [I] want to be taken to our house. If the oil is dry, it will be all right now to put the furniture in. Unless you send word to the contrary. I shall send up the things now right along until they are all up. Then you can tell what are lacking. Diong Kong will not come up on Mon. If you have clothes to send down let me know and I will send him up for them Tues. or any time you say.

To day I have been quite free from interruptions - I have put in some tall studying. I shall preach and administer the sacrament at Au long Die to morrow. There will be none to join the church because the preacher and members decided that none of the learners were ming lik enough. There was no examination of candidates for this reason.

I am lonely and homesick to night- with no one to cheer me. I should have to school myself for some time before I could be happy to live all alone in this way. I shall not come up next week, unless you are very urgent to move Tues. I am afraid it will be rushing things to do it then. And I think with Ga U to oversee the moving it will not be a difficult task for you. It will make no difference if you wait till Mrs. Goddard comes up before moving. I should however send such things as you are not using over to our house now, - such as the diang and tables and book shelves etc. If the ground about our house is leveled to suit you, you and the cook can have the sodding done if you like. The ground should be level 17 ft. from the veranda in front and of course more at the W. end. It will be pretty expensive to sod all the ground W. of the house. I thought about 17 ft on W. and W. sides and back yard if you want would do for this year. Next year we can eai pah saung. I think the work ought to be done for 35 cents a daung i.e. 10 ft. square. You many have to give 40 cents. The well ought not to be f?? now. The ground is too wet and I fear it will go dry in Aug. The paper calls a halt so good night. With hugs and kissed for yourself and P. and G. Lovingly Papa

*[This letter dated **June 20, 1897** was written from Ponasang, Foochow, China by Willard to his Dear Daughter, Phebe. He talks about the weather, items for the new house on Kuliang and the Consul's reception. He forgot to send up some stationary to Ellen and she is probably not too happy with him because of it. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ponasang Sunday Evening June 20 '97.

My Dear Daughter:-

Your very interesting letter arrived by the milkman this morning. I remembered your birthday last Fri. and celebrated it by helping to finish up the business of the Annual Business Meeting of the Mission. You and your mother must have had great times celebrating, - ending up with a grand chorus and finale. I am glad to see that your cold has so much improved that mama allowed you to hold your head under the eaves. Is not this the greatest weather you ever saw? I think it goes ahead of all my experience heretofore. The moon changes next Tues. I hope the weather may take the hint and change also. I do not know whether to wish you were down here instead of on the mountain or not. Unless you suffer from the cold- which I have no reason to believe- I think you are better off up on the mountain. It has not been unbearably hot here but there is a steaminess in the atmosphere night and day that would be delightful if it were absent.

Yesterday I sent a coolie to the mountain with the dishes and two kitchen utensils and letters and papers. I hoped he would go up himself and so bring an answer back, but I was disappointed. I shall try to send more things up tomorrow. I want Diong Kong to wait till Tues. because the ironing is not all done yet. I shall send up by the first man who goes 1 box of flour, 1 of sugar and one of ground wheat. I have washed and partially dried about half the

whole wheat. The sunshine has been so bashful that it was difficult to catch it to dry the wheat after it was washed. I hope you will be able to move all right Tues. We have 2 stools for your bed, 2 for the rattan bed bottom and 4 for the springs, and 2 for amah's bed. This makes 10 in all. These are at Mr. Goddards house. I shall send up this week two long ones for the Springs and two shorter ones for Gould's bed, with bamboo for beds for you and Gould. Our table is larger than either of Mr. Goddards. The varnish is off the top in some places. If you are in doubt about anything as to whether it is ours or not let it remain till Mr. Goddard comes up.

Yesterday I sent mama's letters to me to Putnam, wrote a letter to Miss Newton and did a lot of writing on mission business. In the afternoon I went over to Au Cio to the examination of candidates for church membership. We examined four and admitted three. This morning I preached there and administered the sacrament, baptized and received the three new members this week. We have an examination at Sang Tung Gio. I expect a hard afternoon work there. We shall probably have in the teens to examine.

The Consul's reception is to Wed. P.M. from 3-6.- unless there is another flood- which would not be an unmitigable evil- I wonder what women would do if there were no men to help make receptions by making speeches etc.? Fortunately the quartet has gone by the board and I do not have that spectre to haunt me any longer. Some one told me that the women folks was a calculating to give the outgoing Consul a picture with a silver frame and the incoming Consul a lacker [*lacquer*] box. I shan't say nothing agin them goin on 'em these things but they must give 'em, not ask me to. I have better investments for my \$4.00. Now you talk to mama real nice so she won't scold me for not subscribing.

I must also solicit your services in appeasing mama's wrath for my negligence yesterday morning in not sending more writing paper. She said that if I wanted any more letters I must send more paper. I did not send more paper. You see the natural inference. Just tell her I did not do it intentionally. It was due to negligence. I would not do without the letters from her for anything- I am just living on them.

It seems over a month since I saw you all. I expect you have grown almost out of my remembrance, and when I see you next week, you will walk out and shake hands with all the dignity of a full grown lady. Well take good care of that young man, and don't let his mother torture him by leaving him on the bed on his stomach with heels and head in air crying. You remember her propensity to indulge in this pastime last Spring. Give the boy all he wants to eat- if you can find enough, - never mind what it is- put something into his mouth. I do not think he will be over particular as to quality. He will think of quantity. Only be a little careful in feeding him hot water that it is not too hot, and do not push the spoon too far down his throat. If it is thrust well into the aperture between his lips he will get the food all right. I give these cautions because I remember the way in which you used to feed him before you left Ponasang.

Mr. Gardner writes that the thermometer registers 100 degrees in Shaowu. They will have a tough time up there this Summer. Mr. Goddard has given the contract for his house at Ing Hok to be done next Fall so that they can move in by China New Years. I am going to try having a picture taken of the pastors and preachers in this station- with their wives. It will make a group of ten. I want the men and their wives to sit side by side. I think they will be willing to do so. I had only one sitting of Day School taken. This shows the whole thing nicely.

I close this now perhaps adding a few words in the morning. You must read it to mama- give her my love with a good hug and kiss. I would also ask you to hug and kiss the boy but your caresses do not seem generally to be received by him with any great show of delight. Perhaps you can ask mama to hug and kiss him for me.

Most Lovingly Papa

*[This letter dated **June 21, 1897** was presumably written from Ponasang, Foochow, China by Willard to his Dearest Wife. He believes the weather has probably kept Ellen from moving into the new house on Kuliang. She should expect some furniture items to be delivered. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Mon. Evening June 21st '97

My Dearest Wife-

I have heard from you this afternoon altho no letter has arrived. As I was about half thro dinner a knock was heard and I rang the bell and told the boy to go to the door. I heard a feminine voice ask if Bi Sing Sang was diok. I finally recognized the voice as belonging to Mrs. Whitney. The only real news that she brought was that Phebe had the hives. I am sorry that she is thus afflicted. I do not know whether it is reasonable to hope that she may outgrow them or not. Mrs. W. said Gould was not thriving but Dr. disagreed with her and said he was. I preferred the Dr.'s word.

If the weather or the mountain has been anything like the weather here you have not done much moving today. I kept the sedan down here because I would like it. I thought you would not use it on the mountain. If I have made a big mistake, and you were planning to use it in moving, I shall be very sorry.

Tues. morning 6- A.M.

Diong Kong is coming up to day, the large wardrobe and the stools for our bed and those for Gould's bed are also coming. If the long stools arrive in time I would have them put under the bed to day. This will save changing. I can see Kuliang this morning. It looks as if you were going to move. Miss Peters will probably be up some day this week for the day. She may take dinner with you. I am afraid she has disappointment in store for her when she finds the house not yet done.

This evening there will be crowds on the South Side. At a late hour there are to be very extensive fireworks- if the weather permits. Pastor Bang Ho is interested in it as Stanley would be if he were here.

I wish I were there to help in moving. But then you will get along all right- perhaps better, without me.

Hug and kiss the babies and tell them papa thinks of them very very often. Take good care of yourself and them. I shall be up in a week from now if nothing unforeseen happens.

Most Lovingly

Will.



Written on back of photo: "Aunt Ellen's summer house at Foochow, China, Mt. Kuliang"
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte. A duplicate copy is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back: "Rice fields, Potatoe fields, Kuliang houses- foreign and Chinese, Mr. Mais [*Main's?*] on top to rt.
Mr. Smith's to left, Feathery bamboos, Pines."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **June 22, 1897** was written from Ponasang, Foochow, China by Willard to his Dear "Mountaineers". He just sent off a batch of letters back home and jokes that the family will be kept busy reading for a long time. He got out his rifle for shooting tigers on the mountain if necessary. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ponasang. Tues. Evening June 22 97.

My Dear "Mountaineers"-

I have received two letters from you today. I sent- or rather prepared for tomorrow's mail 20 cents worth of manuscript for the Putnam mail. As I was stuffing the letters in the envelope I thought - when they see these they will not lack of occupation for a long time- Father and Elbert had better be looking out for a housekeeper, for until those letters are read there'll be no baking, washing, ironing, cooking, sweeping, bed making or any thing else done. I do not know but we ought to have saved them up and sent them one at a time all along thro the Summer.

The examinations passed off finely this morning. I was proud of the boys. They did credit to the Seminary and to their teachers and to themselves. They were examined in the Life of Christ and the O.T. lessons and O.T. Geography. Tomorrow morning there are four subjects- Reciting in class and coll.-Ch. Hist- MK. Comm'y-and Geog. Mr. Hartwell and Dwight were present. Dr. took dinner with me.

Dr. and Mrs. Whitney have spent the day on the South Side. They came home at dark. Mrs. was as wild as a little girl. She nearly put her arms around me in her enthusiasm to make me promise to go back with them at night. She has told me a lot of things to remember if I do not go. I think I'll remember them- to tell the truth I have not one spark of enthusiasm over going. It would be pleasant to be there for a little while. But to purchase this pleasure I must ride 4 miles thro a jammed street and then be in a jam all the time I am there- get back some time tomorrow morning, - arise at 6 o'clock spend 3 ½ hours in the Seminary in the hardest kind of work, - go to look at the house South of Miss Newton's at 12 o'clock- then get ready for that bothersome reception at 3 o'clock. I think my duty is very clear to go to bed. The weather has favored the Jubilee to-day, and this evening bids fair to witness a good display of fireworks. Perhaps I shall see some of them.

I bethought myself of the (OUR) rifle this afternoon. I expected to find it all eaten up with rust, for I have not seen it since I brought it down from the mountain last Sept. But it is in fine condition. I put a bullet in it and fired it off once. It is in first class order for you to shoot tigers.

Now I think I have sent up almost everything we need this Summer. But of course I must have overlooked many articles. If you will as soon as possible take an account of stock and let me know what you want I'll send it up. I have the lantern, fly screens and a wash bowl ready to send up. Further than these I have not planned. I see from the letters sent down I must be careful about endings. So I simply say Lovingly with kisses for babies Will

*[This series of three letters was written probably before **June 23, 1897** by Willard L. Beard to his wife Ellen. Ellen and children, Phebe and Gould are on the mountain while Willard is assumed to be in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

No. 2

Thurs. evening.

My Dearest Ellen

Is it not nice that we can have a letter running back and forth all the time. But I suppose it is about at an end now. I was very much surprised to see the coolie this P.M. I do not know how you will get supper and b-fast. I will send only eatables tomorrow morning. The new coolie is sick today. Diang Ging will have to wash tomorrow. **I am glad you are in foreign company as the presence of Dr. Cross's little girl indicates.**

Dr. Whitney is here for the night- goes in the morning- sends 3 dang loads of goods up to Mt. tomorrow- hopes to go up himself Fri. I hope the mountain air will be the means of cleaning up the blood of you all. I do not think this cold weather will last long. Hug and kiss the children for me and mind Phebe every time she tells you to write me.

Lovingly Will

No. 3

Monday P.M. 2:45

My Dearest Ellen:-

Your letters have just arrived. How good it was to receive them. But about the mosquito curtain. I do not understand. I put one in the basket that had the pillows in. The other I put on the outside of the leather trunk wrapping the burlaps about it. If it is lost I must go for the coolies. Let me know as soon as possible when you have looked everywhere, and if it is gone I can investigate.

Ne Sau and Ga U and Diong Kong have just returned. I shall send them up tomorrow morning. They will take this. Diong Ging will return in the P.M. and can bring the answer.

Miss Hartwell is getting up a reception for consul. I will enclose her missive to me then you will know as much about it as I do.

I shall send up a curtain for Phebe. But still hope that you will find the missing one.

Loving with kisses for all Will.

No. 6

Sun. evening.

My Dear Ellen

I have just finished a letter to Etta. This morning I conducted Communion at An Long Die. It was rather warm. After singing I offered a short prayer. I stood by the table on which lay my Chinese testament open. I knew that I was perspiring freely but I was surprised to find that the perspiration had dropped from my chin on the book and completely soaked a quarter of a page.

I have not yet found Gould's little shirt that you wrote about.

I can see the house in which you are every day- But I can't see you. Take good care of the babies. Phebe must be developing fast in talking. Diong Kong says she no longer says Sa So for amah but calls each by her own name. I am glad she does not forget her papy. I think her mama will see to it that she does not.

It is nearly 10 o'clock. I have been walking on the walk and sitting in the moon light since 7 o'clock- waiting in vain for my fair one to come. It is a perfect evening far too fine to be all alone.

Most Lovingly Yours

Will.

*[This letter dated **June 23, 1897** was presumably written from Ponasang, Foochow, China by Willard to his Dearest Wife. He dressed up and attended a reception. He relays the talk about the incoming Consul, Dr. Gracey. Letter donated to Yale by the family in 2006.]*

6:30 A.M. June 23 [1897]

My Dearest Wife-

The milkman has not arrived and I will add a few words. I went to bed and had a good sleep last night. The people who dissipated are now sleeping off their debacle. The servants all went over last night but returned a little after 10 o'clock. They said there were more than 10000 Chinese over to see the sights. I can not find that there was much to see-except lanterns. I saw a few rockets and candles. The milk woman came just as I began this so I shall have to find another way and time to send it.

Last evening I did not say any more about "Rags"- those pants were worn out. The last time I put them on I mended them twice in one day and after they burst open in another place. If I must tell the whole truth, I put my finger in the largest hole before I sent them to you, just to try it to see if the cloth was strong. It tore some more. In fact so much that I thought you would not think of mending it.

I am glad of the prospect of a pleasant day for your final departure to the new house. I hope the sun will shine enough to dry things off.

8 P.M. The milkman was too late for Dwight this morning so the letter came back to me. I will try again to morrow morning thro Dr. Whitney.

Well I attended the reception this afternoon. I dressed up enough to "stun". I wore my wedding shoes- blacked them before I started- my newest suit of clothes- vest and all-the cream colored tie that you have worn some. The one that you envy so. And my brand new straw hat just from Hong Kong- I took it off when I went in the house. There were lots of lies told- not by me tho'- several people who have said just the opposite told us how mightily glad they were to have Dr. Gracey come back- and do tell on the evidence of his reappointment as a proof of the high esteem in which the government held his services, etc. The little "Dr." himself did so love the dear brethren in Foochow. All the time was at home he was continually called on by various Missionary Boards to tell

about the work here. And speaking in an official capacity – not as a missionary he had no doubt his words were the more acceptable etc. He is here with wife, son and son's wife and a second son- how many more I do not know. They are evidently all very glad to get back to good pasturage again. The only enjoyable feature of the program was a song by the elder son whose wife accompanied him on the piano. The young man has a fairly good voice and it is trained somewhat.

I do not know what you and Phebe can be living on- five dollars has lasted you over two weeks and it seems as if I had sent up but very little. I am asking Dr. to take up \$5.00 to you.

The exercises in the Sem'y close tomorrow. I shall have to leave the last exam,-reciting the Romanized, for Ging Ung- and go to Sang Tung Gio to the examination of candidates. Most affectionately
Papa and Husband.

*[This letter dated **June 25, 1897** was written from Ponasang, Foochow, China by Willard to his Dearest Wife. He is sending a few things by coolie to Ellen on the mountain, including oatmeal and flour. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ponasang June 25th '97

My Dearest Wife-

I am sending a man with various things this morning. I am going to tell him he must wait for an answer to this. In the large tin in the smaller basket is oatmeal on top and some flour in the bottom. If you are careful about taking the oatmeal out the two will not mix. There are papers between. I tho't the large tin would be used to keep flour in. The other things are evident so I need not write.

I can hardly wait for Mon. to come- it is very nice that the rain has ceased so that you could have a good time in the new house. I think these days must dry it nicely. I must not stop to write more now, as the coolie is waiting. I was too tired to do anything last night, retired a little after 8. The little basket is for a little 2 year old girl I know. Kiss the children and tell them papa will see them in three days if all goes well.

Most Lovingly Your
Husband

P.S. I want to get some matting of bamboo to hang in front of the back door so the cook will not get wet when it rains as he goes back and forth from the kitchen. Will you get him to measure with a string which I sent with this the distance from the eaves to the ground. I want to know the length. Will.

*[This letter dated **June 20, 1897** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. There has been a lot of rain in Foochow which has caused flooding. Willard tells of getting to the Annual Business meeting through the floods. He tells of the challenges of the trip and the prices the Chinese tried to charge. It was decided at the meetings to request a new building to be built for the Theological Seminary. Although Ellen would be happy to stay in China, the Board seems to feel that 7 years at a time is best. Ming Uong should be arriving in the U.S. soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China, June, 20th. 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

It is time to start for slumber land but I am afraid that if I leave this till another day before at least beginning it that it will be more than one day and then another mail will have started and this letter will wait. So I will put this in the works and then to make room for something else this will have to be finished. Your last letter arrived June 14th. I sent my last June 7th. No. 4.

The last mail brought a long and interesting letter from Oliver and Grace. Elsie also wrote. I have not seen Ellen and the children since I wrote last i.e. since they went to the mountain. We have been fortunate in having a pretty regular messenger, so we have heard from each other nearly every day. I expect to go up to the mountain one week from tomorrow, June 28th. The Seminary closes Thurs. June 24th. Then I have one communion service with the examination of candidates for church membership. The communion will come next Sunday if nothing prevents. Then the work will do to leave for a season.

It has rained every day since Ellen went to the mountain. This evening there is a steady down pour. I went to the city every day last week except Saturday. Monday the streets were free from water. Tues. at the south gate the water was about two feet deep. Wed. as I went in at 3:00 p.m. the water in many places between here and the

city was two feet deep and at the south gate I took a boat going in and came over the wall on the way out. The depth was about four feet. I was in the city about an hour and a half. During this time the water raised at least one foot. Coming out I had to be carried on a coolie's back for about four rods. The water was about two feet deep. The coolie would not weigh over 130 pounds, my weight is not far from 160. It was necessary for him to descend two steps with me on his back and in running water. Well I thought of the prospects and made up my mind to be calm. If I went down the prospect of a wetting was the gravest result but we accomplished the feat successfully. Coming the next mile and a half the coolies had to wade in water from one to two and a half feet deep. Some of the distance the current was so strong that they could not walk in a straight line, but fortunately these places were not more than a rod long and were quickly passed. It was pitiful to see the women and girls in the lofts or on boxes and benches looking about them on all sides at the waters. The lower stories of the houses were all cleared of every thing that the water could injure or carry away. The poor dogs seemed to take the circumstance as hard as any one. They looked as if the last friend had forsaken them. Thurs. morning the street was impassable. The current was too strong for boats. This was the day set for our Annual Business Meeting to be held in the city. I was the Secretary and wanted very much to be there. I knew that all the other members were in the city except Dr. Whitney. I made inquiries in the morning as to any possible way to enter the city and found that boats were crossing the rice fields and landing passengers at the south gate. Ladders were placed so that the wall could be climbed. So I started with a servant. We found a boat that wanted us as passengers. The man said he would take us to the gate for 15 cents. 3 cents would have been a good price for a native to pay. We finally offered him 32 cash (a little less than 3 cents). My servant had not cash enough with him and had to ask the boatman to change a ten cent piece. In this way the man got 40 cash out of us. But he did not take us to the gate or even to the wall. He landed us within about 30 rods of the wall on a piece of land 3 feet wide and 40 feet long. Here other boats were waiting for passengers to take to the wall. They wanted 20 cents to take us this 40 rods. You see the scheme. Passengers were landed here with water on both sides so that they could go neither way. The price was not fixed and the boatmen got all they could. I told the servant, who kept as cool as a cucumber, that I was in no rush. If necessary I could wait half an hour. Fortunately there were a number of boats and after a little waiting we agreed for 2 cents. Then we came to the wall. Here was a ladder about 15 feet long. It was made of two pieces spliced. Two soldiers stood here to prevent disturbances. The man who had been so public spirited as to put this convenience for travelers, said we could go after paying him ten cents. I said that I understood the rules of the institution and that the price was fixed. Here were several ladders in different places and only the day before I had descended one and paid the regular price 2 cash. But the man declared if I went up I must pay him 10 cents. Well I simply pushed my way past him and went up the ladder. When half way up I stopped and waited for the servant who did the paying. I said nothing more. The soldiers said "Yes we know the price is 2 cash but you are a Foreign Teacher and you had better add a little". I sat on the ladder and let the servant do the bickering. He finally gave the man 4 cash for each of us and he was happy. In travelling on any new route I expect to pay more than a native but the difference between 4 cash and 106 cash is most too much. (106 cash is just 10 cents.) Once on the city wall we walked dry shod to the city compound. Thurs. night I spend at Mr. Goddard's. Fri. afternoon the water had subsided so that I rode in a chair all the way to Ponasang.

At the business meeting we voted to ask for a new building for the Theological Seminary as the most urgent need of the mission at the present time. China must be brought to Christ thro Chinamen. These Chinamen for a time must be helped in their study of the Bible and methods of Christian work by the foreigner. Without a trained native agency the work of the missionary is of little value. He must work thro a picked band of men whom he has taught. It is just as impossible to do this teaching in China without a building as it would be in America. We are asking for \$1500 in gold for the purchasing of land and the erection of a suitable building to be used as a Theological Seminary. This will supply the need for years to come. Think of the money required to erect a Theological Seminary at home. This \$1500 building will supply the needs of about the same number of men as one of the Seminaries at home. And these men in the progress of the Kingdom of God will have just as large a part as the majority of those men who year by year leave our Seminaries in the home land. Humanly speaking, \$1500 spent in Foochow in this work will do more to advance the Kingdom than \$15,000 spend in a similar way in America. The question that now interests us is, where is the money coming from. Dr. Smith writes that the Board is corresponding with a young man whom they hope will be able to come to Foochow in the Fall.

I am sending Ellen's letters that she has written at the mountain to me, to her home. She says that she is going to send my letters to her, also, and that these letters must all go to Shelton. This correspondence will give you the very best glimpse of our life here that it is possible for you to get. I wrote mother Kinney that they were for the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and NO ONE ELSE. If others want their contents you may digest them and give them out but we don't want others reading the letters. I think perhaps Ellen would be pleased if you after reading send the letters to Putnam to be kept.

I return the blank from the Derby's Saving's Bank.

When the Kuliang correspondence arrives you will hear all about the children and all about life on Kuliang in the clouds and all about tigers etc. etc. Phebe is learning to talk very rapidly. Her mother forgot to ask the blessing the other day. Phebe sat back in her chair and after a moment said "Mama b'essing". She says "Papa way down Ponasang". She was two years old the 18th. last Fri.

I suppose you are thinking now which meadow to mow first, and selling strawberries and peas by the bushel, and you are all just home from school with the vacation before you. The last letter made me feel almost as if you wished I would come home instead of staying out here. But that wish was only on the surface and transitory I know. In your hearts you would not allow me to return if I wanted to. Ellen has her heart set on a stay of ten years. But I tell her we must wait and see what God's will is. It will depend almost entirely on our health. I see that the delegates at the FIFTH CONFERENCE OF MISSIONARY BOARDS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA in Conference in New York in January of this year thought that the first term should be shorter than the subsequent terms. The feeling seemed to be that 7 years for the first term was about right. With so many brothers and sisters on both sides of our house we may be surprised sometime to see some of them taking a wedding or a pleasure trip to Foochow. If you come any time in Oct. Nov. or Dec. we can assure you a happy visit.

The last mail brought a letter from Ming Uong. He was not on land yet but expected to land the next day. This letter was mailed at Victoria. His passport was made out for San Francisco. I hope he is safely in Springfield before this time. Doubtless ere this you have written Dr. L.P. Peet at West Haven, and received a reply.

A reception is planned for the outgoing Consul and the incoming Consul at the same time. The event is to take place day after tomorrow. The new Consul is an ex- M.E. minister. He could not find a charge that would have him, and then tried Insurance and failed, then came as Consul. He was in Foochow as Consul 4 years ago. And every one says he is happy to return, - happier than the people are to have him I judge. I am to toast the ladies, at the reception- the ladies of the Consulate - I mean.

Love to All Will.



South Gate and Suburbs, Foochow, China

[I believe the pagoda in the photo is the "Black Pagoda. Postcard from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **July 5, 1897** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He has read in the papers that McKinley is going to work on annexing Hawaii. Willard went to Kuliang and he and the coolies faced deep water over the road on the way. They had a typhoon and the new house withstood it. There is a wide view of Foochow and the Min River from the house. Willard tells about the tiger sightings and the hunt for them. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang, Foochow, China, July, 5th. 1eia[?]

Dear Folks at Home:-

My record tells me that the last letter was No. 5 and started June 21st. Your last arrived the 14th. of June. The mails are for some reason delayed. I heard yesterday that a mail was expected today. We are getting hungry for both letters and papers. Three weeks is a long time not to have any news from the home land. I am taking a Shanghai weekly which gives the most important world's events. These are in the form of telegrams and occupy about one column. I saw by the last paper that when McKinley got the tariff out of the way he was expected to set about the annexation of Haiwaii [*Hawaii*]. Spain is withdrawing slowly from Cube [*Cuba*], and the Greeks calling on the "Powers" to help them from being devoured by the greedy Turk.

The students in the Seminary wish to send \$3 to Ming Uong. This in gold will be \$1.50. Will you send him this amount and charge to my account. If you do not have his address it is 40 East 23rd. Street, New York City.

Last Monday June 28th. I planned to start for Kuliang early in the morning. But there was a little business to finish before I could get off and then when I was ready the water was over the road so that the coolies did not want to start. We waited till after dinner and the water only increased in depth. I told the coolies I would not insist on going but that I very much wished to go. They were afraid the water would be so deep in places that it would be impossible to reach the mountain. I said I would take any risks. They at last started. For about 2 miles the water was from one to two feet deep nearly all the way. Some of the time it was rushing across the stone road like a mill race. We had just passed one very deep and bad place, when one of the men stopped and said to me "You see teacher it is like this all the way. You can see now for yourself." I said all right and we went on. Fortunately the last half of the road was entirely free from water and the journey was on the whole a pleasant one. The day was cool and the sun did not shine. I arrived at our cottage at 4:15 p.m. How the children had changed! When they left Ponasang over three weeks ago the heat had wilted them so that they made one think of flowers that had been in the sun for a few hours. The change to the mountain had cleared up their faces and the wind had browned them so that they looked the picture of health. Gould came to me with a smile. But Phebe was like a bashful maiden. She hardly knew whether to smile or not. Gould had a cold so that he breathed like a rattle snake but he looked and acted as if he did not care if he did have a cold, it did not bother him at all. He is all over it now.

Last week we had five pleasant days. Sat. it rained a little. Yesterday it rained hard. Last night the wind blew violently and in gusts. This is the order of typhoons. A short time after we had retired something rattled about on the veranda. We could not tell what it was, whether a part of the veranda had given away or what. Ellen kept watch after that until midnight, getting up when the wind was specially boisterous and calming it down. She was afraid the stone walls of the cottage would collapse and cover us up. About midnight she fell asleep and the wind then had its own way. The house is all right this morning. So are we all. But when is this rainy weather to cease? During the last 37 days we have had 8 days when it did not rain. On 5 of these the sun has shone.

The new cottage is thus far very satisfactory. If only it will stand against the storms and keep out the rain, we shall be perfectly satisfied. We overlook nearly the whole foreign settlement on the mountain. Only one house is higher. That is a few rods back of us and about 10 feet higher. We see all of the city of Foochow and a large portion of the plain. About 25 miles of the Min river above Foochow is visible, and the mountains are on all sides of us. Beyond the river and the city the mountains form the horizon- indeed they are the horizon on every side. We sent you a picture or rather a plan of the cottage last Fall so it will not be necessary to send another now. We are expecting to have a photo taken as soon as the house and walls are finished.



Willard and Ellen's cottage is at the top right of the photo.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



This may be the view that Willard is talking about from his Kuliang cottage.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Last night the strength of the house was well tested. Today the rain has fallen in torrents, and the house still stands and we are as dry as the atmosphere will allow.

Since I last wrote I have conducted another Communion service and admitted 3 to the church. There were 6 or 7 more who wished to join but it was thought best to ask them to wait till next time. The Seminary examinations passed off very satisfactorily. Three days were taken for the work. Perhaps I can give you no better idea of what I am trying to do in this branch of the work than by sending a program of the examinations. I am preparing some of the written papers which the students have handed me to send to different persons who they may interest. I will send you some if I think they will be of interest to you. I have not yet translated them and do not know just what they will be like. The examinations program was as follows:-

↓	Tues. June, 22nd.	a.m. 9-10	Life of Christ.	1st. & 2nd. classes.
		Beard	10-11. The old Testament, Lev. to I Sam.	1st. class.
		Beard	11-12. Biblical Geog., Gen. & Exodus.	2nd. class.
	Wed., "	23rd.	a.m. 9-10. Reading in the classical & colloquial O.T.	1st. & 2nd. classes.
		Ming Hong's father	10-10:45. Church History.	1st. class.
			10:45-11:30. Commentary on Mark.	1st. class.
			11:30-12. Geography.	2nd. class.
		Beard	p.m. 2-3:30. Written examinations in Bib'l Geog. and in O.T.	1st. & 2nd. classes.
			Gen to I Samuel.	1st. & 2nd. classes.
	Thurs. "	24th.	a.m. 9-9:45. Native books.	1st. class.
			9:45-10:30. " "	2nd. class.
			10:30-12. Romanized colloquial (written)	2nd. class.

I suppose it will scarcely answer to close this without at least the subject of "Tigers". There is very little to say on the subject tho, for Ellen has written all that there was to write. I had just finished breakfast Tuesday morning when a man announced that the tiger had just been seen over back of the hill on which our house stands. I took my rifle with six bullets in it and followed with grand visions of a nice tiger skin for the parlor floor. But after I had descended about 2000 feet on the other side of the mountain and seen nothing that resembled a tiger, and then climbed up that 2000 feet the vision disappeared. This climb on top of walking up the mountain the afternoon before materially lessened the attractiveness of tiger hunting at least till my muscles attained their normal condition. While we were watching for the game on one spur of the mountain, the natives began to shout across to other natives on the opposite spur that two tigers were coming up the path right in front of them. The natives were nearly wild. But they again gained their equilibrium when it was discovered that the two tigers were two yellow dogs that belonged to some of the natives. Afterwards one of the men who was so sure that he saw the tiger in the morning said it might have been a deer. I have not been hunting since. There are several trips set with goats as bait. If the tiger comes around he can take up with these. The stories about the tigers as they descend to the plain and get out among the missionaries and community people are increased in size and attractiveness as a snow ball grows larger as it is rolled down the hill in the light sticky snow. Last Sat. one missionary and two community men who have been afraid to allow their families to come to Kuliang because of the tigers, came up with their rifle to dispatch the beasts in short order. They had a deal to say about the remissness of the natives not going out and shooting the animals. And they thought the foreigners here might be a little more alert. These men thumped all day Saturday and at the close of the day one of the [men] wrote to a friend that he was perfectly willing to let his wife and children come up. He had seen only one man who had seen the tiger. However we are careful about sitting out after dusk and do not go calling at night.

The celebrations of the 60th. year of the reign of Queen Victoria was the scene of the biggest time Foochow has ever seen. 50000 Chinese attended. A reception was given the retiring Consul and the incoming Consul. I enclose a program.

The messenger is waiting so I must say Love to All.

Will.



Written on back: Ding Ming Uong delegate from Foochow, China to the Worlds Students Conference at Williamstown, Mass. in June. [1897] Also an assistant to Mr. Beard in the Seminary at Foochow. [*Unknown boy next to Ding Ming Uong but possibly Willard's younger brother Stanley Beard who would be 13 at the time this photo was taken. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]



This photo was probably taken during Ding Ming Uong's visit in 1897 to the U.S. and New York as the mark states on the mounting of the photo- Brauneck's 122 East 23rd St. New York. He was the Principal of the Foochow Theological Seminary.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **July 18, 1897** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Because the Woodhull sisters are not returning in 1897, the workload on Dr. Goddard will be heavier. They enjoy their new house on Kuliang. They must sleep with mosquito netting in the summer. Traps are set for the tigers and one was shot recently. Willard tells the tragic story of the deaths of the Collins family and Miss Lloyd and Miss Weller all of the English Mission. Ming Uong is now in the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Grand View Cottage
Paradise Hill
Mt. Kuliang
Foochow
China

July 18th 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

What is the matter with the mails. We have not heard from you for over 1 month now. June 14th the last letter arrived. I wrote July 6th no. 6. So there is nothing for me to answer. I must find my whole material this side of

the water. I have been so busy during this interval of 1 month since your last letters came that I have not had time to worry. The Seminary Examinations came soon after June 14th and then the Annual Business Meeting of the mission came and this have given me a lot of extra work both as Recording Secretary and as the one appointed to write up four of the principle needs of the Mission at the present time. Dwight was in yesterday and said Mrs. Goddard, who has during the past year been carrying the work of both Dr. Kate Woodhull and her sister Hannah Woodhull while they were in America on a furlough in addition to her own work, had just received a letter from these sisters stating that they were not coming back this year. This falls heavily on Mrs. Goddard for two or three reasons. The Mission is just opening a new station at Ing Hok 40 miles S.W. from Foochow. Mr. Goddard and Mrs. Goddard M.D. were appointed to go to this new station. The residence is now well under way and they hoped to move up next January. I cannot tell now what effect this decision of the Woodhull sisters will have on the Goddard's plan. But suppose they remain in Foochow another year and Mrs. Goddard has to carry the work of three persons for another year, with an infant to care for in addition to this year's duties. This is presuming on God's care. It is sacrificing human strength in such a way as is not called for in this last decade of the nineteenth century.

You are in the midst of haying at home. All the children except the two eldest are under the parental roof. What good times you are having. Flora's bicycle stands still during the night. At all other times, Phebe, Elizabeth, Ruth, Mary and Mother are endeavoring to balance it. What a saving of horse flesh it must be. I wonder if it reduces avoirdupois [*a system of weights*] at all? None of you have ever written about the lots East of the house that father has cleared of stones and smoothed off. What do you do with them? Use them for pasture or do you mow them? And what are the results of the labor suspended on them?

We are enjoying our cottage here every day. The children and Ellen are just as well as they can be. Gould has just cut his first tooth. He was eight months old last Tuesday. Night before last the children kicked and threw their arms about so that they got the misquito curtain part way off. The misquitos got at the young man and he looks like a freckled Irishman now, with about 50 bites all scattered over his countenance. They do not seem to trouble him at all. They do not swell, only make a little deep red spot about the size of a pin head. Both the children - in fact all of us are eating like wild beasts. I have eaten a little too much fruit and am resting to-day, - from eating. Phebe is in the same fix. But Ellen and Gould are as ravenous as ever. He is too big a boy to need two meals at night, but he has demanded them right along and till last night he has had them. We are going to give him water and break him of these nightly banquetings. I was up with him at 2:00 this morning. He asked in plain baby language for food but I put a glass of water to his lips. He said it was poor substitute. After discussing the matter for half an hour he drank some and went to sleep. He is a great boy for play. He pulls the handkerchief off his own or another's head and when in his mama's or papa's arms and his amah comes after him he snugs down to our necks and hugs us and then looks around as much as to say to amah "play some more". Then repeats the hugging. He is just beginning to navigate. He works himself along a little. He is so strong that when he finds out the manner of creeping, he will be all over the house and in to every thing. Phebe continues to develop in the line of talking, both in the English and in the Chinese. At morning prayers which are in Chinese, she always joins in the singing and kneels with us and remains quiet till we come to the Lord's Prayer. Then she joins in repeating the phrases after us. She is very much amused these days with a set of blocks with pictures pasted on them which her Putnam Aunties gave her. Every time I come around the pert little miss puts her head on one side and says, "Papa make a pitcher" pronouncing syllable as if it were the syllable chum= "chu", with the "m" dropped. She thoroughly enjoys the freedom here on the mountain. She can go out and walk here. The other day we went off for a little picnic with Mr. and Mrs. Goddard. We went about half a mile. Phebe walked all the way. She enjoys hugging Gould as much as ever and he dislikes it as much as ever.

The tiger scare is abating. One came within about 30 rods of our house ten days ago, and while investigating a cage in which a goat had been fastened ran into a string that was tied to the trigger of a gun, the gun went off. So did the tiger. I saw the tracks he made as he ran down the hill. I judge he was more scared than hurt. Some blood was found 40 rods or so from the gun. The natives thought he had been shot and would die. Sixteen men searched all day for him but did not find him. Last week a tiger was shot about 3 miles from here. I have not heard of any coming near Kuliang since the one that got too near the gun came. Yet we are careful to be in the house at dark.



Undated photo of a tiger.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

I had my turn at preaching in English a week ago to day. I must lead a prayer meeting the first Thurs. in Aug. The Mission is so hard up that they had to put me on as chairman of the Comm. to arrange for the Annual religious meeting of the Mission next Nov. This occupies seven days. To think out topics and select speakers for 14 sessions is no small task. But then I shall not do it all. Others will have suggestions.

Our house is finished except a few unimportant little things like the painting of two or three posts and the fixing of a fire hole in the furnace etc. These little things are sure to be left by a Chinese workman until he has worked for foreigners long enough to find that it is better to do all in accordance with the agreement.

A sad accident has cast its gloom over the Foochow Missionaries. It is the English Missionary Society again. In April one of their older missionaries Mr. Collins had just returned from a furlough in England. He had been up in the country at his station and was coming down the Min river to another station when in one of the rapids the rudder of the boat broke. The boat was dashed in pieces and Mr. Collins with some of his native Christian helpers were drowned. Mrs. Collins and two small children at once started for England. With her went two young ladies of the English Mission- Misses Lloyd and Weller. We knew both of the young ladies well. Mrs. Collins we had never met. They took passage on the P. and O. steamer "Aden". When off the island Socotra on the coast of Africa, the steamer met the storm known as "Monsoon" and was wrecked. Misses Lloyd and Weller were washed overboard and drowned. Mrs. Collins and her children got into a boat with several others and had not been heard from since. They had no provisions, and the sea was so raging that no one entertains any hope of their safety. It was less than two years ago that the Hwa Sang or KuCheng massacre occurred which took away 8 grown persons, and now 4 more are called to their reward, all suddenly. In his prayer one of the Missionaries of that Mission the other day said that the families of the lost ones were all Christians and thanked God that they all had a source whence to draw comfort and consolation. The holes made in the ranks two years ago are already more than filled up by new recruits.

We heard from Ming Uong the other day. He was in Chicago enjoying himself. By this time he has finished the Northfield Students Summer Conference and is with the delegates of the World's Student Christian Federation at Williamstown. Before this reaches you he will have been in Shelton. I hope his visit will be a very pleasant one both for you and him.

We have not received Stanley's photo yet and it seems a long time that I have not heard from him. I wonder if he is riding Flora's bicycle.

I must close now with love from us all to you all.

With Love
Will.

*[This letter dated **July 25, 1897** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He feels they desperately need more young women to come to Foochow to help in the mission work. His children are doing well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China, July, 25th. 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The mail last Tues. morning brot a deluge of letters from America which was very pleasing to us thirsting as we were for news from home. Two letters came from Shelton bearing the dates of June 11th. and 5th. One came from Putnam, two from Ming Uong and one from the Rooms at Boston. Beside these we had several for Miss Newton which she asked Ellen to read for her. This mail also brot word that Miss Garretson, who was associated with Miss Newton till '94, was to return this fall. She has been in very poor health and was not able to return before. She is not entirely well now, but is to come back to try the work. I fear for her in this rush of work. She may think she can be careful, but it is impossible to be careful here and at the present time. Since I came to the mountain I have done little else than write letters on the needs of the mission. We have sent very urgent calls home to the Board for one ordained Missionary and his wife and for five young ladies for the Foochow field to be sent out immediately. These are our most pressing needs. Then we ask for \$1500 for a new Seminary and for \$5000 for a new church. I scarcely know what to say to Uncle James' action with regard to the cereals. But we shall have to say "Thank you" and be happy. But hereafter in such a case you must say that we wish to pay for what we order. You can see that if this course should be followed to any extent that it would destroy our freedom in ordering. Will you please burn this letter when you have read it. I would not send it but the mail starts tomorrow and I cannot rewrite it. Ellen says this is a poorly written letter. I confess to the truth of the statement. I have not said what I meant regarding Uncle James' gift. We are very thankful to him for this proof of his interest in us, and regard for us. But I suppose so much has been said about Missionaries and Ministers living off other folks, that I am sensitive. I made up my mind when I decided to be a minister that I should be careful not to give offence in this way.

Love Will.

We took Phebe to church with us this afternoon. She did not utter a sound except when we were singing. Then she joined with the rest. I tell you what tho, we have the boy for you! He is a chap to make any father proud. He got so mad a day or so ago because he could not pull off one of the long iron hooks that are used to fasten the blinds open, that he yelled for nearly half an hour. I remember when I was a youngster that father and I were after hay one day. A stone lay on the meadow near where I was walking and I tried three times with my hay fork to throw it over the fence. I did not succeed. Father reproved me for want of persistency. If this young man keeps on in the way he has begun whatever he sets his hand to will be done. He is just beginning to creep. One tooth is nicely thro and another is almost here. He is almost eight and a half months old.

I start for the lower regions tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock. I shall have to take two days to do all my business. I shall return if all goes well Tues. after noon.

We like our cottage in almost every particular. It is one of the coolest on the mountain. I have dressed so far just as I would at home. It is so cool that we do not sit out evenings much. There is a breeze most of the time. I am bothered with the mason to get him to finish up the work. The typhoon wall is not yet up. If a typhoon should come along and it should be a full grown one, I am afraid we should look dilapidated after it had played with the house for two days.

Lovingly Will.

*[This letter dated **Aug. 1, 1897** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Many families on Kuliang for the summer are from many other parts of China. There is much sickness in Foochow this summer and at least one case is Bubonic Plague. He talks much about the latest developments of Phebe and Gould. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China. Aug. 1 '97.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letters received were two July 21st and the last sent was one July 25th No. 8. I have been so lazy to day that I want to redeem the time in some way. This will make four usefull things that I have accomplished thus far today. 1st ate breakfast, 2nd attended professionally a poor man with a sore foot- a big boil on it, 3rd ate dinner. I did not go to the Chinese service this morning.

Last Monday I went to Ponasang, and returned Tues. P.M. It was a little warm but I had no time to think of the heat except at night. I got thoroughly baked Mon. right before I could go to sleep. Our house here on the Mt. is very cool. Not a night yet when we have not slept under a blanket. The tiger scare seems to have abated, with one tiger scared and another killed. The community here is representative of a large part of China this year. One of our nearest neighbors is from Central China. Others are from Amoy and one is from Hong Kong. For the past three weeks we have had pleasant weather with only one or two showers. Our life has been quite uneventful. Ellen bathes the babies and studies a little and has put up 10 or 12 quart cans of peaches, plumbs and pineapple. I have tried to a little studying and have written some letters. In the afternoon we take a run around some hill or make a few calls, eat and then go to bed. It seems an empty life. But I suppose it is necessary in order to keep up during the other ten months of the year. In Foochow this Summer there is a great deal of sickness. One of the coolies told me last Monday that 4 out of 10 had died in the city and suburbs. I am afraid however that he would find it difficult to verify his statement. One Physician reports that he has seen one authentic case of the Beubonic Plague.

Ming Uong writes from Kingsville, O. that he is with nearly all the Foochow Mission there. I hope they will give him a little rest. He has not (June 17th) heard from China since he left here in April.

I am clear run dry for anything to write about. When I come to this stage there is always one more subject i.e. the babies. Gould has four teeth, and can make his way in the world to the distance of the length of the bed. He is as fond of noise as James used to be. He found this afternoon that by catching hold of the back of a chair and tilting it back a little then letting go, the chair would fall forward and make a big noise as it struck the floor. He looked as proud as a boy with a new pair of boots and kept up the tilting of the chair for a long time. He woke the other morning and was very hungry. His mother was sleepy and did not hurry much. He kept crying till at last he said as plainly as anyone and in a tone of despair "Mama". The expression that is his and which he always recognizes as his and which we shall remember as his first work is "a da", the "a" is pronounced like the article "a" when spoken quickly. He only just touches this in speaking. But the "da" comes out with a very strong initial stress, with the "a" like "a" in "bad". He always uses a low base voice in speaking this syllable. This morning before light he was awake and I spoke these two words. He at once answered me with the same word. Two young ladies in the next house here have formed a great attachment for him. And his amah says he reciprocates. Phebe was ill Fri. night Sat. morning at 3 o'clock she began to lose her supper and did not eat any breakfast. About 11 o'clock she drank a little warm milk and about an hour later said, "I am hungry". She seems as well as ever this afternoon. She is a great business woman. She writes letters and cleans house, and dresses up in Gould's clothes, and goes out on the hill sides and chases the goats, and drives off the dogs, and (tries) to dress Gould's feet, etc. etc. When Gould wakes she runs and calls Ne Sau, and when she starts off on a new piece of business she has a business swing of the arm and a setting of the heel on the floor that means business. Lovingly Will.

[This letter dated Aug. 16, 1897 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. A tiger was killed on Kuliang with an arrow that had a secret poison on it. All of the multi-national people have been having picnics and tennis tournaments on the mountain. There are 10,000 First Degree men in Foochow to take the Second Degree test. Only 103 of these will be granted the Second Degree. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang, Foochow, China, Aug. 16th. 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

My last letter started for the States Aug. 1st. Your last one came yesterday, Aug. 15th. The number on my last was 9.

The last two weeks we have been well supplied with meetings. From Aug. 1st. to Aug. 8th. inclusive there were two each day conducted in the English language. There was also one at 7 in the morning. This last week the same subjects have been repeated in the Chinese. The English meetings were more interesting than last year, I think. But the Chinese meetings were not as interesting. This is partly because the best of the teachers and other Christians are absent. The teachers are many of them First Degree men and are in the city taking their examinations for the Second Degree. This examination is held once in three years.

Week before last another tiger went the way good tigers that get in the way of guns with poisoned arrows in them go. She was carried along the path just as service was closing one morning. We all had a good look at her. The arrow is about four inches long, of iron, hollow at the end that does not hit the tiger, and is prepared with some

kind of poison that when it gets into the blood very speedily ends life. This arrow hit the tiger in the fore leg about three inches from the body. This shows how deadly the poison is. Only one family in this province knows the secret of making the poison. The hunters here on Kuliang and hunters from other parts have tried to get the tiger and have tried to learn the secret of poisoning the arrows but have failed in both.

I am sorry to hear of Mr. Peet's action with regard to Ming Uong. But instead of indulging in a polemic against a fellow missionary now I will wait and see what the months of Aug. and Sept. bring in the way of visits. Thurs. Aug. 19th. The people here are getting a little rested and now picnics are all the rage. These are very pleasant affairs, for the company is so varied. It is composed of Americans, Canadians, English, Australians, Irish and Scotch. O yes and Dutch. Mon. p.m. we walked about two miles away from our house to a beautiful grove of pines for a picnic. Tues. p.m. there was a tennis tournament. I was badly done up. Some laid the blame on my partner. As he was a man I think he is able to bear it. I must have had some good exercise for I have been so lame since that I could not walk naturally. Yesterday there was a meeting at which the missionaries from different parts of the Empire gave short accounts of their work. We listened to accounts from the southern part of this province, from Nanking a few miles up the Yangtse from Shanghai, from Chefoo up near Weihaiwei and from the northern part of this province. This meeting is to be continued for three weeks on Wed. p.m.s. Today we go to a place called Bellevue about 15 minutes from our house for a picnic.

The boy lies on the floor in the middle of the room on a blanket happy as a lark. He has numerous blocks and a string of buttons, and my bicycle padlock and a lid to a tin box and an old iron hinge, some pieces of thin board and his fingers to amuse him. He navigates quite a deal. When he gets almost off his blanket I throw a block or something over to the other side of the blanket and he creeps after it and in this way he stays on the blanket. He is a very happy little fellow.

Phebe is too mischievous to live. She writes letters on any paper that happens to come in her way, stones the goats as they feed on the hills near the house, calls the cook in when we do not want him, dresses up in Gould's clothes, etc. Yesterday she came to us with a hat on, an umbrella under her arm and a book under the other arm and very sedately said "Good bye". Then she started out the door as if she was going to make a call or on an errand. A few days ago she turned the camphor bottle bottom upwards on her nose. She found it a rather stiff dose. It would please you to hear her count in Chinese. She goes up to ten all right then she flounders about in the teens like a fish on dry land. Ellen has just put a picture of Pres. McKinley and Vice Pres. Hobart on the wall. Gould noticed it as soon as he was brought into the room and has scarcely taken his eyes off it since.

I enjoyed father's letter about the farm exceedingly. The description of the strawberries made my mouth water. It would do me an immense amount of good to be able to have a summer on the farm now. It is absolutely impossible to get anything off the dirt, but this is not like working on the New England farm. This morning I got up at 5:30 and worked an hour at raking off the yard. The sun was so hot at 6:30 that I had to leave. Then at about four one can go out again. In the house it is quite comfortable in the hottest part of the day. The last few days the heat has been greater than at any time this year before.

We have had pictures of the house and of the views from our veranda taken. The day was hot and the plates were taken down to Foochow to be developed. The photos did not come out very distinct. So we are to have another trial. At the same time the boy was snapped with the amah holding him just as she does in the hottest weather. He has a perfect picture. Perhaps not from an artistic standpoint, but it looks exactly like him. He is never quiet and the picture shows him in motion. He generally has something in his mouth and the picture shows this characteristic. Phebe's picture was good. She stood perfectly still. But the plate was cloudy and we must try again. We are to have a few of Gould and of Phebe struck off in case anything should happen that other picture should fail. We also had one of the family taken. This plate was so mottled that the photographer would not make a proof. He did however bring the plate up to us. We told him to make one picture.



Gould and his amah- 1897

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

So Stanley is boss of the farm! Well his photo has not arrived yet. I am waiting for it.

10,000 First Degree men are now gathering in the city of Foochow to take the examination for the Second Degree. Goddard and I have bought about \$100 worth of books to be sold at this time. These books are Scientific and Christian. My teacher who is a First Degree man and who is to take the examination has been down to hand in his name and make other preliminary arrangements and says that the higher priced books are selling very fast. The cheaper books are scorned because they are cheap. The Emperor has ordered that these books on Western Science shall be read by the Literati. The rules of the Examination are as follows: - About ten days before the examination each man must appear in person to give in his name. Then he must make arrangements to rent a room near the examination hall and go to cramming. This consists mainly in memorizing nice phrases from the books of Confucius or Mencius. When the examination day arrives each man must be in his place in the examination hall. This is built like a New York Horse Car Stable. Only the stalls for the horses would be all box stalls. One man is in each stall. When all is in readiness all the officials in the city except the Viceroy make a grand rush in their chairs for the examination hall. The streets are lined with the populace and at the entrance to the exam hall there is a perfect jam. When the officials are inside the gates are shut and locked. This will be on the 8th. of the 8th. Chinese moon i.e. Sept. 4th. Each candidate must make provision for two days and two nights during which time he cannot go out of his row of stalls. He may leave his own little room but must not go out of his section. On the morning of the 9th. at daylight the subjects are distributed. The candidate studies all that day and all that night. At daylight on the 10th. he begins to write. At about 5 o'clock he must have finished. During this time if he has slept at all it has been on the table on which he has written. He has boiled his rice over a fire in a little clay stove which he has taken in to the room with him. This routine is repeated three times and the examination is over. Of the 10,000 men who enter, 100 will receive the title of Second Degree. The other 9,900 will go home to earn money to try it again three years hence. The cost will be perhaps \$25 more in many cases.

Will you please put in the bank for me \$25. I enclose an order on the Treasurer of the Boards for the balance of this amount i.e. \$7.21. The balance due me after the shipment was paid for was \$17.79.

We are pained to hear what you write of Elsie. When Ellen and I heard that she had a bicycle we both said that we hoped that would be the means of building her up physically. In view of the news we can only wait and hope for the best. This God knows and will do. Remember us very tenderly to Uncle Charlie and Aunt Hannah [*Hannah is a sister of Willard's mother, Nancie Maria Nichols Beard*].

Good Night for we are off for bed.

Lovingly

Will and Ellen.

Hereafter our mail comes by way of Shanghai instead of Hong Kong. No mail with insufficient postage will leave the States for Foochow. This will save up about \$4.00 a year apiece in our Mission. W.

In another cover I am sending some photos. I have indicated on the back of each how they are to be distributed. There are more to follow not yet ready. W.



Phebe and Ellen taken about 1897

[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, the collection of John and Nancy Butte.*]

[*This letter dated **Sept. 15, 1897** was written from Ponasang, Foochow, China by Willard to his Dearest Ellen. He briefly updates her of what has been going on in his life and the city. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Ponasang Sept 15th 1897
7 P.M.

My Dearest Ellen:-

Sieu Deng is to start about 6 in the morning so I must scratch a few words this evening.

The weather is very cool. I have worn my drab or gray suit all day with collar and cuffs and it has been cold some of the time. If I were sure that this is to be the weather for the rest of this month I would vote to have you come down next Monday. But you can judge of that better than I. If you should happen to want to come let me know by milkman.

We had the first prayer meeting this afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, Miss Newton and I at our home. Mr. and Mrs. H. stopped on their way home from Sharp Peak. Miss Newton brought your watch to day. I am not going to send it up because the time is so short, and I do not know where the chain is.

Miss N and H went into the house just South of here this P.M. to look at it. The man is coming this evening at 8 to talk money. If we can buy reasonable it will be a good thing. Mr. Walker will not return this Fall. The boys are all back now but two. These are ill, but on the mend.

Tomorrow I read the marriage service twice. Miss Newton will take Diong Huong's wife into the school to teach this Fall in place of Pastor Ding's daughter. The mail came yesterday, but it bro't only an Advance and a Golden Rule for me. I wonder if you received any.

A Shaowu boatman came today with an order from Dr. Bliss. He does not even mention the Gardners so I think Mr. Gardner must be better. The boatman said Dr. was in the city at the Hospital and Mr. Gardner's family at the hill.

Will you please look for the August number of the Recorder. I do not find it among the numbers I brought down.

Tell Dr. Whitney I have translated the Annual Meeting program and shall wait now till it is criticized, and torn to pieces. Miss Newton brought over a fine big Cal. orange this P.M. The four at prayer meeting were just enough to eat it.

How are the babies? Does Gould creep correctly yet? I must close now to see the man who is to talk buy land. Kiss and hug each little cherub for me. Take a good lot of each for yourself.

Most Lovingly Your Own

Will.

No. 2 ans'd.

These letters are sent on the same conditions as the other batch which we sent in July. Only fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters to read. - When you have finished reading send to Putnam.

Oct. 18th 1897.

Ellen is like herself again. Babies have boils-other wise well.

Will.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 19, 1897** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He spent some time on Kuliang with the family but had to go back down for the start of the schools. He read in the Putnam, CT paper that Ming Uong was doing some speaking at churches. Mr. Walker is not returning in the Fall and Willard is concerned over the lack of help. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China Sept. 19th 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Your last letter arrived Sept. 18th. I wrote last Aug. 23rd No. 10. This is a long interval is it not? Well during the last three weeks at the mountain I was too lazy to be of any use. I just ate, exercised by walking and playing tennis, slept and played with the babies, and flirted with Ellen. The month of July bore very little fruit for me in the shape of rest. I was getting ready to rest tho and when the work that came in that month was out of the way and I had got used to it I could spend the whole day and actually accomplish nothing. I came down to Ponasang last Monday, Sept. 13th (The day Gould was 10 months old). I had ordered coolies from our old stand at Ponasang to meet me at the foot of the mountain. But when I arrived at the foot there were no coolies, so I started on a foot and reached home at 5:59- starting at 3:07. How is that for a 10 mile walk? I had a grand sleep that night, got up the next morning at 6 o'clock and did a good day's work. At 8:30 the Seminary opened as advertised, altho the full quota of students had not arrived. On Wed. morning the regular recitation began. This is doing as well as most of the

Seminaries at Colleges at home do. They are often a week in getting into running order. Miss Newton had not arrived Tues. noon. Girls from a distance began to come to enter the school. The rooms were not ready, and I sent them away to stay where they could find a place for a time- until Thurs. when the school had been advertised to open. Tues. about 5 P.M. she came. I had planned to go ahead with the assistant teachers and start things if she should be delayed beyond Thurs. and I could see no means for her to get down from Shanghai for several days. The regular steamer arrived Mon. Sept. 13. The next could be in about Sat. the 18th. But fortunately what we call a "Tramp Steamer" happened to be starting from Shanghai the evening of the day in which Miss N. arrived and she came straight down arriving just in time. Ellen and the children will remain at the mountain till near the first of Oct. The past week from Tues. evening till yesterday afternoon has been quite cool. I have slept under two thicknesses of blanket till last night when I threw all off. Today has been hot. After the first of Oct. hot weather is very unusual, and we think it safe to bring the children down. Yesterday's mail brought the Putnam paper with an account of Ming Uong's Sun. evening talks at the Cong'l church. I shall look in the next mail for an account of his visit at the Century Farm and other places near. I shall be surprised to hear that he spent two weeks with you but hope he may.

What is the matter with the well? I remember the last few years I was at home the water often had a bad taste. You will have to resort to our method of boiling all your water. After one gets used to it this is not so bad. At first the boiled water seemed rather insipid but, we do not mind it at all now. You have not written how James came out on his Yale examinations. Did he take the whole entrance examination or only the preliminary. Has he graduated from the High School yet?

I was glad to receive the photos- I suppose it is a sample of the Amateurs work. Well some adepts would have done better with Stanley and the wheel barrow but the house was good. Please receive congratulations. The church also was good. A Chinaman seeing Elizabeth standing near the buggy in front of the church asked if that was the way they used carriages. He could not see how that position could help her in getting over the road.

We have received word that Mr. Walker will not return to the Mission this Fall. This leaves the Shaowu station in a pretty bad fix. There is a field as far from Foochow, in point of travel, as Foochow is from the United States. The field is about 200 miles long and 100 broad. The work is very prosperous. Village after village asking for Christian teachers, promising to pay part of the expenses and often themselves furnishing a place in which to worship. Nearly every mail that comes down brings news of a new station opened or of a new village calling for a preacher and announcing that they have raised \$300 more and less for a church. There is one man in that field now to take care of Evangelistic work in about 20 places, and all the educational work. Of course he can't begin to oversee it all and now Mr. Walker's return is put off a year. Not a recruit for the Foochow Mission in view. As I feel this great need and then read the account in the home papers of man after man who has a reputation of being wealthy and of keeping large sums of money in his house, and who lives chiefly to exult over his achievements in acquiring property,- as I read the accounts of these men being robbed and even murdered for their money, and having to part with that which they have held so dear, I cannot help wondering if they would not have been happier if they had given a reasonable or even an unreasonable portion of their ready cash to help make the world better.

Who is the Miss Beard that teaches the Long Hill School this year? If you have time I should very much like the dates of the birth of all the brothers and sister. I cannot keep track of the exact ages of all of them.

Phebe went to the head of my bed the morning after I left Kuliang and said "Where la Papa". Ellen said Thurs. P.M. was so foggy and damp the children could not go out doors to play. After playing in the house till she had grown tired Phebe went up to Ellen and laying her head on her lap said "Want la Papa." One morning as they sat down to b-fast Phebe saw the syrup jug, which I had bought only two weeks ago and which we had used only twice and on the table she pointed to it and said "Mama hot cakes". Her perceptive faculties are very quick and her memory is extremely good. She almost always remembers where she leaves things and when asked where she left a certain article stops a moment then marches straight to the place and brings it.

Gould creeps all about. Ellen wrote that he went into the dining room the other day and crept up to the tin in which we keep flour. It is about 16 in. high and 1 ft. sq. He got on his feet alone, then after standing a little while, he made up his mind to pull the tin over or to shake up its contents. This resulted in his manship's down fall. I should not be surprised if he walked at the age of one year. He is getting big enough so that he and Phebe have great times playing together. Nothing seems to please him quite so much as the antics of his sister.

The boxes from home have arrived. But as often happens, some of them got lost in some freight depot- probably at Hong Kong. Among those delayed is the box from you. It will probably be here next week. The soap came- with two bars gone. Oh, I forgot this was ordered from Boston. The box got broken a little and I suppose two bars walked out to see the sights and the train started too soon for them.

9:50 P.M. I must say good night. With love to you all and to all the friends from all of us. Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 3, 1897 was written from Ponasang, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The family has moved down from the mountain with the help of six Chinese carriers. The Chinese are still holding onto the idea of church self support. Willard and Ellen received a box from home which included "lively" oatmeal. Ellen's sister, Etta, enjoyed Ming Uong's visit to America. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Ponasang, Foochow. Oct. 3rd '97

Dear Folks at Home:-

Sept. 20th I wrote letter no. 11. Sept. 18th I received the last one from Shelton. I am afraid that vacation is not the best time for prolific letter writing. I shall have to confess tho that I wrote a great many this vacation but they went to other places.

Sept. 25th. Sat. I went to Kuliang and spend the Sabbath. Starting for Ponasang at 6:00 A.M. Mon. morning. Thurs. P.M. I went up again and brought Ellen and the children down to Ponasang. We did some of the packing and fixing to leave the house over Winter Thurs. evening. Fri. morning we arose at 6:00 o'clock. At 8:30 we were on the way down the mountain. At 11:45 we were at Ponasang all safe and sound. We had 16 mountaineers to bring us and our baggage. They were pleasant all the way. This was quite a change from all other experiences which we have had doing and coming from Kuliang. The children are both quite well. Ellen has a bad sore throat and a little fever. She is about and eats three meals a day but that is about all. There seems to be an epidemic about here this Fall. Both natives and foreigners have been subject to it. There is fever with affectation of some part of the body, what part depends upon the person. With Ellen it is the throat. She is better tonight than she was last night and I trust another day will find her over the worst. Gould has been put off with Mellins food and milk today. He says it is a shame. He has got along very well for over a week on one meal a day of Mellin's food, but a whole day is rather tough he thinks- You should have seen the little fellow this evening when his accustomed fare was again presented. He took it as he was given a new lease of life.

Ellen and the children had been away from Ponasang for 4 months. Gould had entirely forgotten his old birth place. I took him into the house and upstairs and put him on the floor. He looked all around and at last riveted his eyes of the clock that came from Oliver and Grace. It was ticking merrily and he heard it. This was a new sound to him. But he seems quite pleased with the change and evidently thinks the new home a good place. Phebe spends much of her time going up and down stairs. Yesterday morning she cried at the table and I turned her chair away till she stopped. At noon the first thing she said after the blessing was "Baby cwy cwy. Papa turn her 'way table." She was careful not to cry.

To day I have administered the Sacrament at Au Long Die. 4 men joined the church. The preacher there has the prevalent epidemic and I took the whole service except the reading of the O.T. scripture. After the service, just before the benediction one of the deacons arose and said that the church was contemplating opening a chapel about two miles distant in another part of the suburb. He said the church wished to do the whole of it and all would have to help. He asked if they were happy to subscribe then and bring the money this evening. Then at a suggestion of the preacher's he said if any were ready it would be better to pray now. For the first time since I have been in China I heard silver rattle in the contribution box. Ten and twenty cent pieces jingled till there must have been \$6 or \$8. Every instance of this kind is another proof that the people are getting hold of the self-support idea. They are beginning to see that as long as the native church depends upon contributions from America, its growth and development will be uncertain and slow. When the Chinese themselves take hold of the matter, and give of their own means and plan themselves for the enlargement of the work, the church is sure to grow.

The box came this last week. The cereal was rather lively, especially the oatmeal. Some of the packages were all right. The corn and rye is in perfect condition. The dry goods etc. came all O.K. The box of candy is nearly the best we have tasted for three years. We have not given Phebe her doll yet. Did you father pay the freight of the whole box to Foochow?

Yesterday an interesting letter came from Etta in which she speaks in the highest terms of Ming Uong and wants him either to remain in America or be sure to come again. May God keep him from letting this trip and the attentions showed him in America sport him. We are waiting for a full account of his Shelton visit.

Trusting that those of you who were indisposed when you wrote last are better before this. We are very lovingly yours

All of us
Will.

Mon. A.M. Dwight has a son. The Chinese carpenters have only 5 foot poles. These are too short to reach him. I'll have to get a ten foot. W.

[This letter dated Oct. 8, 1897 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ellen has been ill with fever and sore throat and had to stay away from the children during that time. Mrs. Goddard has a son, Dorrance Dwight. Willard is looking forward to Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear's return to Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
Oct. 8th '97.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter arrived Oct. 6th from Grace. I sent on the 3rd No. 12. The mail closes tomorrow and I am going to send just a word. Ellen began to improve night before last. To day she has been quite comfortable. Her throat has let up and she has nothing to complain of except weakness. This week she has eaten nothing but milk and thin beef soup. These Asiatic fevers take away one's appetite and indeed one does better not to eat while the fever is on. Her throat was so bad that the Dr. said the children must not be with her. So she has not touched one of them and has scarcely seen them at a distance since Tues. morning. I moved our beds into the study and have taken the whole care of both during the night and supervise their baths and eating during the day. I dropped my classes in the Seminary and just did what could not be left undone. The servants have been very good indeed. The little boy has stood his weaning like a hero. He has wakened each night at 11:30, 2:30 and 4:30. The first two times he takes a drink of water, goes to sleep without a word. But at 4:30 he says water is too thin. I give him a cup of Mellin's food and milk prepared over an alcohol lamp with him in my arms saying in his own language "hurry up" and after drinking it he goes to sleep again til 6 o'clock. During the day he eats at 9, 1 and 5. I have tried to feed him again at 7:30 this evening but he politely declined and has gone to sleep. While in my teens at home I well remember how tough it used to seem to have to stay in and "tend baby" while an interesting game of croquet or something else was going on, but the grievous tasks of those days were not an immitigable evil. I do not know what I should do now if I did not understand "Babyistics" (my patent)

Mrs. Goddard and young Dorrance Dwight are doing well.

I have just succeeded in renting a Society Guild or you might call it a Club House in which to hold our Annual Meeting Nov. 15-22. This is in reality a big temple owned by men from another part of the province and used by the members of the Guild who go back and forth between their homes and Foochow on business etc. While here this is their home. In back are kitchen and bedrooms. In front on the street is a big temple fitted up especially with an eye to accommodate the native theaters. The idol has a fine stone pedestal but fortunately he himself has not yet been made. The Guild Hall is not yet completed. The hall itself will seat bout 1500 people. The stage for the actors will make a fine speaker stand. There are no seats so we must provide them. The Hall stands just opposite Geu Cio Dong Church. It is a grand arrangement if all works as it promises to. Slowly the temples of the idols are contributing to the worship of the true God.

I think Grace gave us a truer idea of Ruth's real condition than we have had before. But we must not worry or be anxious. God knows best and will do best. This thought is very precious these days. There is sickness on all sides among preachers, students, teachers and church members. The Chinese are childlike in their anxieties, and perhaps God saw that my words of comfort and sympathy would be empty if I had not experienced their condition of those in the home land.

We suppose Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear are in Japan now. How I am counting on their return! It will relieve me of Recording Sec'y and Shaowu shipping agent and general care of the Men's Hospital and 1000+ little details.

Ellen has just gotten up and put her head out of the door to see if she can catch a peep of the children. I must close now. Tell Grace an answer to her good letter will come in time. Please send this to Putnam as soon as you read it. Lovingly Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 21, 1897 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ellen has had trouble with an abscess and now she is having trouble with her teeth. She may have to have some pulled. Ming Uong is back from the U.S. and now he is to be married. The Annual Meeting and Jubilee surpassed the previous year in attendance. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, Nov. 21st. 1897.

Dear Folks at Home:-

If my records are correct the last letter to you was written Oct. 8th. No. 13. Your last was received No. 9th. A postal I know has gone since this last letter.

Ellen had had quite a siege with an abscess. She has written about it in full to her home in Putnam, so I will only say here that it is much better. The Dr. says he will dress it only once more. She is feeling better than at any time since she came down from the mountain. The pain from the abscess has been slight. But she has been and is troubled with her teeth. We are afraid some will have to come out. The children are both perfectly well. They sleep from 10 to 11 hours every night and Phebe has one and Gould two naps every day.

Ming Uong arrived safely Oct. 30th. He stayed with us till Nov. 15th when he started for a trip among the colleges of China to report his work in the States. He will return about the middle or latter part of Dec. His first business after reaching home will be to take a wife. Then he will be ready to begin work with the new year. I can not see that he has lost any of his consecration or devotion to the work here in the Seminary, saying that many had laughed at him for spending his time in such a small Institution when he could take a position of almost any importance he chose with three or four times the salary he now receives. (He did not say this as plainly as I have put it but it was all implied and is all very true). But he said this work was only in its infancy and that in the reconstruction of China the men who are now being trained for Christian work are to be the men who will mould the nation. Mon. P.M. just before he took the steamer for Shanghai, he held an audience of over 600 people perfectly still for half an hour as they listened to his description of American life.

The, hh (This is Phebe's)

The Annual Meeting was a grand success from beginning to end. The crowds even surpassed those of last year, altho that was our Jubilee and special interest was centered in the meetings on that account. The most important advance was the establishment of a Men's Missionary Society. I think this was put on a sure basis. It is native throu [throughout]. There is not a foreigner in office. But I will not take time to say more now. I have an account of the whole meeting nearly written which I will send in the next mail.

A letter came from Miss Wooster Thurs. stating that she had given you money to be sent to me. The Hongkong and Shanghai Bank here cash drafts on New York banks for me without charge. But this money you had better keep to pay my life insurance. I will tell you the address in another letter.

Will you tell me again about the time in the bill for the last box for freight to Foochow. I am charged in the bill from Boston for the steamer freight. The item for freight in your bill is larger than this bill for ocean freight. It looks a little as if I had paid freight twice. But I await your reply before paying anything. Have you Swett's receipt for the freight?

Love to all

Will.

We are enjoying our variety of cereals immensely.

W.

[This letter dated Dec. 12, 1897 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Mrs. Gracey, wife of the new Consul, died unexpectedly. The Gracey's had just recently arrived in China. Willard discusses the recently organized Anti Foot-binding Society made up only of Chinese. Phebe and Gould like to pretend to have church services. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Dec. 12 1897

Dear Folks at Home:-

My register says the last letter started for Shelton Nov. 22. It was No. 14. I have already acknowledged the last from you Nov. 9th.

I have just returned from the funeral of Mrs. Gracey wife of the American Consul. She has been ill for nearly a month. But we did not consider her in any great danger till Tuesday. Yesterday Ellen and I went over the river to make some calls and heard that she was very low and would not live long. This morning I was just starting for church as the notice of the funeral came. So the end was sudden as is so often the case. This is a sad occurrence for the family has been scattered for some years still this year. Mr. Gracey was reappointed to the Consulship here. He occupied this position during Pres. Harrison's administration. While here one son engaged in business and one daughter, the only one, was married to a young man whose business is in Foochow. It was with a great deal of pleasure that they were able to return here this year. The family now are together. But just as they had the home nicely fitted up the mother is called to her new home. The Consul is a Methodist minister. He is a brother of Dr. Gracey of Clifton Springs fame.

This morning I administered the Sacrament at Au Ciu. Two were received. Last Sunday I administered at Au long Die. Five were received. Next Sunday the service will be at Sang Tung Gio. This will be the last for this

year. Twenty three have thus far been received during this month in my station. And at all the churches there are learners ready to enter the church at the next Communion season.

Dec. 13th. Another mail arrived this morning. It brought the Adirondack letters and one from Phebe to Gould and from Etta. It said almost nothing about the visit of father and mother Kinney. But we shall get this in other letters. Ruth is home before this time. Her increase in avoirdupois is most gratifying. I wish we had more encouraging news of her cough. The mail today brought the sad news of the death of Mr. Peet's oldest daughter, of diphtheria. The first item of interest to us in the monthly home mail is the Treasurer's report in the Miss'y Herald. The report this month is the most gratifying of any in a long time. May God grant that it may be followed by many more of the same strain. This will make the work very much lighter, if we do not have to worry over the lack of funds to carry on the work. Mr. Ding's sister is not as reported to him. She is not well but is able to be about and does much work. I cannot find the source of the report of her death. It was so reported her. Mr. Smyth chanced to be writing him at that time and before corroborating the report put it down and sent it.

I enclose in this envelope a translation by Miss Newton of some rules which the recently organized Anti-Footbinding Society in Foochow have framed. This Society is purely Chinese. It is in no wise connected with the church. I do not know that any of its members are even occasional church goers. But of course they got the idea from the agitation that has been kept up for years all over China against this barbarous practice, by the missionaries. This Society means much for the future of this Empire. Men of influence and power are at its head. It also has the sanction of the Foochow Prefect. Of these rules he says in his proclamation on the subject, - "Although these rules come from the literary men to me, yet now they are my rules, and you must not disobey them." His proclamation consists mainly in bidding the people to simplify their marriage customs. Footbinding and marriage are closely connected because it is not fashionable for a young man to marry a large footed girl. A bound footed girl will bring \$150 or more. A large footed girl about half this amount. So when these literary men came to take up this matter their greatest obstacle was fashion. To overcome this they asked the Prefect to issue the Proclamation on a simpler code of rules regulating the marriage customs.

I send this to you hoping that the Sentinel will be pleased to publish it. I have had my Chinese teacher copy it on one side of paper with that end in view.

Ellen and the children are quite well. Both Phebe and Gould are developing very rapidly both physically and mentally. This evening Gould was sleeping in bed. Phebe had not retired. Gould cried. She ran in to the bed and began to hush him and rock the springs. When I arrived he was sleeping again all right and has not made a sound since. They both continue to sleep like bricks all night. Gould walks if some one will only take one of his hands. He has not yet ventured alone. His great delight now is to pull the hair pins out of his mother's hair, or to play with the stove. The weather is not cold enough yet to necessitate a continual fire, so he is not yet become afraid of the stove. He always approaches it cautiously tho. If he finds it warm it is as good as a circus to see him touch it and draw back his hand and look, then try it again. He is going to make a much more cautious person than Phebe. He gets a book or paper or letter and reads with no uncertain tone. He and Phebe have church service nearly every day. Phebe can distinguish a Testament from other books. She takes a Testament and reads with a scowl and a dignity worthy of a Curate. He looks on as if he was a little in the dark as to the exact import of the proceeding but as if he realized that it was important. Then after the reading comes the prayer. She kneels down over an old flower pot and mumbles over something. Well when I get to running on this subject there is no legitimate stopping place so I might as well break off now.

With Love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Dec. 26, 1897 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to the friends at the Derby home. She and the children spent Christmas without Willard because he and Mr. Goddard had to take a trip throughout the Ing Hok mission field. Ellen was told that a Chinese person felt that Willard learned faster and spoke better than any of the other missionaries. Miss Garretson and the Woodhull sisters arrived from America on Christmas Eve. Ellen shares some stories about her children. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China,
Dec. 26th, '97.

Dear friends at the Derby home,

We have just received a nice big letter from you yesterday. It was a welcome Christmas visit from Mother, Flora, Mary and Stanly. You see the babies and I were all alone this Christmas day and the echos from America cheered us very much; for dear Papa was far away in the country with Mr. Goddard on a trip through the Ing Hok

field. We wished so much that it could have been at some other time than Christmas. But Mr. Goddard wanted very much to have Will go with him and said that his work required him to go at that particular time. Will was tired from the term's work and needed a little change and the rest which he could get by going away from the Chinese who are under his supervision and depend so much upon him. It is constant strain of listening to the troubles and wants of the Chinese who come to him for help in their plans and help out of difficulties, that wears on him fully as much as the teaching. He could have a little rest from this by going away where he was not known, and he could have his work now better than he could later. He asked our oldest pastor (Ming Uong's father) how the other pastors, preachers and christians would feel if he left them to have their Christmas service without him. "They have nothing to say; you must go", he answered. They were not a little disappointed however for they do enjoy so much having Will attend their feasts, celebrations and all "nan ick" times. He has such a lively pleasant way of meeting them and expressing his interest in them that they highly esteem his presence; - and he can eat their feasts and enjoy them, generally, and this touches a warm place in their hearts. Just here, while he is not around to hear it, is a good chance to tell you confidently something they said about him a long time ago. When we had been here less than a year, the Chinese told one of our ladies that "Mr. Beard is getting along finely with the language; he speaks better and learns the spoken language faster than any other missionary we ever had." (This means of our mission). Now, if he does not get home in time to read this letter, he will never know I told that.

Well, we are going to have all the Christmas festivities at New Years, for we expect Will home next Tuesday. But mama and babies kept wondering all day just where papa was and how he was spending Christmas. Mrs. Goddard invited us to spend the day with her as she also was to be alone. But a pleasant surprise awaited us for on Christmas eve. Miss Garretson and the Misses Woodhull arrived from America. They reached our compound at 10:30 P.M. which was too late for them to get in through the city gate so we kept them at Ponasang. Miss Newton came over to stay with me and gave her bed up to them. I had retired and did not meet them that night and the Woodhull sisters were off early for the city so the pleasure of meeting them was reserved for our visit at Mrs. Goddard's. I had never met Miss Garretson before as she was in America when we reached here. It seems to us that none of the three are looking very strong but their return will greatly relieve those who have had charge of their work during their absence. Mr. Goddard's people expect to move to Ing Hok soon now, - within a few weeks. I shall miss them so much for we have been very close friends ever since we came here.

Our babies are still objects of great interest to us and are always a good subject to write about and one about which we never tire of writing, I suppose you think. I have been especially interested of late in watching the development of imagination in the little two-years-old girl. She has reached that age where dolls are so attractive and I believe there is no portable inanimate object in the world which she could not imagine to be a "dollay." You would laugh if you could read over the list of things which I have seen her play with as a doll. It includes a stick of stove-wood, an Indian club, papa's slipper and a skein of embroidery-cotton among others equally as amusing. A few days ago a spoonful of rice was suddenly stopped on its way to her mouth and after looking at it intently a few seconds she said thoughtfully and with mingled surprise and delight, "T'ere la dollay! Tse? (There's a dolly! See?) But our imaginations failed to follow her. She has "by-o-by"-ed William Penn (his picture in an advertisement on the back page of the "Advance") walking up and down the room singing and softly patting it until it seemed that that worthy man's bones ought to rest in peace even if his newspaper-picture did not in her motherly but uncertain arms. In the Shanghai merchant's shop recently, she saw a little doll that could close its eyes. It amused her very much to see the doll go to sleep when laid down. A few days later she was playing with the Indian-club as a doll when I asked her "Can your dolly go to sleep as the little doll did"? "No." "Why not?" I asked. "No eye!" - a very good reason. I am making and dressing the doll whose head some of you sent to her over a year ago, for her New Year's present. We did not think it wise to give to her then as she had already broken one in a single day's play. I try to keep the clothes I am making out of her sight as that it may be a real surprise but at a mere glance as they are being whisked out of sight, she recognizes them as "dollay's eeo's" (her l's are always e's and make another syllable) and cries for them.

With regard to Sir Gould I am able to announce that he walks- can walk alone and quite a distance. He will surprise his papa when he gets home, he has improved so rapidly in a week.

He fell the entire length of the veranda stairs a few days ago receiving no injuries but a three-quarter of an inch long on his scalp. Phebe is a little more than a match for him yet but he bears her impositions good-naturedly unless she tries to ride on his back when he is creeping, or snatches from him and runs away with his favorite toy, or strikes him over the head with papa's cane. But when he is able to locomote a little more rapidly he will fight his own battles.

This year at Christmas we gave out over five hundred cards as gifts to women church members and day school scholars in this station, besides those used regularly in the schools.

The Chinese like to give the missionaries some little present too; and this year after the eight churches and preaching places had had their Christmas entertainments, we found ourselves well supplied with pomelos, oranges and cakes.

Jan. 7".

Well, this letter has remained in the desk for a while, and time and events have been moving. Will has returned and written a letter home which will reach you before this does. We had our Christmas tree on New Year's eve which entertained our children, the servants and ourselves. Little Phebe did so want to take down that "pretty dollay that hung high on the tree; and little brother could not wait his elders pleasure to unload the tree so had his toy and went to sleep.

This week we have been busy attending school examinations, and week-of-prayer meetings in which the three missions unite. I examine one Woman's Station Class tomorrow morning; Will's work in the Seminary closed Wednesday. He preaches the sermon at the close of the week of prayer on Sunday next in the British Church.

Phebe often speaks of writing "a paper" to gran'ma and gran'pa 'way o'er 'n Merika" (America) and would like to finish out this sheet for me if she were awake.

With ever so much love to you all from babies, Will and myself,

Sincerely Yours,

Ellen.

1898

- Geraldine Beard is born August 25, 1898 on Kuliang, Foochow, China
- Chinese "Boxers" established
- The Spanish-American War
- Willard is 33, Ellen- 30, Phebe- 3, Gould- 2, Geraldine - newborn

[This typewritten letter dated Jan. 2, 1898 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He tells about his enjoyable and relaxing trip in December of 1897 to the Ing Hok region with Mr. Goddard. He describes the village structures, the land, and tells about their hikes from one village to another. The missionaries are disappointed that their salaries have been cut. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Jan. 2nd. 1898.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter sent was Dec. 15th. We received one the 31st. from Ruth. She speaks of snow storms and sleigh rides. These are only visions to us Orientals. I think I have spoken to you of Miss Wooster's letter and the \$28.50. Will you kindly send \$28.88 to Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co., 752 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey, for my life insurance premium, No. 166224.

Ruth's letter spoke of Flora's illness, but it was good to read in the same letter of her convalescence. You know how to sympathize with many of the foreigners in Foochow. The liver seems to be the organ most frequently affected. Dr. Shelton will feel the loss of his wife very sorely indeed. The same letter also mentions the death of uncle Ezra. How the situation will have changed by the time we come home!

I returned from the Ing Hok trip with Mr. Goddard Tues. Dec. 28th. It was one week of uninterrupted pleasure. We started from Ponasang Tues. Dec. 21st. It was about 9 o'clock when we reached the boat that was to take us to Gak Liang. This place we reached about 5:30 p.m. that day. In the evening after supper we had a meeting with the church members and consulted about next year's work. Mr. Goddard has just finished a nice church and parsonage and "Prophet's chamber" in this place. The new buildings are all white washed on the outside and present a strong contrast to the dirty buildings of the village. The pastor and members are justly proud of the new premises. We had a good sleep here, and after a good breakfast Wed. A.M. we started for Puai Sioh, a village about 12 miles away and about 2500 feet above Gak Liang. The first three miles of the path was level. But then we began to climb and kept it up till we reached Puai Sioh. It was about 1:30 p.m. We had three coolie loads of bedding and food. This climb was rather tough for them. But at two o'clock we sat down and did justice to a dinner of rice, meat, and potatoes. After dinner we went all over the mountain to see the church members and other villagers. How I wish some of the people in New England who talk about rocks could see the farms that these people have to work. The side hill is so steep in places that one cannot find a footing and yet these very side hills are all used for growing sweet potatoes, peanuts, rice etc. I saw one little patch and measured it. It was three cornered. Each side was 18 inches. On the three sides were stones and there was no other field on the same level. The other fields were either higher or lower. In this field were two hills of sweet potato. The land is all in terraces. The fields are of all sizes, but one may say that on an average they are 4 feet wide, and one terrace is about 4 feet above the next. After supper we held an interesting service with the members and a few of their friends who came in. This is a new field. The oldest Christians joined the church only a little over one year ago. But the Christian atmosphere was fresh and enlivening. You would have enjoyed seeing these men and women listen to the story of Christ's birth as told in imperfect language by the foreigners. Then after the meeting they planned for the work of next year. There are about 15 church members here and as many more who are interested in the Truth. The room in which we met has been furnished by one of the members free of rent for two years. It was on the second floor. Beneath was a stable. The walls were of mud with no plaster. In one corner was a fanning mill. In one end was a loft on which were various farming implements, ploughs, harrows, hoes etc. These people sat in this room and planned how to beautify this place for the glory of God with just as much enthusiasm and earnestness as do men in America when they are planning to build a church that will cost tens of thousands. These people were planning how to most wisely spend \$6. We were ready for a good sound sleep that night. It was cold, but fire for warmth is an unheard of luxury here. It was good to get into the blankets that night and feel warm.

Thurs. morning at 8:30 we had eaten breakfast and had prayers with a few of the Christians who came in and were ready to start for U Ngiang, a place still farther up in the mountains and farther back from the river. Two of the Puai Sioh Christians went with us for the purpose of taking us to houses of several other Christians on the road. These men were over 50 years of age and our walk was not fast. We first ascended 500 feet, then descended 1000, then went up 1000. I enjoyed this walk very much. The two men with whom we were going were earnest Christians. One in particular seemed to have gotten filled with the belief that God was over and in all things. When we spoke of any danger his response was that if we trusted in God there was nothing to fear. On one of the high peaks was a large boulder. I should say it was 100 feet in diameter. It looked as if its fastenings were not very secure. I asked him if it could fall down. He replied "What God has made cannot fall down. I thought he ought to be

commended for his faith at least. This day we were fed with fresh roasted peanuts twice on the journey. I did not have such a definite and well defined longing for dinner as on the day before. At U Ngiang there are only two houses. The population numbers about 100. The church is one of the largest rooms in one of the houses. Here as in Puai Sioh the room is given without rent and in it are various farming implements. This room is on the ground floor and has no floor. We took dinner and started for a place, Ding Sang Tau, 1000 feet or more above U Ngiang. There is no work here but some of the Christians at U Ngiang have relatives up here and wished us to go up and see the place with a view to starting a work in the future. The path is straight up the mountain. When we got to the top we found a large plateau with a population of 6000. Among them not one had heard the gospel. Many had never before seen a foreigner. I realized here the diversity in the dialects in China. At Puai sioh the people spoke fairly pure Foochow. At U Ngiang they spoke and understood the Foochow but in conversing among themselves they used another dialect which was Dutch to us and which the people from Puai Sioh only 6 miles distant could not understand. At Ding Sang Tau we could not make ourselves understood without an interpreter, and the people could not understand the Foochow dialect. Ding Sang Tau is 40 miles from Foochow. We were a little late in starting from Ding Sang Tau and I took the lead coming down the mountain. The distance is a little over 3 miles. We were one hour in dropping down. I felt this rush the next morning in one of my ankles, and in one knee. That evening at U Ngiang the people from the two houses and others from the mountains so far that they had to stay over night came in to worship. We had a good time. After talking with them a short time, for we held no long meetings. I asked each Christian to offer a short prayer. All but two prayed. These were a boy 18 yrs. and a man from a lone house way up on the side of the mountain. I urged a little then the other Christians urged and before we sat down both had broken the ice and had prayed before their relatives and neighbors. At Puai Sioh for a bed we had two wooden horses and some rough boards laid across them. At U Ngiang we had some horses and some boards of varying thicknesses. We slept here in the room used for the church, and there was no floor, except the earth. We did not worry over ventilation even after we had closed every door and barred it. While we were getting ready for bed there was lively scuffling outside to see who could get the best crack to peek thro. But how we slept!

At 8:30 the next morning Fri. we had taken breakfast and had a short service and were on our way to Ing Hok city. We walked steadily from 8:30 till 2 in the p.m. First we climbed 500 ft. then went down 1500, then up 1500, then down 3000 plus. This was a tough walk. The whole distance is about 18 miles. The first 14 miles has very little level road. The last 4 miles follows the river and is level. When we reached the level road we were ready to stop. But this was not in the question. To make the walk all the harder our coolies were mountain men and just gloried in running up and down these paths. They were in a hurry also for they wished to go back to U Ngiang that afternoon. We had to run some of *[the]* way to keep up. Sat. we did not go far or do very much. Dwight has the new house at this station ready for occupancy, and is just beginning a building for a hospital. He and Mrs. Goddard with their son Dorrance will move up about the first of Feb. Sun. we went up in the mountains again to two chapels and held two communion services. This was a short walk, of only two hours up to the farthest place. We had the service here and then came down to the other place and took dinner then returned to Ing Hok city in time for supper. I conducted both services. This made 6 communions for me in 5 weeks. Sun. evening we held an evangelistic service at Ing Hok city.

Monday at day light we were on a boat ready to start for Foochow. That night we slept on the boat and woke up Tues. morning at day light to find ourselves at the landing within 7 miles of home, this distance we walked in about two hours and found wives and babies all well and happy.

I never enjoyed a weeks outing more. There was absolutely no responsibilities for me on the trip. I was in the open air day and night. The air was pure. There was no rush of business. All the mountain solitude. Every day I had walking enough to make me good and tired and to make even a bed of boards with a blanket throw over them feel refreshing. I came back feeling that I had been made over into a new being.

Miss Garretson, Dr. and Miss Woodhull arrived the night before Christmas. The appropriations came Fri. The missionaries wear long faces. Last year we thought the cuts were pretty bad. This year the cuts are about 8 per cent in salaries over last year's cut which was 10 per cent of what we asked. This makes 18 per cent less than when we came here three years ago. But we can live on this all right. The cut in the money for mission purposes is what reaches the heart strings. This last year was 35 per cent off what we asked. This year there is an additional cut of 40 per cent over last year's cut. This gives us less than half of what we asked for to carry on the work of the mission which has trebled in the past three years. Well as the Rabbi said "God is good and all is for the best". The friends at home who are specially interested in us and the work in which we are engaged here enables us to keep from cutting down the work last year. We have not planned definitely yet for next year but I have hopes that we can do as we did last year. And trust the friends at home to keep up their interest.

We heard of the death of Mary Peet by the last mail. I think I have explained that Ming Uong's sister did not die. That the report was a false one.

I must stop now and say good night.
Most lovingly, and remember us to all the friends especially Grandpa and Grandma.
Will, Ellen and Babies.

[This typewritten letter dated Jan. 16, 1898 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard had to notify his churches of the money cut backs by the Board, but the church members were not discouraged. Mr. Ding is to be married but seems bored with the idea. Willard has noticed an increase in Western influence in China. He tells about a case of persecution of some church members. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Jan. 16th. 1898

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter wh. arrived from Shelton I acknowledged in my last to you. I wrote last Jan. 2nd. and Ellen sent a letter on the 7th. Since then we have been living along much as usual, eating three meals a day and enjoying the children and each other. I have not been tied to the Seminary as previously, but the demands on time and strength have decreased but little. The money granted me for use in my field this year is not enough to meet the expenses of the Seminary alone to say nothing of the work among the churches. I called the pastors and preachers and other helpers together the other evening and told them the plain facts and said that the work among the churches in my field would have to be supported entirely by native contributions. I promised them to help them on the rents of the chapels. Every thing else, preachers salary, janitors salary, incidentals and repairs they would have to look to the church members to supply. I then asked them to express their opinion as to the possibility of carrying this thro. No one suggested a backward step. They treated the matter with all the gravity that it demanded. They understood what it meant to them as the leaders of these church members. They are in the delicate position of being obliged to urge the people to support them. They must face an immense amount of discouragement. And this sentence does not convey to you what it means in this land. A discouraged Chinaman reminds me of a dead tennis ball more than anything else. It requires a supernatural power to put hope into one and elasticity into the other. These pastors and other helpers must meet this discouragement and overcome it so that the people will be willing to undertake the cause of self-support at one bound. Then they will have to be on their guard every day this year to keep the members up to their promises. I think it can be done and I think it will be done, and I have faith that the work will not suffer any retrenchment during the coming year. This will take an immense amount of prayer, and immense amount of faith, not only in God but in ones fellow men, and it will take an immense amount of mental and physical strength, and what patience! But I am committed, and the business must go on on this basis, i.e. I will guarantee the rents on the chapels. All else must come from the natives or they must shut up the churches.

Now you will be interested to hear how we have done this. I needed for the whole of my work this year \$936. gold. I have \$468. It will take to meet the expenses of the Seminary, which cannot be reduced except by turning the students away, and this would be suicidal to the work of the whole mission, \$500. The rents on the chapels which I have promised to be responsible for will amount to about \$100. I must find somewhere about \$200 to keep the work in my care from going down. We are going to pursue the same course that we did last year. That is lay the whole matter before God and ask Him to send the needed funds from the friends at home. Money has be entrusted to us to expend this year so that the work has not suffered and we believe when the friends hear of the condition that the work is in now they will be only too happy to meet the small amount that is necessary to make up the deficiency in the native contribution.

I have not heard from Mr. Ding for nearly two weeks. He was then about to start from Shanghai for points up the Yangtse, going as far as Hankow. I expected to see him yesterday, but the steamer came and he did not. His mother is half wild. She has been spending all her strength for over a month now getting ready for his wedding. She is a genuine Chinese about this matter. He is old enough to take a wife, he is thro school and she will not rest easy till she has some more grandchildren. But I am very much afraid that the wedding will not come off till after Chinese new years which occurs next Sat. Jan 23rd. If Ming Uong himself was in a hurry or if there was any reason for the hurry I should sympathize with the old lady, but he acts as if the whole matter was a bore to him. And he would gladly wait till his course in the Seminary was completed.

Mon. Jan. 17 The children were weighed this morning. Phebe weighed 32 lbs. 8 oz., Gould 28 lbs. He walks like a fat miller. He always stands very straight and sometimes too straight so that he goes over backward. He is determined to move from one place to another on his feet not on his knees. He is getting so that he understands

much that is said to him. He knows some of the parts of himself, as mouth, head, hand, ear, etc. He hears a dog bark and imitates it. In short he is the most advanced boy that we ever had. It takes him about five seconds to look his mother out of countenance, and when his amah crosses him he goes for her with his mouth open and bites the first place that he can get a hold on.

The last Sentinel reported that Ruth had returned home. I wonder if this is true. I wanted to write one letter direct to her if she was to remain in the Adorondacks all Winter. The last letter from home was written before Thanksgiving and we did not hear whether she was home for that occasion or not.

Since the Seminary closed and the rest of the schools we have had what is called vacation. It is much quieter than at ordinary times, but there is enough to keep us all out of mischief. I have to write my yearly report for the Board and want to write a report of this station for the past year and have it printed to send to all the friends at home.

Germany has evidently got her foot on Chinese soil and expects to make a protracted stay. There is some talk of a division of the Empire, but with the recent loan in the hands of England, I rather think China will remain intact for a time to come. The whole Empire is yielding very fast to the influence of Western teaching.

Schools of Western Learning are being opened in all parts of the Empire. In these schools the English language is taught as one of the fundamentals. Mathematics is the most important of the branches. In the eyes of the native Mathematics is the avenue that leads him to the construction of Gun-boats, and other engines of war by which he may conquer his enemies as the Japanese conquered him. He is beginning to realize that the mountains of his native land are rich in untold wealth of nearly every kind of mineral. He sees also a willingness on the part of the crafty officials to allow this treasure to be utilized. He knows that the road to the mine is found by the application of the principles of Mathematics. History also interests him, and it is this perhaps that leads him to study Geography to some extent. The more he sees of Western products the more he sees their superiority to the products of his country. Change is very apparent as one passes along the streets. There has been an increase of foreign articles for sale in the shops of Foochow that is noticeable since we arrived. Such articles as elastic garters, wristers, jack-knives, white-enamel ware, tin-ware, condensed milk, soap, and wholesale houses where kerosene is sold, and other wholesale stores where lamps are the only or chief article for sale, also umbrellas and such like articles. These are mostly of German or Japanese make and of an inferior quality. But here they pass for good articles. They are mostly made in flashing colors and a store which sells foreign articles is at a distance not at all unattractive in appearance. Condensed milk and foreign medicines of many kinds may be bought at places far in the interior. When we were in the Ing Hok region two weeks ago we heard the praises of Quinine at every place we visited.

Tues. 18th. This evening another case of persecution came to me, not that it has been a rare thing (I am getting a little callous with so many) but this is one of the rare kind that calls for immediate action and one which shows a Chinese custom so clearly that I am going to run the risk of tiring you with its details. Near the city gate are several church members who are hotel keepers, this afternoon the runners from one of the official yamens came to his hotel and said that he had kept a thief over night a short time ago. He said he had not. These runners are simply the servants of the officers. They have no authority except as the official commissions them. They are looked down upon by the people and there is an unwritten law that says they can never become officials themselves. These men this afternoon seized this church member without any warrant or any proof other than their words and the story of a thief which they brought with them, and put him into prison. Why? Because it is near the end of the Chinese year and as we have written before there is a general winding up of all business at that time. All debts must be paid. The people make the season a time for feasting gambling, visiting drinking and for having a good in general. These runners wanted some money. To get it they thought to imprison this Christian and pocket the money paid for his release. I shall go to the Yamen in the morning and see about it. Lovingly Will.

[This typewritten letter dated Feb. 6, 1898 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Mr. Ding is now married. Willard discusses the lack of money from the Board for church support and the need for the Chinese to have self support in their churches. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Feb. 6th. 1898.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Your last letter arrived Jan. 28th. and our last started Jan. 28th No. 2. That last mail brought just a letter from father and one from mother. Ellen enjoyed her's from mother very much, as much as I did the one from father. It seems that the receipt for the freight had been received by the Treasurer but he had neglected to notify me. So it was

all right. I wrote Miss Wooster about the money she sent some time since. It is to bear the entire expenses of a new chapel and day school at a place called Hung Sang Gio, or in English, the Upper Bridge. Last year I had a day school there, but it was in an out of the way place and at first did not amount to much. But toward the end of the year the people were so pleased with the teacher that they offered him a house in the middle of the village free of rent for the rest of the year. This year there will be a day school and regular preaching there.

As to cereals, I think I wrote about the whole truth. We have lost very little. Perhaps 3 or 4 lbs. out of the whole. The cerealine was the worst. We have sent for a few things with some of the other missionaries to San Francisco. This is an experiment. I think it will be too expensive, and I have in mind trying putting each kind of cereal in a separate tin and sealing it. But I will write more explicitly when the time comes. The regulations of the Chinese Imperial Post are too much for me. During the past year they have changed so many times that I could not even get word to the people in Shaowu in time for them to affix the proper stamps, and we at last gave it up and they sent the letters down, and I put on the stamps and charged them. At present the regulations say affix one ten cent stamp for each one half ounce. A ten cent stamp in China is equivalent to a five cent stamp in America. I obeyed the instructions of the Post Master here in sending the postal but he told me some time after that he was wrong. I think that postals are good for use in China, but the letter is better for foreign work. What say you? I have been very much interested in the fight over good roads and rejoiced with you over each victory as it was reported in the papers. We hope you will have them all fixed up when we come home so that we can use bicycles, and not be to the expense of keeping a horse.

Mr. Ding was married last Wed. The whole family had their pictures taken yesterday. There are four generations, eighteen persons in all. I will try to send you one. Yes I have no doubt he can do almost everything that is useful. I think if he were at the farm in corn picking time he would manage to do some of that. I think you were correct in surmising that he was a little homesick on leaving.

Keep the paper until you send the next box. If in the future any small bundle of that sort is ready and you are not sending a box, there is always one box in the shipment called the general box in which odds and ends for all are packed by Mr. Swett. This goes with each shipment. If the package is sent too early it is all the same.

Mon. 12:30. The mail goes this p.m. so I must hurry. I want to tell you just the condition of the work here in my care this year and you may repeat it as much as you like, that all interested in it may know what we are planning. I asked \$1900. to help the natives carry on the work in the churches and chapels and to keep the Seminary running. \$1072 of this was for the Seminary. This left \$828 to help the work in the churches and chapels. The amount granted me is \$974. What was I to do? Well this is what I did. Ellen and I talked the matter over and decided that we would keep the Seminary up anyway. Then we prayed over the matter and decided to consult first with the two ordained pastors in this station, telling them the exact state of the finances, and ask them if it would be wise to call all the preachers and other workers whom the mission was helping together and tell them the whole truth, and lay the burden on them, of keeping the churches open or shutting them up. That is laying the burden on them of going before their respective congregations and telling these church members that the work this year must depend on their gifts instead of on foreign money. The pastors recommended this talk with the other workers. Before this meeting took place, Ellen and I talked over the matter again and it seemed to us that our faith was not strong enough to place the rents of chapels beside the salaries of all helpers and all incidental expenses on these church members. Two years ago about half of them were worshipping idols, and they are not wealthy. Most of them are common day laborers, or men with little shops. So after counting our own resources we found that we could guarantee the rents on the chapels. In doing this we did not go beyond our own resources, but we did think of the special gifts that had come to us this year and we thought it only reasonable to hope that more would be forthcoming this year.

These rents are as follows:-

Au Iong Die chapel	\$30 gold.
Sang Tung Gio “	\$20 “
Au Haeng “	\$20 “
Au Ciu “	\$20 “
Sang Bo “	\$10 “

Of these amounts I am going to ask the Sunday School of Shelton to allow me to change their gift of \$12.50 which came some time ago and which I had promised should go toward the support of the work at a place called Ak Mo Ciu. That work is now wholly supported by Chinese funds. I think they will be willing that this amount should go toward the support of a student in the Seminary. Well we had a room full of men and I told them the circumstances. Not a man was willing to acknowledge that he was discouraged. Each said of course they could not promise what the people would do but they were willing to trust God and to trust the people. I wish you could have heard the prayers of those twelve men. One began by thanking God for bringing this distress upon them and prayed that it might prove a blessing, asking that God would enable him to see the blessing. The prayers were all full of trust in

God as the One who knows all and who does all things for the best. They were the men who must bear the heaviest load in this new work of self-support. One of them Pastor Ding, Ming Uong's father must trust his people to raise the subscription \$75 above what they gave last year. The preacher at Au long Die must receive \$60 more, the one at Au Ciu \$48, the one at Sang Tung Gio \$40 or more. Beside these amounts the people must at each place raise \$30 for the janitor. At Au long Die they must raise \$60 for the janitor, and \$40 or more for rents and repairs above what I have promised. In all the church members in this station must increase their subscription about \$400 above last year's. I am glad for their sakes and for the spread of the Gospel here that they must do this. It will do them more good than any one thing that could happen to them. It will be hard for them this year and the pastors and preachers will have to bear some things that will not be pleasant. They may not receive as much as they would like. But they will be cared for. Now will you pray first and with the most emphasis that the church members here may have that love in their hearts that will enable them to think and plan for the church, and be willing to give more than a tenth if necessary to keep the church in this station in a growing state. Then pray that some friends in the U.S. may be led during the year to send gifts that can be used to make up this deficiency. There are now only two objects which need the money i.e. chapel rents and Theological Students. One Theol. Stu. needs \$20 gold per year.

We are all well except the colds of the children which do not improve much.

Lovingly

Will.



Pastor Ding's home, Ha puo ga Foochow City
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

[This typewritten letter dated **March 9, 1898** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The Seminary has opened for the year. Willard took Dr. (Judson) Smith and Pres. and Mrs. Eaton to visit Ing Hok. A box of goods from Shelton arrived in Foochow for Willard's family. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission
Foochow, China, March, 9th. 1898

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter started from here Feb. 7th., No. 3 unless I forgot to record one, and the last received was Feb. 28th. and Mar. 3rd. The first from Ruth and the second from Mother.

So since I wrote the Seminary has entered on another year of work. There are now the full number of classes in the school. The whole number is 22. The way in which they are stowed in reminds me some of the way that we used to plan to put all the cattle under cover on an especially stormy cold night in winter. But the rooms have no ceiling so above the rooms is a large air space that makes the ventilation perfect. I have each day three hours in the class room. Since the term began both Ming Uong and Gong Sieu Dieng have been ill. These two men are my main stays. With them gone the boys are having a picnic. I have had to prepare for the chapel exercise- a brief talk on some passage of Scripture nearly every morning. I have not taken many of their classes simply because I did not have the time and strength. I am teaching Theology and the O.T. Prophets at present. I find the vocabulary in Theology very different from what I have been accustomed to use. Theology is so close to Phylosphy that the instruction is in abstract ideas instead of in concrete substances. This makes teaching more difficult in ones native language, and in a foreign language doubly so.

Fri. Mar. 11th. 10:00 a.m., I am waiting for Dr. Smith and Pres. and Mrs. Eaton of Beloit, to arrive from Pagoda Anchorage. The party reached Pagoda Tues. morning. They will visit the City Station from today till next Monday afternoon, then they come to Ponasang and Tues. morning I start with them for Ing Hok. We expect to be gone four days. On the return to Ponasang Fri. Mar. 18th. the Deputation will remain here till they start for Shanghai. This will be about Mar. 24th.

ow

Will left this letter here when he started for Ing Hok. Gould put in a short paragraph and I will finish it and send it along. Pres. and Mrs. Eaton left on a steamer for the North the next morning after Will and Dr. Smith left. They are having unexpectedly good weather for it has been warm and there has been no rain. ::aa

Sat. Mar. 19th. Ellen evidently did not have an uninterrupted week while I was in Ing Hok. I asked her to finish this and send it on by the mail that left here last Tues. But - - - - . Well Dr. Smith and I had a very pleasant time all thro. The weather was superb. The boatmen and the coolies were good natured and we made connections all right except on the first evening we were a little late into Gak Liang our first stopping place. Mr. and Mrs. Goddard and the boy are nicely situated in their new home and the natives are glad they are among them. The work in the Ing Hok field is so scattered and so much in the mountains that we could not see many chapels. This gave an excellent opportunity to talk over the various questions that are before the mission to be decided. Dr. Smith was a delightful companion to travel with. He ate every thing that the cook gave him and was interested in all the new sights and customs except when the man wanted to examine the gold in his teeth. That was a little too intimate.

The boxes from Putnam have just arrived and I have opened them. The tie from Ruth arrived O.K. Thank you. Father Kinney sent a lot of honey which we are preparing to eat with an anticipation that can not be described. Gould received a little horse that delights his boyhood much. One of Ellen's old dolls came and we immediately put it away lest she (Ellen) break it [*see photo following*]. I must not stop to tell all the articles now. Ellen can do that better by and by.

We are all well and all send love. I will finish now so as to be sure that this goes on the next steamer.
Will.



Written on back – Gould’s handwriting? : “Phebe Kinney Beard and her doll “Happy Delia”. M. Gould Beard with a Chinese doll in the old Ponasang mission house, about 1898 or 99. These old brown Dr. Dentens were heavy wool and warm in the damp winter months. The feet of mine were dunked in the “pottie” more than once when I got out of bed at night, from under the mosquito netting.”
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On the back of another print of the same picture is written in Ellen’s handwriting: “Phebe’s fourth picture. Gould’s third picture. Ready for bed. Phebe is holding my wax doll which I had had for twenty four or five years. Gould holds a Chinese man doll.”
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This typewritten letter dated **March 27, 1898** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Grandfather and Grandmother (probably his mother’s parents). Willard tells them funny stories about his children, Phebe and Gould. He tells about the fun Dr. Judson Smith had going down the rapids coming back from Ing Hok. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
 W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
 Foochow, China, March, 27th. 1898

Dear Grandfather and Grandmother [*probably Nathan Bennett Nichols and Phebe Ann Drew*]:-

A letter from mother the other day stated that you were as comfortable as usual. I have not heard of your taking any sleigh rides this winter so I suppose you prefer the fireside to the cold out of doors. How we long for a good snow storm here. We have not seen an inch of snow since we left the States over three years ago. Phebe and Gould would not know what to say to a foot of snow. Gould would probably wade out into it and make snow balls and his hands would get as cold as ice. He will not allow mittens to stay on his hands two minutes. Ellen puts them on and his hand goes at once into his mouth and when it comes out the mitten is in his mouth not on his hand. Phebe rather enjoys wearing them.

Ellen has taught Phebe two Bible verses. One, “God is Love”, and one, “Watch and pray”. Each Sunday she repeats them. The first is easy for her but the second she has never been able to repeat without help. This morning Ellen asked her to repeat them and the first went all right. Then the second was asked for Phebe began,

"Clock" then Ellen asked her for the rest of it. She began again, "Clock and pray". And she thought she has said it correctly. Both the children continue to be as healthy as little pigs. They eat five times a day and sleep from 7 in the evening till 6:30 in the morning. As to mischief there never were two such rouses [rogues] in the world. Gould went into the bedroom the other day and reached up on to the wash stand and pulled the only wash bowl we have off from the stand and broke it into a thousand pieces. The eggs are kept in the dish closet and supposed to be locked. The other day Gould came in from the dining room slyly and when he came in sight of me stopped and looked as if he wondered what I was going to do. I did not notice at once what was up, but his face made me suspect something and on a second look I saw that he had in one had two eggs and in the other one. I arose and went toward him and he turned and ran. When I caught him he just clenched those eggs and you may imagine the result. I had to call his mother and get her help to separate boy and egg. The other day Phebe poured sand on his head which he enjoyed as much as she did. But when he had walked about a little the sand began to get down his back and cut a little, then he began to think it was not so much fun. Ellen had to change every stitch of clothing on him. Phebe feeds him sand and he eats it as if he thought it was the staff of life. We bought a goose a while ago and kept it a week to fatten it. Both the children were completely crazy over it. They would stand on the veranda and watch it by the hour. And when the door was opened Gould would run straight for that goose. He would take a stick and drive it around the yard, but Phebe would pick it up in her arms and carry it about. It was not full grown so there was no danger of its hurting them. Phebe sings "Little Boy Blue" and "Jesus loves me" without any help. Gould looks at her and then turns to us as much as to say "Can't my sister sing though!!" The children have meetings several times every week. Phebe is the minister and choir and Gould is the audience. She can tell a Testament from other books and selects one then reads something and then she sings and then tells Gould to shut his eyes and then she prays. It is needless to add that the audience does not always observe the utmost reverence. She is just now having meetings all alone. I asked her what I should tell you for her. She said tell them "I like them to sing for me". So you will have to practice a duet and sing it for your little great grand daughter.

The weather is getting like Spring. Yesterday we had to take off some of our winter clothing. To day is not as warm. The farmers are beginning to plow and prepare the ground for rice. This year there has been very little rain, last year from Jan. 1 to July 1 there were only about a dozen clear days. This year there have not been as many rainy days thus far. The ground is very dry and rain is needed.

Dr. Judson Smith sailed this morning for the north where he is to visit the North China missions. He was here in Foochow for 19 days. I went to Ing Hok with him and was gone 4 days. He enjoyed the trip as a child would. We go half way up on the river in a common boat. Then we took a chair the rest of the way because the boats are very slow pulling up the rapids. But coming down we took a boat. The first half of the way down the rapids are so steep that the boatmen have to use two steering oars, one in the stern and one in the bow. The last half of the way the rapids are less strong and only the stern oar is used. When Dr. Smith saw the steersman begin to take in the steering oar from the bow he said "What is he going to do?" I said that he was about to take in the oar. He asked, "Are there no more rapids?" with as much disappointment as a child shows when some great pleasure is about to cease.

Well shall I come home to help get the hay this summer. What horses do you have now? Is uncle Dan still peddling milk? How are Cousin Cary and George? And John and Annie and uncle Alonzo and Aunt Elizabeth and Lonnie and all the rest? I sent a Jubilee Report to Lonnie some time ago. Of course you will remember me to the folks at Long Hill and Nichols. The Sentinel has some pretty bad news about matters at the Center. I hope that before this reaches you all will be at peace again.

With lots of love from all of us. Will.

Dear Aunt Louise:-

I am going to add just a word to you in my own hand. It is a long time since you have written. We miss such letters. So you must let the sweeping go some day and write a sheet or so just to tell us how you are and what the news is. Remember us to Aunt Ella.

Lovingly, Will and Ellen.



Written on back of photo: "Foochow, China Nearer view of a River Boat"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **April 4, 1898** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He mentions the conflict between the U.S. and Spain. Mr. Ding (Ming Uong) has not been feeling well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China April, 4 '98.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Yesterday letters arrived bringing good news from Putnam, Shelton, New Britain, and Nichols. March 21st I sent No. 4 to Shelton Mar. 27. I wrote to White Hills.

To day I enclose an order for June shipment which is self explanatory.

The latest telegrams are smothered in war clouds. But before this reaches you I presume the U.S. and Spain will agree or disagree. It does not seem to me probably that in her present plight, Spain will dare to enter another conquest and with such a country as the U.S. Unless she thinks by doing it she can in some way so turn affairs that she can back out of the situation in Cuba with a better face.

Since his marriage Mr. Ding has been at his classes about two weeks in all. I do not know what is the matter with him, pretty tired I guess, with some malaria. I hope nothing worse. This makes my work much heavier. I cannot take his classes, but I must take responsibilities that he would take and I must prepare four mornings in a week for lead prayers at the Seminary and also keep him in good spirits. To make things all the more lively, it seems as if the Devil was exerting himself to his utmost to bring troubles persecutions on the Christians. I do not help in all these cases, but I must listen to each one and sympathize and advise, and urge the Christians to be patient. But we must expect that special activity on the part of Christ's forces will arouse the forces of the enemy. Last Sunday at Au long Die 6 joined. The week before at Ha Puo 12. The week before at Geu Cio Dong 14. Next Sunday at Cui Cio 4 or 5 will unite and Sunday after next at Sang Tung Ga 4 or 5. This will make 60 admissions for the first two communions of this year in my field.

Your account of the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Peet's family was very interesting. I am glad you could have met them in this way. Of course we were glad to hear that the ladies of the W.C.T.U. of Huntington were planning to send more money this year to the work entrusted to our care.

O yes an addition to the order. Please send me 1 Lincoln fountain pen. I think you can put it into a package of newspapers carefully and it will come safely. I do not want to wait for the shipment if I can't ??

The dinner bell!!! Ellen and babies well and as dear as ever. Gould 2 more teeth. Phebe says "Uncle Willits".

Love to all
Will.

[This letter dated April 16, 1898 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ellen and the children went to Ing Hok to visit Mrs. Goddard. Willard talks about how the rice is planted in the plains of Foochow. He is concerned about the situation between Spain and the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, April 16th '98

Dear Folks at Home:-

It seems only yesterday that I addressed the last letter to you, but my register tells me that letter No. 5 went April 5th. Since that date we have received nothing from you. Ellen and the babies started for Ing Hok Fri. April 8th. I had a nice letter from Ellen written this Monday evening. It reached me Thurs. afternoon. I think it should be sent home on account of the excellent description of the trip up the river over the rapids. So I just say here that they arrived safely and are enjoying the visit with Mrs. Goddard. I expect them home next Tues. This will make twelve days away from home. I am very glad Ellen could make this trip for she is shut up here in a little compound 100 ft. sq. and when she does go out it is only thro the crowded, noisy, nasty streets for two miles to the city or over S. Side and back again in an hour or two.

To day I have been to Kuliang, just for the fun. The plain between Ponasang and the foot of the mountain, about 7 mi. was fairly alive with people in the rice fields. The work was in all stages. A few laggards were just plowing the fields, more were harrowing and a few enterprising ones were setting out the rice. That is transplanting it. There were acres of beds from which the little plants are taken. These are scattered conveniently over the plain, and when the ground is prepared, the plants are pulled up, tied in little bundles about as large around as a man's wrist, and packed in a basket and taken to the field where they are to be set out. In the beds the plants stand even thicker than they can. These beds are made as follows: - the soil is made very fine like a garden. Then it is flooded with about half an inch of water, which really makes a padding. Then the rice is sown broadcast, and so thick that the kernels lie one top of the other. I think nothing is done to cover it. It just sprouts and grows. With acres sown in this way you can gain a little conception of the amount of rice that is raised on this plan.



Providing Food for China's Millions. Bringing Rice to Market, Fukien, China.

Providing Food for China's Millions. Bringing Rice to Market, Fukien, China.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Sunday morning 9:50. What a sleep I had last night! I was awake a little while in the night, but I made it up this morning. The watch said 7:45 when I awoke. It does a man untold good to get away from the crowded city to the quiet mountain, and to do enough physically to get good and tired. I must start in a few minutes for Sang Tung Gio where I administer the sacrament to today. Five will unite with the church. 8 united last Sunday at Au Ciu, 6 the

Sunday before at Au Iong Die, 12 the Sunday before at Ha Puo and 14 the Sunday before at Geu Cio Dong. I have baptized all except the 12 at Ha Puo and 1 at Ciu Cin and in addition to the adults I have baptized 8 children. So this makes for me during the five weeks 40 baptisms. The whole number uniting with the five churches in this station during this year thus far is 66. During the whole of last year 110 united. The 66 were received at only two Communion seasons and there are four more Communion Seasons to be counted in this year. I think tho that this second Communion which ends today will be the most fruitful in numbers of any of the year. I can but wonder at the preference of a young minister to remain at home, where the need is not to be compared with the need here, and where he rejoices if the results of this labors are 1/50 of the results he would see if he came to the foreign field. The present time sees a crisis in Missionary work in China and especially in Fookien Province and especially in the Foochow district. What is done must be done now. Christianity and heathenism are at war. Catholicism is straining every muscle. But the Truth must prevail. It is a great blessing to have a part however small in this saving of a people.

2:30 P.M. Well another service over. Five more names on the Church roll. I hope they are also on God's roll as members of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Mrs. Kinnear was good to ask me down to dinner. My coolie does pretty well but variety is the spice of food as well as of life.

In the shade the thermometer registers 83. How is that for April 17th. Strawberries have been in market for two weeks.

Ming Uong is a little better. He has been able to sit up some for three or four days.

Telegrams from America give us much apprehension. The last up to date said that the resolutions from the Foreign Office advising that Spain be given an ultimatum had passed the House. But is difficult to see how Spain can now endure war with the U.S. unless other powers back her.

Dr. and Mrs. Whitney took the steamer last Fri. for Shanghai to sail from there for America April 23rd thus the force of the Mission is continually depleted. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner and family and Dr. Bliss started Apr. 6th. There is a plague in Hong Kong and the steamer before their's left all its Hong Kong passengers, refusing to take any on account of the plague. So we are in doubt as to whether our associates are not still in Hong Kong stranded for we do not know how long.

This day has all thro seemed like a day at home in June. It has been one of those days when ones inmost soul is at peace; when duty seems the easiest thing to do; when questions of right and wrong are easily settled; when one gets hopeful and correct views of life; when it is easier to see the good than the bad in others. It has been one of the days which the All-Wise, All-Loving Father graciously gives us as the ideal after which we should strive to pattern all our days. I want to keep this and read it to Ellen if possible. Then too you can hear of her return to Ponasang. Lovingly Will

April 19th. Ellen and babies arrived at 2:00 P.M. All safe and looking fresh and happy. Ther. at 88 degrees. Will.

The Missionary Herald
April, 1898
Page 128
A Call from Foochow.

Mr. Goddard, of Foochow, contrasts the growth of the work in the Foochow Mission with the decrease of the missionary force. Two years ago there were 926 converts, thirty-five preaching places, eighty-one native agents, while the native contributions amounted to \$1,390. Within the past two years the converts have increased to 1,440, the preaching places to sixty-two, the native agents to 117, and the contributions of the year amounted to \$5,531. But while there has been this wonderful increase in the directions named, the missionary force on the field has decreased within two years, so that in place of twenty-seven missionaries in 1895 there were in 1897 only sixteen. Thus the work is doubling and trebling while the foreign missionary force is steadily decreasing. The plea for reinforcements is therefore most urgent. Our brethren cannot understand why in the stress of the work upon them they are left without support. Do the churches in America know why it is?

[Missionary Herald from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **May 1, 1898** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Father and Mother. Telegrams are received in Foochow about the war between the U.S. and Spain. Mr. Ding (Ming Uong) is still sick. Willard has been busy examining the day schools. He tells a funny story about Phebe, Gould and a large container of sugar. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China, May 1st 1898

Dear Father and Mother:-

According to my register the last letter started from here to you April 17. No. 6. The last one received was on April 4th. One came from Ruth, and one from Oliver Apr. 23. I wrote Oliver a week ago.

Telegrams concerning the war reach us almost daily. Of course these are very brief and give us only the results of legislative action or of battles. Last night's telegram stated that the Americans had destroyed the partly built battlements at Manatanzas and that a battle had been fought between a U.S. torpedo boat destroyer and a Sp. Man of War, the U.S. retiring after eleven shots. All of this does not tell us of the excitement at home, or of the anxiety with which you are watching events. The 100,000 volunteers for which Pres McKinley calls are doubtless received ere this. It does not seem to one that much fighting can be done on land. The strife must be mainly on water. May God watch over and protect the right, and may the righteous cause prevail. We can only leave you all in His care praying for you daily.

Good news came in Ruth's last letter to the effect that the Dr. had told her that she might go home. God has been very good. I suppose she is home before this. Mr. Ding is very ill. I have written that he has not been able to do any work in the Seminary since the year began. He gets a little better for a few days and then falls back again. The Dr. does not seem to be able to tell what is the matter. Dr. Kinnear is attending him now. His bride is a physician educated in the Woman's Hospital of the M.E. Mission, and his elder brother is practicing after a little experience under Doctors in our Mission. So Ming Uong does not lack for medical care. The family has always been ill a great deal. I think six children have gone to Heaven and six still remain. The daughter who was so ill last Summer is better now and is teaching the Station class of women at Ha Puo.

This is the first day of May. You are just about rising now, and will celebrate the Lord's death and resurrection at the different churches today. It will not rain as hard and incessantly there as it has here all day. I was going to visit a chapel about one hours walk from Ponasang. But it rained so hard I knew I should be wet up above my knees and no umbrella can stop the water as it falls from the eaves on the street as one walks along so ones shoulders have to be padded to keep them dry. I just went over to Geu Cio Dong and came home after service and took a nap. Another chapel was to have been opened for the first time today. This has been rented and repaired entirely by the native Christians. I have not yet seen it, nor have I ever been to the part of the suburb where it is. This rain is a great blessing to us. We have had almost no rain all winter. Wells were drying up and in some places the rice planting was delayed for want of water. But this will make it all right.

During the past two weeks I have been examining the Day Schools ten in all. This has made from two to five hours a day extra work. The schools are much like schools at home- some good, some medium and some poor. There is much illness in some parts of the suburbs and the schools in those localities are feeling it, both in numbers and in quality of work done. Tomorrow I shall begin to add one hour a day to my teaching in the Seminary. This will be with the class that entered this year and in a subject which I have taught before, so the added work will not be great.

Ellen and the babies and myself are quite well. The babies are getting big enough so that they amuse each other a great deal. The mischief that they cannot find is not to be found. Phebe curls (?) her hair most every day, and trims it with the scissors- when she has a chance. A few days ago we bought a 60 lb. bag of white sugar. I put some of it into a large tin because in damp weather it does not keep in the bag. The tin with its cover on stood innocently in the dining room on the floor. After dinner I have about half an hour before my class at the Seminary. Ellen and I were in the study reading. The children were playing about, and unnoticed by us they opened the door and went out into the dining room. Presently we heard a very happy laugh from both. Ellen went to see the fun. They had taken the cover off that tin of sugar and were throwing the sugar over one another. Phebe would take a handful and throw it over Gould's head- right into his face. Then both would laugh as if they would burst. Then Gould could take his turn. The result was two exceedingly happy children and about two lbs. of sugar on the floor. It did not yet occur to them that sugar was good to eat. Of course we had to stop their fun. But then they discovered that their hands were covered with the damp sugar and that it tasted good. It amused Ellen exceedingly to see Gould go about licking his hands of the sugar. Phebe is most pleased when her sleeves are rolled up and a big towel tied about her and she is allowed to wash. Washing seems to have been born as a part of her being. I do not know but it is so with all girls. Perhaps that is one reason why boys do not like soap and water.- I mean this may be the reason for the reputation which boys have for an antipathy to soap and water.- They do not show well when compared with their sisters. For

about two weeks Gould has carried about any hammer nearly one half of his waking hours. He brings it to the table with him and takes it to bed with him. The only damage he has thus far done is to break a 6X6 glass in one of the doors. He is a boy with a great appetite- takes after his mother. He is never happy in the morning till he has had a cup of gruel and milk. He hears the dinner bell from almost any part of the house and he makes a straight line for the table. Nothing diverts his attention while on the march. He enters the dining room on the run with mouth wide open and gasping as if he was almost gone. He reminds me of a flock of geese with mouths open and wings extended running for their food. And eat! Why he will ruin me unless the Board increases the allowance next year. But he is healthy and happy, goes to bed at 7 P.M. and sleeps all night without a sound if the bed clothes are not too heavy.

Trusting that God will protect you all and prosper you all.

Most Lovingly Will

*[This letter dated **May 15, 1898** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He tells how the Chinese boil chickens, head and all. Willard will be visiting an English gun boat with some of the Chinese pastors and preachers. He attended the service of the first church built by the Chinese with Chinese money. He updates the family on Gould and Phebe. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China, May 15th - 98

Dear Folks at Home:-

We received your last letters May 2nd. The same mail brought word that Etta's wedding was postponed. The last letter started from here May 1st. No. 7.

I am having a unique experience to day. Gould and I are taking care of the house. All the others have gone to church. I expected to go into the city to visit the Ciu Haing chapel to day, but I asked a man something about the streets and he said they could not go. There was too much water. Then I proposed to go the other way to Ciu Cin but the street there was flooded. This meant that Geu Cio Dong was the only church accessible, so I decided to rest one Sunday. Gould is asleep and the house is as still as it is at home when all but one or two are at church. It is a beautiful day much like a Sunday in June in Connecticut.

Mr. Hartwell has received letters from Mr. Peet saying that they are to start for Foochow about this time to arrive the last of June. This is very early for them to return.

The last war news was to the effect that the American fleet has demolished the Spanish fleet at Manila and was awaiting orders to bombard the town. We have had no news from the other side of the world for several days- this bad writing is due to the fact that Gould called to me as I was writing the last sentence.

I went into the kitchen while Gould was asleep and noticed the kettles and skillets on the fire boiling nicely, and heard a sizzling noise. The skillet in which the chicken was boiling was too full and the broth was feeding the fire. I took a larger skillet and turned the whole into it. Among the other pieces out rolled the head and neck of the bird intact. This is one of the delicacies that are incident to a Chinese cook. The Chinese eat every part of the fowl except the contents of the crop, gizzard etc. We have found the feet and claws cooking in with the other parts. Of course they are not brought on to our table, and we are not supposed to know that they are boiled in with the rest. These are only "tricks of the trade."

To morrow I expect to go down to Pagoda Anchorage with the theologs and some of the Pastors and preachers to see the English Gun Boat "Daphne". This will be a great day for them. I well remember the first time I went to Bridgeport. Aunt Mary had been at our house on a visit and she was leaving. Father took her to B-port and we first called on Cousin Henry Clark(?). Well when we began to enter the streets of East B-port where the cartridge factory is and where the sewing machine factory is. How my heart went pat-ty-pat. I was excited and a little scared I guess too. But that was a great day in my life as great as will be tomorrow in the loves of these boys if all goes well.

Yesterday I attended the dedication of the first church built by native money in the Foochow Mission. Other churches or chapels have been rented and repaired and furnished by native money but this was newly built by the native Christians. The money expended by them was \$314. The church is 14 X 60 ft. There are an audience room, and rooms for the preachers family in this space. About 150 persons can sit at worship. One week ago yesterday I attended the opening of a chapel in one of the remote parts of the suburb. This chapel was also rented and repaired by the natives without help from the foreigners. In another part of the suburb another chapel is already rented and repairs are going on. It is hoped that it will be ready for occupancy this week and the opening may take place next Sat. I want the Christians to open one more place then the suburbs will have churches and chapels enough. Any one in any part of the suburbs can go to church by walking 15 minutes. I am a little afraid that the

people will want to go on renting these little places instead of settling down to work in the places already occupied and making these large strong and influential. This is the thing that ought to be done.

Mr. Ding seems to fluctuate with the weather. When it is pleasant he is better. When it is cold and rainy he is worse.

The hot days that came a week and over ago were rather hard on the little ones. Phebe feels the heat this year less than she did last. But Gould looked wilted. Boils have not yet made their appearance, altho Gould has signs that make us anxious lest they are about to trouble him. They are a great deal of company for each other. Of course they fight at times, but it is soon over and they are as sorry as older folks and much more ready to make up. It is pathetic to see Gould. He gets angry and strikes occasionally. (I am glad to say less frequently than formerly) but a reproachful look from either mama or papa and only a word brings the little fellow to repentance at once. He drops his head and runs straight to us and wants to be kissed. Then he kisses sister and all is well. Day before yesterday when he got out of bed he took his hammer the first thing and in trying to improve the lamp knocked the handle off. It is glass and pretty hard to mend. Only two panes of glass thus far are the worse for his investigations with the hammer. He has the best wash bowl, a small pitcher and a few other minor quantities to settle for, but he would not be a boy if he committed no depredations. He has not yet greased the cats- but he has put a silk worm in his mouth- and taken it out again. He was 18 mos. old day before yesterday.

This sheet shows the extent of my work today except a little reading, so it should be valuable- I fear tho it is less interesting than many a letter I have just scrubbed off in haste. Where is Flora? Ben's letter was a veritable treat. Good for you! But don't wait till next year to write again.

Love to all Will.

*[This letter dated **May 29, 1898** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He talks about their move to Kuliang. Because the church is becoming more popular, people want to join for the name. Mr. Ding (Ming Uong) is still feeling badly but improving. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China, May 29'

1898.

Dear Folks at Home:-

May 15th I sent a letter addressed to Ben. The last received from you was on May 2nd, we are still waiting.

At 9:30 A.M. I am writing in the coolest spot I can find with the mercury at 84 degrees. A little breeze makes the heat endurable. Friday, day before yesterday I went to the mountain with Ellen and the babies. The heat was beginning to effect the children. Each had one little boil such as heat produces and our experience last year made us dread a recurrence of these comforters on the little one so we packed off where a cooler atmosphere prevails tho nights too were getting so hot that Ellen did not get the rest she needed. I have seldom been more thankful for a blessing than I am for this cottage at the mountain. The thought that the dear ones are comfortable up there takes away half the discomfort of the heat for me here. We started a few minutes before 7 o'clock Fri. morning. At 11:20 we were all at the cottage safe and happy. The whole journey was a very pleasant one. Our baggage had mostly gone up the day before. On Wed. we sent the coolie up to clean up the cottage and open the doors and windows so as to have it aired out nicely. Every year before we have taken most of our baggage with us as we went. This made 15 or more coolies to manage and with grumbling and strikes etc. the journey was tedious. This year we had only 9 to go to the foot of the mountain and 6 up the mountain. The amah carried Phebe across the plain and I carried Gould. This left Ellen free. Then to go up the mountain amah and I walked and put Phebe and Gould into one chair. They got along very well most of the time. On the way up there are three resting places. When these were not too far apart the little ones were quite happy. But after about so long Gould began to think he needed some exercise and he would flop over on his stomach and begin to slide out of the chair shouting "Ba, Ba, Ba", which freely translated is "I want to get out and walk". Phebe also thought it fine sport to walk up the stone steps. So at each rest place we let them get out and exercise. The morning was little cloudy so the sun did not trouble us at all. Just ahead of us all the way up was Mr. Worley and his family- wife and six children. They were just far enough ahead so that they could rest, and move on just as we approached a resting place. I spent Fri. night on the mountain and came down yesterday afternoon. And now I am looking forward to 4 or 5 weeks undisturbed by family cares, - unless I find an opportunity to run up once during the time and spend a day.

I am afraid that the work this year will need me until July 10th. The next communion season begins June 19th. On that day Geu Cio Dong and Ha Puo hold communion services. June 26th the Au Iong Die church, July 3rd Au Ciu, July 10th Sang Tung Gio. From all reports there will be from 60 to 70 persons to examine for admission to these five churches. With these large numbers I feel that I ought to be present at all the examinations. This is a time

of unprecedented growth in the church here and the danger is great. The name of the church is getting popular, so that as I walk on the street men speak with me and ask about Christianity, and tell me of their own accord that they are going to "obey the doctrine". This means that many will wish to join just for the name, thus the greatest care is needed at this time in admitting members. The Seminary will close June 21st. With this off my hands the other work will be much lighter, and I think I shall plan to spend about 4 days of the week at the mountain and three down here.

War news from the other side is very scarce. The most important engagement thus far of which we have heard was at Manila. Judging from what I have heard the Spanish and American fleets are either in search of one another or they are trying to evade one another.

I wrote that on May 7th I attended the opening of a chapel at a part of the suburbs called Dong Ciu, and that on the 14th I attended the opening of another at Sang Bo. On the 21st I attended the opening of another on an island a few rods from the shore, in the Min river, a little above the big bridge. The name of the island is Sang Gaing. This last chapel was planned by the Ha Puo people, the other two by the Au Iong Die church. In all three native money above was used. Except in the purchasing of land at Sang Bo, the other two at San Gaing and Dong Ciu are rented places. There is one large temple, near the Au Iong Die church. The adherent of which have embraced Christianity in such numbers that the head men are getting alarmed lest the temple will go down for want of care, and for want of worshippers. This is one of the strongest proofs of the triumph of Christianity.

Mr. Ding is improving slowly. I hope he may be able to go to the mountain before many days. The chief advantage in this move will be to keep him quiet. In these days a church in Foochow is anything but quiet. The incessant callers and their incessant talking and planning keeps him all the time tired.

Mrs. Hartwell is 70 years old June 30th. The missionaries of the three missions are planning to give her a surprise and present her with a silver tea set. As June 30th is rather late the surprise is to be next Wed.

I think of you as just thro with corn planting. The young cattle are turned out to grass. The cows are getting a good living from the pastures now. The horses and oxen are still on hay. I wonder where your crops are this year. When you see Aunt Louise you must tell her that it is a long time since one of her letters has arrived here. Remember us to all the uncles, aunts and cousins.

Lovingly,
Will.

*[This letter dated **June 12, 1898** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Because of the heat, many have moved up to Kuliang. Ellen has had five teeth pulled in six weeks. The drought has cause the price of rice to rise. Willard is grateful for the donations of money from various groups in the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China, June 12th 1898.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter started from here for Shelton May 29th. No. 9. The last received from you was June 6th.

The last time I wrote Ellen and the children had just gone to the mountain. It has been very hot since they went. We have had no rain for about a month until last Thursday. Last year at this time the people were afraid the rice and other crops would be drowned. This year the rice in some places is dried up and potatoes not planted for want of water. Of course being so dry the weather has been hotter. Thursday I went up to Kuliang and was surprised to find so many houses occupied. There were six houses with people in them and as I came down Friday I met Mr. Pitcher from Amoy going up. His family were coming up the next morning. The number of people on the mountain in June is a good thermometer for the plain. Beside those at the mountain there are others at Sharp Peak. Dr. Kinnear went up with me on Thursday and took out three teeth for Ellen. This makes five that she has had out within about six weeks. We hope now that she will be all right till Fall. Then it looks as if most of the others would have to come, and false teeth take their places. Phebe was looking rosy, tanned, happy and well. Gould was not feeling well. He had a severe attack of diarrhea the day and night before and he could not see much pleasure in living. He seemed much better Friday and as I have not heard anything I hope he is all right. I walked up the mountain Thurs. A.M. and in the afternoon I walked about some with Dr. K. Fri. morning I did some more walking and fixed up some things about the house and in the afternoon walked down the mountain. I rested all day yesterday. I came down hoping to finish copying a lot of work with the typewriter. I copied just one page. Last night I slept nine hours straight and feel much better this morning. Until a week ago I was pitying myself because I was working hard. But when I was at the customs office the other day I stepped on the scales and in the thinnest clothes possible tipped the weight at 168 pounds. I stopped complaining, and pitied the coolies that had to carry me.

The people in Foochow and also in other parts of China-especially in and near the ports are in much distress on account of the high price of rice. 100 pounds ordinarily cost from \$3 to \$4. It now costs from \$5 to \$6. This with no corresponding rise in wages makes it pretty tough for some of the poor people. A week ago the alarm over the drought was so wide spread and we had had two or three cloudy days and there had been showers in the distance that gave some hope of rain, so the officials put out a proclamation that no pigs should be killed. This would appease and please the rain god and bring rain. Some of the people began to ask what they could get to eat. Pork is as universally eaten here as beef is at home. But in spite of the officers proclamation a few pigs squealed in secret. Last Thurs. we had a delightful shower. Fri. another, and yesterday another- each day it rained a little harder than on the day previous. So the anxiety about drought is quelled for this time.

An original speech of Phebe's comes to me just now and I must put it down. Ellen was sitting by her bed while she was going to sleep the other night. Gould and she sleep together at the mountain. He was already asleep and Ellen was singing for Phebe's benefit. When Phebe said in a low tone "Mama sing a little downer". Ellen said it was a long time before she could understand. Finally Phebe said "Sing a little downer, not wake little brother."

To morrow I go to examine and close one of Ellen's station classes for women. Tues. and Wed. Mr. Hartwell and I invite all the workers in our two fields to meet at Geu Cio Dong for a quarterly meeting. Thurs., Fri., Sat. and Mon. are held the examinations in the Seminary. Thurs afternoon comes the examination for candidates to church membership at Geu Cio Dong and Fri. afternoon at Ha Puo Ga. The communion in these two places will be held next Sunday. The last communion will be held at Sang Tung Gio about the time this reaches you July 10th.

This last week I received from Shelton C.C. \$43.60 and from S.S. \$12.50. Your last letter brought the news of a gift of \$15.00 from the W.C.T.U. of Huntington. This places us beyond any anxiety for this year. We have a little over \$200 in silver in the bank here and did not know but we should have to take it out for the work this year but it will not be necessary. God always cares for his children when they trust him. If you should see either some of the ladies from Huntington or some of the Shelton people you might tell them that the money is received all right. I will write as soon as possible which will be in about two weeks I hope. Just now beside the duties I have mentioned for the coming week I have a lot of writing to do in connection with our estimates for next year's work to be sent to the Board at Boston. Beside all the minutes of the Annual Meeting held June 2nd and 3rd to be copied and forwarded, and also the report of last year's work to be put into shape and forwarded and I am also reading the last proof of the printed report of the mission for last year. All this work is well under way and I hope to get it out of the way within two weeks. Then I will remember the friends who have so kindly remembered us. By the way please keep the \$15.00 and credit it to me on account. I think financially we were all square up to the bill for the box that is starting about now when that bill comes I'll square again.

Mr. Ding improves very slowly. Dr. said the other day that he was not yet strong enough to leave Foochow for the mountain, and he could not say when he would be strong enough.

The only news of the war since I last wrote is that several thousand troops have sailed from America for the Philipines- that the Governor of the Philipines is in despair- that the American fleet has the Spanish fleet cornered near Cuba,- that a large number of troops had left Tampa for Key West thence for parts unknown.

I think to day must be Children's Day at home- The 2nd Sunday in June. How delightful it would be to see a field of pure white and yellow daisies! "A pretty field" is almost an unknown phrase here. If the children could only get into one of grandpa's meadows, how they would roll the grass down. There is one little corner of our yard here at Ponasang where the grass grows a foot and over tall. The children were out there the other day, - a few days before they went to the mountain. How they enjoyed it- the place was 10 ft. sq.

Remember us to all friends. Lots of Love to all

Will.

A pleasant vacation to all the school ma'ams and students.

W.

*[This letter dated **July 14, 1898** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He talks about the heat on the plain and how the missionaries are grateful for the mountain which is thickly populated this summer. They had fun on the 4th of July on the mountain. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, July, 14th 1898.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter already acknowledged came July 1st. The last sent started July 4th No. 11. It is time for another mail. There may be one waiting at the office for us.

Since I wrote you last I have been to the mountain each Monday morning and returned to Ponasang each Friday morning. Each Friday afternoon I have attended an examination for admission to the church and each Sunday administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. July 3rd 6 united at Au Ciu and July 10th 7 united at Sang Tung Gio. This makes 67 in the five churches in the suburbs station at this communion and 133 since Jan. 22nd.

Last Monday morning at 4:35 o'clock I started from Ponasang as the people here say "for good". That is to remain at Kuliang a few weeks. The Monday morning before July 4th I was off at 3:15 A.M. It was just 2:50 P.M. when I first opened my eyes. I got up here before the table cloth was spread for breakfast- just 4 hours on the road. It has been pretty hot on the plain. The coolest place I could find last Sat. morning the mercury registered 93 degrees. This was in the second story from the ground, with a good breeze. Imagine so hot it was in the afternoon in a close dark chapel where the only breeze is produced by your fan, and where 30 or 40 men are sitting in a room 12 X 30. It has about "done me up" every Sunday morning to preach in one of the places and then administer the Sacrament.

We had quite a glorious fourth here on the mountain. Some fireworks-Chinese-were procured, and there are boys and girls enough to give zest to the fire cracker fun, and girls enough to scream at the pin wheels and snakes etc. and ladies enough to make indigestible eatables and a Consul and one or two others who can make a speech, and this year there was the news of the victories of our fleets.

Kuliang is more thickly populated this year than every before. Six houses are just completed and the occupants were in before the workman had left in 4 of them. The chapel is not large enough for all the foreigners to crowd into but as they will not all come at one time we shall get along this year. Land is purchased for a new chapel, which is likely to be erected in a year or two. What a blessing this mountain is! The missionaries could not live now without it. It was a great menace to their health- especially to the children in earlier years to be compelled to live in the city during the Summer. But then the work did not crowd them at all. They were complete masters of their time. Now it is all changed and with the rush of work a man could not live thro the heat. The merchants stand it, but they have punbabs= large fans 10 ft. long hung from the ceiling and so fixed that a Chinaman sits in the hall and pulls a rope and creates a breeze. This must be kept up 24 hrs. a day. This expense we can hardly afford.

Ellen and the children are quite well. The photographer is coming up in a few days and we are going to have their photos taken again. I am writing this with the "Lincoln".

Ellen says "send my love with yours to all of them".

Lovingly
Will.

*[This letter dated **July 31, 1898** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He is glad that his sister, Ruth, is feeling better and that sister, Phebe, is employed. They had photos of the children taken. Willard relates some stories about the children. He is chairman of the committee for building a new, larger chapel on Kuliang. Willard hints at the anticipation of the birth of a new baby. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission

Kuliang, Foochow, China, July 31st 1898.

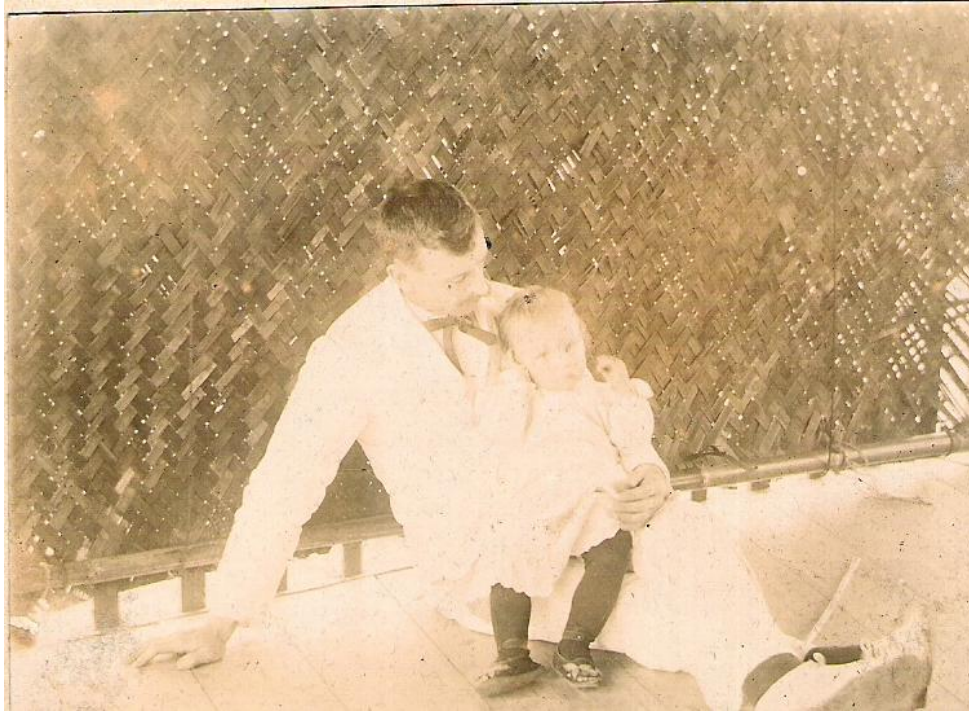
Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter started from here July 14th No. 12. We received one from you July 19th and one yesterday July 30th. It was very cheering to hear of Ruth's good health and we most hopefully trust that we shall hear only confirmations of this good news.

We send congratulations to Phebe on being offered the position in New Britain. It is a flatter offer, especially for one who has only just graduated. *[According to her 1957 obituary, Phebe Maria Beard was a 1898 graduate of the kindergarten training school department of the State Normal School of New Britain, CT. She was appointed assistant in that school and served one year.]* I should be pleased if she would give some other excuse for not want to come to Foochow, than the language. That's a snow man, and melts very rapidly in this climate. Her little name's sake talks like a "house a fire" as Stanley used to say. And even Gould the other day taught me a Chinese word. I was out in the yard with him and he was throwing stones. As he threw he said dai. This I found means to throw away, - all of which is of course very interesting to you.

Well we have had more photos of the children taken. When the photographer came the first time, Gould bore the marks of a collision with the stone steps on his cheek bone and Ellen wanted him to wait. While she was dressing Phebe I was playing with Gould on the veranda. The camera was all set up and the man waiting. Gould

came in a ragged dress and shoes out at the toes and all perspiration and dirt from his play, and dropped into my lap as I sat on the veranda floor directly before the camera. I motioned the photographer to shoot and he shot. He hit the little fellow square. I gave him my "tick tick" to make sure.



Written on back of photo: "Father and Gould"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Ellen says he is a little sober but he is so naturally. I wanted to vignette myself out but Ellen would have some with me in. The photo is so good of Gould that Ellen has about half forgiven me for allowing the dirt and rags to appear. Both children are as well as ever, plump and ruddy and growing like weeds. They practically live out of doors and the air on our hill comes direct from the sea over about 8 miles of mountains and valleys. So it is of the very best. Gould is a born "clod-hopper". He is determined to go out on the hill every day and watch the cows graze for an hour or more. As we stand on our veranda we see a large area of hillside. Gould is the first one to spy a cow and he gives a jump and a whoop "Oh! Cow!" I never saw him show signs of fear at a cow but once. I was out on the hill with him one evening just at dark as a cow came along led by a man. She came within a few feet of us. When within about 8 feet she bellowed low. Gould said nothing, but he hugged very close to me, till the danger passed then ran after the cow shouting with glee. I asked Phebe what I should say to Grandma Beard for her. She said "They way ov'r America". This evening she did not seem very hungry at supper and was playing with a cup of milk for the first time she put her hands into it. We told her that was like the pigs. She thought a moment and said, "Gramma Beard got some white pigs." All the pigs in this part of China are black. But this is all babies so far, so to change the subject. -

Kuliang seems to be booming. Every year finds more and more people here. Six new houses are occupied this year for the first time. Seven pieces of land have just been bought and five houses are now being contracted for there will undoubtedly be more before next winter. The building is used for a chapel is too small for either foreign or Chinese meetings and we are preparing to build a new chapel. The chairmanship of the committee to arrange for all meetings and care for the chapel and to build a new chapel falls to my lot this year. The "new chapel" bids fair to be a serious problem. Some want one plan and some another and some want one site and some want another, but it will be settled in some way all right. This is the week of our Kuliang convention. It really began this afternoon with the service at 5 P.M. Each day we have two services at 9:30 A.M. and one at 5 P.M. closing with the communion next Sunday.

The telegram Fri. morning stated that Spain was suing for peace. Pres. McKinley replied that Cuba must be given independence. Porto Rico and one other island ceded and a coaling station be granted in the Phillipines. We hope to hear that peace is declared very soon. This of course will disappoint many of those at Tampa and others who have started for the war but who have not had the opportunity of fighting. This war bids fair to be very far

reaching in its results. Our country can no longer remain shut up within itself. We are one of the nations of the earth now. Last year the condition of things in China was nothing to the U.S. We have hitherto left the policing of the seas to England and have considered questions that concerned countries out of the Western Hemisphere as out of our jurisdiction. But now we must help in solving the "Easter question" and we, as one of the two distinctively Christian nations of the world, must do our share in bringing order out of the world's chaos. It was probably best that we should have remained until now, quiet in our obscurity. We have been growing and have just awakened to the fact that we have attained to the full grown stature. Now we must use the power that we find we possess. May God direct us to use it for His glory.

Ellen is quite well and sends love. She is just now engaged largely in looking up names for boys. Gould says he would like a brother.

Give our love to Grandpa and Grandma, Aunt Louise and all the rest.

Lovingly Will.



This may be one of the photos taken of Phebe and Gould by the photographer in 1898.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Aug. 15, 1898** was written from Foochow, China by Ming Uong Ding to Mr. O. G. Beard (Oliver Gould Beard, father of Willard). He apologized for not writing sooner but explains that he has been sick. He thanks him and his family for the hospitality and reminisces about his time and activities while visiting in Shelton, Conn. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.
Aug., 15th, 1898.

My dear Mr. O.G. Beard:-

You will perhaps be surprised, for the lapse of so long a time, to receive a letter from me. But believe me that a letter to you have been in my mind for a long time. I do very often think of you, your family, the "Century Farm" and the friends I met there. Therefore first of all allow me to thank you for your hospitality and kindness and assure you that the pleasant hours you caused me to spend in Shelton and its neighborhood I shall ever remember as one of the happiest weeks in my life. I can recall very pleasantly the visits of the paper mill and Shelton Park with you, the riding to Bridgeport up the river road with Mr. Ben Beard using his span of horses, the Sunday School at Long Hill school with Miss Beard, the visit of Derby Silver Co. with Mr. James Beard, the picnic with Misses

Beard, the berrying with Miss May and Mr. Standly Beard, the party on the Tuesday afternoon Aug. 17th and other pleasant occasions.

Although I am now on this side of the globe thousand miles from you and separated by a mighty ocean yet often my thought goes back to you and my prayers ascend that God will bless you richly and give all of you good health and long happy life.

Indeed I am glad that I have met you and knowing you so well. I have told Mr. and Mrs. W.L. Beard that I have not only known him but I can say now that I have seen and know theirs.

It is no doubt that it has caused us to throw ourselves together more closely. I was sorry that I could not write you sooner my silence had arisen from two reasons. Immediately after setting my feet upon my home land I was called by our National Committee and General Secretary to proceed to the north and after seeing the Secretary I made a hasty tour among the Chinese colleges and traveled many thousand miles in the empire. As it was near our Chinese New Year therefore almost all the schools were closing. Thus I had to fix the dates of my visits and hurry from place to place and many times I had to travel at night and through rain and snow. And as we did not have many rails like America I had to travel by donkey riding mule-cart and other modes of traveling which were very tiresome and not accustom to me at all. At the close of this journey I was very tired and then became ill. I got home on the afternoon of the very last day of our Chinese Year.

It was my hope that after settling down at home I might have little time to write letters and to clear off piles of business which I have filed up since I went to America. But the ill-health dragged on day after day I became weaker. The fever gradually became higher and higher and the shooting pain from joint to joint [*joint*] indeed could hardly be described here and then I was confined in bed as stiff as a rod. During those days I was obliged to give up both reading and writing. I am now pretty well and hope that I shall be able to go to my work in the Seminary this coming term. I did not go to Kuliang this summer for Dr. Kinnear thought best for me not to go. So I am here at Foochow and it is quite hot in this city. I think during those hotish days the thermometer went to about 100 degrees. I hope that the weather is cooling off now.

Allow me to congratulate you upon having another granddaughter here in China. It seems to me it is very gratifying for one to think that he or she has children on both sides of the earth and thus far and near day and night there are some one calling him or her father, mother, grand-father and grand-mother. It is said that Mrs. W.L. Beard and the baby are very well and probably they will be at the mountain till the weather gets cool.

China is now waking up both the Emperor and the people are seeing their own faults and they changing as fast as they can so it affords much for us to do here. We do pray that God will give us more wisdom and good health and supply us with means so that the work can be carried out more widely.

Please pray for us for we need your prayers much.

My father, mother and Mrs. M.U. Ding join me in sending our kindest regards and best thanks to all of you. Please remember me kindly to friends I met at your place.

I am.

Very Sincerely Yours,
M.U. Ding.

[This letter dated Aug. 21, 1898 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. A typhoon recently hit the region which damaged houses. Many are living on the mountain now and more are planning on building cottages. Because of the increase in population a new church must be built on Kuliang. Willard hopes the U.S. will be able to control the Philippines and not let Spain come into their control. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Aug. 21st 1898.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter started from here July 31st No. 13. The last came from you July 30th. Our life has been running along smoothly since last we wrote. The most exciting experience was a typhoon two weeks ago. It had been raining some each day for over a week. The wind had not been very hard until Mon. morning Aug. 8th. We had arisen and were standing in the back door looking at the rain as the wind drove it thro the big stone typhoon wall. Suddenly about 4 ft. of the top of the wall for a length of 15 ft. gracefully bent over to the ground before the wind. We went to breakfast just after. Before the meal was finished there was a knock on our front door and I opened it to find Mrs. Main with her little 9 months boy in her arms. She had been staying in the house just above us. Mr. Main had gone into the country and in the house were only Mrs. Main, a single lady and the baby. Mrs. Main saw the top of the typhoon wall of the house in which she was staying fall off, and saw and heard the tiles fly off the roof, and

became frightened and ran for safety. She had just sat down and was telling how the tiles were flying from the other house, as there came a terrific gust and a crash and the ridge of our house lay on the ground. This left plenty of room for the rain to come in. The fiercest of the storm was over by 11 o'clock. The middle room was pretty wet. But we found a dry place to eat and sleep in and all in all the experience was not a bad one. Two or three houses were so badly used by the wind and rain that the inhabitants could hardly live in them. The weather did not become settled till Wed.

July 31st – Aug. 7th. was held the Kuliang Convention as usual with a prayer meeting at 7 A.M. a meeting at 9:30 and one at 5 P.M. The meetings this year were very helpful. This Chinese Convention was to have followed during the next week but on account of the typhoon it was postponed and ends today with the communion union service.

There is one fine tennis court on the mountain air the East side of a hill so that it is in the shade by about 4:30 P.M. from that hour till it is too dark to play the crowds on the mountain are to be found there. There are more people here this year than ever before, and more houses are being contracted for to be built this Fall and Winter to be ready for use next Summer than ever before. Thus far ten families are thinking of building with more in prospect. The increase in population overcrowds the little building used for a chapel so we are planning to build a church. I had the misfortune at the beginning of the season to become the chairman and treasurer of the chapel committee. It devolved on the committee to start the matter of the new chapel. We recommended a board of Trustees of six men to take charge of building and caring for the new chapel. I got my share of the work again by being elected as secretary and treasurer of the Board of Trustees. During the past week I have collected in checks, cash and pledges over \$1200. The church will cost something over \$1500.

The seventh moon communion begins today in my field with communion at Geu Cio Dong and Ha Puo Ga. 16 were to have united at Geu Cio Dong. I have not heard from Ha Puo. I shall go down next Fri. to the examination of candidates at Au Iong Die if Ellen allows me to. But I shall delegate one of the pastors to administer the communion on Sunday. I had a letter a few days ago from one of the preachers- the one at Au Ciu saying that a man owed one of the members there \$30. The member could not collect the debt. He told his trouble to the preacher. The preacher chanced to know the debtor and went to him succeeding in inducing him to pay the debt. The member as a thank offering gave \$15 of it to the church. Tell this to any one who says the Chinese show no proofs of sincerity in their religion. Mr. Ding I think from reports is improving some but is yet far from his old self. He expects now to take up work in the Theological School the middle of Sept. I expect one of the oldest Pastors to help in the teaching this next term. This will relieve me greatly and allow me to do better work in the subjects I teach. A letter from Mr. Walker to Miss Newton spoke not at all assuredly about his return to Foochow this Fall. If he does not come there is no one for the Shaowu field this year. And that field has only one ordained pastor. (There are 3000 people in this district who have asked to be taught the Gospel.)

The statement of the goods from Boston came this past week. You have sent an "old whopper" of a box. 26 1/10 cubit feet 625 lbs. We shall look for a "stock" of picture cards etc. In the last mail I sent you a lot of photos. Some were marked. Will you kindly distribute these. Those unmarked will you send half to Putnam and give the rest to whomever you think will care the most for them.

Phebe has been perfectly well all Summer. She runs all over the mountain as sturdy as a little goat. The rainy days are rather hard on both children. They do so love to be out on the hills in the open air. The house gets to be a prison for them when they are shut up too long. Phebe goes to church every Sunday. Ellen has not been for three Sundays but Phebe goes with me and is the admiration of all for her good behaviour. Gould is now having a very bad cold and is getting the two teeth below his eye teeth. This makes him about sick, but he gets out on the hill and tends cows every day and sings "All power is given unto me", unless his cold stops him then he says "ma, ma"- like ma in man= cannot and begs either Phebe or Mama or Papa to sing it for him. He carries the tune to this chorus all alone and approximates the sounds. Of course we think this phenomenal.

One of the recent mails brought an invitation to the wedding of Annie Tomlinson to Daniel Sammis Sanford. The Sentinel spoke of the wedding of a Mary Blakeman whom I understood to be Ard's sister. Is Ard still a bachelor?

Remember us to the folks at White Hills and all other places. If my reckoning is correct grandfather was 89 the 12th of this month.

The news that Spain had sued for peace and that the conditions imposed by the U.S. were such that in the main they were accepted was very good news to us. I hope there will be some way of retaining a controlling influence in the Philippines. It will be a sad thing to let Spain get hold of them again. The problems before the country at this time which the war has precipitated are broader and perhaps more difficult of settlement than was the problem of reconstruction thirty years ago, but we are able to grapple it and to settle it. McKinley is loved by all the Americans in Foochow. The papers printed in China by Englishmen speak in the warmest terms of America and

Americans. They have no epithets good enough for the common sense and good character and ability of Admiral Dewey, and General Merritt they say is as good as Dewey. May God guide this young nation in the right, to take her part in the government of the world in righting the wrongs of oppressed weak nations and in protecting such nations as China against the greed of Russia and France and Germany may be the enlargement that our beloved country needs to be able to save herself from destruction due to evils that are rampant among her own people.

Love to all from all
Will.



Houses here on Kuliang can be seen with their typhoon walls.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated **Aug. 25, 1898** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He writes briefly to let the folks back home know Ellen gave birth to another baby. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang. August 25th 1898.

Dear Folks at Home:-

A letter arrived from Ruth day before yesterday. I sent No. 14 to you on Monday of this week. I am writing this just to say that a little daughter arrived this morning at 4:50. She is a lively little miss- and pretty. Her lungs and throat are all right. Ellen is doing nicely. Both she and the baby have been asleep since 7 o'clock now at 9:00.

I must not keep the man waiting longer. Will

You send the news to Putnam,

Lovingly

Will.

Phebe and Gould are getting the better of their colds.

W.

[This letter dated Sept. 4, 1898 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The new baby and Ellen are doing well. Another typhoon came but caused them no damage. People are beginning to move down from the mountain. Willard is embarrassed when people ask what the new baby's name is because it is 10 days old and they haven't yet named her. The war between the U.S. and Spain seems to have gradually stopped. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang, Sept. 4th 1898

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter started from here Aug. 25th, the day of the arrival of the newest missionary. Every thing has gone as nicely as we could ask from the first up to the present time. Ellen sat up in bed yesterday some, and today she has been hopping all over the bed like a frog in a frying pan. Baby was ten days old this morning. She has had the colic once bad and once or twice lightly, otherwise she has eaten and slept like a jewel. Last Thursday when baby was just one week old I went to Ponasang. Dr. Goddard came over and spent the day with Ellen. Ellen talked so much that she has been a little hoarse since otherwise I found everything in perfect order when I returned about 7 o'clock in the evening. A week ago to night another typhoon set in and it was pretty lively here for 48 hours. Fortunately we had just had the house roof thoroughly fixed after the first typhoon, and this one did no damage at all. You cannot imagine tho how one of these storms tries a roof. The wind first blew from the South, then it gradually moved around with the sun, until it reached the N. West, then the rain came. The velocity of the wind increased constantly from the first. When the wind reached the north it was blowing hard and the rain was falling in torrents. Then it moved on to the N.E. and blew from a little after noon Monday until toward morning Tuesday. Then it gradually subsided and left us with a South breeze and clear sky. The wind blowing hard from about W.N. West to E.N. East and the rain falling heavily all the time finds any weak place in a roof to a certainty.

The first of Sept. sees a marked decrease in the numbers at Kuliang. Every day loads and chairs are going down the mountain. In two weeks from to day this will be a deserted place. And the various centers of Christian activity in the different parts of the province will assume their usual activities. I have gotten a good rest this Summer and do not dread to go back into the work. (Last year I felt like a boy just whipped and sent back to school as I went down from the mountain in Sept.) But I am glad to get back this year. I think the work should be a little more satisfactory and therefore some easier this Fall than last Spring. Ming Uong will be able to teach some in the Seminary and his presence there and general oversight will be of great advantage to the school and a great relief to me. Then I have arranged for another teacher- one of the oldest Pastors to assist in the class room work. The churches are becoming more and more independent. That is they are learning better to do their own planning and to settle for themselves the various questions that are constantly arising. They are also learning that a live church must be a growing church and they are themselves planning new work and putting their plans into execution. One church, the one at Au long Die has just rented an adjoining shop and refitted the church so as to increase its seating capacity from 70 to about 150. I have not been to the place since this work was begun. The 7th moon communion is now in progress. At Geu Cio Dong 16 united, at Ha Puo Ga 8, at Au long Die 24. At Au Ciu today there will be 7 or eight. The communion at Sang Tung Gio next Sunday will complete this communion season. Not counting those who join today at Au Ciu 181 have united with the churches in my field since the beginning of the year.

Sunday evening: - Ellen sat up on one corner of the bed this afternoon and watched the people come out from the church. The audience was about half the usual number. The same is true of the Chinese audiences. My worst trials these days are to be asked what the baby's name is and when I say I do not know- well you know how the people look and talk. One little boy about five years old had a little sister born in July. I was talking with him a few weeks ago and offered to buy her. He said if I would give him one bright new dollar he would sell her to me. Then afterward he became sick of his bargain and backed out. The next day after our little girl arrived I was passing this little boy's house. He came running out to the path shouting "Now you don't want to buy her. Now you don't want to buy her. You got one of your own."

Well the impression that the telegrams give one is that the war stopped rather gradually just at a most opportune time to save our soldiers from the ravages of fever in Cuba. The negotiations for peace will not in all probability be completed in a hurry. In the mean time and perhaps permanently the East is the residence of more U.S. citizens than ever before. It was a very happy and Christian step taken by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to write the different denominations to first consult about the occupancy of the Phillipines before any of

them had sent Missionaries there. One of the last telegrams says that Russia pleads with the powers to stop this race for arming. One nation adds to its forts and its army and its navy and then another must outstrip her in armament and so the competition goes on to the injury of all, to the benefit of none. All the powers except France answer favorably.

Well "God is in the onward march of the nations", and all things are as they should be. We are all working out His will. Trusting that you are all well. We are waiting to see what the beginning of a new school year will do with you. Love to all Will

[This letter dated Sept. 25, 1898 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the Ones at Home. They are getting ready to move off the mountain. The Theology School has opened and Mr. Ding is well enough to be teaching again. Baby Geraldine is doing well. Since coming back to Foochow from Kuliang, Phebe and Gould have had fevers. A strong typhoon hit recently and they were glad there were not still on Kuliang. Rumors say that the Emperor is dead and Li Hung Chang and Russia are responsible for it. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang Foochow, Sept. 25th 1898.

Dear Ones at Home:-

I am writing from Kuliang for the last time this year. The records have all been transferred to Ponasang so I cannot say when the last letter went or when the last one came. I have been down for one, two or more days for the last four weeks. Last week I went Tues. morning and returned Fri. evening. We are all going down to Ponasang day after tomorrow, Tues. morning. The mountain is almost perfect now. The atmosphere is all that one could wish. It is only slightly cooler than in July and August. Nearly all the missionaries have gone back to their work and the mountaineers are waiting for their sweet potatoes and rice to ripen- in the mean time they are off gathering fire brush- and there is an air of quietness and rest that makes one feel while here as if he were growing fat. There is nothing to do and after having been at work in the hotter regions for four days I feel when I get back here for two or three days something as Tennyson pictures the "Lotos Eaters."

The Theological School opened Sept. 22nd. Nearly all the boys are back and they are all seemingly happy. Ming Uong is back as my assistant and he has the deportment of the school under his care. This will be a great help to me and it will be a great advantage to the boys. We have two teachers and two students more this term than last. The building is thus crammed full. The mission's greatest need is for a new building for this school. It will require about \$1400 or \$2000 to supply the needs Dr. Smith said when here last Spring that this was our first need and I think if the Board had the money we would get the building now. As it is...

Sunday Oct. 2nd 1898.

Well this has had a good long rest. In the mean time we have not been idle- if we have not written letters. The last day at the mountain was of course occupied with preparing to go down. We sent every thing possible down Monday, so that we had only a load for one man to pack Tues. morning i.e. the bed clothes etc. We were off at 7:45, and arrived at Ponasang at 11:00. The journey was rather hot but we all stood it well. Geraldine was an angel. She slept all the time till Ellen got into her chair and was as good as she could be all the way down. To get Phebe and Gould down the mountain we put them into one chair and had the coolies carry the chair back and forth so they could not fall out. They fitted in tight. We came down from a temperature of about 70 degrees where the atmosphere was bracing and just about perfect with a temperature of 90 degrees where the air was thick and hot, and anything but bracing. Phebe and Gould have taken it pretty hard. The poor little things are the ghosts of the children that were romping on Kuliang only 5 days ago. They have both had high fevers every day and have had chills some days. Tues., Weds., Thurs., and Fri. continued hot Fri. afternoon a typhoon- the third this year- set in and has continued till this morning. Fri. night a gust woke up both Ellen and me. We did not know but the old house was going to succumb but it still stands. Miss Newton said she was up ready to run. It was the hardest she had ever seen. Our cook who is not far from 30 says he never experienced one as hard before. If the storm was as violent on Kuliang, - that is if Kuliang was in the path of the storm as was Ponasang- the houses have suffered severely, because of the higher altitude and of its openness to the sea. We look right out to sea from the back of our house so we count it a kind Providence that led us to come down before the storm even if we did find it so hot. If Ellen had remained, I should have been down all week intending to go up on Fri. afternoon late. The storm was so violent this would have been impossible and I should have been down here worrying for fear the house would blow down on the dear ones on the mountain, but they were all safe here with me. The typhoon has made it cooler, and we have the doctor after the children and hope the little ones will soon be all right again. They slept all night last night soundly and they gap well. Gould is cross enough at times, and today he has been playing out on the walk and seems better. Phebe prefers to keep quiet most of the time. She rocks her dolly to sleep each day and plays a little. She is just like her Uncle

Stanley when she is sick- as quiet as can be, not a word of complaint; her requests always have a "please" and there is always a "thank you" for any favor. All medicine-even castor oil goes down without a word. Gould? Well he is different. Now for Geraldine. Well to begin she is the best baby that was ever born. She eats and sleeps and grows. When she is full and otherwise all right, there is not a peep. Since she was two weeks old she has scarcely waken Ellen more than twice between 9 P.M. and 6 A.M. next day, sometimes only once. She takes as much pleasure in being bathed as her mother does in bathing her, which is beyond the power of language to express. She has hair enough to curl, blue eyes, big fat cheeks, a back broad enough for a farmer. She is plump all over and perfectly well so far as we can see. She is now 5 weeks and 4 days old. She notices people and follows them with her eyes, holds her head up and looks about, rolls off the pillow for exercise and tries to stand on her feet. We heard about two hours ago that Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard have another daughter born the night of the typhoon.

The box from home arrived last week. It came thro all right. Only one breakage. One bottle of flavoring – lemon had a little hole in one corner. All the liquid of course ran out and was absorbed. Nothing was hurt and the loss was not worth mentioning. The cereal is in perfect condition- mostly. The tin of oatmeal got jambed and burst and the bugs got in a little. But we are so used to picking bugs out of our cereal that it is the natural thing. The shoes are just right. The paper and envelope came just at the right time. The hickory nuts and pop corn will be great treats. When Phebe first saw her doll she looked at it a second then uttered a Chinese exclamation "Ai a" ai like ai in "aisle" a like a in bar. The mark above indicates that "the tone begins with the key note of the voice uses to the pitch of a second with strong emphasis, and descends with through stress to about a fifth below". Ai is a smooth level tone a third above the key note of the voice. Then she took it and looked it all over and remarked that it had eyes and hair and stocking and shoes, and a necktie. Then she lay down and put dolly beside her and went to sleep. Gould took his old man up and looked him over and gave him to Phebe as if it was entirely outside a boy's province to have anything to do with dolls. He has never cared for Phebe's dolls. He kisses them but Phebe can take all the care of them. The ball struck him as very nice. Ruth has a great eye for ties. I never had two prettier ones than the one she sent in the last box and the one that came in this. We have not yet given the tea set to Phebe. The picture cards are Ellen's delight. The scrolls are so beautiful that I am afraid we shall appropriate some of them for our own wall. Tell the people at Shelton that the large Bible pictures are just the thing. I was in great need of just what they sent. I think Uncle James is to be thanked for the smaller scrolls.

The Emperor is dead. Li Hung Chang and the Russians are at the bottom of his death. All the reforms recently started by him are revoked and China put back in her old shut up condition. All the powers except England, Germany, U.S. and Japan are happy at the new turn of affairs. This is the latest and is believed to be authentic.

We want to hear from Bridgeport. It has been a long time since your letters have reached us. July 21st was the date of the last you wrote.

With lots of Love from all. Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 9, 1898 was written from Amherst, Mass. by James Beard, brother of Willard L. Beard. James described a fun trip he took to Mt. Tom with some fraternity boys. He decided he might join the fraternity at a later date. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

No. 19, South College.

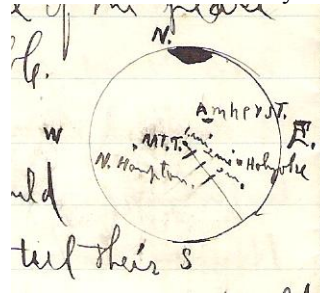
Please send this letter to Phebe.

Amherst, Mass.
Sunday Oct. 9, 1898

Dear Folks at Home,-

I have just returned from breakfast and will spend the time before going to church in writing to you. This week has been full of activities. Friday was Mountain Day and we had no recitations. The day is set apart for the students to ramble off over the mountains and get acquainted with the surrounding country. The Sophomore dedication of "Phi Delta Theta" took the Freshman delegation of their fraternity for a trip over to Mt. Tom across the Connecticut river and very kindly invited me to go with them, so I accepted on being pressed by them. Furthermore they went so far as to supply a substitute for me at Hitchcock Hall, consequently there was nothing for me to do but go and I believe I never spent a pleasanter and more profitable day. (I have just returned from church where I hear Josiah Strong L. D. preach on the passage in Revelations, "Behold I make all things new." I wish I could give you an account of his sermon; but it would take too much space and time. He made everything so plain and impressive, that I think I could follow his whole discussion through.) I will now continue with the account of my trip. We started in a four-horse carry-all at about 9.15 A.M. We drove through Hadley, South Hadley and cheered the Holyoke girls, then on to Holyoke going clear around Mount Holyoke. Here we took the electric cars up

Mt. Tom till we reached the base of the cliff and there we transferred and went up in the cable car. Some of the grades on this line I should think were 25 ft. to ?? hundred. (You probably remember seeing a description of these cars in the Century Magazine) It made me feel as if he wondered where he would go to, if anything gave way; but there really was little danger; as the conductor told me that there were five ways of stopping the car if the cable did not work. This road is also run or rather regulated by electricity. The cars are attached one to each end of the cable and the one coming down helps pull the other up. They leave the depots every half hour that is it takes about that time to make the ascent and descent; and they run, I should say at the rate of about 10 miles an hour. I never found myself so at a loss for language to express my feelings as now when I wish to describe the view from Mt. Tom. We were about 1300 ft straight up in the air and the side of the mountain opposite from the one we came up is almost perpendicular it being formed of rock. On the top of the mountain is an observatory with eight large glasses in it which are at the disposal of the guests. Two or three of these glasses are on tripods and may be moved about the floor at will; the other are stationary and may only be swung around and tilted. In the centre of the floor there is a circular map showing the layout of the surrounding country for 40 miles in all directions. From this you may find your place and then take the glass and look it up on the landscape. There is a tape attached to a screw in the centre of the table and with this you may ascertain the distance of the place from Mt. Tom. This is the table.



We could see the impressions in a yard a number of miles away and could distinguish children eating and even tell their color. We threw stones over the precipice, but could not follow them till they struck at the bottom; as they disappeared from sight. Railroad trains winding along through the valley looked like little serpents; in short, the whole thing was like a dream, being realized. After luncheon on Mt. Tom we descended into Holyoke and again took the team and went clear around Mt. Tom; so that we got a full view of that precipice. The rock reminds one of the palisades, as there are numerous creases running up and down through it. The solid rock is, at a rough estimate, 75 ft. or 100 ft. high, then for as many feet below this, the side of the mountain looks as though it were made of crooked stone; and only a very few trees have succeeded in forcing their way up through this rocky mass. Below this the thick underbrush begins to accumulate and as the mountain slopes off more gradually as its base a heavy forest flourishes. I shall leave this description here with the hope that some of you can come up sometime and let me take you over there. After passing the mountain we drove over through North Hampton and gave our college yell for Smith, thence to East Hampton and back to Amherst at about 7.00 P.M. having covered a distance of between 40 and 50 mi. as one of the fellows estimated; and having ridden continually with the exception of the half hours spent on the summit of Mt. Tom. The view which we got of the mountains as we road through the valleys was exquisite; and one can appreciate it only when he has the right before him and feels "the ripple" caused by such a scene, run up his back.

From your last letter, Mother, I inferred that you understood that I had promised to join the fraternity. I distinctly told you my pledge viz.- that I would join their fraternity if I joined any. They understood it so; and I have lived up to any pledge. However, I have decided and told them my decision that I would not join them this year at any rate. When I pledged to them in this conditional manner, I told them how I was situated and also told them that if I did not come in with them, I did not wish any rupture of feeling to exist between us. They accepted my request and said that they were glad I felt that way about it. When I came to give them my decision, they were disappointed but very courteous, and told me that, whereas they could not count me as after one of their number and allow me the privileges belonging to a member, they should be glad to have me call at the Frat. House whenever I could or desired, to see them. It was with the foregoing relations existing between us that they invited me to go with them; and I would not have missed the day for anything. They bore all expenses which could not have been less than \$.50 or \$.75 I think. I feel somewhat under obligations to them for all that they have done for me and am at a loss to know how to show them my feelings in a proper manner.

Mother, do you think I can wash my own flannels in cold water without injuring them? My roommate does without hurting his.

I wrote a letter to Mrs. Betts last Wednesday; for your reports were rather disturbing and I do not wish to be recalled from college. I also received a letter from Helen and Bessie telling about their experiences at Wellesley.

I received the letter from home all right with the check from Ben and I handed this check after indorsing it, to the assistant registrar. This saved me the trouble of identification at the bank; but I thought afterward perhaps you would like to have had it cashed immediately.

I was mistaken about my scholarship. That \$47.50 was for my whole three term's room rent. I will not know whether I got anymore or not till I do not know when. The trustees or some other committee will decide that later. I went down to see Mr. Word about it the other day and was told that I would have to wait with the real before I knew for certain whether I was to receive anything further. I got a receipt for the whole \$47.50 whereas on the paper they said that I should receive only half of it now. Your promptness in sending me the check was a pleasant surprise to me; and I was among the first to pay my installment. I inferred from Mr. Fay. My promptness pleased him.

I have no more time to write now. If the news accumulates too fast I will try to write you during the week. Wednesday I deliver my oration before the class of 1902. Tuesday I have my last rehearsal.

With Love,

James.

P.S. No, mother, I find no great change in the weather here, but a great one in the environment.

Ruth, I have had one good square meal of grapes and we have an apple orchard on the college commons which bears lovely hard Baldwin apples. We get quite a good deal of fruit at our boarding place.



JAS. D. BEARD

James Daniel Beard, Graduation photo from Amherst College 1902

[Information provided by Amherst College Archives. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This typewritten letter dated **Oct. 16, 1898** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. His children, Phebe and Gould have recovered from malaria. Ellen now works at the Seminary teaching the young men

Seminary music. Willard discusses at length the current political situation in China with Kong, Liong, Tang and Li Hung Chang. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
Mrs. W.L. Beard [*written in*]
Professor of Vocal Music.

American Board Mission
Foochow, China, Oct. 16th. 1898.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter was of the date Oct. 2nd. No. 16. Oct. 4th. we received two from Shelton. One week ago I wrote uncle Will's folks. I was so pressed that I did not write you but asked them to tell you that the children were better. They are now all right. Phebe has got most of her color back and is tripping about again as happy as ever. Gould gets tired easier than he did before he was ill, but the malaria has all left him and he is treated just as he was before he was sick. This year the children have not had the heat boils as they did last year. Possible this accounts for the fever internally. Geraldine is perfectly well as she has been since she arrived. She just eats and sleeps and kicks and grows fat. She already coos and smiles when she is noticed. When bed time comes she has her supper and is put in the bed and she kicks herself to sleep. She likes a midnight lunch and then she is all right until daylight. Ellen is well and began last week to teach the young men in the Seminary music. They enjoy it immensely. It will be of great advantage to them in their work. If they are able to sing the tunes correctly it will make one more part to each tune, for each man and woman in the country districts, and often in Foochow, makes up his part as he goes along. And it is rarely that his individual part ever coincides with the part as written in the hymn book.

Every thing in the work has moved along at a rapid pace. I think perhaps I have already written about the repairs that have been made on the church at Au long Die. The members have spent about \$300 on the building, and have a pretty little church now. The members at Au Ciu are now repairing their chapel. They have rented an adjoining house at their own expense and are to spend about \$100 in repairs. The members at Ha Puo Ga are considering the question of buying the house adjoining the church and holding it for the time when the church can be enlarged. It will take \$1000 to purchase. How they will ever raise the money I do not know, but where there is a will there is a way in China as well as in America. The 9th moon communion season began today. At Geu Cio Dong there were received 14. At Ha Puo 5. I am very much pleased thus far with the way the Seminary is moving this term. I have written you that with the returning health of Mr. Ding he is back in his place and that one new teacher has been added to the faculty which really make as addition of two to the teaching force. This makes four native teachers and myself. We are able to give the young men all they want to do. I should have mentioned also Mrs. Beard as a member of the faculty.

The political situation in China just at present is most engrossing. The theory in China is that the people are the servants of the Emperor and the land is his personal property. Whatever then touches the person of his majesty is of interest to the people. Mr. Goddard has just returned from a trip to our North China mission and has visited Tientsin and Peking, and was in that region when the events at Peking took place. He has therefore the latest and most reliable facts. I asked him to give the boys in the Seminary a talk on the situation. He did so last Sat. The substance of what he said was: - A little over 3 years ago the second degree men from all the provinces of China were gathered at Peking for the examinations. China was talking of making peace with Japan. The literary men were not in favor. They were about to prepare memorials to the throne and present them urging that China instead of concluding peace with her enemy, should send proclamations throughout the empire urging the people to rise and save the country. At that time among the literati discussing the matter was a man by the name of Kong Iu Ui. He gathered the literati and told them it would be better to have one memorial drawn up and signed by each of the literati than to have so many different ones sent to the throne. His reasons were so patient and sensible that his suggestion was accepted and he was chosen to draw up a memorial. This he did and the document was signed by his associates, but before it was presented peace had been made. This circumstance however had served to bring Kong (You will probably see this in the papers Kang) prominently before the greatest minds of the whole Empire as a man of great ability coupled with good sense. Associated with Kong was a man named Liong. Liong was or orator of great power. He was the speaker. Kong was the thinker. These two men after the Examinations went to Shanghai. Liong was soon called to Hunan to assist the Governor there. As a result of his work Hunan is today the leading province in adopting foreign methods. Kong spent his time in Shanghai in translating books and in editing a news paper called the Chinese Progress. This paper had an immense circulation in all parts of the Empire. It urged progress and reform with no uncertain note. Among the books translated was a life of Peter the Great of Russia. This book found its way into the Emperor's hands and was read by him. He asked for the author and praised him highly acknowledging his powers.

Last year at the triennial examinations again Kong and Liong were present. There had joined them a man named Tang. Timothy Richards and Gilbert Reid were also there. The literati gathered each day to discuss progress and reform measures. These gatherings were broken up by a decree from high authority. But the seeds of reform had been sown broadcast in all parts of the Empire for three years and over. The brightest young minds of the Empire had been inoculated. Among these were several who had been educated in mission schools. They had studied history, they knew what the country needed, they loved their country and more important than all they believed in God. Add to this that the press had been used continually for more than three years and that books translated and books written by able Chinese and books written by the most able Christian foreigners in China had been circulated by the thousand copies in all parts and ready by many of the officials and by nearly all the literary graduates in this class would be included young men fitting for official positions. - - Remember also that Kong, Liong and Tang were leaders of reform clubs which had been organized in some of the most important cities of China and you have some idea of the strength of the reform movement. The young Emperor himself became thoroughly aroused on the subject of reform and set about learning the best methods. Early in this year he was in daily consultation with one or more of these men - Kong, Liong, Tang. Soon Imperial Edict after edict came from the Emperor each one ordering the most radical reforms. The literary examinations were to be changed; any body was free to memorialize the throne on the subject of reform; Institutions of Western learning were to be established in all important centers of the Empire; temples not dedicated by the throne were to be turned into schools; fat offices of no value to the country were to be abolished and the officials turned out. Etc. etc. Lastly Li Hung Chang thro the influence of England was retired. In all these reforms the Emperor stood alone. The Empress Dowager did all in her power to nullify each one, for example when the Emperor appointed Kong as imperial printer and made the Chinese "Progress" an official organ and Peking the head quarters. The Dowager relegated the whole thing to Shanghai, and it was then a mere private business enterprise. Li Hung Chang was told by her that he need not leave the palace but that he might stay and keep his position acting as advisor, etc.

By this time it became very evident that either the Emperor or the Dowager must get out. As to which it depended on who had the most power over the under officials of the palace and who could play the faster. The Emperor realizing the situation sent word to Kong and Liong to escape. These two are saved. Kong is in Hong Kong and Liong is in Japan. The Emperor then ordered the only powerful man who was on his side to take 5000 soldiers and go to Tientsin and arrest and decapitate the Viceroy for disobeying imperial orders. Then to return to Peking arrest the Dowager and shut her up in a palace where she could have no power and hinder his reforms. This general instead of proving true dare not carry out the order but went to the Viceroy and showed him his orders from the Emperor and waited. Of course the Viceroy telegraphed immediately to the Dowager. The Dowager sent a pressing message to the Emperor requesting an immediate audience. The Emperor went to her palace and has not been seen since. That is all that is known now. The Dowager has selected a boy not in the direct royal line to be trained for Emperor. He is 10 years old. All reforms have been abolished and China stands now where she stood ten years ago. That is she thinks she does. But these things are only for a moment. When the Dowager had silenced the Emperor she began to deal with his advisors. Many were sent to their homes with threats hanging over them. Some were banished. Six were beheaded. One of these was a younger brother of Kong, one was Tang, one was a Mr. Ling from Foochow. These young men were from 26 to 38 years of age. They understood fully the danger of urging and working for reform. But they loved their country just as the brave boys who laid down their lives at Santiago did their country. While they were discussing the plans for reform with Timothy Richards one day he stopped them and told them the dangers of their position, and said plainly that it might cost them their lives, and then he asked who was willing to die for his country. Kong rose first and many others followed. Several months ago some of Tang's friends warned him of the dangers he was incurring in this trying to advance his country and urged him to escape while the way was open. He said "I am willing to die for my country if I can thus help to save her". When the sentence was pronounced condemning these young men one of them said to his accusers, "You may cut off our heads, but for every one that falls a thousand will rise up!" Pray for China. Lovingly Will.

[This typewritten letter dated Oct. 30, 1898 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard's churches are using their own money for repairs and other expenses. He is having his typhoon wall rebuilt on Kuliang. Willard relates a story of the mistreatment of a Chinese woman by her husband. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Oct. 30th. 1898.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter from here was dated Oct. 17th. The last received was on the 2nd. We looked for a home mail by the last steamer, but it did not come, so the next one must bring the looked-for letters.

To day I have conducted the communion service at Au Ciu. Three men united with the church. The People here have rented a house adjoining the church and have taken out the partition and thrown the two houses together and thus made a nice large church. They will now be able to accommodate about 250 persons. Last Jan. the preacher and some of the church committee sat in my study for a whole half day teasing me to help them pay the preacher's salary. They received no help however and a few days ago the preacher told me that his salary was paid up to date and the remainder of the year was sure. In addition to this they are now spending over \$100 on the church. I think I wrote you in the last letter of the repairs the people at Au Long Die had made on their church. One very noticeable feature of these new chapels repaired by the people themselves is that they are done in much better style than the mission ever did such work. These chapels now stand out on the streets on which they are situated in a conspicuous way and they are the first thing that the eye catches when you enter a street.

One week ago I went to Kuliang and arranged to have the typhoon wall rebuilt so that the wind could not blow it down. The wall will be 100 feet long. At one end it is 9 ft. and at the other 15 ft. high. The first 30 ft. of the lower end will be of stone only. The rest will have a stone face next to the house 15 ft. high. The back face will be only 8 ft. high and the space between filled with earth. This style of wall can not be blown down unless the workmanship is very deficient. The man guarantees the wall for three years. I am to give him \$100 silver for building it. Next Spring I shall have to lay out \$40 or \$50 more on the roof. By the way we told Dwight to write Dr. Ashmore of North China that we would take \$1000 for the house if he wanted it, just as it was with all the furniture in it. I have just said to Ellen I hope he will not take us up. After I have done so much on the house it will seem like an old friend and I shall want to live in it longer. But there is another piece of land only a short distance away that we shall like better, for our site is a little too cool and breezy much of the time. Dwight you know has been in North China this Fall and while there learned that some of the missionaries were planning to go up the Yangste two days sail from Shanghai and buy sites for a summer residence. He mentioned Kuliang and Dr. Ashmore at once asked him to purchase two sites for houses. So we offered ours all built and furnished. We will have spent in all about \$900, and we have had the use of it for two years. \$100 will cover the trouble of building and caring for it and furnishing it.

A brother of our Kuliang landlord has had an interesting experience this year with his wife which may serve to give you an insight into Chinese customs and character which nothing that we have ever before written had done. When the wife was a little babe before it was weaned the mother of the man bought her, a large sum of money at one time for a wife. In due time they were married. All went fairly well until a year and a half ago when the wife was sent into the fields to hoe potatoes. The foreign houses had become somewhat numerous and the girl thought the shade of a house with the servants to gossip with was more fascinating than hoeing potatoes out in the hot sun. For this her husband was advised by his brothers to "beat her a little" which he did. The punishment did not have the desired effect and he repeated it. Some time after the wife was missing and after a long search was found at her own mother's house and taken back to her husband's house and again beaten and tied and watched for some time. But again in the Spring she slipped away and it was only after a long search that she was found. They knew that she had gone to her mother's but her mother had this time helped her to hide away from her persecutors. When at last she was again caught she was fettered with wooden fetters and kept in confinement just as an unruly cow would be fettered at home. She however got hold of a piece of iron and sawed her fetters off and again ran away to her mother's. This time her husband and his brothers looked for several weeks before finding her. They came to me and wanted me to go to the officials and demand that she be given up to them. But at last by bribing some of the villagers where her mother lived they found the lost wife and took her home and so tied her that she could not get away. I asked them of what use she was to them in that condition and was told "Her husband can sell her and thus she will not be a dead loss to him and then he can have some money with which to buy another wife."

Woman's lot in this country is not an enviable one. The Gospel is a blessing not to be estimated to these poor ill treated creatures. It does ones heart good to see a happy Christian wife enjoying her liberty. The face of one of these has been in my mind all the afternoon. I passed her on the way to church this morning. The first thing that attracted me was her neat appearance. Then I noted the happy look on her face. By that time I recognized the wife of one of the Christian men at Au Ciu. She is also a Member of the church.

Ellen and the children are as well as usual. The children are not entirely free from ague yet. There is very much of it all about us. But Phebe has got back her color and her dancing run. Gould is getting back to where he was when he returned from Kuliang but he is yet paler than we like to see him. Geraldine is still the best baby yet and as fat as ever.

Love to all especially to Miss Olive
Will.

[This typewritten letter dated Nov. 27, 1898 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He tells the latest about his children. The Annual Meeting has just finished and there are many villages asking for preachers. The Emperor has been nominally reinstated. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Nov. 27th. 1898.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The mail yesterday brought your letter. The last one started from here No. 18. Oct. 31. You speak of my not having written to the W.C.T.U. at Huntington, so I looked at my diary and found that a letter started for Miss Wooster Sept. 5. Will you see her - - no I will take the time to write her again within a few days.

We have just finished supper and Ellen, Phebe and I are sitting about the table in the dining room. Yes the most interesting one I left out. Geraldine is also here. She is developing very fast these days. She is outstripping both the other children in everything. She was three months old yesterday. She has been laughing out loud for three weeks. Ellen has just been talking and coughing with her and she burst out in such a hard ringing laugh that Ellen was almost frightened. Yesterday afternoon I was at home late in the afternoon and while at my desk heard her as she lay on the bed in the next room, talking to herself and making noise enough for a child six months old. For about a week now she has a long talking spell each evening. She is as good as ever, well as ever and fat as ever. Both the other children are now perfectly well as far as we can see. The fresh color had returned to their cheeks and they are eating like young bears and running all over the compound when the weather permits. The other day Phebe was minus. She was found in Miss Newton's parlor rocking a doll. Miss Newton said she came over knocked at the door and entered as any young lady would and when inside asked for the doll. Miss N. gave it to her and she proceeded to have a good time.

The Annual Meeting of the mission has just closed. It was the best one yet. Every advance made last year was held and there has been progress in all lines during the year. One of the most enjoyable and profitable features of the meeting was the presence of the pastor and one delegate from our Shaowu field. The reports that they gave of the work were simply astounding. Village after village is calling for preachers. The house is all ready and the preacher's salary promised; there are from one to five hundred learners who wish to know the truth and to join the church. This was the report from many places. Perhaps ten different villages are in this condition. Then there are as many more that have a chapel already opened and the work has been started, but they have no resident preacher. There are twice as many places ready to provide the necessary expenses of preaching in this field. At present there is no missionary to take charge. All the Shaowu missionaries are at home. The last mail brought the news that one married man and two young ladies had been appointed for this field and that they were to sail about Dec. 10th. One lady is also coming for the Pagoda Anchorage station.

Another special feature of this year's meeting was the session given to the Men's Missionary Society. This session was planned and lead entirely by the Chinese. It was one of the most interesting sessions of the whole meeting. This society was organized one year ago. The work of this year has been completing the organization and in beginning the subscription. The organization is now complete but there were \$110 reported. There are still nearly three months in this Chinese year and the whole amount will exceed these figures by a good deal. The society expects to begin work with the new year. The great advance made in self-support this year has made the starting of the missionary society very uphill work. There has been an advance of at least \$2000 in the native contributions toward the evangelistic work during the year. But in spite of this the missionary society has made a beginning. The women conducted one session of the Annual Meeting as last year.

We had a difficult task to find a suitable place in which to hold the meetings, but just at the last moment the keeper of an old Idol temple offered us the use of the temple and after washing it and fixing it up with screens and covering up the idols and tearing four or five holes in the roof we had a very nice place. At the evangelistic service held Sunday afternoon in this temple 20 persons rose for prayers and waited after the meeting and put down their names as learners of the Gospel.

The last letter brought the receipt from the Insurance company. We were very pleased to hear of the good health of grandfather and grandmother. Thank all who wish to be remembered to us and tell them we think of them often. One of the choicest gifts that have come to us from America was one that arrived in the last mail but one; - a birthday calendar the contents of which you already know more of than we do. This will brush the dust off a great many names that would otherwise have become almost obscure in our minds.

You have doubtless heard before this that the Emperor has been nomanally reinstated. Otherwise the politics of China remain much as they have been for a month. The Empress Dowager seems determined to kill all the reforms the young Emperor had tried to inaugurate, but she finds foreign pressure and the start already made in the line of progress in her dominion too strong to enable her to abolish everything. From this side of the world it looks as if there would be another war in which our country would play a leading part. May God guide her. And may she stand before Him in such an attitude that He can use her to advance the cause of Righteousness in the whole world. To this end may He purify the lives of the high and low legislators and executives. And may He make the heart of the people to serve Him.

Most lovingly yours,
Will.

I enclose an order on the Treasurer at Boston for \$50. Please pay the bills of the last box and then pay my life insurance. \$27.86 Policy No. 166224. Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co. 752 Broad Street, Newark N.J.

[This typewritten letter dated Dec. 25, 1898 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. It is near the end of the year and the Chinese settle all accounts at this time. Mr. Brockman and Mr. Lewis came to Foochow for the Y.M.C.A. conference. Willard is expecting five new missionaries to the Foochow area. Four of them are for the Shaowu field. Willard is planning on changing the walls of the Foochow missionary compound. The back of one of the letter pages has some child's scribbles on it. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Dec. 25th. 1898.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter came Dec. 6th. The last sent was on Nov. 28th. No. 19. A Merry Christmas to you all. This is just right here but it will be rather old by the time it has gone half round the world. It has not been for lack of news that such a long interval has elapsed since the last letter started. News has been accumulating at a very rapid pace, so rapid that I have not had the time or the strength to put it on paper. The typewriter has had a good long rest and it ought to do good work now. Most of the work has been in the ordinary line of teaching and work with the churches and day schools. The end of the year is approaching and as you know the churches are all working on the self-supporting basis this year in this station. You will also recall the Chinese custom of settling all accounts at the end of year. As the time approaches some of the churches find it rather tough to see just how the end of this year is to fit on to the beginning of next without a gap in the financial fence. But at the present writing I am not at all disturbed about the condition of things. One of the churches will probably carry over a debt of perhaps \$200 silver. This is however lent by the church members and was spent with the full consent of the members who lent the money so they cannot complain. Furthermore this church has been a little headstrong and has not been exceedingly careful in the expenditure of many. I trust this may be a lesson to them and that they will count the cost more carefully in the future. The other churches I think will come out all right. I am preparing to have printed a report of the work under out care in this station this year. I am preparing four representative photos, one of the pastors, preachers and their wives, one of the Theological School, one of the best woman's class and one of a day school.



Could these be photos of a women's class and a men's class?
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Dec. 15 to 18 we held here a Y.M.C.A. conference. Two of the Secretaries who came out from American this year were with us. Mr. Brockman and Mr. Lewis. The conference was well attended from first to last. Messrs. Brockman and Lewis did all the speaking except an address by Ming Uong and one by myself. Each of the gentlemen spent a night and a day at our home. You cannot imagine how I enjoyed this. I think Ellen also had a good time. You see since Dwight went into the country to live there had been no young man in the mission. The

others are all out on their second term, and there is really no companion in the mission for us, and we were hungry for young life, in these young men fresh from America we found it. After learning the mandarin language, in the north of China Mr. Brockman hopes to make his home in Foochow as Secretary for Southern China.

Today if the expectations of all are realized five new missionaries will start from San Francisco for the Foochow mission. This sounds very nice, and on the face of it looks as if we were to have a large reinforcement. But in reality these five persons will not help the real Foochow mission at all. Four of them will go 250 miles up the river to Shaowu, and it will take additional work on our part to send up their mail and supplies. So you see the one who is to stay in Foochow will only a little more than offset the extra burden of those who go into the country. But we are exceedingly thankful for this addition to the Shaowu field. This whole region, as large as the state of Conn., and with 4000 men who have put away their idols and declared their intention to learn the Gospel, has no foreigner to supervise the work this year. We can do very little to help them because the dialects are entirely different. We hope in the course of time to have recruits for this part of the mission also. Just now in addition to the regular work I am watching the enlargement of our compound here. For about 8 years the mission has owned a piece of land adjoining the compound but because a narrow path ran between this land and the compound and because the people who owned the house at the end of the lane wanted to squeeze the mission the walls have never been changed so as to include the land in the compound. I got the consent of the mission to undertake this job a year ago and have been working away at it all the year. At last I have the written consent of the parties interested to change the walls. All the neighbors are very happy over the change and they say it will be much better for them to have it so. The Chinese neighbors I mean. When you remember that \$400 was the price set at which the users of the lane would be willing to allow the lane to be changed and that it has been done without the payment of a cent and with the full consent of all interested parties and the praise of all the neighbors, it is not a bad piece of work. Beside this I have been negotiating for a piece of land on a hill opposite our compound. We hope to buy here and erect in the course of time a residence for ourselves, and the Theological Seminary. My hope is to buy enough land now to erect another residence for a missionary and perhaps also one for young ladies to be sent out in the near future.

The "Birthday messages from the home land" are an increasing source of enjoyment to us. Every day we meet an old friend. Sometimes we have to scrape away a lot of rubbish in our brains before the lost one can be found, but we have given up in only one instance. That was yesterday. The names Elizabeth Lewis Nichols, Dec. 24, 1819 I cannot place. I am pretty sure she is mine, not Ellen's to place but who she is I can only guess. Some one in Bridgeport I think.

The children are quite well now a days. We are preparing to celebrate Christmas tomorrow. I am going to Kuliang and hope to get a real Christmas tree. I have a present for Ellen but she does not know what it is so I must not tell you now. Ellen says "you didn't say I had one for you, but I can't say what it is." When did you hear from Aunt Mary in Milwaukee last?

I must close now with Love to all. Will.



Gould, baby Geraldine and Phebe about October 1898
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Phebe taken about 1898.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE FOOCHOW MISSION
CHINA

福州

Foochow:
"Happy Region"

THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS
14 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

The front page from a 1940 report of the ABCFM [*From the collection of Virginia Van Andel, daughter of Willard F. Beard and granddaughter of Myron Gould Beard.*]

1899

- Philippine rebellion against U.S. control
- Willard, Ellen and family are in Foochow, China
- Willard is 34, Ellen- 31, Phebe- 4, Gould- 3, Geraldine- 1.

[This letter dated Jan. 1, 1899 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Examinations and Commencement will be later in the month. Willard describes the process of purchasing land from the Chinese and the custom of using a middleman. Willard chopped a tree down on Kuliang for Christmas and a coolie carried it about 10 miles back to Foochow for Christmas celebrations. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Jan. 1st 1898. [Willard wrote 1898, however, he mentioned Geraldine in this letter and she was not born until August of 1898. Willard was just used to writing 1898 and had not gotten used to 1899 yet.]

Dear Folks at Home:-

We all wish you a Happy New Year. A week ago this evening I was sending the Christmas greetings to you. (letter No. 20) With this exception the letters received and sent remain the same as then. We have just read the name Mary A. Paige in the Birthday Day book. Is it Edgar Booths sister that taught school one term on Long Hill – a widow at the time and after ward married- Mr. Paige? These folks who change their names- especially the girls whose maiden names we were familiar with- cause us much thinking to place them. We have the wedding cards of many, but a strange name read only once does not always stick fast.

I conducted a communion service at Au Ciu this morning and received six into the church. One little girl was baptized. For the first time since I have been in Foochow I had the pleasure of seeing the father and mother stand together while the child was baptized and together promise to try to teach the little one to love Jesus. The customs in China are all against a man and his wife appearing together anywhere. So one generally brings the child forward and the other sits in his seat while the child is baptized.

The Week of Prayer commenced to-day with a preaching service conducted by one of the Methodists. I will enclose a program of the week. I thought I should be fortunate enough to have a rest this year from leading one of the meetings but not so. I am getting good and tired as the end of the year approaches. The Chinese year does not close till Feb. 9th. The Seminary closes Jan. 26th, the week beginning Jan. 23rd until Thurs. will be occupied with examinations and Commencement. During this week the commencements of the Boy's College and the Girl's College will also be held. So this week will be full. From this time on to the end of the Chinese year the Chinese will be very busy. The churches will have lots of business and it will not be easy to accomplish it all, because the church members are busy men and their own business will require much of their time, and the preacher can hardly go all around looking up the delinquent subscribers. Then the churches that have to make changes in their preachers or have to rent other places for churches will have a double burden. Land buying has gone very easily during the past week. One of the sellers is sick and the other wants a week to consider the matter, so I have had quite a rest. Have I ever told you how land is bought here: I want to purchase, I tell some native whom I know well. He looks about in the locality where I wish to buy, and probably finds another man. Man No. 2 looks up the owners of the land or houses, ascertains if they are willing to sell, and then if they are willing gets into communication with still another man No. 3. No. 1 may himself do all that I have attributed to No. 2. If he does then we have only four parties, i.e. buyer, his middle man, = No. 2. Seller, his middle man= No. 3. No. 2 goes to No. 3 who goes to seller and gets the price at which he will sell. This information passes thro No. 3. No. 2 back to buyer. In the case before me now, the price was \$2800. I offered \$1500. This information passed from me to No. 2. Then to No. 3, then to seller. In a few days my middle man said the other side would take 2500. I raised to 1600. After a time the other party dropped to 2100. I went up to 1700. It took about two weeks to do all this business and here the matter has rested for about two weeks. The man of whom I am buying nothing but a name=Uong= King. I am not supposed to see him at all until thru the middle men we have agreed upon a price and the deed has been written and the money is ready to be paid and he comes to my house to receive the money and sign the deed. When he comes, "he" may be six brothers or relatives and they may demand \$1.00 a piece for putting their names on the deed. - and they may not get it. After the money is paid to the seller my middleman comes around for .03% of the price paid for the property as compensation for his service-which I think I could have done without better than with- if the custom of the land only allowed it.

Last Monday I went to Kuliang with Miss Newton. Just as we reached the foot of the mountain Mrs. Smyth- a M.E. lady put in an appearance. So we here had a very pleasant Christmas together on the mountain top. I took an extra coolie along and cut a real Christmas tree and had it brought down. Was it foolish to ask a man to carry a tree almost 10 miles just for an hour's amusement? Well it cost 25 cents and we all had a very pleasant

evening. Ellen bought some little candles to light the tree, and we had oranges and Ellen made popcorn balls and these with the other presents made a fine tree- as fine as you would see in America. Miss Newton and Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear and their children and our servants made the party. All seemed to enjoy it immensely. Gould ate popcorn till he was full. It did him no more harm than the watermelon did James. Ellen put Geraldine to bed as usual at 7 o'clock. But she rebelled and her amah had to take her up. The little thing came into the parlor in amah's arms as wide awake as a lark and just as if she understood the whole business. She opened her mouth and gave a crow as much as to say, "You thought I was not on to this, did you?" Oranges and pumeloos have come in during the week till we are surfeited with them. As most of them have come from people able to give them we can receive them and feel grateful. We gave each of the preachers and pastors a hen for Christmas.

We think of you as together at the old homestead at this season. Give our love to Grandfather and Grandmother and Aunt Louise. Tell her to write.

Love to all in which Ellen joins.

Will.

[This letter dated Jan. 22, 1899 was written from Foochow, China by Willard and Ellen to the Folks At Home. It is commencement week and Willard and Ellen have both been sick. They describe some of the new missionaries. Willard took a trip to Ing Hok with some of the new missionaries and had Ellen finish this letter. Ellen tells of taking Geraldine for a walk through Foochow in a baby carriage and was the entertainment of hundreds of Chinese. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Jan. 22nd 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Two weeks ago – Jan. 9th - I sent the letter for the 17th Anniversary. We have received nothing from you this year. A steamer is expected to start from Shanghai to day bearing both the Am. mail and the five new missionaries for – 1 for Foochow and 4 for Shaowu,- then we should have a feast of good letters from Conn.

This week will occur the Commencements of the different schools. The Girls College in charge of Miss Newton will hold forth on Tues. P.M. The Boy's College in charge of Mr. Peet will hold forth on Wed. A.M. The Theological Seminary on Thurs. A.M. and the Hospitals, and Woman's School will be tucked in somewhere, beside examinations in the Seminary and class days, receptions etc. Well to prepare for the week I have been in bed all or nearly all of the past week. Ellen had just got to feeling a little like herself again after an attack of Tonsilitis, when last Sunday, I came home from church with a fever, tired and in the evening a sore throat. I went to bed till Thurs. about 11 A.M. The soreness is all gone from the throat but I feel, as I told Ellen to day, like a wooden man, and worth about as much. I shall try to hang round here till Fri. morning. The Seminary will then be formerly closed and I will skip out. First I'll go to Ing Hok and see Goddard, staying till I get ready to start away. Then I may go to Ming Chiang where the Methodists have a station and two ladies. Then I'll go to Ku Cheng where the other two Missions have work and where I am not sure but a Cong'l church will soon be organized, - started entirely by the natives. This order of march is as yet only on paper.

We had a perfect day. I got a good rest of a day. The new comers of course thought it a lark. Now as to the personalities of these new ones. The Missionary Herald which came yesterday has the photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Hinman [*George W. and Kate F.*] in it. I knew him while I was at Oberlin. Mrs. Hinman is a niece of Mrs. Walker. One of the Bement sisters is an M.D [*Dr. Lucy P. Bement and her sister is Frances K. Bement*]. She is rather small and slight. Her sister is rather stout and wears glasses. Lieutenant Hobson came over on the steamer with them and Miss Bement likes to talk about him and tell that she was his private secretary, i.e. that she answered some of his letters for him while on the steamer.

Jan. 29th. It is never safe for me to stop writing hoping to finish "to-morrow." That "to-morrow" is sure to be a long way off.

The new missionaries arrived on Fri. With them came a letter from Shelton and one from Abington. I am still in Foochow, have got thro the week pretty well. The exercises at the Seminary Commencement passed off nicely and nine good young men are to be added to the preaching force of the mission this year. One has been called by the members of the Au Long Die church here in this station on a salary of \$7.00 per month. The established salary heretofore when the mission has paid the preacher has been \$4.00 per month. At the Commencement exercises the most prominent feature was the singing by the boys. Ellen has had the graduating class from two to five hours a week this term and the other two classes less time. They, by their singing, called forth praise from all. If any thinks the Chinaman stolid and incapable of emotion they should have been present as I spoke a few last words and gave

them their diplomas nearly every one of the young men was in tears. I never witnessed a like scene in China. It is proof that a tender chord has been reached in their hearts by some one during the past three years.

I am planning now to start next Wed. morning on the trip proposed on the first page of this. I went to Kuliang yesterday with Miss Newton, Mr. Peet, Miss Chittenden, Mr. and Mrs. Hinman and Misses Bement. The last four are the new arrivals for the Shaowu station.

[*The following is in Ellen's handwriting:*]

To continue the description, - Miss Bortz is a rather tall, pretty young lady, somewhat reserved; but as I am not yet acquainted with her can tell very little else about her. She is appointed to Pagoda Anchorage where Mr. Hubbard's people are and we have seen her only once. These are the first new missionaries we have had the pleasure of welcoming to our Mission at Foochow and we are very happy to receive them but it makes us wish for more as these all go to outstations and as many more are needed in the city and suburbs. The Shaowu recruits are stopping in Foochow for a few months till some of the missionaries belonging there who are at home on furlough, return to go with them to their field. We are daily expecting their teachers down from Shaowu when they will begin studying the dialect of the field.

Well, Will started on his vacation trip Wednesday morning Feb. 1st at 7 o'clock, and told me to finish his letter and send it. There was quite a party of them, - Will, Mr. Hinman, Miss Newton, Dr. Bement, one of the native teachers in Miss N's school and several of the girls, - besides the coolies who carried the chairs and loads and the servants who went with them. They first took a chair ride of 2 ½ hours then took a boat for Ing Hok. The rest of the day and night was spent on the boat and the next morning they started by chair to complete the journey to Mr. Goddard's home that day. Mr. Beard and Mr. Hinman making the distance on foot. Will wrote me from Ing Hok saying he was enjoying his trip greatly, - that he stayed at Mr. Goddard's the next Monday then proceeded with Mr. Hinman to Ming Chiang a station of the M.E. mission and that he would go from there overland to KuCheng where both the English and M.E. missions have work and from there home. Ku Cheng, you will remember is the scene of the massacre of '95. I heard from Will again at Ming Chiang when he was well and getting rested and enjoying every moment. I am very glad he could have this change for he needed the rest so much. I think he will return much refreshed or as Phebe put it "A new, new papa." (She has heard her papa tell about feeling like a new man). He had had especially fine weather; we might reasonably have expected rain at this season but it is holding off well. Miss Bement is staying with me while Will is away otherwise I should be in the compound alone as Dr. Kinnear's people are at Sharp Peak through the New Year's vacation. The last night of the old year I was alone as Miss Bement went to the city to stay with Mrs. Hinman over night. Mr. and Mrs. Hinman are stopping at Mr. Peet's and the Misses Bement at Miss Newton's. On China New Year's day took the children all into the city to dine with Mrs. Hartwell. Phebe and Gould rode in my chair and I rolled baby in the carriage through the street. I have no doubt it was the first baby carriage that ever wheeled along that street and was of course a great curiosity. A troop of men and children ran along beside us all the way more followed close behind and still others nearly blocked the road in front. I did not realize how uneven the stone pavement in the street is till I rolled the carriage over it but baby had a good shaking up I fancy. It was really a hot day and I was nearly melted when we reached the city; and this was Feb. 10th. The baby took a chair home and the carriage was left for the coolie to bring home next day. If Miss Geraldine had realized what a picnic she had made for so many hundreds of people she would never forget her famous ride in the baby-carriage through the streets of Foochow.

The feast of lanterns is near at hand and last evening Phebe was presented with a lantern in the form of a steamship and Gould with one in the form of a horse. The steamer looks very pretty when lighted up and is a great delight to the children. Gould is afraid to face his horse on account of his wide open mouth which is a little hideous, in truth; but he carries it about with him, back toward him and is greatly attached to it. He calls it his "cow" for he has never seen a horse to get acquainted with its appearance.

The children are both well and growing rapidly. I have just shingled Gould's hair since his papa went away, and he looks like a real boy now. He talks in Chinese equal to Puddefoot himself, but is not as eloquent in English yet. Papa was never away from his darlings so long before and I suppose he will note some changes when he sees them again. We are expecting him soon now.

And now my tardy thanks to the donors of those lovely slippers they are just right and are a real comfort. Phebe never sees them without begging to be allowed to put on "those pretty red shoes" just a little while and she is occasionally allowed the privilege much to her delight. Many, many thanks for them. And to Flora for that beautiful centrepiece, so many thanks. It's just a beauty. You are so kind to send us these pretty and useful things-luxuries-and we appreciate them. I assure you, Will likes to wear his tie that Ruth sent the best of any he has. It is needless to say Phebe was quite elated with her doll and she plays with Gould's as much as he does. She is very fond of dolls. The children never tire of looking at the picture books. Phebe opens to a favorite picture and comes to me frequently with the request, "Now mama, talk about it."

Phebe often writes letters to Grandma Beard but some how they never are sent.
When Will returns he will write you all about his trip.
With much love to all,

Very Sincerely Yours,
Ellen.

North and East Woodstock have secured a Yale Man permanently.



Faculty and students of Foochow Theological Seminary. In the middle sits Willard and Ellen. To Ellen's left (our right) sits Ding Ming Uong. About 1899.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Undated photo – Description on back: “Mr. Dings Eastgate Day School Shaowu, China J.C. Walker 88”
[J.C. Walker is probably Josephine Walker. Photo donated to Yale by family in 2007]

*[This letter dated **Feb. 19, 1899** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He tells of his enjoyable trip to Ing Hok and Kucheng with other missionaries. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Feb. 19th 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter for Shelton started sometime about Feb. 1st. One Jan. 25th one arrived from Shelton. The main topic of this letter will be the trip into the country from which I have just returned.

Feb. 1st Wed. morning at 7:30 Miss Newton, Dr. Bement (Miss), Mr. Hinman and myself with three Chinese girls from Miss Newton's School started for Ing Hok. We first have a chair ride of 8 miles. Then take a boat for 20 miles to the foot of the rapids. At this place we have a chapel and often spend the night in it, and go on to Ing Hok the next day. We arrived at the foot of the rapids just at dark Feb. 1st and spent the night on the boats. We could not engage the boatmen to take us farther so on Thursday morning the two foreign ladies and three Chinese girls called chairs and Hinman and I walked, started for Ing Hok at 9:30 A.M. It was a beautiful day. The sun shone all the time. The birds, altho few- were rejoicing in the balmy atmosphere, the little blue violets peeped at us from many a cosy nook and the apricot blossoms in many an orchard filled the air with a delicate fragrance for a long distance. We had been tied closely to our work for several months and were out for recreation, and felt like colts just out of the stable from the long Winter's confinement. The distance is 12 miles. We were in no hurry and took the whole day, arriving at 5:30 P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Goddard had seen no foreigner for several months. Mrs. Goddard and Dorrance had not seen any but Mr. G. since Oct. 1st 1898. It is needless to add that they gave us a hearty welcome. We had hoped to be able to hire a boat to take us all the way to Ing Hok, and were not a little disappointed when we found it impossible. But it was just God's way of heading us off from going in the wrong path and making us take the right one. If we had taken a boat all the way we would [*have*] missed a delightful walk and healthful invigorating exercise. Then this was specially providential for Hinman and me. We had engaged two coolies to go with us from Foochow and stay with us for the whole journey agreeing to pay them 30 cents a day whether they worked or were idle. The two men were opium smokers and were unable to carry our loads even for the 12 miles between Gak Liang and Ing Hok. They gave out after walking about 7 miles and themselves got other men to carry their loads and returned to Foochow from Ing Hok. If we had got the boats to take us all the way to Ing Hok these two men would have simply sat in the boat and then rested three days and started with us the next Mon. morning for a tramp of 24 miles and given out after a few miles and left as in the country with no means of going on or turning back.

Arriving at Ing Hok Thursday Feb. 2nd Hinman and I stayed until the next Monday. Friday afternoon two ladies from Australia who are working in the English mission here arrived and swelled the numbers of our party to

eight beside Dorrance. We had a most pleasant time during Sat. and Sunday. Hinman and I managed to get a walk of from 6 to 12 miles each day to harden up the muscles for a good tramp the next week. One of the Australian ladies was a good musician and we had some fine singing with all the rest of the good times. Mrs. Goddard put up a large quantity of jams last summer and she was afraid they would spoil. This fact, with my natural propensity to help people in trouble, materially increased my labors while at Ing Hok, and when we were started on the next journey we found our jam was still present. We did our duty bravely. Monday, Feb. 6th at 8:30 Hinman and I started for Kucheng on foot with our coolie and three burden bearers. That day we walked about 24 miles and put up in a native inn in the mountains. It was a very nasty place but it was this or nothing. At 7:20 Tues. morning we were on the road again. There was a heavy frost that night and in the morning the air in the mountains- we were about 2000 ft. above the sea- was crisp and sharp and we thoroughly enjoyed the walk. At 11:30 we were at Ming Chiang at the home of Miss Mary Peters of the M.E. Mission took dinner with her and went on about 9 miles and stopped over night at a Meth. Chapel. The next day we were at the Min river again at Ming Chiang city. Here we hired a boat for Cui Kau the part of Kucheng.

We reached Cui Kau at 9 A.M. Feb. 9th. On the night of the eighth we slept in the little boat. Eight of us in a space about 3 ½ X 16 ft. At 11:00 Feb. 9th we were off on the last stretch for Kucheng. This is a distance of 30 miles. That day we covered about 17 miles and slept in a native inn- a good one this time and reached Kucheng Feb. 10th at 12:45. The distance was not less than 130 miles. The distance on the boat was about 20 miles, so we walked fully 110 miles in 4 ½ days. The farther we walked the easier it was, on the last day of the walk we made about 15 miles. In the afternoon we played 3 sets of tennis for exercise.

At Kucheng the English and Methodists each have work. We were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. (also Dr.) Skinner of the Meth. All the people with the exception of one lady in both these missions at Kucheng have arrived in Foochow since I came. So you see we were a young set. Mr. and Mrs. Simester and Dr. Skinner were going to Foochow on Feb. 16th and asked us to remain in Kucheng and go with them, so we had a jolly party all the way down- 120 miles. We arrived at Ponasang Fri. evening Feb. 17th at 7:30 o'clock.

Ellen and the babies were well and had not had any misfortune while I was away. I had not heard from them since I left home 17 days before. Miss Frances Bement had very kindly stayed with Ellen. All the others in the compound had gone off. Gould had grown in stature and in talking perceptibly and has developed a great like for Miss Bement which is mutual. Geraldine is fatter than ever and just as good. Phebe has grown fat. Feb. 22nd congratulations to Mother and Father on birthdays and before this reaches you to Flora also. Yesterdays mail bro't a letter with draft \$18. Lovingly Will.

[In an email on April 18, 2008, Stanley (Stan) Owen Forbes, grandson of Willard's brother, Stanley Drew Beard, Stan wrote: "I think Oliver (Oliver Gould Beard, Sr) is the one who used to do a "head stand" on a big flat rock in the front yard at Long Hill, every year on his birthday. He did this every year until his 90th birthday. He is also the one who shot at a deer (about 50 yards away) in the field in front of their house, and when the gun went off, it not only knocked the deer down, but also Oliver. I was very young, but still remember him doing the head stands on the rock". Winn Valentine (grandson of Willard's brother, Bennett Nichols Beard) verified this in a telephone conversation on October 18, 2008.]

*[This letter dated **March 5, 1899** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. An added note at the end of the letter was written by Willard's mother, Nancie M.N. Beard prior to forwarding it on to one of her other sisters. The Seminary in Foochow has opened again. Willard is glad for new missionaries for he had written Dr. Smith of the Board and almost threatened to quit if they did not send more help. In July or August of 1899 Nancie M.N. Beard writes about her father's death, Nathan Bennett Nichols. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, March 5th, 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter No. 2 started Feb. 22nd. The last received was Feb. 20th. On the 25th a letter came from Putnam and also one from Miss Wooster.

Last Thurs. the Seminary opened. This is the first time that the new year begins with graduates in the field. One of the graduates has accepted a call to the Au Long Die church at a salary of \$7.00 per month. \$4.00 per month is the most the Mission has ever helped a young preacher. The Men's Missionary Society offered another \$7.00 per month, but he declines fearing he could not do as much walking as would be required. He is teaching in the

Seminary. The highest that I can give him will be \$5.00. I am sorry for the Missionary Society, but their loss is my gain. The boy's spirit is needed in the Seminary. He will be a great help in many other ways beside the class-room work. The new class brings eight men. The class which graduated contained nine. The building however is more crowded than it was last year. Now all are in the building. I am very much pleased with the Seminary faculty this year with the exception of myself. I am doing very poor work, which I am afraid will have to continue till another man is sent to this station. This year I have begun to have regular faculty meetings. It is the first time that I have had a faculty that I felt I could consult with mutual benefit. The boys have only one complaint i.e. they have too much work to do. While a student at home I always noticed that it pleased a teacher to find that his scholar made this complaint.

We used to think the New England weather was a very fickle commodity, but Foochow weather goes leagues ahead of it. We read in the Encyclopedia before coming here that there were two seasons- the wet and the dry. The rain was said to commence about January and continues till June. But since last Christmas we have not had a week of rainy weather all together. This must be the exception to the rule. Every year thus far has been like no other in its weather. A year ago this Winter we had a fire every day from Dec. 1st 1897 to Apr. 1st 1898. This Winter we had burned less than half the wood and for days together had no fire in the house. This warm and pleasant weather is most opportune for those who are building at Kuliang. Other Winters the masons could not work for about three months in the coolest time. This Winter they have worked nearly every day. Trees are blossoming already and are beginning to look green with the new foliage. The rooks- a large hawk-are building their nests and now and then a day makes us think of Kuliang. By the way I went up yesterday (March 11th) and found two or three kinds of flowers in bloom, near the foot of the mountain. The pine trees are just now very beautiful with their new Spring tassels. As I climbed [*climbed*] the mountain and looked down on the plain from time to time, it was a very picturesque scene that lay before me; the broad flat plain divided up into what looked like little garden patches, no two of the same size or shape; some yellow, with a plant like mustard in full bloom (Oil is extracted from the seed of this plant); some dark green with wheat just beginning to head; some flooded in preparation for sowing rice; and some black, not yet ploughed.

I left this sheet on my desk this morning while I went to church. Gould wrote a little-well spread out-to grandma. The children are perfectly well these days, and as full of mischief as two children ever were. Phebe puts her head on one side and in most winning accents says, -"Papa could you let me have this?" Gould is a boy. He sees a hole in his apron and the next minute there is a rent a foot long. He has found a little patch of peas which Miss Newton is proud of. He slips out there picks and eats the green peas. Just before we sat down to dinner to-day, he got on his winter cloak and mittens. Phebe had hers on also. They were told to take them off in preparation for dinner. Phebe obeyed, but Gould would not. So we made him wait dinner till he would obey. You know something of the appetite of a vigorous growing boy of two and a half years. It was pretty tough to stand by and see the rest of us eat, but he stood it bravely refusing repeatedly to take off his coat. Several times he slyly sidled up to his chair hoping the amah would put him up but her orders were to let him alone, - it was as hard to make her obey as it to make the boy- He stood it with scarcely a whimper till we were thro and were leaving the dining room. Then he voluntarily asked to have his coat off, and ate a hearty dinner. The two amahs that were with us last year have both left and we have two green women. This morning I found one of them trying to cram Gould's feet into his combination under garment after she had put his arms in.

Five more missionaries have been promised for our mission. A man and his wife to take Mr. Hartwell's work, a young lady physician to assist Dr. Woodhull, a young lady for Kindergarten work in the city and one for teaching in the Boy's College. I have written Dr. Smith almost threatening to leave if there is no help sent for this station within a year. To remain under the present pressure means to invite a collapse. And I am not ready now to destroy myself in this way.

I often think of Aunt Hannah [*Hannah E. Nichols, born about 1848, sister of Willard's mother, Nancy Maria Nichols Beard.*]. She is having a lot of trouble. How hard it must be for Uncle Charles and Edith. I will write them as soon as possible. In the mean time please give them our warmest sympathy and tell them we hope they may be well 'ere long. Remember us to Grandfather and Grandmother and Aunt Louise. Remind Aunt Louise that she has not written in a long time.

I will put a few things that we would like to have you send for the June shipment from Boston if convenient. We are trying Smith's Cash Store in San Francisco and like its goods and prices very much this far. The great advantage is in the nearness to us.

Most Lovingly Will.

½ bu. yellow corn

4 qts. rye
2 “ popping corn
1 pr. calf shoes No. 9 (lace, not pointed toes)
1 “ overshoes to fit.
1 dark olive table cloth – (cover for dining table between meals) 2 ½ yds. long.
If cannot get dark olive 2nd choice brown, 3rd choice red.
1 Boy's Winter cap for Gould. He will be 3 yrs. old Nov. 13th 1899- Head large.
1 Croquet set \$2.00
1 doz. linen collars- stand up.

[The following was added in **June of 1899** by Nancie Maria Nichols Beard, mother of Willard Beard. She signed her name as Nancie and not Nancy.]

[June 8, 1899]

My Dear Sister:

I hope you will pardon my keeping these letters so long, but I have been so busy. I did not feel like writing when I had a few moments. Last Thursday we laid Father's remains away [*Nathan Bennett Nichols, born August 12, 1810, died May 30, 1899 of old age and cerebral apoplexy according to the death certificate*]. He was sick about a week. We thought he would get up again until Sunday before he passed away Tuesday morning. Louise telephoned to us about 5 in the morning we got there about nine he was unconscious and breathed his last breath about 11:30. Mother is about as she has been through the winter. Our pastor Mr. Park has resigned but preaches for us next Sunday, after which I do not know what will be done.

It is getting so dark I am troubled to see.

Remember me to all of the family.

Affectionately yours.

Nancie M. N. Beard
Shelton

June eight, 'ninety nine

[This letter dated **March 26, 1899** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He took a quick trip to Kuliang to have a new roof put on the cottage. He discusses the finances the churches under his care. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, March 26th 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter came March 23rd. One also March 17th. The one which arrived the 23rd brought the receipt for life insurance. My last No. 3 started March 13th.

We are very much pained to hear the news about Aunt Hannah's illness. You will take to them our deepest sympathy in this hour of sore trial.

The last mail brought a nice long letter from Phebe and one from James. I am sorry Phebe finds her work so hard. I am afraid it is harder than learning the Chinese language would be. James is contented and happy at Amherst. He is doing good work as his standing in class shows, and he has taken his place at the outset as a Christian man. The beginning is well made. He does not speak of Physical exercise. If he finds time and takes time for this he is all right for these years. He does not need to bother his brain over much about what he is to be- as to profession, - just keep the pace he has already set himself in his books and in his college life. When the senior year begins he can begin to think in earnest about life work- unless before that time circumstances shall point decidedly to his future vocation. Lucy sent a good long letter in the last mail also. It was specially newsy. You must remember us very warmly to her and to Uncle Will and Hattie [*William Thomas Beard, brother of Oliver Gould Beard, and William's daughters, Harriet Shelton Beard and Lucy Maria Beard*].

The exceptional weather continues. Very little rain has fallen yet. The Misses Bement who at first came to Miss Newton's and boarded with her, are now keeping house in the rooms in the other end of our house- where we first lived. They are very much interested in the children, and have been trying for some time to get Ellen to allow them to care for the children while she went to church. This morning she yielded and they had a fine time. The

children also had a good time. Ellen and I went to church together for the first time in a long, long time. We went to Au Ciu and I sat in the audience for the first time in a long, long time.

I went to Kuliang yesterday, - had a very pleasant time. I got half way to the foot of the mountain, and overtook Rev. L.I. Lloyd of the Ch. Miss'y Society who was also going up the mountain. When I go alone the 2000 ft. climb is a long one but with a pleasant companion one reaches the top before he knows it. Just as we arrived at the houses the rain began to fall. There was never a more beautiful morning than yesterday when we started from home, but the weather was "rushing" April. I had on a pair of white canvass shoes that I had worn all last Summer, so when I reached the foot of the mountain again my feet were damp, but a good hot bath after getting home put them all right. We are having a good roof put on the mountain cottage. The typhoon wall cost \$100. The roof and other repairs will cost about \$60. silver. Then we will have a good strong cottage. Ellen wants to go to Sharp Peak for the month of June. She will enjoy the bathing and she wants to see how much of the duck nature there is in her little brood. When they are on the mountain I can look up and see where they are and can get to them in 4 hours if necessary. At Sharp Peak they will be a day's journey away, but they will enjoy a month there and it will be a change from the mountain.

The work in all branches starts out very encouragingly for the new year. I have already referred to the work in the Seminary, with the full corps of teachers. We have added two day schools to the number of last year with a few dollars less appropriation. I have placed one of the Seminary graduates at Upper Bridge where the Huntington ladies are supplying the funds, and have arranged for the fitting up of a nice chapel there. The whole expense will be about thus, - day school 20, preacher, 60, rent 23, repairs 40, making a total of \$143. silver or \$71 gold. I do not know whether the ladies will furnish the whole of this or not. But the outlook is such as, in my opinion, to warrant this expenditure. If the money does not come from home we shall have to find it here. It is not certain yet whether we are to repair the house in which we were last year, or rent the house in which the Catholics were last year and which they are about to give up because of the bad name they have gotten in the place. As soon as this is decided and the work begins in earnest I will write Miss Wooster. The money she sent last year will be applied at this place instead of for the Theological student as I said last year. If you see Miss Wooster you might tell her these two items. This chapel represents the only pioneer work in my care. All the other work is either wholly or partly self-supporting and every other chapel is directly under the care of some church with an ordained pastor or experienced preacher, and has several church members who are interested in the work. At Upper Bridge one man united with the church- coming down to Geu Cio Dong at the last communion. There are one or two others interested in the truth so as to come regularly for instruction. Then there are something over ten who show some interest.

The churches have all started the year assuming as a matter of course that self-support is to be the rule. I have not yet had my yearly conference with the preachers and pastors, but I expect them all to prefer the self-support plan rather than the mission-help plan. I think I wrote of the increase in contributions at the Song Tung Gio church a few weeks ago. At Ha Puo the increase was also wonderful. The largest contribution last year was \$15. This year the largest was \$22. The next \$20 and many \$7 or \$8. My hope is that by giving the Upper Bridge a good start we may have there in a few years a self-supporting church. As yet I have not asked the churches to do any more than they did last year- i.e. meet all their expenses except rent. Such a tremendous burden was taken up and carried by them last year, that I want to be sure there is to be no reaction this year, before I press them to take up additional financial burdens. Then the price of living has increased frightfully since one year ago. Rice the food of the people has advanced about 2.5 in price. Wood is the same. These two commodities comprise 4/5 of a Chinaman's living, and the advance in price of these two makes an increase in pay necessary, so in reality the churches must make some advance in their contributions.

According to my best calculations at the present time, I must in order to keep up the work here give from my salary about \$260 in gold. This does not count the work at the Upper Bridge which would make the shortage in appropriations for the work of the year, about \$330. gold. Of this sum God has already sent \$53.00. He took care of us last year and He will do it again this year.

The children continue perfectly well. When I reached home yesterday from Kuliang I found Phebe and Gould on the back veranda washing clothes. Mama had pinned a towel about their waists and given them a tub and water, and those children were soaked from head to toe. But they had their baths immediately and were all right.

Ellen got some more photos of the children the other day. I send all to you and ask you to distribute.

Love to all
Will.



Gould, Phebe and Geraldine 1899
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **April 9, 1899** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He takes the family on a relaxing house-boat trip up the Ing Hok River and saw water falls and hot springs. Willard is trying to purchase property for a residence near Ponasang. He discusses the business of the churches. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, April 9th 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

March 26th letter No. 4 was started toward Shelton. The last one received has been acknowledged i.e. Mar. 23rd.

The past week we have been living on the water. I was afraid that if I remained steadily at the work I could not stand it till the Summer vacation. So we planned an excursion for the whole family. We ate supper last Monday evening and then all started for a house-boat that had been previously engaged. The boat is furnished with lamp, beds i.e. couches, table chairs, and mirror. We took bedding, dishes and food. After going on board we went right to bed and after a good nights rest found ourselves in the river near Mr. Hubbard's house at Pagoda Anchorage. The motive power is sail and six oarsmen. We spent about one and one half hours with Mrs. Hubbard then started up the Ing Hok river. Nine o'clock that evening found us near the first rapids on the river- about 18 miles below Mr. Goddard's home. We had another good night's sleep and in the morning took the children out on a gravel beach and let them throw stones into the water for a time, then dropped down the river to a point opposite a waterfall. We took Phebe and Gould and started with the head boat-man to see the waterfall. It was a walk of about 2 miles, - fairly level. The water falls thro an opening not over 4 ft. wide. In the top of the fall the water was not over 6 in. deep. The water falls without obstruction fully 100 ft. when it strikes the lower level it is practically spray. Gould called it rain. As you follow the brook up to the falls it is not over 50 ft. wide, with banks over 100 ft. high on three sides, so the water falls into a deep basin. At the foot of the falls is a pool of water perhaps 30 ft. in diameter. When we reached this place and sat down on the rocks opposite the falls Gould was perfectly silent but looking. Phebe said "I don't like this." There is the most beautiful scenery here in the Fukien province if one can only find it. The Chinese think nothing of it, and wonder that foreigners put themselves out of the way so much to get to these places. Phebe and Gould walked the four miles, with a lunch at the falls, without minding it at all. Back on the boat again we went down the river a few miles and stopped to go ashore again to see some hot springs. Ellen and Phebe went to see them. Gould, Geraldine and I did not go. Hot Springs are quite numerous in this region. I know of 4 different places within less than 100 miles of Foochow. The Chinese use them almost constantly for bathing. That night we got

down to the island opposite Foochow- about 8 miles from home. We waited next morning (Thurs.) for a fresh supply of milk, which we had ordered brought to this place then sailed up the river about 20 miles and anchored for the night. Fri. we dropped down the river to Foochow stopping on the way at Upper Bridge to visit the work there, arriving at Ponasang about 3 P.M. The trip was a delightful one. We went for rest primarily and we got it. Not a bit of business relating to any of the work for four whole days! We did not however lack for employment. The children had to be amused and we had the reports of our work for last year to write. Ellen does not allow me to copy the minutes of the business meetings of the mission into the record book because she is so ashamed of my writing. She had the minutes of several meetings to copy, we accomplished nearly all of this work on the boat. The children enjoyed the trip immensely. It was the best place to sleep we have found since leaving Kuliang last year. The boats crew were all that we could wish. The sailing was superb. Tues. we sailed at least 40 miles after 11:30 A.M. Coming down river we had to tack; an exercise which Phebe decidedly did not enjoy and Ellen preferred to do by daylight. Phebe was so afraid Wed. evening that we closed all the windows and shutters and she went to sleep and then did not know fear.

Just before leaving I had gotten deeds for a piece of land on a hill five minutes walk from Ponasang. I put them into the Consul's hands to be sent to the Chinese Official for his stamp. The land is an old burial ground. It is hard to get this kind of property. But we were going to try for this piece. On Wed. the people got pretty excited and the pastor of Geu Cio Dong who is helping us get the land came to tell Miss Newton- who was the only foreigner at tibly[?] in the compound that day,-that trouble was brewing. She went to the Consul, they were just returning home as the magistrate sent for the man who was selling the land and all the middle men to appear before him. The Consul said he would go with them and see that no harm befell any of them. They were at the officer's yamen from 12 till 4 o'clock and had a lively time I judge. The magistrate has not yet decided whether he will let us have the land or not. We are waiting anxiously.

I have just made out the statistics for the station for last year. The number of admissions I have already written 251. The amount contributed by the people for all objects was \$2065.31. When the work of the station came under my care just four years ago the total amount of the native contribution was less than \$100. It was only a few days ago that I was thinking about the outlook for the year, and I was quite certain in my own mind that the native contribution for 1899 would be less than for 1898, because there had been so much building and repairing in 1898. But yesterday one of the preachers called on me to say that a part of the Au Ciu church had already paid the bargain money on a piece of land to cost over \$100, and that they were to create a building on it for a church. The whole to cost about \$400. They were not even to ask a private subscription from a single foreigner. To day I attended service at a chapel opened by the Ha Puo Ga church last May. The chapel is rented. The owner is in a light place financially and must sell to get money. The people cannot bear to think of giving up the chapel so they propose to buy at a cost of a little over \$200, so giving for building has not stopped yet.

Mr. Ding is not at all well. He will probably have to take a vacation of at least a week beginning this week some time.

I shall look for the account of the 175th anniversary in the next mail. I wonder if the extreme cold, blizzards, mud, etc. allowed you to have a good time. I shall look too with a little interest to see if anybody prayed for a new Seminary building for Foochow.

We have been eating strawberries for over a week. Cucumbers came on this noon for the first time. Silk worms have been eating for two weeks.

Phebe and Gould are perfectly well. Geraldine is trying to cut two lower front teeth. She is having a hard time of it. It tells on her surplus fat, and gets the better of her good nature occasionally. On the house boat Gould got the bottle of peppermint and drank a good dose. He looked anything but happy, but there was no crying, - much mouth wiping but no complaining. In the afternoon he tried a dose of camphor and sweet oil, but no complaining. It was hard for him to see the same fun in these escapades that his parents did.

I do not know how to write about Aunt Hannah. Remember us very tenderly to them.

Most Lovingly Will.

[This letter dated April 23, 1899 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard's Aunt Hannah died recently and he discusses the changes at home while they have been so far away in China. Ming Uong has not been feeling well for a while. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, April 23rd 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Yesterday mail brought a letter from you. The mail a few days ago brought one from Etta. The last letter started from here Apr. 10th.

The news of Aunt Hannah's return home was not unexpected after your letter a few weeks ago. Another from the circle of friends to whom we bade farewell four and a half years ago has gone on before to await us. How little of prophecy is possible for us in this life. When we left home these two dear ones in Nichols we fully expected to see again in a few years, others we said good by to as we thought for the last time. God's doings are different from our forecasts. Each one of the friends at home stands out very distinctly from this distance. I think the distance only serves to render the individuality of each the more marked. Every vacancy is the more clear. You know as one stands near a long line of trees and looks up and down the individuality of each tree is less distinct than when one stands off and views them from a distance. The vacancies are also more distinct when one looks from a distance. This makes the third vacant place among my immediate relatives and there is one among Ellen's. But it is very precious to think that they are all waiting for us in a better land. A week ago today I held a communion service at Sang Bo. The day before the church had services fitting for Easter. I was present but was called away before I had spoken, so on Sunday I preached on the Resurrection. Among the Chinese there is a terrible fear of death. Steeped in centuries of superstition, even the most enlightened of the Christians find it hard to thoroughly believe and trust in the "abundant entrance" into eternal life. (This is equally true of many of Christ's followers in Christian lands). So I spoke specially of death as an unfolding of the present life into the perfect life. It seemed to me when we fully understood it, death would be a source of joy, - the temporary parting causes tears of sorrow, but underneath there is the assurance deep seated and abiding, that the dear one is infinitely better off and that in a short time there will be a joyous meeting that will be everlasting. When we left for China the tears shed were not those of sorrow. All the tears were shed by those who wished us to go.

The account of the 175th Anniversary came yesterday. I wish Mr. Kenniston were rich. The Seminary building would be assured then. The piece of land on the hill opposite us cannot be bought at present. The young men of the Seminary are praying very earnestly for a new building and that God will help us to buy land in order to put the building up. They are also uniting with the Christians here in praying that God will in some way give us a large church at Geu Cio Dong. It was too bad that the numbers present at the exercises were so small. The kind words sent by so many from far and near were so many proofs of warm sympathy. I was specially interested in the letters from my own former pastors Rev's Higgins and Seymour.

When you see Oliver please remind him that he owes me a letter. Give our love to him, Grace, Annie and Olive. What has become of Ard Blakeman? Has he every married? Are you doing all your work with horses this year? What are you doing with the Inkley farm and the Wooster land? The whole of the home farm will be a garden with immense strips of stones or rows of stones and rocks dividing it into patches when we come home. Have you got to the Spring lot yet? How are "Kloffer" (strawberries per M.G.B. [*Myron Gould Beard*]) this year? We have been eating them for some time. They are at their best now. If Gould were at home he would pick them for you. He puts them in his mouth about as fast as one can count. He has changed his pronunciation during the last few days. They are now "Klofferies". I have to depend on Ellen for the spelling. She is an adept at it. Ellen has about 500+ silk worms again this year. When they first hatched out she was mourning for fear there were not enough. But it does not take many of the little things 1/16 of an inch long and not as large as a pin to make 500. When they get to be 2 in. long and as large as a lead pencil a very few make 500!!! when you have to feed them. Yesterday's steamer from Shanghai brought us a shipment from San Francisco. We have among other things a set of dishes. - (We have kept house for 4 years with only one set that cost a little over \$11.00 gold. How is that? This with Chinese servants. They are not by any means used up. But proud people want whole, un-nicked dishes for company.) We have also an oil stove, which we intend to use chiefly for baking. Quite an interesting fact has come to light in reckoning the freight on this shipment. It is the third time goods have come to me from S.F. The first time they came billed to Shanghai and were reshipped there by Mr. Edward Evans whose business is in this line. The second time the goods came direct to Foochow. This time they came care of Mr. Evans. After adding his commission for reshipment, storage and cartage in Shanghai the freight is about \$2.00 less than it would have been if shipped direct to Foochow. We are waiting most impatiently for the Boston shipment. Neither of the children have any shoes. Phebe has had to stay at home for nearly two months for want of respectable shoes. She is now wearing rubber overshoes as shoes. (Gould has been putting some of his Chinese on this sheet). Phebe just before retiring wrote a letter and put it into an envelope and sealed it. She would use envelopes most as fast as I if we did not restrain her. All the children are well and growing like weeds. Gould is growing very fast. At the present rate of growth, he will be taller and heavier than Phebe in another year. Geraldine has decided that it will not be best to use all her energies in making fat, so she is now developing muscle and stretching out. She is - to us a very interesting child.

Ming Uong has not been able to attend to his duties for two weeks. I do not know what to make of him- nor does Dr. Kinneer. If he knows Dr. will not tell what is the trouble. Ming Uong is now sending in with Miss

Chittenden's goods a small box of curios of something to Dr. Richardson. He has been watching for an opportunity to send this ever since he returned from America. This is the first time he could do so. Please tell Dr. Richardson Ming Uong has worried for fear he would think the articles had been forgotten. I trust the Doctor will pardon the delay.

The Misses Bement staid at home with the children and Ellen and I attended the Communion at Au long Die together this morning. One man was received.

Rev. Chas. Inwood delegate from the Keswick Convention arrived in Foochow Sat. Apr. 15th and spoke to foreigners that evening and each successive evening till Apr. 19th. In the morning of Sun., Mon., Tues. and Wed. he spoke in the Meth. church to Chinese and in the afternoon Mon., Tues. and Wed. to Chinese in the Geu Cio Dong church. I have never in Foochow seen better and more attentive audiences. The Chinese audiences increase each day. The last evening for foreigners nearly every person who could attend came. His themes were Sin – Sanctification. The Holy Spirit- I think some of the Chinese Christians now have better realization of the awfulness of sin than they every had before.

I am working on a report of the progress of self-support in this station and a brief report of the work in the Seminary and Day Schools for last year. I hope it may be printed and ready to send out by July 1st. I shall print 500 copies. It will cost me about \$75.00 mexicans. But it will pay.

Ellen and I are well. The house boat trip did wonders for us.

Love to all

Will

*[This letter dated **May 7, 1899** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He tells about a dispute among members of one of his churches. Ming Uong is still ill. Ellen and the children may go first to Sharp Peak in the summer, then to Kuliang. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, May 7th 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter to you was written April 22nd. The last received arrived on the same date. One came from Putnam with the same mail. I wrote Uncle Charlie [*Charles, husband of Hannah Nichols*] a week ago. How lonely he and Edith [*daughter of Hannah and Charles*] will be! How wonderful are the providences of God! But they are all right.

I conducted a communion service at Sang Tung Gio and received five men this morning. At Au Ciu last Sunday none were received. The church there is just now in a very bad way. There is an old man who was the moving spirit in organizing the church there and in renting and repairing the church building. He has been "boss" ever since till last year. The church was self-supporting last year and toward the end of the year the old man was afraid the preacher, who is a young man, was receiving too much salary. He succeeded in making the paid subscriptions less than the preacher's salary should have been by about \$9.00. When the people came to subscribe this year, he told the members they must give only 10 cents per month a piece. One man subscribed \$5.00 for the year. The old man reproved him. This action of the old man produced a division among the church members which however was not very serious. But about a month ago, one of the other side wanted to rent an empty room in the chapel to live in for a short time. He asked me about it and I said if the church members were willing I had no objection. Most of the church members were asked and were willing. The matter was spoken of twice after service on Sunday. But this old man was not at church on those days. He heard of the proposed renting just as the other man was about to move. He ordered him not to move but under the circumstances the renter had a perfect right to move and as it happened he was obliged to move that day because the house he lived in was sold on that day. Well the old man made a big fuss and we finally compromised by allowing the young man to live in the church for three months until he could find a house. This matter was the means of drawing the division lines in the church. The other party could not stand the old man's domination and at once planned to purchase property and build a new church for themselves. While I was off on the house-boat those four days property was bargained for, and now a new chapel is nearly ready to be opened. The preacher was, by common consent of the old man, his followers and all the pastors and preachers of the station, to remain at the old church, but last week I received a communication from the old man and his followers that they did not want him. So now he will go to the new place, and the old church will have no preacher. Well, Christ's church in the world is a very imperfect church. Every paper from home has the account of some church not at peace. The last mail brought the news of a church in N.Y. with closed doors and locked, and the pastor standing on the church steps and preaching to the part of the congregation which sided with him. The other

party had locked him out. Among Christ's chosen twelve one was the son of Perdition. But out of the whole church in the world God chooses enough that is good, to save the world. I am very much grieved that this early in the history of this Foochow church there has come this, -what now looks like calamity-But God knows how to use it for a blessing. It certainly has opened the eyes of the other churches here to this danger, and they will be more careful. It also emphasizes the evil of a one-man power church.

Ellen and I went over to see Ming Uong to day. He has been in bed for two weeks or more. He is looking much better now than a week ago. But he is still far from well.

Last Monday afternoon I went to Kuliang and stayed till Wed. afternoon. It is well nigh impossible to do any writing here. I wanted to finish the report that we are about to publish so took two days up there to work on it. The weather was superb. Just about like May days at home. Misquitoes had not hatched out up there, and there was nothing to detract from making the stay in every way enjoyable. Kuliang is a very busy place just now. Twelve new buildings are being rushed to allow the owners to live in them by the first of July. This work is of course all done by Chinese, so I saw no foreigner while I was there.

Ellen and the babies are all well. They are now planning to get away from Foochow about May 28th - perhaps first go to Sharp Peak for three weeks, then come back and go to the mountain for the Summer. Gould's affection for Miss Bement continues. This afternoon he had a nap and on waking his first question was, "Where's Mi' Bement?" Her sister the Dr. is at the Anchorage for a few days, and Miss Bement is taking her meals with us. The Boston shipment is in Foochow but not yet at our house- it will come tomorrow-Phebe is talking about "lots of big dolls." One box is reported "lost." Ellen is in a query- is it the one in which the children's shoes are? If so they will have to wear English shoes for six months. Geraldine is creeping backward a little. She is a most interesting little chick. She sees me the moment I come into the gate from a distance of 50 or 60 rods, and springs and shouts. If I go by her without taking her there is a vigorous protest. How is Annie? and how is Olive? We have heard very little recently from these little folks and their papa and mama. Phebe has written a letter to "Grandpa" this evening. I persuaded her to allow me to enclose in my envelope- for the sake of saving one envelope- but she is asleep and I do not know where the letter is.

Mon. P.M. We are having a good rain today. The first time we have thought of the "rainy season" this year. We have not had a flood yet. The Boston boxes are in the bottom of the cargo boat with a whole lot of Chinese stuff on top of them. We must wait till Wed. to get them.

Most Lovingly Yours
Will.

*[This letter dated **May 21, 1899** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He wonders who all in the family is doing what and where back home. He describes a Chinese baby swing that they are using. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, May 21st 1899.

My Dear Mother:-

The last letter from home arrived May 11th. My last started for Shelton May 8th No. 7.

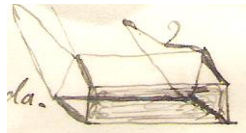
This morning I went again over to the church of which I wrote last time where the division is. There were only a few at the service but we had a good time. I spoke especially of overcoming one's enemies by love. I chanced just this morning to read of a Chinese Emperor who when he was told of a rebellion in one of his provinces promised to lead his soldiers himself against the rebels and destroy his enemies. He captured the enemy and then forgave them and let them go free. The soldiers complained that he had not fulfilled his promise to destroy his enemies. He asked where his enemies were, stating that those who were formerly enemies had thro his treatment become friends. In a quarrel among the Chinese the worst fear is lest the other side shall get the best of you. This so outweighs all other considerations that even among Christians it is difficult to get men to be reasonable.

Fri. the Triennial Convention of the National Y.M.C.A. of China convened at Shanghai. How I should have enjoyed being there. Beside attending the sessions of the convention, I should have enjoyed exceedingly meeting the young men- Lyon-Lewis Brockman, Gailey who are the secretaries in China and also the many missionaries from other parts of China. Some from our North China Mission were to be there.

I took dinner yesterday with the Dings. Ming Uong was not able to eat with us. But he came out after dinner and talked a little while. Poor fellow! It is hard for him to be unable to attend his work.

The rain has come at last. Every day for a week has been rainy. No flood as yet altho the river is pretty high.

By the time this reaches you those in school and college and those who have been teaching will be home or coming home. During the year I have had a good letter from James, two or three from Phebe, but Flora I can not think of clearly. She has been somewhere down toward Washington D.C. teaching in some kind of a school. Flora you must write a good long letter at the beginning of vacation and give an account of yourself and your work during the year. I want specially to hear of your visit at Mr. and Mrs. Seymour's. I expect that I shall be much interested in Washington D.C. because some of the churches there have taken it upon themselves to raise the money for any support. I wonder if James will try to attend the summer school at Northfield for students conducted by Mr. Moody. If I were to have the privilege of taking my college course over again I would make a great sacrifice in order to attend at least one of the summer schools. The one other regret that I have is that I did not learn to play on some musical instrument that I could easily carry from place to place. Whatever vocation James may decide upon, the influences that he will meet at Northfield in the two weeks of association with Christian young men from all the world, and with men whose reputation is world wide for influencing young men to take the right course in life and to make the most of life, will be of greater value to him in solving life's problems than a term at college. I shall look for another good long letter from James at the close of the first year in college. Phebe's letters are very interesting. I am very happy that she so thoroughly enjoys the work. Oliver has not written in a long time. I am glad to get a glimpse of his home and of him occasionally in your letters. You would enjoy watching your China grandchildren just now. Gould is sitting in a swing with Geraldine in his lap and Phebe is pushing them. The swing is a novel one that I never see in America. It affords the children endless amusement- they cannot fall out and it can be put up in



the house or on the veranda. It is made with a board about 1 ft. wide and 1 1/2 ft. long, a hole in each corner, there are four hollow posts. We use bamboos,- these are about 8 in. long. On top of these are four pieces of wood to form a fence like the ropes pass thro holes in the ends of these sticks, which are made of boards sawed into strips 2 in. wide, then thro the hollow bamboos. Then thro the holes in the boards and are fastened with knots on the under side. The bamboos and the strips are all loose so the whole affair is flexible, safe and inexpensive.

I had the pleasure this week of examining a self-supporting day school. The scholars did better than in many of the schools that received mission help because the preacher and ch. members all took an interest in the advancement of the scholars. The questions answered by some of these boys on the first four chapters of Mark and Matthew would have puzzled many boys of the same age (13 or 14 years) in America.

In the last shipment from San Francisco we had an oil stove with baker come. You do not know how much we enjoy it. It is a little thing that stands in the dining room as an ornament rather than otherwise. All the baking for the family is done with it. We use it for little else except in emergencies. It does the baking so much better than the native baker that we enjoy eating. The expense is about the same as charcoal, the satisfaction twice as much.

Yesterday Ellen took off the children's shoes and stockings and put on some old clothes and sent them out into the rain. What a time they had! Then they came in were bathed and properly clothed. In the afternoon she left them with Geraldine in the care of our amah for a few minutes. She looked out of door from another room at the sound of voices from the walk below, and there were Phebe and Gould with bare feet but with clean dresses and aprons on out in the rain slashing in the puddles standing under the eaves and having a fine time.

I have been thinking of my blessings this afternoon, and among others these stand out very prominently,- a good loving wife, three bright, active, healthy children, Christian parents whose prayers and counsels have followed me even to the other side of the world and four brothers and five sisters to pray for and all of whom are praying for me. Over all that the knowledge of God's Love, a desire to abide in that love. Then comes the feeling that God is using me. It seems to me that one can have no higher ambition than to wish to be useful to God. This is my daily prayer for you all as well as for myself.

Your Loving Son

Willard

*[This letter dated **June 4, 1899** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Dr. Judson Smith answered Willard's letter requesting more help. There is now a flood on the plain and rice fields from so much rain. Dwight Goddard is overseeing the building of the Woodin Memorial Church in Ing Hok. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, June 4th 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter started for Shelton May 21st No. 8. The last received was on May 11th already acknowledged. We looked for a letter in the mail last week but none came either from Shelton or Putnam. One came from Dr. Judson Smith in answer to the letter which I wrote, and which was reinforced by vote of the mission, for another man to help in the work of which I have charge in this station. Dr. Smith writes,—"The case seemed plain and urgent, and the Secretaries are authorized to seek for a suitable man to aid you in this work, in the hope that when he is found the means will be available to send him to the field. This means of course that the question of finances will have to be considered after the man is found. If we are fortunate enough to find a man who will bring his own support, that will help the matter. If we can find a man whose friends are willing to add to their regular gifts to the Board enough to send him out this also will help the case. But if no such resources are at hand, so far as I can see we should be obliged to wait until the general resources of the Board are increased."

There is hope in this. The Board at least will not hinder a man from coming if he can find his own budget. The way, I feel, is now open for God to work and I can trust Him to do as he sees best. If He wants another man in this place he will point him out and introduce the Secretaries to him, and the means will be found to enable him to come. I know that you will all pray often that this man may be found.

Last Wednesday I took to the Press the manuscript for the Report of the work of the station during the time we have been here- specially the work in the line of self-support. It will make a good sized pamphlet of thirty or more pages. I trust it will do some good to the cause of missions.

To-day the water has steadily risen over the rice fields until it is about 8 feet deep on an average. The roads are all covered and people have been moving about in boats all day. To look out on the plain it seems as if we were surrounded by the ocean. One of our amah's lives only five minutes walk from our house. She wanted to go home this afternoon. After a short time she returned. The boatmen wanted 40 cents for ferrying her over to her home. Ordinarily a boat for three times the distance would cost 1 cent. This is one of the terrible effects of heathendom- the people are on the watch for and ready to take the utmost advantage of a fellow citizen in distress. It is to be hoped most earnestly that the water will subside speedily for the price of rice will jump to the sky if this flood continues. Rice is now double the price of two years ago. And this depth of water will smother the young plants in a few days. A day or two does not materially injure them. We are for the present practically prisoners on an island.

It was just three weeks ago that it began to rain, and there has not been a pleasant day since. The Bement sisters and Mrs. Hinman have been eagerly watching for a pleasant day to move to Kuliang. We have been trying to persuade them to stay here till the rain ceased for it is so damp and cold and cheerless on the mountain in the rain. They waited till yesterday. The Bement sisters started about 9 A.M. It rained more or less all the morning and in the afternoon the gates of heaven seemed to open and the torrents fell steadily. This continued far into the night. I am much afraid the mountaineers slept in damp beds. But the sun has shone most of the time today and it bids fair to be pleasant now.

Ellen gave up the Sharp Peak trip yesterday. The rain has kept her from putting away all the woollen garments and articles and leaving the house in good condition for the Summer until it is too late. She would have to leave the Sanitarium about June 25th for those who are to Summer there, and this would make her stay only a little more than two weeks. And as the cost of the trip and the inconveniences were so great she thought it would not pay. If the clear sky continues she and the babies will be on Kuliang before next Sunday. The excessive heat has held off later than in any other year since we have been in China.

Mr. Ding continues to improve slowly. Mr. and Mrs. Goddard and Dorrance came down from Ing Hok Friday and went into the city to stop with Dr. and Miss Woodhull a day or so until Dr. G. goes to Kuliang. Dwight will return to Ing Hok to oversee the completion of the Woodin Memorial Church before coming down for the Summer. Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear and family are waiting for suitable weather to go to Sharp Peak where they have a cottage.

For the first time this year I believe I did not go to church to day. I could get to only one church i.e. Geu Cio Dong. They did not need me there. There are other foreigners who attend regularly at this church. So I played nurse and Ellen went. It is most as rare an occurrence for her to go as for me to remain at home.

The Birthday Calendar is a continual daily source of pleasure to us. On May 16 we read a message from Lulu Baird Holmes. Who is she?

Where did Mr. Park go? Who is to take his place? I am afraid I shall miss his letters. He was faithful in writing frequently.

Give our kindest regards to him and all friends when you see them

Love to all from all.

Will

*[This typewritten letter dated **June 25, 1899** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ellen has just recovered from a case of dysentery. The Congregational Association has decided that new members must be learners for six months before being examined for membership. Illness among the Chinese is causing two to three deaths a day just five minutes walk from the missionary compound. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, June, 25th. 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter from here started June, 4th. No. 9. June, 19th one came from Shelton and one from Flora. I see that one came from Shelton on the 9th of June also and one from Phebe on the same date.

A longer time has elapsed than I intended since the letter started, but as always there were other things to take our time and strength. Two weeks ago Ellen was taken with an attack of Dysentery. It was fortunately a light attack but it kept her in bed a week. This tied me pretty closely to the house and to the duties of nurse and baby feeding. Geraldine stood the change to Mellin's food well, but she looked as sober over it as a deaconess. And the one natural meal a day that she was allowed made of her the happiest baby alive. She would sit up and laugh and crow at me after nursing as much as to say "You don't know a little bit about feeding babies". Ellen and the children had planned to go to the mountain that week (the Sharp Peak trip having been given up) but this illness made that out of the question. We feared for the heat on the children, but the Lord very mercifully took care of that and kept the weather cool all the time Ellen was in bed. A week ago today the hot weather began and it has been quite comfortably warm since – 90 degrees. But a breeze every day has kept the children from suffering and we have been surprised to see how happy they have kept. Tues. and Wed. the prickly heat was pretty thick on Gould and Geraldine but Phebe seemed to experience almost no discomfort. Ellen got up with no drawbacks and Thurs. afternoon at four o'clock we started for Kuliang. We had sent all our things up before so there was no big caravan and the journey was a pleasure trip. The coolies at Ponasang are reaping a rich harvest and thus enables the coolies to get all the work carrying men that they can do at their own prices. So we had mountain men come down for us. These men are at home climbing mountains and they thought it only fun to take us up. We arrived at our cottage at eight o'clock, ate supper and went right to bed. I came down Fri. afternoon, leaving them all happy. This is the first time that Ellen has ever spent the first week of June at Ponasang.

Last week the workers of the station held their quarterly meeting, and the examination of the Seminary followed. All occupied the first four days of the week. Each day was full from 9 a.m. till 4 or 5 p.m. Fri. evening there was a meeting of the Kuliang Chapel Comm. of which I am chairman, and yesterday afternoon the dedication of a new chapel at Dung Song in this station. Today I have had communion at Au Ciu. Two more communions and I am free to go to the mountain to stay. Last Sunday at Au Long Die no one united with the church. To-day the same. At Sang Tung Gio the same and the Sun. after at Dung Song the same. This is something that I have never known in this station since I have been in Foochow. But it is a cause for rejoicing. The Congregational Association of the station decided shortly ago that a man or woman must first be known as a learner for six months before he could attend the examination for church admission. This stops the inrush for a time and I am enjoying it for two reasons. First from a selfish cause, for it lightens my own work immensely not to have from five to thirty to be examined every week. One year ago last Sunday I baptized thirty five and received to the church thirty six. It took one day and a half of hard work to examine them. The second reason for rejoicing is that the pastors and preachers and the most advance members see that it is not right to admit men to church membership before they have proved their fitness. There is a great change in the workers in this respect and it means much to the native church here.

The new church at Dung Song mentioned above is the result of the church quarrel of which I wrote sometime since. Half of the Au Ciu church went over to Dung Song and bought a double house and repaired it very nicely and already have a nice work started. The preacher went with them from Au Ciu and they seem to be trying to do the right thing. Every cash that has been expended in this new place so far as I know has come from the Chinese. They are about \$20 in debt thus far with \$30 of subscriptions yet to come in.

The sickness near here is most alarming to the natives. Within five minutes walk of our compound there are two or three deaths every day. It is worse right here than in other localities but bad enough everywhere. The undertakers have their hands full to do all that is required of them. I do not know the cause of it. I do know however that the street cleaning which was begun two years ago was stopped about two months ago. The rains began soon after the cleaning stopped and for five weeks we did not have one wholly pleasant day. Then as the rains ceased it was hot and muggy and the sickness began. The amount of filth that collected during the few weeks of rain when the streets were not swept was fearful and enough to furnish poison to keep off all the people.

Flora's letter was very interesting. It however did not tell as much of her work as we wanted to know. She is teaching a class in some kind of a school. But in what kind of a school, and what kind of a class, and does she have only one hour a day? I was of course interested in her visit and to hear of the interest the people both Mr. and Mrs. Seymour and the cousins Baird took in the work here. I think perhaps I have already written that some of the Y.P.S.C.E.'s of Washington are to take up our support. Your letters from home stating that Mr. Kenneston was starting a movement to raise the money for a Theological Seminary gives us hope that this building will come in time.

I was much pleased to hear that grandmother was able to ride down to church. You will of course give her our love. It is very pleasant to us to be remembered as we are by cousin Elizabeth Turney. You will tell her that we think of her often and that it is a great comfort to us to know that she remembers us and the work in which we are engaged. Give our love to all the friends. Oliver still does not write. I know he is very busy and away from home so much that when he does get a few hours with those two rollocking girls he finds little time for letter writing. Father's article in the Sentinel on roadmaking was very interesting. I was glad to see the Editorial reference to it. Tell Aunt Louise that there is a mail route now established between Huntington and Foochow. Remember us very tenderly to Uncle Charlie and Edith.

I have been kept happy today by the words in Phil. 4:7. How great our blessings are! The Book is full of the most precious promises that are worth their face value every day. We have direct access to the Throne of the Father at any time. On every side are loving friends whose sympathy and prayers are ours. If it were not for these promises, for the privilege of prayer, for the cheer of a dear wife and the company of the children and for the assurance that you are praying for us I am afraid the strain would be too great at times. But with all thee I have tried to take the best care of myself and the consequence is that I end the year in good condition. So feel no concern for me as far as health goes.

Most lovingly yours,
Will.

*[This letter dated **July 9, 1899** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. Previous Foochow missionary, Mrs. S.L. Baldwin (not C.C. Baldwin) is raising money for the construction of a new church building to replace the heathen temple that they Annual Meeting was held in. Five hundred soldiers from Foochow have been sent to Kien Ming to quell the Chinese who want Christianity out of the district. There was concern that some missionaries were killed there. Placards have been posted in Ponasang/Foochow threatening to kill the foreigners but Willard is not worried. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, July 9th 1899.

Dear Mother:-

The records are all at Guliang so I cannot tell when the last letters were exchanged. I think tho that I wrote you two weeks ago and as we have had but one mail since then and as that bro't no letters from Conn. you have the news of the arrival here of your last letters.

The last American mail brought very welcome news in three letters from N. York State. One was from Mrs. S.L. Baldwin. Dr. S.L. Baldwin is Recording Sec'y of the For. Mission Board of the Meth. Epis. Church. He and Mrs. Baldwin spent seventeen (I think) years in Foochow as missionaries returning about twenty years ago *[not to be confused with Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Baldwin who left Foochow in 1895]*. They were here two years ago again to attend the Jubilee of the Meth. mission in Foochow. While here they attended our Annual Meeting held in a heathen temple. This was too much for Mrs. Baldwin. She told us at the time that she should go home and raise the money for a proper new church building. She began her efforts in this direction last March in Dr. Meredith's church, Brooklyn. A collection was taken then which amounted to \$55. But undaunted she kept on telling the story in our N.Y. and Brooklyn churches and at last was asked to attend the N.Y. State Congregational Association Meeting at Corning. Here she again told of our dire need. As she finished Dr. Meredith jumped up and – as it was the day given to the Women's For. Mission Auxiliary- asked if a man would be allowed to speak. Of course his desire was gratified. He said he had heard this story from Mrs. Baldwin twice and could not stand it. He then offered to raise \$500 of the \$5000 if the whole were raised. Dr. and Mrs. Lyman Abbott then pledged \$100. The women then appointed committees who promised the whole sum.

This news is most gratifying to us. It is especially gratifying to me, upon whom the extra work of renting and cleaning and seating a place in wh. to hold the Annual Meeting always falls, to think of the time in the not far distant future when a place will be ready for such meetings. The same mail bro't letters from Dr. Whitney of our

mission, now on furlough, who with Mrs. Whitney were present when Mrs. Baldwin spoke and from Will Ireland who was also present at Corning. Will is now in Syracuse over a church. He is married and has two children and is happy. He says that as long as there are so many young men applying to be sent to the foreign field, and being refused appointments because of the depleted treasury he feels it his duty to stay in America and let those just fresh from the Seminary go.

A week ago yesterday I came down from the mountain expecting to conduct the communion service at Au Ciu and return to the mountain on Monday. Sunday noon the cook appeared from Guliang with a letter from Ellen saying that she was not well and the Doctor thought I had better come up at once. Ellen had taken a hard cold and it had settled in her bronchial tubes and made it very difficult for her to breath. So after dinner I did half a day's absolutely necessary business in about two hours, and started for what is now "home". It was never hotter altho I did not start till 3:30 o'clock. The first twenty minutes of the walk up the mountain was fearful. But as one climbed higher the temperature got better. I found Ellen much better. She had been out to all meals but the Dr. was afraid that the care of the children would be too much for her. It was most fortunate that I went up when I did for during the first part of the night I was up with Phebe 6 or 8 times. She had a cold and Ellen had given her a little Hive Syrup. The bottle was not locked up and Miss Phebe developed into a doser. She took a liberal quantity of the syrup and this helped to cause nausea. The next day she slept rather late, but when she did rise she was all right and has been every since. Ellen gained steadily all the week-slept all night every night and ate three meals a day so that she was perfectly happy to have me come down yesterday morning to stay till tomorrow. I hope to go up tomorrow afternoon and remain till September, and I trust that both E. and I will be able to get a good rest for preparation for the work of next Fall. And oh, if that other man would only come for this station in the Fall. This and a new building for Seminary I do hope God will grant this year. You must pray with us for them.

I do not know what reports you have gotten regarding the troubles in the northern part of this province. In a word the truth is, the people in Kien Ming where the Ch. Miss'y Soc'y have a Hospital and churches got mad at the church and all its work. At last the storm broke upon the Hospital first. Dr. Rigg staid till he saw the gatekeeper killed then he escaped. Mr. and Mrs. Philips at one time reported killed escaped to the official's yamen where they were protected, taken care of to the officials best ability and sent to Foochow under an escort of soldiers. Two churches, a parsonage, and a native house in wh. a missionary lived were burnt. The Hospital and foreign house occupied by young ladies were looted. The house in wh. Dr. Riggs lived was locked and not entered. So all foreigners are safe. Three natives killed, - a leper, a blind man and a heathen. The native officials both in Foochow and in the disturbed district have done their duty. At least this is the verdict of the Consuls. Five hundred soldiers have left Foochow for Kien Ming to subdue the people who declare that Christianity must be entirely stamped out of the district.

Dr. Rigg at one time felt sure that Mr. and Mrs. Philips were dead. He so telegraphed to Foochow and the news went around the world. He also wrote the missionaries in Kucheng only 2 or 3 days journey from Kien Ming to this effect and told them the mob were coming toward Kucheng and bade them flee at once, which they did. The Consuls at once called all foreigners into port, so Kuliang will be lively this Summer. Fri. night we hear thro a native that there was a rebellion in Foochow. Ellen was a little anxious as I was planning to come down next morning. But before we went to bed a native who had just come up from Foochow that evening said he had heard nothing of the kind and we were easy about it. Last Sat. evening just at dusk a note came to Miss Newton, still at Ponasang, saying that the city was placarded with threats to kill all foreigners. Well this sounds very horrifying to you as you read it. But I do not think that either Miss Newton or I lost a wink of sleep because of it that night. Under the present conditions it is next to impossible for anything of this sort to assume very serious proportions in Foochow.

To day I conducted the last communion of the month at the last new church at Dung Song. We had a very delightful service.

How I should enjoy the next two weeks at home on the Century Farm!! The smell of new mown hay is a remembrance only. Raspberries and blackberries I have seen and tasted only in the home land.

"My peace I give with you,"

Your Loving Son

Will.

*[This letter dated **July 23, 1899** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Fellow missionary, Mr. Plumb died. He had been quite a help to Willard. The amah's son died of Bubonic Plague as have about 400 others near the missionary compound. Willard's children are doing well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Kuliang] Foochow, July 23rd 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter arrived almost a month ago: - June 19th already acknowledged, the last from here started two weeks ago July 9th, this one had no number.

July 10th I came to Guliang as I thought for good. But Tuesday night about midnight we were aroused and told that Mr. Plumb the senior member of the Meth. Mission here died at Sharp Peak that day- July 11th and the funeral was to be held in Foochow early July 12th. I had some doubts about our mission being represented at the funeral and so thought it my duty to go down. This meant arising at 3 A.M. and made a hard day's trip, but the weather was quite comfortable and we all came back safely. Eighteen went down, and some were compelled to remain on the mountain because they could not get coolies. Nearly every man on Guliang who could carry a chair was busy that day. Mr. Plumb's death was occasioned by the sun. The week before he went from Guliang to the Peak with Mrs. Plumb who is troubled with asthma. He was in the sun a good deal during the day getting Mrs. P. and the baggage from the boat to the Sanitarium and then came back to Foochow that night on the house-boat and attended an estimate meeting of his mission. He complained of his head all day and it was necessary to keep wet clothes on it some of the time. Still he attended to the business as usual. He had intended to return to the Peak that night, and remarked that he would rather pay \$100 than go back down then. His companion tried to dissuade him from going and he did promise to wait till he felt better but later he started and was on the house boat another night, and on reaching Sharp Peak was a sick man. The end came very quickly. Every one on Guliang was taken by surprise. He was 56 yrs. old and had spent about half his life in Foochow. He had a very warm place in my heart because for the last few years he has had charge of the Theol. School of the Meth. Mission. When the Theol. Sch. of our mission was established and I put in charge, Mr. Plumb showed more sympathy with me and more interest in the work of the school than some of the members of our own mission. He has been a great help to me a number of times, and has from his experience given me light in more than one dark place.

Last Monday morning our Amah got word that her second son was dead. He died of the Bubonic plague, of which about 400 have died near our compound in Foochow, and we told her if she went to her home she must not come to us for at least two weeks. This left us with no one to do anything for the children and as the coolie was away two days we have had things quite our own way this week. If there were no work to do I should enjoy it hugely. The children are infinitely better off with their parents than with the Chinese woman. But when I realize the work in the form of letters and reports is piling up I get a little uneasy. Geraldine is just weaned. She is eleven months old day after tomorrow, - I have had to sleep with her to wean her at night. But she is a dear little darling. Sleeps all night. Wants to get up about midnight and have a drink of water and without waking goes right back to bed and sleeps on till morning. It is rather warm on Guliang this year than formerly and we have nothing over us at night. Geraldine flops around like a fish on land. I wake and find her in very strange localities on the bed. One night I found her between my knees. She was sleeping peacefully. We have all been out for a walk each afternoon. Geraldine thinks her father pretty fine if he will carry her all over the mountain. She watches Phebe and Gould and mama and shouts at them. Yesterday afternoon she made so much noise shouting that we were half ashamed of her. Ellen is getting strong with three meals a day a good walk and a good night's sleep. I believe Phebe and Gould will walk farther than Ellen and I, and when they get home and have supper they want a run before going to bed. They are both the picture of health, and a terror to goats. We have some hens here. Gould caught one the other day and his mother found him holding her by the head swinging her as a boy does his dinner pail. She told him to let the hen go. He gave her one more swing and threw her out into the yard. The hen was dazed but recovered. Both of the children attend church this year. Gould refused to go in two weeks ago today with his mother and Phebe. He said he was afraid of the "ladies and the big boys." But last Sunday I took him in to the Chinese service in the morning (in my arms and under vehement protest from him) and in the afternoon he went in with the family and behaved well. I am not on the Chapel Comm. this year but still remain treas. and Sec'y of the Board of Trustees of the Guliang chapel. We dedicate the chapel next Sunday.

Our Reports are ready and we are sending them out with this mail. To save postage we are sending to you a large number. Will you as opportunity offers give them to the following persons: one copy each.

Wm. T. Beard

T.E. “

J. H. “

Elizabeth Turney

Wellington Wilkinson

Ard Blakeman

Erastus Bennett

- Platt

James Webster
Frank Wells
Fred Wooster
Frank “
Lewis J. Shelton
George D. Nichols
Ed. J. Buckingham
O. G. Beard Jr.
Charles Beard (Milford)
Aunt Mary Hawley (if she is still alive)

I shall send you thirty copies. There will be others whom you will wish to give copies to.
With lots of Love to all
Will.

We're sending several copies to Mr. Keneston and to many individual friends whose names are not down here.
(Will)

[This letter dated Aug. 27, 1899 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. News from the U.S. tells that Willard's grandfather Nathan Bennett Nichols has died. Mr. Walker and Dr. Bliss are coming back to go to Shaowu. They have had a typhoon recently but Willard offers few details. (In 1909 Ellen will refer back to the destruction of the 1899 hurricane.) Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Kuliang] Foochow, China, Aug. 27th 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Letter No. 11 started from here July 23rd. I am sorry that none has started since that. Aug 1st and 12th letters arrived from you. The letter of Aug. 1st brought the news that grandfather [*Nathan Bennett Nichols, father of Willard's mother*] had gone on before. How different this translation seems to us from that of the others who in the prime of life or in the morn of life were called to a better home. We did not at all expect he would be there to see us when we came back and were ready for this news at any time. He had finished all he could do on earth and was waiting for the change. For the explanation of why one is left even after they become a burden to others while another is taken just as they seem to be giving promise of great usefulness to others, we must wait till we are called to where all things are made clear by the One who is the author of all things. It is best that we do not know now. We must simply accept things of this kind and strive with God's help to perform our whole duty. Your account of his illness and funeral was very brief. I shall look for more particulars. How are grandmother and Aunt Louise? They will feel lonely but care will be greatly lessened.

A week after the day on which I last wrote you we dedicated the new chapel at Guliang. The exercises were very interesting and passed off to our entire satisfaction. You will see that I was chosen to represent the A.B.C.F.M. on the program, Mr. Walsh the English Mission, Mr. Lacy, chairman of the meeting Meth., Mr. Brown (preacher) the Amoy missions, during the week that followed the dedication which has been a continual bother. I have been down to Foochow twice about it- once yesterday and must go again tomorrow. The Consul is doing good work in the case and says we must get it. He was at the Mandarin's with me yesterday. To morrow I go alone. All this- both typhoon and land purchase is harder on Ellen than on me. She was not in the best condition to endure extra strain on account of the attack of dysentery which she had in June. Since the typhoon Gould has had a fever of which he is better but has not got back to his former self. Geraldine has had a bowel trouble which makes her look not so rosy and the perfect picture of health as before.

Good news came by the last mail to the effect that a young lady for the Kindergarten had been appointed by the Board to come to Foochow. Another lady for evangelistic or Educational work is in correspondence with the Secretaries. The people who are raising the money for Geu Cio Dong are authorized to cable me "Build at Once" as soon as the money is raised. This looks like business. Mr. Walker and Dr. Bliss are coming back to go to Shaowu in Sept. Mr. Gardner cannot come this year owing to his health.

About three weeks ago I sent you 30 copies of our report "Self Support Attained". Most of them were marked with the names of those to whom we wished to give them. The copies unmarked. You may give where you think they will do the most good or be most appreciated. We have sent direct to many of the friends in Huntington

so do not be surprised to be told "I have one already". On p. 35 under "Statistics", "The total cost of the work" etc "Theological Seminary" should not be included.

When you have the telephone sufficiently perfected we can have a chat with you once a week and save all this letter writing. Telephones- street cars- next will be free delivery into the country. It has been a long time since we have heard much about Oliver. I know he is in Bridgeport but just what his business is I could not tell-whether is in business for himself or doing commission business- whether or not he has a store. The papers say Travelling salesmen are thrown out of employment by the thousands thro the combination of big houses.

"God is our refuge". He has been very gracious to us this year, while others have suffered severely from the storms we are practically unharmed. Our mountain home was damaged perhaps \$4.00 silver. \$20.00 silver will easily repair the damages to the property in our care at Ponasang including Seminary and churches. One rented chapel was carried off by a pile of logs that came down the river, -otherwise very little damage to even rented chapels.

With Love to All
Will.

[This letter dated Sept. 10, 1899 was written by Willard to the Folks at Home. Because of the typhoon they had "typhoon company" staying with them. Since some of the C.M.S. Missionaries are not allowed back to Kien Ming Because of the hatred of foreigners. A committee has been formed on Kuliang to care for the church, securing preachers for the church and for Public Improvements. Mr. Ding is still battling an illness. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Sept. 10th 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter arrived Aug. 28th. One came from Putnam the same day. The last from here No. 12 started Aug. 27th.

Our vacation time is about over. I go down to open the Seminary next week. I went down last Wed. to see about the land I am trying to buy and had to stay over night, returning Thurs. afternoon. I got out the only remaining kink that the magistrate wanted before stamping the deeds. The Consul sent the communication to the magistrate asking him to keep his promise by stamping the deeds and sending back to me, whether he will do it remains to be seen.

We have had two weeks of rest since our typhoon "company" left us, and both the children and Ellen are improving. It was only last evening that Ellen was saying her dresses were getting tight. She shows it in her face also. The children are quite well or would be but for Phebe's visit to Mrs. Peets yesterday where she got too many cakes and today she is paying for it. And yesterday the amah allowed Geraldine to eat a whole banana and she was ill last night but all right today. She gets up all alone and stands alone but she does not take a step yet unless she has something to hold on to. When she stands up alone she feels as big as a boy in his first boots.

The Guliang community is getting very thin. This next week will see nearly every one at their work, or trying to get there. Quite a number of the missionaries of the C.M.S. who work in the North West in Kien Ming of the province are not allowed to go back because of the hatred and threats of the Chinese there to every thing foreign and especially to the foreigner himself. Three thousand of the leading men have pledged themselves not to allow a foreigner in the district. The treaty says foreigners may reside anywhere in the Empire. The English Consul has taken up the case in a vigorous manner but as yet he has accomplished nothing.

I got into office again last evening. Guliang has to have three committees to care for its interests now. (1) The Trustees of the church, who have in charge the care of the building and of course all finances relating to the maintainance of worship. (2) The Committee on Public Worship, who have in charge the securing of leaders and preachers etc. (3) The Committee on Public Improvements who have in charge the roads, fixing of coolie rates, mails and any thing else designed to make the few weeks spent here more restful and profitable for the missionaries. As soon as the church is built the work of the Trustees should not be burdensome. I hoped our talk was nearly over when the building was dedicated but the typhoon will necessitate the expending of \$1500 or more this year on the building, - not in repairs, but in additional strengthening of the building to avoid further damage. A week ago I was put on the Comm. of Pub. Improvement from our Mission and last evening at the first meeting of the Comm. was elected Sec'y and Treas'r of the Comm. This makes only three different Bank accounts for me and only three different Secretary's Books to write up. But until the Board sends more missionaries I do not see how it is to be avoided. This work is not without compensation however. The other members of this comm. and of the Board of Trustees are older than myself. The best men of their respective missions and representatives of not only the other

two missions in Foochow, but of three missions in Amoy. It is a privilege not to be lightly esteemed to be associated with such men.

Mr. Ding was quite like himself when I saw him about three weeks ago but last week he was taken again with a very bad fever and his physician wrote me that he was not allowed even to read a note from me. His illness is my hardest trial, because he is my most important man.

Among the churches in the Ponasang station this is a very trying year. Geu Cio Dong and Ha Puo Ga the two oldest churches are all right so far as I have heard. There has been more or less difficulty in all the other churches due entirely to: - first the ignorance of the church members in self-government and second to the fact the preachers in these places are young men and "old men for wisdom" every time in China. Sang Bo and Au Iong Die are doing fairly well. I think salaries will be raised but the number of admissions will be very small compared with last year. This is right and is one of the most encouraging features of the situation. It shows the people are aroused to the danger of admitting members before they are fit for membership.

[many scribbles]

The addenda are Phebe's as well as the few characters at the head of this letter. She did it while I was rocking Geraldine to sleep.

With Love from all
Will

[This letter dated Sept. 12, 1899 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard feels positive about the purchase of land going through for their new residence. The Woodin Memorial church of Ing Hok will be dedicated Oct. 15. Miss Bortz (future wife of Dr. Bliss) is planning on building a house near Willard and Ellen on Kuliang. Willard expects Dr. Bliss, Mr. Walker and Miss Brown to arrive in Foochow from the U.S. in about 10 days. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Sept. 24th 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The register of correspondence will just as it was in my letter of two weeks ago, except that that letter was written. All home mail has been very dear this Summer owing to its scarcity [*scarcity*]. We notice that vacations in the home land are not conducive to productive letter writing. We expect a dearth of letters about this time every year.

One week ago last Fri. = Sept. 15th I was down again to see about purchasing the land. The Magistrate asked me not to build the house too high and not to make new roads over the hill. So I knew that he had made up his mind to stamp the deeds and let us have the land. The matter I trust is settled altho we cannot be sure till the deeds are stamped and again in our possession. As soon as this is done we shall begin to build a residence.

The latest accounts are that Dr. Bliss, Mr. Walker and Miss Brown [*Jean H.*], the new Kindergarten teacher were to reach Yokohama to-day. They will be here in about ten days more.

The new Woodin Memorial Church which Mr. Goddard has just completed in Ing Hok is to [*be*] dedicated Oct. 15th. Ellen and I are planning to take the whole family up, starting Fri. morning the 13th and starting for home Mon. A.M. the 16th. This will take me away from the Seminary only three days. Ellen and the children continue to gain every day. No children could be healthier and happier than Gould and Geraldine. Phebe is well, but her health is not so effervescent as that of the others. Ellen is quite well, and enjoying to the full this bracing atmosphere on the mountain. The weather is perfect now, - just like Oct. 1 at home when the days and nights are clear. At Ponasang it was quite comfortable last week. I went down Tues. morning. The Sem'y opened Thurs. at 8:30 A.M. but I wanted to get down a day or two earlier so as to do some of the business relating to the churches and Women's classes and Day Schools that is always sure to come in. Tues. and Wed. were full. The Sem'y opened auspiciously with nearly all the students back. One will not return because he prefers to gamble. Mr. Ding is much better of his last illness and says he is coming back to the Sem'y in a few days, but I have made up my mind not to plan for his doing any work this term. I wish he could be around tho. His influence is worth more than can be estimated, - not to speak of his teaching.

Dwight has bought tickets to sail about Nov. 8th. They will go by Suez Canal, visiting Rome and arriving at New York about Christmas. They will spend the Winter at Mr. Goddard's home in Worcester, then go to Mrs. Goddard's home in Ohio, where Mrs. G. and Dorrance will stay while Dwight decides what to do for a living.

The shipment which started from Boston last June is here. We have not seen the invoice so do not know what there is in it for us- a letter from Putnam told us there was a box for us from there.

Miss Borts [*Bortz*] the young lady who came last January for the Pagoda station has rented a piece of land on Guliang near our house and is to build this Fall. I have been doing the business for her, and have promised to oversee the building of the house. The severe typhoon has worked very marked changes in the minds of many people about the situation and way to build cottages here. I have already written that out of about 60 houses here only 5 or 6 were dry during the typhoon. Two people are already tearing their houses down and moving them to more sheltered places. Nearly all are putting on better roofs, and I am surprised to see the quantity of 10 lb. brick that are going on the ridges of houses. Before there was only mud with tiles laid in it and then a very thin coat of mortar over this. Last year as we were selecting a site for the new church here several spurned the site the Trustees chose because it was too hidden and when they were reminded that we must look out for typhoons they rather laughed at us. They have stopped laughing now tho!

The children have a little goat. Just now Gould saw two big goats tied near the house and at once he started for them. After he had stood watching them some time, his old amah ran out and led one of the goats into the yard and was about to tie it. Gould would not allow any such thing but had the goat brought in on the veranda where he held the rope and led the goat about. Pretty soon Mrs. Gould saw the veranda gate and making a dash pulled the rope thro Gould's hand and away she went. Leiter did not feel worse over his lost millions than Gould did to see that goat run away. But his old woman ran and caught it and bro't it back to him. I asked him if the little goat were not better. He said "Well, that's a bit o' tiny goat, can't ride on her". He is passionately fond of animals. When we are out walking he will leave the whole company for every goat or cow he sees, - in total oblivion of human relatives. And he is satisfied only when he gets his hand on the animal. How he will enjoy the cows when he gets home to America!!

You would have been amused this afternoon. Gould was lying on the veranda floor, on his back. Geraldine was playing near him. Suddenly she crept up to him and leaned over and kissed him as sweetly as possible. He put his arms gently about her neck and they formed a beautiful sweet picture.

I must be off for Ponasang tomorrow at 5 A.M. to get there in time for Sem'y prayers at 8:30.

You must write us all about what the different ones are doing and where they are this year.

Love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 8, 1899 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The family has moved off the mountain. Only Mr. Walker arrived from the U.S., but Miss Brown will come later. Dr. Bliss may not come back to China this year. Mr. Ding's health is improving. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Oct. 8th 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter arrived a few days ago. We found it here Mon. afternoon when we arrived from Guliang. I wrote last Sept. 25th.

A week ago Fri. afternoon, I went to Guliang again to spend the Sabbath. The weather was glorious. Nothing could be added to make it nearer perfect. I found Ellen had put the three children into the sedan and gone for a long walk. On Saturday afternoon the Bement sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Hinman and the Beard family all went to the farthest inhabited point of Guliang three miles from our home. Ellen walked there and back with the exception of a few rods. Sunday morning we spent out on the hills and went to church with about 25 others in the afternoon. Monday morning we packed up and sent eight coolie loads down. Two more loads went with us in the afternoon. The trip down was a very pleasant one. The afternoon was not hot, and there was a nice breeze. We arrived just in time for supper. The children did not mind the change and we have all been quite well all the week. The weather has been cool and the nights so that we could sleep. So we are all doing well- unless Ellen and I should complain of too much to do. It has been - or seemed to us to be - impossible for us to get to bed until 10 o'clock and after every night. This is a little later than we can stand continuously and keep in the best working condition. But I find that every term of school i.e. twice a year, the first two or three weeks are very trying. This Fall however we are favored with an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Goddard to attend the dedication of the Woodin Memorial Church which Mr. Goddard has just completed at Ing Hok. The dedication service will take place one week from to day. We plan now to start Friday morning arriving Sat. afternoon, spend Sunday there, starting for home Mon. morning arriving Tues. afternoon. We plan to go- the whole family. Take a house boat and go down to Pagoda and up to the foot of the

rapids, then by a shallow boat to Ing Hok. Dr. Woodhull will go with us on the boat. This will make a pleasure trip and will be a rest. I hope it will also give me a chance to do a little writing that has been awaiting several weeks. The Goddard's leave Ing Hok Oct. 20th. They will be in Foochow about two weeks before taking one of the German Lloyd line of steamers by way of London for the U.S.

Mr. Walker arrived at Ponasang yesterday about noon. Dr. Bliss and the Kindergartner teacher did not come. Miss Brown will come later. Dr. Bliss' return this year is uncertain. Mr. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Hinman, Dr. and Miss Bement expect to start for Shaowu a week from Wed. Oct. 18th. Mr. Walker looks quite well- better than I have ever seen him.

The land that I have been trying to buy all Summer is at last bought. If all goes well we shall be on it in a new house one year from now. Then we want the new Seminary on a piece adjoining, which is for sale, and can be bought without trouble.

The box from you was opened last Thursday. Everything came in perfect condition. How my eyes opened and my mouth watered as I saw that dried pumpkin! Ellen thought the cloth for Gould's kilts "lovely". The Shelton people are very kind to the Foochow people in sending them cards. Those large Bible pictures from the Shelton Meth. Church are invaluable. They are the stained glass windows of the Foochow churches. My shoes, and the others are good fits. Ellen says the handkerchiefs are "very fine". I trust her judgement on these. The table cover was the best thing of all. It was just what I have been longing for a long time. It strikes Ellen's taste all right too. Johnny cake and milk is as good as ever and the corn came just in time to take the place of that that came a year ago and is not now tangible. You spent the money all right. Small gifts that are meant for us personally to be used in "getting something" I think would be most appreciated if used to buy some of the things indicated in our letters. If none of these seem to fit the bill, children's shoes and stockings, and cloth for dresses and aprons will always come handy. Gould does not outgrow shoes, nor stockings. He is just now half crazy over kites. Every hill top is covered with boys and men each afternoon flying them and nearly every day the young lad steals the march on his overseers and gets out among the Chinese. He is just now disturbing the equilibrium of the atmosphere in a large area because his old woman beat him in a sprint for the open gate for which he was making. Oh, how we long to get to America where he can have room to run and grow and pull the cows tails.

Mr. Ding seems to be getting stronger gradually. I am afraid however he can do no work this term.

Geraldine still does not walk. She goes about on her hands and feet like a baby elephant much to the amusement of all who behold. Gould is much impressed with the idea that he is a "big man". Ellen said as he was in the bath last evening he was romancing "And I saw great big pond, an' Miss Bement fall in an' she cried. I go pick her up. I am a big man". How you would enjoy hearing the children sing the blessing at table "God is great and God is good, and we thank Him for this food. By His hand must all be fed. Give us Lord our daily bread". Phebe and G. at times entirely drown Mama and Papa. And now the little bit of a girl tries to sing.

Well now that vacation is over we shall look for more letters. Grandpa Kinney sent Gould a hammer, saw and square. He ran to me with the hammer, "Papa see my hammer". I said "That's a dandy" he replied "No that is a hammer". He is not up in American slang. His mother thinks I had better call things by their proper names.

Love to All
Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 22, 1899 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard tells about the trip with his family and many other missionaries to Ing Hok for the dedication of the Woodin Memorial Church. Dr. and Mrs. Goddard are leaving China for the U.S. Ing Hok has now been placed in Willard's care on top of his many other responsibilities. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Oct. 22nd 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Oct. 2nd the last letter arrived from you already acknowledged. From here the last started for Shelton two weeks ago, Oct. 8th, No. 14.

The chief topic of interest during the last two weeks is our trip to Ing Hok. The occasion was the dedication of the Woodin Memorial Church which Mr. Goddard has just finished. The money was given by Mrs. Woodin, her children and friends. It is a beautiful church, - will accommodate about 200 persons. It is built much after the style of our Huntington church. The tower is in the same relative position and the entrance thro the tower. The floor of course is level and of red tiles not boards. Just to one side and opening off the church is the parsonage large enough for two families, - if they are not too large. There is a large well arranged and well built plant at Ing Hok now for

carrying on the work. The buildings are in one row. The Missionary's residence highest up on the hill side, just below the Woman's Hospital and School. Then the parsonage then the church. Beside this there is land for a Girl's and a Boy's School.

We had a delightful trip. Started Thurs. evening Oct. 12th at 7:45. We were on the house boat by 8:00 o'clock and moving down the river. It was a beautiful moonlight evening. Gould had gone to sleep before we started and I carried him in the sedan and got on board without his waking but the new atmosphere and commotion on board were too much for him, and he was on deck soon with his mother and sisters and father watching the "big water" and the "big boats". But the little ones were all asleep at 9:00. At 11:00 P.M. we dropped anchor near Mr. Hubbard's at Pagoda Anchorage to wait for the tide until 1:00 A.M. We then started under sail most of the time and arrived at the head of houseboat navigation about noon Fri. Our companions on the boat were Dr's Woodhull of our Mission and Lyon of the Meth. Mission. They are diametrically opposed in all their ideas and habits. Dr. Woodhull must have everything just as she wants it but she is willing to grant the same privilege to others also. Dr. Lyon takes what comes and says nothing about it. But they were very enjoyable companions. They put up with the noise and bother of three small children with excellent grace. When we reached the rapids we had to change the large houseboat in which we enjoyed regular beds and a real dining table with regulation chairs, for a small flat bottomed boat. For our use in this boat we all - 7 foreigners and a Chinese woman- had a space high enough to stand in and 6 ft. wide and 10 ft. long. We took this boat at 3 P.M. Fri. That evening the Dr.'s slept on the boat. We Beard's went to one of our chapels and spent the night. The Dr's came up and ate breakfast with us Sat. A.M. and we were off again at 8:30 A.M. The wind was dead ahead and the boat load was rather heavy. I pulled the boat up the worst rapids and we arrived at Ing Hok at 6 P.M. - 12 miles in 9 ½ hours. We found all the Goddards well. Beside our party Messer's Walker, Hubbard, Peet and Dr. Kinnear went up. There were also three Chinese Pastors from Foochow and near places. The services were most interesting. The memory of Mr. Woodin is still fresh and Mr. and Mrs. Goddard seem to have won the affection of all the Ing Hok people. There were many touching references made to the work they had done for Ing Hok, and many a tear dropped as reference was made to their departure.

We left Ing Hok at 9:45 Mon. morning and arrived home about 5 Tues. afternoon. The trip would have been a perfect one if the sadness of the departure of Dwight and Mrs. Goddard could have been eliminated.

In the business meeting of the Mission held last Wed. the whole of the Ing Hok work except the medical part was put in my care. On the face of it, it would seem that this would increase my work greatly. But in the first place I am doing now as much as possible. In the next place this work is 40 miles from Foochow. I must leave the work here when I go there and the occasional trip into the country will be a change and I trust a rest. It will be the work in this station that will suffer if any thing suffers.

I have conducted communion at Au long Die and at Au Ciu today. There were no additions in either place. The preachers said there were only one or two ready to unite and I urged them to wait till next communion. They acceded willingly, which I count a good sign. At Au Ciu I saw a foreign sedan in the Chapel and was told that the Christians had bought it because last year one day I was at this chapel when a hard shower came up and I had to call a native chair to get home. This chair is for the next time I am caught in the rain at this chapel. - This is what the people say.

We had some pumpkin pie the other day that was pumpkin pie. Ellen was so fond of it I had to eat fast to get my share. When a pie comes on the table the first time with one piece gone and the man knows nothing about it, woman must stop talking about pie eating propensities of man.

I wrote you in the last letter that the land which I had been trying to purchase all Summer was now ours. The deeds have been stamped by the Chinese official, registered at the Consulate and returned to me. We are now planning for our new house. If all goes well we shall be in it a year from now.

Miss Newton is feeling the strain of the work too much and we have joined with her in asking for a furlough to begin next Feb. While she is [*in*] America I hope a new school building will be erected, on the site of our present house.

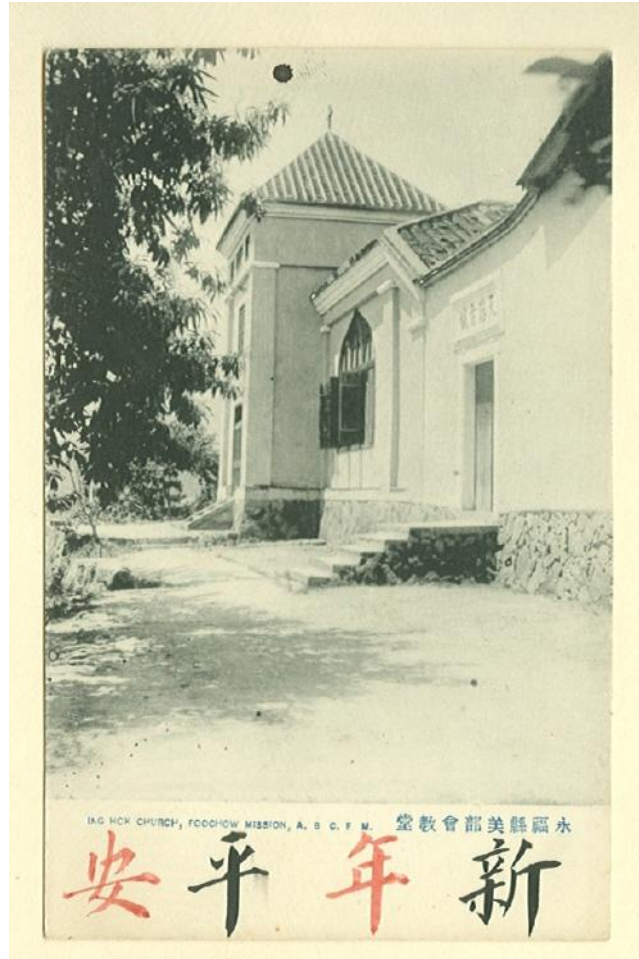
I have two very pleasant references to "Self Support Attained". One from Geo. Wilder in N. China and one from Arthur Smith D.D. of N. China. The "Chinese Recorder" the Missionary Journal for China spoke very nicely about it in an Editorial also. We have over 50 copies left if you can use more to profit.

Phebe told me this afternoon to tell you she was going to learn to read and write then she would write to you.

Your letters are very scarce recently. You must not forget us. We want to hear from all of you. You are getting so widely scattered that we can hardly keep track of you all unless a letter comes from each.

Most Lovingly

Will.



This may be the Woodin Memorial Church
Caption on card: Ing Hok Church, Foochow Mission, A.B.C.F.M.
[Purchased from ebay by Jana L. Jackson and donated to Yale in 2007.]

[This letter dated Nov. 5, 1899 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He talks about "tramp" steamers and that Dr. and Mrs. Goddard will be leaving Foochow on one. He tells a funny story about daughter Phebe and wife, Ellen's snoring. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, Nov. 5th '99.

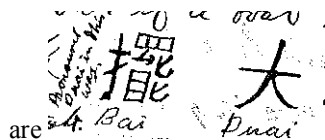
Dear Folks at Home:-

No. 15

Two weeks ago Oct 22nd the last letter started for Shelton. Oct. 30th one came from Phebe and one from Mother. Phebe is to be congratulated on obtaining a good position. I am glad that she enjoys the outlook, and trust that her highest hopes may be realized.

Dwight and Dr. were to take the steamer this morning. It is what we call a "tramp", i.e. does not stop regularly at Foochow. She plies between England and the East, stopping where she can find freight or passengers. Points like Shanghai and Hong Kong she is sure to call at. But Foochow is a small place and uncertain. Their goods went by another "Tramp" direct to New York so they will find them there perhaps as soon as they arrive themselves. You may not fully understand the "Tramp" phrase. There are regular steamers plying between here and Shanghai and between here and Hong Kong. Nearly all others that stop are after tea and are steamers that ply between Europe and the East. If there is freight enough for them to make it pay they stop. An Express is sent around to this effect about three weeks or a month before. If the freight is not enough, it must either be sent to Hong Kong or wait. This stamp of steamer is the "Tramp."

The phrase in the Foochow dialect for "look out", (I take the meaning to be "Clear the way I am coming".) would be Bai Duai. This is what the boatman calls out if a boat is in his path ahead of him. The Chinese characters



are *Bai* *Duai*. Pronounce Duai in this way. Bai is pronounced “buy” - as to buy at the store. When a person makes a surprising statement you say “why”. If his circumflex is not pronounced enough you hug him and squeeze his diaphragm, he then says it right. I should be interested to hear you pronounce it.

To day we hear Miss Brown the new Kindergarten teacher has arrived. She came down from Shanghai on the steamer that takes the Goddards. Miss Woodhull went over twice yesterday to meet her but the steamer was delayed. Our coolie said he saw Miss Woodhull go by and a strange young lady in a chair ahead of her. Miss Brown has an enviable opening in the city, - a nice large building, and a nice class already in working order with which she can begin as soon as she can say one or two words.

Yesterday we took Phebe and Gould over to Mr. and Mrs. Blands to Tiffin [*lunch*]. How the children did enjoy it!! Geraldine we left at home with the amah. We have made another change in this department, and now have one elderly woman a Christian for a long time. One of her sons who died in June was first assistant in the Ponasang Hospital and her main stay. We took her on trial in July. She is neat and honest and can be trusted if she is a little slow. The other woman is from Ing Hok and has been with Mrs. Goddard for about six months. She is younger, pleasant, and quicker. During the past four and a half years we have had eleven different women as amahs. While at Mr. Bland’s we met Mr. Rigg of the Ch. Miss’y Soc. who had just come down the Min river from Yeng Ping, 150 or more up. He said he met our Shaowu missionaries about forty miles this side of Yeng Ping. But his boat was coming down the rapids so fast he could not stop.

I have conducted communion at Dung Song today. This is the last time for this season of communion. They commence again Dec. 3rd and last just thro the month. But I want very much to get away for two weeks in Dec. to make a tour of the Ing Hok field. I cannot go in Nov. on account of the Meeting of Missionaries and Pastors and preachers which takes the place of our Annual Mission Meeting this year. This comes Nov. 15th and with the Y.P.S.C.E. Convention will last till Nov. 21st. By the way Dr. F.E. Clark is expected here the latter part of next Fall.

The children are perfectly well these days, and the mischief they cannot find is not worth mentioning. Gould can get along if he has about three outfits a day. His shoes go like hay in March, and he eats as only a boy can. He was sitting in Mama’s lap just before going to the bed this evening and putting his face up against hers he said “I do love my Mama”. Until a few days ago Ellen has declared to me that she did not snore. But Phebe took my side a few days since all unconsciously and since then Ellen has nothing to say on the snoring habit. Phebe walked up to Mama one day making a snorting noise with fearful grimaces. “Mama what makes you do that when you are asleep?”

Mama = “What makes you think Mama does that when she is asleep?”

Phebe = “Because I heard you go that way one night and I sat right up in bed. I was scared. I didn’t know what it was. Then I lay down and went to sleep again.”

Mama = (violent laughter)

Phebe = “Well, what do you snuff for when you are asleep?”

M. (Convulsed with laughter)

P “Well, what do you snuff for?”

Father Kinney must see this. And I want a photo of him when he reads it.

I wonder what is the matter with Aunt Louise. I have not heard from her in a long time. But [*I*] have written to both her and grandmother since hearing from them. You must remember us to them when you see them. I was glad to hear grandmother was able to go about so much.

Oliver still does not write. (Business must be driving. I hope he is all right. It is good to hear such fine things of his wife and children – How you do enjoy those girls!! What pleasure we shall have when God permits these little ones to meet. It is over five years since we saw the shores of our native land fade away in the distance. The Heavenly Father has been good to us all, “My Grace is sufficient for Thee”.

Love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 19, 1899 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He talks about some of the political news regarding China, England, U.S., Russia and Japan. Ellen had two teeth pulled and now has a sore throat. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

No. 17

Foochow, Nov. 19th 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

This last news from home arrived Oct. 30th. A letter from Phebe came on the same date. Both acknowledged previously i.e. Nov. 5th letter No. 16. The mails are not loaded with letters these days. We hope the rush of business at home will ease up a little, and then with Dewey received we shall look for a letter now and then from our friends.

As to news from the Phillipines we get most of ours from the home papers. I am now taking with Dwight the weekly North China Herald, published in Shanghai. This is under English supervision and news of England's affairs of course is paramount, altho since this U.S. stepped up to the rank of a first class naval power there is a marked difference in the regard paid to the affairs of our Republic by Englishmen here in the East. There is one strain that we are sure of finding in all the newspapers published by Englishmen in China i.e. a severe criticism of English leniency with China. Englishmen of course want China's trade. To control this they must in a large degree control China's foreign policy. But Russia wants to do something at the same business, and she has been doing it to the detriment of England's business or trade in China and England has not been very stiff. Her influence at Peking is not what it was ten years ago. Just now the war in the Transvaal is the all absorbing topic in news circles. The little affair in the Phillipines is hardly worth noticing. The papers are also beginning to open their eyes at the influence which little Japan is exerting at Peking. Here is a sentence from the last paper "Japanese influence in Court and mandarin circle is getting stronger and stronger every day- that influence which should by all right belong to Great Britain." I will mail to you the last copy of the N. C. Herald. Will you please by sure to remail it within a few days to Rev. D. Goddard, 4 Homestead Ave., Worcester, Mass.

Things are running along much as usual. This week a little diversion occasioned by our Annual Meeting and a business meeting of the mission. Our Annual Meeting this year is a very quiet affair compared with the past few years. We distinctly asked all except Pastors and preachers to stay away. So we have had no crowds as formerly. The small numbers may not however lessen the permanent results of the gathering. We have had two long sessions comprised of only missionaries and Pastors (seven). Steps were taken for the permanent organization of the mission, for the transaction of business. I mean of the Chinese constituency. Previously there has been no organization. At a meeting a motion was put and anyone who chanced to be present voted on it. The Secretary pro tem wrote it down and the report of the Secretary was perhaps given to some missionary who kept it in his pigeon hole for a year and then threw it away. The organization affected this year I trust will stop this. The Men's Missionary Society had a quiet but very interesting and business like session Fri. morning. The report given by their agent who has made a circuit of the entire Foochow speaking portion of our field was most interesting and instructive. The Chinese are taking up this matter in a business like manner. They close the year with over \$50 in the treasury. To morrow and next day will be held the C.E. Convention. Then we shall settle down to work again in the ordinary routine.

Ellen is just well of a Tonselitis quinary[?] sore throat. Dr. thinks possibly the effects of the two teeth she had out two weeks ago may have started the trouble. The teeth were very well put in and they came out hard, lacerating the jaws badly. Of course it was a shock to the nervous system to have these out. Then the sore throat had a better chance. Ellen was in bed two days. She is well again now. The children all as well as you can find children. Geraldine walks three or four feet. But she is so heavy that it will be some weeks before she runs with Gould.

The sky for a month has been cloudy,- scarcely a bright day,- very little rain, colder than usual at this season.

Mr. Ding is much better, he is now working on a map of Fukien Province showing the places where there is started preaching. I want it for the Ecumenical conference in N.Y. next Spring. I have had made two models of Chinese houses- one Christian and one heathen that are very cute. The furniture is all there in miniature pieces with the idols etc.

Well you must do less and write more. Where is Oliver's pen? and Aunt Louise's? Remember us to them. Remember us to Cousin Elizabeth.

Lovingly yours

Will.

My motto this morning Lu. 21/19 "In your patience ye shall win your souls."

[This letter dated Dec. 3, 1899 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Mr. Ding (Ming Uong) is better and working at the Seminary again. Willard constructed small models of a Chinese heathen house and a Chinese Christian house to be sent to New York for the Ecumenical Conference. He and Ellen are drawing up plans for their new residence. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, Dec. 3rd 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter arrived from you Nov. 28th. I wrote last Nov. 19th, No. 17. Since then every thing here has moved along as usual. The blessings are as always too numerous to mention. Ming Uong is around again and working one hour a day in the Seminary. It is a great pleasure for us to see him about and his influence over the young men in the Seminary is all that we can desire. Mr. Davis- you remember him as a classmate of mine in Hartford- now in Springfield, Vt. wrote me by the last mail that his church would take his support next year. Two gifts have just come for the work in Ing Hok, one for \$50. and one for \$5. The news of \$25. from the ladies in Huntington was very welcome. When the money reaches me I will write Miss Wooster for the ladies.

Ellen and the children are as well as well can be. All of them growing fat. Geraldine is as broad as she is long. She has just begun to walk this last week and every door in the house must be kept open for her benefit. She goes down every 10 or 12 feet but it is not far to rise and on she goes. She thinks she is as large as the other children. They are romping about the house shouting and laughing and the little cherub toddles after them shouting with all the force of her lungs and looking as she was doing as much as any of them. We have a goose that is much enjoyed by Phebe and Gould. They pull him around by the neck and feed him and make a real pet of him. Last night after Gould had said his prayers he got up on his feet and just before starting for bed said - -"O! we forgot to pray for the goose." I told his mother of it. I found that he has of his own accord been praying for nearly a week "God bless the goose." We had a pie this week that really reminded me of the Century Farm pumpkins. IT WAS GOOD.

Three of the churches in the Suburbs Station have held communion services to day. At Geu Cio Dong 8 united. At Ha Puo Ga 3. At Sang Bo I conducted the service. No one united. There were a few men who wished to join but the preacher and deacons said it would be just as well for them to wait till next time.

I have made all arrangements to start for Ing Hok next Fri. to be gone two weeks and two days. I hope in that time to see each chapel and hold a service in nearly every one. On this trip I must decide as to the location of the preachers, the opening of Day School, and the opening of new chapels for next year. It rains to day quite hard. Such weather during the next two weeks will make it very interesting for me- the trip if carried out will be as follows. 1st day, walk 8 miles, by boat 20 miles; 2nd day walk 12 miles. 3rd Sunday, communion at Ing Hok city. 4th day walk 20 miles. 5th day spend day and conduct communion at Mu Deng Mui. 6th day walk 20 miles communion in evening. 7th day walk 6 miles communion. 8th day walk 20 miles. 9th day walk 20 miles back to Ing Hok city. 10th day Sunday walk 10 miles conduct communion at two chapels. 11th day walk 18 miles. 12th day walk 8 miles. 13th day walk 14 miles. The other three days I shall be in new territory to look over the ground for new openings next year.

There was a fire this morning at 3 o'clock that gave us something of a start. It was only 5 minutes walk from our house and in such a place as this with a continuous line of wooden buildings between us and the blaze. It was interesting for a few moments till we found there were fire walls between us and the fire so there was no danger. This morning we found it was only a part of a big pawn shop.

We are just about starting off some goods for the Ecumenical Conference held in N.Y. April and May 1900. I have had made two models of Chinese houses- one to represent a heathen home- one to represent a Christian home. If they are not kept for a permanent exhibit I will have them sent to you after the conference is thro with them.

Some time ago you spoke of sending some photos in papers. We have never received any such and so far as I have known the papers have come regularly. We sat for the family picture yesterday, - had the children as still as mice for several seconds, but the artist (?) did not know enough to snap the machine. Afterward we got two shots but have not yet seen the proofs.

Where is Ben and what is he doing? Your last letter mentions him as being away from home but that is all. Is Elizabeth teaching on Long Hill this year? Have Stanley, James and Ben got so engrossed in their business that they have not time for even a word to a fellow?

We have been planning a house during the past two weeks, and I sent the results thus far to you. Ellen wishes to have on the S.E. corner of her study a round or octagonal window. We have not yet got this in to our satisfaction. This window is her hobby and the little private study is my hobby. I can with this arrangement meet companies of Chinese in the large study, and my desk and work is just off this study. Ellen's study we shall likely use as the family sitting room. Don't you think it will be cosy?

You must all write and oftener
Love to all Will.

[This letter dated Dec. 24, 1899 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He describes his 16 day trip to Ing Hok beginning December 8th. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Dec. 24th 1899.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter rec'd arrived Dec. 20th the last written started Dec. 3rd No. 18.

According to the plans spoken of in the last letter I started on Dec. 8th for Ing Hok. I returned yesterday about 12:45, making a trip of 16 days. It has been in every way a most successful trip. The weather has been perfect; not too warm or too cold, no rain, clear days and moonlight nights. Coolies were good, we were able to arrive each afternoon in good season at the place where we were to spend the night. My health was never better, not an ache during the whole trip- except a little soreness in the calves after a 20 mile walk much of it up a 45 degree mountain pass. I was surprised at my own ability to walk and to keep it up day after day for so long. I have covered 200 miles in the journey on foot. A great deal of this has been over very steep mountain paths both up and down. On the whole trip I have walked twice over less than 15 miles and 8 of these were on the road from Ponasang to the boat.

If you want to follow me on the trip take the last mission report "Happy Valley", and look at the map opposite p. 44. I went first from Ponasang to Gak Liong (5), next day to Ing Hok City (10). There I administered the communion and received one woman to church membership. Mon. walked 20 miles to Ngu Deng Muoi. (14) Held a service for heathen in evening. Tues. walked 3 miles and back in A.M. to call on some ch. members. In P.M. held communion. Wed. walked 18 miles to Sung Kau (16), held communion in evening. Thurs. walked 6 miles to Diong Keng (17) held communion in afternoon and evangelistic service in evening. Had to send the people away just before 10 P.M. in order to go to bed. Fri. 6:15 A.M. on road to Sa Sang (15) 20 miles and 2500 feet up. No work here, two learners both away. Chapel retired so we went to bed early. Sat. 6:20 A.M. on road to Ing Hok City 20 miles. Arrived at 1:00 P.M. In afternoon the messenger came from Ponasang with letters from Ellen and clean wardrobe and fresh provisions. I ate the last of nearly everything for lunch on the road Sat. morning and had a dinner of Chinese food after getting to Ing Hok.

The second Sun. walked 3 miles to Uo Cia (12) held communion, ate a lunch, walked 1 ½ miles to Gak Tau (11) preached walked 1 ½ miles to Dai Uong (9) and preached in evening. This was a hard day's work. Mon. at 6:20 on road to U Ngiang (8) 3000 feet above Dai Uong and 15 miles distant, arrived at 1:00 P.M. Preached in evening, slept that night with Ling Nik Huak the young man who accompanied me on the whole trip. Tues. at 6:10 ready to start but not yet light. Waited till 6:20 off for Puai Sioh (7) 6 miles distant. Down, up, down, up. Stopped 1 hour with the Christians at Puai Sioh. Then walked down to Dai Kau 8 miles at the junction of the branch of the river, running down near (7) and (8), with the main stream. Took dinner here then went on 6 miles to Uong Kang about half way between (6) and (12) in a straight line- and near the sky. The last mile was as bad a path as I ever walked, and at the end of a long day's walk. I was afraid the burden bearers with about 75 lbs. apiece on their shoulders would not make it before dark so rushed ahead up the steep and sent two men back to meet them, but their strength and good nature was better than I credited them with. They came about a quarter of an hour after me all right and happy. Here I held the communion for 4 Christians in the evening. Nik Huak and I were both pretty sleepy- and the bed felt good that night. Wed. A.M. at 6:20 off for Lik Iong about the end of the river on which © is placed. This was a terrible road all the way, 9 miles. Much like our East and West roads. It runs across the mountain ranges, is not a main road. In one place we could scarcely find the path. It is in one place nearly perpendicular. None of us knew the path and we had to depend on information gathered on the way. Pedestrians were few, houses fewer, but we did not once get off the path. At a house outside of nowhere we stopped for tea and the inmates all declared no foreigner had ever been that road before. At another house our very presence scared a year's growth out of a flock of hens. We ate dinner at Lik Iong, accepted a pound of venison and started down the mountain for Lung Chong (6) 3 miles distant. Here we stopped only a few minutes and then went on down down down to Gak Liang, 6 miles. We were tired that night. I knew before leaving Uong Kang that our day's work was to be tough so I packed most of our goods in two baskets making a heavy load and sent one coolie direct to Gak Liang only about 9 miles. The other coolie had a very light load and followed us. Thurs. 5:05 A.M. we were on a boat going down the river. Stopped at Bo Hung opposite and a little above (3) then went on down to Chong Ha (3), arriving for dinner. In the evening held a service. Fri. morning walked over to Nang Seu 3 1/2 miles examined and recommended for admission one man, took dinner with the preacher and family, walked back and went across the river to Deng Chio

(4). Held a service in the evening and examined two persons and recommended them for church membership to be admitted by the Pastor next week. Sat. at 7:30 we started for Ponasang arriving at 1:00 P.M. If God had arranged everything with a view to our comfort alone I do not see that he would have done differently. One of the burden bearers had the shakes the first week. But the days that he was sick we did not travel or made only 6 miles. The second week we had two new men and they were well and strong. When we got on board a boat the wind was in our favor altho it turned square about as soon as we landed.

The general impression that I get of the field is that the work is in a prosperous condition. The station at Sa Sang will be given up and we are considering the opening of three or more new places. I have slept like a brick every night, eaten three square meals and a lunch every day and Ellen says I have grown fat. The hard part of the work is to come tho. Here are about 19 different centers of work to plan for for next year. Which man to place where is the question. In the Ponasang Station this question settles itself because of self support. But in the Ing Hok field some of the churches have only two members and I must do the planning largely. Pray for me that God's will may be done thro me.

Ellen and the babies have been kept well and happy. Geraldine has grown fat. She is too cute for anything-girl idiom- as she waddles about. We had a photo of the family taken just before I started for Ing Hok. I send you 5. Please give to Putnam and White Hills. They are poor photos but perhaps better than none. Please thank Miss Wooster for the \$20.00 from W.C.T.U. 5.00 fr. Grandma 3.10 fr. children. I will write sometime to them. I hope Cousin Erastus [*probably Erastus Bennett, Willard's first cousin once removed*] is all right by this time.

Yesterday we had a gift of a bouncing big gobbler for Xmas and 10 big oranges from our Christmas shop, and a big piece of bacon and 60 oranges from another and a goose and an embroidered cap for W. from Ming Uong who by the way seems well.

Love to all
Will.



This may be the family photo Willard refers to in the above letter. Children L to R: Gould, Phebe, Geraldine.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Gould, Geraldine and Phebe about 1899-1900
[*Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.*]

1900

- The Boxer Uprising in China
- William McKinley is re-elected for President of the U.S.
- The Galveston, TX Hurricane – about 10,000 die
- American Association of Baseball Clubs formed – later to become the American League
- Willard, Ellen and family are in Foochow, China
- Willard is 35, Ellen- 32, Phebe- 5, Gould- 4, Geraldine- 2

[This letter dated Jan. 21, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Miss Wainwright of the ABCFM in Japan is staying in the Foochow missionary compound for a three months rest from her work. Some areas near Ing Hok are calling to have preachers. The appropriations for the new year are the same as the previous year but only half of what they need. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Jan. 21st 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter was written Jan. 3rd. The last received came last year already acknowledged. This week's mail disappointed us in bringing no letters at all. We have not yet heard about your Thanksgiving. I wonder what you would all do. Grandfather is not there to make the center. I have been very much pleased with the good accounts of Grandmother's health. We used the \$5.00 she sent to buy a baby carriage. If we can ever get the time we are going to put the three babies into it and have their picture taken and send one to Grandmother. The carriage is a good strong one and large enough to allow the three children to sit in at once.

Since last writing we have had added to our numbers in the compound Miss Wainwright of the A.B.C.F.M. in Japan. She is tired out and is to stay here till April. At present she is staying with Miss Newton. She is very pleasant and is running in and out of our house making herself quite at home among us.

Jan. 7-15 we observed the Week of Prayer as usual. I had one of the meetings and on the 15th I preached the Bachalaurate sermon in Chinese before the students of the Anglo Chinese College of the Meth. Mission here. This is as good a proof of my power to use the Chinese language in the estimation of others as I have ever had. But with the preparation for these two meetings and attending the Week of Prayer meeting each afternoon, with the regular reaching in the Seminary each morning made a good full week. One of our amah's had four children sick with small pox in her house and we sent her home just before Jan. 1st. One woman can not manage our three cherubs alone, so we took Phebe and Gould to meeting every day except Thurs. when we both did not go. The children behave all right. We have never been troubled with their disturbing the meeting. Gould often improves the time by taking a nap.

This last week has been more than full with the graduating exercises of the various schools. The exercises of the Seminary came last week on Thurs. morning. Seven young men go out. This makes sixteen graduated. And with these there are present in the Ing Hok field two or three places calling for preachers, which must go without for another year at least. One place has been calling for three years and promising to furnish the house and help toward the pay of the Christian teacher. They promise this year to furnish the chapel and room for a school, and \$19.00 and 100 lbs. of rice. This will be not quite half of the preacher's expenses. But for the very beginning of the work it is exceedingly encouraging. I have a man for the place, and am planning to open work in this place with the beginning of the new Chinese year Jan. 31st. One of the graduates of last year's class of the Seminary will go there. Another place in the Suburbs station will take one of the graduates of this year's class, meeting about half their own expenses. This is Sang Gaing "8" on the map in "Self-Support Attained." The people have a house already owned by the church.

I am just now making the final arrangements for the work in the Ing Hok field for next year. It is no small addition to one's duties to make plans for twenty persons or more in eighteen different places. I have dictated a Chinese letter to each worker and one to the members of each church.

The appropriations for 1900 have come. We have exactly the same amount as last year, which is less than one half of what we asked for and must spend, in order to keep the work up.

Jan. 26th. Letters from Mother and Phebe arrived Jan. 23rd dated Dec. 15th.

2 ft. of snow on Guliang Jan. 10th - more here. - All well.

Lovingly Will.



This appears to be a photo (undated) of the plains between Foochow City and the mountains with snow on them.
[*Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.*]

Graduates.

Lin Yu Cheng, Salutatory. Ktien.
"The Possibilities of China."

Miss Lin Hui T'zu, Fuhchow.
"Higher Education for Chinese Women."

Hsiu Ching Wên, Fuhchow.
"Secret Influence."

Lin T'zu Yüan, Valedictory. Fuhchow.
"The Pleasures of Imagination."

Reprinted Press.
FOOCHOW, CHINA.

Foochow College

A. B. C. F. M.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

JAN. 14-17, 1900.



You Are Cordially Invited.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

BY

Rev. Lyman P. Peet.

SUNDAY, JAN. 14th.

10:30 A. M.



President's Reception.

MONDAY, JAN. 15th.

7-9 P. M.

Presentation Day.

TUESDAY, JAN. 16th.

Gowan Hall.

10:30 A. M. { Class Histories.
 { Award of Prizes.

SENIOR RECEPTION.

7 P. M.



Commencement Day.

Peace Street Church

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17th.

2 P. M.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE

COMMENCEMENT

ON THE

Forty-Seventh Anniversary

OF

FOOCHOW COLLEGE,

January 17, 1900.

FOOCHOW, CHINA.
ROMANIZED PRESS.
1900



FOOCHOW COLLEGE.
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

PEACE STREET CHURCH.

WEDNESDAY, 2 P. M. JAN. 17th, 1900.

1. PRELUDE. Schubert, "Impromptu" Opus 142.
2. HYMN. 172.
3. READING OF THE SCRIPTURES. Rev. Cưỡng Gĩng-Bềng.
4. PRAYER. Rev. Dĩnh Lông-Gỗ.
5. Essay: The Possibilities of China, with Salutatory
Addresses in Chinese, by Lữ Ứu-Sĩng of Kutien.
6. HYMN. The Lord is King, translated by Lữ Cữ Ngưỡng.
7. Essay: Higher Education for Chinese Women, by Miss
Lữ Hiê Cữ of Fuhchow.

8. Current Events; by Hậ Gĩng Ủng of Fuhchow.

9. Essay: The Pleasures of Imagination, with Valedictory Addresses, by Lĩng Cậ Nguồn of Fuhchow.

10. English Hymn.

11. Address: How Can Educated Chinese Christians Benefit Their Native Land, by Rev. MYRON C. WILCOX, Ph.D.

12. PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

13. Prayer for the Graduates by Pastor Lĩng Nĩk Sĩng.

14. PARTING HYMN.

15. BENEDICTION Rev. Charles Hartwell.

16. POSTLUDE, "Pilgrim Chorus" from Tannhäuser, by Richard Wagner.

Miss Jean H. Brown

Organist.

HONORS.

Ling Cù Nguồn.
Ling Eù Sing.

Valedictory.
Salutatory.

Hũ Gĩng Ủng.

Miss Ling Hiê Cù.

Làu Còng Dáik.
Dĩng Mĩng Siũ.
Làu Kiềng Ấng.
Dĩng Lĩ Gũ.
Ling Cù Nguồn.
Dĩng Diòng Siàng.
Uòng Gĩng Hók.
Sòng Sẻng Mĩ.
Cỏ Lĩk Dáik.
Hũ Gĩng Ủng.
Dĩng Lẻ Chung.

Liòng Sẻu Cũ.
{Dĩng Diòng Huà.
{Uòng Chiòng Lụng.
{Ling Kĩng Gũ.
{Dảng Sẻu Hiòng.
Uòng Chĩng Ủ.
Dĩng Sẻng Tuàng.
{Dĩng Diều Sẻng.
{Ling Cĩng Gẻng.
{Diều Bẻk Ìng.

Ngũ Dẻng Hĩng.
Uòng Káik Chũng.
Ling Gẻng Ống.

{Ling Iũ Cũ.
{Ling Cẻng Huỏi.
{Lẻk Hẻng Bẻng.
Ling Hẻk Ngẻi.

MOULTHROP PRIZES IN CHEMISTRY.

First Prize
Second Prize
With Special Mention of

Ling Cù Nguồn.
Dĩng Mĩng Siũ.
Uòng Gĩng Hók.

OSGOOD PRIZES IN BIBLE.

Essay on "Daniel"
Examination in English Bible
Bible Catechism

Lĩ Giẻng Gũ.
Dĩng Diều Sẻng.
{Guỏh Chĩng Nguồn.
{Lẻk Hẻng Hĩ.

STEVENS PRIZE IN SPELLING.

Ling Giũ Sủ
With Special Mention of

Ling Kĩng Gũ

[This letter dated **Feb. 18, 1900** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He, Dr. Woodhull and Miss Brown took a trip to Ing Hok and Gak Liang. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission
Foochow, China, Feb. 18th 1900


Dear Folks at Home:-

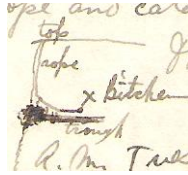
Jan. 21st letter No. 2 started for Shelton. Jan. 30th on Mother's birthday a letter started for Framingham [According to her 1957 obituary, *Phebe Maria Beard was named principal of the kindergarten training department of the State Normal School at Framingham, Mass. in 1899 and served there until 1912.*], Mass. - I should have written in both cases that these letters were written on these dates. - On Jan. 23rd letters came from Shelton, and from Phebe. The last few mails have been very destitute of letters for us. You see it has been nearly a month since we have heard from you. I am afraid also that a long interval is now elapsing in which you are to wait for our letters, because I hear that no mail has left Foochow for Shanghai since Feb. 1st. I hope however this is not so.

Miss Newton started for America Feb. 3rd on furlough. She will spend the cold weather in Cala. coming East in the Spring or early Summer. Her home is some where near Boston. I hope you will have the pleasure of meeting her before she returns to Foochow. I know you will enjoy her and that she will do you good. Mr. and Mrs. Goddard must be home before this. I am looking with much anticipation for a letter from them after their return.

Feb. 6th. Dr. Woodhull, Miss Brown and I started for Ing Hok. Dr. Woodhull went to start the Hospital and leave a recent graduate of the Foochow Woman's Hospital in charge. Miss Brown went for company and for fun. I went to be generally useful and to settle a few details of the work in that station for the year. We were late arriving at Gak Liang the first night. The boatmen stopped three miles below, just at the foot of the rapids and refused to go farther. I told them to stay there meant only \$1.00 for the trip, instead of \$2.00 as agreed. After burning a lot of idol paper and shooting off three canon crackers on they went half way up the rapids to Gak Liang. It was dark, about 6:30 o'clock and they again refused to stir. But the thought of \$1.00 for only one mile and a half started them on and we arrived a little after 8 P.M. The next day we took the road to Ing Hok. The ladies had chairs and I walked. Thus I helped Dr. Woodhull open and look over the Hospital, and consulted with several of the workers near there regarding the work for this year. Friday Miss Brown and I walked up to Gah Tan and Uo Cia- about 3 miles. On Sat. I was busy all day with different men and women planning for the work of the year. Just at night I found a few minutes to pull about three pecks of soft turnips which Mrs. Goddard had left growing, and a few carrots. We just grew fat on these turnips while at Ing Hok and brought the three pecks down with us to divide with the people down here. On Sunday I held communion at the Ing Hok church. Mon. morning we came down the river to Gak Liang. In the afternoon we visited the Monastery near Gak Liang. This is about 1 ½ hours walk from our chapel there. But as many times as I have been near it I have never before felt like taking the time to visit it. It is about 1000 feet above the river, with a good stone road in good condition all the way up. When we arrive we find a great cave in the rock, only with an immense mouth. The Monastery is built in this cave. The opening is perhaps 100 ft long and 50 ft deep



in the deepest part. It is semi circular thus  The buildings need no roofs for the solid rock overhangs so as to form a roof that never needs repairing and that never leaks. In recent years the monastery has been visited frequently by foreigners, both missionaries and business men and officers from Gun boats, Consuls etc. Every party has left a few dimes or larger change, this added to the good deal of money on the place. It is full of little – you would call them Summer houses. These are fitted up for accommodating people who come to the Monastery to worship from a distance and have to stay several days. There is now only one Priest in attendance. He has all fees that come from visitors and worshippers, and the income from quite an area of gardens and rice fields. There are three or four servants to attend and help him in caring for the buildings and the gardens. His “water works” are very interesting. From the top of the overhanging rock at point X on the other page a little stream of water falls over the precipice to the ground about 100 ft. below. The stream would hardly fill an inch pipe, but it is never failing. The Priest has climbed to the top and attached an 1 ½ inch rope, letting it hang down so the water will follow it. The water falls about 15 feet from the kitchen so the lower end of the rope is pulled into the kitchen and tied. The water follows the bend of the rope for a few feet and then drips down a bamboo trough is run out from the kitchen under the rope and catches enough of water as it drips to supply the water needed by the Priest



and his attendants. This saves all drawing of water. The place is very cool in Summer and delightful at any time.

We spent the night at the Gak Liang chapel and got up at 4 A.M. Tues. and were gliding down the river at 5, taking our breakfast on the boat. I stopped at one station on the way down, and we reached the landing at 3:30 P.M. still 8 miles from home. This I walked in 2 ½ hours and found the dear ones all well and happy. Geraldine was standing on the front veranda. The work in the Ing Hok station is now all planned. If it stays planned all's well, but if it gets out of plan it will require more work from me. I expect to be in the field again about the time you are reading this- in March 9th -20th.

Dr. and Mrs. F.E. Clarke are expected here for the national Chinese Y.P.S.C.E. Convention Apr. 4-7. There will probably be few from other parts but this province is likely to be well represented.

This is father's birthday. If I have counted correctly he is 58 yrs. old. Mother was 57 Jan. 30th. Flora will be 31 a week from today. The sum of our ages grows apace as time flies. How gracious has been the blessing of the Father to us during the past 5 years.

Ellen and the children are quite well. I think thus far we have never known a Winter in China when we have been so free from colds and other ailments. The trip to Ing Hok in Dec. was worth every thing to me physically. This last trip was rather lazy. I grew fat. Your letters that must be somewhere on the way, and near Foochow will likely tell us of the vacations at home. I have conducted two communion services today, both in the forenoon, received four men to the church. In one place some of the members I knew had been wicked and had not confessed. It was hard for me. As I walked into the next place, the members stood with bowed heads and two led in prayer after I had gone into the door. They did not know I was there. How my heart filled with praise to God as I felt the reverence and heard the prayers- asking god to cleanse their hearts and make them fit to receive the communion. Necessarily the service was short. But it was a very quiet, orderly, reverent service. Four babies were baptized. I tried to get the promise of the parents to bring up these children to love and serve Jesus but one of the babies had just woke up, and my voice was no match for his.

I am interested to know how the Huntington church is getting on. The reports are not at all reassuring that harmony has as yet been restored.

I'll not close this now hoping to receive letters from you before another steamer leaves for Shanghai to take the mail on to the U.S.

Feb. 20th

Yesterday letters came from Shelton to Putnam. We were glad to hear that all were well. The same mail brought \$60 for the work and the promise of \$100 more. As we must receive about \$400 in these special gifts this year, this is very encouraging.

Love to all from us all
Will.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 25, 1900** was written from Foochow, China by Willard L. Beard to his sister, Flora. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. Willard comments on recent gifts to the mission, plans for an upcoming convention of Chinese missionaries, and the opening of a seminary in Foochow. He also comments on how the Chinese culture values male infants more than female.]*

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission
Foochow, China, Feb. 25th 1900.

My Dear Flora:-

Your good letter came in the last mail, containing the request for a letter direct to you. I have been wanting to do this very thing for you and Oliver but I did not have your addresses. Phebe has her letter before this, and now your address is here.

It is very opportune to write you today. If I count straight you round out thirty one years with this day. I cannot realize that my thirty fifth birthday will never come again. The last letters brought a mine of home glimpses. You cannot realize how hungry I am for the detailed descriptions of each one of the family. I am still at a loss to answer the questions that come to me- as to what kind of a school you are teaching in- public or private- in what grade- on what salary- how many pupils etc. In spending your money to help the younger children get an education you are doing exactly according to my ideal. We have not wanted for anything necessary, altho we have to encroach upon the allowances for the children more than we liked in order to keep the work up. But we are astonished at the way in which God has remembered us this year thus far. In special gifts for all the work in our care we have received over \$350 gold since Jan. 1st. Last week one gift came from the parish of Mr. Davis.- my sem. [*seminary*] classmate- of \$116.06 for Ming Uong's salary and another of \$50 for the support of a preacher in the Ing Hok field. Then Sat. Mr. Hartwell at his own request took over the work of one chapel in the city which was started by me in '97 and of which I have had charge and which was to have cost me \$43. When Miss Newton started for America on furlough Feb. 3rd she handed me a check for \$100 silver= \$50 gold to be used as I liked.

Dr. Lyman Abbott will doubtless remember the promise of the N.Y. State Branch of the Woman's Board to build at Gen Cu Dong a \$5000 church in memory Mrs. Dudley a former President of the Branch. Mrs. S.L. Baldwin at Dr. Abbott's request wrote a brief account of our need for "Outlook" and the Editor added a note to the effect that as soon as the money was raised a cablegram should be sent to "build at once", so that we might not have to wait longer than necessary. This was last June. The cablegram has not come yet and we [*are*] "up a tree" for a building in which to hold the coming Y.P.S.C.E. Convention Apr. 4-7. Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Clarke are to be here. This is the National Convention for China and our largest central audience room will accommodate 500 when packed into the windows and aisles and doors and all over the platform- except room for the speaker to stand. The M.E. Church 2 miles from the center is large enough and some of the mass meetings will be held in it.

Last summer I sent one of the pamphlets "Self-Support Attained" to Mr. Seymour in Washington. I did not have his address and never heard whether he received it. I did the same for Cousin George Baird in Washington. There was talk of the C.E. Societies in Washington and Baltimore taking my support, and I have had some very pleasant correspondence with them. I wonder if Mr. Seymour ever said anything to you about it.

The Theol. Sem'y [*Seminary*] opened Fri last. I shall teach two hours daily. For one hour I shall endeavor to write notes and translate and dictate to the class on the Life of Christ, taking up also the more difficult passages in the Gospels.

Ming Uong has a little daughter a few days old. The Chinese say a girl is =\$1000 gold, a boy =\$10000 gold. Ming Uong's mother said when first informed that she had a grand daughter, "Well if it God's will that we should have a girl, then it is a girl that we want." She is a very earnest, active old lady in Christian work, and a woman of great faith. But a boy is still of greater value to her than a girl. None of us realize the immense blessing of a Christian ancestry.

Ellen and the babies are all quite well. They all join me in sending love and a most urgent request for another letter.

Lovingly,
Will

Mr. Ding Ming Uong with wife and probably baby daughter



This photo has two tissue papers of equal size attached at the tip of the photo. On it is written:

“To Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Beard. [*Oliver Gould Beard*]
From their friends in China with best Christmas greetings.
M.U. Ding and Belle S. Ding.

Mr. O.G. Beard.
Shelton, Conn. U.S.A.”

[*Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson and a copy is also in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]



Photo taken about 1900 and probably when previous photo of Ding Ming Uong with wife and daughter was taken.

The photo has the same backing or mounting and Ding Ming Uong appears to look the same and in the same clothing. Willard sits in the middle seated next to Ellen and Ding Ming Uong next to Ellen. Possibly the Foochow Theological Seminary Faculty.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



This photo appears to be taken the same day as the previous photo but a different setting. Willard and Ellen are in the middle. This is probably a photo of the Foochow Theological Seminary faculty and students in about 1900.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **March 4, 1900** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Consul Gracey arrived back to Foochow with a new wife. Ming Uong's wife gave birth to a baby girl. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
 W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
 Foochow, China, March 4th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter that my register gives started for Shelton Feb. 19th, but it seems as if I had written since then. Perhaps tho the letters which I wrote to Phebe and Flora have confused my mind, this is the forty third letter written for the foreign mail since Jan. 1st 1900, so I dare not trust anything to memory. Letters from you arrived Feb. 19th and 23rd. This must be a short note. I expect to start for Ing Hok again next Fri. March 9th to be gone over two Sundays, and if I do not get this letter off to morrow it will not go for two weeks.

Miss Wiley I suppose arrived yesterday for teaching in the City College. The mail yesterday bro't a letter from Mrs. S.L. Baldwin the Meth. lady in Brooklyn who is interested in our new church at Geu Cio Dong. She writes that \$3000 of the \$5000 is already collected, this means a new church for us this year. I have already made a move toward enlargement. The plans for our new house are just finished and I hope to talk with one contractor tomorrow.

U.S. Consul Gracey arrived yesterday with his bride. He came to the Consulate in '97 with his wife, his two sons and the wife of one son. In the Autumn his wife died. In '98 his wife's sister came out to keep house for

him but she did not like it here and last Autumn he took her to America and now returns with another lady as wife. The new wife is a close friend and parishioner of one of Ellen's neighbors in Union, Conn, also one of my college class mates. Her maiden name was Elsie Curtiss, now Mrs. (Rev.) A. Job of Kent, Conn. She has written Ellen introducing her to Mrs. Gracey.

Ming Uong is the happy father of a little daughter about two weeks old. He seems to be quite well this Spring. The Sem'y is open again with 2 classes instead of three to lighten my load a little. I consider it a very good testimony to the work the school is doing, that beside the regular students there are four men who are taking whole or partial courses this year. These men have been preachers for several years but without having taken a Sem'y course. One of them is walking over two miles to attend the classes. Two others come from places over six miles away and return for Sunday services.

Will you send me Oliver's address. I keep hoping he will write but the letter does not come, so I must write him. Your references to Annie and Olive are always most interesting to us. Annie would like our back yard now with the chickens and turkey. We are almost despairing of getting the turkey fat. It does not eat well. I think we will try it on unhulled rice and if that fails we will give the thing away.

Ellen and the children are quite well. Geraldine is a little waddler she is so fat. She does not talk yet, but understands nearly everything. She thinks Gould is about the best boy on earth. She hugs him and takes all his playthings away, pulls off his hat, pulls his hair and teases him in ways that only a girl could think of. All of which he takes as a matter of course and returning the hugging and kissing- never resisting her impositions. Phebe is quite mature in form and bearing for her age. Gould has a boy's way of crying when it is difficult to give a good reason frequently to his mother's inquiring he responds "I want you." Often he runs up to his mother and hugs her and kisses her with "My dear Mama." Phebe is getting so she nearly dresses herself- each morning. Ellen is using the Kindergarten method with them so woe is me if I teach any letters.

Give out love to Grandmother and Aunt Louise.

Take lots for yourselves

Yours

Will.



On the back in written in Ellen's handwriting: Taken March 1900.

1. Maurice Kinnear, 2. Myron Gould Beard, 3. Phebe Kinney Beard, 4. Chinese boy, 5. Eunice Kinnear, 6. Florence Kinnear, 7. Chinese girl, 8. Paul Kinnear, 9. Chinese girl, 10. Chinese married woman, 11. Chinese girl, 12. Harold Clark (son of Rev. F.E. Clark), 13. Chinese girl, 14. Rev. D. Willard Lyon.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **Apr. 18, 1900** was written by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard had to stay in bed for about ten days although he does not say why. He took another trip to Ing Hok and Gak Liang with the Clarkes and Hinmans. Word from home reveals that Willard's brother, Ben, was married. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

On River Min Below Pagoda Anchorage

On a House Boat

Wed. Apr 18th 1900

Dear Folks at Home:-

As the records are not now at hand I shall have to wait till I get home to see when the last letters were rec'd and sent.

There is a lot of news to tell this time- more than I shall be able to spin out at one time. I wrote you I think about my last Ing Hok trip from which I returned March 21st. On the 25th Dr. Willard Lyon Gen'l Sec'y for the National Y.M.C.A. of China arrived and came to our home to stay. He was on business connected with the Y.M.C.A. but made the time get in with C.E. Convention. He finally remained till Sat. April 14th. We enjoyed his stay very much indeed. He is of our generation in the College and Sem'y world and was connected with the Student Volunteer and Y.M.C.A. movement in our College days and knows some of our College friends and then he [is] about the same age in China as we are so we had good times together.

On March 29th I decided to take a little rest and remained in bed from that day till April 8th when I sat up a few hours. On the next day Mon. I sat up a little more and on the next day Tues. took a chair and went to Kuliang with Lyon and Miss Borts [Bortz]. The journey kept one out of doors all day but I took four chair bearers, and altho I got some tired the trip did me good and I slept like a brick that night. I was in bed during the whole of the Convention so I did not hear a single address. But from the reports it was a successful Convention. The delegates from other parts of China were few. But the audiences of the people in and near Foochow tested the capacity of the churches- about 1200 or 1500 in the audiences. Dr. and Mrs. L.E. Clarke of course formed the chief attraction and

Dr. Clarke spoke nearly every session beside addressing the foreigners three times in English. The Convention closed on Mon. Apr. 9th. On Wed. Apr. 11th a reception was given Dr. and Mrs. Clarke at the home of Miss Garretson in our compound. I was able to attend this.

On April 13th Fri. I started for Ing Hok with Dr. and Mrs. Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. Hinman who had come down from Shaowu to attend the Convention. We arrived at Gak Liang that night before dark with a fine wind all day. The Dr. had a cold just coming on and Sat. morning at Gak Liang he felt pretty badly with some fever and his bones all aching. We waited till 10:00 o'clock and then started in chairs for Ing Hok City. Dr. C. felt pretty badly and was afraid he was in for a siege with Influenza. These country chairs are not as easy as our sedans in Foochow and Dr. Clarke thought we were using him pretty roughly. (At Home 4/19) The last 3 miles of the journey I left my chair and put 3 men on each Dr. and Mrs. Clarke's chairs and we rushed arriving about 3:45 P.M. That night a Chinese woman physician educated under Dr. Woodhull came in to see Dr. C. and Mrs. C, gave him a hot bath and a good sweat and he felt some better in the morning but did not leave the house on Sun. This was a great disappointment to the Ing Hok Christians. We left Mon. morning at 10:00 o'clock, - and had a delightful trip down the river to the foot of the rapids where I had ordered a House Boat to meet us. Dr. Kinnear came on here and we began at once (3:30 P.M.) to tack down stream. That night we six slept on board and arrived at Mr. Hubbard's about 3:30 Tues. P.M. Dr. and Mrs. Clarke went there for the rest of the stay in Foochow. (yesterday Wed.) We all went to Diong Loh in the Pagoda Anchorage field to look at a site for opening Woman's work. There were 13 in the party. The breeze was fine last evening and we came up against the tide in the starlight- a beautiful sail, arriving at Ponasang at 8 P.M. Ellen and the children have been well all the time.

I found a letter from Father and one from Mother waiting me. My last started Mar. 24, No. 5. Ben's marriage was rather sprung on us. [*March 28, 1900 Bennett Nichols Beard married Abbie Jane Hubbell*] We have had no time to give them a present. Where are they living etc. etc. Our hearted congratulations and kisses for the bride our new sister.

The first \$1000 has come for the new ch. The rest is sure. This mail bro't a letter from the Pres. of the N.Y. State Branch. Another young lady has been appointed for work in the Pagoda Station with Miss Borts. Her name [*is*] Miss Vance.

Father's letter was exceedingly interesting. How it makes me long for a nice farm and a rest from all this turmoil. Dwight and Dr. Goddard have bought a little farm and are looking forward with much anticipation to a quiet rest.

We have had strawberries for a week. The weather is getting warm. We are now dressed just as we do on Guliang.

Give our love to all

Yours Will.



Written on back of photo: "Mr. and Mrs. Hinman and Father Endeavor Clark and Mrs. Clark on houseboat on the Ing Hok River."

[Willard is the man to the far left holding most of the pie. From Willard's letter dated June 3, 1900, we know that the pie is pumpkin pie. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



On the back is written in Ellen's handwriting: "Taken April 1900."
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This typewritten letter dated **May 10, 1900** was written by Willard to the Folks at Home. He has awarded a contract to build his new house and will be paying \$3300 for it. Willard will be leaving for Ing Hok again for the Annual Meeting of that field. He tells of visiting a family at Deng Chio where a boy was said to be possessed with the Devil. Willard felt as he left the house that a good spanking would drive the evil spirit away. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
 W.L. Beard

American Board Mission
 Foochow, China May 10th. 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter that we have seen of yours arrived April 6th. almost, I mean over one month ago. I wrote you April 19th. no. 5. The mail came yesterday. I was out when it arrived. When I came in I saw lying aside from the other letters one that had a five cent stamp on it and the Shelton Post mark. It was a good fat one. So I opened and read the others reserving the home letter until last to top off on. When I opened it I found- Ben's wedding announcement. Well I knew that before. Perhaps this came to remind me that I had not yet written him our congratulations.

Since last writing you life has been even, very full of work. I have handed over one of the Seminary classes to the Second Assistant, so that I have now only one hour a day, except on Tues. when I am busy in the class room three hours. The contract for our new house was awarded last Tues. The plan is practically as I sent you some time ago. We pay for all including well and cistern \$3300. silver. The house is to be finished Oct. 15". Beside this we have already begun to prepare for the enlargement of Geu Cio Dong. This business of itself is enough to keep one man busy, so I have to sandwich it in with the other work as best I can.

I start for Ing Hok again next Monday to be gone during the week only. This is for the Annual Meeting of the Ing Hok field. I shall simply go to the city and stay for a two days meeting and return. This will end my country work for the present. Perhaps by next Fall there will be another man to take it. Last Sunday I spent at Deng Chio the nearest chapel in the Ing Hok field. It took me four hours to go and the same time to return. I found a very flourishing work. One church organization and three day schools. All these seem to be doing good work. Sunday afternoon we went out into the country from the chapel to see a man possessed with the Devil. He was at one of the services and his father with him. Both entreated us to come to the house and pray with them. There were five Chinese Christians and myself. We read an account of Christ's casting out a Devil. Then I spoke very plainly telling them there was no other remedy but for the whole house to throw away their idols and depend upon prayer to the true God to stop their trouble. Telling them that there was no help from idols. They said they believed and were willing to destroy the idols. But at this juncture the Devil came and took possession of the boy. He began to spit blood. Seeing this his mother was frightened and called us to see. We however sat still, and after talking as much as I thought best, I suggested that we all pray. While we were standing praying the boy was trying to knock the partition down between us and him. I confess to wondering what would be the result if he should injure himself or should hurt others. This was my first experience with a case of this kind. But inspite of the entreaties of the mother and at last of the father to come and look we stood in our places until the prayers were over. I am afraid that my prayer was a little confused. I know my knees were. After saying that I would see him if it could do any good, but that I thought it might make him only the worse, we went out. As I passed the door of his room it was open. I saw him in a demonical position on the bed. The sight made me feel as if a good raw hide applied with vigor for about three minutes would drive the evil spirit away. I am more and more convinced that much of what the Chinese call devil possession is of the kind mentioned in Acts 8. I could not find as this man had ever injured himself. In the New Test. all the demoniacs injured their own bodies.

We are all as well as usual. The weather continues cool and the children are happy. [*He blacked out the following sentence: Ellen is happy with 1,000,000 silk worms at work.*] I am going to breakfast now.

Love to all
Will.

[*handwritten*]

I address a letter to Ben in this mail to Shelton. - The book that James rec'd is one that we gave Dwight to read on the steamer. He was to send it to James. Will.

[*This letter dated **May 20, 1900** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard decides that he must have had influenza in April when he was confined to bed. He talks about his trip to Ing Hok and Gak Liang. The Consul wants the missionaries to communicate with the Chinese officials through him even though they have been doing otherwise for 30 years. Ellen wants to take the children to Sharp Peak before going to the mountain this year. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission
Foochow, China, May 20th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The mail came yesterday bringing letters from you and Phebe, telling about Ben's and Abbie's wedding and trip. I wrote Ben and Abbie ten days ago and sent a letter No. 6 to Shelton the same day. Since Apr. 18th we had no word from you till yesterday.

The influenza seems to have followed Americans across the sea. Many of the missionaries and the children have had it this Spring. I suppose that was the cause of my staying in bed in April. Gould had it before I did, and the girls have both had it since. They are not well yet altho much better. Ellen seems thus far to have escaped the real disease. I hope she will not make its acquaintance.

A week ago to morrow I started for Ing Hok to hold the Quarterly Meeting with the preachers and other workers. One Pastor, two preachers and a church member went with me from Ponasang. The church member's name is Ciong Go. He is the proprietor of a large and prosperous restaurant here in the Suburbs and went with us to see the country and have a good time. For several days previous to our starting there had been heavy rains both in

Foochow and up in the country. The water in the rivers was very high. But we found a boat and started. On the way up the river we took on preachers and teachers until there were on the boat twelve of us. I have made ten trips to Ing Hok during the five years and a half that we have been in Foochow. Never before have I failed to reach Gak Liang in a day. Nor did I fail this time. The water was very strong against us and there was no wind. We reached the foot of the rapids four miles from Gak Liang at 7:30 p.m. - dark and raining. There is an Inn here, and they could put us up if we would sleep four in a bed. The men said the food was abominable, fleas numerous and hungry. A little after 8 p.m. all decided it would be better to walk on to Gak Liang than to spend the night here. The boat could not go up the rapids in the night. So we started after a little lunch. It took us three and a half hours to make the four miles. About half the path was stone steps, the other half was thro fields and over brooks and muddy. The mud was very slippery and one man, Ciong Go, said he fell nine times. Eight of the men lost the path and arrived fifteen minutes behind the other four of us who walked slower. Ciong Go said when he came into the pastors house at Gak Liang: "Preacher Ming Puong told us when we started that as he remembered the road was stone- paved all the way. I found one stone in one place, two in another place, and two in another place. That makes five doesn't it?" And then they laughed. The Gak Liang pastor had given us up and we had to wake him up. But within ten minutes of the time we arrived he had a big tub in the middle of his parlor floor with hot water in it and a number of pair of feet in it. Soon after all had washed and been fitted with the pastor's pants and shoes, a good meal was served and all were off to bed. The next morning it rained. The water was so high and swift that no boat would start up the rapids. Ing Hok was still up the river twelve miles. After much consultation, and after many expressions of sore feet and muscles we at last decided to call four chairs and take turns riding, and start to walk. The rain ceased and we had a good time going up arriving at 4:30 p.m. finding all the other workers there except one. Some of these men had always lived and stayed here in Foochow, and had previously not been afraid to walk five miles. It did them good to find out what the workers in Ing Hok have to go thro. During all the hardships I heard no word of complaint. Ciong Go whom I feared would be the first to complain was the jolliest of all, and by his good nature and jolly remarks did not a little to make the whole trip enjoyable.

We had an enjoyable and profitable meeting. Preacher Ming Puong of Sang Bo in the Ponasang station preached the opening sermon on "Faithfulness in the performance of duty." He spoke very plainly and straight to the preachers. But his message was given in love and listened to with rapt attention. He said plainly that the Holy Spirit gave him the message. The faithful performance of duty was the key note for the succeeding meetings. I spoke Wed. p.m. for half an hour to the preachers on feeding the souls of the ch. members. I enjoyed speaking and saw no one asleep. The communion was administered Thurs. p.m. and two joined the ch. Thurs. evening the farewell meeting took the form of rehearsing the benefits received during the sessions. It was nearly 10 p.m. before the meeting broke up. Many were the references to the work that Mr. Goddard had done in Ing Hok. Preacher Ming Puong held him up as an example of one who had been faithful in the performance of duty, and had left as monument of the farm of the land and buildings at Ing Hok that would never be forgotten.

We started for home Fri. a.m. at 7:30 on a boat from Ing Hok, stopping at Gak Liang to go up to the Monastery about 2 ½ miles up in the mountains. It rained all the way up and back. We all went bare foot coming down. Well I thoroughly enjoyed the whole trip. There were about four hours of suspense at Gak Liang Tues. morning while we were debating how to get up to Ing Hok. But aside from this I had a good time. It is quite possible to go off with a company of Christian Chinese and have just as good a time as with a company of one's own countrymen. Repeated too often one might get tired of it. But we joked and laughed just as if the company had been Americans. I try as far as possible to be one of them and get the restraint removed. Then the wheels run smoothly.

The mission is just now in a muss with the Consul. Two members of the mission have recently written letters to the Chinese officials. The Consul had expressed himself as not liking us to do this without his approval or rather without first consulting him. It however has been done for thirty years, by all missionaries who had occasion to communicate with the officials. The officials moreover desire us to write them direct instead of thro the Consul. Well last week two of the missionaries received documents from the Consul saying that if they persisted in this course he would withdraw their passports and the protection of the government. We are trying to make him believe that we have the right to address the officials direct. The others are doing the fighting. I am a silent partner thus far. I am going to see the Consul tomorrow on other business. There is no reason why if he is a reasonable man this fight might not be settled amiably.

Gould and Geraldine are just being prepared for bed. They are having their nightly air bath. How they do enjoy running entirely unrestricted. Gould is a wiry little fellow and twists himself into all shapes like a snake. Geraldine is perfect picture of a little cupid. Gould is much troubled with fleas and has to be covered with salve every night. The fleas do not bother the girls or me.

Ellen is talking of taking the children down to Sharp Peak next Fri. for a month before going to the mountain. I shall go down with them if they go and return immediately. The Seminary will close June 13th this year.

I see by the papers that Huntington ch. has a new minister and one of your letters I think spoke of repairing the parsonage. I hope you will write me all about the arrangements. What is his salary? Can the ch. raise it without too much trouble? Etc. etc.

Give our love to all Will.

*[This typewritten letter dated **June 3, 1900** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ellen and the children are at Sharp Peak for bathing in the sea. The preachers of the churches are being careful in admitting people into membership too soon. The foundation of Willard's new house is in place. Hopes are to start building the new church once extra land is purchased. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission
Foochow, China, June, 3rd. 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter started for Shelton May 20th. The last one received arrived May 28th. The May 20th. letter was Nov. 7.

The last letter from mother was very interesting to me because it told so much about the different members of the family. You have no idea how we loose sight of you way over here on the other side of the earth. You move away from us and grow away from us, and marry away from us and we have hard work often to follow all of your movements and keep each one of you in place.

Week before last the mission held its Annual Business meeting. This meant an immense amount of writing for me. But I had it all out of the way before the end of the week. My annual report is also finished so I feel comparatively free just now. Altho I am not stagnating for want of work.

The Seminary has been badly neglected for three weeks now. One week it was the Ing Hok Quarterly Meeting, the next week the Business Meeting, and last week I went to the Peak with Ellen and the children. We started Tues. afternoon at 4:30 and arrived at Mr. Hubbard's at 6:30 p.m. After spending the night and the next morning with the Anchorage friends, we started again at 1:30 for Sharp Peak, arriving at 5:00 p.m. We all walked up to the Sanitarium. Geraldine allowed me to carry her only a fraction of the distance. It is fully one and a half miles. She walked fully one mile. And when she had eaten her supper she buzzed around like some wound-up toy. And even after she was in bed she had a great frolic. All the children and Ellen are quite well. They are a little pale from the heat but this will soon change to a pink under cooler sky's. Ellen wanted to go to the Peak last year for the bathing for a short time before going to the mountain but her illness interfered. This year there seemed no good reason why she could not go. The last week in June they will go to the mountain. I arrived at the Peak at 6:30 Wed. evening and started away at 6:30 Thurs. morning. Wed. evening after super Mr. and Mrs. Hinman, who are now at the Peak went down to the sea with us and we all had a good wetting. I wanted very much to see the children when they first went in, but duty called me to Foochow and Ellen will have to enjoy that all alone.

I should like to be a fly on the window when you read the next sentence. Yesterday I ate four dishes of ice cream. Ate them one after the other, all full dishes. Then I slept like a brick all night. And I have enjoyed good health all day today. There is an ice machine in Foochow and when the hot weather gets pretty tedious we take this way of cooling off about once a year. Mrs. Kinnear has a freezer and the ingredients are furnished by the different ones so that the cost is less than we would have to pay at home.

This morning I preached and conducted the communion at Sang Bo. There were none to unite with the church here. The preacher and the members are extremely careful about receiving new members. This has been the point that I have thought it necessary to speak of most frequently during the past two years. Some of the churches have learned the lesson and are in danger of swinging too far the other way. This it ever is in life. We find it very difficult to maintain an even balance. Ming Uong helped me in the service this morning because the preacher had gone to his old home, Chong Ha in the Ing Hok field, with Mr. Walker, who used to be much interested in Chong Ha. Ming Uong was much pleased when I told him of mother's congratulations over the advent of his daughter, and his own recovery of health.

The Seminary closes June 13th. This is rather early, but we must go according to the Chinese moons in closing and beginning schools. There are thirteen moons in the present Chinese year. This will make the Fall term very long, so we close early this Spring.

The foundations for our new house are beginning to assume form and to look like something. We shall try to begin in earnest on the church very soon. It is important that a little more land be bought to insure the new church against fire. As soon as this is purchased we are ready to tear down, and begin building.

It is very lonely without any one in the house after being accustomed to hearing the life of three robust children. One can endure it for a little time but I have a profound sympathy for those on the mission filed without wife and children to make a place of rest – a home.

The country at home is beautiful now. The meadows are fresh in their new green, the trees are dressed in various tinted robes, the cows never have such distended udders as when feeding on June's grass, the crow is eagerly watching for the first sprout of corn, you are just thinking of "turning the oxen out to grass", and how they devour the tufts after eating dry hay for so many months, the barns are hollow and empty. It is the time between planting and hoeing when we must fix fence and work roads. I wonder if we will be a part of all this two years from now. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard are to return in the Spring of 1901. Naturally we should go the next year.

I am sending under another cover two photos of the party to Ing Hok with Dr. and Mrs. Clark. You will readily know the different ones. Dr. and Mrs. Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Hinman. The pumpkin pie needs no introduction. Please give one of the photos to the Putnam home.

Most lovingly Yours, with kind remembrance to all the friends
Will.

I have been all day today by Matt. 10/42

*[This letter dated **June 17, 1900** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ellen and the children are enjoying bathing in the sea at Sharp Peak. After the Seminary closed for the term Willard began to prepare it to be torn down to make way for the building of the new church. Willard makes his first reference to the "Boxers". He has heard that they have killed and injured missionaries and engineers in Northern China. International allied troops are supposed to be on their way to Peking. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission
Foochow, China, June, 17th. 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote last on June, 3rd. No. 8. I received a letter from Miss Wooster, and on the 16th. one from you.

I have been lonely for two weeks now and over, except that Mr. Walker has taken his meals with me. Tomorrow I expect to be off for the Peak at daylight. I shall stay till Thurs., coming back in time for an examination for church membership on Fri. afternoon. Ellen writes that they have all been well and the children are getting to enjoy the bathing immensely. I was on the mountain day before yesterday. I think there have never been so many foreigners on the mountain at this season of the year since we have been in China, and certainly not previous to that time.

The Seminary closed last Wed. The examinations were held on Mon. and Tues. Six hours each day. I never was so glad of a vacation. After the boys had vacated the building I moved all the furniture out and over to this house, in preparation for the tearing down of the Seminary building to make room for the new Church, The Dudley Memorial. This will leave us without a home for the Seminary. Unless the Board grants us the \$2500 asked for which to erect a new Seminary I do not know what we are to do. But I do know this that I am to walk only one step at a time, and God will light the way as he wishes me to advance.

The mail yesterday brought a postal from the Treasurer of the Woman's Board stating that she had received and paid over to the Treasurer of the American Board the sum of Two hundred dollars (\$200) for the Ing Hok work. If this comes all right I am relieved of all anxiety over the financial side of the Ing Hok work for this year. This money came from Mrs. Emily Seymour of Washington. It is just the sum that the mission asked for in addition to the appropriations. I wonder if she could have heard of this request.

Last week at the examination for entrance to the church at Au long Die one of the members asked a candidate as follows: - (I shall have to translate literally in order to bring out the force of the answer.) "After having embraced the doctrine, suppose you should meet with trouble and should come and ask the church members to help and they should refuse to do so, would you because of that renounce the doctrine?" "I do not embrace you church members, I embrace the doctrine, and the treatment that I receive from you would not effect my relation to the doctrine". This is the most "pat" answer that I ever heard at one of the examinations. It brought forth a peal of

approving laughter from all present. I received three into the church at Au Long Die last Sunday and one at the Au Ciu church today.

Affairs in the North are very serious. The last accounts told us that the "Boxers" had killed two English missionaries and from four to seven German (?) engineers, beside badly injuring several others both men and women. British, American, French, Russian, Japanese, German, and Italian soldiers to the number of about 1000 have been landed and are on their way to Peking. This news is old enough so that the troops must have reached the Capital before this [*In reality, the foreign troops did not arrive in Peking until August 14 or 15, 1900.*]. An engagement took place between foreign troops and the "Boxers" on June 12 in which 50 of the latter were killed. The Chinese troops seem to side with the boxers. It is the general belief that the Empress Dowager is in sympathy with the rioters and secretly sending them orders to proceed with the extermination of the foreigners. It looks very much as if she has got herself into a box now tho. Russia is on hand with a large force and while acting in harmony with the other powers at Peking she is ready for any emergency. The Russian cassocks have been fired upon and wounded. It will be perfectly natural for Russia to demand reparation. But all this is rather political, practically China is at war with all the countries mentioned above. She has not as much courage as a barking dog. At the same time the power at Peking evidently thinks that a few tens of thousands of toughs with spears and tridents can drive the foreigners out of the empire. Thus does the desire for personal gain blind the eyes of the officials even to their own good. God may be taking this method to cleanse the official pot.

The people who need our sympathy most are not the foreigners who have strong military force to protect them but the poor defenseless Christians among the Chinese who have no where to go and no one to protect them. From all accounts one hundred must have been killed up to this time. China needs your prayers as never before.

The reports of the Ecumenical Conference are most interesting. How I should have enjoyed being present! I am glad that some of you could attend. I have not yet heard whether the models of the Chinese houses that I sent arrived in time or not. What an unanswerable argument this Conference was to the Globe Trotters who would have the world believe that missions have not accomplished anything! What an argument also for those who declare that Christianity has lost its force and is already dying out!

Please remember us to all the friends. It is very pleasant to hear how well grandmother is keeping. You must take a special lot of love to her and Aunt Louise.

Yours with love
Will.

*[This typewritten letter dated **June 24, 1900** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He is going to Sharp Peak and then take the family to Kuliang for the rest of the summer. They have heard of churches being torn down and Christians murdered in the north. One church in Foochow has taken their list of members out of public view for safety reasons. The missionaries from Kucheng are coming to Foochow for safety. Rumor is that Emperor Guang Seu was murdered by orders of the Empress Dowager. The children enjoy swimming in the sea at Sharp Peak. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission
Foochow, China, June, 24th. 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter started a week ago today or rather I wrote it then, i.e. June, 17th. Your last I acknowledged in that. A mail came yesterday but it brought no letter.

Last Monday I went down to Sharp Peak as I wrote a week ago. I returned on Thurs. to attend an examination for entrance to the church at Sang Tung Gio. We admitted two men who were received today at the communion. Next Sunday is the last communion for this season. I expect to start for the Peak again tomorrow morning and which we wish to attend on Thurs. evening. Then Fri. morning we are off for the mountain to stay all Summer I hope. It is a hard trip down to the Peak, an all day's sit in a boat. Last week I was on the boat and going down stream at 4:30 a.m. I reached the Peak at 6:30 p.m.

There is plenty of excitement here just now. Affairs in the North are becoming more serious each day. But you doubtless get the telegrams as soon as we do here. The news that churches have been torn down and Christians murdered in several places is of most importance to us. The Church members, especially the newer ones and the weaker ones, are very much afraid. They are not afraid of the Boxers, but there is a large mass of people in and about all these eastern cities that expect to live off plunder. At such a time as this they hope for an opportunity to

work. They make all sorts of threats and these are magnified by an excited populace and it requires good sense and nerve to tell the truth and at the same time quiet the fearful.

The custom here in Foochow is for each church to write the names of the members and the church officers on a board and hang it in a conspicuous place in the church. One church has taken these down and put them out of sight, on account of a rumor that spies were about making lists of the names of church members, ready for trouble. Another pastor came to me to ask if it would be all right to omit the evening preaching service for a time. I told him I thought it would be well to omit it. This service is intended entirely for strangers and it might serve only to excite. Pastor Bang Ho of Geu Cio Dong said in regard to fears of the members, "This anxiety may prove a great blessing to us. During the China-Japan war we were very much excited, but as a result of the troubles of that time the churches were full and very many received to membership.

At five o'clock the mercury stands at 91 degrees in the coolest place in the house.

I have a note from the Consul written at 5 p.m. stating that there is no news for the past few days. The Viceroy of all provinces and other high officials have been notified that foreign soldiers have been sent to Peking to put down the Boxers and to protect the foreigners. The missionaries from Kucheng will be down this week. The latest news in the papers left the foreigners in Peking in a very anxious state. This was last Tues. As no news has come from them I have hopes that the foreign troops have reached there and they are safe. There was a report yesterday to the effect that the Emperor Guang Seu [*or Guangxu*] had been killed by order of the Empress Dowager while he was trying to escape from the palace. I hope this is also only a rumor.

Last Monday was Phebe's fifth birthday. Ellen gave her a little party which however came off on Tues. because Mr. Peet's children were to arrive at the Peak on that day. There were Hubbards, five; Peets, three; Kinnears, five and Beards three at the party. It would have done you good to see those children eat. Everything passed off very pleasantly without a cry from the little ones, and all expressed themselves as having had a very pleasant time. A large wax doll which arrived from Putnam two weeks ago was the present that caused looks of envy from the eyes of the other little folks, but Phebe is very generous with it and does not object to another person holding the doll for a time. Gould however thinks that he should be entitled to a doll and to a "girl doll". He has not cried for ribbons yet.

Wed. afternoon we were all down for a bath in the sea. Gould goes in like a duck. It makes no difference to him whether any one else is with him or not. He fairly enjoys the waves. He sits down in the water or gets on his knees where it is a foot deep and waits for the waves to strike him. The waves dash over his whole body sometimes wetting his head but he counts it only fun. The other day he had his mouth open as one struck him. His mouth was filled with salt water but it was all the same- only fun. Geraldine likes her bathing suit on but she wants the water a long distance away.

Remember us to all the friends, With much love, Will.

*[This typewritten letter dated **July 1, 1900** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard found the people at Sharp Peak anxious about the news from the North regarding the Boxers and these people did not think it safe for him to go back to Foochow. They did return but there was a flood which caused houses to float away and 3 spans of the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages to wash away. The church is helping feed the unfortunate. He is concerned that the Allied troops have not yet reach Peking. He feels the flood in Foochow is diverting their attention from the Boxer problem. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission
Foochow, China, July, 1st. 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote a letter last Sunday, just before going to Sharp Peak. No mail has come this week. It has been a week full of excitement. The trip down to the Peak was a quick and pleasant one, a good wind in my favor all the way. I made the forty miles in five hours, found the wife and children all right. But I also found the other people so wrought up over the news that came from the North, that they were unwilling to have us start for Foochow as we intended to do on Wed. morning. I had written the Consul that last thing Sunday afternoon and received his reply that in Foochow everything seemed to be quiet, that officials were taking all possible steps to suppress any disturbance that might appear, in its earliest stage. But rumors were thick and of all kinds. They had reached the Peak. There is a Telegraph station at the Peak and of course the operators are not allowed to tell any news that comes over the wires. All sorts of interpretations were put on the "reticence" of the operators when news was talked

of in their presence and some of the people had worked themselves into a state far from quiescent. To pacify them I promised to write the Consul again and ask him if he thought it wise to move to Guliang. Mr. Peet, Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Hartwell were going to Foochow to get their valuables and lay in a supply of food for the Summer. They took the boat that we intended to go up in on Wed. They started Tues. The boat got back to the Peak on Wed. afternoon, bringing a note from the Consul to the effect that Foochow was as quiet as usual, and no alarm felt by Consuls and merchants. So we were on the boat Thurs. morning at 7:30 starting for Foochow. The wind was very high and right in our faces. It was necessary to tack. The waves were ten feet high and our boat was a mere top on their crests and in their troughs. At times they broke over the whole bow and drenching everything. We were able to keep dry however, but the river soon demanded our breakfast. Every one of us succumbed. We stood it til about 9:30 o'clock, when Ellen thought it was better to stop and wait for smoother water. We anchored till 8:00 p.m. and started again with a gentle breeze that lasted for tacking till midnight, when we were at the Anchorage (Pagoda). Then the river turns and brings the wind in our favor. It was raining some all the time and was quite dark. The children slept fairly well. But we preferred to keep our eyes open. We had a good breeze and seemed to be fairly spinning thro the water. But looking at the shore we moved very slowly. Then the boat seemed to strike an obstruction, which proved to be drift wood. It was then that we perceived that there was a big flood in the river, and it was necessary to keep the sharpest lookout to avoid a catastrophe. At five o'clock we were within a mile of our house, but all was water. The wind had died down and it was impossible to get the boat up to the usual landing, so we went up a creek which flows into the river about a mile below Foochow, and which winds about and goes within half a mile of our compound. The rain now began to fall in torrents. We could find no place to land. At last we found a small boat that engaged to take us to a place where we could wade and get to the house. We dared not think of taking any of our things except what could be put into my little hand bag. Ellen took off her dress skirt and her shoes and her hat. I was also minus shoes and hat. The children in the same condition. We were on this small shell of a boat for nearly an hour trying one way and another to get to a path on which we could walk to the house. We fully expected to have to wade for some distance in water knee deep. But fortunately we hit upon a way that took us to within three minutes walk of the house and there was no water on the stone road. We reached the house at 9:30. This was nine hours and a half from the Anchorage, a trip that ordinarily is made in three hours. But we were safe in the old home again and were profoundly thankful that God had kept us from harm.

When we started we fully expected to arrive in time to attend a wedding in the Meth. mission on Thurs. evening. We found Mr. and Mrs. Hinman at Ponasang. They had come down from Guliang the day before and attended the wedding. Fri. morning the water was so deep on the road to Guliang that after two attempts to cross the plain they had given it up. We were prisoners on the little hill, now an island, of Ponasang. Our boy knew we were coming and bought provisions for a day or two. The Hinmans had almost no food. We have been living tho thus far quite comfortably. A shipment of goods from San Francisco had just arrived and with this to help we are all right.

The rain continued to fall all day Fri. and Sat. and today it still falls lightly. The water rose to heights that the oldest inhabitants never knew. People who lived on the lower ground moved into the lofts of their houses, only to be driven to the roofs, then to be carried off by the water if they were not fortunate enough to find a boat to save them. All sorts of furniture goes down the current right over the rice fields. Many houses have fallen and have been washed away. In one ward out of sixty houses twelve are now standing. From what I hear I should judge that the number of the drowned would reach into the hundreds just here in the Suburbs. Many high mud walls have fallen and killed persons who were near them. In some places where two mud walls twenty feet high stood on either side of a narrow street, they have fallen and nearly to get about some. Three spans of "The Bridge of a Thousand Ages" have gone down before the mighty force of the water. The rice crop is nearly destroyed.

We prayed yesterday morning that we might find some way to help the poor sufferers. Mr. and Mrs. Hinman wanted to get to the mountain very badly. So I sent a man out to find a boat to take them over the rice fields. He said the boats were all engaged in rescuing people from the tops of houses. He chanced to mention that a great number of poor people all drenched had taken shelter in a temple on a hill near us. These people had nothing to eat. I at once called the pastor of Geu Cio Dong and consulted with him about a feeding them. So we are feeding about 500 people yesterday and today. I hope by tomorrow they will be able to care for themselves.

This morning a man came over from Ha Puo to say that one of the fire walls there on our property had begun to go over. Fortunately it was coming over on to our own property. It will cost me \$60 or over to put it up. I had a mason go over and pull it down immediately so it should do no harm to any one.

News from the North is scarce. The last we hear Seymour had tried with a few hundred soldiers to go to Peking and relieve the Foreigners. He had not been able to reach the city and was obliged to turn about and fight his way all the way back with the loss of fifty or more of his men. This is very bad. All the ministers and the merchants and the missionaries and their families, beside the missionaries from Cheefoo are in Peking. We have not heard from them for three weeks. All communication by rail or telegraph is cut off. We know that large numbers of the

Church members there have been murdered, together with many of the servants of the foreigners. George Wilder and his wife are there. Lyon and his wife I think are in Tientsin, which is safe.

A colporteur [*colporteur*] told me yesterday that the other day as he was selling books he was told to put those Christian books out of sight. They were of no more use. The church was about to be destroyed. If he did not keep still about his Christian doctrine they would throw him into the river. But he talked calmly to the men and the crowd subsided. The flood has diverted attention for the present.

[*handwritten*]

Mon Evening. Letters from Phebe and mother came today. We expect to start for Guliang tomorrow morning. Flood did much more damage then I knew of yesterday.

Love to all
Will

[This typewritten letter dated July 8, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The flood in Foochow and the Boxer problems in the North have made church audiences small. The flood caused more damage than Willard previously thought and thousands may have been killed. News from Peking is that the foreigners are in the British Legation and are under heavy artillery fire. Some in Foochow are leaving for Japan out of fear. Others, including Willard's family, are going to Kuliang for the summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, July, 8th. 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote you one week ago today, I think. No letters have arrived since then. We were surrounded with water at that time waiting for a chance to go to the mountain. The water subsided on Monday and we got off for the mountain on Tues. morning. I came down yesterday to hold communion at Dung Song. One man was received. The troubles in the North and the rumors that result from them in Foochow made the audience small. The disasters from the flood perhaps were as great a cause as the other two.

After the water went down I learned that the flood had done more damage than we knew of at the time of writing last week. There is one place between here and the city where the houses on both sides of the road are swept away as clean as if a fire had burnt them. About one hundred houses were thus carried away. Between Ponasang and the foot of the mountain Ellen counted 36 places where walls had fallen. In some of these places a dozen houses had been crushed. Coming down yesterday I took a different road to go to the city. In one place the idol temple had fallen. The idols lay staring into sky, about a dozen of them, perfectly helpless. The preacher from Upper Bridge was down yesterday and said that a temple there had been washed away. The people said there was no good in worshipping such idols as those, that could neither care for themselves nor their houses.

It is very difficult to estimate the loss of life. I think I wrote of hundreds last week. It must be in the thousands. Thousands beside are left homeless and with nothing to eat. The friends of many of those who lost their lives could not procure coffins for burial. A subscription of 3500 has been raised among the merchants and other foreigners for the relief of the sufferers.

News from the North is still scarce. We have heard from Peking this week. Sir Robert Hart sent a courier from there with the news that the foreigners were in the British Legation [*embassy*], under heavy artillery fire. He thought they could hold out for 24 hours. Later all the legations were ordered out of Peking. This looks a little as if China was preparing to go to war with the powers. Of course you know the German Minister has been killed and that the Germans retaliated by burning the Tsung Li Yamen. The report is that Germany is sending a large fleet out here to see about matters. It looks very much as if this time matters would not be "patched up." My worst fears are that the powers will get to quarrelling among themselves over the trouble and then the latter state will be worse than the former. [*The book, The Boxer Rebellion, by Diana Preston, gives a thorough account of the events taking place in Peking.*]

Thus far in Foochow there is outward quiet. Every one feels the gravity of the situation tho, and some are going to Japan. Rumors continue, altho the flood has dampened the ardor of those who were fostering them. God has given them something else to do and something else to talk about in the distress from the flood.

Owing to the flood and the serious news from the North the celebrations on the Fourth were very meager. Gould teased for a bunch of firecrackers. We bought a bunch. Then he wanted them fired off immediately. I lit some of them. As soon as the noise began he ran to his mother and hid his face in her dress. We do not know what has

made him so afraid of firecrackers, unless it be that Phebe has always been afraid of them and he has caught her fear. Two years he just shouted when he heard them. He would nearly climbed over the veranda railing to get to them. I think however that he begins to realize that it is not manly to be so afraid. And I think another year will see him all right again.

While Ellen was at the Peak Mr. Walker went to our mountain cottage. We expected he would go to the Peak soon after we came to the mountain. But when we arrived at our house on the mountain and he found how many were in the sanitarium at the Peak he wanted to stay at the mountain. So we told him to stay as long as [he] wished to. This makes it a little crowded for us. But this is compensated by his being there for company for Ellen while I am away, as at this time.

Owing to the situation the people from Amoy have not yet come to Guliang. Most of the Foochow contingent is there, and the mountain begins to appear lively. Our chapel is in good condition and experts say it will stand the typhoons. Our new house is progressing slowly. The foundation is nearly finished. The money for the Dudley Memorial Church is slow in coming and the present troubles are not conducive to rushing things of that sort. So we are only planning as yet.

I know you are remembering us and this poor old wreck of a country in every prayer. May God have mercy on China. And may he control in the deliberations of the powers in regard to this country.

Very affectionately Yours

Will.

*[This letter dated **July 29, 1900** was written from Shanghai, China by Dr. H.N. Kinnear to Willard (Bro Beard). Dr. Kinnear, as a physician, advises Willard to move his family to Japan as soon as possible so that Willard would be away from the strain of the current situation and be better rested to resume work in the fall. Dr. Kinnear describes the challenge of getting to Shanghai. The letter is updated by Dr. Kinnear saying that the situation is sounding worse than before. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

From The
Treasurer of Foochow Mission
A.B.C.F.M.

Shanghai, July 29th 1900

Dear Bro Beard-

I was not at all satisfied with my own failure to communicate with you at the mountain a week ago- but the rush of getting off used all of the time and I write now to send on the next down steamer- by this time you have probably heard of all the reasons pro and con that led us to get our families away, and of the time we had at Pagoda- and will know how many of the reasons for our going apply to you- It seems to me that everything that influences us should have about the same weight with you- with the additional one that you have staid closely at Foochow- a long time and need the change of a summer away- It is a long way from a picnic to go off this way and I doubt if there is a man in the crowd that would not prefer to go back if the reasons for leaving the port did not still hold good, but we are all fully convinced that we have done the wisest thing.

I am writing all this to say that in view of the fact that the end of the business is not in sight, - that it is summer when we ought to be resting in quiet- that the nerve strain of hearing rumors of trouble one day and of safety the next- is bound to unfit you for work in the autumn- that in case of trouble it is difficult to move a family quickly- that you are in a condition demanding nerve rest- which cannot be had on Chinese soil this summer,- I urgently advise that you move your family to Japan as soon as you can come. This is my advice as physician- and I have no hesitation in saying that the mission will uphold you in acting upon it. There may be no trouble in Foochow- but there will be anxiety until matters are settled.

I think we get no new or important light upon the subject here, but the magnitude of the trouble grows upon one and it all seems more real and more terrible than it did at Foochow. The steamer that we came up on, the "Hsin Fung"- was at Taku- at the time of the bombardment- and some of the officers went on shore in the morning and brought away some relics (?)- a new Mannlicher rifle- a Nordenfelt taken from the hands of a dead Chinese- an officers sword- a shoot sword- piece of an exploded shell and the feeling that seeing the things and talking with people here gives me - is that a war is on that means a great deal- rather than a local uprising that will soon be over. Of course such impressions must be taken for what they are worth only. The most significant thing I have heard here was told me by Mr. Lyman. He says that Chan Chi Tsing[?] has notified the foreigners in his province that he fears he cannot control his troops more than a week longer and requested them to leave as rapidly as possible- and three hundred missionaries are expected in S. during the next few days as a result. My motion is that if he cannot

control his well-disciplined troops- no viceroy can, and that the Hunan hatred of foreigners may be pretty certainly depended upon to show itself if an opportunity is given. If this is true, there is no reason for assurance that there will be no trouble in Foochow which did not hold at Peking and Tientsin- before trouble commenced.

Here at Shanghai there is no undue anxiety felt- trouble is not expected and yet there is a serious appreciation of the seriousness of the situation, and no one makes light of the possibilities. There are 5000 well drilled troops, and at the arsenal beyond the city are a lot of arms and ammunition. There is an enormous amount of loot here, and of course, the full allowance of bad Chinese, good forts protect the entrance of the river which is easily stopped- and the few gun boats here at any one time, would find it difficult to take care of the large community of foreigners here- so even here it is not all one sided- in favor of the foreigners. The volunteers have been increased until there is quite a company- but there is a limit to the number of bullets they can fire.

We have had a hard week getting here. Monday P.M. took house boat for Pagoda- arriving in the evening, settled at Hubbard house for the night- early in the morning Tuesday- we saw the Lacy party (Misses Glenck, Longstreet, Mrs. Bosworth, Mrs. Plumb-Simesters and Lacy's coming up the walk. They had one servant- but our men had not been paid and staid by- so we got bread etc from Manni[?] and managed to live. We expected to sail Wed. morn'g but were told sailing was delayed, so made beds at the woman's school and Borts house for the crowd, leaving Hubbard house for the Peets who came Tues. ev'g. We did not live like princes but got along as well as any crowd would under the circumstances. We commenced getting to ??- moving baggage over Wednesday morning and kept three sampans busy during the P.M. The cap't gave different hours of sailing to different persons, but we supposed he would really start Thursday but finally he hoisted one anchor at 5 P.M. Wednesday while I was at customs jetty waiting for sampan to come back for us. However we got on board- an officer gave up his cabin with one berth and lounge to Mrs. Plumb and our family- but we found it too hot to sleep in and with most of the party slept in saloon or on deck- leaving Chinese girl and two of children in cabin. Had trouble finding anyplace to stay but Dr. Wilcox has had rooms reserved for the M.E. party at the Astor house, and by doubling up they let us in. I never expected to put up here by [*but?*] am forced to do so now. We have a room with a ¾ bed and lounge. By putting bed and lounge together Mrs. K and the three youngest can sleep under the large netting the rest of us sleep on the floor on steamer rugs etc. If you come and get in late in P.M. pay your board on steamer for night- then go to union church to reception Com who are looking out for missionaries. If a man comes on steamer with yellow badge, he is the member of Com sent to meet you. They are finding great difficulty in finding places for people and it will be useless for you to try to find a place in any other way.

Yesterday morning Peet and I went out to get passage and the best we could do was a French mail sailing Wed. on Thom. If you can get the big liners a second class passage wh. we got is good enough- for any body. Later in the day Lacy tried to get tickets for his party at the place and they refused to sell saying that they had had forty five applicants already and were only sure of having seventeen berths to sell.

Thus far we find Shan. cooler than Foochow- but the steamer was terrific- we brought our party here in rickshas and Buo-ing nearly put her jaw out of joint grimacing at the novelty of riding that way. She is proving an invaluable help to us on the journey and seems to be taking in a good deal.

Hoping you will get away soon. I remain

Yours truly

H.N. Kinnear [*Hardman N. Kinnear*]

I will send you a letter from Kobe fr. Mr. Evans- advising you as to where to go in Japan- providing I can get an information of use to you. In the absence of such a letter buy S.S. ticket to Kobe and go to the girls college.

Monday Mng.

Dear Beard- Things are said to be more serious here this mng. Massacres reported from just south of Fukien- in Che Kiang by our old friends the vegetarians- and from We an Hung chan. It is said that cannons are being put on the wall of the native city here and people are expecting trouble before long. In view of this and of the fact that it will be almost impossible to get passage from here hereafter- you better go to Hong Kong I fancy and take steamer from there. It will be more expensive but safer I think.

Yours in hast-

H.N. Kinnear

[*Added by Willard before forwarding on to the U.S.:*]

Dear Folks at Home:-

This letter written a year ago may be of interest to you. It will at least give you another glimpse of the factors in the problem that we had before us at that time.

I am writing this July 3rd at 10:30 a.m. I expected to be at Guliang by this time. But a flood makes me prisoner. I enclose Ellen's last note written Monday (July 1st) evening. The flood will injure rice crops seriously but it will help stop the plague.

Lovingly,

Will.

*[This letter dated **July 29, 1900** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The missionaries have been advised to leave Foochow and many have left for Japan or the U.S. Willard at first planned to leave but found many missionaries on Kuliang had not and they now had more updated information on the situation. The Chinese Christians have been openly told that they will be killed but local officials are keeping control. Willard states in his letter the three reasons why he decided not to evacuate his family from China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission
Foochow, China, July 29th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

July 20th I wrote last. It seems ages since we have heard from you. The last letter arrived July 2nd.

These have been anxious days for the whole community. Many have decided to leave for safer places. I wrote you of the anxiety felt on July 17 and 18, and how near some of the people came to deciding to leave then. Mr. and Mrs. Main and Dr. and Mrs. Skinner of the Meth. Mission left on Sat. July 21st. Mr. and Mrs. Main and two children for Japan. Dr. and Mrs. Skinner and two children for the U.S. owing to Mrs. Skinner's health. On that day some of the people were in Foochow and the next day, one week ago today they asked for a meeting of American citizens to discuss the situation. It seems that many of the pastors and preachers of the Meth. mission strongly advised the departure of the missionaries on the ground that it would lessen the danger of the Chinese Christians if we were out of the way. The Consul also advised our going. In view of these two considerations I advised leaving Foochow, but said I would not take the first steamer. I wanted first to get some of our more important property at Ponasang, then go with Ellen and the children to Pagoda Anchorage and unless the situation changed take a later steamer for somewhere- perhaps Japan, perhaps America. With this plan in our minds, I went down to Foochow Mon. July 25th, and arranged money and other matters for leaving the port and sent for a lot of things to be taken to Pagoda Anchorage expecting that about half of our Am. Board people would go to the Anchorage that afternoon, and I returning to the mountain that afternoon would go the next morning to the Anchorage with the rest. Well, I was sorry, after I had been in Foochow and had talked with Chinese both Christian and heathen, that we had decided to go. So I was prepared to rejoice when I got back to Guliang and found not one of our mission had left. They had heard better news from other sources than the news of Sunday and decided to wait till I returned before moving. I strongly advised remaining quietly here as long as present conditions existed. So here we are still. Dr. Kinnear and Mr. Peet have gone with their families to Japan. Mrs. Hubbard on Fri. wrote asking us to go with her and their children leaving Mr. Hubbard at Pagoda for a time, but we declined. About 40 ladies of the Zenama Society, England are ordered home without option by the home society. Some of them refuse to obey and will remain. A cablegram came arrived from Boston on Fri, "Hartwell, Foochow Mission leave if best." This is equivalent to authorizing us to use our own judgment. The Consuls all say there is no danger. The French Consul has not called the French Priests in from the country. The business men feel safe. Not one has even moved his family from the port. The families of most of them are here on the mountain with us. The wife and daughter of our U.S. Consul are here with us. This however is not saying that there is no danger. There is a large amount of very threatening talk in Foochow, and the villages near. We are told openly that we are to be killed. The Chinese Christians are continually told this. July 8th was set for the day. Then July 14th. Then the City and Suburbs were placarded notifying and calling on the people to rise and destroy Christians and foreigners and all churches and foreign buildings on July 26th. These dates have all passed and there has been no damage done. The rabble are kept down by the officials. It is due to the vigilance of the officers and to this alone that there had been no outbreak. The higher officials dressed in citizens clothes go about the streets with soldiers also in common apparel, and if any one is heard talking in threats he is beaten on the spot and perhaps imprisoned. A threat was made on our house at Ponasang, but the official on hearing it immediately went himself and put a special guard there. A week ago today services were held as usual in

the churches with good audiences. I learned yesterday that at Geu Cio Dong one man will join the church today. This was a rebuke to my weak faith. I had said to my self that at this communion there would be no additions surely. Think what it means. Streets placarded with notices that all church members are to be killed. These ch. members told every day that they are about to die. A large element of the population crazy for plunder and rapine, kept from acts of violence only by fear of the officials! In the midst of this a man voluntarily casting in his lot with these despised ones.

It may be a mystery to you why we do not leave. There are three reasons for our staying as long as we think it not absolutely necessary to leave. 1. It will take a lot of money to go away and money is not any too plenty now. It will also involve the loss of more or less personal property to leave. 2. It is the worst time in the year to take children away. The steamers are all crowded, the hotels in all the ports are jammed. Japan is full of refugees from China already. It would be a hard pull on our own physical strength to take the family away. 3. And chief. It will be a great injury to the Chinese Church. I have not yet explained to my own satisfaction why the Chinese pastors and other helpers advised some of the missionaries to leave. I know only that these advisers had received three months pay in advance and that, altho they promised to stay and work on as usual, they were all gone two days after they had received their pay. One incident will suffice to show how our action influences the Chinese. I told Ming Uong last Monday that we expected to go to Pagoda and possibly farther. He immediately said he was going to take his wife and sisters off into the country. He moved his wife to his fathers home that evening. The next morning he heard we were not going. He wrote me he had decided not to move his wife and sisters. Mr. Lacy and Mr. Simester and families with several single ladies sailed with Dr. Kinnear and Mr. Peet. Following the departure of these was a great exodus of Chinese Christians from the city to the country. Our coolie refused to stay at the house at Ponasang, but when he found we were not going he went back all right. I earnestly hope God will allow us to remain.

Of news from Peking there is none. It is futile to write our fears. The last heard from them direct was on June 24th. They were then calling piteously for help. One can hardly call on God to have mercy on the perpetrators of the crimes committed in this Empire during the past month. It must be as Christ prayed on the cross- "for they know not what they do." The weather has been perfect on Guliang this month. We have had no rain since July 3rd. Rain is badly needed now to save the potatoe crop all thro this part of the country. My right hand man was down from Ing Hok yesterday. He said the disturbed condition of the country was second in importance to the high price and scarcity of food. In one place about fifty miles beyond Ing Hok people are reported to be starving. In Foochow rice is \$7. per load when it was \$5. a few months ago. This of course agravates the other trouble.

We have all been quite well this Summer. Mr. Walker is still with us. It has been very much to my peace of mind, and to Ellen's also, that he has been here for company for her in this troublous time while I have had to be away.

The Guliang Convention began this P.M. with the preaching service at 5 o'clock. I have a meeting Wed. afternoon. The audience will be small this year compared with the past few years.

The children are in their night gowns and are making noise enough for you to hear if your ears were keen enough. Geraldine is not a whit behind when it comes to making a noise. She has to stop periodically and run to me with "Papa, ba" whatever that means. We have not yet taken her to church. She is now trying to drink from a tall quart bottle that we keep water in. It's too much for her.

You are all at home now on vacations. Haying is almost over. Picnics and visiting are about to begin. I hope you will find time for a word now and then to us.

God is very near and real these days. It is a great comfort to know that you are all praying for us.

With Love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Aug. 5, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard has heard that men of Shaowu looted churches, Christian houses and foreigners houses. Damage was done to the houses and churches and some of the missionaries belongings were burned. More than 1/2 the members of 2 of the churches have turned away from the church. Willard and Ellen are keeping calm in the midst of the troubles in China. Since the flood they are now having a drought and crops are drying up. News sounds more hopeful from Peking. However, nine foreigners were killed in Shansi. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission
Foochow, China, Aug. 5th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last week has brought a letter from you and two from Putnam. I wrote a week ago today. The important event of the week has been the news of the looting of the churches, Christian's houses and foreign houses at Shaowu. No persons were injured. The raid was made Tues. July 24th beginning in the afternoon and continuing thro the night. The walls and roofs of the buildings are left. Doors, windows, partitions and floors were taken away or destroyed. All the winter clothing of our missionaries was burned together with their books and any other things the looters did not care for. The looters were Shaowu men, gamblers and others who hated the right and who wanted to plunder. The first news reached us last Monday morning at breakfast time by special messenger. The next day but one other letter came telling more details and saying that everything had been quiet till the letter from the Consul to the Foochow officials telling them that missionaries could not communicate directly with the Chinese officials, arrived. Then the rabble began to say this letter allowed of the looting of churches and houses, and the talk was put into action. The Shaowu pastor, evangelist and a Chinese Christian, a druggist, arrived yesterday. During the raid they had recognized twenty men whose names they gave the Shaowu magistrate. He himself told these three men that because of the information given their lives were in danger, and requested that they leave for a time. This magistrate at the time of the raid did all in his power to avert the raid and had his chair broken in pieces by the raiders and was obliged to walk back to his yamen. The other local officials did not help him in his good efforts. I do not know what you may have heard concerning this matter. Mr. Walker cabled the Board of the destruction of the property. Many of the Chinese Christians lost everything, but no one was injured. The Catholic mission fared the same as ours. At the time there were three French Priests in Shaowu. They escaped and are in Foochow. These are the facts of this case and I think all the important facts.

Now as to the bearing of this raid on the situation in Foochow. Probably it will not affect the situation here at all. The raiders were Shaowu men- not even a secret society. They are known and are already alarmed at what they have done. The Viceroy promises immediate punishment and we have proofs of the carrying out of his good promises.

This morning the Pastor and evangelist conducted the Chinese service here on Guliang. They were themselves living examples of the power of God's Holy Spirit to keep in the hour of peril. Their earthly goods are all gone. They are in personal danger of life. Yet the pastor's prayer was only of praise and Thanksgiving to God for his wonderful grace that sustains. The only petition was that God would in mercy forgive sins. Preacher Diong's testimony to the comforting and sustaining power of God was beautiful. He said that most of the church members were standing true. Some had rejected Christ- torn down the Sabbath calendar and put up the ancestral tablets.

I received word on Thursday that a raid had been made of the Deng Chio chapel- the one nearest Foochow in the Ing Hok field- four seats had been taken away. This also is only local. With this exception all places in and about Foochow are quiet so far as I can learn.

I went down to Ponasang day before yesterday. Miss Garretson went with me. Everything was perfectly quiet and natural all the way. We took dinner at Ponasang. I went in the streets as usual and with the exception of a soldier once every few doors, I should have noticed nothing to make me think of anything unusual. One man joined the church at Geu Cio Dong last Sunday. At Ha Puo Ga where Ming Uong's father is, the morning audience numbered 135. Ninety attended the Christian Endeavor in the evening. The members of two churches, Au Ciu and Sang Tung Gio, are much alarmed. More than half are turning away from the faith. The other churches have fair audiences. This is a terrible testing time for our churches. We know now who are the true and who the fake. There is a clear line of demarcation. I hope in all your prayer for us you will not forget the Chinese Christians, both those who are strong in the faith and those who are weak.

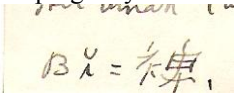
I wrote you last week of the departure of Messrs. Peet, Kinnear, Lacy, Simester, Wilcox, Miner and Ohlinger with their families, beside a number of young ladies. Dr. Kinnear writes practically ordering us to leave, lest the fear and worry of remaining here will be too hard for us. Mr. Lacy also writes to some of the Methodists remaining, to leave. But we feel it our duty to remain as long as conditions do not change. Of worry or anxiety we have very little. It is certainly true that God gives peace of mind to those who put their trust in him. There is no can't about this. It is based on hard cold fact and real experience. I have always called myself cowardly in this realm. And I must confess that I did not months ago dare hope for such a calm mind- not an hour's sleep has been lost this Summer over fear or anxiety. Ellen testifies to the same keeping power.

Today our Convention closes with a sermon and the communion conducted by Mr. Walker. The numbers this year have been few but we have had good meetings. One year ago today- just at the close of the Convention week, we had in our house 24 typhoon refugees. Today is a beautiful calm- not very hot day. We have had no rain here since the flood. The potatoes are drying up and on the plain many of the rice fields are dry and hard. They are too far from the river or too high for water to be pumped into them. What a year this is for China! Flood, insurrection, drought! But it is all working together for good, thro God's wise guidance, and the Kingdom of God in

this Empire will come, and his church will be the purer and the stronger for these trials. Thus far the Chinese converts in this place and the surrounding country have been exceptionally free from persecution. There have been individual cases, but even these have seldom been severe. In the history of the church, it has always and everywhere had to pass thro trial to gain success that was lasting.

Thus far self supporting churches are caring for themselves with one exception. I am helping the Au Ciu preacher.

The children and Ellen continue well. Phebe and Gould want to go to church regularly. Ellen took Geraldine once this past week. She did credit to her bringing up. She is developing very fast. Her amah takes great

pride in her accomplishments. The other day she told me her name was Bi . When she cannot express her thoughts in words she resorts to pantomime. She tried to tell her mama, Phebe was asleep. She could say "Pebe" but "sleep" was beyond her depth, so she dropped her head and closed her eyes. She wants me to take her on the veranda each night and rock her to sleep in the cool breeze. Ellen is very careful to have a blanket thrown over her. One evening this had not been done. So she said "Papa" and rubbed her chest with her hand saying "No, No" and shaking her head.

Mr. Walker is still with us and puts up with the three bairns quite graciously. During the past week about 25 of the Zenana ladies have left for home or for Japan. This quite thins the ranks on the mountain. These ladies were compelled to leave at the arbitrary cablegram from England. The tea merchants and some of the Consuls (Russian and French) are on the mountain with their families. They are comparatively little concerned about the situation. One of them told me the other day that all the Chinese compradores=the foreigner's Chinese agent= were perfectly confident that there would be no trouble. All these men are moneyed men and they would not risk in business ventures if they thought trouble would come.

The telegram of yesterday stated that the Legation in Peking were safe 7/27. That Boxers were fighting each other and Imperial troops fighting them- about 55,000 allied troops started for Peking from Tientsin three days ago. The N. China Herald came this morning and altho it was Sunday we felt justified in learning all we could of the situation. Its tone is very hopeful. The most serious item of news for us is the reported massacre of nine foreigners [Author/Missionary, Donald MacInnis wrote in green ink here "Che Kiang and Shansi."] in the province just north of us. It looks also as if our missionaries in Shansi were called to receive their crowns.

Trusting God for daily protection and guidance With love to all Will.

[This letter dated **Aug. 12, 1900** was written from Guliang (Kuliang), Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The main concern in Foochow is the drought. The 55,000 allied troops won a battle against the Boxers. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Guliang, Foochow, Aug. 12th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote last Sunday. No letters have arrived since then. Thursday I went from here down the mountain to Pagoda Anchorage to Miss Borts house where our "valuables" were taken three weeks ago when so many left Foochow and when we came so near leaving Guliang and going to Pagoda. I had not see the things since they left Ponasang and I wanted to know their condition. Three other gentlemen went with me. They wanted to see the road down to Pagoda directly from Guliang in case a hurried exit from Guliang should be necessary. We started at 5:30 A.M. arriving at Pagoda at 10:00 A.M. The last half hour we were in a boat crossing the river. I worked every moment while there rearranging things. At 12:30 we were on our way back. We could take the boat to a point a little nearer the port of the mountain than we took it coming down. The tide was against us and it was 2:50 P.M. before we left the boat. 5:30 found us up the mountain about 1 ½ miles from home in the company of nearly all the Americans on the mountain who had come out to meet us - with coffee, water and a lunch. My feeling at the sight of those coffee and water bottles made me think of the way a car load of cattle rushes for drink after they have been on the car twenty four hours. The day was frightfully hot and one quart bottle of water for four pedestrians did not go far. We drank some of the brook water by the way, but even this did not quench thirst. I have not been worth much since. I think tho it was the sitting in a cool breeze at the lunch rather than the walk, for Ellen and Mr. Walker have both had trouble with their bowels since then. Mr. Walker and E. are nearly well and I am on the mend. Geraldine has been troubled in the same way for over a week - a little better now. Phebe and Gould are well. We have another boarder- a young man who only takes his meals here.

Foochow has remained quiet during the week. The greatest source of anxiety here now is drought. There has been almost no rain since the flood July 1st. Potatoes and rice are feeling it very much. Some of the rice is already dead, and the leaves of the potatoe vines are curling up. Friday there was a fire on the island between the bridges in Foochow suburbs. But I hear only a native custom house and five boats anchored near were destroyed.

The pastor, evangelist, and druggist who were down from Shaowu last week have returned with letters from the Consul and the Viceroy. It is hoped they may be able to begin repairs on some of the buildings before long.

One battle between the Boxers and the 55,000 allied forces was reported as having taken place last Sunday. The losses among the allies were heavy but they won the victory. The safety of other parts of China depends upon the victories of this army.

How we do long for letters from you, and it seems as if there never was such a dearth of them. Picnics are in vogue in the home land now. But we know that altho not many letters come from you, you remember this poor battered, sinking Empire and that you are praying for her and specially for us. We are now praying that God will not allow this crisis to pass without opening the way for the progress of His Gospel thro out the Empire. There must be a terrible upheaval before the existing order of things can allow the Truth to enter and control all circles. May it be at this time is our prayer.

With Love to all.

Will.

*[This letter dated **Aug. 19, 1900** was written from Guliang (Kuliang), Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. There has still been no rain. Willard's family along with some of the other missionaries hiked to the Kushan Monastery. Telegrams tell them that the Allied troops entered Peking on August 15 and all of the diplomats are safe and the Empress Dowager and Emperor have fled. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Guliang, Foochow, China
August 19th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote a week ago today. August 14th a letter came from you. Every thing has gone as usual during the week here in Foochow- too much as usual. No rain has fallen yet, except one or two little showers that did not wet down an inch. Some rice is ruined, much is injured. The same is true of potatoes. To day about 200 mountaineers have gone about ten miles away from Guliang to the temple of a rain god to ask for rain. One man goes from a house. Each carried a bamboo on which a few leaves had been left and to which had been fastened a piece of cloth, color and size did not seem to be matters of deep moment. They had drums and some wore peculiar hats. They presented quite a spectacle as they marched along single file. From our house we had a good view of their assembling place and could see the different detachments as they came for the various little villages scattered all about among the mountains. When rain comes, will it be in answer to their petitions or in answer to the prayers of God's people that have gone up to him daily for more than two weeks?

Thursday Dr. Woodhull, Miss Brown, Dr. and Miss Bement, Miss Borts, Mr. Walker, Mrs. White (Eng.), Mr. Bucknall (Eng.), Ellen, the children and I went to Kushan Monastery. We started at 8:25 a.m. arriving at 10:50 a.m. The day was cool and clear the road is just a mountain path in some places so steep and crooked that one cannot ride in a chair. The Monastery covers about an acre. There are about 300 priests connected with it- not over half at home at any one time. These have about 70 servants to do their work. The work consists in caring for the buildings, in caring for the ducks, chickens, pigs, goats and cattle that are given to the monastery as deeds of merit. These are never killed- as you can easily believe by the appearance of some of the pigs. Then there are large tracks of forest, potatoe fields, and rice fields that belong to the institution. There are also very fine gardens. I was there once in the time Chrysanthemums. They were very beautiful. We saw them growing the other day in pots. In two months they will grace the courts of the buildings with blossoms six inches in diameter. The care of all these keeps 70 men busy. The kettles in which they boil their rice are 5 feet in diameter at the top and about 4 feet deep with round bottoms. One of the great amusements for the children is feeding a pond full of carp.



This may be a photo of the Buddhist priests at Kushan Monastery near Foochow.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The children thoroughly enjoyed the whole day. Phebe and Gould walked fully a mile on way over and all three were not quiet 5 minutes while there. A new building is nearly completed. The second floor of which is palatial. It was delightfully cool and made a very pleasant place to rest and lunch.

Yesterday Mr. Hinman and I went to Foochow. The day was not oppressively hot- to day is- Every thing was quiet and natural. The new residence has walls about 10 feet high, window and door frames of the first story are in place.

The telegram last evening announced that on the 15th the allied forces entered Peking by the Straight East Gate. All diplomats safe. Empress Dowager and Emperor fled. As soon as I can hear of a peace agreement I shall feel much more settled about the future. More chapels were looted in the Amoy field only 4 or 5 days from Foochow this last week. There is very bad talk in the Ing Hok district but no outbreak yet. I want very much to go up there but the heat is great as yet.

We are all quite well. Ellen says of Geraldine "She's a piece". Gould is working harder than anyone else here flying kites. He got one up and flew it a long time yesterday all alone. His patience and persistence are great.

With much love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Aug. 26, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. There has been no trouble in Foochow. The officials do a good job at keeping things under control. Willard received a letter from Mr. D. Willard Lyon telling about his experiences in keeping away from the Boxer troubles in the Peking area. Willard (Beard) discusses what he feels are the causes of the Boxer Rebellion. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary

W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Aug. 26th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote a week ago today. No letters have come from you this week. In Foochow there is no change in the condition of things. Last Sunday at one of the Church Missionary Society's churches in the city a man was talking rather boastingly of the goodness of church members and comparing them with heathen. There was a large idol procession at the time passing the church and there were some very loud words that threatened trouble. The officials were on the scene immediately and all trouble quelled.

The program of the week is as follows:-

Monday – went calling with Ellen and Mr. Walker in the afternoon.

Tuesday- went to a picnic at Ox Head Fort. Took Phebe and Gould

Wednesday- Prayer meeting and tennis afterward

Thursday- Went to top of Kushan with a party. Took Phebe and Gould.

Friday. – Ellen and I went to Ponasang. Ellen went specially to see the new house. It is going up nicely, altho we shall not be able to get into it till late in the Fall. In the afternoon at 2:30 had a nice shower. At 3:45 we started for the mountain arriving at 7:00. I got wet thro purposely. Ellen kept pretty dry. Misses Brown, Borts, Bement and Dr. Bement took care of the children.

Saturday- Played tennis 5 sets.

All the time not occupied in correspondence and daily routine has been put on the Report for the Ing Hok work of 1899 which I hope to take to the press this next week.

There has been very little from the North this week. It is a little hard to wait patiently, but this is the only thing to do. We cannot feel secure and settled here in Foochow till there is a settlement of the whole question at Peking. I had a letter from Mr. D. Willard Lyon this week. He with his wife and 2 children fled from Peking to Tientsin, the day before the Rail Road was torn up. They then went to Peitai Ho seaside resort. In two weeks they had to flee with 33 other Americans and as many other nationalities to Chefoo on a hospital ship. From there the Americans were taken on the "Nashville" to Seoul, Corea. There they are now. They lost everything except what they chanced to have with them at the time of flight. George Wilder's family went to Japan at the beginning of the trouble. He remained for a time. Lyon says he is alive, but whether in Tientsin or Japan now does not know.

Details of the disaster all over the Empire are difficult [to] get hold of. But as the truth comes- a little here and a little there, it is much better than the reports received during July. Another fact seems to be coming out. The trouble is not due to foreigners and to Christians entirely- perhaps not primarily. There seems to be abroad in the land a spirit of rapine and plunder. For some time there have been two parties in China- one representing the Empress Dowager, the other representing the emperor. The first party opposed progress or change and stood up for the Manchus, the second party championed progress and the cause of the Chinese. Add to this poor crops, high prices and hard times thro out the Empire and the spirit of lawlessness found the way open, and the most conspicuous and convenient mark was the foreigner and the institutions he had brought with him. But now in the north west of this province a band of outlaws numbering 4000 are surrounding a walled city in which there is not a Christian or any sign of a foreigner. Plunder and murder is the only motive.

In the midst of it all God's kingdom stands. And this test will be a great blessing to the church.

We are all quite well. Mr. Walker is still with us and Mr. Bucknall who has taken his meals with us for three weeks leaves tomorrow.

With Love to all

Will.

Gould still prefers to fly kites to eating or sleeping.

[This letter dated Sept. 2, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard tells about a church theft in Sung Kau and how nearly 100 men rushed in to take away the three witnesses while they were telling their story to the official. The preachers at Shaowu had to come to Foochow because of threats. Willard does not feel the Empress Dowager should be reinstated. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary

W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Sept. 2nd 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Last Sunday I wrote you. Your last letter arrived so long ago I need not refer to it.

I have finished the Ing Hok Report and put it in the printer's hands. I went down to Foochow Fri. largely for that purpose. Shortly after I arrived at Ponasang, Nik Huak the Ing Hok travelling evangelist arrived with the news of trouble at Sung Kau. Last Sunday night thieves broke into the chapel there in the absence of the preacher and stole everything that they could take away. Nik Huak had left his travelling kit at this chapel that night and had gone with the preacher over to Diong Keng to rejoice with the preacher there over the arrival of a new son. On hearing of the theft they returned early Monday morning, notified the official who at once went in person to see the chapel, and then sent his runners to arrest three persons as witnesses. Two of these were in the chapel Sunday evening asking strange questions. The other was a ferryman. The official began to question the ferryman and found that he had that morning ferried over a man with some of the stolen goods. The testimony was getting valuable when about one hundred men rushed in and took away the three witnesses forbidding the official to investigate further, and threatening the Christians if they followed up the case. The official then wrote the magistrate at Ing Hok city that the case was too large for him to manage asking for soldiers to bring the case to a settlement. The Magistrate sent up eight runners who are no good.

I am planning to go up to Ing Hok this week Wed. That is start from Guliang Wed. afternoon, spend the night at Ponasang, start Thurs. morning for Ing Hok arrive Fri. afternoon, do my business Sat., administer the communion Sunday, start for home Monday reaching Guliang Tues. afternoon.

The Shaowu Preachers are down again. You remember that these men had their lives threatened at Shaowu and came to Foochow, then returned with letters from the Consul to Shaowu officials for their protection. Well the condition of things was such that their friends would not allow them to return but stopped them about 50 miles this side of Shaowu. A secret society is sending around a document purporting to come from the Shaowu Prefect, to him from the Foochow Viceroy saying all manner of bad things about Christians and calling on all members of the society to rise and drive out all Christians. This will take Mr. Walker and Mr. Hinman down to see the Consul tomorrow. If this document is a true one really from the Shaowu Prefect in accordance with the instructions of the Viceroy at Foochow then the Viceroy here is fake.

The latest from Peking is that the Emperor is in the Japanese Legation- not confirmed. 5000 American Troops are to Winter in Peking. Russia and America are willing to reinstate the Empress Dowager. I hope this is not true. She should be put on an island by herself and the Emperor reinstated. England does not agree to this proposition.

We are all quite well and are having a good time. Gould finds it hard lines to give up kite flying on Sunday. I heard from the church at Dung Song last Sunday. Pastor Ling Bang Ho conducted communion there then. Out of 15 communicants 10 were present. One absent is in Hong Kong and are away from home and one sick.

Love to all from all of us

Will.

[This letter dated Sept. 10, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Most of the letters from home have revealed little anxiety over the troubles in China. Willard and Ellen celebrated their 6th wedding anniversary with ten of their fellow missionaries. Gould enjoys flying kites. The Consul does not want Willard to go to Ing Hok yet because of the situation in China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary

W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Sept. 10th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Your letter of July 16 is just at hand. I have time for only a few words now. Yesterday I preached at the union service here on Guliang and did not have my usual chat with you. One of our sources of comfort has been the calmness and freedom from anxiety that your letters showed. In our daily morning prayermeeting held in the chapel here a frequent petition is that God will keep from anxiety the friends at home. I have little fear of your being over anxious (today's letters fr. you are a little anxious) because you know in Whose care we are and you also trust in Him, and because if your mail has gone regularly you have had letters every week during the time of trouble. The

"Alarmist" has certainly done much to make people feel badly this Summer. No news has been taken for bad news. We do not yet know the truth about the missionaries and Chinese Christians in many parts. There is enough that is terribly bad on the truth without augmenting it out of one's imagination. I have often said I had no opinion to express. I thought it better to say "I do not know" and simply watch. By this time you know much of the truth. We have been wonderfully kept this Summer. I suppose your anxiety for us has been many times what we have felt for ourselves.

Last Wed. was the sixth anniversary of our wedding. We had Mr. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Hinman, Dr. and Miss Woodhull, Dr. and Miss Bement, Misses Brown, and Borts and Garretson at dinner- a very pleasant time. Mr. Walker presented us with an original poem for the occasion.

I went to Ponasang on Thursday. The new residence is going up nicely, - a little slowly, but this is all the better.

Gould is still flying kites. Before he gets up he discusses the prospects. The other day (morning) he was just rubbing his eyes open and said "Mama the wind is too gusty to fly kites today." He has the whole household except Phebe and Geraldine at it. Even his mother goes out and flies kites with him and his proxy father does not refuse. The servants are all at it. For several days we have had a typhoon wind and to day Phebe and Gould are all taken with goose quill pop guns.-potatoes are ammunition. The floor is covered. Geraldine has had a hard cold for two days. She is much better today. Otherwise we are all quite well.

I expect to open work in the Seminary Sept. 27. The City College will open the same date if all goes well. Miss Garretson wishes to wait two weeks.

In and about Foochow the condition of things is much as it has been for a month. I had planned to go to Ing Hok last Wed. and start back today but the Consul put in a strong protest. I think he is a little nervous and scared. I have however acquiesced to his protest and will wait a little.

With Love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Sept. 16, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He tells about an incense shop showing a shadow picture of a Boxer killing a foreigner. A small typhoon is supplying needed rain. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Sept. 16th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote you last Monday No. 18th. The mail this week Monday brought letters from Shelton and fr. Putnam already acknowledged.

The week has passed without unusual events. I went down to Ponasang on Wednesday. There was a little disturbance connected with one of the churches. An incense shop was having a big time one evening and for a special attraction they arranged a shadow picture of a Boxer killing a foreigner. It was so drawing that some of the church members and one of the pastors were drawn to it. They told the shop keeper that it would not do, but he refused to take the apparatus down. A soldier who has been a church member for five years in good standing, had this street as a part of his beat as street police at this time. He also used all his powers of persuasion with the shop keepers, but he still refused to take the thing down. A church member then took it down with the approval of the soldier, who had authority to do it. Then after a time, and after an agreement had been made not to put the picture up again, the apparatus was given back and the rumpus quieted down but the shadow picture was put up again and kept up. But the Consul got hold of it and has taken the matter to the Chinese officials. This soldier has been degraded. I do not know what the outcome will be. This for the soldier is persecution.

The Methodist College and schools opened Friday. Mr. Simester came home from Japan this last week and telegraphed immediately for the other Methodists to return. They are expected sometime this week. Mr. Simester spent today on Guliang coming up yesterday morning. He has been with us. Last evening we were to have had Miss Wiley and Mr. and Mrs. Hinman to dinner. But all day the wind blew hard- a young typhoon- and in the afternoon the rain fell in large quantities. This broke up the dinner party. Mr. Simester's house is about ten minutes walk from our house. He came up to dinner in the evening and staid all night- sleeping in the dining room on the couch. This mountain cottage of ours is certainly an elastic affair. It was quite laughable this evening to hear Mr. Walker ask in surprise, after some remark- "What, did Mr. Simester stay here last night?"

This rain will fill up wells and brooks and rice fields. Saturday I noticed some rice fields with no water. The people and officials may not stop imploring the idols for rain.

Some time ago- about a month- I sent a photo of the three children in the carriage that great grandma Nichols bought for them to her. It was the only one we had so I registered it to make sure. We shall be interested to hear of its safe arrival and how you all like it.

We hear that the Woman's Board of the Interior does not wish its missionaries now in America to return until there is a settlement of the political trouble. I am sorry for this because I hoped all would return as expected. If we look only at the situation in Foochow, nothing will do so much to insure peace as a steady and firm perusal of the ordinary business of the missions. The people are watching us to see what is to be done. If every thing goes on as usual it will be a sign to them of our confidence in the situation, and will be the surest way to insure their quietness.

We are all quite well, have not decided when to go to Ponasang.

With love to all Will.

[This letter dated Sept. 23, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The Consul tells missionaries that if they travel back into the country they go at their own risk. The various schools in Foochow are re-opening. Willard discusses the positions of the various allied countries involved in the rebellion and what factors led to the rebellion. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary

W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Sept. 23rd 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The usual weekly letter was written one week ago. Nothing has been heard from you during the week. Everything has gone on here as usual. The mountain is getting very quiet. Ten houses of missionaries are now occupied. This next week will see two more closed. The remaining eight may be occupied very late. No missionaries are allowed to go into the country except to go to Hing Hua. The consuls protest against going there but acquiesce, telling those who go that they go at their own risk. So many of the Ch. Miss'y Society's people being unable to go back into the country makes their houses crowded in Foochow, so some will remain here in their mountain cottages. The thermometer is getting down into 50's.

I go down to Ponasang day after tomorrow to open the Seminary on Thurs. Mr. Walker goes at the same time to the city to help in the College. Dr. and Miss Woodhull go down to morrow. Miss Borts goes Tues. Miss Wiley was up to spend last Sunday on the mountain. Tues. she and Miss Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Hinman went to the Peak. All the people at the Peak expect to return to their work tomorrow. I shall be the only foreigner at Ponasang for the next two weeks. Miss Garretson has delayed the opening of the Girl's College until Oct. 11th. All the Shaowu missionaries except the Bement sisters go to the city to work in the College there. The Peets and Kinnears are still in Japan and are likely to stay there till December or January.

We are all quite well. During the past week Gould has had a great time flying kites. Twice we have put one up in the evening, then hung a Chinese lantern on a string and let the wind blow it up to the kite,- a very pretty sight that all enjoyed.

There has been no news from Peking during the week. Even speculation as to the probable progress of future events is almost impossible. England and Germany may save the Empire. Russia and France make the situation awkward. Russia sits herself down in the Imperial Palace at Peking as if she was at home and wished every one else was also. The U.S. is trying to play a difficult role, - to keep out of the trouble, while she is in it. Every one here is praying for the restoration of the rightful ruler, - The Emperor. The Dowager ought not to live. Much is being said and written about the causes of the present outbreak. Those of a certain temperament find here an opportunity to make the cause of missions the scapegoat. The truth is probably that the missionary should come in for his share of the cause with the merchant, engineer and consul. Of all classes the engineer with his railroad destroying the coolie and boat trade and with his mind contrary to all the Chinese superstitions, has done almost to cause the Chinese to commit violence against the foreigner. Then frequently the merchant and Consul have acquired land in treaty ports by methods closely related to land-grabbing. The missionary teaches a doctrine opposed to the religious and superstitious teachings of the Chinese sages. Every Chinese who embraces Christianity is one less to contribute to idolatrous worship. In many places this has made a severe drain on temple receipts and on receipts for idol processions. It has done much to anger the officials and people. The missionary goes about over the country as

no other class does. He is of course a constant reminder to Chinese of all that they hate in the foreigner of whatever class. But the charge that the missionary goes about the country and thus incenses the people against him and against foreigners is false as far as my observation goes. The people in all places where I have been are friendly. The rabble has been instigated by officials in every place. Even here in Foochow, officials and their runners early in the trouble showed plainly what was in their heads by an expressed desire to see Christians and foreigners killed and foreign property and churches destroyed. Fear alone restrained them and then after the rabble had been excited it was with the utmost difficulty that this rabble was restrained. The officials are at the bottom of and are responsible for all that has been done in and about Foochow, - not the people.

When we look for the causes of this feeling on the part of the officials, we must remember- the opium war when England forced opium- into China at the point of the bayonet, we must remember the French war in '84, when a whole fleet was destroyed here at Foochow over a trivial matter, and since that time the demand by France that some twelve or more Frenchmen be employed at the Arsenal here on fabulous salaries with little to do; we must remember the Germans at Kaiu Chow, the English at Wei Hai Wei, the Russians at Lew Chuang, and then the general fear that the Powers were only waiting the proper (?) time for dividing the Empire.

The work of the Reform Party is also an important factor in the present crisis. That party is of course against the Manchu government. Two years ago its measures were nearly carried out. The last blow- to make way with the Empress Dowager- was discovered thro the treachery of Prince Yuan who instead of using his army to seize the old woman, told the whole plot of the reformers, and the result- six beheaded, many imprisoned, Kang Yu Wei the leader in hiding ever since. This opened the eyes of the ruling Manchus and all the officials who hold office under the Manchus. The Reformers altho Chinese, got their ideas from the foreigner, and were in constant communication with the foreigner. The very existence of the Manchu Dynasty is threatened by the Reform Party, which understands full well that no reforms in China can take place as long as the Empress Dowager and her posse are in authority, and when you strike at the Empress Dowagers you strike at a large army of officials all over the country who have received and who hold their offices under her appointment. It is no wonder then that she hates the foreigner. It is no wonder that all the officials who live off her appointments hate the foreigner. In so far as the missionary has taught the people to long for a better government- for a better condition of things he is responsible for the hatred toward these reformers and for the troubles of the present time.

The foregoing will explain the attitude of those who are insistent that the Empress Dowager must not get into power again. If she does it will be only to renew the fight against the foreigner after a few years of preparation in drilling soldiers, and purchasing arms and ammunition.

With Love to all

Will.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 30, 1900** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard is very busy with the opening of the Seminary and City College. Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear are stuck in Japan because of Mrs. Kinnear's illness with typhoid fever. Mr. and Mrs. Peet lost their young son to croup. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Sept. 30th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote a week ago, No. 20 I think. Two letters from Mother came yesterday. I went down to Ponasang last Tues. and opened the Seminary on Thursday. All the boys are back. Two may be asked to leave. The week has been an exceedingly busy one. The City College opened Thurs. also. This brought a lot of fathers and others down from Ing Hok, all of whom had to come in to say "how do you do" to me. This is very pleasant, but when the clock says 7:30 P.M. and I have just sat down to write a lecture for 9 A.M. the next day and two gentlemen call and stay till 9:30 P.M. it means 11 P.M. before I can get to bed. The only remedy for this is that the Board send out more help- a man for the Ing Hok field as soon as possible.

The Consul gives me permission to go to Ing Hok- I am planning to start Tues. day after tomorrow. I go to see the Ing Hok official to try and have the Sung Kau troubled settled. I shall have to go and return as soon as possible. There are some items of business connected with the station that I must attend to, but I cannot stay over Sunday.

I came up to the mountain on Fri. again, and go down to be at the Sem'y at 8:30 A.M. tomorrow and then off for Ing Hok on Tues. As soon as I am back from Ing Hok the Boston shipment consisting of 79 cases will be in to be attended to. This is Dr. Kinnears business, but he is in Japan and some one must do it for him. Eunice is still ill with typhoid fever according to the letter of yesterday. That letter also announced the death of Edward Peet the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Peet who was at Long Hill with you. He had some kind of croup.

The roof is on the new house, and it is going on nicely. Since the flood the weather has been superb for building.

I have preached again today here on Guliang- or rather read a sermon, so I am going to say good night to you. We are all quite well. Another missionary to arrive about Feb. 25th is promised us. He will stay with us and help (?) in the Ponasang station if all goes well. No news from Peking. I suppose we must wait till after election before either Eng. or America will do anything radical. Meantime we go about our work quietly. God will order all things right.

Lovingly
Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 7, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He went up to Ing Hok even though the Consul did not want him to. He visited the Magistrate about the previous trouble at Sang Kau. Willard and Ellen's new residence should be ready in late November. Willard hopes the missionaries who are in the U.S. will return back to China soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Oct. 7th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote a week ago. No letters from home have arrived since then. I must say that thro forgetfulness on my part the letter written last Sunday was not mailed till day before yesterday.

I ate breakfast last Monday morning by lamp light and got down to the Seminary for prayers at 8:30 o'clock. I went to see the Consul about going to see the Ing Hok magistrate. The Taotai at Foochow, who is over this Magistrate, had just replied to the Consul's request that he would notify the Magistrate that I was coming, to the effect that he did not want me to go into the country now, that the Ing Hok district was now in a disturbed state and it would be better to send a Chinaman. The Consul read this dispatch and said to me "Well, you can go if you want to for all that." I took his card and at 6:00 A.M. Tues. morning was on the road. I took only a man to carry my load and do my cooking. We found a boat to take us to Gak Liang and with fair wind and clear sky reached that place at 4:30 P.M. The next morning the pastor of the Gak Liang Church who knew all the trouble at Sung Kau,- whose brother and his wife were both working at Sung Kau and lost most of their effects- and I were off for Ing Hok shortly after 6 A.M. arriving at 11:00 after a pleasant walk of 12 miles. I was busy all that afternoon looking after various items in connection with the work of the station. The buildings are all in good condition. The white ant is the great enemy of woodwork in unused houses during the hot weather, but I saw none at Ing Hok. The Hospital work seems in a good condition under the care of the Chinese woman a graduate of Dr. Woodhull's Hospital in Foochow City.

All the Sung Kau workers are at Ing Hok now. They left Sung Kau at the local official's request. One of the church members and his wife is also down so there is quite a party of Chinese there at present.

Wed. Evening the Sung Kau church member gave the other workers and myself a feast.

On Thurs. morning the pastor, the preacher at Sung Kau and I called on the Ing Hok Magistrate. He had only taken over the seals of office the Saturday before. He received me with as much gusto as if I had been the Consul himself. He listened very attentively while the pastor told him the main facts in the case, then asked a few intelligent and important questions, and promised to put the case thro immediately to the best of his ability. Just as I was leaving at 11:00 A.M. Thurs. after the call on him, he sent word that he would like to return my call the next day but I answered that I could not avail. I took the boat at noon Thurs. at Ing Hok and arrived at the landing 6 miles from Foochow at 7 A.M. Fri. morning. A two hour walk brought me to Ponasang where I found business enough to keep me going till 2:30 yesterday P.M. with 7 hours in bed Fri. night. Then I came to Guliang. We all plan to move down tomorrow.

The new residence at Ponasang is roofed in and the floors are nearly complete. The windows and doors are nearly ready to hang. The first of November will see it nearly completed. But we shall not move into it at once. It

does not adjoin the old compound. We shall be in a compound by ourselves. Until Dr. Kinnear returns, there will be in our compound only Miss Garretson in charge of the Girl's College and our family with perhaps the Misses Bement. These last are still on the mountain and are enjoying themselves here.

Tues. Oct. 9th We got down from the mountain yesterday without any hitch. It is pretty warm but this late in the season the days are so short that the nights are cool and the hot spell cannot last long.

You have heard that the Emperor has chosen several of the leaders in the troubles last Summer for punishment. Prince Tuan's name heads the list. This is good. I hope our missionaries who are waiting in America will soon start for China.

Lovingly
Will

[This letter dated Oct. 14, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. They have moved off the mountain. Willard talks about the allied powers in China and a comment that President McKinley made to Minister Conger who had been shut up in Peking during the rebellion. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Oct. 14th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote a week ago No. 21. A letter arrived from Shelton last Monday just after we reached Ponasang from Guliang.

I think I added a few sentences to the last letter to the effect that we had moved down- had a pleasant trip and no hitch. It seems as if we had been here a month. Ellen has gotten the house in order except the pictures on the walls. These were all taken out of the frames in July when we thought of leaving and it will be no light task to put them in order again. Wed. afternoon we both went into the city to mission prayermeeting and on Friday we took the children in and took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Hinman, and attended a business meeting of the mission in the afternoon. These two half days with the regular work and the putting of the house in order have made a very busy week for us both. Ellen felt very tired last evening. But she had a good rest last night and is resting all day to day. While at Mr. and Mrs. Hinman's on Fri. we were all weighed. Geraldine 31, Gould 38.5, Phebe 40.5, Ellen 161, I 172.5!!! So the family weighs in their Summer clothing 443 ½ lbs.

Ming Uong's older brother died last week. His sister died in May. His father and mother feel very badly indeed. The death of the brother leaves a large family on the hands of Pastor Ding and Ming Uong to support. I was at the pastor's home yesterday afternoon and while speaking with them of their affliction Mrs. Ding, with tears in her eyes said, "I do not know what great sin I have committed that God should afflict me thus." "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, contains a very deep doctrine, and one difficult for the human mind, when in affliction, to grasp. From a Christian standpoint the children of no parents in Foochow are a greater honor to them than are the children of Pastor and Mrs. Ding.

The political situation changes very slowly. Germany and Russia are evidently dark horses as yet. Most of the powers have prepared to winter soldiers in Peking. The decree of the Emperor to degrade several of the instigators of the crimes of the past months is good, but we must ask what punishment is to follow? Unless the heads of many of the officials, high in officialdom too, are taken off, and the whole nation made to realize that there is to be no more broken treaties and no more double dealing with foreign powers, there is sure to be a worse upheaval in the future than we have seen this year. The trouble lies in the attitude of the officials entirely, the papers may land McKinley for having made no mistake thus far in his management of the China affair. But he made an exceeding foolish, to put it mildly, reply to Minister Conger's statement that the trouble were instigated by the officials, when he McKinley said that Conger was biased by his treatment during those fifty four days while shut up in Peking. You see much in the papers against the officials of China. There are a few good men in this class, but most I am strongly convinced that you may believe the worst you can find in the papers and then be sure you have not heard the whole truth. China has played with England and America so long that she cannot learn to be honest until capital punishment has been given to those who deserve it. This will be the best course not only for the foreign nations, but for China herself this is the only course by which she can be saved. There is no such thing as foreigners leaving China. There is too much natural wealth here for one thing. The greed of man will compel him to remain.

Then it is God's will that this people shall learn of Him. After they have learned of Him. They may become the rulers of the world, but a knowledge of God must come first.

We discussed the advisability of cabling for the missionaries in the U.S. to come at once. But there was strong opposition on the part of one or two and we decided to leave it for each missionary to decide for himself. We are all at work as usual in Foochow. We cannot say there is no danger. But we believe it is our duty to remain and work. This is different from telling another to come. Personally I feel they ought to come (1) for the good of the work (2) to relieve us who are carrying work too heavy for us.

Give our love to all
Will.

P.S. Rev. D. Goddard
Lancaster.
Mass.

Would enjoy reading my letter of last week about the Ing Hok trip.

W.

[This letter dated Oct. 21, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He feels the rulers of China will want to establish a new "nest" away from the Palace which has been desecrated and polluted by the foreign troops. Eunice Kinnear is beginning to feel better from her typhoid fever. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Oct. 21st 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote one week ago. A letter came from you last Monday. The week has passed with nothing of note taking place. The situation remains the same. For diplomacy the Chinaman beat the nations. Time is not a factor in any of his problems. He does however understand its use as a weapon in overcoming his enemies- especially has he learned that it is a powerful weapon when he is dealing with Western peoples, with whom time in all problems is an important factor. So far as we can learn the powers in Peking are doing nothing. If they are whistling for the return to Peking of the Dowager and her nephew the Emperor, their lips will need wetting many times before they are thro whistling. The imperial palace has been desecrated by the entrance of the polluted foreigner. It is unreasonable for one who knows anything about the Chinese to suppose that the Palace or even Peking will ever again be used as the seat of the present rulers of China. Their nest has been defiled and they will want to establish a new one.

There are rumors of rebellion in the province south of us- Kuang Tung- this rebellion is said to be only against the present Manchu dynasty. The leaders have written the Hong Kong "Daily Press" urging that the U.S., England, and Japan remain neutral. If it becomes necessary they ?? that these three nations advise and assist the rebellion. All this may be nothing to us.

The Methodist families- Lacys and Mrs. Simester and her children and one single lady returned from Japan last Monday. Dr. Kinnear writes that Eunice put her feet on the floor Oct. 4th for the first time this Summer. Ruth Peet is ill. One of the Meth. ladies in defiance of the Consul's orders has gone to Kucheng. Another lady was unwilling to let her go alone so has gone with her. This is bad.

Gould is as eager to fly kites as ever. He works away by the hour trying [to] get his kite up, very seldom getting discouraged. He sweats as if he were in the hay-field. Last Wed. Mr. Hinman rode out from the city on a Chinese pony. The man who goes with the pony led it into our compound while waiting for Mr. Hinman. Gould saw it. With eyes distended he ran shouting to Phebe "Here's a horse, here's a horse." I put him in the saddle much to his delight and the man led the pony about the yard. How he will enjoy the horses when he gets home!!

To day the little fellow got a fearful bump. He was running on the stone walk with a bamboo stool in his hand. He tripped and struck on his forehead just to the right of the middle. He got over it soon and is all right now altho he will look bad for two weeks. Geraldine also got hit by the swing to day- right in the middle of her forehead. It knocked her over and she will look rather tough for some time.

The new residence is fast approaching completion. We had two photos taken of it yesterday- one from our house here- one from a corner of the yard near the house.

Miss Brown and Miss Wiley came out from the city yesterday and ate goose with us. The Misses Bement came down from the mountain last Wed. They were here also to help eat the goose.

Our Boston shipment was stopped in Hong Kong by Mr. Swett. I have written for the boxes belonging to those who are here to be sent up to Foochow at once. Storage bills in Hong Kong will eat up the price of the goods in the boxes in a short time. I hope the steamship Co.'s agents in Hong Kong will honor my order.

Praying that God will keep you from anxiety for us and that He will preserve Southern China from outbreaks.

Lovingly Yours

Will.

*[This letter dated **Oct. 28, 1900** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He talks about his new house and includes a diagram of the floor plan. Willard discusses the criticism of Mr. Rockhill's statement that the Empress Dowager was in collusion with the Boxers. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Oct. 28th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

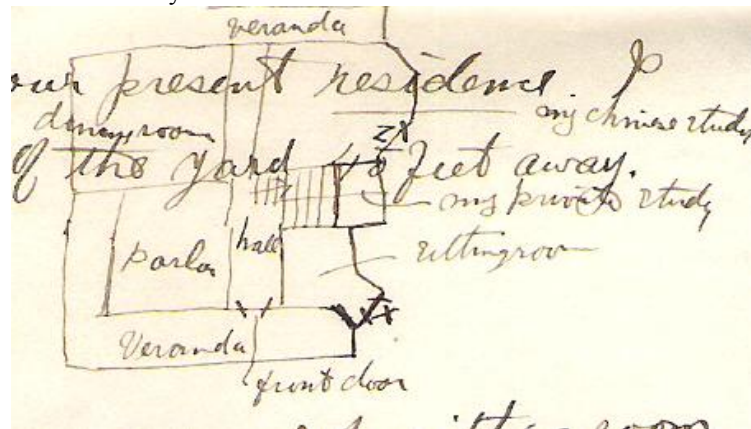
I sent the usual letter a week ago No. 23. No letter has arrived from Shelton. The week has passed with no unusual events. Mr. Walker stopped yesterday on his way to the city from Pagoda Anchorage where he had been for a day or two. He wanted to see what we thought of his cabling his daughter to come out immediately to help in the work at Pagoda. Of course we hoped he would cable at once. The Consul had approved of this course. Two Meth. missionaries have gone to Kucheng- Messrs. Main and Caldwell. They go for a visit only and the Consul told them to bring back the recalcitrant young woman who went up ten days ago against the Consul's orders.

To day the communion has been held in three of the churches of this station. At Geu Cio Dong five united with the church. Three were women and two were girls in the College who are engaged to preachers. At Ha Pua Ga four desired to unite but the church thought it better for them to wait till December. I conducted the service at Sang Bo. None united there. Coming home from this service I pass the shops of two church members, which are on opposite sides of the street. Both shops are always closed on Sunday. To day I was attracted by seeing all gathered in one shop and one of the clerks reading the New Testament. This kind of Christian is too rare anywhere. But it is a great encouragement to know that there are such Christians among the converts here.

The weather has been very warm for a week. To day the thermometer rose to 82 degrees. Three little cherubs have just been to my desk for the usual good night kiss. How you all would enjoy these little folks now. Geraldine says her prayers every night after Phebe and Gould have finished. Of course her pronunciation is inimicable[*inimitable*]. But she knows what she is about and she knows the different stages of the prayer. When Mama says "For Jesus sake" she always comes out with a very pronounced "A men". The amah says in her play with the other children she never gets left.

The new residence is ready for the painters to begin on. One photograph of it is ready and the other will be ready in a few days. I shall send them both as soon as the second comes. The picture of the house taken in the distance was taken from our present residence. I should say 500 ft. away as the bird flies. The other is taken in the corner of the yard 40 feet away.

You will easily make out the contour of these two sides of the house.



The open window in the middle of the photo is indicated by X on this diagram, and is in the sq. bay window of the sitting room. The little sq. window is also in the sitting room. The next two windows are in my private study 6 X 8 ft. The next window (closed) is indicated by Z in the diagram and is in the Chinese study. The second floor is divided as the first floor except that the front half of the hall is put into the room over the sitting room, making a nice large bed room. I think it will be a handy house, and adapted to the working needs of this station.



Ponasang house during construction.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]

A paragraph in the Advance Editorials seems to me to present the attitude of the U.S. in general, toward the China question. "Mr. Rockhill's hasty conclusion that the Empress Dowager was in collusion with the Boxers was very startling and proved his unfitness for his mission. What ever he may have learned about China he failed to appreciate the situation at home. We do not want war with China, and therefore do not want any American over there to make out a case for war." If this is a satire on the position of the U.S. and on the instructions it gave Mr. Rockhill, it is right to the point. But in its connection it is hard to read it otherwise than in earnest. In other words if Mr. Rockhill was instructed before leaving the U.S. not to find a Casus belli, he, by reporting the true state of affairs

made himself liable to criticism from his instructors. If on the other had he was sent to investigate and report the true condition why had he proved his “unfitness for his mission”? The man who wrote this criticism thinks he knows more about the situation in China during the past few months than those who were on the ground or than Mr. Rockhill who has been here since and made investigations on the ground. Those nations that say they are not at war with China only add a factor to make the situation more unique and more complex. One might almost say that the uniqueness of the situation and its complexity lay in this fact: - that all the conditions of war have existed and exist except the written declaration. The armies of the nations have fought against the armies of China, who resisted with all their strength. When China was defeated her chief rules deserted her capitol and are still in hiding. The situation is something like a big mature bull dog and a Newfoundland pup of a few months old. The pup has pitched into the bull dog which has shaken him up and thrown him down and now stands considering what to do himself and wondering what the pup will do. Well, what will he do? - What will the powers do? The rebellion in Kwang Tung continues. Foochow continues quiet and the English both missionaries and merchants are confident. I was at the drug store of Watson and Co. the other day. They are thoroughly overhauling the store and refitting it. The English Mission is building two residences recently contracted for.

God will guide in all our affairs. His methods and His times are best. May we all have grace to know and do His will each hour.

Lovingly Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 4, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Gould and Phebe enjoyed the annual kite festival. The churches with self support are having tough times financially as a result of the Boxer problems. Miss Newton writes from the U.S. that there is a strong feeling that missionaries should not go to China for now. Willard disagrees. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Nov. 4th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote a week ago, No. 24. A letter arrived from Oliver in the middle of the week. It was good to hear from him. From his letter I judge that he is fairly successful in business and that he and Grace have a happy home. No word has come from Shelton since Oct. 15th. Perhaps the mails are partly to blame. The mail this last week came via Vancouver, by the English Post Office. Letters of Oct. 4th arrived here Nov. 1st. The last mail before this brought us the papers of Sept. 13th. This mail brought the papers of Oct. 4th, so there are two week's papers somewhere on the road. This mail however brought the Sentinels so I had a little home news.

The annual kite festival came last Wednesday. The hill tops in Foochow were crowded with men and women and boys flying kites or watching those who were flying the kites. The city has one large hill that makes a fine resort and the Suburbs has another hill well adapted to the sport. The young people in the city, Mr. and Mrs. Hinman and the Misses Brown and Wiley wanted to see the sport. The prayer meeting of the Mission was at our house that P.M. so the young folks came out early to go up on the Suburbs hill. We could not go and they, knowing Gould's weakness in this line, asked if they might take the children. Ellen asked Phebe if she would go. She said rather dubiously, "No." Then Ellen asked her to go and ask Gould if he wanted to go. She at once said "Well if Gould goes I want to go." There is no need to tell what Gould's answer was, or in what tone he replied. Well they went out for the first time without one of us going with them, and they had a glorious time. They did not have a chance to tell us of all their experiences till at the supper table. I cannot quote Phebe's language, but an actor could not compete with in pantomime and real earnestness. She completely overcame her mother who laughed till the tears came. But Phebe kept on, occasionally looking as if she wondered why her mother should laugh so. Gould was all animation but he could not get in a word edgewise. At last Phebe turned to Gould and said in a perfectly composed matter-of-fact tone and manner "Now you've talked a long time about the crowd. Now let's wait a while and let mama rest a little". Of course her mother nearly burst at this.

[“Then in the fall on the ninth day of the ninth month, comes the kite-flying. Because Fukien has such fine breezy hills great delight is taken in this sport. Kites of all sizes are seen taking from the city all misfortunes, an easy and pleasant way of getting rid of one's troubles. The boys have fights between their kites too.” Steinbeck, Grace, and Armstrong Susan. Fukien, A Study of a Province in China. Shanghai, China: Presbyterian Mission Press, 1925. Book in the collection of Mark and Jana Jackson.]

Yesterday was the birthday of the Emperor of Japan. The Foochow officials all called on the Japanese Consul and a salute was fired in his honor which caused the people to wonder if the Japs were opening fire on Foochow. The cook said that the street talk yesterday morning was that the Japs were to attack the Arsenal at Pagoda Anchorage with their Gun Boats which is lying there. Well there have been months of rumors. I always tell the Chinese that I think it well enough to listen to all rumors, but never believe one till it is proven true. The situation in North China remains the same for all that we know, so does the situation in the Southern provinces.

I attended communion at Au Long Die this morning and assisted the pastor in conducting the communion. There was an audience of about 50, over 30 were church members. We had a good service. But these self-supporting churches are having hard times. Unless the situation changes and lets loose the money that is now bound up tight and allows business to start again, and also guarantees something like stability in business circles, I am afraid self-support will have to rest for a time. I have already assisted a little in five places. Geu Cio Dong and Ha Pua Ga have not yet asked.

The painters began on the new house last Thursday. The masons are on the last two rooms down stairs. Dr. Kinnear says nothing as yet about coming back. We shall not think of moving into the new house till he returns.

A letter from Miss Newton this week makes it appear that there is a strong feeling on the part of many that no more missionaries should come to China at present, and some think that all now in China should return. These people forget the immense financial interests at stake. Here, the buildings in our Foochow Mission could not be replaced for \$40,000 gold. Then think of the injury to the work. If we all leave for six months even, it would take at least two years under most favorable conditions to regain what would be lost. If the business men whose only motive is to make money, scoff at the idea of leaving, what should a man who professed to be here for higher interests do? But this is preaching. God will guide if we are only pliant in His hands.

Lots of love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 11, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He enjoys hearing about the summer activities back home in the U.S. Willard hopes the Emperor will return to Peking. McKinley has been re-elected as President of the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Nov. 11th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The time for writing has again come. The last letter was written Nov. 4. No. 25. Last Tuesday was a day of great rejoicing for letters from Shelton, South Orange, and Framingham arrived and we knew you were all well. The accounts of the Summer and of the old home from different views are not merely interesting. They give us a much fuller and more perfect picture of the conditions and the changes at home. I cannot promise when each of these will have its individual answer, but I hope it will come sometime.

Monday evening about 8 o'clock while Ellen was lying down with Geraldine to have her go to sleep and as I was taking leave of a helper who had been with me for an hour there was a loud knock on the compound gate and I heard the sound of foreign boots on the walk. Mr. and Mrs. Lacy and Mr. and Mrs. Simester had walked over from the South Side to call. Fortunately the cook had that afternoon made a cocoanut cake and I had not touched it at supper. Fortunately also we had on hand a lot of green oranges that make fine orangeade. On Friday we all went to dinner at Miss Woodhulls to celebrate the first anniversary of Miss Brown's arrival in Foochow.

The Boston shipment arrived at the jetty in Foochow Fri. It is ready for delivery tomorrow. The whole shipment consisted of 79 cases. We are not sending for Mr. Gardner's or for Dr. Bliss cases. Dr. Kinnear and Mr. Peet are having their boxes go to Japan. So it makes a mixed business. In my efforts to suit all parties, I omitted to send for our box, so it is still in Hong Kong. But the order is now written to have it sent up.

The stir over the movements of the Foochow officials and the Japanese Consul seems to have subsided. Of political news we know none. From the papers I have hopes that the Emperor will return to Peking. I still fail to see how anything can be done toward restoring order and ensuring safety in the Empire till the powers can communicate with the head of the nation. I have more faith now than I had a few weeks ago that the problem will be settled aright. It is a big question, involving all the world powers. There is no precedent to guide. It is not at all strange that it takes a long time. It should take a long time. I cannot work up much fever over the talk of restricting missionaries to

treaty ports etc. "The Gospel is not bound." - was not in Paul's day and has not been since. Man cannot find it now. Christianity has taken root in China and it is bound to grow here. It will do this on the authority of Him who gives orders to Kings and Emperors and Presidents.

I see McKinley is again President of the U.S. and telegram also states that there were riots and bloodshed in many places. One can but ask whether with fire, flood, tempest, strikes and election riots, life is entirely safe in America.

Ellen is feeling rather tired today, other wise we are well [*Ellen is pregnant* again.]. The weather has been very trying for two weeks past for two months we have had no rain and have had very warm weather - thermometer 80 degrees +. Thurs. it began to rain. Today it has rained very hard. There was a change in the temperature this afternoon it is much cooler.

I conducted communion at Au Ciu today - a good audience.

With Love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 18, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Seven officials were beheaded in Paotingfu for the murder of foreigners there that summer. Willard agrees with the beheadings. Ellen put a pair of pants on Gould for the first time in his life for his 4th birthday. Like other young boys of that time period, he normally wears dresses. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary

W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Nov. 18th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote as usual last Sunday, No. 26. Last Tuesday a letter came from mother. This letter was written the last of Sept. i.e. before the letter that came the mail before. We wonder if the letter that came from us in such quick time did not have a German instead of a French stamp on it. The Germans have established a Post Office here. But the French have none.

The chief news of the week was from Paotingfu to the effect that seven officials had been beheaded for their implication in the murdering of foreigners at that place this Summer. Three of these officials were high officials. The other four were also important men. It is with no spirit of revenge that I most heartily approve of this as a good beginning of a good work that I hope to see go on until the officials realize that they cannot plot or connive at the death of those who are living in China in perfect agreement with treaties made between China and other powers. For half a century the nations have simply asked a few thousands of dollars or a little territory as compensation for massacred humans. The mandarins care nothing for either. Such a weak-kneed policy only spurs them to hate the foreigner and to exert themselves the more strenuously to expel him from the land. But each massacre could be traced to the officials. These men at least knew of the project and did nothing to avert it. As long as they could make the powers believe that it was the work of a fanatical mob and as long as the powers were satisfied with the heads of a few unknown vagabonds and a money indemnity the officials only laughed at the matter. But when their own heads must pay for their own sins the matter must assume a different character. As I have said before unless drastic measures are employed now, there will be a repetition of the scenes of the past Summer all over the Empire in a few years. It is infinitely better that the heads of a few conscienceless, heartless, diabolical officials should drop now, than that thousands of innocent subjects should be cruelly murdered and thousands more rendered homeless and penniless a few years hence. Prince Tuan and Yu Hsien (Governor of Shansi at whose order the missionaries in that Province were massacred) should follow the Paoting fu officials. It will perhaps be impossible to carry out the execution of Tuan but the other if he can be caught could be executed. It is difficult to know what is going on in the conferences between the powers, but it seems to me they are making progress in deciding what demands shall be made upon China. These are included under three heads. Punishment of chief offenders; future safety of foreigners in the empire; indemnity for losses sustained.

Last Tues. was Gould's fourth birth day. His mother celebrated the occasion by putting pants on him for an hour and then cutting out another dress for him. The other day Gould did not want his clothes changed for warmer ones. Ellen had just told him that he must have more clothes on. Phebe seconded her mother's injunction by saying, "Gould, if you don't hurry and have those clothes on, you'll catch cold and be sick and die and go to Heaven before the rest of us do." For the past three days the mercury has been between 45 degrees and 50 degrees. We had a fire last evening for the first time this Fall.

Rev. and Mrs. Wilcox and family and Miss Bosworth of the M.E. Mission came back from Japan last Wed. We hear nothing about when Dr. Kinnear and Mr. Peet expect to come with their families.

There is much illness among the Chinese due I presume to the rain and the sudden fall in temperature last week. To day three churches in this station had to be supplied by Seminary boys because the preachers were ill. Our coolie is also in bed to day. I conducted communion at Sang Tung Gio today. Twenty five in all partook of the communion. There was the best of attention by the members, and 4 or 5 strangers came in and sat thro the services and about 20 strangers stood in the rear of the room.

Some one is dreaming of dinner hours in their sleep in the other room, so I think it must be bed time. We are all well and happy. God is very good to us.

With Love to all

Will.

[Paoting is pronounced bow'ding according to the ABCFM. I believe that when they add the 'fu' as in Paotingfu, it means that it is a center of government in the area.]

[This letter dated Nov. 26, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The Kinnears will return from Japan when things are more settled in China. Mrs. Peet's 4 day old baby dies. They are also still in Japan. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary

W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Nov. 26th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote one week ago yesterday, Nov. 13th was the last we have received from you. A letter from Putnam arrived yesterday. A letter came from Dr. Kinnear in the same mail. They are still in Japan and from his letter have no idea when they will return, except that they intend to wait till all is settled here in China. In the mean time many of his duties devolve on me. But he should get a good rest and be in good condition for work when he comes back-unless the illness in his family tires him out. Eunice has been in bed all Summer, just well now. This letter tells of Mrs. Kinnear telegraphing him to come from Kioto to Okayama on account of the illness of the baby Gerald. Mrs. Peet gave birth to a daughter Nov. 1st. It died when four days old. They write as if they might return as soon as Mrs. Peet's health made it safe.

By the way Abe's home is in Okayama. But he has gone to the bad theologically, and nearly killed his flourishing church of about 700 members. He has left the place and has left the ministry.

Last week was just a common place week. This week will bring Thanksgiving. The Consulate has invited all Americans to dinner at 7 P.M. We have declined, on account of leaving the children in the compound alone. But Mrs. Gracey is laboring with Ellen to find some way to go. The outcome is uncertain.

Yesterday the M.E. Bishop preached in the M.E. College Chapel and we went to hear him. To day Mr. Walker, Misses Brown and Bements have gone about 12 miles up in the country to marry Misses Bement's cook. Mr. Walker and Miss Brown had to come out of the city and stay over night to start together this morning. They were at our house. The Bishop's sermon took my afternoon and Mr. Walker and Miss Brown the evening. So this is just a word this morning to let you know we are all well and all hungry for dinner.

Lovingly yours

Will.

[This letter dated Dec. 5, 1900 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He is glad that the Meeting of the Board in St. Louis does not plan on taking backward steps in China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary

W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Dec. 5th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

A letter came from you and one from Putnam yesterday. No. 28 went from here Nov. 26th. The Americans had a good time at the Consulate on Thurs. evening. We did not go for lots of reasons. On Sunday I preached in English on the South Side at an afternoon service.

To day our Annual Meeting begins. This morning we have had reports from all the work in the two stations of which I have charge i.e. Foochow Suburbs and Ing Hok. There is in all the reports a note of sadness, but the note of praise is loudest and will not [*let*] down. Yesterday's mail brought the first reports of the Annual Meeting of the Board at St. Louis. We are glad that no backward step is thought of for China.

A good letter from Dwight yesterday said he had accepted the call to the church at Lancaster, Mass. for a year.

I must not write more now. We are all quite well. Gould last Monday night kicked himself over back in his high chair and cut a gash in the back of his head ½ in. long. But it was not serious. We plastered it up. The plaster was taken off yesterday.

Political affairs are stuck. God is over and in all.

Lovingly
Will.

*[This letter dated **about Dec. 9, 1900** was written by Ellen and daughter Phebe to Grandma. It is written on 4" X 5.5" paper folded in half. Phebe is about five years old and writes a brief letter in scribbles (an attempt at cursive writing?) to her Grandmother. Ellen interprets it. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About December 9, 1900]

[The following is written in Ellen's handwriting.]

(This is what the first two pages of Phebe's letter say.)

Dear Grandma,

I send you some of my first knitting because I wanted to make you a Christmas present. I could have bought some thing for you that would be pretty but I wanted to make something myself so as I was learning to knit just now I wanted to knit a present. It isn't anything only just to look at you see because I had not learned to knit mittens or stockings yet. Next time I'll make something better, I pinned a little card with "Merry Merry Christmas" on it but I am afraid you cannot read it.

Gould and Geraldine and I want to thank you and Grandpa and Aunt Louise ever so much for those shoes, plaid dresses and Aunt Mary for that lovely flag and wish you all a Very Merry Christmas. Your Loving
Phebe.

*[This letter dated **Dec. 9, 1900** was written from Foochow, China by Willard and Ellen to the Folks at Home. A solemn Annual Meeting was held that week. Foochow has experienced flood, drought, hard times and sadness over the deaths of the Christians in the north. Willard must go to Ing Hok to look into charges against one of the pastors. Ellen adds a note about Christmas and 5 year old Phebe's knitting. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Dec. 9th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Last Tues. a fine mail arrived from America bringing letters from Shelton, Putnam, Dwight, Sec'y Baer, and two persons who are interested in and are supporting work in the Ing Hok field. These special contributions cause extra labor in correspondence but they bring many encouraging letters from Christian brothers and sisters. The value of which cannot be estimated in gold. I answered your letter that arrived last Tues. on Wed. No. 29. Phebe at that time was thoughtful enough to send a Merry Christmas. I hope it will reach you in season. Mine I send now with good wishes for the New Year. Mine will reach you after all others and will be a reminder of all the others.

We have had a good Annual Meeting this past week. The Pastors and preachers have seemed to enjoy it more than in former years. The political disturbances; the dangers which the church in Foochow has met this year; the destroying flood and the terrible hard times; and especially the thought that thousands of their brothers and sisters in the North had borne witness to Christ by their death all combines to impart to this meeting solemnity that is new to the church in Foochow. The meeting closed with Communion in various central churches this morning. Consul and Mrs. Gracey attended the communion at Geu Cio Dong and took dinner with us before going back over the river.

Just as we were finishing dinner our attention was attracted by several people standing in the tops of their houses and looking in one direction. On investigation we found a fire raging about 10 minutes walk from our house. It burnt very near one of our chapels - Dung Song- If the wind had been the other way this Chapel must have gone. The chapel at Au Ciu was in danger also. But God mercifully preserved both.

I intend to start for Ing Hok next Fri. for a week's trip. The character of the one pastor of this field is now in question. Several severe charges have been brought against him by the preachers in the field. The other 7 pastors and Missionaries are investigating the charges. I think some of them will be sustained and he will be removed to another field.

[Following is written by Ellen]

Willard has gone to the mountain with Dr. Bement today to look after our house into which thieves broke a few weeks ago and to assist Dr. in purchasing land for their prospective cottage; and to get a little needed recreation. So he wishes me to send this letter he began two days ago. He speaks of the "Merry Christmas" Phebe sent, - the little piece of knitting, - not of any use, but "just to show Grandma how I can knit. By next year she will be able to send something useful I hope. She put a great deal of zest and interest into the making of this first Christmas present to Grandma. This piece is almost the first stitches she took in learning. She felt quite happy that while doing this she herself taught her amah to knit. Please accept my "Merry Christmas" with this doily as a little gift to mother. It was made by a Chinese woman. The M.E. Mission teaches this industry to aid widows in their own support. With a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all, Lovingly Yours,

Ellen.

We are all perfectly well at this writing, altho Phebe explained her feelings a few days ago in terms not common to medical practice, thus: - "My stomach has gone bad."

*[This letter dated **Dec. 16, 1900** was written from Ing Hok, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard took another trip to Ing Hok and Gak Liang with Mr. Walker and Dr. Woodhull for four days. Ellen finishes the letter for Willard. She is helping prepare Christmas exercises for the churches particularly in the musical area. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ing Hok

Sunday, Dec 16th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

A letter started from Foochow for Shelton last Mon. or Tues. I shall have to wait until I can consult my correspondence register to tell whom the last came from home.

Monday Dec. 10th The missionaries and pastors spent the whole day investigating the character of the pastor of the Ing Hok field. He has been accused of making money out of the lawsuits that the ch. members ask him to take up. Thus far nothing very criminal has been proved against him. But it is evidently best that we find another field of labor for him. He has more power in this field than one man can endure- unless he be very consecrated and humble.

Tuesday I was pretty tired in the head after a week of Annual Meeting and the trial of the pastor. So I ran away from all work and went to Guliang. Dr. Bement went with me and we staked out a building lot for her and her sister.

Friday morning Mr. Walker, Dr. Woodhull and I started for Ing Hok. The wind was not good and the boatmen were of like quality with the wind. The result was that we progressed slowly. We reached the foot of the rapids, three miles below our destination= Gak Liang- at 6 P.M. It was already dark. The boatmen declared they could go no further. But it was hardly convenient for us to sleep on the boat, and I kindly told the boatmen that I had hired them to go to Gak Liang. They had been reserving their strength all day and I was ready to pay them when we

reached Gak Liang and not before. If they refused to go on what they had done would be of no profit to them. They grumbled and kept on up the rapids. We reached Gak Liang a little after 8 p.m. all safe and happy. I gave the boatmen an extra 20 cents and I thought they were all going to hug me at once. If it had been light I expect you could have seen me blush at the compliments they heaped on me.

We had a good sleep that night at Gak Liang and yesterday we came by land up to Ing Hok. Mr. Walker and Dr. in chairs and I on foot. It was, as it always is, a very pleasant day's work. One of the pastor's from Shaowu is with us, and he adds much to the pleasure of the trip.

This morning Mr. Walker went up to Uo Cia and Gak Tau to preach. The Shaowu pastor and I preached and conducted communion at the Woodin Memorial Church here. This afternoon we have had a nice C.E. meeting.

The weather continues fair and mild. I have not yet put on Winter underwear. We are having a little fire here to eat by. But it is quite comfortable in my room now writing with no fire and no overcoat.

Mr. Walker and I expect to go down to Gak Liang on Tues. He will go right on to Foochow to attend Mr. Hartwell's 75th birthday celebration. I must go up in the mountains from Gak Liang three miles to Tung Chang to meet the Christians for a little service on Wed. morning. Dr. Woodhull will come down to Gak Liang on Wed. and she and I will go from there to Foochow on Tues.

I think I have not yet written that the home box has arrived all right and we have had a fine Indian meal pudding with raisins in it. The Consul and Mrs. Gracey praised it highly. It was good. The pumpkin you sent last year is not quite gone. The best of wives made a pie for me to bring on this trip. I have tried to enjoy sharing it with Mr. Walker and Dr. Woodhull. It is all gone!!

I shall ask Mr. Walker to take this to Ponasang for me so it may be mailed on Wed. Ellen will fill up the empty space.

With Lots of Love.

Will.

[The following is written by Ellen]

But the letter did not reach me until after the messenger had gone on Wednesday, and being in attendance upon a birthday celebration followed by a prayer meeting I have found no opportunity to "fill up the empty space: until now, Thurs.

All our present Mission force including children, with the exception of 6, were present at the Birthday Dinner. It is seldom we all meet in this way and this was a very pleasant occasion.

The Mission presented Mr. Hartwell with a silver-headed bamboo cane and a croquet-set, the latter being the almost only form of physical recreation and exercise that a man of his age could participate in, and he does enjoy that.

We are busy now preparing for the Christmas exercises in the churches, and for the graduating exercises that come a month later. My particular part of this work is to select music and drill the singers, distribute the cards and attend as many of the dozen or more services in various places, as I can. This together with attending to the details of finishing the new house keeps us both from being idle. But we are glad to make Christmas a happy time for the Christians for they give up a number of festivities when they give up idolatry. Just now they are having one of their idol feasts and music and drumming and firecrackers are common sounds. Whenever Gould hears it he says "The Chinese are worshipping "dirty dolls"", as he calls the idols. We are all well as we hope this finds you.

Very lovingly yours Ellen.

[This letter dated **Dec. 30, 1900** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He requests that they send in his life insurance payment for him. Christmas exercises are over. Willard describes the odd Christmas decorations the Chinese come up with for the churches. Their new house has been painted. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary

W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Dec. 30th 1900.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote last on Dec. 11th - no it was Dec. 16th while at Ing Hok and I have not recorded it. This letter was delayed in going to the office and was not numbered. Your last arrived Dec. 21st just in time for Christmas.

Yesterday I wrote Mr. Hartwell- acting treasurer in Dr. Kinnear's absence- for an order on the A.B.C.F.M. Treasurer at Boston for you- amount \$50.00. But her replies that Dr. Kinnear had left no Boston orders with him. We suppose Dr. Kinnear is now in Shanghai and will be here on the next steamer. I am afraid if I wait for him it will be too late to pay my life insurance so I am going to ask you to advance the money. I will send the order as soon as I can. If you chance to have any money on hand for me, keep it, only let me know of its receipt and the amount. The last mail brought \$3.00 in Dominion of Canada paper currency. I shall send this with the order in registered letter, hoping you may be able to use it. The number of my life insurance policy is 166224, Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.

752 Broad Street
Newark
N.J.

The amount of the premium is (\$27.86) twenty seven and eighty six hundred dollars. The premium is due Feb. 27th.

It seems to me it would be well for you to make a note of the address of this company, and the amount of insurance on my life = \$1000. Last year the amount of additional insurance purchased by the premiums was \$137, so the whole amount of insurance at the present time is \$1137. When the receipt comes to you this amount will be increased by about \$15.00.

The past week has been filled with Christmas exercises. They began last Sunday at Ha Puo Ga. If I describe the decorations here it will suffice for every place. The pulpit is covered with tables in tiers. These are first covered with white table cloths or with bright embroidery. Then on the tables are arranged clocks of every description. There are sure to be one or two with some kind of visible motion. One stands high and beneath the clock is an image sitting in a swing. This is suspended by a spring and the machinery of the clock keeps the image



going up and down. Then they had one piece of machinery this year that made the foreigners bite their lips to keep from smiling. It was a cigarette advertisement. A fat German's head is seen above an ad't board. His elbows rest on the top edge of the board and his hands point to the ad't. He has a broad grin on his fat round face and a cigar in one corner of his mouth. The figure the size of a 12 year old boy. The machinery makes the head move from side to side. The eyes also move from side to side and the first finger moves up and down on the board. Beside the clocks are lamps and handsome flowers or other articles in glass cases. Then there are always potted plants and cut flowers in vases and greens tied much as we tie them at home and festooned about the room. Add to these Chinese lanterns of various shapes and colors and you have the picture completed. Oh, no. On the walk are many of the large Bible pictures mounted as scrolls and generally foreign photos in frames. This year photos of the Czar and Czarina of Russia and Prince and Princess of Greece. We in America do not beat them very much for quantity of Christmas decorations.

The exercises on the whole have been better than in former years. Perhaps in one or two places the exercises have been better in former years, but this year they have been uniformly good. The day school scholars both boys and girls and the women also have taken part in the exercises. The teachers and literary men have written original accounts (that is the language and idiom were original) of the birth of Christ and original poems have been written and recited or sung by Sunday School Children. At each church there have been from four to ten addresses. These have been short and every one of them excellent. On Wed. and on Sat. I was absent from home all day. Eating a feast after the morning exercises at one chapel and also after the exercises in the afternoon at another chapel. The church members have very generally given up their business for the occasion and helped in the decorating and also attended the exercises-especially the feasts. In some places where the head of a shop or factory was a Christian he has celebrated the occasion in his shop or factory- giving his clerks or workmen a part holiday and holding appropriate exercises hoping to influence his employees for good. This is a very hopeful sign.

On Tues. evening we had a little celebration all to ourselves with others in the compound. Miss Garretson, Dr. and Miss Bement and all their servants with our servants. We had a little tree with some candles on it and pretty well loaded with presents- there were 20 persons in all and a little candy and the pop-corn you sent made excellent balls that just suited the Chinese tooth. This is the land of oranges and we had two bushels and over. This made the fourth celebration I had attended that day.

To day I helped at the communion at Au Iong Die. None united with the church. Three wished to do so, but it was thought they could wait till next year.

The new house is nearly all painted. I have spent three half days there painting veranda floors. A half day for me means two or three hours, - or less. I bought some floor paint from San Francisco and want to put it on myself, -then I am sure it gets on. We want to simply oil the dining room and the halls. The other rooms are mostly white or a suggestion of green with colored trimmings. Ellen has had her hands full with overseeing the painters for the past two weeks. We want very much to get into the new house to receive the new missionary in Feb. but things must move more rapidly then for three weeks past to allow it. Our room over there will be very much pleasanter for Ellen than our room in the old house.

We think of you as all at home again. Enjoying the holidays together. How quickly the term has passed. It seems but yesterday that we came down from the mountain. You have all had one term of work in school and college. But this year we in China have a very long term. There was an intercalary [*intercalary-Inserted in the calendar to make the calendar year correspond to the solar year*] eight moon and the last day of our year will be Feb. 18th 1901. Our school term will close Jan. 30th. I must spend Jan. 16, 17th at least in Ing Hok. If the trouble at Sung Kau in the upper part of the field is settled I shall arrange to go up there. I ought to hold communion at Ngu Deng Muoi, Sung Kau and Diong Keng.

We are all quite well. The children growing fast and eating like little pigs. You would stare to see them eat fruit. Our breakfast consists only of fruit and oatmeal. The fruits are two kinds of oranges, dates, peanuts, bananas, pear, pumelo.

We hope you are enjoying the Christmas tide. With Love to all. Will.



Back in Shelton in about 1900. Photo of the Shelton Congregational Church

Today there is a room downstairs called the Beard Room. It was dedicated in memory of Ruth and Theodore W. Beard in 1976. Theodore was Zina Chatfield Beard's son and Willard's first cousin, once removed.

According to church history, the church was founded in 1892 and Willard was slated to be the first minister of the church, but he decided to become a missionary instead.

Puritans seeking a more local autonomy and a simpler church service founded the first Congregational churches in New England in the 1600's. Over the next two centuries, Congregationalism was the most popular form of worship in New England, particularly in Connecticut.

"The Hilltopper News". Shelton Congregational Church. September 4, 2009
<www.sheltoncongregationalchurch.org>.

1901

- Dorothy Beard born February 26, 1901 in Foochow, China
- September 1901-President McKinley shot and killed-Roosevelt becomes President
- Queen Victoria dies, Edward VII becomes King of England
- Willard is 36, Ellen- 33, Phebe- 6, Gould- 5, Geraldine- 3, and Dorothy is an infant.



Willard Beard and four unidentified ladies
Probably early 1900s
[Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard.]

*[This letter dated **Jan. 6, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. New Years day has come and gone quietly. A well respected Chinese pastor in Foochow, Rev. Ling Nik Sing died unexpectedly. The Peets and Mrs. Hartwell are expected back in Foochow. Willard updates the folks back home about his children. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Jan. 6th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The right hand figure of the date changes again. The twentieth century has dawned. The old year went out and the new year came in without any fuss here. We went to bed as usual last Monday evening, and on Tues. morning awoke as usual in a new year and in a new century, and went about our customary duties. We were reminded however, while at breakfast, by the appearance of the teachers and students of the Sem'y, that New Year's greetings were in order. During the day a great many Chinese called to leave best wishes for the new year.

The last letter from Shelton arrived Dec. 21. I wrote Dec. 30 one week ago. The last mail brought a letter from G. A. Lawrence, my old room mate in Oberlin during the last term of our junior year and during the whole of the senior year. It was a refreshing breeze. The sheets were not filled with pious epithets. He did not dwell on the things we had given up. He assumed that we were still in the world of wicked humans- not all of whom are on this side [of] the globe, and not all of whom are Chinamen or even heathen. He is preaching in a Presb'n church in Monroeville, Ohio, near his old home. The Advance gave notice that Fred Sumner had accepted a son from his wife a short time ago.

The Mission met with a great loss this noon. Rev. Ling Nik Sing, pastor of the church in the city, connected with the college, was in his pulpit as usual for the Sunday morning service. During the opening exercises, he had just read the commandments and given out a hymn, when he called on the senior teacher in the College to preach for him. He went into his home, adjoining the church and asked for some tea. When it was brought he could not drink it. Dr. Woodhull tried to give him medicine but he could take nothing. He passed away within half an hour. Pastor Ling was the most conservative of the ordained men in our Foochow Mission. A man of unimpeachable character, thoroughly consecrated to his work. He has not been well since we have been in Foochow. One of the first matters that came up in business meeting after we arrived in Foochow was his health. I cannot think who will take his place. Ming Uong is the only man whose education and consecration fit him for the place. But I am afraid he would not last long in the position and then his present position could not be filled by any one now in sight.

God will take care of the whole matter and will find some one to fill the vacancy. How often we see in print "No one will be found to fill his place." Perhaps God does not want the place of any of us filled. Our work is done when He calls us home, and He wants another man- not to take up our work but to do another work, and have you ever thought, He always provides the man.

The Week of Prayer began to day with a sermon by Mr. Boyd of the Ch. Miss'y Soc'y. There will be meetings as usual each day at 3 P.M. at different residences.

I expect to start for Ing Hok again one week from tomorrow, Jan. 14th.

A letter has arrived stating that the missionaries on furlough in the U.S. started for Foochow Dec. 22nd. Mr. and Mrs. Peet, and Mrs. Hartwell are expected tomorrow. Dr. Kinnear and family we think are to come later.

We are all in excellent health. Gould said to his mother a few days ago "I would like to be married, mama. I would like to have a wife." He is urging his mother just now to take a picture of a pretty little baby up to God and ask him to send down a little sister for him. The plans that he makes for his little baby are beyond describing. Geraldine thinks it great fun to be "Dak Prost" (Jack Frost) and run about biting folks. Phebe is bathing Geraldine. Ellen says it is a circus to see the operation. It is as much fun for Geraldine as for Phebe. If Geraldine does not obey, Phebe shouts, "Mama you'll have to come with the spat stick" and Geraldine comes to terms at once.

Give our love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Jan. 27, 1901 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Mr. Walker, Willard and two Theological students took a trip to the Ing Hok area. While travelling through a village they came upon a skirmish but they were not harmed and it had nothing to do with them. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Jan. 27th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

My Correspondence Register tells a surprising tale this evening as I look at [it] to see when I sent the last letter. If it speaks truly I wrote last Jan. 6th, three weeks ago. I am afraid this is the truth, for the next week Jan. 13th I was just on the eve of starting for Ing Hok and the next week, Jan. 20th one week ago I was one hundred miles from Foochow at the farthest point in the Ing Hok field where we have work.

On the morning of Jan. 14th Mr. Walker and I and two of the Theological students started for Ing Hok. We arrived at Gak Liang that evening at 6 o'clock and found some 40 of the Christians assembled to eat the Christmas feast. We ate with them. The next day we walked up to Ing Hok. That evening we held the first session of the Ing Hok quarterly meeting. On Wed. we held three sessions and on Thurs. three sessions. Mr. Walker was very helpful. I was much pleased on Fri. morning to hear Mr. Walker say "A very successful quarterly meeting."

On Fri. morning Mr. Walker and the students started for Foochow. I, with three of the helpers and two load

carriers started for the stations up the river. That night we spent on Sa Sang- a level mountain top, at the house of the only man in that large tract of country, who professes to be a Christian. He is not free from the opium habit, and has not joined the church. We held a delightful and touching service with him and his family. He prayed very earnestly for the foreigners of sins and for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. A man who prays like that and who reads his Bible as I know this man does must have God's ear.

Sat. morning we were off for Diong Keng where we have a chapel, arriving at 4:45 P.M. On the road everywhere there were the best of opportunities for speaking of Christ. The three young men with me said I was as good as an accordion to attract a crowd. That Sat. at dinner in a native inn, we preached for an hour and a half to about twenty men. They listened most attentively and asked honest questions about the Gospel. The crowds everywhere were most attentive and polite. That evening- Wed. morning almost dinner time- we had a very interesting service at Diong Keng with four men who are Christians but have not the courage to stand up before their relatives and friends and confess Christ. They are afraid of being laughed at. But they will gain courage.

Sunday I conducted communion at Diong Keng in the A.M. and at Sung Kau in the P.M. Sung Kau is where the theft occurred in August. The thief and the man into whose house the goods were put are now in custody at Ing Hok and they have confessed. On the road from Diong Keng to Sung Kau we pass thro the village where these two men live. This village has for a long time borne a bad reputation. Just as we reached the village we hear a terrific shout and angry words. Looking in the direction of the sound, we saw about 15 rods away some 60 or 70 men collected with spears and tridents as if for no peaceable amusement. It was not exactly a pleasant sight in just that place and at just that time. Nik Huak the evangelist of the Ing Hok field was walking just behind me. He stopped and exclaimed "What is the matter?" One of the load carriers also stopped. The other kept on and I followed him. Someway I did not feel much disturbed. I thought of my sprinting days in college and made up my mind I could run as fast as the other fellow. But I felt all the time that this trouble did not at all concern us. This proved to be the case. These 60 or 70 men had been taking a feast over ancestral grave worship and had gotten drunk and then a fight ensued. We chanced to come along just at this time. We spent Sunday night at Sung Kau and Monday morning at 6:30 were going down rapids in a boat (ferry) with twenty other men. We made 12 miles in 3 hours, walked another 4 miles and took dinner at Ngu deng muoi. That afternoon I took the first rest I had had since leaving Foochow. In the evening conducted communion with one church member.

Tues. morning at 7 o'clock we were off for Ing Hok- arriving at 3:30 P.M. walking 24 miles. The next morning I started for Foochow arriving on Thursday at 10:30 A.M. finding all the dear ones well and happy.

Examinations in the Seminary were in progress, they were finished Fri.

Sunday morning I preached a baccalaureate sermon before the 7 Theol. students and the 10 girls who graduate this year.

Sat. we welcomed Dr. Bliss and Miss Walker. Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear came but they stopped on the South Side in a Meth. house.

Monday afternoon the graduation of the Seminary passed off nicely. Tues. P.M. the Girls College graduated ten girls with honor. Seven graduated from the Theol. Sem'y.

I have now had my dinner and am going into the city to attend the graduation exercises of the Boy's College this afternoon. Ellen goes with me.

We are all well and happy. God is always very good to us. We rec'd last Sat. a letter from Shelton and a beautiful picture of two little girls whom we have named Annie and Olive.

Love to all
Will.

[This letter dated Feb. 8, 1901 was written from Boston, Mass. by Francis E. Clark to Mr. Dwight Goddard. Mr. Clark writes praising Willard and the seminary. He is very supportive of the financial support the board is giving for the new building. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Copy.

Presidents Office. U.S. of C.E.
Boston, Mass. Feb. 8th, 1901.

Mr. Dwight Goddard.
Lancaster. Mass.
My dear Mr. Goddard:-

When in Foochow last year I became greatly interested in Rev. W.L. Beard and the students of his theological seminary in that place. There are few nobler men or more successful workers in the mission field than Mr. Beard. And few schools that if properly equipped can accomplish so much for the cause of Christ throughout China.

I am glad that you are assisting the American Board in securing funds for its much needed building and I am most happy to testify to my appreciation of the work of the school and to wish for you the best of success in placing it upon a firm foundation.

Faithfully yours.

Francis E. Clark.

Dear Miss Beard:-

Isn't this great? I feel like throwing up my hat. In another letter he says. "I believe with all my heart in Mr. Beard and his work." Will you send this to your home. You need not return it to me.

Yours sincerely,

Dwight Goddard

[This letter dated Feb. 10, 1901 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard mentions two new types of games – basket ball and hockey. He has noticed that the missionaries and merchants have become more acquainted since the troubles in China. They often play sports together now. The Shaowu missionaries have been cleared to go back to their station and resume their work. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary

W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Feb. 10th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I started the last letter about Feb. 1st. Your last arrived Jan. 21. But the mail last week brought a good long letter from Miss Newton, - all about her visit at both Shelton and Putnam, so we heard from you only a few days since. Feb. 1st the temperature took a sudden fall- going down to 30 degrees above. This is very unusual here. The cold has continued longer than we have known it to before in the seven winters we have spent here. Coming so suddenly after warm weather, it was very trying to mankind and there are many calls of the doctors. Gould is nearly over his cold, Geraldine is getting the better of hers, I have kept close to the house yesterday and to day and feel much better this evening. I have not gone to bed only held up and done as little as possible. Ellen and Phebe have thus far escaped and I trust they will not have to take a course. Last Tues. I attended the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Anglo Chinese College (Meth.) and Wed. A.M. the Commencement of the same college, and in the P.M. the Monthly Concert of Prayer at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Muller of the Ch. Missionary Soc'y. Fri. A.M. I went into the city to play "Basket Ball." This is a new game born since I left the states. "Hockey" is another game that I heard little of before leaving home. *[Hockey came to the U.S. from Canada in 1893.]* The missionaries and community men play together. The troubles and the dangers of the past few years have brought the missionaries and the merchants much nearer to each other than they were when we first came to Foochow. The athletic sports are now helping to bridge the chasm. Yesterday it rained. We have had very little rain since the big flood last July, so it seems good to have some occasionally. We cannot move over to the new house until (?) possibly not before next Sept. Dr. Kinnear and Mrs. Kinnear are staying on the South Side in a Meth. house and I must not leave the compound here until a man can be here. The prospects now are that the Shaowu missionaries can go back to their station about Mar. 1. Both the Chinese officials and the Consuls have given their permission. Miss Newton enclosed the money from the W.C.T.U. in her letter. This is all I'll write this time. Jan 20th I was 100 miles from Foochow at Sung Kau. Jan 30th we remembered. Feb. 5th has passed. The 18th and 25th are coming. *[birthdays]* Love to all from Will

[This letter dated Feb. 17, 1901 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The new house is almost finished. More of the missionaries have arrived. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary

W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Feb. 17th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Feb. 10th I sent letter No. 3. Feb. 14th one arrived from you. The past week has slipped away very fast and it seems as if very little had been accomplished. Next Tuesday is Chinese New Years. The last week or two of the year are always full of business. Then the arrangements for the work of next year are not yet completed, so the days have been quite full. Yesterday I painted the upper half floor and part of the back veranda floor of the new residence. The mission has appointed us to occupy it. But the time when we can go is as yet an indefinite quantity. We may not move till next Summer. Ellen had a hard struggle to make up her mind to stay in the old house in bed for three weeks, but now that her mind is made up it will be less hard to do it. Our bed room here is a very cheerless room, and the arrangement of the house makes it impossible to change rooms. Our bed room in the new house is a very pleasant room, with one of the finest views in Foochow.

Ellen and the children are quite well. Gould has entirely recovered from his cold and Geraldine is nearly from hers. Phebe and Gould have thrived in the cold weather. The thermometer dropped to 28 ½ one night last week. This is the coldest weather we have experienced in Foochow. Fri. and Sat. mornings there was a very heavy frost that has killed all the grass, and some of the flowers- The heliotrope is all black, and the callas look worse for the ordeal.

Miss Chittenden arrived Fri. morning. Dr. and Mrs. Whitney stop in Shanghai. He meets with the committee on Medical Nomenclature for China, in that city and will come down later. Mr. Walker and his daughter moved into Dr. Kinnear's house last Tues. so we are quite lively at Ponasang now. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Hartwell moved down to Pagoda Anchorage yesterday. You know Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard's family are to sail for American Feb. 22, next Friday and Mr. Hartwell takes his work in that station.

I am sending you two photos. One should have had attached the tissue paper that I inclose here. The other I think you will recognize. We think both photos specially good. The one of the three cherubs is my own fixing. I promised Ellen I would take all the ones. The children are just as they chanced to dressed or undressed clean or otherwise at the time- about 10:30 A.M. Phebe was looking at the photo with Mr. Walker's Botany glass and remarked "How bushy my hair looks!" Gould was coerced into having his photo taken and this is hardly up to par in his looks. But the girls are good. Geraldine will never have a better one taken. It is perfect of her.

Give our love to Grandmother, and Aunt Louise and all the rest.

Lovingly Yours

Will.

*[This letter dated **March 3, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ellen gave birth to another baby girl and they names her Dorothy. Gould had previously shown Ellen a picture of a baby girl and told her to ask God for one like that. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary

W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, March 3rd 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote last Feb. 18th No. 4. Your last letter arrived yesterday- the one addressed to Ellen. I wrote last Wed. to Putnam telling the latest and most important news concerning China- i.e. the arrival of a young lady at our house at 4:40 a.m. Feb. 26th. She thought it would not be well for some reason to have the same birthday as her Aunt Flora (Feb. 25th) or as her grandfather Kinney (Feb. 24th) so she chose the 26th. She had a swift and easy voyage, and is getting acclimated nicely. Her hair is black, she weighed 8 ¾ lbs. At five days old she is eating every time she gets a chance and anything that comes within reach of her beak from her actions one is led to fear she has been nearly starved for a long time. I did not tell the folks at Putnam her name for the best of reasons. We have decided to call her Dorothy. Will you either send this to Putnam or write and tell them of our decision. She has steadily improved in her behaviour since she arrived. She had evidently been used to American time, for the first three nights she waited to turn into day, only however for two or three hours. But the last two nights she asked only for two lunches during the night and slept perfectly. Ellen is getting on as well as we can ask. She even this early wants to get up. Gould says she is the little sister he asked his Mama to get from God. He found a nice picture of a little girl and asked his Mama to get one like from God for him.

This is in haste because many are the demands on my time these days.

With Much Love

Will

*[This letter dated **March 17, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard helped the 5 missionaries onto boats to go back to Shaowu. The family has all had the grippe (flu). Baby Dorothy is doing well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary

W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, March 17th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Letter No. 5 announcing Dorothy's arrival started Mar. 4th. That letter acknowledged the last one received from your i.e. Mar. 1st.

Looking back from this date we have got along nicely. Briefly our history is – March 6th I helped the Shaowu friends put their things on the boats preparatory to starting up river. In the evening they all- Mr. and Miss Walker, Dr. and Miss Bement and Dr. Bliss- took dinner with the children and me and went on board the boats about 8 P.M. It was a hard day's work and even Ellen was somewhat wearied by the confusion all about. The next day we remarked that it seemed the day after a typhoon- all was so quiet. The Seminary opened that day. The next day Friday I stopped work at noon and just lay around. Sat. and Sunday I remained in bed. The children had fine times those days. There was no one to restrain them. But they seemed to keep very happy. At table they had three or four servants to do their bidding and we judged from the happy sounds that reached us that servants and children had nothing to complain of. We have one amah that is as good as she can be and at such times is worth her weight in gold. Monday morning I dressed and went to breakfast but did not get to the Seminary. I washed the baby both Sat. and Sunday, so you see I was not a complete invalid.

We have all had hard colds with fever. I expect in America it would have been called Grippe. We are all nearly well now. Dorothy had to come in for her share last. Her hardest time was last Sunday. She has troubled us very little tho. One or two nights we were up with her two or three hours. The first week she gained 1 ½ lbs. The next week- when she had the Grippe- she just held her own. The past few days we can see she has grown. Ellen has been sitting up in her room for nearly a week now, and she goes about in her room as she likes. Fri. she cut my hair. She is spending her odd moments copying the minutes of Mission business meetings into the Secretary's book. This task is happily at an end now, for Mr. Peet has the work.

On last Tues. the mission had another business meeting- an all day session. On Wed. I took my class in the Sem'y and have met it each day since. For the present I have only one class a day.

We are enjoying beautiful April weather these days. To day is clear and mild. The buds are swelling- almost bursting on many trees. Peach blossoms are out. The grass was killed by frost this Winter and the new fresh green grass is just appearing.

In the churches the work is starting slowly this year. I shall have hard work to push self-support. I hope however to carry it thro except in two places- as heretofore. Au Ciu and Dung Song cannot do it, and I shall help them. Geu Cio Dong will ask me to help the janitor. Ha Puo Ga I think will care for itself. I have had an endless amount of trouble over the Pastor in the Ing Hok field, Ciong Ging Beng. At last it is settled that he shall remove from Gak Liang to Chong Ha. This is something like cutting loose the key log in a jamb on the river. It relieves many other pressures and makes the planning of the work quite easy.

It is time to think of the shipment that is to start next June. I think one pair of shoes for me as usual No. 9 wide, about \$3.00. You need not send the rubber overshoes this time, 20 or 30 lbs. of rye, a little popping corn and a little dried pumpkin if you have it.

With best love to grandmother and Aunt Louise and all the others.

I am

Your

Will.

*[This letter dated **March 24, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ellen is doing well since Dorothy's birth. Dwight Goddard is working hard in the U.S. raising money for the new Seminary.]*

A new missionary named Lewis Hodous is being sent by the Board to Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, March, 24th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Another week has passed and I will write a line or two to let you know our condition. I wrote last one week ago, No. 6. March 20th we received letters from Flora, Phebe and Mother. On the 21st letters came from Putnam and from Dwight. So the week has brought a good lot of good news from different places.

With us all has gone much as usual. Ellen has gained strength steadily. On Tuesday when Dorothy was three weeks old Ellen came out to dinner with us. Two days later, Thursday evening, she took supper with us. These good deeds she has perpetrated daily every since. She still rises late and so still has breakfast in bed. She rises about 10 a.m. and sits up all day- without fatigue. Dorothy is a very proper child. She has learned to distinguish day and night, and seems to understand that night is the time when people sleep. As soon as she had recovered from the cold she began to sleep nicely at night, and to be awake more in the day time. I think during the past week she has gone to bed about 9 P.M. and asked for a lunch about 1 P.M. and breakfasted about 5 A.M. She is a bright eyed little lass, and already notices people or moving objects. She is very strong and would bear her whole weight on her feet now if we would allow it. I have bathed her each evening with Ellen to help. It keeps my attention fixed to prevent her from jumping out of the bowl. One night she nearly kicked the wash bowl off the chair on to the floor.

Phebe is never so happy as when holding Dorothy. She is very handy and holds her for a quarter of an hour at a time, and sometimes rocks her to sleep.

Dwight is hot after money for a new Theol. Seminary. He wrote me that the Board is really corresponding with a man to come to this station. I do not remember if I have written that Mr. Gardner formerly of the Shaowu station has written that he does not think it possible for him to go back to that station, and the mission has promised him work in some part of the Foochow field. He will in all probability take some of my work for I now have all the work of two stations alone, while each of the other two stations have two men in them. (I should have excepted Dr. Kinnear's Hospital). I hope one of the two young men with whom the Board is corresponding relative to coming to the Foochow Mission will be willing to go to Shaowu.

Monday- March 25th. A letter from Dr. Smith today states positively that Mr. Smith has been appointed to the Foochow Mission. Also that the Board is in correspondence with a man a graduate of Hartford Sem'y 1900, now studying in Germany, with reference to coming to this station. From Mr. Goddard we learn that this man's name is Hodous and from the Hartford Sem'y catalog we learn it is Lewis Hodous of Cleveland, Ohio. Well it looks as if there was help ahead.

Love to all from all
Will.

[This letter dated April 21, 1901 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard took a trip to Ing Hok with hopes of going on to Diong Keng but the rain was too hard. He tells about a man on opium. He tells a couple of tidbits on his children. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, April 21st 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

My register says that my last letter was written Mar. 31st, that your last arrived April 8th.

April 7th two weeks ago I attended two services and then had to meet Dr. Stryker [Minnie] = Miss Garretson's niece appointed to be associated with Dr. Woodhull. The next four days were more than full so I am afraid you have gone three weeks with no letter from me. On Wed. April 10th I married one of the Sem'y graduates of '99. On Thurs. I was preparing for the Ing Hok trip. In the evening we took dinner at Miss Garretson's with friends from the other missions in honor of Dr. Stryker's arrival. On Fri. morning I was off for Ing Hok. For the description of that trip I am going to ask Ellen to send you the letter I wrote her from Ing Hok a week ago today.

I intended to start from Ing Hok city Fri. April 18th, walking that day to Sa Sang, and the next day to Diong Keng. Then on Sunday hold communion there and at Sung Kau 6 miles away. Then return to Ing Hok Mon. and Tues. and get home Thurs. But on Fri. morning it rained hard till after noon. The Sa Sang road is a mountain path, much of the way only an earth path. The coolies could not walk and carry a load and I should have had hard work to make the journey. To start later than 10 or 11 o'clock would be too late to allow of our arrival at Diong Keng Sat. night. I thought it essential to be at these places on a Sunday. Then I had been walking mountain paths all the week and was in no good condition, for five days of successive walking of from 6 to 25 miles a day. So I backed down and took a boat for home, planning to try for the remote part of the field again the first of May.

All over the plain the farmers are now busy reaping the wheat. On the plain there is a good crop, but up on the mountain sides the extreme cold days in Jan. and Feb. nearly destroyed the crop. In Ing Hok district the farmers are preparing the fields for rice. Opium is cultivated on a larger scale each year. It's ravages among the men are terrible. I went into one miserable den up on the mountain at Puai Sioh. A house had been divided by a partial partition and two young men, themselves smokers, each had opened a shop to sell opium. One of the young men was above the average in native ability and intelligence. He had been about the province much and understood men, and he knew himself. He fully realized his own condition, and he realized the gravity of it to a greater extent than is usual. He had used so much money in buying the stuff for himself to smoke that he could no longer keep shop for others and he now just exists, in rags and filth and misery. He made a pitiable sight. Usually the smokers are frank to admit that they use the opium, and immediately tell me that it comes from my country. If ever I am glad to be an American is at these times when I can tell those who throw this accusation at me, that the people in my country know little about opium. That it came to China from India. I feel for the English missionaries who are accused of bringing in this poison, for they must blush for their country's sin against China. But the ordinary low class smoker shows little sorrow over his condition. They usually tell me, "There is no help for it. The habit is formed and they cannot break it." - often asking me if I have any medicine that will destroy the appetite. One poor fellow told me the other day, that he would smoke no more when he was dead.

I was very glad yesterday to find Ellen and all the children well. Dorothy had grown quite perceptibly in the nine days. She is a fine, strong, good baby. Smiling at every one and even at seven weeks old tries to coo. Geraldine stretches her arms out as far as possible and says "I lo' Do'ty dat lo'". [*I love Dotty that long.*] She does not sound the "ve" in love or the "ng" in long. The o's are given the same sound as in speaking correctly. Strawberries three times a day! Phebe wants to know "Does Jesus understand Chinese?" Gould drops an egg on the stair. In a few minutes Mama sees the shell and a wet place on the stair. "But where is the egg?" Gould hangs his head. Phebe:- "He's aten it up."

I have spent all the morning sleeping and all the afternoon resting today.

With Love to all
Will.

*[This letter dated **May 26, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Since the last letter Willard has taken another trip to Ing Hok, Gak Liang and Diong Keng. Ellen had a sore throat and lost her voice. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China,
May 26th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter No. 9 started from Foochow, April 21st. One went to Oliver a week later. May 13th letters arrived from both Shelton and Putnam. I am surprised at my register for telling such tales and am of half a mind to accuse it of being false for I am loath to believe that I have not written you for over a month. Time however goes on eagle wings and four weeks is only a brief space as one looks back.

If April 21st was my last letter, I left you just after returning from a trip to Ing Hok. Oliver's letter written May 13th must of spoken of the next trip- May 1st to 13th on which I visited the farther part of the field, stopping at Ing Hok City on the way back for a two days meeting with the workers in the field, then spending Sunday May 12th at Gak Liang, returning to Ponasang May 13th. May 5th I thought of you all very often for you were sitting at the Lord's table in Huntington, Shelton, Bridgeport, Framingham, Amherst, South Orange and I do not know where. I thought also of the gathering in Putnam for the same purpose. That day I began service at Diong Keng at 8:45 a.m. This service closed at 11 o'clock. Two women were admitted to the church. At noon our dinner was over and we were off for Sung Kau 6 miles distant. 2:15 p.m. found us here and at 3 o'clock service began closing after 5 o'clock. Two men united with the church. The communion service in these far away places is always long and when

candidates are examined and admitted to the church it all has to be done at one session and it makes a long ceremony. I was tired that night- a little. But the next morning I was up soon after 4 o'clock and off for the ferry to go 12 miles down the rapids for 10 cents, and then walk 5 miles to Ngu Deng Muoi Chapel. I had eaten on the ferry 2 bananas, a rice cake and one cruller. Just before we reached Ngu Deng Muoi we came to a house by the road side where a man was boiling sweet potatoes. We washed them, cut them in diagonal slices and steamed rather than boiled them. They cost 8 cash a bowl. One bowl made a meal. On the whole trip I admitted seven to the different churches.

Arriving at Ponasang I found Ellen had been nursing a sore throat most of the time while I had been away. It has been a little better but was again growing worse. It continued to grow worse and gave her much pain and made it impossible for her to take solid food till May 24th- day before yesterday. She has been up every day except two- last Thurs. and Fri. when she did not dress. For just a week now she has been unable to make a sound with her vocal organs. She has to resort to whispering. Fri. the soreness went away, and she ate soft toast for supper. Yesterday she was at the table three times and to day she is eating as usual. Her only trouble now is the inability to speak and a general weakness due to fasting and to feeding Dorothy. That young miss has not realized that her mother was otherwise than perfectly well. Ellen could take liquid food enough to keep up the supply of milk. The little girl has slept perfectly every night and has been as happy as a little canary each day. She is just learning (three months old to day) that she has a voice. And like a young rooster just beginning to crow she is using her vocal powers to the full extent of her ability. She is a very happy little girl with a sweet smile for every one, and she is now adding a coo. The other children are all well. Gould and Geraldine have had symptoms of Ellen's sore throat but frequent gargling and cold water compresses have relieved them.

Last week the ther. stood at 80 degrees – 85 degrees in the coolest places. Fri. Dr. Woodhull, Miss Brown and Dr. Stryker went to Guliang to stay over Sun. and return to morrow. The day they went was very hot, but that night it rained and the mercury dropped 10 degrees. It has since gone 5 degrees lower and has rained almost constantly. We have been able to see the mountain only once or twice since they went up, so we do not envy them their altitude. If the hot weather commences now we shall take the children to the mountain very soon.

Phebe wants me to write "Dorothy is rosy". She is making good progress in reading. Ellen writes a blackboard 3 X 3 ft. full of sentences and Phebe reads them at sight. Of course Ellen selects words that Phebe is familiar with. Yesterday while I was present Ellen wrote "The red bird laid a white egg." Phebe read it without difficulty. She has just come and pointed out the word "egg" above in my wretched scribbling.

Lots of love to all.

Will.

*[This letter dated **May 27, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Consul Samuel L. Gracey to Willard. Consul Gracey requests Willard to do an address at a Memorial service. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[May 27th, 1901]

My Dear Mr. Beard,

Will you do us the favor of making a short address at the Memorial service to be held at the Foreign Cemetery on Thursday next at 5:30 P.M. and oblige.

Yours Truly
Samuel L. Gracey

May 27th 1901

My Dear Mr. Beard,

I must write and thank you for your part so faithfully rendered in our service today. We all felt that your prayer was so very appropriate and inspiring. I wish you would reduce it to writing for me that I might print it in the account of the services to be published in the ??- I should like to have by bearer if possible, if not please sent it early in the morning and oblige.

Yours
S. L. Gracey-
Consul-

*[This letter dated **June 2, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ellen is feeling better from her sore throat. Miss Newton will be coming back from the U.S. and Dwight Goddard continues to work on raising money for the Seminary. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.
June 2nd 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Last week I wrote No. 10 and started it for Shelton. Your last is still May 13th. It seems a long time since we had heard from you, - all the longer because of the condition in which your last letter left Uncle Theodore and Nellie Blakeman.

Ellen has quite recovered from her illness. But her voice still sticks in her throat and she speaks in whispers. Yesterday and today she has once or twice made a loud noise with her vocal organs. The children keep quite well. As to myself, no one will pity me for I tipped the scales at 171 ½ lbs. the other day in Summer attire.

The past ten days have been quite cool. It has rained most of the time. To day is the first nice clear day in much over a week. With the therm at 80 degrees we call it very pleasant. This evening the moon is full, the sky clear and it is delightful. Ellen is out on the walk for exercise. All the babies are fast asleep.

Friday morning at 6:45 o'clock we were pleasantly surprised at the arrival of the Shaowu people, Mr. and Miss Walker, Dr. and Miss Bement and Dr. Bliss. They started from Shaowu the Monday previous at noon, - a quick trip. Dr. Bement went immediately to the mountain. The rest are still here at Ponasang. They will all remain here till after the Annual Business meeting of the Mission which begins next Thursday morning at 9:30. We may finish in one day. But more likely it will take two.

By the time this reaches you, the old house will be full with school ma'ams and students. What an atmosphere of intellectuality there must be about the Century Farm during vacation! The trees will soon be talking in Latin and the cows lowing in Greek. Stanley will never again soil his "widder's" colars by climbing all over his shoulders when he comes to see him. With us strawberries are all gone. With you they are just beginning to ripen and this letter will find them in their prime. How I should like to be the letter about that time. We have not yet thought definitely of going to the mountain. It will depend entirely on the weather. If it should come off very hot it would send Ellen and the children off in two days notice. The Seminary closes June 19th. Then June 25 and 26 I have a Quarterly Meeting with the helpers of this station. Then I am free to go [to] the mountain- unless the money is sent for the Church Enlargement- or some other building commences. Miss Newton is expected back in about a month. I have just secured for her a native house that the mission has been trying to buy for twenty years or more and she will want to commence on the building of the new Girl's College at once I suppose. Then we are praying for success to Dwight in his efforts to raise the money for the property for the new Seminary. Well if one has nothing to do he is not at all happy. With plenty of work he has no time for unhappiness.

Give Our Love to All
Will.

*[This letter dated **June 9, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. John R. Mott of the Y.M.C.A. will be visiting China and Willard hopes that he will come to Foochow again. Dr. Bliss will be living with Willard's family on the mountain this summer. Willard feels he needs to go to Ing Hok to deal with a doctor at the hospital who has not been treating her co-workers well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.
June, 9th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

My register says that I wrote one week ago today, No. 11. I must again write the same date for the arrival of your last i.e. May 13th. We are anxiously waiting to hear about Uncle Theodore and Nellie Blakeman.

The week has passed pleasantly with us. Monday word came from D. Willard Lyon, General Y.M.C.A. Secretary for China, saying that John R. Mott, International Secretary of that movement, who visited China and came to Foochow in 1896, was to visit China again this year in November. But there was some doubt about his stopping at Foochow. So I have spent some time this week in getting invitations for him to be sure to visit Foochow during his stay in China. The pastors and preachers of the three missions here will send him three letters urging him to come. The six Y.M.C.A.'s will send a joint invitation, and the missionaries will sign a strong plea for him to stop.

His visit five years ago proved a great blessing to the Chinese church and they all want him to come again.

Last Thurs. we held the Annual Business Meeting of the Mission, for the first time out of the seven that I have attended we finished the business in one day.

The weather has been very kind to us thus far. The ther. has been in the 90's two or three times, but only for a day or two at a time. To day the sun is shining brightly and yesterday was also a pleasant day. At 2:15 p.m. today the mercury stands at 82 degrees. We call it very pleasant and comfortable. As long as such weather lasts we shall remain here at Ponasang. But it is more than probable that by one week from today Ellen and the children will be on the mountain. Dr. Bliss will be with us on the mountain this Summer. We are having another room built on to our cottage, so he will have the room Mr. Walker occupied last Summer, and we will spread out into two rooms for sleeping. Then one room will be left for dining and general living room. We enjoy Dr. Bliss's company. He is quiet and retired and is not annoyed by the children. We have already had two applications for the rent of our Guliang Cottage while we are at home on furlough. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner have the first chance. But as to whether they can have it next year or will have to wait till 1903 remains to be seen.

This last week news came from Ing Hok that may compel me to make another trip to that place before I go to Guliang for good. The physician whom Dr. Woodhull has placed in charge of the work there quarreled with the woman who taught the Woman's Station School last year. The physician was wrong. This year the school teacher was changed. A relative of the physician was asked to take the school. This school is in the second floor of the Hospital, so it is rather necessary that the two women could be on good terms. All went well this year till two weeks ago, when something- it is difficult to tell just what- upset the harmony and the doctor so far lost control of her self as to strike the young school teacher several times. Dr. Woodhull has about decided to close the Hospital for a time. If this is done it will necessitate my going up to Ing Hok this week or next.

I cannot remember when I have not gone to church Sunday morning, or as slight a pretest as kept me at home today. I was simply tired and sleepy and lay down on the couch at 10 o'clock. At 10:45 Ellen asked me if I was going to church. I did not go. But I must attend the Christian Endeavor this evening, a service I have not attended in over a year.

There is a little improvement in Ellen's voice over last Sunday. She can speak loud, but it requires effort. Wed. she went over South Side to do some shopping, and Thurs. the day of the business meeting, we had eight guests at dinner and Ellen attended part of the meeting. Then Fri. she went into the city to the closing exercises of the Woman's school and Kindergarten. I am afraid she used her voice a little too much and her general strength also a little too much.

The children are pretty well. Phebe and Dorothy seem to be perfectly well. Geraldine has had a little cold that exhibits itself in hoarseness and in cold sores on her face. She eats and sleeps all right and is fat as ever. Gould is playing so hard and growing so fast that he does not look as robust as a few weeks ago. To day he seemed out of sorts until 11:30 when I took him up to rock him a few moments and he went to sleep and woke at 2:30. He is happy now. Ellen has had some bows and arrows made for him and Phebe. He works so hard with his that he gets very tired. Love to all Will.

*[This letter dated **June 16, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The family will move up to Kuliang within the week. There is another illness killing many people in the Suburbs. Phebe makes a funny comment to Willard about men. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China, June 16th 1901.

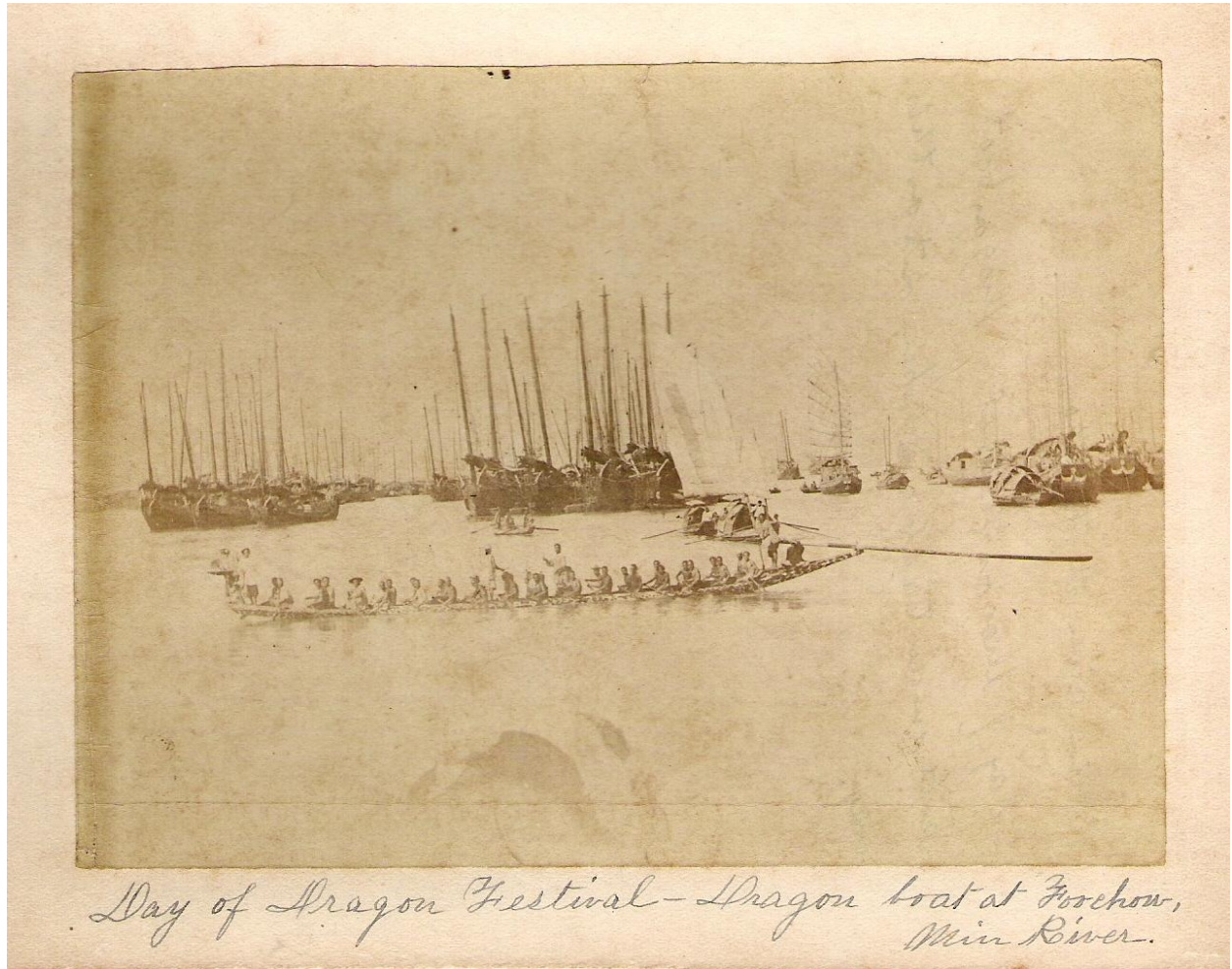
Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote you one week ago, No. 12. Another whole week we have waited in vain for your letter. A shanghai steamer is due here to morrow or next day. It must bring word from you.

We are still at Ponasang. The temperature has been quite endurable during the week. There has been some rain and but little sun. The thermometer has ranged from 78 degrees to 85 degrees. But we have had good nights rest each night and the children have got along nicely. Geraldine is showing the heat a little. The others are all right. They have discarded shoes and stockings and wear only about two garments. Dorothy night and day wears only one thin flannel gown. Yesterday and this morning were cooler and we have to dress by the hour, not for the day.

Last Tues. I went to Guliang to see if the cottage was all right for moving into. The Bement sisters were nicely settled in the cottage about ten rods above ours, and it was very nice to have a good dinner. Ellen and the children are now planning to go up on Wed. I will go with them for a day or two. I should like to start for Ing Hok on Thurs. But that is the day of the great Fifth Moon or Dragon Boat Festival, and I am afraid I could not travel. Mr. and Miss Walker and Dr. Bliss went to the mountain yesterday.

["On the fifth day of the fifth month comes the Dragon-boat festival, with its feasting and boat-racing. The numerous waterways of Fukien make it possible to celebrate this festival most elaborately. Every village gets out its sixty-foot canoe or dragon-boat and joyfully races the next village for days amidst the beating of tom-toms and the shouts of small boys." Steinbeck, Grace, Armstrong Susan, and Anti-Cobweb Club of Foochow Fukien, A Study of a Province in China. Shanghai, China: Presbyterian Mission Press, 1925. Book from the collection of Mark and Jana Jackson.]



Day of Dragon Festival – Dragon boat at Foochow, Min River.
On the back of this photo is written "Boat kept under temple and taken out on this day"
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



Holiday at the time of the Dragon Festival, Min River, Foochow, China
 [Photo purchased from ebay by Jana L. Jackson and donated to Yale in 2007.]

The people in many wards of the Suburbs here are dying off very fast. In the Au Iong Die church, the pastor's little boy and daughter in law, in the shop adjoining the church- kept by an earnest Christian-his, the Christian mother and his little daughter. In the next shop two persons. In another house next to the Ha Puo Ga church, seven people. In another place at a house in which lived twenty people nineteen have died. There was one death of a little boy, whom we were helping to support, in the parsonage at Ha Puo Ga. The second assistant teacher in the Sem'y Kiu Ging Nieng was taken ill last Wed. and I have had to meet his classes since. But Friday he was better and continues to mend. So I hope he will recover. The Classical Teacher Gong Sieu Lieng was taken ill Wed. also. He lives in the Sem'y. On Thursday he was no better and I sent him home. No word has come of his condition. Our best amah's only son died three weeks ago and she feels that she has nothing now to live for. She is in bed most of the time. The other amah is away for two days preparatory to going to Guliang so we are alone. The cook went to the bad a month ago and we turned him off and have been doing with a green boy. Ellen supplements his efforts so the rest of us cannot complain.

Ellen's voice has improved much in past few days. To day she speaks aloud more than half the time.

The fifth moon communion began today. At Geu Cio Dong five joined. At Ha Puo Ga two, at Sang Bo two. I was at Sang Bo. The attendance was good, and the attention excellent.

To-morrow and next day the examinations in the Seminary are held, then the Seminary closes for this term.

Tuesday is Phebe's birthday. She will be six years old. She is as active a little body as ever lived. She often bathes Geraldine- doing all the undressing and the dressing herself. To day she has been a great help in the absence of the amahs. This evening I was fixing the beds while Ellen was getting Dorothy to sleep. Phebe began to help. She could not take off and fold up the spreads, and while I was doing this she turned down the clothes and fixed the

pillows. She of course was thro first. She stood watching me fold the first spread and remarked in a matter of fact way, "Men are always very slow, aren't they?"

I wonder who the Mr. Lathrop is that the Shelton church has called for pastor. There was a Lathrop in Hartford in the class below mine. It was very pleasant that Mr. Kenneston could be present at the installation.

Now this will reach you in vacation. Please do not "vacate" so hard that you cannot find time for a word occasionally to us.

Give our love to Grandma and Aunt Louise and all the others.

Lovingly

Will.

*[This typewritten letter dated **June 24, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The family moved to Kuliang on Friday and found Dr. Bliss settled in. They are adding a room onto their mountain cottage. On one street in Foochow 80 people died in one day of the plague. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, June 24th. 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote as usual one week ago yesterday. Two letters have just arrived this morning, one from mother, one from Ben.

As I wrote last time we expected to start for the mountain last week Wednesday. But it rained that day and on Thursday the sky was threatening, the coolies did not want to go on account of a big feast that day, and we did not care. So we waited till Friday. The day was a beautiful one. The sun was bright on the way. The coolies were good and everything went as if it was greased. When we arrived we found Dr. Bliss there with the house all aired and dry and the Misses Bement had overseen the washing of the house and placed the furniture all in order so we had simply to go in and sit down to dinner.

Ellen and I were rather tired. We did enjoy the sleeping up there in the pure atmosphere and the QUIET. Phebe and Gould are the picture of health. Gould walked half way up the mountain and would have walked more if I had allowed. Geraldine has lost half her prickly heat already, and is a new girl. Dorothy is the same dear little sweet girl. To see her is to love her. But she is careful on whom she bestows her favors. At four months she is afraid of strangers when they take her. In her mother's or father's arms she laughs and crows at any one. While at the foot of the mountain waiting for the coolies to smoke and drink their tea, last Friday, I was holding her. She was looking over my shoulder and cooing as happily as could be. I looked around and there stood a crowd of little Chinese boys and girls. I told them she was telling them that God loved them.

I came down from the mountain this morning. I want to get the work done so as to go back tomorrow afternoon. The new room is well under way. We shall have a room to let now. Next year perhaps some of you will come out to see us. We have talked very seriously of inviting Mr. and Mrs. Sargent, Ellen's pastor and wife, to come and spend two months with in the Summer time.

The plague is raging fearfully. On one street in the city it is reported that 80 died in one day. The people are in a panic and are fleeing in all directions. In our Au Iong Die church there have been two deaths and in the house adjoining two and in the next house four. On this account there was no communion there yesterday and I had a rest. Mrs. Ding, Ming Uong's mother, was here this morning and said that on the street on which she lived there was only one house where there had been no deaths.

I think I wrote you some time ago about the Men's Missionary Society opening work on West Street in the city. They placed a young man a graduate of the Seminary this last January in charge of the chapel. He was the most promising man who has yet graduated from the Institution. My hopes for his success as a winner of souls was high. The pastors and other workers had great confidence in him. God also saw his fitness for service, for He called him yesterday to the higher service. His wife is ill with the same disease.

Ben's letter this morning was a fresh breeze from a new quarter. Tell him when you see him that I will answer it before long if all goes well. He seems happy and speaks as if Abbie was also happy.

You are in the midst of strawberries now. Haying is soon coming on. How I wish I could help you at it! The wayfarers are just coming home for all directions. The old home will be lively for two months. Don't forget to

write us. Give the company pen and paper and tell them to make pen pictures of the home while you are making raspberry short cake for them.

I must close now with lots of love,
Will.

*[This letter dated **June 30, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard and Ellen do not like to use the typewriter on Sundays so letters written on those days are handwritten. The Chinese have been beating gongs, blowing horns and making other noises to scare off the spirit that is causing the plague. Reports are that 4000 have died in Foochow and Willard believes it to be close to the truth. Ellen and the children are on Kuliang and Willard goes up when he can. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, June 30th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

My last letter was written last Monday, June 24th. I neglected to number it. The number would have been 14, so I put that number on this letter. Your last arrived on that day and have been acknowledged. You will know the last week's letter from it's being type written. Ellen and I both feel an aversion to the use of the typewriter on Sunday. Hence as your letters are usually written on that day they are usually done with a pen.

The chief topic of conversation everywhere is the plague. The nights are hideous with the beating of gongs, the blowing of horns, the shooting of fire crackers and the yells of men. The people say that an idol from some other port has been imported on a vessel and he has decided to take a certain number of people from certain villages and cities. So they take the most powerful idol of each place and parade him on the streets with as many hideous noises as they can invent to drive the strange spirit away. As I write there is noise or better, are noises enough emanating from the temple in the corner of our compound to make man wish to be far away. It is strange what power superstition weilds over men everywhere- the moon seen over the left shoulder- the breaking of a mirror- digging potatoes or killing pork on the waning of the moon-thirteen at a table, might be termed the civilized cousins of the various superstitions that continually make life miserable for this poor people. Statistics of the plague victims are of course of doubtful accuracy. It is said that 4,000 have died in Foochow alone. I do not find it difficult to believe this.

And yet with all the fear of death the churches were never better filled than now. To day I conducted communion at Au Ciu, one woman was received. The church was crowded and the best attention was given to the preaching. Reports from other churches are very encouraging.

On Tues. p.m. I went up to the mountain again and remained till Fri. morning. I have been here at Ponasang since. To morrow and next day we have the quarterly meeting at this station. Then I hope to get off for the mountain for a rest. The heat has not been oppressive till this afternoon. I was feeling unusually warm and moist and looking at the thermometer found that it stood at 90 degrees.

Ellen and the children are well. We have a daily mail service, except Sunday. I feel quite composed to leave them on the mountain because Dr. Bliss is with them. The weather thus far up there has not been conducive to Dorothy's being out of doors as much as she would enjoy and the little Miss was not as happy as usual. But it did me good to see the evident pleasure that she experienced when she was taken out. Gould is in pants most of the time. He causes his mama no end of anxiety by climbing all over the half erected walls of the additions that we are putting on the cottage.

All crops are at the present time looking very well. Rice is very promising and if we do not have a flood it should yield well. Potatoes are also nicely started. Peaches and plums are in market of good quality and reasonable price.

We are preparing to celebrate the fourth on the mountain. How the first six months of this year have flown!!

We think of Etta now as Mrs. Willis Hume- dignified mistress of a parsonage.

With love to all

Will.

[Information about Willis P. Hume from his obituary: Willis P. Hume, husband of Etta Louise Kinney: Died April 29, 1939 in Cleveland, Ohio. Willis P. Hume was born October 23, 1861 in Marion, Ohio. He and his brother, Harry Hume, started the Marion Star which was later owned by the late President Warren G. Harding. He was a graduate of the Oberlin Theological Seminary and held pastorates for twenty-five years in the Meridan, North Bergen and North Tonawanda, N.Y. Since coming to Oberlin fourteen years ago, he has been engaged in stereopticon slide work.]

*[This letter dated **July 7, 1901** was written from Foochow, China to the Folks at Home. The plains on the way to the mountain are flooded and Willard had to wade 2 hours in it. Estimates now are that 6-7,000 people have died of the plague in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
Guliang, July 7th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

My correspondence register is at Ponasang. But I wrote one week ago to day and numbered the envelope. No letters have come from you since I wrote last.

Tues. noon the rain began to fall in torrents and by Wed. morning the water was too high to start for the mountain. The water rose steadily all day Wed. and Thurs. morning it was no lower, but it began to subside Thurs. forenoon. Friday morning I started for Guliang at 7 o'clock. Before I was half way across the plain I sent my chair back because the water on the road was so deep the coolies could not carry me. Grip in hand I waded for two hours in water from 6 in. to 16 in. deep before reaching dry land at the foot of the mountain. At 12:45 I reached the home on the mountain just two days later than I had intended. All the dear ones were well and happy.

The flood this year has not done as much damage in any way as the big flood of last year. The water was four feet higher all over the plain last year. The rice crop will be injured about 1/5 according to the Chinese.

The plague had not abated at all the last I heard was before the flood. Some expressed the hope that the flood might wash away the seeds of the disease. It is estimated that from 6,000 to 7,000 have died of the plague.

The mountain is becoming quite populous. About as many families as usual are here but we miss the large contingent of young women connected with the English missions. They were recalled last year and have not returned. We expect Miss Newton in about another week. Miss Garretson and Miss Woodhull are still in Foochow. All the rest of our mission are here on the mountain.

I think Ellen has gotten a little tired during the week I was away. I have kept her on the bed all the morning and she has just had a nice nap this p.m. She does not like to acknowledge that she is tired. But she does admit that she feels very much refreshed by her nap. The children are the picture of health. Dorothy is growing fat on Guliang living. We all went over to Mr. Mains to dinner yesterday. Dorothy was asleep when we started. We left orders for the coolie to bring her over when she awoke. She came. But she sent her voice ahead. And when she arrived she was most cried out. The coolie has never taken her before and she was afraid of him. But a good dinner made to her own order made her forget all her abuses.

Monday- The mail has just come and it brot your letter of May 23rd. We are glad to hear that you are all well. Before this Mary is an alumna.

The three older children have accepted the position of mail carrier. The mail for several of our mission comes up by our messenger from Ponasang. The children distribute it to the several houses. Geraldine finds it rather hard to keep up with the others over the rough roads. They all went to church yesterday afternoon. With Dr. Bliss our family almost fills a pew. At supper Ellen had left the table to attend to Dorothy. I asked Phebe if she could tell what the minister said. She replied it would be better to wait till mama returned so she need tell only once. Then immediately she said, "Mama told me when I was at the table I must attend to eating."

Love to all
Will.



Undated photo- possibly about 1901. It appears that this group is travelling with their Chinese help – possibly moving up to Kuliang and taking a rest. Willard may be the man with the moustache at the right.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Magnified



This undated photo was probably taken between 1899 and 1901 in Foochow (or Kuliang). Willard is at the far right with Ellen at his side and Gould in front of Ellen. The little girl behind Ellen is probably Phebe. The two other little girls may be Geraldine (born in 1898) and Dorothy (born in February of 1901).

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **July 24, 1901** was written from Guliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. The new room addition to the Kuliang or Guliang cottage is nearly complete. Dr. Bliss has gone to Sharp Peak for two weeks. Ellen had a fever but is better now. One of their amah's daughters died of the plague. Money has been appropriated for the new Theological Seminary. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Guliang, Foochow, July 24th 1901

Dear Folks at Home:-

July 7th a letter came from you. I wrote last two weeks ago last Sunday I think. I know I have written one since coming to the mountain. Etta's wedding invitation came this last week.

There is much to write if I tried to tell all that interests us, but it may not all interest you. It seems as if there was more work to do the longer one remains here. I suppose it is true that one who is willing to do and can do will always have his hands full. We have had delightful weather since coming to the mountain. Since the flood there has been little rain. The crops are beginning to feel the dryness a little. The dry weather is very nice for us. The new room is near completion. The plaster has dried very fast. I hear the carpenter tell the painter to come tomorrow or next day, that means finished. We are to have the wood work inside simply oiled over. This will dry almost immediately. They put it on with cloths and do not use an overdose.

Dr. Bliss went to Sharp Peak yesterday morning to be gone two weeks.

Ellen began to have a fever Sunday. Monday she remained in bed and is there yet. The fever is gone, but if she stays in bed, she rests. If she gets up she does not, so Dr. and I agree that it does her good to stay in bed. The children are as well as can be. Our second amah's little girl died of plague a week ago last Sunday and as she went home she cannot come back. So we are again with only one amah. The plague does not abate at all. The past week has been very hot in the city and on the plain. I see that you are having very hot weather in the States and in Europe.

The Convention of Guliang begins next Sunday. There are two meetings a day thro the week. I have the meeting Wed. p.m. Subj. "Fruit Bearing."

A week ago last Sunday a letter arrived from Dr. Judson Smith with the glad news that \$2500 had been appropriated for a new Theol. Sem'y building in Foochow. This makes three buildings for which the money is in hand. There will be something for someone to do to oversee this work.

You are in the midst of haying. How I would like to be at home to help you!!

We all send Love to you all
Will



This is probably Dorothy at Kuliang Summer of 1901. Since she was born in February she would be the right age in this photo. This may be the photo Willard refers to in the previous letter.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Gould is the boy at the far right in the back standing. Geraldine is sitting at the far right, with Phebe next to her holding Dorothy. The other children are unidentified. Taken at the Kuliang cottage. 1901

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated Aug. 11, 1901 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. A typhoon hit Foochow and caused some damage to their Kuliang cottage and the family had to split up into other houses for a day or so. Miss Newton had to stay at sea on a steamer to ride out the typhoon for two days until it was safe to come into port. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Aug. 11th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote last July 24th. Your last came July 14th. The number of my last was No. 15.

When I wrote last Ellen was in bed, the Doctor kept her there until July 31st, that is she was not allowed to dress. She sat up each day for a time. July 31st she was up and dressed the next day she felt all the better for it. The next day Friday Aug. 2nd I went to Ponasang. Ellen was on the veranda with Dorothy in her arms to meet me when I returned. That night- Friday Aug 2nd a typhoon developed. It was in Mr. Bland's phrase, "a most extraordinary typhoon." Heretofore all typhoons of our acquaintance have come from the North East. This one began in the N. West and backed around to the South West to put in its best blasts. As we were at breakfast Sat. morning Aug. 3rd a hard gust took one section of our front veranda over the house. One rafter fell on the veranda floor with a crash. The houses here are not fortified for typhoons from the South and West. But many of them are well protected by their location. Mr. Bland whose house went to pieces two years ago and whom we housed for three weeks, was all safe this year and seeing our veranda on wings wrote down for us to come up. Ellen and the children decided to go, so I took Phebe wrapped in an old piece of canvas, and Mr. Bland's coolie took Gould and we went up to Mr. Bland's house 40 rods away. Dr. and Miss Bement are living in a house between ours and Mr. Bland's. They were well out of the wind and asked Mrs. Beard and Geraldine and Dorothy to come there. We accepted. So Ellen took off shoes and stockings and hat and with a pair of overshoes only and two woolen blankets around her waded up to Dr. Bements.

As soon as the veranda went I with hammer and nails fastened the rest so it did not blow away. The wind did not increase and the hole in the veranda roof afforded a vent for the wind. The house was not damaged more. Fortunately the veranda roof boards were of two lengths. The length from the ridge of the house extended down over the house wall, and the next began at the outside of the house wall and went to the edge of the veranda. Thus the veranda could go without injuring the house roof and the house did not leak.



Kuliang cottage veranda damaged by typhoon summer of 1901.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

In the afternoon of that day Phebe and Gould and Geraldine came back home. Ellen and Dorothy came back Sunday morning none the worse for their outing. Heretofore typhoons of our acquaintance have cleared off in three days at the longest. But altho the rain ceased to be dangerous at noon on Saturday, the rain fell in torrents day and night, with only short rests on three or four afternoons until day before yesterday- just one week. Nearly every house on the mountain leaks because the tiles are soaked thro. The rain has been so heavy that it has caused a flood on the plain. Our messenger did not come for just one week. As we depend on him for fruit and meat and clean clothes, these commodities ran low. But canned goods kept us from want. Not so however in the case of clothes. It was a happy time when we received fresh dry clothes.

Aug 2nd I went down expecting to meet Miss Newton at the steamer office. But she did not come. We could hear nothing of her till Wed. Aug. 7th when we learned she was safely in Foochow. Yesterday I went to Ponasang again and she came up the mountain with me. The Steamer on which she arrived reached the mouth of the river as expected about 9 a.m. Friday Aug. 2nd. They tried twice to come over the bar in the mouth of the river, but the waves were so high and the wind so fierce they dared not do it. So they put out to sea five miles or so and were banged around for two days and nights- no enviable experience. Miss Newton got over to Ponasang about 4 p.m. Sunday Aug. 4th. The water had just begun to rise in the streets, so she was a prisoner till yesterday at Ponasang. Yesterday and today have been fairly pleasant. To night the wind is N.E. and it is raining a little.

The week of meetings came this year July 28th- Aug. 4th. The typhoon spoiled the meetings Sat. Aug. 3rd and it stopped the Chinese meetings last week. These began to day and we expect to hold them this week.

The addition to our cottage was completed and Gould and I slept there Wed. night July 31st. The typhoon did not injure it. Two houses had to be vacated and tiles blew off several. But the damage was only slight here on the mountain. \$10 gold will put our cottage in better condition than formerly. At Sharp Peak the storm did more damage. Dr. Kinnear had to move out of his cottage. He wrote me that he was damaged about \$100 gold. Yesterday I received from Dwight another copy of a plea for the money for the Theological Sem'y.

Gould is crazy over live stock. The Chinese bring up the cows and goats near the house to graze. The other day a cow and a calf- 2 months or more old- were in the yard. The calf was quite gentle- a slip noose about the neck. He held the rope for a time- as happy as a king. Suddenly he screamed as if hurt all thro and came into the house doubled-up and crying as if his heart were breaking. The man had taken his rope off the calf and driven it away to his home. Another day he saw a goat tied outside the wall and grabbing up my pith hat (\$4.50 silver) ran out to watch it. The wind blew the hat off. Did the goat eat it up or did a Chinaman run of with it? Certainly I have not pith hat now.

Monday morning-

It rains again with wind N.E. strong. We are having lots of weather.

Lovingly

Will.



Willard and load carriers probably in the early 1900s.
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Aug. 18, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. They have had a lot of rain and the masons are relaying the roof tiles on Kuliang. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner are on their way back to Foochow from the U.S. Willard's children tell him to say thing for them in his letter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
 W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
 Foochow, China, Aug. 18th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Your last letter came July 7th. Has it been too hot since for you to write? I wrote one week ago this evening.
 No. 16.

I think rain was falling when I wrote last. At any rate it fell in torrents Monday and part of Tuesday. Wednesday was better. Thursday was clear but not very drying. Yesterday and today have been about perfect. How quickly we forget the dark, dismal days when the sun comes out and all is bright. Just as in our lives when trials make us gloomy and discouraged and when we seem to have forgotten the experience of pleasure, a good sing, or a good season alone with God and his word, or some circumstance drives away the gloom and in our pleasure we forget the discouragement and the trial.

For the past three days the Guliang houses have put on quite a live appearance. The masons have been on so many of them relaying the tiles. I was down to Ponasang again day before yesterday=Friday to purchase land adjoining Geu Cio Dong church on which to build a parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner I presume are 8 days out from San Francisco to day wishing they were good sailors. We expect to move into the new house now, or begin to move now and finish when we go down in September. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner and family will probably go into the old house for the present.

The last mail brought the news that some friend in New England had sent to us \$250 to be used as we thought best. This will come in this year very opportunely. I wrote you that the Au long Die church had been burnt.

This money will help to put up a new church or it will help to put up a new Theol. Sem'y. Mr. Goddard has just sent- no he sent it out arrived a week ago and I must have written about it last week- another plea for the balance of \$1500 for the Sem'y.

We are sitting by the dining table after supper. The table is cleared off. Geraldine is lying on the table. Phebe wants to tell Grandma that Dorothy is all well, that Mr. Walker is going to send her the funniest doll she ever saw, that she bo't a doll for the sale that had on a pink dress. Gould wants to say that he killed the kitty doll (This was an image with a cat's head dressed in dolls clothes). He wants to say that he can say "The Lord is my Shepherd", that he is in pants. Geraldine says she wants some little slippers. Gould says tell you he is going to have a goat when he goes down from the mountain. Phebe says tell you she has learned the 23rd Ps. and the Beatitudes.

Ellen is getting like herself again. She went to an art lecture yesterday p.m. and today went to church. She still rests more than she did when she was tiring herself out.

Well I must say good bye for this time.

With love to all from all

Will.

*[This letter dated **Aug. 25, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Dr. Bliss has not been feeling well since the typhoon. Within the week many living on the mountain will have left. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Aug. 25 1901

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter, No. 17 was written one week ago today. Your last arrived the day after i.e. Aug. 19th. I had a very nice letter from Dwight yesterday. He is still in Chicago with Graham Taylor. He has been offered the position as head of the University Settlement Department of the Methodist Northwestern University. But he nor Doctor want to live in the West. They both prefer the East and so he refuses this offer which is one with a good salary and waits for something in the East. He seems pleased with the close friendship that exists between the Doctor and the Century Farm girls. I am pleased too.

The past week two engagements have been announced. One in the English Mission and one in the Meth. Mission. The latter is between a young Dr. Charles out only a few months and appointed to Central China. He came to Foochow on the same steamer with Miss Newton three weeks ago. So his was love only two weeks old.

Ellen and the two older girls are asleep. Gould and Dorothy are playing. She sits in amah's lap and kicks and shouts at Gould's antics for her benefit. The children are the picture of health. Dorothy is now taking two meals of Mellin's food a day. Ellen is the recipient of numerous compliments from all sides on her good looks. She is quite well except for an indescribable numbness in her feet and hands. This began in the Spring, but is much better. Dr. Bliss is not at all well for the past two weeks- since the typhoon. He thinks the damp weather at that time caused his trouble. Several on the mountain and at the Peak are similarly affected.

Miss Kauffman has given a few of us three very pleasant hours in the Art Galleries of Florence and Rome. I enclose a programme. Ellen and I attended. She for her interest and pleasure and because she knew something of the subject. I to try to imbibe a little knowledge of the subject.

Sunday evening 9:25-

We are having beautiful moonlight evenings now. Evening before last Mr. and Mrs. Lacy came in just as Dr. and Mrs. Whitney went. Ellen and I have just come in from sitting on Dr. and Miss Bements porch and singing "Refuge", and then going down to Dr. and Mrs. Whitney's and chatting a little while.

Guliangites are already going away. This next week will see quite a decrease in our numbers. The time will soon be here for regular work to begin. We have not had as good a rest this year as last. But we are beginning to feel a little different. I find my time more than taken up everyday. So that I have not yet commenced the Ing Hok Report. I must close this now with love to all from us all

Will.

Monday -Aug 26

Your letter of July 13th came this morning. Will.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 8, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ellen's sister, Etta Kinney, is now married (Mrs. Willis P. Hume). President McKinley has been shot and not expected to recover. Willard and Ellen invited a few friends over for tea to celebrate their 7th wedding anniversary and much to their*

surprise, many people arrived carrying chairs, cake, cups and saucers. Last page(s) of letter are missing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Sept. 8, 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote two weeks ago Sept. 25th, No. 18- Another letter, Mothers and Ruth's came yesterday. Two letters have come from the Putnam folks since the wedding. All the letters agree in stating that the bride was a perfect beauty. I can easily believe it. Etta has written since she arrived at Meridian. On the upper left hand corner of the envelope was the inscription "Mrs. W.P. Hume, Meridian, N.Y." May God be able to use both Willis and Etta to be a great blessing to Meridian, and may he give them much happiness in their own home. It was very pleasant that so many of the Century Farm girls could attend and Emma writes as if they or she specially greatly appreciated Ruth's company for a few days after the wedding.

The loss of three horses in the midst of haying must have been a serious drawback. Shack is the only one of the three that I knew. - A telegram has just come saying that Pres. McKinley was shot twice thro the stomach, and there are doubts as to his recovery. What are we coming to? Three Presidents assassinated in a little more than one generation- in the memory of a large number of our citizens!! The Czar of Russia or the Emperor of China is in a safer position- perhaps because he takes greater precautions. It is not at all difficult to indulge in very pessimistic trains of thought regarding one's country after reading the newspaper accounts on lynchings, of the growing dissatisfaction in the ranks of the laborers in almost all trades, of the mad race for wealth, of the increasing disregard for the Sabbath, of the difficulty in obtaining justice in law courts, of the power which moneyed interests exert in elections and in legislative bodies, of the scramble for office and the idea that seems to be so prevalent that "to the victor belongs the spoils". But on the other hand the forces for good were never greater and stronger, from this distance it seems to me the danger now is not that the forces on the side of right are not sufficiently powerful, but that they are not united- they do not so work together as to use their strength to advantage. In New York for instance I have little doubt but that there are votes enough of those who earnestly desire good honest rule to carry the day. But they are not consolidated and some do not care to take the bother of voting at all. The forces of the saloon and its accompanying evils are united. What we need is a Christian principle Trust. Before this the Saloon must fall. Sabbaths desecration must cease, the Steel Trust must admit humanity.

A week ago Dorothy took a severe cold that has troubled her much all the week. She is much better now. Last night Geraldine began with the same. It seems like the Grippe. They have a fever of about 102 degrees. Nose is stopped up, cough and are hoarse.

I went to Ponasang Tues. I expected to remain a day or two and begin to move over into the new house. But Dorothy was so poorly that Ellen wanted me to return that evening. On Thursday Ellen invited a few friends to take 4 o'clock tea with us in memory of Sept. 5th 1894. Among those invited were Dr. and Miss Bement. Miss Bement came on time. All the others had arrived. We waited until 4:30 for Dr. Bement and were becoming a little impatient when two coolies came with about 15 chairs. Then appeared another with a load of cake. Then another with cups and saucers. Then came all the Americans on the mountain except 4 or 5. The explanation was this, - Dr. Bement knew it was our wedding anniversary. She also knew that Dr. and Miss Woodhull had invited all the Methodists to 4 o'clock tea that afternoon. So she agreed with Dr. Woodhull to bring all her guests over to our house and then went and invited all the others who were coming neither to our house or to Dr. Woodhull's to meet at her house and all come to our home in a body. It was a very pleasant surprise.

Friday morning I went to Ponasang again. On the way down I met a telegram from Mr. Gardner saying he was coming on a Steamer that started Sat. from Shanghai. This meant some hustling to get the house in readiness for him and get to the Anchorage to meet him. I worked as fast as possible until Sat. morn when another telegram from him said "delayed sail Wednesday" so I changed my plans. I had intended to go down river to the Anchorage to day with a house boat to meet him when the steamer arrived. But I came up to Guliang last night. I expect to go down again Tues. morning and possibly stay till Sat. morning. The Seminary opens Sept. 19th if all goes well.

We had Dorothy's picture taken a week ago yesterday. Ellen is holding her.

Ellen's picture is the best she ever had taken. Before Ellen was ready I slipped out with the amah and baby and had one snapped. The expression of Dorothy in the two is somewhat different. Both are perfect likenesses. The picture of the three older children is also laid at my door. They are in their every day garb. Gould's is good. Geraldine is not in focus. Phebe is wretched. She looks sick, whereas she is in perfect health. The light is too bright.

I must tell you how much Ellen has enjoyed those red knitted or crocheted slippers some of you sent her. She has worn them nearly every day this Summer and has taken solid comfort in them. Gould is at kite flying again as enthusiastic as ever. He is crazy for a cow or a goat. Last Sunday on our way home from ch. he pulled up the little peg which a goat was tied and started for the house with the goat. His heart was nearly broken when I took the rope from him. Thursday while the company were at tea on our veranda, he came thro the gate leading a yearling heifer. He had pulled up her peg and led her to the house then he drove the peg into the ground close to the veranda and was happy in the possession of a "calf."

[letter not finished]

*[This letter dated **Sept. 15, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Miss Newton is trying hard to get the Girl's College at Ponasang started. Mr. Gardner and family finally arrived. President McKinley died from his gunshot wounds. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Sept. 15th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

One week ago to day I wrote No. 19. A letter came from Stanley yesterday afternoon. The past week has been quite full of events for me. I left the mountain Tues. morning. That day I spent in various details at Ponasang. Wed. I painted the dining room floor of the new residence. 13 ft. X 12 ft. The back veranda floor 8 ft. X 45 ft. The front upper veranda floor 6 ft. X 30 ft. and the lower hall 6 ft. X 40 ft. Just as I was finishing about 6:30 p.m. I looked over to the Ponasang Compound and saw a foreign lady. The coolie came over saying that Miss Newton had come down from the mountain. She had decided to make a desperate effort to get the new Girl's College at Ponasang started. The building Comm. are Dr. Kinnear, Miss Newton and Miss Garretson and myself. Dr. Kinnear was at Sharp Peak. Miss Newton's intention was to go to the Peak to see him, then the plans could be made and estimates gotten from the contractors. Well I had received another cable from Mr. Gardner to the effect that he was starting Thursday morning from Shanghai. The last cable before placed his starting Wed. morning. I had the house boat engaged to start Thursday. With the change of time one day later I would not need it till Friday, so I agreed to go to the Peak with Miss Newton starting Thurs. We had a good trip down- rather rough arriving a little after midnight Thursday night. As soon as we arrived I went immediately to the telegraph station and found the Steamer would not be in till Sat. morning so we had a full day of it at the Peak and used it all on the College plans, starting from the Peak at 8 p.m. We then came up to the Anchorage arriving about midnight and waited there till 8:30 Sat. morning when the Steamer arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner and the six little Gardners were aboard all right. We took bag and baggage on the house boat and arrived at Ponasang bag and baggage at 2:30 p.m. Another hour and I had arranged for them so I could leave for the mountain. I found Ellen and the children all right. The weather has been cold here. The ther. down to 63 degrees in the house. The children are entirely free from colds yet but are otherwise well.

We were very glad to hear that Stanley was going to the Exposition. We shall wait eagerly for his long letter describing his trip. A telegram came yesterday saying "President McKinley is dead"- At the same time we are receiving papers all the time that are totally oblivious to the fact. It will be a month before the papers chronicling the event and the attendant circumstances will arrive.

A letter from E. H. Smith appointed for Ing Hok stated that he and his wife hoped to visit both Putnam and Shelton before sailing.

I must close now with lots of love to you all
Will.

Please send to Phebe

*[This letter dated **Sept. 23, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard has moved into the new house and Ellen and the children will be moving from the mountain in about a week. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Theological Seminary
W.L. Beard

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Sept 23rd 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Just a word is all I can send today. No letters home came since I wrote a week ago No. 20. Last week I spent at Ponasang- coming down Tues. morning and going back to the mountain Fri. p.m. Dorothy is much better tho not yet quite her former self. The mountain is just perfect now. Ellen and the three older children are quite well.

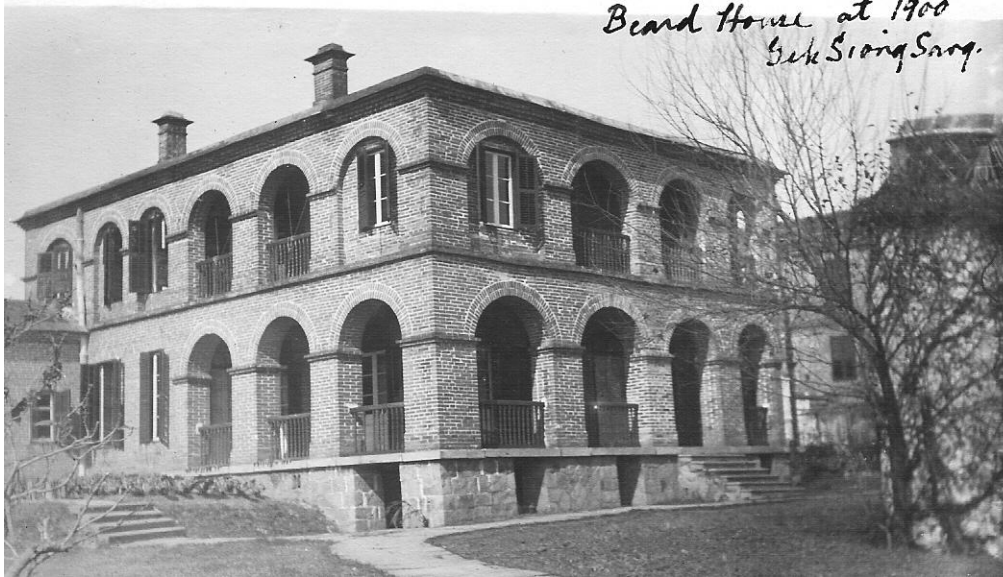
The Sem'y opened last Thurs. This with moving kept me busy. Most of our things are now over at the new house and I am writing this at my desk in my new study- a cosy little spot just large enough for desk and chair. I expect to sleep here tonight for the first time. I am still eating with Mr. and Mrs. Gardner. I came fr. the Mt. this a.m. starting at 5:30- expect to return Fri. p.m.- Ellen and the children plan now to come down one week from tomorrow- Tues. Oct. 1st- I am sending you some account of the Memorial services held here last Thurs.- the time of Pres. McKinley's funeral.

Love to all

Will.



Willard and Ellen's new house 1901
[Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



1900 date written on photo is not correct- should be 1901. "Beard House at 1900 Gek Siong Sang."
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



This photo which was taken in 1914, shows a small part of the interior of Willard and Ellen's 1901 house.
 Written on back: "Gek Siong Sang House Dining Room. House built by Rev. W.L. Beard. Now occupied by Rev. and Mrs. G.H. Hubbard. The roses that induced the 'A Rose Petal' verses stand on the table.
 Greetings to Mrs. Beard and all the family from the photographed. G.H.H. and N.L.P.H.
 Gek Siong Sang May 14, 1914." *[Poem which was attached to photo follows.]*
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

A ROSE PETAL

Just trembling in beauty, perfection of grace,
With the daughters of sunshine, it lifts from the vase
That rests on the table, where reading I share
Sweet breaths of the Springtime that float in the air.

Rounded and rosy like the dawn of the day
Which announces the King as He comes on His way,
His kiss brought to life again that which had died,
Fresh proof of his power for this new Easter-tide.

“Ring round a rosy”, in the circles of fives,
These beautiful petals, they bring to our lives
The lesson of being, “To-day do your best!”
And all will announce you a beautiful guest.

Geo. H. Hubbard, Gek-siong-sang, Foochow, Apr. 7, '14.

[This letter dated Oct. 6, 1901 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. A French boy on Kuliang threw a rock at Gould for no apparent reason and injured his forehead. The family moved into the new house and are enjoying it. The new church, Seminary and Boy's and Girl's College will be built in the near future. Willard, Ellen and family will probably go back to the U.S. in 1903. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China,
October 6th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

According to my register I wrote last Sept. 23rd No. 21. We have not heard from you since Sept. 7th. Stanley was preparing to go to Buffalo then. I see by the Sentinel since that he and Aunt Louise have gone. The last mail brought photos of James, Ruth, and Mary. The likenesses that we have taken here in China now do not compare well with the work done in the States. But they serve to give you an idea of how we look from time to time.

I wish you could sit with me in the little study at this moment and hear Ellen, Phebe, Gould and Geraldine singing. They are now singing “Far, far, away” a favorite with Gould and Geraldine. Each of them can carry the tune, and they make quite a chorus. Geraldine's favorite of all is “Merry, Merry Christmas.” We often sing the Grace at breakfast. But we must not omit a few strains of “Merry, Merry Christmas” unless we are prepared for tears. She always joins in heartily and correctly, then with just as much zest helps sing the blessing. The children carry the soprano to one of the blessings that we sing while Ellen takes the alto and I the bass.

My last letter I wrote in this study two weeks ago tomorrow. That week I spent here, taking meals with Mr. Gardner's people and sleeping and studying in the new house. Dr. Bliss came down from the mountain that Tues. Friday afternoon I went to the mountain. Found all well. Gould had a narrow escape that morning. A French boy about 14 years old was going down by our cottage and Phebe and Gould were out in front of the cottage. The French boy said something to the children which they did not understand. The boy threw a stone at G. hitting him square in the middle of the forehead. Phebe said he “sat down”. She ran to him and he began to rise then and put his hand over his forehead from which the blood was flowing freely. He of course made a noise as soon as he was able and Phebe led him into the house. Ellen said the blood fairly spurted from his forehead. She used adhesive plaster and drew the edges of the cut together after washing it with turpentine and oil and then with alcohol. It was healed without the least inflammation. We cannot tell yet whether there will be a scar but hope not.

On Monday we packed up and were ready to start for Gi Siong Sang (our new home) at 2:00 p.m. We reached here a little before 5 o'clock after a pleasant and safe journey. The only hitch was in the coolie load that contained our food. That did not arrive till 8 o'clock. But we had rice, 3 eggs and a quart of milk which made us a good supper.

We enjoy the new house. It is light and well ventilated- neither of which are attachments of the old house in which we have spent the past seven years. We are very far from being settled yet, but each day finds us a little nearer arranged. After coming down from the mountain, I had to give up Tues. p.m. to a church meeting and to prove the truth of the old adage about raining and pouring it came my turn to lead the Monthly Concert of Prayer of

the three missions in Foochow Wed. afternoon. We asked Miss Garretson and Miss Newton to open their home for it as ours was not in order. This made a great difference in Ellen's work as well as in mine, for according to custom here the one who leads the meeting must provide sandwiches, cake and tea and coffee after the meeting. This for a company of 40 or more is not a small task. The weather has been very comfortable except on Thurs. and Fri. It was hot enough then to give Dorothy prickly heat. She is a tough looking little girl now with face and neck all red blotches. But she sleeps well nights and in the day time is happy most of the time. Her father's heart was made to rejoice last week when she began to say "pa-ba-ba-ba." The children have all begged to be allowed to go barefoot since coming down here and they have not begged in vain.

The money for Theological Sem'y comes in nicely. Over \$3000 is in hand and the Sem'y is assured. The plans for the Girl's College here are in contractor's hands. The plans for Boy's College in city are also. Plans for Dudley Memorial Church are about ready. Then comes the Sem'y. With all this building, most of which I have been intimately connected with from its inception, in progress I shall be very loath to leave next Spring. Ellen does not want to go home till '03 either. So unless the mission requests otherwise we shall be very likely to ask for a furlough beginning in the Spring of 1903. Smith and Hodous will have a good start in the language by that time also. It seems now as if Mr. Gardner would stay here at Ponasang. Mr. Smith will be able to help materially in the Ing Hok work very soon- while not taking the responsibility of the field. This will make my work very much less and I have no fears of staying another year. Of course the thought of seeing you all next year is very pleasant, but duty first, the good of the work in Foochow must be our first consideration, and the Spring of 1903 seems now to be just the time for us to leave. I have had very pleasant letters from both Smith and Hodous. They expect to reach here about Thanksgiving.

Lots of Love to all from all
Will.



On back of photo: "Gould and Ponto on steps of the new Ponasang Mission house of ABCFM about 1900 [*most likely 1901 since Mrs. Hodous in the photo did not arrive in China until 1901*]. Mrs. Hodous is at right edge of picture."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Dog Ponto, Gould, Geraldine and Phebe.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



This is Willard and probably Dorothy in 1901.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **Oct. 13, 1901** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Ellen keeps busy teaching classes, social duties and tending to her four children. A Y.M.C.A. National Convention will be held in Nanking and Mr. Mott and Brockman are in China to attend. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
Oct. 13 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote last one week ago No. 22. Your last I have acknowledged more than once. The past week has come and gone much like other weeks. We have been busy with the work- Ellen has seen all of the station classes opened- has helped in opening those which Miss Newton has taken and has arranged with Miss Newton to take all the Bible women of the station. I believe Ellen now has 3 station classes. This is 3 more than she should have, - with four little children to look after and the various social duties that must be attended to by those who occupy the central station of the mission, and her music in the Theol. Sem'y. beside the numerous calls that she has in connection with the work normally in my care. We have worked at getting settled as opportunity offered. Thus far the new house meets our highest expectations in every respect. I think I enjoy most the Chinese study and my own little sanctum opening off it. In the old house every caller had to come right into our living room. Here they can come in and do all their business and Ellen and the children know nothing of it.

To day Ellen was teaching Phebe and Gould the ten commandments- As she repeated the Fourth- "For in six days" etc. Phebe sat and listened and exclaimed- "My- wasn't that quickly!" The children are all perfectly well. The heat has been very oppressive all the week. The mercury has been all about the 80's reaching 87 degrees one day. This evening at 8 o'clock as I write it is at 80 degrees. We have had no rain since the typhoon the first two weeks of August. Everything is very dry. Some of the farmers are nearly distracted and are actually fighting over the water rights. Dorothy is clad night and day in her napkins and one little short sleeved gauze shirt. She is troubled some with prickly heat. The other girls go barefooted and in "white pants" all the morning- no dresses. Gould wears the thinnest pants. Ellen is fairly well. She has worked too hard since coming down from the mountain to get the work among women started. But now that is done I hope she will take better care of herself.

Mr. F. S. Brockman Y.M.C.A. Sec'y arrived yesterday. He is here primarily to make arrangements for the National Y.M.C.A. Convention to be held in Nanking the first part of Nov. Mr. Mott is expected to attend this convention. We hope to have a visit from him at Foochow on his way to Hong Kong. I am thinking very strongly of attending the Nanking Convention. Brockman is trying to get Ellen to take the children up and stay with Mrs. Brockman at Nanking for a month or more. But the undertaking is too big- the financial side is also too large to think of.

The shipment from Boston is in but not yet out of the customs, so we have a treat to look forward to in opening the boxes- one from each home this week. A few days ago I sent to you a lot of photos of Ellen and the baby. I wrote on their backs for whom they were intended and am cheeky enough to ask you to distribute them. I shall feel much easier about them when I hear from you that they are received. I intended to register them but forgot it when they went out.

Hoping to receive a letter from you before long
With lots of love from us all
Will.

*[This letter dated **Oct. 20, 1901** was written from Ing Hok City by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard took a quick trip to Ing Hok. Mr. John R. Mott will be able to visit Foochow while in China. Mr. Gardner will be helping relieve Willard of some work at Ponasang. Willard jokes about the soles of the shoes he received in the shipment from home. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ing Hok City
Oct. 20th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote you one week ago from Foochow. If I remember correctly a letter came from you last Mon. Oct. 25th at Ponasang.

I had written the above when a church member came into my room and took all the time that I had planned to spend with you. I had a good trip to Ing Hok. Friday the wind was strong and at our backs. It blew us up the river in fine style. I stopped an hour at Chong Ha and still reached Gak Liang at 4:30 p.m. The next day I walked to Ing Hok arriving at 1:30 p.m. On Sunday I conducted communion, and Monday at 10 a.m. was on the boat for home. At daylight Tuesday I was at the landing 8 miles from home. I walked into the house just as Ellen and the children were about half thro breakfast. I found all well and happy.

Yesterday a telegram arrived stating definitely that John R. Mott would come to Foochow. He will probably be with us for only two or three days and will spend most of the time speaking to union audiences in the large Meth. Church.

Last week Tues. p.m. and all day Wed. we spent in Mission meeting. Most of the time was spent in discussing the plans for the new building for Girl's College at Ponasang. After a full discussion they were referred back to the Comm. A new plan has been made and we are planning to hold another business meeting next Tues. to discuss it.

Mr. Gardner has been appointed to be associated with me in the work of the Ponasang station. When I went to Ing Hok he took the work in the Sem'y that I had, and he is too keep on with it till I return from Nanking. This eases me very much. I have taken the time to finish the manuscript for the Ing Hok Report, and to catch up on correspondence and bookkeeping a little.

The weather thro October has been exceptionally warm this year. At 2 p.m. today (26th) the thermometer stands at 75 degrees in the house. The children all go barefoot still. A little rain fell a week ago Wed., otherwise we have had no rain since August 1st during the typhoon.

Sunday p.m. Oct 27th 1901

Ellen and the three older children have gone over to the other compound to Mrs. Gardners where the children are holding a Christian Endeavor meeting. Dorothy and I were left together on the bed. She was asleep. After a good long nap she awoke as bright and fresh as a morning glory in the dewy sunshine. I know of few pretties pictures show that of a little child just after a refreshing sleep with the bright eyes and the beautiful pink complexion of perfect health. Dorothy is growing very fast these days. Ellen said this morning is seemed almost as if she would see her grow. She was eight months old yesterday. She is getting very interesting- sits alone and reaches after things, and plays peek-a-boo with a handkerchief etc.

Yesterday a good letter came from Emma, one from you- a very nice letter from Dr. Judson Smith. A letter came from a stamp collector in Chicago wanting to purchase a complete set of Chinese stamps, and offering to buy old ones. Phebe has begun to collect old Chinese stamps and was much elated over the prospect of making a fortune, "I can get lots of money", she said with eyes like big round moons.

The boxes arrived from Shelton and Putnam and were opened a few days ago. My shoes came. I'm going to open a wholesale sole leather store, and trim off the edges of my soles to fill orders- Such Soles!! My arms are of good length, so I manage to shake hands with people over their edges. Gould has a suit of clothes and an overcoat that we are thinking of trying to keep for him to wear when he goes home in 1903. Well so much for nonsense. Geraldine was overjoyed with a doll she found. Phebe is equal to the occasion tho. Geraldine was following Phebe in her propensity to keep pretty tight hold of her own doll. Phebe wanted to hold Geraldine's badly. Finally she said to Geraldine "You must have an amah for your baby." The scheme worked and the baby was given to amah Phebe to hold for a time. The jack knife in the pocket of Gould's pants is a good one.

Love to all
Will.

P.S. Ellen says I have not mentioned all the articles in the boxes-There were lots of articles- I remember there was pumpkin and many other things. Thank you and every one else for all. W.

[This letter dated Nov. 24, 1901 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Mr. Mott and the Brockmans came to Foochow. It was arranged for a meeting one morning with a congregation but Mr. Mott had to leave earlier than planned to catch a steamer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Nov. 24th 1901

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote you last from Shanghai Nov. 10th no number. Your last I acknowledged in that letter.

A week ago last night at 10 p.m. I reached home safe and sound, and found Ellen and the little ones all right. Dorothy was having a tough time pulling her teeth thro, but was otherwise all right. We brought Mr. Mott, Mr. and Mrs. Brockman with us hoping to keep them for two days or so and hold a Convention at which Mr. Mott's addresses would be the principle feature. But steamers were very bad. There was only one in at the time, going to Hong Kong and that one had been chartered by the English Government to go to Hong Kong the next morning= Sunday morning. Mr. Mott's dates in Hong Kong, Ceylon and India were fixed, and if he waiting here for another steamer he would be too late to meet these dates so he had to leave the next morning at 7:30. The steamer co. at first promised to hold the launch at their jetty in Foochow till 9:00 for us. But about midnight Sat. night sent word that this would be impossible. On the strength of the promise to wait till 9 a.m. we had arranged a meeting for 6:30 a.m. and there was a good congregation gathered at that hour. But they had to endure the disappointment.

Our Annual Meeting began Tuesday evening. It will close next Tuesday at noon. The reports from all parts of the field are most encouraging. The Men's Missionary Society (Chinese) is in a most flourishing condition. Altho it has met with all kinds of reverses this year, yet its condition was never better and the outlook for the future is very bright. Their treasury had in it at the beginning of the year a little over \$150. The preachers whom they employed died of the plague in June, and they had to use his salary for the whole year, to help bury him and care for the chapel etc. Notwithstanding this they have kept up the rent of the chapel and hired it watched. Then as soon as the plague ceased raging, they had the chapel cleaned and repaired and at once arranged to hold services in it. At present the treasurer reports the receipt of over \$100. This is within the past month.

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving. I wonder where you will eat turkey and if all the wayfarers will come home.

We are wondering if the Consulate is going to invite us all there this year. It is now pretty late and no invitations have appeared.

I am enclosing an order on Treasurer Wiggin of the A.B.C.F.M. for Sixteen dollars (\$16). Please pay whatever I owe you and if there is any left put it into the Bank. If the "left" comes on the other side let me know and I will send more.

I wrote the other day to a man in Chicago= Fred Otto who asked me to find the cost of a set of Chinese stamps and I told him to send \$5 to you and I would send him a complete set. So if you receive this money please put it into the Bank and let me know of its receipts as soon as convenient.

Ellen is writing at my elbow and it is time she was [in] bed. So good night.

With lots of love Will.

[This letter, dated November 27, 1901, was written from Century Farm by Nancy Nichols Beard to her daughter, Mary. She tells Mary about some of her siblings and news of other acquaintances. She tells about some of the latest improvements on the farm and relays stories about Willard's children. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]

Home Nov. 27th, 1901

My dear Mary:

I have swept, made mince pie meat, done some reading, brightened the silver, done some mending and now am going to write a few lines to you. Stanley has gone to Shelton to get James and read in the library. The boys are starting a debating society, and he is to write a composition now on Old England staircases which he finds a difficult subject. He was asked to write about his Buffalo trip and chose the other, as some of the others were to write their experience of the trip. E. got home this morning, she took Fred to the trolley. He is on jury in Bridgeport. Ruth went to mill with a grist and brought E. home. It has thawed a little to day, is clear to night, promises to be clear and cold to morrow. Mrs. Arthur Booth is to be buried Friday, P.M. The papers contain an account of Mrs. Seymour's death in Washington, she was buried in Vernon. I suppose Matilda is married. Gustina wanted to know what the minister's name was over to the Centre, so I think they must think of having him to tie the knot. Papa has his pipes laid from the well to the barnyard, has pulled the inside of the work shop out and laid a new floor from the work shop to the old hen house. His wind mill has not come. I think the iron is not at hand to make it. The carpenters have been here and laid a half-inch maple floor on our kitchen. We've oiled it twice, and hope to give it another coat. Were your shoes good thick soled? If you get thick shoes for that price I think they were cheap. A letter just here to night from Will says they are all well. Geraldine was overjoyed with the doll. Phebe wanted to take it. Finally she contrived a way to get it. She told Geraldine she must have an amah for it, so amah Phebe took the doll to care for. Gould found his jack knife and it was a good one. Well it is bed time and I must stop.

Do you like your room better on the third story? With whom are you neighbors? Bess says you have a change of occupation, wiping dishes. Do you want a curtain before you come home? If so you can get it. We can get curtains like mine in the bedroom, for between 30 and 40 cents a pair. I would not give over 50 cents. With lots of love, mother.



This appears to be Geraldine carrying a headless doll. 1901
 [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated Dec. 7, 1901 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard took a trip to Deng Chio in the Ing Hok region. He held a 2 hour service to an interested crowd of about 70. He mentions the Likin inland river customs system of collecting money. The Hodouses and Smiths should be arriving in Foochow soon. Willard would like to take Mr. Smith to Ing Hok before Christmas. The Girl's College building is now under construction. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Deng Chio, 12 miles S.E. from
 Foochow,
 December 7th 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

My register is not with me so I can tell neither when I wrote last or when your last was received. As you see at the head of this sheet I am at Deng Chio. This place has counted as in the Ing Hok Station. If you have a map of that field you will find Deng Chio nearest Foochow.

I started yesterday morning at 10:30 and arrived here at 2 p.m I took dinner on the boat and when I arrived went at one half a mile or more from the chapel to see a day school. The teacher has done good work with the students or pupils as they should be called. This teacher seems to be an earnest humble Christian.

Last evening a dozen or more men met in the church for service. Several of them wanted to be examined for admission to the church. This morning another came. I have received three. One was a literary man and another a well to do farmer. The other a laborer. There are some ten more that seem to be earnest in their profession, but they have been to church only two or three months.

This morning at Service the chapel was literally packed and the steps in front of the chapel were filled with men standing. There were about 70 in all. I have seldom spoken to such in interesting and interested audience. The service lasted over two hours, and during the whole time there was perfect quiet and individual attention in what the speaker was saying, which was the pure Gospel stating the fact of God as above all and ruler of all, instead of idols; the fact of man with his sin undeserving of God's love; the fact of God, notwithstanding man's sin still loving him and caring for him and sending his only son to die for him; the fact that salvation thro Christ is free and that each man is a free agent in accepting this salvation. There were many nods of assent in all parts of the audience.

This afternoon we had held the Sunday School. About 35 were present. Opportunities for preaching the Truth present themselves on all side. People seem to be honest in their desire to know the Truth. Of course the cause is to be found in the political situation. But God is able to use even this to arouse the people and to open the way for the Gospel. A man told me today that whereas two years ago 2400 applicants presented themselves for the First

Degree examinations. Only 1000 appeared this year. The cause is in the political situation. It seems to be universally taken for granted that a change has come in China and the old order of things is obsolete. The "Likin" or inland river customs is just now passing under foreign control. This will help to convince the people that the new China is appearing. Probably there is not a greater swindle in the world than the Likin in China. If the country, instead of the petty Likin officials could get all the money collected at these stations, she would have no need to put extra taxes on the people.

Well there are half a dozen boys studying just under me. They are studying hymns. I can hear them think. Their thoughts mount upwards in throat splitting accents. So I will close this now and finish it at a more convenient season.

Dec. 15th at Foochow.

The last letters received were on Nov. 25th and Nov. 28th. I wrote last on Nov. 24th.

This letter has been in good keeping for a whole week. The truth is I forgot it when I arrived home on last Tuesday morning, until the steamer had gone.

The past week since coming home from the country has flown swiftly. We have all been quite well. This morning Gould tried the metal of his head bones again. He was climbing on the veranda rail and went over, turning a somersault and half striking exactly on the middle of his forehead, just where he was hit with the stone on the mountain by the French boy. But this morning's bump was over a larger surface and does not seem to be at all serious.

The churches at Geu Cio Dong, Ha Puo Ga and Sang Bo held communions today. 11 united at Geu Cio Dong and 1 at Sang Bo.

This morning while at breakfast a telegram arrived announcing the starting from Shanghai on this morning of Mr. and Mrs. Hodous [*Anna J.*], Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Miss Dr. Smith. They may get in to morrow afternoon or perhaps not till Tues. morning. I want very much to make one trip into the Ing Hok field with Mr. Smith before Christmas or the few days after Christmas and another immediately after the Week of Prayer.

The dry weather continues. Our well has been dry for three weeks. The contractor who built it has had to take it up and deepen it about four feet. We are again using the water.

The Girl's College Building is going up nicely. I am putting much time now into arranging to rebuild Geu Cio Dong and in trying to purchase land for a Theological Sem'y.

Will you kindly write the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau St., New York for the following pictures as advertised in the American Messenger of Oct. 1900.

"Christ Blessing Little Children" 18X 22 in.

"The Child Jesus in the Temple" " " Three for \$.50

"Christ and the Rich Young Man" " "

"The Last Supper" by da Vinci 3 X 2 ft.

Also Etchings as follows.

No. 4 "Old Post Road Home"

No. 12 "The Coming Storm"

" 7 "Coming Through the Woods" 10 cents each

" 6 "The Lighthouse"

" 16 "Washington Praying at Valley Forge"

You may subscribe for the American Messenger for a year and keep it yourselves for the trouble of getting the picture for us. I think they may all be sent by parcel post, and if registered they will be pretty safe. If "The Last Supper" is too large for the mail, keep it for the next box.

Geraldine's grace at table just after I returned from Nanking. "Dea' Lo'd, be't di pood, be't papa, bin him home a' tafely. Po'De du' take. Amen."

God is very good to us all. O that we may always be fit for His use.

With lots of Love

Will.

Willard's uncle and Oliver Gould Beard's brother, Theodore E. Beard dies.

From the Evening Sentinel December 10, 1901:

BEARD- Long Hill, Huntington, Dec. 9, Theodore E. Beard, aged 68 years, 11 months, 15 days. Funeral services will be held at the house, Long Hill, on Wednesday, at 2 o'clock.

[This letter dated Dec. 21, 1901 was written from Foochow, China by Willard and Ellen to the Folks at Home. The Hodouses and Smiths have arrived. Willard is taking Mr. Smith to show him the Ing Hok field. Ellen is enjoying the company of the Hodouses and working on furnishing her new home. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Dec. 21st 1901.

Dear Folks at Home:-

In all probability this is the last letter I shall write this year to you, for I expect now to go into the Ing Hok field next Friday to be gone about two weeks.

We received a letter from Flora Dec. 18th. I wrote last Monday, Dec. 16th.

Last Tuesday morning I, with Mr. and Mrs. Hinman and Miss Chittenden started from Foochow for Pagoda Anchorage to meet the five new missionaries i.e. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous. Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Miss Emily Smith M.D. They arrived at 9:10 a.m. Wed. The others of the party spent the night at Mrs. Hartwell's. I slept on the house boat. The tide did not favor us and we lay at anchor in the river till almost noon. Then with a good rising tide and a little breeze we came quietly up the river reaching Ponasang at 3:40 p.m. Our Mission prayer meeting was at Ponasang that afternoon so the new friends could meet all the older members of the mission. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are at Mrs. Kinnear's. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous with us and Dr. Smith with Miss Newton.

Dec. 27-

I am enclosing an order on A.B.C.F.M. Treasurer for \$30. Please pay my Life Insurance and then if I am not owing you put the rest in the Bank. The number of my Policy 166224.

The address is 752 Broad Street,

Newark,

New Jersey,

I have never received the receipt for my premium for this year = 1901- All the other receipts have come all right.

I am off for Ing Hok with Mr. Smith tomorrow morning. It is now 9:45 and so I say "good night with Love to all

Will.

[The following is written by Ellen.]

Will said I might add anything I wish and send this on. He was off early Saturday morning as he had planned although it promised a rainy day and rained a little when he started. But aside from the first two days they have had fine weather for walking thus far.

I have just returned from a "Musical Tea" given by our Consul's wife this afternoon. The music was furnished mainly by the English and German community ladies and gentlemen. Miss Brown of our mission gave one solo. The piano, violin, and mandolin music was all very finely rendered, - rather better than the vocal selections I thought, tho all were good. While these functions are not uncommon among the community people we missionaries rarely have the opportunity to enjoy them.

Will is introducing Mr. Smith to Ing Hok, his future field of work so they both missed this bit of social enjoyment. They are to be at home for the last half of the week of prayer meetings, in which the three missions join. Monday and Thursday the meetings are at our house. We are greatly enjoying having Mr. and Mrs. Hodous with us; they are fine people. They are working at the language now and doing whatever they can to help in various ways.

We are gradually getting fitted into the new house and getting necessary furniture made for it. It is not quite so easily done as it is in America everything has to be made to order and requires weeks of time for each piece.

Miss Newton has taken over a part of my work since she came back so I have more time to give to the children. The little ones are all well and thriving and keeps me busy and happy. It would be unbearably lonely at these times when Will is away so long, were it not for our little ones. They are so much company.

We have received two letters from you since Will went away and I sent them to him by the messenger who took supplies to him.

With love to all from the children and myself.

Yours Ellen.

1902

- November 21st- Willard travels to Shaowu and returns to Foochow sometime after January 12, 1903
- Volcano on Martinique explodes causing 30,000 deaths in St. Pierre
- Aswan Dam in Egypt completed
- Willard is 37 years old, Ellen- 34, Phebe- 7, Gould- 6, Geraldine- 4, and Dorothy turns 1.

[This letter dated Jan. 19, 1902 was written by Willard and Ellen to the folks at home. He talks about a trip to Ing Hok and of his busy schedule for his upcoming week. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Jan. 19th, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

According to my Correspondence Register I wrote you Dec. 15th, 1901, No. 25. Your letters have come in nicely. One came Dec. 18, and two came Jan. 1- 1902. The same mail brought a good letter from Oliver and one from Dwight. I have not mailed a letter this year thus far.

Dec. 28th, 1901 Mr. Smith and I started for Ing Hok to make a tour of the field. We returned Jan. 8th. It rained a little the day we started, but the sun very soon dispelled all the clouds and we had perfect weather for all the trip. We held communion at Gak Liang, Puai Sioh, Diong Keng and Sung Kau. In all thirteen were admitted [to] the churches on this trip. The Ing Hok people were overjoyed at seeing Mr. Smith. They greeted him everywhere with firecrackers, and feasts, both of which he endured with good grace. In every chapel the people were packed in almost solid and listened perfectly to the preaching.

We returned Jan. 8th to be present at some of the meetings during the Week of Prayer and to get Miss Newton, Mrs. Smith and Dr. Emily D. Smith to take them up to Ing Hok for the Quarterly Meeting of that station held Jan. 14th – 16th. So we were off again last Monday morning Jan. 13th, and returned yesterday, Saturday Jan. 18th. The weather again was perfect, - warm and clear with delightful moon light evenings. The meetings were full in their attendance and a beautiful spirit of brotherly love prevailed throught [throughout]. The new missionaries for that station are very much pleased with their new home and the people and the work. In my opinion they are peculiarly fitted for this work.

A letter from Mr. Goddard yesterday states that he has accepted a position with Wyman and Gordon who make machine forgings in Worcester, Mass. They will keep their home in Lancaster, and Mrs. Goddard will remain there. Dwight will be on the road some of the time.

We received the shoes you sent by mail all right. The children seem to be shod well now. They are all-three- in my little study as I write this. They have just gotten tired of looking at pictures and have found a box of 2 X 4 plates for a camera that Ellen had some five years and which is now useless. They have been quite well, and are growing finely. Ellen and Dorothy are upstairs asleep. Ellen is quite well. Dorothy thinks teething is pretty tough business. I rather think if she alone were consulted she would prefer not to have any teeth and get her living all her life as she did during the first six months. She is learning to navigate, and they say she can stand alone. I am almost a stranger to her. I have been away so much during the past month.

This morning I preached * the Baccalaureate before the Theological students who graduate next Thursday. The service was held at Gen Ci Dong, and the students of the hospital (men's) and of the Girl's College and of the Seminary attended beside the usual membership of the church. I spoke on Jan 15 = fruit bearing. The coming week will be full. Tomorrow I have an engagement with the dentist in a.m. a committee meeting to arrange a song service for Easter in p.m. On Tues. a meeting of the trustees of the Anglo Chinese College of Meth. Mission, Wed. graduation exercises of Foochow College Am. Board. Thursday Graduation exercises Theol. Semy. Fri. go to mountain to look after cottage and several other items of business, Sat. examination of candidates for Theol. Semy.

I am enclosing \$5.00 Canadian paper money in this letter. If I am owing you take it to pay yourself. The remainder put in bank.

The weather is surprisingly warm. I have not yet put on winter flannels nor my heaviest clothes. We have no fires in the house and doors and windows are open. Friday on the boat coming down the river we could not wear overcoats. It was too hot.

Have I written about our surprise at learning of the engagement of Miss Newton? Where did the news come from? Apparently she is as far from that point as ever, and as firmly convinced that young women coming to the field should keep from entangling alliances as ever.

[The following written in parenthesis was written by Ellen.]

(A Miss Gluck of the Methodist Mission was engaged to a Dr. Charles who came to Foochow on the same steamer on which Miss Newton came last summer. But that engagement is now broken. Does not this explain the mistake? Ellen.)

To us as a family, scattered all over the United States, and travelling much, and in China, God's blessings have come in big showers during the past years. We must all strive to be very useful to Him, and to be ready to be used by Him in any capacity.

With lots of Love from us all Will

[The following was written by Ellen.]

*I want to add a note about that sermon which Will would be too modest to write. One of our most candid judges among the missionaries of our Board here heard that sermon and told another missionary that it would have been a fine sermon in English but it was especially forceful in Chinese. A man who can preach such sermons as that ought to be released from the drudgery and given the opportunity to preach. Ellen.

[This letter dated Feb. 2, 1902 was written by Willard from Foochow, China. He talks about graduation exercises at the Seminary and denying a student his diploma. He continues to travel to Ing Hok where the missionaries are having success. He is purchasing property for a new church in An Iong Die. The previous church burned. Willard mentions his Uncle Theodore's death. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Feb. 2nd, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

My register tells me that I mailed just one letter to a foreign country during the month of January. That one was to you on Jan. 19th. We have received none from you since that time.

Since I wrote last the various institutions of learning in Foochow have held their graduation exercises. The Seminary closed with exercises January 23rd. Six young men received diplomas. Another has completed the course, but rumor has it that he was married a year ago last August to a girl who graduated from the Ponasang Girl's College a year ago now and rumor says they were married without the Christian ceremony, and that they now have a child over a month old. They both flatly deny the whole thing. Until the truth comes out he will have to go without his diploma.

Last Tuesday I returned to my old occupation of going to Ing Hok. During the past five weeks I have spent twenty three days in that field. Last Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Dr. Smith and Miss Chittenden moved up. We had four boat loads of freight and passengers. The first day found us at Gak Liang at 10 p.m. It was rather a long journey. But the weather was warm and the next day we had a delightful trip over land from Gak Liang to Ing Hok, arriving at 4:30 p.m. The goods on the boats did not arrive till Thursday about 3 p.m. I was kept very busy Wed. evening and all day Thurs- and until noon Friday helping them make arrangements for staying there, and settling various questions relating to the work of the field next year. The Chinese year closes next Friday. (Chinese New Years is next Saturday.) The friends had perfect weather to begin their new life in the new home. Everything is propitious for a great blessing to be poured out on the Ing Hok people through these new servants of God. There is a great movement toward the church in most of the field; the brotherly feeling that exists between all the workers forms an avenue by which the Holy Spirit can enter and which He can use; the preachers seem to be fully alive to the possibilities and the dangers of the situation; there are not a few church members who can be relied on and who are men of prayer; lastly Mr. Smith seems to me to be a man of God. He has a good level head, and a large stock of common sense which seems to be consecrated to God's service. In Mrs. Smith he has a splendid helpmate. Dr. Emily Smith is a true hearted, natural woman whom everyone likes. These three will win the hearts of the Ing Hok people for Christ.

I started for home Friday at 1 p.m. A strong head wind and very shallow water made our progress very slow, and it was 5:45 yesterday when I reached home Friday night. The weather changed and it began to rain. The wind blew thro the boat terrifically all day yesterday and the Chinese passengers sat and shivered. I rowed and poled the boat to keep warm. We have had very warm weather until this cold snap. When I took the boat Fri. noon I had to take off my coat and unbutton my vest to be comfortable. At night I wanted coat and overcoat on, all buttoned tight. I put on winter woolens last night for the first time.

Florence Kinnear has what Doctor calls Diphtheria. Eunice Kinnear is at the Anchorage, Paul and Morris are at Miss Newton's, and the youngest Gerald is now in the old house in which we used to live. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous are staying there with him. The old house is nearly all torn down. Only two rooms with bath rooms left. The new Girl's College is rising rapidly on the site of the rest of the house and the adjoining land. Part of the roof boards are on already, and rafters are going up on other parts.

Ellen and the children are all quite well. Dorothy is developing fast. She claps her hands when asked to, shakes her hand for good bye, folds both hands and gives the Chinese greeting, says papa and mama. She pulls herself up by a chair or our knees and walks along holding on to things, - creeps all right, - not yet weaned! and she is not anxious to be!!

I am going to purchase a piece of land for a church at An Iong Die. The church there was burned last August. The members have had a pretty hard time for two years. It is one of the important points in this field. It is a

large center in itself and we must have a church for the existence of our work there. Rents are very high. We were paying about \$40 gold a year on the old church for \$325 gold. I can purchase a piece of land on which the church members will erect a church building and parsonage. This will make one very tight fisted all the year unless gifts come from home to help out. If you, any of you, hear of anyone who desires to help in this enterprise, I am praying that you will give him these few facts and introduce him to me. Nearly each year since 1898 we have shouldered all the financial responsibility we took upon ourselves. But God had taken care of us and money has come for all needs. So we will trust Him for this.

With lots of Love to all
Will

The last paper "Sentinel" gave an account of Uncle Theodore's death. [*Theodore Edward Beard, b. Dec. 21, 1833, d. Dec. 9, 1901*]



Four brothers - L to R: Oliver Gould Beard, James Henry Beard, Theodore Edward Beard, William Thomas Beard
Taken before December 1901. William Thomas Beard and Theodore Edward Beard were listed in the 1870 census as being in the business of Paper Manufacturing. W.T. and T.E. Beard was the name of their company. James Henry Beard ran a store, was a State Representative in 1883 and then went into the insurance business which Bennett N. Beard eventually took over.

[*Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard.*]

From the Evening Sentinel December 10, 1901:

BEARD- Long Hill, Huntington, Dec. 9, Theodore E. Beard, aged 68 years, 11 months, 15 days. Funeral services will be held at the house, Long Hill, on Wednesday, at 2 o'clock.

[This letter dated Feb. 9, 1902 was written from Foochow, China by Willard and Ellen to the folks back home. It is now the Chinese New Year. Willard went with a group of other missionaries to witness the worshipping of the Emperor's tablets. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Feb 9th, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Last week – Feb. 2nd the letter was written to you but none have been received. I believe no mail has come from America during the week.

Friday night we passed from the old Chinese year to the new Chinese year. The past week has therefore been a very busy one. I have been away from the station so much during the past month that all the business and plans of the month were crowded into this one 1st week. To add to the rush the bargain for the purchase of a piece of land for the theological seminary was consummated last Tues. evening and the owners came Wed. evening at 8 p.m. to sign the bargain agreement. But they had not fixed it up among themselves completely and it was 11:50 p.m. when they left the house after having signed the paper and received the first payment of \$200 out of the \$3500 which they were or are to receive for the land and houses on it.

Thursday afternoon we ran away for a few hours and went over to Mr. Marsh's (M.E. Mission). *[The following is written in Ellen's handwriting.]* The German Consul had sent out a general invitation to the public to visit his gardens and see the orchids which are now in bloom. He has quite a collection mostly imported I think. After taking afternoon tea with Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and Dr. Carleton we all visited the Consul's gardens. The children enjoyed greatly the privilege of running about the grounds and watching the swans, geese, ducks and gold-fishes; and searching for the electric light bulbs set around among the branches of the trees, which they called "blue and yellow and red glass birds." It does the children good to get out for a ride or walk occasionally. They are shut up in the compound in their own little world so much of the time.

Our Consul's wife, Mrs. Gracey sails very soon for a few months visit in America, returning in the fall. I wish you might meet her but think there is little probability that you will have the opportunity as she will spend most of her time in Vermont.

Last week I examined my three station classes and closed them for the New Year's vacation. As the native Bible woman who usually assists me was ill I examined them alone this time. Miss Newton, on her return took charge of all three Bible classes; so I have only these three classes now. *[The letter now changes back into Willard's handwriting.]* Don't you wish I could write like this?

Friday was the last day of the Chinese year. On the first day of the year, usually about 3 a.m. the officials of Foochow – all the higher ones- meet at the Emperor's Temple to worship his tablet. I have never witnessed the ceremony, so I went this year. Mr. Gardner, Mr. Peet, Hodous and I of our mission, Wilcox and Semester of Meth. Mission and a Mr. Shipway of the Eng. Baptist mission of Shantung were the members of the party. We watched at the Temple from a little after 3 a.m. till 5:30 before the highest official – the Viceroy arrived. Just as he came, Mr. Wilcox fainted dead away. We carried him out into the open air and he soon came to himself, but he did not want to be left alone so I remained with him and did not see the whole performance. I saw one man go thro the ceremony however. It is simply kneeling three times and bumping the head on the hands which are put down to the ground. It requires about three minutes.

Yesterday we had to dinner with us Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, Mr. and Mrs. Semester, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, Messers. Caldwell and Bucknall. On China New Years the streets are almost vacant and these people enjoy walking over.

Ellen attended a musical given at Dr. Ellen Lyon's home last evening. Mr. Shipway of Shantung is a very good organist. I heard him in the city Friday evening. So I returned home and put the children to bed while Ellen and Mrs. Hodous went to hear Mr. Shipway.

This is the season of Beard birthdays. Mothers Jan 20 – Mine Feb. 5, fathers 18th. Flora's 25.- Best wishes to all.

With Love to all of you

Will

*[This letter dated **Feb. 16, 1902** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Because of the Chinese New Year, they have been attending many feasts. The water wells are low and rain is needed. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Feb. 16th, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Your last letter arrived Feb. 10th and my last started Feb. 10th, No. 3. The week has sped away and one hardly knows where it has gone or what he has accomplished. Still there has been something each day to demand time and attention. We have attended feasts on two days; Went over to Mrs. Plumb's to dinner one evening; held the mission prayer meeting at our home on Wed. afternoon; Ellen went to Mrs. Gracey's with Mr. and Mrs. Hodous one afternoon, - Mrs. Gracey is going to America for a visit of a few months, - and we went over for a walk on S. Side with the children yesterday afternoon. Last evening the deed for a piece of property adjoining our new house on the west was signed. The property is 140 X 75 feet- purchased for the Theological Semy.

The weather continues very pleasant. Every day the sun rises bright and clear, and so warm that we need little or no fire. Chinese feasts are thick nowadays, one tomorrow, another next Thursday, and now last week.

I think I wrote that the \$11.00 for Upper Bridge work from the ladies in Huntington [*now known as the city of Shelton*] came by your last letter. I will write Miss Wooster sometime. It seems as if duties only increased as the months go by. But the last weeks of the old Chinese year and the first few of the New Year are always very busy. With both educational and evangelistic work I have no vacation except as I run away from everything and then problems only wait till I return. Dr. Kinnear and family have moved over S. Side again and this leaves me the only man here who can talk.

Monday morning.

Another bright warm day. We must pray now that the rainy season will soon come. Wells are very low. Ellen and the children are quite well. Dorothy creeps all over the house and walks by chairs. All send love. Gould walked with me last Saturday a stretch of 2 miles where we rested half an hour. Then we walked back, took afternoon tea with Dr. Lyon half an hour. Then walked 2 ½ miles thro the Chinese streets home. He would not admit that he was tired. How is that for 5 years?

I must close now and go to a feast.

Lots of Love
Will.

*[This letter dated **Mar. 2, 1902** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to folks at home. His children have the chicken pox. He talks of a big funeral of a Chinese Christian man. Willard expresses concern of the drought. He expects that he and the family will be leaving China for America in one year. The Y.M.C.A. has offered Willard a job as Secretary. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Mar. 2nd, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote last two weeks ago. Your letter came last Thursday – one from mother and one from Phebe in the same mail. My letter of Feb. 17th was No. 4.

The most important news during the past two weeks, to you would be the fact that the children have all had the chicken pox. Some three weeks or more ago Phebe had an eruption, and Ellen asked Dr. Kinnear to look at her. He said little about it and gave her a few doses of salts. Soon Gould had a few pimples. A week ago last Thursday night Geraldine was very restless. I was away over last Sunday, when I returned last Monday Dorothy was quite sick. Ellen became exercised about her Sunday morning and sent for the Doctor. He came again Monday morning and again Tuesday. But Dorothy is all right now as happy as ever- creeping all over the house and as big as a queen when someone will hold her hands and help her to walk. Geraldine has diarrhea today. But she is around all the time much as usual and seems better tonight. Otherwise we are all well.

A week ago last Friday Mr. Hodous and I went to Chong Ha. That day we attended the funeral of a man 83 years, a life long resident of Chong Ha. For about 30 years he has been an earnest and consistent Christian, - the pillar of the Chong Ha church. He was the oldest man in Chong Ha and the most respected. He was a well to do man. One of his two surviving sons is a preacher at Sang Po in the suburbs station. He was my first Chinese

teacher. The other son is an agnostic- if there is such a thing in China. His only concern is to get and keep money. You may know that one of the most harped on charges against Chinese Christians is that they do not care for their deceased ancestors. So this preacher decided to make as big a funeral for his father as Chong Ha ever saw and I think he succeeded. I counted 100 persons in the procession dressed in white- mourning – and there were as many more in citizens dress. At the feast while I was eating there were 18 tables with 8 persons= men at a table. This was only about half the company. The expense of such a funeral would cost about \$300.

For Sunday we went across the river to Deng Chio. Saturday evening we did not retire until about 11 o'clock. There were 8 or 9 men to be examined for admission to the church, beside an evangelistic service. Sunday the chapel, which could hold about 75- was packed at three services. Five united with the church.

The Theological Seminary opened Thursday Feb. 27th. Tomorrow I expect all the young men in their places and in the harness. Today I conducted communion at Sang Tung Gio, two men united with the church.

I think I have already written that the shoes you sent by mail arrived safely. The cards came all right. Yesterday we received notice that a box of cards was on the way from home.

The drought is becoming serious. Wells everywhere are very low. The wheat is much injured. There is scarcely water enough in the rivers for boats to ply up and down. Not only is there no rain but the weather is very warm. The first of Feb. I put on woolen under drawers, but I had to take them off a week ago, and one day this last week I had to take off my woolen undervest. But March has not gone by yet, and sometimes we have a lot of cold wet weather in this month.

If all goes well we shall be on our way home or about to start by a year from now. How quickly the time will fly! And how much there is to be done before then! I wonder where our home will be while in the states. Ellen has a leaning toward New Britain. It will be central for both our homes and the educational facilities for the children are of the first rank. I think I have not written you that while I was in Nanking last November Mr. Mott asked me to sever my connection with the Am. Board and accept a Secretaryship under the Y.M.C.A. in China. The only reply I made was to give him permission to talk with Dr. Smith and to tell him that I should surely remain here until 1903, and then take a furlough. Now I have not spoken to anyone about this except Dwight. Beside Mr. Mott and some of the Y.M.C.A. secretaries here in China, Dwight and Ellen, no one knows of the proposition, and would prefer you not to mention it. I suppose I ought not to have put it in this letter but you can keep this one to yourselves and merely give the contents to other friends. The Y.M.C.A. work in China has very many attractive features for me, but I am not convinced yet that I can be more useful to God's kingdom in China if I make the change, than I can to keep right on in this work where I am now.

With Lots of Love to all

Will.

*[This letter dated **March 16, 1902** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Daughter, Dorothy, still has the chickenpox. Dr. Torrey arrived and spoke at various venues. Rain is still needed for the wells. He requested some items for the family to send to him. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, March 16th, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Your last letter arrived Feb. 28th. One came from Putnam by the last mail March 11th. I wrote last Feb. 17th no, it was March 2nd, No. 5. Dorothy was just recovering from the chicken pox. She is all right now, and developing fast. She tries to imitate sounds both in talking and singing. And of course tries to express her own thoughts by a language which seems to be in a state of transition. She understands much that is said to her. Each morning she comes in to eat oat meal with her papa. This morning she was finished before the amah came for her and so she got down on the floor. She had a napkin ring playing with it and got tired of it and left it lying on the floor near her. I asked her for it, pointing to it and she immediately picked it up and put it into my hand. The others and Ellen are all well. Ellen is pretty tired, for we have had no cook since Feb. 25th and she has had to oversee operations in the kitchen. A new cook came yesterday.

Dr. Torrey from Chicago arrived last Tues. at noon. He spoke at 2:30 p.m. that day to a union Chinese audience. That night he went into the city and spoke to the boys of our college. The Wed. morning at 10:30 and again at 2:30 p.m. he spoke to union audiences of Chinese. At 4:30 he addressed the foreigners on the filling of the Holy Spirit and went straight from this meeting to the steamer.

I began on the auditing of the mission accounts last Monday and must finish tomorrow. On Tuesday morning I plan to start for Ing Hok. The Ing Hok people all came down to see Mr. Torrey. Mr. and Mrs. Smith

returned last Friday morning, taking with Mr. and Mrs. Hodous. I plan to take both Smith and Hodous on the tour of the Ing Hok field this time. We plan to be home two weeks from yesterday.

The weather continues to excite the wonderment of all. The ther. now at 8:30 p.m. registers 73 degrees. I have worn my heavy overcoat once only this winter. We purchased less than the usual amount of fuel this season and have not used a tenth of it. A little rain has fallen during the past week, but it has not effected wells. It has increased the water in the rivers so as to help boat traffic some. But the past four days have been clear and warm.

I think we shall need a few more articles from home in the June shipment from Boston

1 pair shoes for myself No. 9 – do not purchase overshoes.

1 peck shelled corn.

4 qts. Rye.

Some dried pumpkin.

1 pair knitted wool gloves for myself – black- about 50 -75 cents.

Lovingly
Will

*[This letter dated **March 30, 1902** from Foochow, China by Willard to folks at home. He had just returned from Ing Hok where he toured the area with other missionaries. His children are doing well. An Easter Praise Service is planned for the next day. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, March 30th, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote two weeks ago= March 16th, No. 6. Since then three letters have arrived from you. Two of them came yesterday. When I wrote last I was in the midst of auditing the Mission accounts. These I finished Monday March 17th.

Tuesday morning March 18th I was off for Ing Hok. Miss Chittenden and Dr. Emily Smith who had been in Foochow went up with me. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous had gone up with Mr. and Mrs. Smith four days previous. We reached Ing Hok about four o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Thursday I spent at Ing Hok looking after various matters, and Friday morning Hodous, Smith and I started for a tour of the remote part of the field. Two days of stiff walking found us at Diong Keng the farthest chapel from Foochow. We had the best of opportunities for selling books and speaking to the people all along the way. At Diong Keng we admitted two women. Sunday morning in the afternoon we went over to Sing Kan and held Communion. That night Smith was taken ill. We had fortunately engaged a boat to take us down the river. He ate nothing Monday or Tues. But was all right when we reached Ing Hok Tues. p.m. Thurs. morning Hodous and I started for two other chapels U Nyiong and Puai Siok. Dr. Smith and Mrs. Hodous came down the river in a boat Friday p.m. and took us on a little above Gak Liang. We four reached home a little before noon yesterday.

All the dear ones here were all right. Geraldine had put the sewing machine needle thru her finger but she had already forgotten which finger. Vaccination had run its course and taken its departure. Gould had become enthusiastic over a gun with which he was going to "shoot right straight up" to which proposition Phebe replied that the sky was up there, and would shoot it, upon which Geraldine solemnly asserted that "Doo (= Gould), don't you know God and Jesus are up there."

The insurance receipt came all right. I am afraid a letter was lost a year ago but this receipt makes it all right. I am glad that you have a wind mill and Phebe you will enjoy it fully as much as you anticipate. I can see father's look of satisfaction as he sits by the faucet and watches the trough fill with water. But where is the new well? Where does all the water come from. How I should like to hear from James! What are his plans on graduation?



The Century Farm windmill about 1913
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Tomorrow we are to have a day of song = an Easter Praise Service = all day. The exercises are in Chinese and to be mostly of singing by the students in the schools of the three missions. It is an experiment and if it proves successful is to be a permanent institution for Easter Monday. I reside at the opening session and give an address in the afternoon. Ellen has been teaching the Seminary boys and teaches on Easter another for the evening session.

With lots of love from us all

Will

P.S. I am sending under another cover six photos – on the back of each is indicated it's destination. The plate got cracked but the essentials are all right.

W

*[This letter dated **April 13, 1902** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He talks about the money exchange rate and troubles with their cook cheating them. He tells of a foundry accident and the resulting death of a Christian Chinese man. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, April 13th, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wrote March 30th, No. 7. = two weeks ago. March 29th two letters came from you, - just at this point in my writing the American mail was announced. But there was nothing from any of our relatives in the home-land.

All has moved in usual channels during the past two weeks. We have a new cook. I think Ellen can in some measure sympathize with the housekeepers at home who have so many trials in connection with cooks and other servants. The Chinese money shops cash my checks on the bank, and give me as much as the bank does, so

the easiest way for one to get money is to give a check to the cook and tell him to bring the money. But the question of exchange is a deep one here and an ever varying one. Just now I receive from the Chinese money shops for each dollar on the check 10 dimes and 20 cash. The other day the cook cashed a check and brought me only 13 ½ cash premium on each dollar. This was the day after I reached home from Ing Hok, and I had not enquired after the rate of exchange, so I said nothing. But on enquiry I found the rate to be 20 instead 13 ½- I simply told the cook to bring me 6 ½ cash more for each dollar on the face of the check. He looked at me said in a low voice something about the money shop cheating him. But the next day he brought the balance of the money. Ellen purchased some strawberries very early for about 20 cents per quart. The cook knew it and the next time we took accounts with him the price he had paid each day for strawberries was the same as on that first day. On enquiry Ellen found the price to be 9 cents per qt. We simply allowed him the 9 cents per qt. Well this is very disgusting. But there are few cooks in Foochow or in China who do not plan regularly to get about as much from their squeezes as from their wages.

Mr. Ding Ming Uong was presented by his wife with a nice boy a week ago last Wed. It lived only 5 days. This is the second boy they have lost. One little girl more than two years old seems strong.

A week ago a very sad incident occurred in an iron foundry run by a member of the Ha Puo Ga church. He had purchased a quantity of old iron which had been taken from the wreck of a vessel lying off the coast of Fukien in the north of Foochow. He had just started the furnace, when an explosion occurred that killed two men on the spot and so injured another that he died two nights afterward. The reason for the explosion or what exploded is all a mystery. The furnace is uninjured, and so is the house, in fact there is nothing now to indicate that anything out of the ordinary has occurred in the shop. The man was a church member and so the pastor- Mr. Ding's father- and other Christians helped him all that was possible. He had to give the families of each of the men killed \$400. This made a total of \$1200. All the negotiations were done thro the pastor and Christians. The man also used to be a liberal given to the idolatrous fees. All of this made the head of the temple near by angry, and they filed with the Sub Prefect an accusation against the man to the effect that he had bought official ammunition secretly and while melting it, the explosion occurred. This put a very serious aspect on the matter for if the official could be made to believe the accusation, the man would lose his head. With the Consul's approval I called on the Sub Prefect and he assured me the church member would not be injured.

Rain has been trying very hard to fall for the past two weeks. The top of the ground is fairly wet now but wells and springs are little affected. Our 50 foot well gives us fine water. There must have been heavy rains up river toward Shaowu for the river is quite full. Spring is here and over, if we compare it with New England, for all fruit trees are freed from blossoms and full of green fruit. Our earliest fruit the Bi Ba has been in market for over a week. Strawberries are old. Cucumbers and peas are here. Flowers are in profusion. The farmers are beginning to reap the wheat. The rice fields are being made ready for the crop which is now in beds waiting the time for transplanting.

Ellen and the children are all very well. Dorothy still wants someone to hold one hand while she walks. What would the grandmothers and aunts do with her if she were home? We are nearly ruining her.

All send lots of love

Your

Will.

[This letter dated April 20, 1902 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to folks at home. He talks about the property he bought to rebuild a burned church at An Iong Die. He tells funny stories about his children and imagines what must be going on at that time of year on the family farm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, April 20th, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

A week ago a short letter started for Shelton, No. 9. Day before yesterday a letter came from mother. The same mail brought two letters from Turkey, in one of which was a draft for \$8.80 gold, and in the other the announcement that \$26.40 was to come for the support of a preacher in the Ing Hok field.

Last Tuesday I gave up other business largely and became a real estate agent. In the morning I received the deeds for a piece of property adjoining the old Gen Cio Dong church for which I gave \$900 mexicans. In the afternoon I received the deeds for a piece of property at An Iong Die. You remember that the church there was destroyed by fire last August. To rent has cost me about \$100 mexicans every year. It is also unsatisfactory and we could not find a house that was large enough. A piece of land on which the house was burned last year- not far from the old site, and having a large open space on two sides was offered for sale at \$500 mex. The mission has no

money. The church members promised to build the church if I would buy the land. I bought it. And now I must trust God to send money from some one to meet the expense. The churches here are all doing better this year than last in their contributions, and the number of students in the seminary is less than last year. Mr. Smith promised to meet the deficiency in the Ing Hok field. So I shall be able to pull thro. In the evening of the same day a mortgage deed on the property purchased for the seminary was brought in. The face of this deed called for \$435 mex.

As I look from my study window I see Dorothy in a little wagon which we bought for Gould. Geraldine is drawing her with mama very near.



Geraldine pulling Dorothy in a buggy-1902.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Phebe and Gould are playing about, while Ponto is everywhere trying to steal a bite of the bread that the children are eating. The weather for two weeks has been very fitful and hence very trying. One day we take off our flannels and put on summer clothes and use fans. The next day we put on all our flannels and our overcoats and have a fire at meal times. The consequence is we all have some colds. Dorothy is made to feel cross by hers. But she is not willing to give up at all, and is up with the rest, takes only one nap a day and goes to sleep about 6:30 or 7 o'clock in the evening. Ellen was teaching the Catechism to Geraldine today. "Who was the first man?" "I don't know." "Adam." "Oh, yes Adam." "Who was the first woman?" "Madam." This rather broke the teacher up. Mr. Hodous and I were rolling the tennis court last evening just at dark. The children wanted to help and Geraldine is never behind in any thing of that sort. So she put her hands on the roller- a stone one 16 or 18 inches in diam. - and was going to push from behind. Of course she almost immediately found herself going over the roller. Well she landed all right in front of the thing and stopped it. No harm done but one girl scared.

We are glad to hear of grandmother's good health. Phebe often speaks of her and talks about writing her.

The box of cards and magazines arrived all right. You know the Powers demanded an indemnity from China. To pay the indemnity the powers also helped China increase the duty; on imports. At present the customs put a duty of 5% on every item in the invoice. We paid 5% on the value of the contents of that box as it was entered on the invoice, i.e. 5% of 2.00 in Mexicans. Now from whom did it come? There was a book in it that I imagined came from Mr. Kinneston. As soon as I find out the source I will write the sender thanking him.

Spring is opening on the farm. How I should like to help put in the oats and potatoes and fix the ground for corn. This is what you are doing now. The farmers here are just setting out their rice and reaping the wheat. Friday

morning we had a little cloud burst for about 15 minutes water simply fell in streams. This has affected well some, and it made the rice planters happy- the river is very full so there must have been nice rains up country.

We all send love to all-

Will.

P.S. I am sending the photos of Geraldine to Putnam, one is for you.

W



This looks like knitted swimsuits on L to R: Dorothy, Geraldine, Gould, Phebe in about 1902
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **May 11, 1902** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He talks about the seriousness of the drought and how some Chinese pray to the idols for rain. The Christians prayed for rain and eventually it did rain. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, May 11th, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Your last letter arrived April 22nd. My last was written April 20th, No. 9. The next week on Monday April 28 I was off for Ing Hok to hold the Quarterly Meeting with the preacher, teachers, and all pastors of that station. In Foochow I had not realized the full extent of seriousness of the drought. But when we reached Gak Liang the road was full of men and boys in white carrying idols and flags and beating gongs. These had been to Ing Hok City that day to pray to the idols to send rain. The fields had not been touched this spring. They remained just as they were left after the harvest last fall. Rice was frightfully high and going up all the time. The people were getting desperate. At Ing Hok City the condition was if possible worse. The different villages were sending large deputations to the country seat daily to pray for rain. The magistrate had to come out for each deputation and burn incense to the spirits. Two days previous to my arrival he got tired of the ordeal and first took his morning nap and lunch. When he did at last emerge from his yamen the people who had come a long distance at much expense were so angry that they stoned him. On the day that I arrived April 29th the upper part of the Ing Hok field was visited by a very heavy shower. This somewhat appeased the people, so the magistrate was not again molested.

The meeting with the helpers was a success. The influence of the drought was very manifest in a certain soberness, which gave to the sessions a grave tone. In my life I never realized such a serious condition of affairs. One could imagine some of the horror of the famines in India. The question was many times asked me "If it does not rain what shall we do?" It was usually answered by the asker "Nothing to do but to die."

On Thursday evening- the closing session of the meeting – Ling Lik Huck, preacher at Gak Liang said he had been for some days on the point of sending letters to every church in the field asking them to unite on a particular day in praying for rain. It was then decided to set apart May 4th as a day when every church in the Ing Hok field should be much in very earnest prayer to God for rain. I was at Gak Liang that day and about 30 Christians joined their voices in importunate prayer that God would pity the people and send the rain. The next day about 11 a.m. heavy showers fell in all parts of the field. On the next day May 6th it rained hard. There has been rain every day this week until today, so the prayers of God's people were answered.

Today I conducted communion at Dung Song and received two men. In the audience was a Buddhist priest. I spoke with him after the service and asked him if he considered the Doctrine I was preaching as one at enmity with the religion he stood for. He said "yours is much better." He then asked for Christian books and purchased 25 cents worth – a testament, a hymn book and a book on prayer. This is the first priest that I have ever seen who showed any desire to become a Christian. I shall watch the case with interest.

Ellen has a lot of photos of the children which Mr. Hodous took for her. They are in many attitudes and degrees of gesture. The plates are in the photographer's hands and we will mail them as soon as we can get them. How I should like to see the Grandparents when they first look at them. Some of them are real works of art- good enough for the baby magazine.

We are all well. Dorothy is proud of her accomplishments in the line of walking. She gets up and starts off in the middle of the floor. But long trips are still taken on hands and knees.

With love to all
Will

*[This letter dated **May 18, 1902** was written in Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. In it he talks about the previous purchase of land for a church and the patience of the Chinese character. He ponders as to the reasons of the natural destruction of the town of St. Pierre on Martinique. Wells are filling back up but the plague is returning. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, May 18th, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I sent a letter one week ago No. 10. Your last arrived April 22. Last Monday I sat in my study from 12 p.m. until 7 p.m. with a lot of men finishing up the purchasing of a piece of property that I bought in Feb. of this year. On the property were six mortgage deeds. These had been bought off= redeemed and what money was left divided among the original owners. In the U.S. all this would be the business of the original owners, and the purchaser would have had nothing to do with the business. But here I have had much to do with the redeeming of these deeds. Monday the climax was reached. I simply lent my study for the last battle ground and sat and listened and looked on. These times afford me the very best opportunities for learning the Chinese character. Patience is the attribute that always impresses me. And yet the word "patience" does not really express the quality. I do not know that we have one word that fully gives the meaning of the characteristic which I refer to. It is the power to hold on till you gain your point, not agitated in the mean time by anything that may transpire.

One day this week I cleaned out some of my old letter tills. The next day Ellen found Geraldine cutting up some of the old letters, and noticed a peculiar sheet among them. She examined it and found the receipt of my Life Insurance Policy for 1901. So it was due to my negligence that I did not find it in its proper place this year.

It was terrible news that must have startled you a week ago, about the destruction of St. Pierre and other towns in the West Indies. I think this is a little more terrible than anything I have ever known in my own memory. Is man becoming so wicked that God allows these forces to destroy him in this way? When one thinks of the loss of life thro flood, fire, famine, war and now fire from the earth, in the past few years, he can but think of the picture in Matt. 24. And then when he thinks of the wickedness in his own heart, he wonders how God has been so long patient with man. *[On May 8 1902, Mount Pelee on the island of Martinique erupted killing 30,000 people.]*

Foochow and the surrounding country has been blessed by good rains again this week. Not till last Thursday were the fields and irrigation canals all filled with water. I think now the wells are feeling the increase in

the supply a little. Our well dug in March is giving us very nice water- coming from 50 feet down in the earth the water ought to be well filtered. We do not however drink and of it until it has been boiled.

The plague is here again – not yet alarming, but just beginning. Rice and all food is very dear- more so than last year or year before, when the people complained of hard times. Owners of houses and rice fields must pay taxes to help meet the indemnity, and all together the people think they are having a hard time.

Tuesday 7 a.m.

I meant to have finished this letter yesterday. But there was not a moment to do anything except talk with people. It was one of those days when two and three parties come at once on all sorts of business and other things. Another mail came Sunday afternoon. We hoped for letters by it, but none came.

Last fall when I was in Shanghai, the old fever to do business got the best of me for a time and I ordered of a son of a former Foochow missionary- Mr. Osgood- now agent for the N.Y. Import and Export Co., 10 boxes of soap and 12 watches. My thought regarding the soap was to help the poor Christians by allowing them to take it at cost price and sell it for an advance. I have had a chance to let one or two shops take a lot of it but I refused them, the poor ones are selling it all right. The watches – four are gone already.

Exchange is causing much concern here. Every day there is a drop in silver. The last I hear \$1 in gold brought \$2.17 in silver i.e. as we say exchange is 41 1/2, a silver dollar is worth 41.5 cents. Merchants who import from countries whose basis is gold must charge tremendous prices when they sell in silver. If the present rate of exchange continues prices will go up in all lines. We shall have to raise in wages of servants and chair coolies and in all eatables. But in purchasing land and property the low exchange will benefit us.

The weather is getting quite hot, tho as yet the extreme heated periods are very short, only a day or two at a time, so is quite endurable.

Ellen and the children are quite well. Dorothy can walk across the room but she needs a little encouragement. The other day I mailed to Mr. Kinney a lot – 20 – photos- 2 of each kind, of the children. I have not yet written them to divide with you. But will try to do so. If they do not come to you soon after this reaches you just drop them a line.

With lots of love to all
Will.

*[This letter dated **June 22, 1902** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Mr. Brockman of the Y.M.C.A. is requesting that the missionary board release Willard from his duties so that he may work for the Y.M.C.A. The plague is now causing deaths. Missionary families are beginning to go to Kuliang for the summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, June 22nd, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Time has flown rapidly since I wrote last, on May 18th, No. 11 if my register is correct. Letters were received from you on May 27th and June 27th.

It seems hardly credible that over a month has passed in which I have not written you. But if this is so I shall have to go back a month to begin. The most important event during this time, to us, was another visit of Mr. Brockman [*Fletcher Sims Brockman*] especially to present to the mission the matter of our transfer to the Y.M.C.A. work. He had seen two members of the mission in Shanghai and they told him to come down and talk with the mission, so on Wed., May 28th he told the mission that the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. wished them to release me. At the Annual Business Meeting of the Mission June 12-14, the mission considered the question and voted to release us if the Board would send another man to take our place. Hence we will wait till the Board gives its decision before we know what is in store for us. I have no anxiety over the matter. There is an abundance of work in the field of the Y.M.C.A. in Foochow and we shall find more than we know how to accomplish if we come back to our place here in this mission. Ellen and I both feel that it is a question for the International Comm. and the Board to decide rather than for us to say the final word. And we feel that God will direct these men alright.

The weather has become hot. Ellen and the children went up to the mountain on Thursday. It was rather a hot trip. I came down Friday afternoon. Ellen wrote last night that they were all right. Dorothy had been troubled seriously with prickly heat and she was not happy- quite fretful. But I trust she will be all right soon in the mountain air. During the past month there has been very much rain with muggy weather. We have had no floods yet. Today the water in the river is very high and some of the lowest streets are flooded. The rice crop is very fine,

just in bloom, and I trust God will not allow a flood to come to injure it. The people have had a hard time for the past few years in many ways. This year the drought raised the price of food tremendously, and the plague has caused confusion in many parts of Foochow and in some of the villages on the plain.

In the vicinity of our house and of Ponasang and of Geu Cio Dong the plague has been very bad. I allowed the seminary to disband for the term without examinations on account of the ravages of the plague and because the boys were becoming somewhat alarmed. This was May 16th on Monday. The next Friday the seminary cook died. He began to feel badly the day he went home. The teachers and students are thus far all right. The pastor of Gen Cio Dong lost two children last week but not from plague. They went to see the Dragon Boat races two weeks ago and it is thought they ate something that did not agree with them. Today I conducted communion at Au Ciu. The preacher was taken during the night last night with what they pronounce the plague. Thus far our mission workers have been wondrously spared and the deaths among the Christians have been comparatively few.

On Friday morning while I was at the mountain we saw Dr. and Miss Bement come to the house they have rented. We went over to see them and learned they had arrived at our house at Gek Siong Sang Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. Hodous and came to Guliang [*Kuliang*] in the early morning. Yesterday a little after noon Mr. Walker walked in on us here and his daughter followed immediately. So we are fine here over Sunday; Mr. and Mrs. Hodous, Mr. and Miss Walker and myself. The Hinmans came down from Shaowu with the Bements and are on the mountain. Dr. Bliss will come next week.

It was a quarter of a century ago day after tomorrow when I had the inexpressible joy of finding the first colt. The picture of old Kate and little Daisy as they ran away from one in the pasture east of the house is as fresh to day as ever.

At the business meeting of the mission last week a vote was passed to ask the Prudential Committee to grant us a furlough to begin early in 1903.

This means that we will probably start for the dear home land in February next. And then will come all the questions of where we will live and what we will do. Both these will be much dependent on the decision of the Board regarding our transfer to the Y.M.C.A. secretarial force of China.

We had a good long letter from Mary by the last mail. Only a few days previously Miss Worthley had told me that her sister and Mary had found each other at Mount Holyoke. But what is James going to do? I have not heard direct from him more than once since he entered college.

I sent you some time ago several photographs of the children. In this letter I enclose another. I hope it will retain some of its outlines. It has not yet been toned. I love it. Dorothy is too cute for anything = girls language.

With lots of love to all
Will.

*[This typewritten letter dated **July 7, 1902** was written by J.R. Mott to Willard discussing the release of Willard from the American Board and upcoming employment with the Y.M.C.A. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

July 7th, 1902.

My dear Mr. Beard,-

Your letter of May 17th reached me last week. I had also a few days before that received a letter from Brockman telling me about your favorable decision and also the willingness of your mission to release you for the Association work. I have already written Brockman that the International Committee will most gladly extend a definite call to you to become one of the foreign staff in China. I have not doubt in my own mind that God is leading you and all of us in this matter and that this plan will open up for you the work for which you are peculiarly qualified and a work of the greatest possible importance with reference to the evangelization of China. To avoid any misunderstanding and friction, it is most desirable that the leaders of the American Board in this country be led to release you for this work with good spirit. I regret that it will not be possible for me to get to Boston to see them before I start for Europe three days hence. I shall be back in the early autumn and can take the matter up with them early in October. I think this will be far better than to attempt to adjust the matter by correspondence. I send you this word at once that you may know what my plan is and also that you may see that nothing is done in Foo Chow to reverse the action already taken or to prejudice the case with the Board prior to my getting the full case before them. I feel confident that this course will comment itself to your best judgment. I feel all the more reconciled to this daily in view of that Brockman reports about your not being able to enter into the new relationship until probably

eighteen months later or thereabouts. Let us in the meantime continue in prayer that God may continue to manifest Himself by unlocking the doors for you to get out into this field of great opportunity.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Beard and yourself,

I am,

Very cordially yours,

JR Mott

Rev. W. L. Beard,
American Board Mission,
Foo Chow, China

*[This letter dated **July 13, 1902** was written from Kuliang near Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Kuliang is full of missionaries now. Cholera and plague are present in the Foochow area. Willard talks of his children and what they are doing. He talks about what the family must be doing on the farm back home and how he wishes he could be there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Guliang [or Kuliang], Foochow, China, July 13th, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter started from China June 22nd. July 8th brought one from you. When I wrote the last letter Ellen and the children were here on the mountain. I was at Gek Siong Sang. I came to the mountain the next Tuesday and went down the next Monday and came back the following Thursday. I have been here since.

The mountain is about full i.e. the cottages are. Some want to come but can find no room. The Chinese are glad to come up to get out of the plague, which is still bad, altho report says that there is a little decrease during the past few days. A school teacher at Ing Hok died last week. He was a graduate of the seminary and was appointed to teach a school and oversee a place which we opened this year on the main street in Ing Hok. The work was most encouraging until it was suddenly cut short by the teacher's death. Today word has come from Sharp Peak that the cholera is bad there. It has claimed a valuable woman worker from the Diong Loh field. The preacher who was taken with the plague at Au Ciu June 22nd is improving. Yes, it seems as if nature never was subject to as many disturbances as it has been this year. The presence of the plague all about us intensifies the feeling of the insecurity of this life.

We have all been quite well since coming to the mountain. The children are growing fat. Yesterday Ellen let them put on their old clothes and wade in the rice fields for two hours. Such fun! Phebe and Gould and Geraldine all went. Dorothy would have been just as eager to go if she had known enough. She is crazy to get off the veranda and walk about out of doors on the lawn. She is now learning to talk- just single words. She eats like an American pig. It takes two cups of milk and five heaping tea spoon fulls of oat meal to satisfy her at breakfast. Ellen said yesterday that it seemed as if she did nothing else but prepare food for Dorothy. Our whole family is troubled in the same way. We are eating a prodigious amount of fruit. But as long as we keep well it is all right- cheaper and infinitely more satisfactory than drugs. We have at last found a man to take the place of cook. He is not a cook only a coolie but he seems bright, willing and capable of learning. Ellen can leave him to prepare some meals alone. But we do not- from a selfish standpoint- object to Ellen's cooking. Her bread is fine.

I think I have written you that we received the little shoes for Geraldine and that she was very much pleased with them. One more box from home is all that we shall receive. The other day while at Mrs. Bland's she mentioned that they were going to England next March. We would like to go home that way if it is just as well all around, and it would increase the pleasure of our trip to go with them.

On the fourth we were loyal and had cake and ice cream, a speech and fire works. The children marched and sang "Soldier Boy". Geraldine quite took the prize both in marching and singing. They all wore hats made of stars and stripes. Geraldine's would keep falling off and Gould won the admirations of the company by his gallantry in seeing that it was picked up and put on.

You are all at home now and cherries are nearly gone. The mowing machine is rattling daily and the barns are being filled with hay. How I wish I was in this work with you for the season. Will next year bring me the pleasure?

All send love,
Will.

*[This letter dated **July 27, 1902** was written in Kuliang, near Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He tells of a mild typhoon in the area. The plague is bad in Foochow near their compound. Rice is expensive. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.
Guliang [*or Kuliang*], Foochow, China, July 27th, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

No. 13 started homeward July 14th. The last letter received arrived July 8th. Since coming to Guliang our mail has been very scarce. We are already beginning to feel the effect of vacation days at home.

This year here in Foochow has been all upset weatherwise. From last August until this year in May we had not one rain storm that affected the wells. With July this year the wind began to blow. First we had a week of heavy showers- one each afternoon with heavy winds. Then a week of nice weather. Then a week of strong south wind closely related to a typhoon. Last Thursday the wind changed into the east and Friday typhoon gusts presented themselves. All day yesterday the wind was very high and gusty. Last night it increased in violence and gave us a fair typhoon but with no rain. Today is a repetition of last night, with almost no rain. A typhoon usually expends itself in 48 hours. The wind becomes rain and the storm is over. But there is no evidence of the end of this one yet. So far there is no damage reported.

Tuesday morning – July 29th.

I went to Foochow yesterday with about 15 errands and returned at night. It was rather hot, but before I reached the top of the mountain I had to put on my overcoat. The plague near our house has ceased. But near our city compound and in many other parts of the city it is as bad as ever. One meets coffins everywhere, and corpses are frequently lying on the bridge. Rice is dearer than ever and the officials are importing it and selling it at a discount. They sell to each person only 30 or 40 cents worth so that dealers cannot take advantage of them and purchase in large quantities and then sell at a large profit. Last week one day two church members came up to Guliang to ask me to write the Sub Prefect asking him to give them the privilege of buying 30 bags or so at a time to be sold to the Christians. They said he had already sold them 30 bags, but must have my approval before letting them have more. I doubted their motive somewhat and told them I would think it over. I found out yesterday that they had made a new profit of about \$10.00 on the 30 bags which the official had sold them. It is needless to add that I did not write the Sub Prefect. This is one of the failures of the church members. I sometimes wonder if we do not give a false view of the Christians by telling only of the good deeds, or of those only who are true. In this connection I ought also to say that Pastor Bong Ho is was who told me about the profit these men had made on the rice adding "They of course will blame me very severely for telling you of this, but it is my duty."

Well, we are all well. Dorothy is having a hard time cutting her eyeteeth, but is otherwise well. Ellen is still doing the baking and cooking. But we have help promised.

The Guliang Convention began Sunday p.m. with the sermon by Archdeacon Barrister of Hong Kong who is spending the summer at Guliang.

Love to all
Will.

*[This letter dated **Aug. 17, 1902** was written in Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. The plague as not as prevalent but cholera is bad and he ponders if it is cleanliness or Christianity that keeps the cholera from infecting many foreigners (missionaries) and Chinese Christians. Willard stays busy even while on the mountain (Kuliang) with missionary work. He tells a funny story about the children in the rice field and Mr. Bliss and Miss Bortz just became engaged. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.
Foochow, China, Aug. 17, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter from you arrived July 8th. I wrote last on July 27th No. 14. just at the beginning of our Convention. The weather favored both the foreign and the Chinese Conventions this year. For several years something- either a typhoon or political disturbance has occurred to partly break up one or both.

The plague has abated quite a good deal in the City and Suburbs. Near our house in the Suburbs where it was so very bad in May and June and part of July it has ceased. But Cholera has come in to take its place in claiming victims so the death rate is nearly the same. Cholera has not been as bad at any time since our first year here. Ming Uong's mother was attacked, but is now well. The report is that it does its work very quickly this year. Many die after 3 or 4 hours of illness. When will people learn that cleanliness is necessary to life? A week ago last night a Chinese teacher died here on the mountain from plague contracted in Foochow only a day or two before. It made something of a stir. But thus far no one else has taken the disease. It is to me wonderful that thousands of Chinese are carried away with these diseases while they do not attack the foreigners. It must be either a direct intervention of God or it must be due entirely to cleanliness and adherence to the laws of health as we have learned them. It is also wonderful to me that so few of the Chinese Christian workers fall victim of these scourges. I can explain this also only by one or both of the above methods.

I was in Foochow again last Wednesday for the day. The Sang Tung Gio people (church) have moved to a cleaner locality where they have a nice large house capable of seating 300 people. The An Long Die church is going up nicely. At Gen Cio Dong walls are coming down and going up and old buildings are being removed, so that the land will be ready for the new church when we go down in about six weeks from now. The buildings on the lot adjoining our residence are being refitted for the Theological Seminary. A week ago today six united with the church at Ha Puo Ga. The Ing Hok travelling Evangelist started with \$280- to go thro the Ing Hok field, visiting each chapel, a few days ago. So you see, even altho I am not at Foochow there is work to think and pray about, and have in mind all the time. Then here on the mountain every day is full, and I can scarcely find time for the correspondence that ought to be done.

I received a letter from Mr. Mott the other day, which I forward to you. I have not yet heard what the decision of the Board at Boston is about releasing us for the Y.M.C.A. work.

Last week a tiger was caught in a pit about 4 miles from here. Many of the Kuliangites have been over to visit him. We are preparing to go tomorrow morning [to Kuliang]. We are trying to start at 5 o'clock with the whole household, even Dorothy. She will enjoy the ride.

We are all well. The children are growing like pigs. They especially enjoy wading in the rice fields. A few days ago Phebe and Gould went over across the rice fields in front of our cottage. Geraldine was about to follow them. The path is about 6 in. wide. On the left is the rice field with its water and mud. On the right is the next rice field 6 feet below. The bank between is perpendicular. Geraldine had her "umbuller." The path was a little wet and slippery. I heard a terrific scream "Mama I pall in de wice peald," repeated several times. On going out, I saw a little mud image standing against the bank of the lower rice field. How it was yelling! "Pebe an' Dou'l didn't wait po' me. I knowed I would pall in." Well it took four waters to get the mud off her. Evidently she rolled down off the path on the upper field and stuck in the lower field on her back so as to nearly cover her face with the water. This stuck her head well into the mud. She is all right now.

We helped celebrate the King's Coronation a week ago yesterday. We are all very happy over the engagement of Dr. Bliss and Miss Borts [Bortz]. Miss Borts will now go to Shaowu.

With lots of love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Aug. 31, 1902 was written in Kuliang near Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He is leaving for Ing Hok with Mr. Smith for a week. Cholera and plague have delayed the opening of schools. He talks of how his family is doing. He tells of taking them on a walking trip to see a tiger that was captured. The end of the letter is missing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Kuliang, Foochow, China, Aug. 31st, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Aug. 17th was the date on which the 1st letter started for Shelton, No. 15. Two days later, Aug. 19th a letter arrived from Shelton. Aug. 20th one came from Etta from Meridian, N.Y. Aug. 24th one came from Emma. Your letter contained a good many accidents. We are hourly expecting another, from the steamer due yesterday, and hope for better news.

We receive from you a letter which related the home coming for vacation of the different members of the family, and as we sit down to answer it the fact dawns upon us that as we write you are preparing to scatter again for another year of work in different places. I suppose some of you are even now back at work. I am reminded also that my own vacation- if this is not a misnomer- is at an end. Mr. Smith and I plan to start next Thursday for Ing

Hok to be gone one week. I have set Sept. 18th as the date for opening the seminary. Other schools do not open till Oct. 2nd on account of the plague and cholera. But we closed a month earlier in the spring than usual on account of the plague, and then there is now no sickness near our house, and we shall have only about ten men in all so I am not going to postpone the opening. Nearly all other schools have lost students during the summer from plague or cholera. We have our full number to begin school this fall. The cook of the seminary died, otherwise our ranks are unbroken. This fall the seminary will be in the house adjoining our own house, which will be much more convenient, and a great saving in time and strength.

I am writing at my desk in the room in which Ellen and our three girls sleep. Ellen and Phebe and Geraldine and Gould are on the beds asleep (?) Ellen and Geraldine are. The other two are hard at work resting judging from the grunts and flopping. Dorothy is with Se So out of doors. We are all well. Dorothy is getting fat. She delights to get out in the grass and in the wind and run. For two days the wind has been very strong. The little girl can scarcely stand against it. But she runs about in high glee with hair flying in the breeze, tumbling down and staggering about, and even sliding down the terrace boy fashion, which would wear out her pants if she wore them. Gould is happy with his kites. He is getting very proficient in flying them. Geraldine was four years old last Mon. Ellen planned a party of little folks for Tues. It rained. Postponed till Friday. Children's meeting previously arranged conflicted. Postponed till yesterday and 21 little folks about the table eating sandwiches made a pretty sight. We remarked that there was hope for America in the group, - and for England too. Phebe is learning to read fast and is making progress in playing hymns and chords on the organ.

The last time I wrote we were about to start to see the tiger. We mailed that letter on our way that Monday morning. We were off at 6:10 a.m. The whole family 8, and one of the amahs. Gould walked all the way over, a distance of about 7 miles. We were there at 8:30. The trip over was delightful. Most of the path was along the top of the mountain, winding in and out, crossing divides at the heads of valleys with the gorges stretching down away from us on either hand. A thunder storm had passed around us two hours before, and the fog and sun were then struggling for preeminence. As the fog lifted now and then we caught glimpses of the Foochow plain lying calmly and hot below. When nearly there we turned sharply to the left and took an old military road 3 ft. wide and went down stone steps for about 1500 feet. We were rewarded by the sight of a huge tigress lying and sitting in the bottom of a pit about 13 feet deep and as large as an ordinary well. The pit was well covered with poles which were weighted with large stones. She seemed quite resigned and did not care to show off at that time of day. I let down a bone of beef to her and she ate it gratefully. A wooden basin of water she shivered with one snap of her jaws, but lapped the water most gratefully when she found what it was. The children- except Dorothy enjoyed seeing the tiger very much. Dorothy preferred a glass of Postum Cereal Coffee. The method of trapping is very simple. A hole is dug, and covered with slight bamboos so as to look like the rest of the ground's surface. The approach is from one direction only. On the side opposite the approach a goat is fastened. The tiger has to pass over the hole to get at the goat and falls in.

We found a nice shady nook for our lunch and reached home at 1:00 p.m.

Some of the foreigners have been over to see if there were more tigers about the place. Caldwell of the M.E. *[page ends here and no other page was with it]*

[Willard begins to refer to Harry Caldwell who became known not only as a Methodist Missionary but as a famous tiger hunter in Fukien Province. Willard's family attended the Caldwell's wedding. Harry Caldwell's son, John C. Caldwell wrote about his father and his tiger hunting in China Coast Family.]

*[This letter dated **Sept. 21, 1902** was written in Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He has been to Ing Hok and is preparing for the opening of the Seminary. Three missionary couples will soon be married – Bliss, Caldwell and Wilkinson. He is still awaiting a final decision of his release from the American Board to go to work for the Y.M.C.A. He updates at the end of his letter telling of his attendance at the Bliss/Bortz wedding. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Sept. 21st, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

August 31st the last letter started from Kuliang for Shelton No. 16. A letter came from you on Sept. 10th. Since writing, Mr. Smith and I have been to Ing Hok. We started from Kuliang Sept. 4th and arrived at Ing Hok Sept. 6th the next day. Sunday I conducted communion at Ing Hok City Church. On Monday we walked up into the mountains about five miles to see two churches. Tues, we started for home and reached Foochow Wed. for dinner. Mr. Smith went to the mountain that afternoon. I went up Friday morning. Last Tues. afternoon Sept. 16th I came

down again to prepare for the opening of the Seminary. On Thursday the boys began to come. Friday all but two came. One of these is ill. Regular work will begin tomorrow. I remained here today to conduct communion at Dung Song. Two were received. It was a pleasure and an inspiration to speak, because the people were so appreciative in their attention and interest. Dr. Kinnear and his family came up from the Peak last Tuesday. They will live over on S. Side in a house belonging to the Ch. Miss'y Society. I suppose all the missionaries at Sharp Peak will be in Foochow or at Kuliang tomorrow. I hope to get up to the mountain tomorrow morning. As you have already heard Dr. Bliss and Miss Borts [Bortz] are to be married tomorrow evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner on Kuliang. The next day Mr. Caldwell is to marry Miss Cope. They are of the Meth. Mission. Miss Cope arrived from America a week ago today. Oct. 1st Dr. Wilkinson and Miss Osley are to be married. They are Ch. Miss'y Society people. So each of the three missions has a wedding. Gould is to be ribbon bearer at Mr. Caldwell's wedding which is to be in the church at Kuliang.

The box from Shelton that you sent to Boston arrived last week I have not opened it for Ellen enjoys nothing so much as opening and taking out the contents of the home boxes. We have received from you no letter giving us the contents. From the rattle I know there is corn in it and the invoice says there are shoes in it.

During the last two weeks two letters have come from Dr. Judson Smith, Boston strongly opposing our leaving the mission to take up the Y.M.C.A. work. Mr. Mott however has not yet seen him so we will still wait for the final decision.

Tues. morning-

I came up the mountain yesterday a.m. We all attended the wedding of Dr. Bliss and Miss Borts [Bortz] last evening,- all except Dorothy. It was a very pleasant wedding. Only our own mission and the Am. Consul were present. Dr. and Miss Bement started for Shaowu two weeks ago, so they were not present. Mrs. Hodous was unable to attend on account of illness. With the exception of these three all the members of the mission were present- all the children except Dorothy.

The weather has been very hot and sultry for a week. There was a change yesterday. This morning a strong north wind is blowing and it is cold.

We are all well- going to another wedding this p.m.

With lots of love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 5, 1902 was written in Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He relates some details about the Bliss/Bortz and the Caldwell/Cope weddings. He talks about how his family is doing and that the children are looking forward to going back to America. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Oct. 5th, 1902.

Dear Friends at Home:-

I wrote last Sept. 21st, No. 17. Your last arrived Oct. 2nd. A letter came from Putnam Sept. 29th.

I wrote on the eve of our three weddings. All passed off very pleasantly. Sept. 22nd Dr. Bliss and Miss Borts [Bortz] were married at 7:30 p.m. at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner on Kuliang. Mr. Gardner performed the ceremony. I cannot describe the brides costume and such details. I know however that the wedding was a very pleasant affair. The cottage was exquisitely decorated with ferns and flowers and palms. Ray Gardner was ring-bearer and Ruth Peet was flower-girl. The cottage in which Mr. and Mrs. Gardner live this summer has a long veranda. This was enclosed with a cotton cloth attached to the veranda posts, and beautiful Chinese lanterns of different design furnished light to us as we sat at the long table. With the exception of Mrs. Hodous who was ill all the mission were present- except Dorothy,- children and all, 47- no I forgot that Dr. and Miss Bement had started for Shaowu before the wedding. The wedding trip was from the Gardner cottage to the Borts [Bortz]cottage- a ride of 15 minutes in a sedan.

Tues. Sept 23rd Mr. Caldwell was married to Miss Cope. This ceremony was in the Kuliang chapel at 3 p.m. the chapel was beautifully decorated with bamboos and parts of the decorations from the night before. *[The Caldwells would have a son, John C. Caldwell, who in 1953 would write a book of his family's adventures, China Coast Family.]* At Dr. Bliss' wedding only our mission were invited. At the chapel wedding all were invited, including French and Germans. Gould with Arten Main and two little girls bore the ribbons that fenced in the aisles for the bridal party. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Lacy gave a reception at their cottage. After this the bride and groom went to Foochow. An old shoe hung on the bride's chair. The weather for both these weddings was cloudy but it did not rain.

Our mission held a business meeting on Tues. a.m. and all day Wed. Thurs. I came to Foochow and returned Fri. to the mountain. Sat. and Mon. I spent in buying land. One piece for Dr. Emily Smith's cottage, - one for a new road (public) around a nasty village. Sunday I read a sermon at the chapel. Thirty were in attendance. The weddings and the delay in opening schools on account of the cholera accounts for the numbers at the mountain so late.

On Tues. Sept. 30th we moved to Foochow. We had a pleasant cool day and every thing moved smoothly. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous still remain on the mountain. Mrs. Hodous is not able to take any nourishment and has sat up but little for over a month. A doctor said to me the other day, "I wonder if she wishes she had never got married." She is having an unusually hard time. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are very happy anticipating a Christmas gift.

Monday morning:-

I opened the box from home Saturday. Everything was intact. The shoes with soles and all came O.K. We shall enjoy the new corn and rye.

The children are all well, and are talking much of going home. Dorothy is learning to run, and it takes off some of her fat. She is just learning to talk, and is actually beating Geraldine in clearness of enunciation. We have added to the pets for the children a little black goat. So now they have a dog, a cat and a goat. Ellen is well and we are all showered with blessings from the Great Giver of all.

Lovingly
Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 11, 1902 was written in Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He tells them that his furlough for the upcoming year has been granted but before that he will make a trip through the Shaowu field. Again, there is a lack of rain and cholera and plague are still a problem. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Oct. 11th, 1902.

Dear Folks at Home:-

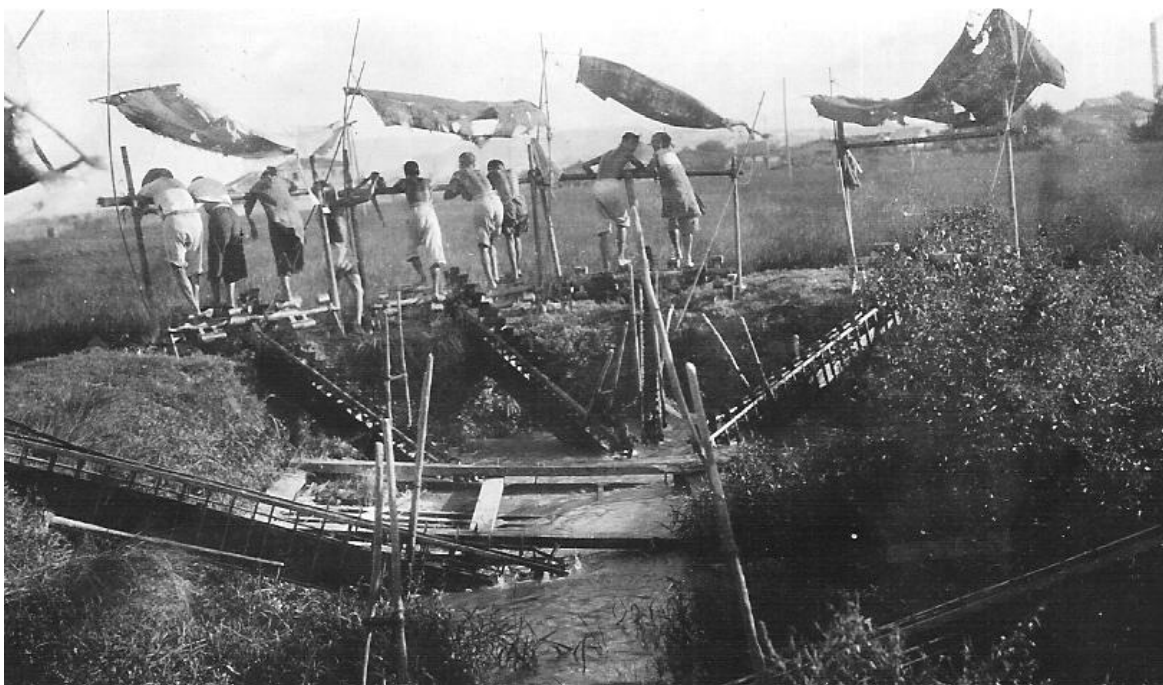
My last was written just a week ago, No. 18. Your last came Oct. 2nd. Another home mail came this morning. Secretary Judson Smith writes that our furlough has been granted by the Prudential Comm. to begin next year at any time the mission here may agree upon. I have offered to take a trip thro the Shaowu field this fall and winter if the mission so desire. As the subject is discussed I do not find that any other member of the mission can go. For this event I shall either go alone or try to get some one from outside our mission to go with me. In either case I expect to be accompanied by Pastor Diong of the Shaowu station who understands the Foochow dialect. I must use the Foochow and he will translate into Mandarin or Shaowu or some other jargon.

Dr. and Miss Walker were with us last week from Monday till Wed. I went with them to the Upper Bridge- where the Huntington ladies are helping in the work- where their boats were waiting. Dr. and Mrs. Bliss had gone up in their boat in the afternoon and were in bed when we arrived at 9 p.m. They have had a fine breeze up river since starting and must be well along on the journey. They need rain to give more water for the boats to get over the rapids. Dr. and Miss Bement [*Lucy P. Bement*] have been in Shaowu for three weeks already. They are building.

I'm sending by this mail some photos which you may distribute as you like. Send some of them to Putnam.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodous expect to come down from the mountain tomorrow. Mr. and Mrs. Smith plan to come down and start for Ing Hok next Thursday. They have had a nice quiet time for study during the past two weeks.

We have had no rain for nearly or quite a month. Everything is very dry. The farmers must work continually to pump water into their rice fields.



Chinese method of pumping water into fields. People turn a wheel by walking on its paddles and thus bringing the water up on a conveyor type mechanism.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Cholera and plague are still about. This past week our oldest and most valued Bible Woman known as Lau Chio Cia died of cholera. She has been very feeble for four or five years. But she has worked for the salvation of her sisters in Foochow to the very last. Her example will never be lost, faithfulness and patience will shine brighter because of her life. We met at Gen Cio Dong Thursday morning for a memorial service.

The same day there died of plague one of the pillars of the An Long Die church – a young man in the prime of life, earning money and giving it to the church liberally. His father is a church member and his youngest brother is a graduate of the Seminary and now preaching at An Long Die. The new church at An Long Die of red brick is roofed in and fast approaching completion. We are now working on the plans for Gen Cio Dong and I hope operation may be begun before long.

Many are now having what Dr. Woodhill calls grippe. Both foreigners and Chinese are affected.

Mr. Hubbard writes that he will not come back this year.

We are all well. Dorothy is fast learning to talk.

With Love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 26, 1902 was written in Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Drought is getting worse and there have been no typhoons. He tells of a nighttime houseboat trip on the river with Ellen and the four children to visit three churches under his care. Cholera, German measles and now Dengue fever is a problem. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Oct. 26th, 1902

Dear Folks at Home:-

Letter no. 19 was started on its journey east Oct. 11th. The last from you arrived Oct. 2nd. One came from Phebe Oct. 23rd.

All moves much as usual here. The sky continues to be clear and the drought is becoming severe. Altho at this time of year it is much less alarming than in the spring time.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodous came down from the mountain Oct. 13th. Mrs. Hodous is quite like herself again, is eating to make up for her long fast and is studying again. Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Dr. Smith moved from Kuliang

to Ing Hok Oct. 15th. The weather on the mountain has been unusually nice all summer. We have no typhoon and no hard storms yet reasonable rains have kept the crops good and the people good natured. The weather continues so warm that those who remained up there late were much favored. Miss Worthley and Miss Osborne are still there. Miss Osborne has not been well for more than a week and we are expecting her home= down to Ponasang soon.

A week ago yesterday Ellen and the four children and myself started on a house boat for the other side of the island. There are three churches over there in my care. We took the boat at 5 p.m. at Foochow. The moon rose at 6 p.m. and found us at Pagoda Anchorage just turning to go up river on the other side of the island. The moon was glorious, the water smooth as glass. The breeze just held us against the last of the outgoing tide. We were alone. All the servants, except the cook who was asleep, we had left at home. The children enjoyed it fully as much as the older ones. We sailed till 2:30 Sunday morning and anchored in the river (Ing Hok) between Ding Chin and Chong Ha. Sunday morning the children were up with the first ray of light. Breakfast was over and we were off for Ding Chin at 9 o'clock. The distance is 2 ½ miles. I carried Dorothy and the others walked. We arrived at 9:45. Twelve persons were asking to be admitted to the church. I had to examine these while Ellen kept the four children – a genuine menagerie for the Chinese – quiet. Eight were deemed worthy to be admitted. And at 11:30 we began the service, which closed at 1 o'clock. Of course the children had lunch which we carried. At 2 p.m. we were again on the boat and eating dinner. I was so tired that I took a little rest, while the boat pushed across thru river. Then we all went in to the Chong Ha church. We were late for the Y.P.C.E. [*Young People's Society for Christian Endeavor*] but saw the pastor and his family, the school and some of the members. In honor of our coming the pastor's wife cooked a bowl of vermicelli for each of us with an egg on each bowl. It was served with chop sticks. Gould fairly devoured his, and asked for Geraldines. Dorothy also ate all she could get. It was the first time we had seen the children eat with chop sticks. But they must have used them before somewhere for there was not the least difficulty experienced by them in getting the food to their mouths. And they had no remarks to make about the food- especially Gould. This too less than two hours after a hearty dinner.

We reached the house boat again at dark. The third church at Nang Seu we could not visit on this trip. The work there is not flourishing and at present there is no resident preacher. At Deng Chio and at Chong Ha the work seems to be quite flourishing. Both churches are crowded on Sundays and are talking of enlargement.

As we reached the boat the ride was running down stream and we dropped down with it until we met the tide coming in about ten o'clock. The moon was beautiful. We allowed the children to sit up on deck until 9 o'clock which privilege they enjoyed to it's full. The air was warm and the breeze stiff until 8 o'clock when it died down and was quite gentle. Ellen and I enjoyed it until the anchor dropped at 10 p.m. With the next down tide we went down to the Anchorage. After breakfast we all went up to see the friends there, i.e. Mr. , Mrs. and Miss Hartwell, Dr. and Mrs. Whitney and Mr. and Mrs. Hinman who arrived the Saturday before and who had not yet got settled. Dorothy went to sleep and had a nice nap on Mrs. Hartwell's bed which gave us a good opportunity to visit. In fact we had to wait half an hour after we were ready to start for her to wake. We started at 12:45 from the Anchorage with a very strong south wind. In 1 ¾ hrs. we were at the landing in Foochow. This was the swiftest trip that I have ever made between the two places.

Today I have conducted communion at the San Tung Gio church, which has lately moved to Ciu Muoi. Six men were received. I think I can see in the churches a real growth in desire for spiritual knowledge. In examining these men their answers actually surprised me, in the amount of thought that they showed. Last night we had a good C.E. meeting in the same church. Two weeks ago at the election of officers in the C.E. of Gen Cio Dong I was somewhat surprised to hear the leading deacon refuse to act as president. When asked to give his reason he said that it was better for the new members to have their turn and learn how to do it. If the old ones continually filled these offices, the new members would not know how to do the work when the old ones have gone. The society elected new men for the offices.

We are well. Ellen has a little cold and Geraldine a little. The Chinese still have much illness. Cholera is still claiming victims and the German measles are at work. The Dengue fever- if you know what that is, is prevalent.

With lots of love

Will.



Min River house boat in foreground Foochow
 [Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

[This letter dated Nov. 9, 1902 was written in Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He talks about some of his daily tasks. Rains have finally come to relieve the drought. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Nov. 9th, 1902

Dear Folks at Home:-

My last letter was written two weeks ago= Oct. 26th. The last word from Shelton arrived Oct. 2nd. Phebe wrote so that we received her letter Oct. 23rd.

During the past two weeks all has gone smoothly, and there has not been a great variety in our daily tasks. One week ago today I conducted communion at Dung Song and admitted one man and one woman. Today I went to San Gaing- a chapel under the care of Ha Puo Ga. In the afternoon Mr. Hodous and I walked out to Garang Seng Ga a chapel rented and cared for by the Y.M.C.A. of the Seminary. It was opened at the beginning of this year. Already there are several men who have expressed a desire to become Christians. Today the little chapel was crowded. Beside the day school scholars there were men from all ranks of life. Soldiers, shopkeepers, farmers, coolies, and literary men. They all gave good attention.

Mr. Hinman has been asked by Pres. F.E. Clark, to take the Secretaryship of the Y.P.S.C.E. movement for China. This is the result, first; - of the inability of Mr. and Mrs. Hinman to live at Shaowu on account of Mrs. Hinman's health;- and secondly to the suggestion which came from Mr. Hubbard to Dr. Clark that Mr. Hinman be asked to take this new work. He has not yet made known his decision.

The mission will meet day after tomorrow to decide (?) on the plans for the new church at Gen Cio Dong, which will hereafter be called the Dudley Memorial. I trust that we may be able at the same time to award the

contract and so get the building started. At the same mission meeting it will be decided whether I go to Shaowu or not, and something as to how I go.

Our Annual Meeting with the Chinese workers begins next Tuesday evening with an address by Dr. Willard Lyon. He is expected to speak each evening during the week.

One week ago yesterday I went to Kuliang. Miss Worthley and Miss Osborne are still there. They plan to come down tomorrow or next day. I found some white ants in our house, and so pulled up a lot of floor boards. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are building a cottage there and I am overseeing it a little for them.

Yesterday we all attended the flower show held on a recreation ground. We took dinner with Dr. Lyon and Miss Wells of the Meth. Mission and then went to the show. Chrysanthemums formed the larger part of the flowers. These were in profusion. Possible 400 pots. There were a few other kinds. A few vegetables were also displayed. But there were very poor. The children thoroughly enjoyed every minute. At Miss Wells they found a nest of little kittens and it is quite superfluous to add anything about their enjoyment of them. Then the recreation ground is a plot of perfectly smooth ground beautifully sodded and kept well mowed with a lawn mower, and quite smooth with a heavy stone roller. It is perhaps as large as a six acre lot. Around the outside is a good wide race course and inside this a mote to drain it. So there are about three acres of beautiful lawn all in one piece. On this the children ran and sat and played from 3-5 p.m. Dorothy was as much pleased with the outing as any of them. To add to the pleasure the Viceroy's band came about 4 p.m. and played. Children in China are as crazy over a band as the American boy.

Dorothy is fast learning the use of her tongue in expressing thought. It is very cute to see her go up to Gould and saying "Du Du" take his hand and lead him off wherever she wished to go. She seems to realize that he is not like Phebe or Geraldine – that in him she has a brother. She is a very active and energetic little miss, and has yet to finish learning that the world and the people in it were not made for her especial benefit.

Since I wrote last we have had rains to wet the earth nicely, and it has cleared off beautifully. The farmers are all engaged in reaping the second crop of rice. It is very poor- only about half a crop, owing to the drought. The plain presents a very busy scene with the reapers at work. The grain is threshed right on the field and after winnowed right there also.

With lots of Love

Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 20, 1902 was written in Foochow, China by Willard to his father. He is making an insurance payment and is ready to go on an eight week trip to Shaowu. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

Nov. 20th 1902

Dear Father:-

I am enclosing an order on the treasurer of the A.B.C.F.M. Boston, Mass. for \$30.00 gold. Will you please pay my Life Insurance premium \$27.86 and keep the remainder to help meet whatever debts I may have. You need not send to me the receipt as I shall probably be at home before it would reach me.

The address is:

Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.

752 Broad St.

Newark, New Jersey.

The amount of premium = \$27 86/100-

I am now preparing to start tomorrow on eight weeks tour thro the Shaowu field. We are all well.

With much Love to all

Your Affectionate Son

Will.

[This travel journal dated 1902 and titled Trip to Shaowu was written by Willard on his eight week trip beginning Nov. 21, 1902. It is a carbon copy that Willard made when writing the original. It details the travels of Willard to Shaowu and surrounding villages in the fall. Carbon copied pages that Willard sent to Ellen were while on this trip]

donated to Yale by family in 2006, however the entries from December 8, 1902 through December 18th were missing. The original journal is in the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

W.L. Beard

Trip to Shaowu

1902

I started from Foochow at 7 p.m. Nov. 21st 1902 and spent the night at the Upper Bridge Chapel. On the morning of Nov. 22nd I took the launch for Ciu Kau, expecting that my Shaowu boat, which started from Foochow, Thursday, Nov. 20th would be waiting at Ciu Kau for me that – Saturday- evening. But at 11:30 a.m. the launch overtook the boat 20 miles above the Upper Bridge.

We have seven boatmen – to be increased to nine for the rapids – not addicted to opium. Five are young men and attractive. They are polite, but in common with boatmen they use vile language both with and without provocation. A magpie cried and they considered it an ill-omen. It was not difficult to get them to admit that their vile language had more power to hurt them than the cry of a bird.

With me on the boat are Pastor Diong of Shaowu who is to accompany me on the tour thro the Shaowu field and who will act as my interpreter, and a theology student from Shaowu, Uong Do Cing. Pastor Diong told the boatmen of his experience two years ago as he came from Foochow with Pastor Ieu and a man who professed to be a learner of the Gospel. The learner was much given to bad language. So the three agreed upon a fine of \$10 cash for every bad word used. The first day the learner had to pay over 100 cash, the next day only 20 cash. [55 cash = 5 cents]

Monday, Nov. 24th

Reached Ciu Kau yesterday at 1 p.m. the C.M.S. [*Church Mission Society of the United Kingdom*] has a chapel here and we went up for a service. Like most important river towns, this is a tough place and altho this chapel has been here for five years there are no church members. More than ten men and boys came in and one man was much interested. We talked with him for nearly an hour and gave him a Testament and Catechism. In the evening pastor Diong and I had a good talk with the boatmen. They are a nice set of men. We have organized a “no-swearing” club, with a fine of 5 cash for every bad sentence uttered. At 10 a.m. one man has 15 cash against his name. When we arrive at Shaowu the money is to be used to have a spread. I have put in 204 and the pastor and Do Cing 104 each. I shall be interested to watch development.

We are going up river very fast. The water is good and the men in good spirits. At this rate we will make Ci Yong for next Sunday. The river becoming narrower and the hills more interesting. But these are not the Ing Hok Mountains. It is cooler this morning, with a stiff breeze from the west, which meets us dead ahead. The sun tries to shine.

At 6:15 p.m. we are at Sang Du Kau, having made 70 li today. The “no-swearing” club has furnished no little amusement. There have been eight fines today. If we had counted yesterday there would have been at least eighty. A new man came aboard late last evening. He is the head man now, - a fine fellow, cool, calm and knows his business.

We passed a wreck at Cheng Gau Tang, - one of the largest boats on the river called Duai Keu Muoi.

Weds. Nov. 26th.

Yesterday we found the rapids steeper and the progress much slower. We made only 5 puo as against 7 the day before, i.e. 15 miles instead of 21. The river is always very swift and the rapids are almost continuous. Rugged crags of rock stick up everywhere and the river must find or make a path down thro them. To pull the boat the men must climb along and over these like Rocky Mountain goats. They do it well. The leaves on the hard wood trees present various hues and make one think of New England in October.

At 1 p.m. we stopped at Hu Lu Gang. The C.M.S. has a chapel and a school here. We are 55 li from Long Bing. Thus far the weather has been perfect.

Thursday, Nov. 27th.

A beautiful Thanksgiving morning, and cool enough to make it seem natural.

Yesterday we put a hole thru the side of the boat- or, more accurately, a rock did it. This let a little water into to lay the dust in the bottom of the boat, and the incident gained for the treasury of the “no-swearing” club 15 or 20 cash.

At 4:30 yesterday I met Mr. Main walking, on his way to Foochow to see his youngest boy who is very ill. At 10 a.m. we are within 2 ½ puo of Yong Ping.

Friday, Nov. 28th.

Yesterday I left the boat at 11 a.m. and walked into long Bing, arriving at Miss Linam's at 1 p.m. - took dinner there, and went across the city to see the property of the M.E. mission. It was purchased last year thro Mr. Main, and is in size about 10 X 20 rods- a large field, on the highest ground within the city wall and lying next to the wall and quite apart from any Chinese houses or shops. Mr. Main's house is of white brick and one and a half stories are already up. The Woman's Board of the M.E. mission owns a large native house across the city from the parent Board property, and a small piece of vacant land adjoining this house. At present Miss Linam and Miss Hartford are living in the native house and Mr. Main has been sleeping in the church- rented land nearby- and boarding with the ladies. The girl's school is in the house with the ladies, - about 20 girls- the woman's sch. In a rented house nearby- 13 women- a boy's sch. - 21 boys- is in the chapel. There is also an English church and Hospital, under a Chinese, a student of Dr. Rigg, in long Bing city.

I took supper with Miss Linam and led the prayer meeting in the evening. One of the ch. members has a son who could open the city gate and let me out after the meeting, so I slept on my boat as usual. Including the scholars and teachers from the schools, about 50 attended the prayer meeting. The M.E. ch. has a good work started here, in wh. the ladies are at least keeping pace with the men, and this is the only kind of a church that can have a healthy growth. A male church is like a wall, only one side of wh. is built. It is sure to fall.

The "no-swearing" club is doing good work. There is a very noticeable decrease in the number of curses.

Yesterday was a cold day. Miss Linam had a brass stove. Today is much warmer. The rapids have been few and not at all bad this morning. The men have rowed much of the morning.

Our plans are: - arrive at Sa Ka Kau this afternoon- start tomorrow morning for Ka Bang 50 li in from the main river to spend Sunday with the Christians there- send the boat on to Uong Dai 25 li above Sa Ka Kau to wait for us. We walk from Ka Bang across the country to Uong Dai on Monday.

Sunday, Nov. 30th at Ka Bang

We arrived at Sa Ka Kau Friday at 5 p.m.- slept on the boat and started for Ka Bang Sat. a.m.- could find no load carrier, and boats going up Sa Gaing branch wanted \$1.00 for taking us 5 miles. Diong Muk Su then asked the boatmen to take the load to Ching Chu 5 miles up the Sa Gaing branch, where there were Christians who would carry it the rest of the way. The boatmen demurred. Pastor Diong simply told them that if they did not do it we would carry the load ourselves. One of the boatmen carried the load to Ching Chu. There a Christian got a man to bring it to Ka Bang. We reached here at 3 p.m. yesterday. The road is not steep or bad.

At Ka Bang there are 40 can or about 500 or 600 people. Including the adjacent village there are 200 can or 1000 people. There are now 17 ch. members and 30 learners. The people are very ignorant of books and very few have been away from home. They live one side of a hollow in the mountains, in wh. hollow and the sides of wh. the rice field are the only fields. Farther up are bamboo and other trees. The only industry is paper making. The bamboo is cut at the right time i.e. before it becomes too hard, and split up and put into large vats with lime and water. Here it remains for a year. It is then taken up and worked into pulp, which is mixed with water. A man then takes a sieve and dips into the mixture and brings out what will be a sheet of paper. These sheets he lays in a pile which is taken by another man, who sticks each sheet separately on the sides of a large furnace made of mortar. Here it dries. The paper is then put into bundles ready for market. It must all be carried by men 10 miles to the river and then by boat 150 miles to Foochow. In many places the stunted rice plants stand in the fields uncut. The drought has been severe this year and much of the rice did not head at all. This means very poor living for people this winter.

This is the fifth year the chapel has been in this place. The preacher is a single man- surname Uong. He has every appearance of a very sincere, straight-forward, earnest man. I like him. There is no chapel here. The people meet in the Tiang Dong which is used in common by all the people in this part of the village. Those who worship idols use it in common with those who worship God. As I was speaking this morning a lot of incense fell on me from a stick that was burning above me. A chapel where the people could worship with Christian surrounding would be an inestimable help to them.

At the service this morning over 70 were present. Most of them were from the immediate village. This is good. I spoke in Foochow. Mr. Uong translated. When he couldn't understand the Foochow Pastor Diong translated for him into mandarin and he again put it into the lingo of the people. I cannot talk with this people at all. They have their own peculiar dialect. A few of them understand about half of what is said to them in mandarin. One or two who have been to Foochow understand a little of the Foochow. The audience this morning was very appreciative and responsive and patient.

This afternoon we received 3 men and 3 women. In all 26 partook of the communion. 21 members.

A very touching incident occurred just after service. We walked out a short distance from the church to look at a piece of ground that has been talked of for a church lot. While standing there, one of the men who joined the church today passed and we spoke a few words to him, and as he started on he asked us to pray for him. As he turned the corner near I noticed that he was wiping his eyes. Soon he called the preacher to him and when the preacher came back he bro't two ten cent pieces, saying: - "He says he is poor and had nothing to invite you to eat, so he wants to give you two tens for you to go and buy something." That man would have been a husband fit for the woman who washed the Master's feet. The preacher here seems to be a man without guile and the Christians are like him in this. There seems to be no secondary motive here. The people worship God because they believe it is the right thing. They need a church building, a commandment scroll and a few Bible pictures hung on the wall. They have already subscribed \$30- max. toward a building. The need \$90.00. There are many men at home who would give this if they knew of the 20 cent incident related above. The 20 cents is to start the fund for a church building.

Monday, 4 p.m., on the boat again at Veng Dai

These people fed our whole party of 4 from Sat. supper to Mon. breakfast and I think they took not a cent for it. They prepared a whole fowl for me. I subscribed 50 cents toward a church building.

In the evening two more women were admitted to the church. One had been away and had just returned that evening. Her husband was killed by the falling of a wall last spring or summer soon after uniting with the church. She was an elderly woman, very earnest and very clear about the Gospel- especially about going to Heaven after death. The other woman has been one of the leaders among the women in talking of the Truth. Her courage needed a little strengthening. In the evening the student spoke in mandarin and the preacher translated. Before closing all the members both men and women led in prayer.

These 2 days spent at Ka Bang will always be a blessed memory to me. We were urged many times to stay longer. And as we started away this morning, after sweet season of prayer with the Christians who lived near, they all wanted us to pray for them. It was good to see the love and respect they all had for pastor Diong.

We started at 7:45 this morning. At 11 we were at Ching Chin. A little lunch by the way gave us strength to reach the boat at Uong Dai at 4 p.m. One of the Ka Bang Christians brought our load down 6 puo + 20 miles. I gave him 70 cents and we had to fairly push him off the boat to keep him from giving the money back.

Tuesday, Dec. 2nd.

We swung into the stream at daylight this morning. The church members at Uong Dai could not be found yesterday afternoon, so we came up the rapids some 7 or 8 li before stopping for the night. At 3 p.m. we are just to stop at A Iong.

The owner of the boat came from Foochow and was on the boat when we arrived yesterday. There is a marked change in the working of the crew. He leads the men as well as commands them. He is a church member but needed to join the "no-swearing" club. I have never before witnessed such a change in the language of a company of men as has come to this body of boatmen in the last 10 days.

Saturday, Dec. 6th – a little above Iong Kau

At A Iong we conducted communion Tues. evening. Some 15 members were present. There is a preacher here- a Foochow speaking man who had an opium shop in the village- became converted and seems now to be an earnest, enthusiastic, practical worker. He is a good friend of hard-work. I was not at all badly impressed to see him carry the dang load a li or so for the learner who went with us up into the country.

The mission owns a large property at A Iong- an old tea hong. There are two large buildings each about 30 X 40 ft. and each with two stories. Beside these there are 4 or 5 smaller buildings and a vacant lot about 60 X 70 ft. the larger building have been recently repaired by the people. The church members furnished most of the money for purchasing and repairing.

Beside the preacher- Mr. Iek, there is a Mr. Lok who lives in the chapel with his family and helps the preacher. The church is not in a flourishing condition i.e. not growing spiritually. The starting of the work and the purchasing of the large property was due in some measure to the help received by some of the people from the former preacher in some trouble. They had to disabuse the people of the idea that this was its business. It seemed to me that under Mr. Iek the church was putting itself in the true light before the people. I could learn of nothing wrong here, and do not see why the church should not take on new life and grow in the future.

Connected with the A Iong church are 7 different places where the Christians or learners meet with more or less regularity for worship. In most of these places there is a room specially for this purpose. In other places a spop

or a house is used. We visited three of these centers. Starting Wed. morning we walked 4 puo to Dai Lik Kau. Here a learner gave us all a good dinner. After dinner we preached for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour to 70+ people who gathered in the shop and in front of it. Then we walked on 5 li to Sieu Ngu Dong where there is a room set apart for a place of prayer. Here is one time ch. members and 10+ learners. There are 49 families in the village. Of these 24 have renounced idol worship. After a hymn and a prayer with the people here, we went on 2 li to Li Dung. After supper here we held communion. One man joined the church. Seven members were present, and 10+ learners. The service was held in an Ancestral Temple. Nearly half of the people who have an interest in this temple have given up idolatry and allied them selves with the church. There should be a preacher here and a school should be opened. Mr. Iek comes up from A long 5 or 6 times a year to visit these places.

Thursday morning we started for long Kau, - the boat had gone up from A long (3 puo) on Wed. to wait for us at long Kau. We arrived at 2:30 p.m. In the evening the theol student preached and I spoke a few minutes. I spoke in Foochow without an interpreter. Up at Li Dung I did not find one man who could understand the Foochow dialect at all. I could not even ask them how old they were. The preacher Mr. Iek interpreted.



Written on back of photo: "long Kau"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The communion was held at long Kau Friday morning. About 55 members were present. About 100 attended the service. The church members here are strong business men. Old men and young men are there in good proportions. There is an esprit d'corps that was most gratifying to see. The Foochow churches could learn much from this church. Friday evening pastor Diong preached and I spoke a short time. The three services which we held here I shall long remember. They were well attended by the members and learners= 30+ in the village itself. There are some 65 members in the long Kau church. This is a large, and very busy place. The church needs an enterprising pastor. The man who is acting as preacher is an elderly man- a good man- but one who feels his position so much that he does not command the respect of the members. He does not know the rules of the church well, and has not the fine sense of perception that would enable him to lead this church on to large things. The Meth. 's have a small church here also.

The church owns a large piece of land perhaps 150 X 300 feet or even larger, nicely located just up from the main busy st. On this they have erected a nice church that will accommodate 200 people easily, 300 with crowding. They are just erecting a nice two- story building to be used as pastor's residence and school. On the property is a good spring fr. wh. water can be conducted into house. There is sufficient land remaining on wh. to erect a missionary's residence, and it would be of immense advantage to this lower part of the Shaowu field if a missionary were located here. The place is 2 easy days journey from Long Bing and 4 easy day's journey from

Shaowu. One man would find more than he could well do to look after the churches that would lie naturally in this district. There ought also to be here both a boy's and a girl's school.

Beside this property on wh. the ch. and sch. stand, the mission owns a house 12 ft. wide and some 50 ft. deep on a side st. some distance i.e. near the other end of the village. This was used as the chapel and preacher's residence before the new ch. was built. The preacher Mr. Knok lives there now. There is also a piece of vacant land about half way between the old and the new churches wh. the mission owns. This is about 40 X 50 ft.

This morning with preacher Knok we started upriver for Sioh Ka Kau 15 li above Iong Kau. Here we found a ch. member's house fitted up to be used as a church. The members and learners have just purchased an opium shop wh. they plan to fit up for a church. We had a nice service here, and were detained to take dinner. We are now on the boat bound for Song Chiong where we plan to spend Sunday. I want exceedingly to go from here inland to Ing Seu and meet the boat 80 li above Song Ch. at Cui Kau Cai. But pastor Diong is afraid the distance is too great for one day's journey in and another out. It rained yesterday and is cloudy and cold today. Our plans for Monday must be determined by God when He sees best to indicate to us His will.

Monday morning, Dec. 8th 1902.

Sat. evening just at dark we arrived at Song Chiong, and went up to the chapel and held a service. We slept and ate on the boat. Yesterday we held three services. The morning and evening services were attended by crowds. The afternoon service was well attended by the learners. There are no members here. About five or six years ago we had a rented chapel here for a little less than two years, when the house was sold and our learners urged to go to the Meth. chapel a few rods distant. For nearly 20 years we have had learners at Song Chiong who connected themselves with the Iong Kau church. We visited the Meth chapel yesterday p.m. The preacher had not returned from the Annual Conference at Foochow. His wife and children were at home- we did not see them- and an old ch. member who seemed to be chapel keeper. A carpenter was at work fixing the altar rail.

This Spring the Song Chiong Magistrate got into bad odor with the business men of the place because he let out the collection of the indemnity tax to men who extorted such sums that the business men could not stand it. They all closed their shops and refused to do business. The magistrate was forced to give in. But in the mean time he had sent to Foochow for soldiers. When these arrived they began to make arrests among others whose names were on the list to be arrested as having had part in closing their shops. Mr. Kuok chanced to be down from Iong Kau for service and to help these 2 men when the runners came with the warrant to arrest these 2 men. When the runners came Mr. Kuok told them that if these 2 men were truly involved they would meet the trial. If the runners found on examination, that they were involved, he Mr. Kuok would be responsible for the appearance in court of these men.

This was sufficient to make some 10+ men who had been learners at our church very enthusiastic for a church. They have with several of their friends, arranged for the purchase of part of a house, which they have furnished as a church. I cannot find that Mr. Kuok or the learners have done any wrong. The official is a hard wine-drinker and does not get along with the people at all,- except with the few whom he allows to extort money from the people.

The Meth. pastor from Yong Bing was here during the trouble but refused to have anything to do with the matter. The preacher Mr. Co also refused to touch the case. This of course put the Meth preacher Co in a pretty bad light before the Christians, and they have refused to come to church unless the preacher is changed. The Meth. have 4 or 5 chapels in this region. The C.M.S. one across the river from A Iong at Gong Gi. Not one of these, as far as I have seen them or can learn about them is in a flourishing condition. The causes in my mind are two. 1. All of their workers are Foochow speaking people and from Foochow or the vicinity. They cannot talk or enter into the life of the people among whom they are sent to labor. One Meth. member at Song Chiong was asked why it was that his church there did not grow. His reply was "Truly preacher lazy." 2. In one place a church was opened by one party to a quarrel in our ch. at A Iong. These drew off and thro Ho Hok Sing opened a chapel. In another place, Chiong Lok some men whom all the other members accused of being bad were practically turned out of our church and themselves threatened to invite the Meth. Our pastor told them all right and the Meth. now have a chapel at Chiong Lok.

I have written this at length about the above matters because the Consul, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Main had said much to against the practices of our churches in this region. My conclusion at this stage is that the other missions will do well to look to their own affairs a little while longer before trying to right the rest of the world. Our missionaries have themselves visited the churches in this region on their way up and down the river and at other times with more or less regularity for years. They can talk with the people. They were the first in the field. All of our workers are native to this region or have been here so long that they understand the language and customs of the people. I do not think that our church here is above reproach. If it were, I should not be here. But what I have of the

workers and members gives me confidence in them and of a sincere purpose in them to do Christ's work here, and to become His true disciples. The churches need preachers and this need is greater than we know anything about in the Foochow part of the field. May the Lord of the plentiful harvest send the harvesters.

Tues. a.m. Dec. 9th

We arrived at Dai Gang last evening at 3:45, and walked about 4 miles to Cui Kau Cai. The boat arrived a little after dark. Here we found preacher Huang with a new son 19 hours old, which makes him the father of 5 sons and two daughters. He is a fine man, and his fine spirit shows in his face, in his actions, in his address, in his control of his children, and in his prayer.

There are about 20 members in the church here- most from villages outside Cui Kau Cai. They estimate about 60 learners. Our coming was not announced. At the communion service last evening 6 or 7 members were present.

The mission owns a lot some 40 X 100 ft. on which stands a ch. building about 25 X 50 ft. Between the building and the street is a tier of shops. One of these must be bought before there is a good entrance to the church in a rented house. There is on the church lot sufficient vacant land on wh. to erect a preacher's house. The work of the preacher would be much more successful, if the ch. had a good entrance and if the preacher's house was near the church. There is a nice day school in the church with 18 pupils.

The Ing Seu trip is given up (1) on the advice of pastor Diong. (2) We have already delayed the boat until the owner and the men are a little impatient. (3) The weather is threatening and the country roads are very wet. (4) I think pastor Diong and the Theological student are nearing home and would like to get there.

Wednesday. Dec. 10th p.m.

We did not make Na Kau last evening,- stopped about 10 li below. This morning we stopped on the way up and held a nice service at Na Kau. The preacher is a younger brother of preacher Huang at Cui Kau Cai. Both of these men are reliable, honest men. A little more enthusiasm in both would be beneficial to the growth of the ch.

But infinitely better such men than those who are untrustworthy. At Na Kau there are 4 ch. members and "several tens" of learners. The captain and owner of the boat on wh. we are is a learner at this ch. his home is at Na Kau.

The members of this church purchased the property- a large house about 30 ft. wide X 80 or 90 deep on the one main street of the village. The cost was about \$300- all raised by the people.

Sunday Dec. 14th.

We left the boat 45 li below Shaowu and walked up Thursday, Dec. 11th leaving the boat at 9 a.m. and reaching Shaowu at 1:30 p.m. It rained all the time after 11 a.m.- found the friends all well. On Friday I saw the buildings and the land and the plans and foundations for new buildings both at the East Gate outside the city and near the original Shaowu premises, and inside the city walk where Dr. and Miss Bement are.

At the East Gate the new church of brick opens on the main street of the East Suburbs. It will accommodate 600 persons. Back of this separated by a compound wall and a space of about 50 ft. is the residence now occupied by Dr. and Miss Walker and Dr. and Mrs. Bliss still South of this and separated by about 5 minutes walk is the site for a new residence. The servants quarters are built. The foundation of the house is up and the timbers for the first floor are some of them in place. The property here is large enough for the residence and a tennis court with ample space between the house and compound walk on all sides. S. West from this 3 minutes walk is the property for Boy's School, Theological Sem'y and College. There is ample space for three large buildings. The foundation is laid for the Boy's School At present this school is in a building adjoining the church.

On the opposite side of the street from the ch. is the Men's Hospital. This property extends from the street to the river. Only a part is occupied by buildings. A the rear, bordering on the river is a fine large piece of empty land in ready for extension as the work grows.

The Woman's work is all in the city- about 20 minutes walk from the E. Gate property. It nearly takes the breath away from a Foochow man to stand on the city wall and look out over this property. It lies on each side of a street and one piece lies along the city wall. The other side of which is the river. This piece is now occupied by the Girl's School, which is temporarily in an old Chinese house wh. stood on the premises. The girls sleep in a small new building erected for dining room etc. for the new school building the foundation of wh. is up ready for the brick to lay the walk. Across the street the new Dispensary for the Woman's Hospital is approaching completion. Dr. and Miss Bement are now living in this until a new house is built. Each of these pieces of property is larger than the whole Ponasang compound. In round figures each piece is not far from 240 ft. square. They are situated on the highest land in the city and in a section somewhat sparsely settled, so contiguous Chinese do not trouble them.

The Girl's sch. has about 30 pupils, the Boys' sch. at the East rate 26 pupils. 12 Theological students are to go out into the work at the beginning of next year. 3 students help Dr. Bliss in the Mens Hospital and Dr. Bement is teaching one young woman in the Woman's Dispensary.

Saturday morning dawned clear and cold. Pastor Ieu and I started for Guong Dak 80 li farther up the river beyond Shaowu. We walked all day in the teeth of a strong still N. West wind. We arrived here at 4:45 starting at 8:30 with 30 min. for dinner. I was prevailed upon to take a sedan- partly on the pastors account. But he started in advance of me, and it was too cold to ride so I at the end of 35 li I sent the sedan back.

The service this morning was attended by 9 ch. members and nearly 100 learners. Perfect attention was given to a long address thro pastor Ieu as interpreter, after which the communion was administered.

The people here have purchased a building about 40 ft. wide and 140 ft. deep. It makes a good church building.

Last night was cold. I saw the first heavy frost of the season this morning.

Tuesday Dec. 16th evening.

Sunday afternoon pastor Ieu preached to about 50 learners, and members. In the evening all the standing room was occupied at the endeavor meeting. All the members and several of the learners prayed.

There has been no regular preacher here this year. A theology lives 20 li distant and seems to be looking after the church some. An old man- a member lives in the building and acts as church father. In the evening I met several Foochow men. The Salt Commissioner is a member of the church and impressed me as a humble earnest Christian. It was he who gave most of the money for the church building at Guong Dak.

Thursday a.m. Dec. 18th.

Monday morning we started for Tiang Ga Bieng, 55 li farther up the river, and within about 50 li of the Kuang Si (or in Foochow Gong Sa) province. A man who has taken partial course of study with the theological class was sent up here a few months ago as a bookseller. There are more than 100 persons now who express a desire to become Christians.

We held a service Monday evening which was attended by 60 men and 10 women. They gave the strictest attention for an hour to the simple statement of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. At the close one man offered prayer. I cannot help urging with much emphasis in every place the imperative necessity of daily Bible study and prayer if the people would be real Christians. It gives me the deepest joy to find in every place- even where the people have had only small opportunity to learn the Truth- those who can pray. May the Holy Spirit find means to teach the multitude the blessedness of prayer.

Tuesday morning we breakfasted with a learner at 9:30 a.m. and started at 10 a.m. for Guong Dak. At Tiang Ga Bieng. The learners have procured and fitted up a large house to be used as a chapel and they sent by us a very urgent request that the bookseller be allowed to remain with them next year as preacher.

Wednesday morning we started from Guong Dak at 8 o'clock and reached Shaowu at 5:15 p.m. The road from Shaowu to G.D. is good. But from G.D. up to T. Ga Bieng it is paved nearly all the way with small round stones gathered from the river, and is the worst piece of road that I have ever walked on. My feet had many complaints to make after two days on this road, so I resorted to my old time custom in Ing Hok and wore straw sandals from G.D. down yesterday.

A solid stone bridge crosses the river at G.D. The arches are of cut stone, and are some 20 ft. high. The whole structure does credit to the workmanship of the builders. I took a picture of this, but I am afraid it was a failure.

The weather was cold for the whole trip. Rain fell steadily nearly all day last Friday. Sat. dawned with a dark windy sky and a stiff north wind. That night was still and a thick white frost covered all Sunday morning. One side of my room at G.D. was quite open for a space 12 ft. long and 3 ft. high. The people there evidently believe in fresh air= for the foreigner. Shaving with cold water Sunday a.m. was good for the will and I presume also toughened the body.

This morning- Thursday is rains. God's blessings fall in copious showers on one wherever he is. He prepares the way before one and gives strength for the journey and provides friends every where and is willing to use one's feeble efforts to teach the multitudes the Gospel. I was thinking yesterday as I walked on the blistered feet- if after all it paid. And then the picture of scores if not hundreds of men in the U.S. who sit in their studys or recreate six days and on the seventh preach to the same 40 or 50 persons came before my mind. And I know how strange it would seem to these men who rejoice over their "snap" to be able to speak to a room packed with men and women who listen with wrapt attention to every word and show by the expression on their faces their interest and pleasure and by every means possible express their gratitude. I concluded that it did pay. And a little hot water and a

good nights rest- which is the reward God gives for a 30 mile walk- do wonders for blistered feet. Blessings untold beyond belief await the men who come to take up this waiting work in Shaowu. Among the blessings, not the least will be the privilege of associating with many of the Chinese workers of this field- especially pastors Ieu and Diong.

The workers are now gathering for the Annual Meeting, wh. begins this evening. I shall remain in Shaowu for this i.e. until next Monday. I may then make one more trip of 5 or 6 days from here and return. Then I start for the Ciong Lok trip and at Ciong Lok my work will end. From there I go direct down the river to Foochow.

As there will be little to report for the next week I send this partly finished sheet, with kindly greetings to all the friends in Foochow. I am praying for you all daily, and I know you do not forget to ask God to make me usable each day.

Thursday, Dec. 25th at Iong Cing Kang

The Annual Meeting at Shaowu began a week ago this evening. The time was much spent on prayer. Then many of the helpers spoke of specific answers to prayer.

Fri. a.m. reports were given of all the out stations in the lower part of the field. In the afternoon the general subject was Bible Study. I spoke thro pastor Ieu as interpreter on Bible Study for Spiritual Growth. In the morning I took b-fast with Dr. and Mrs. Bement and spoke to the Girls in the Girls sch. thru pastor Diong's daughter as interpreter. Friday evening the time was given to various addresses. The head assistant in the Woman's hospital gave a very interesting talk on caring for the body. He is a bright young man and seems thoroughly consecrated. It does one good to witness his earnestness at all times in witnessing for Christ. The other two students also are fine fellows and all three are earnest workers in the church. They make the work of the church and the work of the hospital one. I stated previously that there was one student in the Woman's Hospital. There are three. The daughter of pastor Diong who was in Foochow Girl's College, a girl in the Shaowu Girl's Boarding School and the wife of Dr. Bement's cook.

Sat. a.m. Reports were given of the upper part of the field. I spoke a few minutes of the impressions received at the point which I had visited. Sat. p.m. no session. Sat. evening was given to woman's work with addresses by pastor Diong for Dr. Bement, Mrs. Bement and Mrs. Walker. Mrs. Walker spoke very earnestly for the new building for Boy's School. \$1800 has been subscribed by the Chinese, \$850 already paid in. The building is going up as fast as the workmen can make it.

Sunday I spoke thro pastor Ieu as interpreter and helped in administering the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. About 400 were present. In the afternoon I spoke at both the South Gate Chapel and at the North Gate Chapel - Girl's School. In the evening the C.E. meeting was a model. The subject: - How to show our gratitude to God was a good one to talk on and the time was up before all had an opportunity. A short talk here made four addresses for me that day, - too many.

Monday and Tuesday were spent with the helpers in consultation about next year's work. These pastors and preachers about 28 are a fine body of men. They have been so free from foreign supervision, that they know how to plan and execute. They need and they earnestly desire and pray for foreign help. I can but pray that God in selecting men for this field will find those will come not to oversee but to help this noble body of men.

Monday afternoon Dec. 22nd Pastor Hackman, of the German Church, Shanghai for the past 9 years arrived at the Shaowu compound. He expects to leave tomorrow- Friday. He is on his way to Tibet, Burmah and India, then to Germany. His business is to learn all he can about Buddhism and Taoism.

Wednesday, yesterday morning I started for Ne Sek Du 60 li from Shaowu and the highest part of the Shaowu field. Dr. Bliss has begun the erection of a summer cottage here. We found several villages in each of which there are a few Christians. There is no church building. The services are held in the houses of the members in the different villages as is convenient. Evening services are necessarily limited to the people of one or two villages. Last evening 10 men, 6 women and 4 children were present at the service. One of the young men who has just graduated from the theological course is my interpreter on this trip. All the people of Zo Du are engaged in paper making. Three years ago a dang load of the papers was worth \$3.00. Now the same amount brings \$10.00. The houses of the village, the clothes of the people and the people themselves witness to the good times.

This morning we walked 3 li down the mountain to this village of Iong Cing Kang. On the walk yesterday and today the scenery is worthy of Ing Hok. The roads are after the Ing Hok pattern. Only the distances in Ing Hok are greater. The man who measured the li on the Shaowu roads must have broken off a piece from his measuring rod. 80 li here are about the equivalent of 65 li in Ing Hok.

This afternoon I spoke at the Iong Cing Kang church. About 75 were present. This evening the pastor led the prayer meeting, after which I spoke. This is the only church in the field - beside the church in Shaowu City, that supports the pastor. Pastor Gang here has a large field to look after. His parish has a radius of some 5 miles and there are several centers, in one of which the people are just erecting a church building. Next year Pastor Gang will

be moved to Na Kan a village on the river 80 li below Shaowu- an important center in itself and more conveniently situated for the working of his present field than is Iong Cing Kang. So altho his residence will be changed, his field of labor will remain partially the same. A recent graduate of the Seminary will reside here next year.

The mission owns a large piece of land here, with a good church building, having pastors house attached and a good school building apart from the church. There is no school in it. The lack of day school in this field is the one deplorable feature of the work that faces me almost everywhere. The work will suffer for it in coming years. There was a school at Zo Du. I tried to visit it this a.m. but at 8:30 the pupils had not come to school and I did not wait. My purpose in taking this trip is not so much to help Dr. Walker in the touring, as to see the work and encourage the people and the workers. It chanced to be market day here today- the first of these days that I have seen. The street here was certainly full of men and of produce.

Friday, Dec. 26th at Tie Lo Haeng

The church and property at Iong Cing Kang cost about \$600. The people gave one half. In the rear of the church are two rooms made comfortable for foreigners. A real iron foreign cook stove stands in one of them. The church has a belfry and a bell.

This morning after breakfast with the deacon we walked 35 li up to Tie Lo Haeng. After dinner with the preacher a service was held in the church. Here also the mission owns a nice property. The church stands just outside the village. Contrary to the usual custom, it stands alone. No one lives in it or adjoining it. It is locked when not used and unlocked when service is to be held as if it were in New England. There 40 men 7 women and 7 children at the service. The mission has a day school here, in an idol temple. The idol is covered up in its recess in the "parlor" with a nice piece of red cloth on which is the character "ha", and the idol does not appear to be disturbed by the presence of two Christian families in its domicile, or the numerous Christian calendars and scrolls with Christian sentiments written on them or by the sound of Christian voices in worship of the one Living God.

The church and property here cost over \$1000. The people gave all but \$300. The preacher was appointed to go to A Iong next year. But the members are trying to raise his whole salary, hoping thereby to keep him here. He is a fine young man 27 years old. He took the first degree this year. He impresses me with his earnestness as a speaker. I have not heard a more enthusiastic speaker in the field. He also impresses as one who thinks, and hence as one who will grow.

Saturday, Dec. 27th

Last evening we had another service at Tie Lo Haeng. Just before the service I was much pleased to hear several of the members who were present at the afternoon session rehearsing the points in the address of the afternoon.

A clear sky and a still night brought a very heavy white frost to greet us this morning. Of course after that the sun shone gloriously. We were off at 9 a.m. after a prayer with the workers. The distance is 40 li- level road- we found several church members along the way and stopped to drink tea with each. Half way between Tie Lo Haeng and Shaowu at Iong Dong is a small chapel 2 houses wide and some 40 ft. deep owned by the mission. There are 4 men and 4 women members here beside 10+ learners. There is a day school here with 16 pupils. At 1:30 we were at Shaowu. All the friends here are well. Pastor Hackman started this morning for Kiong Si, taking Shaowu carriers for 4 days journey.

All my arrangements are made to start Monday Dec. 29th for Ku San 40 li- Tues; Hua Bang 50 li,- Wed. Ciong Sioh Hu 20 li. Thurs., Cio Kan 50 li. Fri., Tai Ming 45 li, Sat. Sing Gio 45 li, Mon. Jan. 5 and Tues. Jan. 6 Giong Ning Gaing 120 li. Wed. here. Thurs. or Fri. down river by boat to Ciong Loh. Spend Sun. Jan. 11th at Ciong Loh. Then home- unless I take 4 days to see Ing Seu.

With kindest regards to all the associates.

W.L.B.

Tuesday, Dec. 30th at Huo Bang 4:45 p.m.

Sunday I spent at Shaowu. In the morning I attended church at the East Gate. Pastor Ieu preached. In the afternoon the foreigners met at the residence of Dr. and Miss Bement for a prayer meeting. This was a very refreshing and helpful hour. In the evening I attended the C.E. meeting at E. Gate.

Monday at 12:15 Pastor Diong and I started for Ku Sang, 40 li. It rained all the way. We arrived at 5 p.m. The rain kept many of the church members at home. There are in all about 15. Only 5 were present. Some 6 or 8 learners came in, and 12 or 15 others. There is a preacher (Ding) with a wife and children here. The chapel is rented. There is a day school also here. Ku Sang is a large village in a large valley. The villages in this valley are many, and the people seem to be prosperous.

This morning the rain has ceased, and the sun tried to shine. We started at 9 a.m. for Huo Bang 45 li. - turned aside 2 li and took dinner with a relative of pastor Diong's, reaching Huo Bang at 4 p.m. The load carriers lost the way and did not arrive till 4:30.

There is a day school here, but no chapel, and no preacher. There are 5 members and 10+ learners. Service is held in the house of one of the members.

Wednesday, Dec. 31st at Ciong Sioh Hu.

Last evening we administered the sacrament to three members at Huo Bang. The room was full of people and they listened well. This morning I saw the day school held in an ancestral hall. This hall can be rented for the chapel next year and is well suited for the purpose.

At 12:30 we were at Ciong Sioh Hu 20 li from H.B. There is only one family of Christians here. Two brothers form the basis of the church here. There are others interested in the Truth.

Friday, Jan 2nd 1903. at Tai Ning.

Wed. evening at Ciong Sioh Hu we held a service in the Tiang Pong of a Christian. About 50 were present. The best attention was given and the people remained long to talk about the Truth. There is good material to work on here. The preacher from Huo Bang should visit C.S. Hu often to hold service with the learners and members.

Breakfast is late in all this region in Winter, and it was after 10 o'clock when all had eaten and we were on the way to Cio Kau, 30 li distant. We arrived about 2 p.m. and found a member and a learner quarrelling about a little piece of ground. Pastor Diong and I spent all the p.m. trying to settle the matter in vain. In the evening we admitted 5 men and conducted the communion. Twenty partook of the Sacrament. The service closed at 9:15. Just then a messenger was announced from Shaowu. At 9:30 I was opening bundles containing Christmas presents from Foochow. These had been sent by the messenger boat [and] was too late this time for me to receive the things before starting from Shaowu last Monday. It was a very unique experience- opening Christmas presents in a little Chinese bed room over 30 miles back in the country from any water way- and over 250 miles away from Foochow at 10 o'clock at night. Well I was asleep before the next day began.

This morning we took breakfast with one of the men here and then succeeded in getting the quarrel settled in time to set out for Tai Ning shortly after 11 o'clock. We arrived at 2:30 p.m. - 30 li. Tai Ning is a district city with a wall around it.

While I have been writing the above there have been at least 7 women 7 men and 10 children watching me. The number has varied and the personages have also.

Sunday, Jan 4th at Sing Gio 12:30

At Tai Ning we conducted communion Fri. evening. 13 members were present. 2 united with the church. About 80 were present. The best of attention was given to the Truth. The people are overjoyed at the news that they are to have a preacher there next year. The church needs and will doubtless have better accommodations. Pastor Diong says the church here is sure to put on new life next year with a resident preacher. Yesterday, Sat. Morning after a good breakfast with a ch. member we started for Sing Gio at 9:35 a.m. and arrived at 4:45- 50 li. At 4 p.m. snow began to fall. It snowed gently for about 20 min. Then the flakes became large and they fell fast. It was a genuine snow storm. The first I had seen for 9 years. I enjoyed it. We were so near our destination that we experienced no inconvenience.

This morning everything was white. The mountains were beautiful. How I wish Mrs. B. and the children could have seen it. I expect however that even Geraldine would have admitted that it was "Told." And I think Dorothy would have been willing to have blankets over her last night. The ice on my wash basin was fully 1/16 in. thick and the water completely frozen over. At 11 o'clock the ice still stuck to the basin after the water was emptied. Where the sun strikes full the snow is melting. But where its rays do not touch the snow will remain all day. I ate an icicle (is it spelled correctly? I have not written the word for 9 years) over 3 in. long this morning. It was so cold at service, that the pastor had to stand on one foot while he toasted the other over his fire basket. 30 were present at the service. Some came from 3 miles distant. Some who wish to unite with the ch. did not arrive, so we are to hold the communion this p.m.

The church here is in a house purchased for the purpose by the mother of the theol. student Uong who came up on the boat fr. Foochow with Pastor Diong and myself. She lives in the house and with a ch. member who lives 10 li distant is the head of the work here. This woman's home - 10 li distant- is the place where Mr. and Mrs. Walker were in such danger 10+ years ago. She seems to be a second Mary now. Her house here is head quarters for the preachers of the Word, and on Sundays she feeds many of the ch. members and learners who come from a distance. Today some 12 have eaten at her table, the food is good too. I know.

4:15 p.m.- We have just closed a delightful communion service. Three men united with the church. One was the husband of the woman who owns the chapel; one was the next door neighbor; one a former coolie or helper of Dr. Bliss in the Hospital. All have been under the influence of a Gospel for years. 50 were present at the service and all gave the closest attention. I wonder if many audiences at home would now sit in church while the snow was on the ground and icicles forming on the eaves, without fires, and listen to the preaching. The work here seems to be the true fruit of the Gospel, and the outlook is most favorable for growth. I hope the Tai Ning or the Cio Kau preacher can visit this place occasionally next year. It will encourage the people.

Giong Ning Gaing, Jan. 6th 1903.

When I wrote the above I forgot that a preacher had been appointed to go to Sing Gio next Chinese year.

Sunday evening another service was held at Sing Gio, fully attended, and led by the member who had acted as head here.

Monday morning the ice was so thick in my basin, I did not attempt to break it. We saw ice $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. I took a photo of the chapel and little village with the snow and frost all on it before we set off Mon. morning. I shall always remember this Sunday at Sing Gio with Thanksgiving to God- for what He has wrought this saintly woman- for the earnestness shown by the members, all but one who was away from home were present at the communion- 12 in all, - and for the beauties of nature clad in spotless white- and for that delightful walk Monday a.m. up and down those snow covered gorges, where the bamboos and evergreens were bending under their weight of white.

At 8:30 a.m. Monday we were off for Giong Ming Gaing. Last night we spent at a Chinese inn Ciu Bang. We reached G.M.G. this p.m. at 2:30= 120 li.

I had my mind all made up certain to spend one day here, Sunday next at Ciong Loh and then home. But I must now spend next Sunday here visiting another place 50 li inland on Thursday.

Thursday, Jan. 8th 1903- a.m. at Li Sing.

Tuesday evening at Giong Ming we had an interesting service attended by about 75 persons. The strictest attention was given to the address on "what does it mean to become a Christian?"

Yesterday- Wed. we walked over here 50 li. Li Sing is a large village in a large fertile valley given entirely to rice and tea oil. There are some 2000 families here. The interest in the Gospel began toward the end of 1901 when a man from Gong Sa province who knew a little about the truth came over and told what he knew to an old man here whose heart was ripe for receiving it. This old man went to Giong Ming Gaing early last year 1902 and there heard more of the Truth. He became an earnest student of the Bible, went to Giong Ming G. in the Summer often to hear the Gospel from the Theol. Student was there in the Summer; made his house here at Li Sing a place of prayer, led meetings himself, and now has gathered about 20 persons who seem to be true learners. He refuses all who want to "use" the ch. and those whom I have seen here have the appearance of being sincere.

Yesterday on the road over here fr. G.M.G. we met no less than 1000 men and boys all carrying rice to G.M.G. for sale. This region eats only 1/5 of the yield. The road nearly all the way lay thro rice fields that looked very rich. If this people worked as Americans work they would be as wealthy. We had breakfast specially early this morning. It was just 10 o'clock when we finished.

At the prayermeeting last evening about 30 were present. Ieu led in prayer. All listened most attentively to the address on "prayer". Pastor Diong has not been perfectly well this week. He has been able to translate. When we reached Giong Ming, the Student Mong did the translating. The pastor cannot use this jabber. This gives him a rest however, and I hope he will be himself again.

I sent a letter to Foochow from G. Ming Tuesday evening. The P.O. has been established there about 2 months.

This place is probably farther from the track of what we call civilization than I have ever before stopped at. The people certainly are not very familiar with foreigners. All say no foreigner ever came here before. We found a man last night who said he had never heard the Gospel at all. This is somewhat rare now in the paths that the missionary ordinarily travels in this province.

This afternoon a terrific crowd gathered. To day is market day here and men are assembled from "Dan to Beersheba", and every one came up to see the "Tiger". Among them was a Hiong Sing, only a fraction of a degree below a Second Degree Graduate. He had looked at me, and was examining some books when I gave him the Mandarin Testament and pointed to Jn. III. He read the whole chap. Then pastor Diong came to the rescue and in all that man stood for three hours either reading or listening to the Truth. Then I spoke for nearly an hour to the crowd, and he sat to the end. No less than 150 persons were gathered in the house to (listen) see. The learners here are mostly old men. It seems to me a true work of the Spirit.

Friday, Jan. 9th at Li Sing. 9:30 a.m. waiting for the party to have their breakfast - no call yet.

Last evening the service was attended by about 100. The attention was perfect for fully one hour. The larger part stood- many of them on benches looking over the heads of those in front of them. Some 20 learners were present, about 10 of those offered prayer after the address.

Tuesday: Jan. 13th. 5:30 p.m. on the river about 50 li below Giong Ming Gaing.

Last Friday we walked from Li Sing back to G.M.G. We held a prayer meeting with about a dozen learners in the evening. Saturday I looked at the lot purchased for a church. It is 34 ft. by about 95, with a wall on all sides. It faces the street which runs along the river. It is only about 3 minutes walk from the city gate- outside the city. On one side the lot is an uninhabited house 14 ft. wide and about 65 ft. deep, a good wall all around it- price \$50. On the other side is a piece of empty ground 14 ft. wide and about 60+ ft deep. Beyond this is a side street. The price of this empty land- \$20. It is proposed to build a church the width of the ch. lot= 34 ft. by extending the side walls up. The size of the ch. 34 X 60 ft. To do this the properties mentioned above must be purchased. I advised them to purchase both pieces but to build only 1/3 of the ch. now.= one 20 ft. section+ the front section. This will make a building 34 X 20 for them- sufficient for their present needs, and it can be added to as they grow and are able to enlarge.

I called on the Magistrate after consulting with the pastor and with the preacher Uong. I told him (1) the church was established here to urge men to worship the true God. (2) Bad men had crept in or were using the name of the church for selfish purposes which was against our rules, practice and desire. I wished him to understand that we had nothing to do with law-cases. (3) According to the treaties Chinese subjects were free to join the Christian ch. and they should be exempt from idolatrous fees.

Sat. evening we had another prayer meeting with a dozen or so learners. Sunday pastor Diong preached in the morning and I spoke in the afternoon and again in the evening.

Yesterday I was about to take the boat which I had trusted the brother in law of Uong to engage to take me to Foochow for \$22, when I learned that there were 8 loads of rice on it. I finally got 3 loads taken off and my cook had 3 put on. So we started at noon with one boatman- the pastor, cook and myself. We struck 3 or four rocks before tying up for the night and made about 30 li. This morning we started at 7 o'clock and soon struck two rocks which drove us up shore for repairs. It began to rain Monday a.m. and about 11 a.m. To day the wind became very high and it rained very hard, so we were forced to tie up at 11:30. I looked for my valise wh. contained \$8.00 and this diary and my dressing outfit, but it was not on board. I remembered it was put off while the boat was being repaired. The boatman went back for it and returned at 5:30 p.m. So here we are with an old leaky boat with 80 lbs of rice on it, a poor opium smoker for a boatman, and the wind howling furiously- about 60 out of 220 li to Ciong Loh traversed. But God knows what is best, and the sun will shine again sometime- both actually and metaphorically. We are all well and have enough to eat and to wear and can keep dry.

Wednesday, Jan. 14 – p.m.

Last night we all worked to plug up the leaks until 8:30 when we took “refreshment” and retired. This a.m. at 9:30 we were ready to start. I started to walk just before the boat swung into the stream. About 10 rods down stream fr. where we lay over night, another bump was heard, and I could hear pastor Diong shout to the boatman to pull for the shore. He got ashore on the opposite bank from me. I could throw a stone and hit the boat- but I was far away. As I stood watching the three men bail, and meditating -such conditions are favorable to meditation- I saw a “squadron” coming down the rapids, and shouted to the pastor to hail them for a ride. The head boat “bit” at the first call, and soon we left the “poor old stranded wreck” and took passage on a fleet of new boats manned by Ming Chiongites. They are loaded with rice so we are distributed on 6 of the 11 boats. The \$10 p'd to the poor man we left will help his family I trust. I pay \$22 to go to Foochow on these boats. The sun shines metaphorically – and it does not rain. The rain has raised the water so it is just right to go down river. Good blessings are too numerous to recount. They are indeed new every morning and fresh every evening.

Friday a.m. 10:30- within 20 li of Ciong Loh- all happy.

Ciong Loh- Friday, Jan. 16th 4 p.m.

We are here at last all well and happy. But it took us 5 days instead of 2 as we planned when at Shaowu. From all I can learn one must expect to be from 3 to 4 days en route between Giong Ming Gaing and here. With a flood and all conditions the most favorable 2 days are sufficient. This week Tues. no boats ran, owing to cold, wind and rain.

Saturday, Jan. 17th 10:30 a.m. 50 li below C.L.

This morning we were off at 5:30 hoping to make Iong Kau to night.

Last evening pastor Diong and I took supper with the C.L. preacher. It was good after living on boat fare for a week. We held a service with about 20 learners, - the preacher has no easy task to instruct these men in Christian Truth. Many of them are Canton men- opium dealers. The chapel is in a bad place and is not a good place in which to live. There is a large, clean house only 40 ft. back from the main street, which can be rented for \$4 per month. It would be good economy to take it and move the chapel.

The scenery from Giong Ming Gaing for the first 200 li of the 300 li to Ciong Loh is grand, magnificent. Part of the way the river dashes furiously down a gorge only a few rods wide at the bottom and with the mountains high on each side. An uninitiated American would declare that no boat could live to go down. But the men allowed us to ride with the exception of about 5 li. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see the boats dash down this stretch. Many boats go to pieces here and many men are never seen afterward. One of our boats was sent up on the ledge and hung for just an instant. Then came back all right. Another broke the front steering oar and struck but came thro with only a bruise and a little water. It is not to be wondered at that these superstitious people have built a temple on the bank here, and that the crews send one of the men to beg the idols to protect them as they descend.

We owe something to Dr. Sites for our ride down on these. The man who led the others in his willingness to take us is very near the Kingdom of God. He knows much of Dr. Sites from his friends in Ming Chiong, and cannot find words to express his esteem of Dr. Sites. I found a copy of Luke's Gospel on his boat which he had been reading. He is pleased to talk about the Truth, and shows us every respect, as representatives of Christ.

To day the sun shines brightly and the heavy white frost of last night has all disappeared. The men have put away their fire baskets and are laying off their clothes. We are going very peacefully down the river.

Sunday, 1 p.m. Jan. 18th at Iong Kau

We reached here at 6 o'clock last evening. Pastor Diong and I lunched at Delmonico's on Broadway. Our "Squadron" anchored for Tiffin yesterday at noon. Shortly after we met 4 large Dang Sa boats just starting up a rapid. Only the 4 head boats of our "Squadron" got down this rapid ahead of the 4 large boats. The other 7 boats had to wait. This hindered them just enough so they did not make the rapid just above Iong Kau. But on the 4 boats that reach I.K. were the pastor, myself and my bedding and what little food I had left. The cook was caught above the rapid and came this morning. It was only what many people term "chance" that it was so fortunate. I prefer to call it the design of Providence. I am staying at the old chapel.

Expenses of Shaowu trip
Nov. 21st 1902- Jan. 22nd 1903.

Boat to Shaowu (part)	\$ 27.
“ fr. Giong Ning Gaing to Foochow	32.
Launch to Cui Kau	1.10
Load Carriers (part)	13.30
Chair	.70
Cook	<u>.17</u>
	\$ 91.10
 Paid by E.L. Bliss M.D.	
Boat to Shaowu (to bal.)	31.70
Load Carriers (to bal.)	<u>4.10</u>
Total.	\$126.90

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[illegible]

* * * * *



Women Working on Paper Fibre Beneath the Family Altar and Ancestral Tablets, Shaowu, China

[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

[This travel journal dated **Dec. 31, 1902** is a continuation of the travel journal dated 1902 by Willard L. Beard while on his trip to Shaowu. Journal donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

In the Shaowu field 80 li or 27 miles from Shaowu, at a place called Huo Bang.
Dec. 31st 1902, 9:10 a.m.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I have just finished my breakfast. The church member with whom we are staying has just come to call the pastor who is with me, and my cook to breakfast. So while they sat I have the first few minutes of leisure for a long time. I expect you would smile or else simply look disgusted if you were to visit me in any present abode. It makes me think much of our old corn house- the one that used to be over the old wood shed house. Here are the utensils for rice farming and for drying the rice, saw horses, baskets, sieves, a lot of old boards and other lumber, an old book case and a lot of old books. The beams are so low that I have been forcibly reminded of their presence several times. There is fully as much dirt on the floors as was ever on our corn house floor. The windows are of board and slide. This is much the description of my domicile night before last also.

While dressing this morning two boys and two or more men acted as supervisors. The operation of shaving was especially interesting to the supervisors. It is also much fun to watch the foreigner eat. But one gets used to living under eyes here and the people are drawn to one or repelled much by the little things that they see. If you allow *[them]* to ask the name of all your foods, and to look at and feel of all your clothes and if you politely tell them the prices of everything about you they are then ready to hear you tell them of Jesus and his love.

12:50 at Ciong Sioh Hu 6 miles from Huo Bang.

We make a short trip today. There is no chapel in either of these places, - only 5 members at Huo Bang, and only one family here. We stay with this family.

There is a custom all thro this region that we do not have in Foochow i.e. once in five days in each town of any size there is a "market day" when the farmers and any one from all about bring things of all descriptions to sell. It makes it very lively on that day. I judge the time is arranged that sellers can go from one town to another and find a market on each successive day until their wares or produce are disposed of.

Thus far one trip had been a very pleasant one for me, - every day has been full. I have had to see the schools and hospital and churches and building at Shaowu city as I could put it in a little at a time between the tours out from Shaowu itself.

You will have the reading of my diary from day to day which will give you a fair idea of the way in which my time has been spent.

When you receive this you will not send any more letters to Foochow. We have made no arrangement about the home trip yet, - except that I plan to go to Ing Hok the first week in Feb. and pack off for home as soon after returning from Ing Hok as possible.

A nice letter from Flora reached me at Shaowu a few days before I left.

With Love to all

Will.

Cio Kau

Jan 1st '03

My own Dearest Ones,-

Your presents and letters up to Dec. 12 reached me here this evening at 9:30. I shall hardly have a more unique New Years present. - I am sending this back by the man tomorrow hoping he may reach Shaowu tomorrow evening for the mail leaves there Sat. a.m.

It is 10:30 and I must rise in the morning breakfast with a ch. member and walk 15 miles so- both a huge thank you - with many prayers daily for you all- with much thanksgiving to God for keeping you all well.

I am your

Loving Husband and Papa

This is indeed a Happy New Years. We had just received 5 men to the ch. and the things fr. you came.



This appears to be Dorothy on the left wearing a horse costume and Geraldine and Dorothy on the right. Probably about 1902.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



High class Foochow native woman – undated
[Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



This photo was probably taken around 1902. It appears to be a group of schoolchildren. I believe that Gould is the boy in the front row, seated, third from the left and Phebe may be the girl who is fifth from the left, also in the front row. This photo may have actually been taken in the U.S. in 1903 while the Beards were on furlough for a year.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



This is Ellen her four children in 1902 or 1903 wearing Chinese clothing, some of which are currently in the ownership of Mark and Jana Jackson. They are from left to right: Phebe, Geraldine (looks like a boy, but maybe her hair is pulled back), Dorothy on Ellen's lap and Gould.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

THE MISSIONARY HERALD

JULY, 1904

THE failure and ineffectiveness of the church in her efforts to evangelize Europe or England are to be sought in her forgetfulness of her main function, which is to evangelize the world. The tone and spirit engendered by the great renunciation of the primary object of the church degenerate into an inability to do what seems to be her humblest work. The first work of the church, the indispensable preliminary to all efficiency, is to resume the march, to advance the banners, to get the host in motion, to recover the watchword. If we would have the church effective for her simplest work, she must be true to her foremost work. She must inscribe on her ensigns, and write in her heart, the old word of God, "Speak unto her that she go forward." What is called the missionary enterprise must be frankly and enthusiastically avowed to be her primary concern. And whether by church we mean the whole body of the faithful throughout the world, or the local society of Christians in any given place, the church must be acknowledged to exist in the first instance simply to pass on the message of the redemption to the peoples that have not known.

—Rev. Robert F. Horton, D.D., Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

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train passage, portable organs, shoes and religious literature.

[Purchased from eBay by Jana L. Jackson]

1903

- Orville and Wilbur Wright's first flight at Kitty Hawk, NC
- Willard and family leave China via the Atlantic Ocean for the U.S. on February 23, 1903 for furlough.
- Willard's grandmother dies March 23, 1903 - Phebe Ann Drew Nichols
- Ford Motor Company founded by Henry Ford
- Willard is 38, Ellen- 35, Phebe- 8, Gould- 7, Geraldine- 5, Dorothy- 2

[This partial letter or report dated 1903 was written by Willard. He reports his reasons for the trip and his impressions of the landscape and the work being done there. Location of the original letter/report is not known.]

[from a copy of the letter]

[1903]

..has been to dampen the ardor of many of those who professed to be learned cannot however permanently injure the work. It is an interesting fact that three men who were learners here 19 years ago when the mission had work here, are still interested in the Truth and at once on the reopening of the work attached themselves to the chapel.

Only one Quarterly Meeting was held during the year. This was in May. The drought was very severe. The heathen had raged and implored their idols for two weeks to send rain. At the May meeting all the preachers agreed to pray for rain at the different chapels the next Sunday and urge the church members throughout the field to do the same. On the next day- Monday- rain fell in torrents in the lower part of the field, and on the following days rain fell plentifully in all parts.

Owing to the Shaowu trip I did not visit the outlying churches during the fall. I attended the Annual Meeting of the station held the first week of the Chinese New Year, - Feb. 1903. This was purposely thus late that I might present after returning from Shaowu.

The residence of Mr. Smith in the station has been of much advantage to the work of great assistance to me personally during the year.

The Trip through the Shaowu Field.

[some words off the page of copy]

The reasons for the trip were (1) Dr. Walker's physician stated before the mission in Sept. 1902 that Dr. Walker ought not to do more country touring. (2) Dr. Walker is the only evangelistic missionary in the Shaowu station, hence if he could not tour this work would be undone unless someone could go from Foochow. (3) There was no unsurmountable obstacle to keep me from doing this work. (4) After weighing the need for another tour thro the Ing Hok field as compared with this tour in Shaowu, it seemed to me Shaowu's need was more .. because Ing Hok had a man on the ground who could do the work du...part of 1903, while the man to tour in Shaowu was not even promised... Board. Hence I volunteered to make the tour before returning to American on ...and was appointed by the mission to visit the country stations of the Shaowu... with Pastor Diong and a preacher from Shaowu as interpreters.

Starting from Foochow Nov. 22nd 1902, I was able to visit all the more important centers of work in the station except one- 28 in all- and reach home ..1903 just before the close of the Chinese Year. It was necessary to use the ...Dialect everywhere, which was translated into at least five other dialects in...parts of the field, by as many different men. Pastors Ieu and Diong however...of the translating. 55 addresses were made. I was fortunately able to be pre...Shaowu Annual Meeting. With exception of 7 days spent in Shaowu- ..Annual Meeting- all the time 63 days was utilized in touring in the

Impressions:-

(1) Shaowu is a field of magnificent distances, practically 200 long and 100 miles wide, but admirable adapted to touring. The Min river and its Shaowu branch flow for nearly 200 navigable miles thro the field. Altho the country is mountainous, the roads wind thro the valleys so that very little hard climbing is necessary.

(2) The field is comparatively well dotted with chapels. While on the tour only one night was spent in a Chinese inn. For as large a field and considering the age of the work in this station, this is a remarkable fact, and still more remarkable because,-

(3) A very large proportion of the chapels are owned by the mission and have been built or purchased by the people themselves. I visited no less than 16 villages in which the chapel was owned by the mission. The advantage of this is two-fold- 1. It gives the impression of permanency to the work. 2. It materially decreases the yearly expenditure of mission and private funds for chapel rents ...

[page change...is (4) missing?]

...??shers to congregations already waiting, and often with a chapel furnished ready ..the work. I found a large, attentive and appreciative audience in every chapel...visited- often with notice of only a few hours.

(5) The station has a strong band of Chinese workers. Pastors Ieu and Diong ...easily stand at the head of this band. Pastor Gang is quieter and less forceful but he has the respect and confidence of all, and is pastor of a large and important district. Other preachers have had experience and have proven themselves worthy to be ordained as soon as the congregations are ready to support them. Several of these workers are graduates of the First Degree. This elevates the church in the Chinese mind, and draws to it the better element of the people.

(6) This band of Chinese workers need more foreign assistance. No one realizes this more than do these men themselves. Pastors Ieu and Diong repeatedly said to me "We must have the assistance of foreigners." It is with much pleasure that I learned on my return from the tour that the Prudential Committee had promised one young man. But nothing must deter them from sending two and at the earliest possible date. The work in the country chapels and churches is just now in a critical stage. The numbers of learners is everywhere large. Among them many do not know the true object of the church. They are no looking for material benefits as were the thousands of Christ's followers, yet they have forsaken their idols and are in the way to receive and accept the true Gospel. It is difficult to conceive of a more attractive field of labor for two young men- then this Shaowu station offers now.

(7) The people have done nobly in preparing their own church buildings. They could profitably give more toward the support of their preachers.

(8) There is a serious lack of day schools in most parts of the field. Unless this is soon remedied the work of the station in all its departments will suffer.

These last two paragraphs i.e. (7) and (8) cannot be remedied with the present staff of foreign workers. They must have reinforcements.

I have said nothing of the education and medical work because I was sent specially to visit the churches and chapels. Both these branches of work are in a healthy condition and are rapidly growing.

W.L. Beard- Ing Hok Station

[This letter dated Jan. 9, 1903 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to the Dear ones in the Shelton Home. Ellen is sending a journal letter of Willard's Shaowu trip. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, Jan. 9", '03

Dear ones in the Shelton home,

Willard probably wrote you in his last letter that he was about to start on a trip to the Shaowu field 250 miles up the river.

He has written a journal letter which he requested me to let the members of the mission read and then send to you.

It has taken a long time to circulate it; indeed I really ought not to have kept you home friends waiting so long for his letter but have been so busy since he left I hardly realized it had been so long.

Dorothy is just recovering from a light attack of capillary bronchitis and is getting along well. Otherwise we are all well except that we have all had the prevalent "cold". There is a great deal of illness about here just now.

I hope you are all keeping well this winter.

It would be a pleasure to me to write more if my eyes were strong enough to bear the strain but I still have to exercise care in the use of them.

With love to all,

Yours Sincerely

Ellen.

[This letter dated Jan. 11, 1903 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to the Dear ones in the Shelton Home. She is sending some pages from Willard's diary about his Shaowu trip. Other pages are still being passed among the other missionaries to read. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, Jan 11", '03

Dear ones in the Shelton Home,

I am sending you herewith five leaves of Will's diary and a letter to you which he enclosed in his last letter to me with the request that I mail it. Between these there are about eight more pages of the diary which are still in circulation here among the missionaries. I am sorry they did not return in time for this mail.

We are beginning to look for Will home now. Altho I do not really expect him for three days yet, still I should not be surprised to see him walk in any hour now. We have never been separated so long before since our marriage and it has indeed seemed a long time. It has been such a comfort to receive a letter from him about once in six days during the whole trip. When we first came to China this could not have been, as there were no post-offices under foreign control, so far inland at that time and a native mail went only once in ten days and accommodated fewer towns than the foreign P.O does now.

Dorothy is much better now and all the children are nearly recovered from the colds they had when I wrote you last.

This evening Mr. and Mrs. Hodous and I entertain the young men in the Theological Seminary at a dinner given at the close of the year. We have no class to graduate this year and the dinner this evening takes the place of the class dinner we usually give each year.

We are expecting Mr. Hubbard's people will arrive in a few weeks.

We were glad to receive Flora's good letter a few weeks ago; I sent it to Will with one of mine.

With love to all

Yours Very Cordially

Ellen L. K. Beard

[This letter dated Jan. 23, 1903 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to the dear home friends. She is sending pages of Willard's diary of his Shaowu trip. He is now on his way back to Foochow. She has heard through messengers that he has safely passed the rapids. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, Jan 23/03

Our dear home friends,

I enclose herewith pages 31-37 of Will's diary of his trip through the Shaowu field. I think I have not sent pages 17-31 but am not certain. I think they (our friends here) have not returned them to me yet. Will forward them as soon as they return.

Will you kindly send the diary to my home after all your friends have seen it.

I am at this writing momentarily expecting Will home. I received a telegram yesterday at 3 o'clock from Cui Kau, at the foot of the rapids, saying "Rapids passed safely Wednesday noon." I was glad to receive this as it had already taken him several days longer than he expected to make the homeward trip and I was a trifle anxious. I began to look for him last Friday; but he is all through with the dangerous part of the journey now and I believe is almost here. Gould and Phebe and Geraldine have their firecrackers all ready to welcome papa.

Yours with love

Ellen.

[This letter dated Jan. 25, 1903 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He tells an interesting account of his Shaowu trip. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission.

Foochow, China, Jan. 25th 1903.

Dear Folks at Home:-

It has been over two months since I have written you from my desk in this study. You have seen my diary copy I hope regularly, and I have written one letter to you from some country chapel in the Shaowu field. Ellen I think has also written you. I returned from the Shaowu trip this last Thursday afternoon. It was a trip full of interest, such as I may hardly hope to ever repeat. It is by no means often that a missionary in China is privileged to spend two months in consecutive travel in one station visiting a Christian Church nearly every day. From my diary you will see that my work was 1st physical= walking from 6 to 30 miles a day, and 2nd mental and spiritual= preaching from one to four times a day. I have walked 1140 li or about 400 miles. I have ridden in a boat 1500 li or 500 miles. I started from Foochow Nov. 21st and reached home Jan. 22nd, 1903. Fifty one nights were spent in chapels and on boats or in a native inn, - only one night in the inn. This shows how well dotted with chapels the field is. I was quite well during the entire trip. About two thirds of the time I lived on Chinese food. One day only I took three meals at the Chinese table. Many days I ate two meals with the Chinese and the other meal from my basket. Flora will want to know if I got hold of any rats or puppy dogs. I think not, altho I saw many nicely cooked rats and the Chinese relished them. I preferred duck or chicken or pork. A dog in Shaowu died from poison

intended for rats. Miss Walker saw the people preparing it for food, reported the case to Dr. Bliss and he tried his best to make the family desist from eating the dog. I did not learn the result.

Did I write you of the unique New Years evening? I was in a city some 30 miles from Shaowu. The Foochow messenger boat had been expected on Sat. Dec. 27th. It did not arrive. I had planned to start from Shaowu Monday Dec. 29th to spend a week and a half visiting the churches South and West from Shaowu, then take a boat on another branch of the river for home. This plan I could not change. The boat did not arrive at Shaowu till Wednesday Dec. 31st. So Dr. Bliss sent a man early Thursday (Jan 1) morning to take 30 miles to me a lot of Christmas presents. All my presents from Foochow came by him and alone in my Chinese bed room I had my own Christmas tree on New Years night. I had to leave one of my cotton mattresses there to make up for the extra weight in the load of the Christmas things.

The weather after Dec. 13th was very cold. Possibly I never suffered more from the cold than Dec. 13-15. I was in the country north of Shaowu without my winter woollens. Ice was found Dec. 14th. My room was ventilated thro an open space 3 X 12 ft. on one side and a smaller space on the other side. Sunday, Jan. 4th we saw snow about 3 in. deep. The country was beautiful. The snow did not all melt till the next Thursday. It took grit to shave with cold water in the Sunday morning Jan. 4th. But the only cold I suffered from on the trip was while I was at Shaowu in a foreign house with a fire. Living without a fire, practically in the open air, seemed to agree with me.

By far the most interesting part of the travelling came at the last of the trip. I took a boat for home about 800 li or 275 miles from Foochow, quite near the Kiong Si province boundary. Monday Jan 12th. This boat proved bad and the boatman worse. After bumping into several rocks as we tried to shoot the rapids, the old boat leaked faster than we could bail and we left her and took passage on a fleet of 11 boats loaded with rice. On these we arrived safely at Iong Kau, where the rice was sold and then on one I came to Foochow. The scenery up near the source of this river is grand mountains, gorges, rocks, boulders, mountain torrents, wild forests, wild ducks, together with danger accompanying to rushing down the rapids in the boats, - just grazing this rock, which it struck would send you to the bottom, leave not a moment to become dull. The rocks on the sides of the river are decorated with boats of all sizes that have struck, and smashed and after their cargo has been removed, have been left as reminders of the danger. Only one rapid was so bad the boatman made us walk around while they took the boats down.

Dorothy had been quite ill the first week in Jan. with a severe cold and sore throat. Ellen did not go to bed for six nights. She was better before I knew of it and all well when I reached home. Otherwise all have been well since I left in Nov.

We want to take passage on a German Mail S.S. leaving Hong Kong Mar. 4th. But I am afraid she is full. We shall go as soon after Mar. 1st as possible. So you will write no more letters after receiving this- if you have not already stopped.

I must close now with lots of love from all

Will.

[This letter dated Feb. 1, 1903 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He tells of the plans for the family to return to begin their trip back home to the U.S. in March of 1903. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow Feb. 1st 1903

Dear Folks at Home:-

We have received and read two letters from you since the middle of Jan. These told us that another member was added to Oliver's family. Whether it was a boy or girl we do not know. They also told us about Uncle Charlie's condition and about Edith's wedding. Also that Flora was talking of meeting us at the steamer if we come to New York. Some one else I believe was talking of meeting us also.

The most important part of this letter is to tell you of our plans. We have engaged passage on the German Lloyd S.S. "Preussen" booked to sail from Hong Kong March 4th. As yet I cannot find anything definite about the Atlantic passage. It will probably be on a S.S. of the same line. And as we buy tickets from Hong Kong to South Hampton, it will probably be a German Lloyd S.S. from Southampton to New York arriving sometime about April 10th in July.

Now my plan is to write you and the Putnam friends the name of S.S. on which we land in N.Y. if time allows and it is possible. The agents have written to Hong Kong for this information. If however we can not obtain definite information- or if there should be a change I will cable to Putnam from Southampton as follows

Kinney

Putnam

Connecticut

Preussen= or name of S.S.

This makes four words. Mr. Kinney will let Flora and the others – all know the steamer name. I will also write them to obtain a German Lloyd time table so you can tell the date of arrival in New York.

We plan to go first to the Century Farm for a few days, then to Putnam, and Ellen wants to live near New Britain.

These days are by no means without their duties and demands for all of us. As yet we have done but little packing for home. Last night Ellen and I made a list of the articles we wanted to see and we hope to get this out of the way this next week. Henry Lacy, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Lacy of the M.E. Mission expects to go with us as far as London. Mr. and Mrs. Bland and their children and Miss Bell of the Church Missionary Society are booked for the “Preussen” to go to London. So if all goes well we shall not be lonely.

Tomorrow morning I plan to start for Ing Hok to be gone until Saturday. We will hold a Quarterly Meeting with the workers in that field, and the preacher at Ing Hok City is to be ordained as pastor. It has rained every day this last week, and rains now. There is a flood in the river- not a large one- so I may have fun.

We are all well, and so busy that the thought of going home does not upset us.

With Love to all

Will.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 15, 1903** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Again he discusses the plans for the trip back to the U.S. and the preparations to leave Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China

Feb. 15th 1903.

Dear Folks at Home:-

A week ago I wrote you of our plans for home going. Lest that letter should have gone astray I will just briefly outline them again. We are booked for the German Mail Steam Ship “Preussen” sailing from Hong Kong March 4th. Since writing I have learned that we cannot arrange here for our Atlantic passage. So we will cable from Southampton or London as soon as our arrangements are made as follows:

Kinney

Putnam

Conn.

(Name of Steamer)

The steamer will probably be one of the German Mail Ships which I think start from Hamburg. Mr. Kinney will let you know at once, and you can write Flora- or better send her address to him on receipt of this.

Henry Lacy- second son of Mr. and Mrs. Lacy of the M.E. Mission is to go with us and in our care. Mr. and Mrs. Bland, three children and Miss Bell are booked for the same steamer.

The days fly past very rapidly. I am attaining some success in putting the work over into the care of Mr. Smith and Mr. Hodous. I now have no more responsibility for any of the work. But one cannot refuse to be consulted which is after all an honor and a pleasure. Then one must meet innumerable Chinese and tell them over and over again that the date of sailing is not determined, and then tell them the approximate date, and still listen while they tell him that they are preparing a present for him. Then when a feast or a dinner has been all prepared we have not yet refused to go. Tomorrow we are to have the two pastors, their wives and Ming Uong and his wife to dinner. This we agree is the last of our social duties.

I have packed five boxes of goods- nearly all things that we were using here in the house, but which will be curios when we reach home. Most of our more bulky furniture we have sold already. What is not sold we can stack in the loft of this house I think. Two $\frac{3}{4}$ beds with mattresses, and two bureaus and a washstand are about all that are left now. Much time is consumed in receiving presents from Chinese and in saying good bye or planning to say good bye with them.

I must close now,- possibly I may write once more before leaving- I presume a letter addressed Willard L. Beard Passenger German Mail S.S., “Preussen” Southampton, England would find us there

With lots of Love to all

Will

*[This letter dated **Feb. 22, 1903** was written from Foochow, China to the folks at home. He talks of the upcoming trip back to the U.S. and of all the packing and gifts they have received. The new church at An Long Dei has been dedicated. Ellen attended a church service where Min Uong spoke of Ellen's work in China. He mentions how much the trip back will cost. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China,
Feb. 22nd 1903.

Dear folks at home:-

We are counting the time by hours when we shall start for home. If I have said a bai ek a-dau se-deng ngie-huo once in the past week I have said it one hundred times. The meaning of the above is – next Monday at 4 o'clock in the afternoon from Jardine and Matheson's, that is tomorrow at 4 p.m. we expect to take the "Haitan" for Hong Kong.

The past week has been more than full of packing and receiving presents and saying good bye to friends of three nationalities – Chinese, English and Americans. The packing has been seriously interfered with by the presents with which we have been fairly loaded down. Eight large silk or cloth banners have come in. Paper scrolls I cannot now count. Some eight or ten little boxes of tea. Gould has had given to him a priests suit, a common suit and an officials suit, beside hats and shoes and an umbrella and a rain suit. I have a suit except shoes. We have boxes of fruit and cakes sufficient to keep us from starving for some time.

Yesterday the new church at An Long Dei was dedicated. I attended in the afternoon and sat on the platform next to a military official. The people have a nice church now 30 X 40 ft. two stories high. The lower used for an audience room. The upper for residence and day school.

Ellen went to Ha Puo Ga to church this morning, and as Ming Uong's father was not well, he himself preached. After the service Ming Uong spoke a little of Ellen's work and the near departure. To quote Ellen's words "It completely broke me up." I judge tears flowed quite freely throughout the congregation. And the church was full. It will not be an easy matter to say good bye tomorrow, if it should be a pleasant day. The landing at Jardine and Matheson's will see a big crowd. Mr. and Mrs. Bland and Miss Bell will be the center of a large crowd of Chinese as they take the launch and if all go who have spoken of going there will be not less than 200 to see us off. I almost wish it would rain so as to make the confusion less, and the commotion less. One cannot help from having a feeling of aversion for these farewells. My work here in Foochow has been so many sided and has extended over so large a field that I had not realized how attached I had become to the Chinese with who and among whom we have been working.

Well this is the last letter that you will have from us, from Foochow for a long time, and I trust it is the last we shall have occasion to write you before seeing you. We have paid for tickets to Hong Kong \$120 mexicans. From Hong Kong to Southampton \$1232 mexicans. This makes \$1352 for the whole family from Foochow to Southampton. This exchanges for \$540.80 gold.

Your last letter brought the news of Uncle Charlie's death. *[Husband of Willard's mother's sister, Hannah Nichols.]* What changes we shall find in that home! I think more changes there than anywhere else. We are all quite well.

Hoping to see you soon
With Love to all
Will

*[This letter dated **March 5, 1903** was written by A.J Osgoode from Shanghai, China to Willard. He is sending Willard some photos he had taken previously. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

11 Chanfoong Road
Shanghai,
March. 5th 1903

My dear Mr. Beard:-

Sometime ago you wrote me asking to send pictures of a little group I took of the Pastor's family at Kin Chio Long. I have been a long time finding the film. It was so poor that I was afraid I had destroyed it. I found it the other day, however, and send you two prints, which I wish you would present to the good pastor with my compliments. I am very sorry that the picture was not more of a success. If I find the film I will enclose it.

I hope you and yours are very well. Please give my regards to Mrs. B.
You will doubtless be interested to know that I am moving my business into larger and more commodious quarters at #45 Shiangse Road

Yours very truly,
A J Osgoode

*[This letter dated **about April 8, 1903** was written from London by Willard to his mother. He had just received her letter telling him of his grandmother's death. He tells of the steamer trip from China to London and of the plans to travel on the new S.S. Kaiser Wilhelm II on April 15, 1903. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

West Central Hotel
Southampton Row W.C.

[About April 8, 1903]

My Dear Mother:-

Your letter to London reached me yesterday just before we left the S.S. "Preussen". I was in a way prepared to hear that grandmother had gone [*Phebe Ann Drew Nichols, born May 11, 1819, died March 23, 1903 of "Hypostatic Pneumonia and Bronchitis"*], because your last letter to Foochow spoke of her not being well and it came over me then that possibly we should not see her again. I had cherished many fond hopes that she might see the children before she died. But this was not to be.

We were on the "Preussen" just five weeks and 19 hours, - the trip was a very comfortable one. With the exception of 15 hours the sea was smooth all the way- an exceptionally good trip. We were pleased with all of our treatment and in fact with everything. Part of the way- while we were near the equator the weather was hot- and it was Sunday when we stopped at Aden and at Colombo so no curios could be bought- otherwise we could hardly complain with justice.

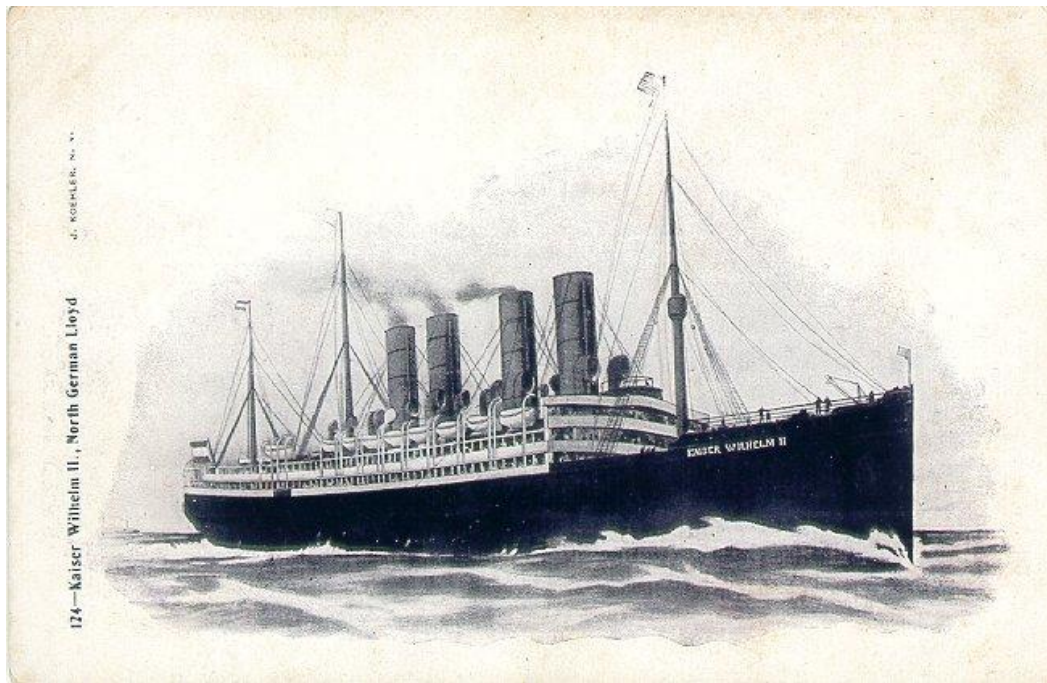
I have received a note from the Agent of the German Mail here in reply to my enquiry of yesterday that we have two cabins on the S.S. "Kaiser Wilhelm II" sailing next Wed. April 15th for New York. This is the largest steamer the company owns, and this is her maiden trip. She is nearly 700 ft. long 40,000 horse power engines, with a displacement of 20,000 tons. This is about 4 times the size of the "Preussen". On the "Preussen" it was our fortune to get the very best cabins really first class- altho we went as second cl. On the K.W. II again they give us best cabins in consideration of our having traveled by their line from China.

We are all well and happy, - left the "Preussen" yesterday at 7 a.m. at Southampton. Arrived at London about 11 a.m. We found a nice hotel with no trouble and all business thus far has been nicely facilitated. We are here during the Easter season so stores are mostly closed. I was fortunate in getting in just in season to find the Bank not closed- for a Bank holiday locks all money tight in England, and this Bank holiday holds till next Tues. morning.

I cannot tell about the arrival of the steamer in New York. As soon as I have the tickets - tomorrow- I will cable Mr. Kinney as I wrote from Foochow, and anyone can find from the Agents of the North German Lloyd in N.Y. the date and later the hour of arrival of the steamer.

With lots of love to all from all

Will



The Kaiser Wilhelm II

Goldman, Gary. "Great Ships". June 22, 2007 <www.greatships.net>. Our new policy on this type of usage is as follows: You are granted permission to use up to five images from the GreatShips Website and to excerpt text from the site as long as credit is given to GreatShips as the source of the material, and the printed URL of the GreatShips Website ("<http://www.greatships.net>") is included. No additional permissions are necessary and you do not need to contact us to secure use.

[The ship's list for the Kaiser Wilhelm II shows Willard, Ellen, Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy traveling from Southampton, England to New York and arriving there April 22, 1903.]

Norddeutscher Lloyd, Bremen, Steamship Company. LIST OR MANIFEST OF ALIEN IMMIGRANTS FOR THE COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION.

Line No. XV

Required by the regulations of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, under Act of Congress approved March 3, 1883, to be delivered to the Commissioner of Immigration by the Commanding officer of any vessel having such passengers on board upon arrival at a port in the United States.

680

S.S. Kaiser Wilhelm II sailing from Hamburg, Germany at Port of New York, 190

No. on List	Name in Full	Age	Sex	Married or Single	Calling or Occupation	Abile to Read Write	Nationality	Last Residence	Report for landing in the United States	Final destination in the United States (State, City or Town)	Whether landed in the United States	By whom was passage paid	Whether ever before in the United States, and if so, when and where	Whether going to join a relative, and if so, what relation, their name and address	Have in Possession of a return ticket, or if not, how and where purchased	Whether under contract to serve in the United States	Condition of Health	Delivered or Copied
1	Mr. H. J. Reinert	27	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
2	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
3	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
4	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
5	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
6	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
7	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
8	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
9	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
10	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
11	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
12	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
13	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
14	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
15	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
16	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
17	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
18	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
19	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
20	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
21	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
22	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
23	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
24	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
25	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
26	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
27	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
28	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
29	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
30	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
31	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
32	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
33	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
34	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
35	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
36	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
37	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
38	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
39	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
40	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
41	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
42	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
43	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
44	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
45	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
46	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
47	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
48	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
49	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
50	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
51	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
52	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
53	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
54	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
55	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
56	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
57	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
58	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
59	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes
60	Mr. C. Reinert	24	M	S	Engineer	Yes	U.S.C.	Germany	Yes	Germany	Yes	Self	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Good	Yes

*[This letter dated **June 10, 1903** was written from Foochow, China by Mr. L. Hodous to Willard. He apologizes for not writing sooner and tells Willard that the mission would like to have him back. He talks about his family and updates Willard of the work being done back in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, June 10, 1903.

My dear Beard,

Undoubtedly you are convinced that I am an old chump by this time. After receiving so many good letters from you to treat you as I have is shameful, but I am overhead in the work.

The mission decided that you should come back and we want you to come. Of course the final decision of the question is left with you. You are to decide whether you will enter the work or not. The mission cannot decide, nor do I see how the Board at home can settle the matter. From the standpoint of both these bodies, they can only say that you shall do work in which they are interested. Or I should say that they want you to do work in which they are interested. Money compensation from the Y.M.C.A. does not cut any figure whatever. The resolutions passed when Brockman was here simply say all over again in other words what we said last year when the question came up.

Now as to the Seminary- It is to go into the city and the building be located on land below Lonconlin Hall. The site is not bad, but rather removed from the church and on the outskirts of things. The boys are doing fair work. Nieng Yang is doing very well.

There is nothing new about the work- We do the same things in different ways. Next week the preachers will have a quarterly meeting. I trust that they will become interested in the study of Mark. I prepared an outline of the same which I shall give to each of them. Daik Kong's wife died a short time ago, probably cholera. The monthly C.E. union service continues with unabated interest. The Au Ciu church was repainted recently and cleaned up. The members paid 43 of the money.

Dr. Kinnear purchased the row of houses behind your residence for 1530 thousand cash. He is also negotiating for the temple. Probably he will get it. The hospital will probably receive its money soon. Some one died in West Hartford- the heirs of the person are willing to contribute about \$5000 to a memorial in honor of the deceased. I am writing this on my lap. Don't mind the crooked lines. As you know in transferring the property to the hospital there was some loss on the exchange. A committee decided that this loss be shared equally by the hospital and seminary.

Yesterday I took Anna and Jerome up the mountain. Jerome does not think much of Chinese scenery. He slept the whole way. I shall stay down until after the quarterly meeting. I shall board with Miss Garretson.

Miss Newton wrote you about Ming Uong. I do not know whether we can keep him in the mission. He does not want to go to the city. Some suggest that we make him Pastor of Geu Cio Dong, but that has its difficulties. I advised Miss Newton to try to get him for her school.

I am rejoicing now at the prospect of mangoes on the mountain. We shall leave plenty of them this year seeing you are not here. Other fruit is late. Strawberries just coming in. Bi-bas just passed their prime. Oranges all gone.

Jerome is doing well. He is a great comfort to us and especially to Anna. She does not mind so much now when I am gone a whole day at a time or longer. But you ought to see Helen. She is a bright girl laughing and playful, a little witch. She made profuse advances to Jerome, but some way he did not appreciate her kindness. Give my love to all. How we enjoyed all your letters. Several must have been lost judging from the pages. Yours truthfully,

L. Hodous

*[This letter dated **June 22, 1903** was written from Foochow, China by Mr. L. Hodous to Willard. He updates Willard of the work in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale from family in 2006.]*

Foochow, June 22, 1903

My dear Beard,

Enclosed find a letter from Si Du. It is hot here now. A week or so ago it was 94 degrees. Mrs. H. went to the mountain June 9th. Unfortunately it rained for a week after that time. The Seminary exams are over. We marked the boys and handed to each one his report and also posted the names of the highest. They did well. Mr. Peet was over one day and was surprised and pleased. Mr. Gardner came over for a short time. Both pastors attended. The boys did first rate.

Next fall we shall study Romans, Theology, Seu Cu Go, N.T. [*New Testament*], nineteenth century, Cu Ging church hist., Co Diong, Missionary Pioneers, Mandarin, letter writing, Gu Ung. In preaching U Go and Nieng Gang did very well. They had enough practice being only two of them.

The day schools are all examined. The school at the Upper Bridge is perhaps the best. The boys there pick the classics and have a fair understanding of the N. T. and the Christian books. They also studied arithmetic. Yesterday I examined four candidates at Ciu Mui and admitted none. I told you before that the preacher gave me so much trouble that I decided to have an examination there. The time before we examined six and decided not to admit any. I have hope for the church still. They showed a very good spirit when they were told that none of those examined were fit for church membership. I hope that we can admit somebody the next time, for I do not know how long they can endure the strain.

Did you know that the Mission is going to publish a paper called the Foochow Messenger, Dr. Whitney editor? I'll send you a copy when it appears.

I am going to the mountain tomorrow. We shall occupy Dr. Bliss' cottage.

Ponto is doing very well. The goat is still growing thin on the grass. The cat is a good friend. We are taking care of the pets as well as we can.

I'll write more when I get to the mountain.

My love to all.

L. Hodous



Standing L to R: Willard Beard, Elbert Kinney, Willis Hume
Sitting L to R: Emma Kinney, Phebe Beard, Ellen Kinney Beard, Dorothy Beard, Myron Kinney, Gould Beard,
Mary Jane Corbin Kinney, Geraldine Beard, Etta Kinney Hume holding baby Donald Corbin Hume
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



This is probably Oliver Gould Beard Sr. and Dorothy in 1903. Ellen's father has a white beard also, however.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



This photo appears to be taken at the ocean –possibly the coast of Connecticut on Long Island Sound near Bridgeport. The man with the white beard pushing the wheelbarrow(?) is probably Oliver Gould Beard Sr. and the woman walking behind him resembles Ellen. Some of the children may be Ellen's and others may be some of her nieces and nephews. Probably summer of 1904.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Summer 1903 at Century Farm

Children in front row L to R: Geraldine Beard, Dorothy Beard, Olive Beard, Anna Beard.

Second row beginning with Willard L. Beard, Phebe K. Beard, Gould Beard, Flora Beard, Elizabeth Beard.

Third row: Ruth Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard, Phebe M. Beard, Oliver Gould Beard (white hair and beard), Nancy Nichols Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard holding baby Oliver Wells Beard, Stanley Beard.

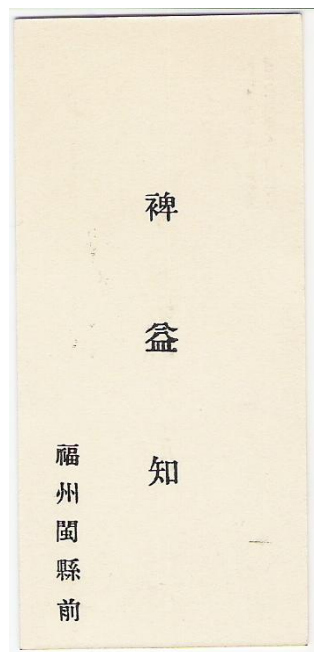
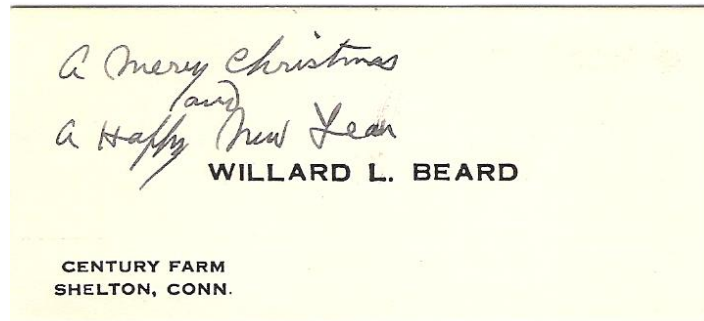
Fourth row: Leolyn Beard, James Daniel Beard, Mary L. Beard, Ellen K. Beard, unknown woman.

Back row: Grace G. Beard holding baby Gracie, Oliver Gould Beard, Jr.

[Photo from the collection of Edith Beard Valentine.]



Painting of Century Farm
[From the collection of Edith Beard Valentine.]



Willard's business card
[Donated to Yale by family in 2007]



Undated photo with no description
[Photo donated to Yale by family in 2007]

1904

- Ratification of the Panama Canal treaty
- July 1904- Flora Beard and possibly Aunt Louise Nichols travel to Europe for touring. Flora is 35 years old. Louise is about 47.
- Willard and Ellen and family are in the U.S. but leave again for China in December.
- Russo-Japanese War begins
- Willard is 39, Ellen- 36, Phebe- 9, Gould- 8, Geraldine- 6, Dorothy- 3



I believe this is left to right: Elbert Kinney, Ellen Kinney Beard, Geraldine, Gould, Dorothy (standing in the buggy), Phebe Kinney Beard, possibly Mary Jane Corbin Kinney in the back seat, and probably Emma Jane Kinney, and Myron Kinney in the back with the hat.

About Summer 1904

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Written in Willard's handwriting on back of photo: "Picnic North Woodstock Aug 3, 1904"
 North Woodstock is the area near Putnam, CT where Ellen's family is from. This would be a Kinney family picnic. Phebe Kinney Beard is the first child from the left, then Dorothy, then Geraldine. Gould is the 6th children from the left, or the first from the right. Ellen is the woman standing on the left side of the photo. Her parents, Mary Jane Corbin Kinney and Myron Kinney are the two older people sitting (he has a white beard) wearing dark clothing. Ellen's brother, Elbert Kinney, is in the middle of the picture sitting on the ground with the children. The other people are unidentified.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated **July 2, 1904** was written from a ship off New Foundland en route to Europe by Flora to the folks at home. She talks of the trip on the ship so far and of some of her fellow passengers. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[July 2, 1904]

Dear folks at home:-

This is supposed to be July 2nd by the calendar but to us there is no such a thing as time. Each day has been in eventless stretch of blissful nothingness as far as mundane affairs are concerned but filled to the brim with the wonders of the boundless earth and sky. So far we have seen nothing but calmness and beauty in the waves of old ocean. The sunset last night was the most wonderful picture I ever saw. It dropped a great ball of gold into the waves and left its light on the clouds for hours after. So far we have just dreamed the hours away. The heat has been so oppressive that no one has felt like enduring the exertion needed to even think. We actually had a case of sunstroke in the steerage quarters. Today the wind is northeast and people seem more ambitious. The boat is so filled with people that the impression you would receive of us would be that we were an excursion party headed for

a day's pleasure. I can't tell you of the pleasure the sea has given me. If it were the whole of my trip I should feel repaid.

There are several people aboard who look quite interesting. There are more than a dozen ministers here and school teachers predominate everywhere. Prof. W.G Frost is on board and I am trying to get up courage to ask him if he was Will's professor in Oberlin. Several Harvard boys are having several larks on board, and we are all having a quiet good time. I have met Mrs. Peck and had a nice long talk with her while her son was away- sleeping, I guess. He seemed very tired the first day or two out but yesterday he came around for a nice long talk with me. His mother told me that they are to return on the same steamer that we do. I shall be glad for it is very pleasant to have a home face here. So far I have not felt a qualm of sea sickness but am not yet ready to brag for we have had nothing but the most auspicious weather. We are just entering the Fogs off New Foundland banks and the horn has begun its intermittent blasts- which I do not thoroughly enjoy. The roll of the boat is so gentle that it is a joy and altogether the voyage will be one I shall always be glad for- even if I get sea sick. Some of the people have looked so forlorn and uncomfortable! [*Remainder of the letter missing*]

[This letter dated **July 5, 1904** was written from the *Aurania* steamship in the Atlantic Ocean by Flora. She tells more about the trip and gives advice to brother, Stanley on his sore fingernail. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



[July 5, 1904]

Royal Mail Steamship "Aurania"
The Cunard Steamship Company Limited

A week ago today we were leaving New York. It has been a week never to be forgotten! Not a moment of feeling sea sick, and each moment full of pleasure! The weather has been most beautiful and everything so novel that the days of [*have*] flown as never before. We have just eaten, slept, dreamed, walked, and talked the time away. Mr. Peck and his mother have made the voyage much pleasanter for me. It has been nice to talk with some one whom I have known. The members of our party are proving well worth knowing and I think we shall enjoy our summer together. More than half of us are of New England stock so you see I am with my own neighbors.

We have the Marconi system of telegraphy on board so that we hear occasionally from the business world. Yesterday the news of the Armenian atrocities were published as also the proposed release of Mrs. Maybrick [*In 1889, Florence Maybrick was sentenced to hang for the murder of her husband, James Maybrick, who was suspected to be Jack the Ripper. She was released from prison in 1904.*]. We have sighted a ship nearly every day we have been out so when we see every one going to the side of the ship we go, too, for it is the event of the day and even Aunt Louise could go to the window to see who is passing without being any more curious than any one else.

Right here, I want to send a piece of advice to Stanley about his fingernail that had something wrong with it. One of our party had the same trouble in the winter, and it attacked one of her toes threatening to keep her home this summer. She went to a physician and he says it is the result of a run down condition. His series of boils has probably used up the strength more than he has been aware of. So please tell him to go to a doctor before he is further afflicted.

I shall be so glad to hear from you again. It seems an age now since I have heard from you. The moving of the baggage in the hold makes us begin to think that we are still in the world with you. Tomorrow we reach Queenstown and then this will go on its homeward way.

With all love to each and every one of you

I am

Yours sincerely-

Flora Beard

Atlantic Ocean

July 5, 1904

*[This letter dated **about July 10, 1904** was written from Great Britain by Flora to the folks at home. She describes her travels around Scotland. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About July 10, 1904]

Dear folks at home:-

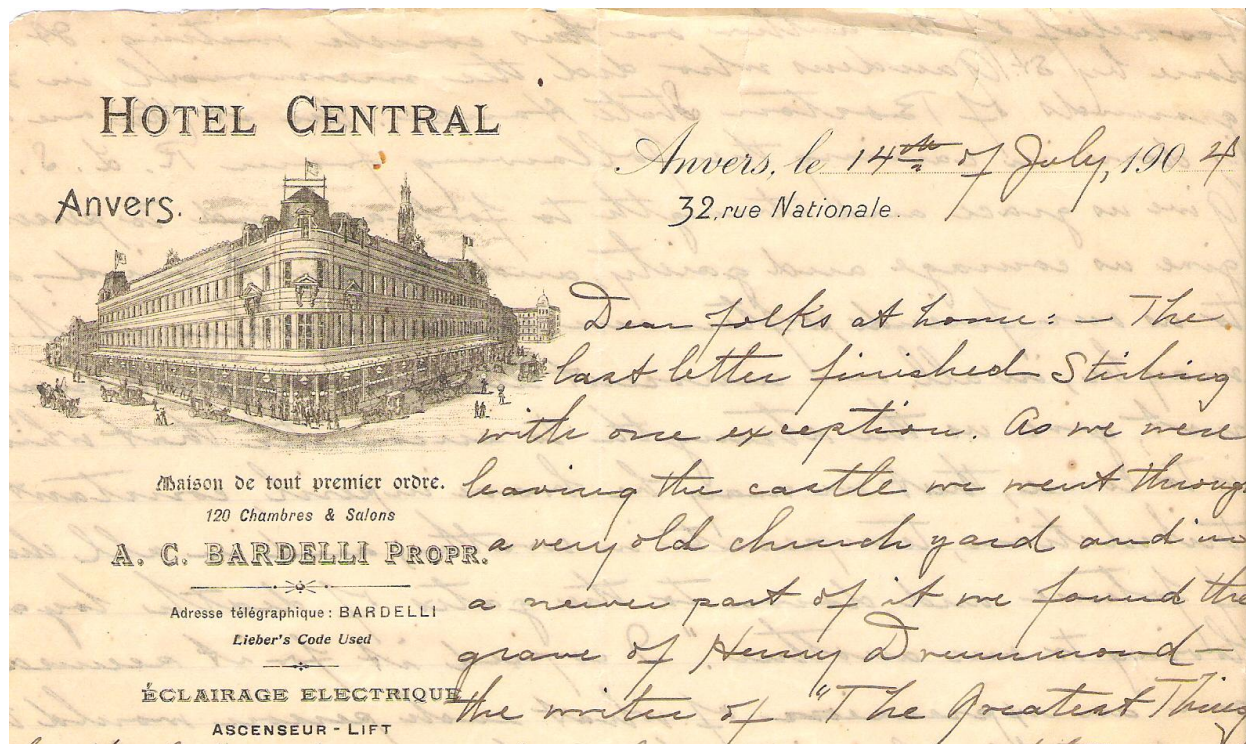
We have been on land three days and a half but it seems weeks. The only thing that makes us realize the brevity of the time is the incessant ringing in my head and the motion of the boat which have not left me yet. We reached Liverpool at the appointed hour in spite of five days of fog. It rose an hour or two before we reached Queenstown and gave us a view of the Emerald Isle that I shall never forget. The sun had not yet set- at 8 P.M. There lay the green landscape with all the shades there are, and back of it the clouds in their cold greys. In front was the ocean- a mass of green and blue. It was a picture in cool colors for over an hour then the sun broke out in the warmest, most glorious orange, and lighted up the scene and left its glow over all until nearly 10 P.M. The next morning we were out of sight of land again, but soon old England began to loom in view- or rather the island of Anglesea. It was not long before we were moving up the Mersey between two pilot boats- and then came the exciting moments of landing. Customs-House examinations was a mere form. Evidently the officer didn't know I was a prohibitionists daughter for the only question he asked me was "Have you any spirits, tobacco, or cigarettes?" We were met by a railway official who had reserved adjoining compartments for us in the train and after lunch in the Railway Station we started for our six hour ride to Glasgow. It was full of interesting things to see. The hedges, the homes, the farmers at work, the tunnels which we dashed through the mountains, the valleys, the flowers, the stations- everything was so new to us that we sat with our eyes glued toward the passing pantry. Everywhere were signs of thought and care and economy. Each little cottage and railway station had its bed of flowers so carefully tended. I have not seen a single garden that could boast of a weed. The houses are as neat as hands can make them in spite of what smoke and dampness has done. We reached Glasgow at 8:30 P.M. and went directly to our hotel- a tag of which I enclose especially for papa- as it was my first night in a hotel. It is named "Temperance Hotel" on the outside of the building. At a little after 9 P.M. we sauntered out for a little walk and when we went in at 10 P.M. it was not yet dark. These long days are most useful for tourists. The next morning we went to see George's Square- where there are 19 monuments- there we took a train to go through the lake region. We rode for an hour then we took a small steamer through Loch Lomond. The scenery was most charming. I wish I could make you to see the long green, unwooded slopes of the mountains covered with heath of heather as they come down so grandly to the water. The clouds were enveloping the tops but ever changing and occasionally leaving a patch of blue to enrich the scene. Then the Scotch mist settled around us and for a time shut us out from our charming view. We went to Inversnaid and there took a coach for Stronachlachar on Loch Katrine. The Scotch mist still followed us but no one minded- it's a part of the trip. The bits of scenery and the larger view of the lake and its surrounding mts. fills one with thoughts such as Scott has told us. Loch Katrine was everything I had imagined. It seemed as if Ellen's Isle might today be the scene of Scott's poem. It is still covered with trees and lonely with it's isolation from any inhabitants. Our little steamer took us all around it and there are a number of places where we could easily have missed seeing Ellen's little boat. Opposite, the hill is wooded and quite precipitous, so that we could see how easily one could descend unseen until he arrived at the water's edge. Oh, it was so charming, so lovely, as full of pactic [?] fancy that one could not help but feel the beauty of the place. At the foot of the lake we took the coach again going as far as the Trosachs [*Trossachs*] hotel where we stopped for lunch. Then came the famous ride through the Trosachs- a wooded glen- a most beautiful place with the trees arching over our heads and with occasional glimpses of the mts. and the lake. We crossed the "Brig o' Turk" a most picturesque bridge arching over the little stream- then came a long drive over the hills to Callandar. The mists had quite rolled away and we had a wide view of the surrounding landscape. Everything was green but the water and that was as blue as it could be.

Ben Ledi and Ben Venue showed themselves in all their beauty and the Devil's Pudding-stone stood out sharply against the sky. At Callandar we took the train for Stirling, where we visited our first Castle. It is situated quite similarly to Edinburgh castle but seems older and more in ruins. We crossed the drawbridges over the moat- now dry-and then began our sight seeing. We went into a little dark cell when we could easily imagine some one had spent many days in confinement. There was but one way in and out and that was over a trap door which covered a deep hole as black as pitch. We tried in vain to see to the bottom. Then we saw the places where some of the Scotch nobility had lived and perhaps been killed. The views were wonderful in their breadth and distance. At the back of the castle, down a perpendicular rock was a beautiful level valley where games used to be played and tournaments were held. Queen Mary was not allowed to leave the castle so an opening was made through which she could watch proceedings in the plain below. The draft which came through it would have given a modern woman neuralgia. We had lunch at a hotel and then took a train for Edinburgh- reaching here, about 10 P.M. We were ready to retire and sleep soundly.

Please keep my letters, for I shall rely on them largely for my diary of events. To-morrow we go to Abbots pond and spend the night at Melrose. There I hope to tell you about Edinburgh and my day at Scotts home and burial place.

Phebe's and Elizabeth's letters were most welcome last night.
Love to all- F.B. Sunday P.M.

[This letter dated **July 14, 1904** was written on Hotel Central, Anvers (Belgium) stationary to the folks at home. She describes her tours around Scotland, but saves the stories of York and Antwerp for another letter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Hotel Central
Anvers.

Anvers, le 14th of July, 1904

Dear folks at home:-

The last letter finished Stirling with one exception. As were leaving the castle we went through a very old church yard and in a newer part of it we found the grave of Henry Drummond- the writer of "The Greatest Thing in the World". Then we had lunch and after meandering about a while we took our train for Edinburgh. I have quite

fallen in love with Edinburgh. The city of itself is very beautiful and its historical associations are rich in numbers. We went to the castle first thing and it was a perfect delight to us that we could not go out once without seeing it. Its site is most commanding and the castle is full of interesting places. Here is the smallest chapel in the world, and right below it is a small burial ground for the pet dogs of the soldiers. Here I saw the Regalia of Scotland and the strong box in which it was formerly kept. On the way to the castle we passed a most beautiful monument to Scott- taller than any spire we have at home. We went into St. Gile's cathedral and saw the tablet which had just been put into the wall in honor of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is a bas-relief of the author on his couch writing. It is done by St. Gaudens who did the memorial in the grounds of Boston State House. On it (the one here) is done in carving the following from R.L.S. - "Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere, give us courage and gaiety, and the quiet mind, spare to us our friends, soften our enemies; bless us if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors, if it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath; and in all changes of fortune and down to the gates of death loyal and loving to one another." I copied it for it secured to me an expression of what each person would like to do. After leaving the Cathedral we walked over the spot where the "Heart of Midlothian" was, and entered the Scottish Parliament. Here we saw forwards and back talking with one another as with their clients. We went down stairs and saw one of Scott's original manuscripts- most legibly written. He used best one side of the page reserving the other for corrections or changes. In the afternoon we went to the John Knox house and saw some interesting things in it which I think I will wait to tell you about. On the way we passed through a most interesting street- narrow and old- with openings called closes or wynds or courts. Here lived in centuries gone by some of the celebrated Scotch writers. The houses and stairways are all of stone so they are probably just as they were in days gone by. We passed on to the castle of Holy road the home of Queen Mary. Here we saw the room where she supped and where her husband Lord Dawley was murdered. The chapel is very much in ruins- the top being nearly all gone. It still shows much of its beauty. The Sunday I went to hear Hugh Black and heard a sermon which I hope I may never forget. We left Monday morning for Melrose. A carriage was waiting for us which took us directly to Abbotsford- Scott's home. On the way I had the delightful pleasure of hearing a skylark sing while it was flying high in the air. Scott's home is a most charming house, rather palace surrounded by gardens most wonderfully arranged. It is so hidden that one does not see it till ready to enter the door. It is full of most rare carvings, tapestries, and relics. They represent a lifetime of collecting and an immense sum of money. It is at present inhabited by his grand niece. We came back to Melrose and after dinner we spent the evening viewing the ruins of the abbey. It is one of the oldest abbeys in Scotland- if not the oldest. The architecture is most wonderful. No two of the large windows are alike, and the variety of carving is astonishing. It is so fine that in some places a straw can barely be put through. The window was made in the form of three crosses- another was the crown of thorns- another was made in hearts- another a rose window and many of designs arranged in threes to signify the trinity. The next morning (July 12.) we left for Durham. Here one had a reminder of home in the posters all about town for "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show." None of us went for we had only three hours in which to see the cathedral. I am so glad that it was the first one I had even seen for in many respects it is the most wonderful. We had a guide to show us its interesting points who was thoroughly in love with his work and who knew what he was talking about. Here St. Cuthbert was buried also the Venerable Bede the Father of English History. The pillars were one of the wonders. They were arranged in pairs and no two pairs alike. We saw the cells where refractory monks were kept- the inner one was dank enough to suit me for it was totally dark. I climbed to the top of the highest tower and saw for miles in every direction. It is so late that I think I shall have to learn the tale of York and Antwerp for the next time. Ruth's and Phebe's letters were here tonight to quiet me which was most welcome. Very lovingly - Flora.

[This letter dated **July 17, 1904** was written from Amsterdam by Flora to the folks at home. She tells about her travels in York and Antwerp. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Amsterdam, July 17, 1904.

Dear folks at home: - It is Sunday morning and as I cannot understand the language and am tired I am going to stay home and write to you. It is very warm this morning and has been for several days. We have been so tired that we have slept well each night in spite of the closeness of these hotels. The lack of the ventilation in the houses and cars here is quite shocking to the American demand for plenty of ventilation. The canals make the Dutch cities most picturesque but one does not enjoy a close view or the odor that comes from them. They seem to be used as sewers as well as a means of navigation, and how the people keep well from the diseases that such conditions would produce in America is more than I can tell. Well to go on from where I left off yesterday at York- We had perhaps the pleasantest place to stay in that we have yet come across. The ladies who keep it are ladies. Their house is well kept and full of pictures well chosen. They had the prettiest yard back of it- they call it a garden. Several years ago they were digging for a drain and unearthed a Roman sarcophagus with a skeleton in it. The skeleton was removed but the sarcophagus is still in the garden. York was once a Roman garrison and Botham was used as a burial place so that that part of the city is full of old Roman relics. We saw lots of them in the museum- among them a Roman lady's hair just as she had coiled it on her head with the pins still in it. It is a lovely brown. We took quite a walk along the walls which surround the city and were once the protection of it. They are now entirely a restoration of the old walls and are broken in several places by gateways. The next morning we attended service at the minster, and heard the English church litany, and the boy choir. Then we were taken around the church and saw some of its wonders. It is very long and the transepts wide. Here we saw some of the oldest and most wonderful stained glass in England. There was a great deal of ruby colored glass in it but it was especially remarkable because the sunlight in passing though it was still white as it touched the floor. In the chapter house was a modern window which through most expensive looked like a cheap thing by the side of those rare and wonderful old ones. In the south transept is the window known as the five sisters consisting of five very tall and narrow windows with most wonderful designs in them. In the east end is a still larger window each sash of which is over a yard square and made of a most intricate design. This window is 78 ft. tall by 33 ft wide so you can see that it is a wonder. I think we could set a dozen churches like Shelton in the minster and then not begin to fill it. The choir alone would hold as many people as Shelton church. The whole cathedral covers more than two acres of land, so you can imagine

that it looks huge. On our way from York to Harwich we passed Lincoln and Ely cathedrals. They looked like huge elephants among a flock of sheep- in comparing the size of them with the surrounding buildings. They are all the more wonderful when one stops to think that they were built so long ago, when there were fewer people and when there was much less money. They are full of the most wonderful carvings, pictures and windows- all of which the present day productions are as nothing when compared or placed beside them.

We reached the steamer at 10 P.M. and went straight to our rooms and immediately to sleep. When we awoke next morning we were winding slowly up the Scheldt to Antwerp. The land was very low and level and we could look in most every direction and see sails- apparently moving through the land- but really on canals. We passed by strong fortifications on each side of the river- for Antwerp is said to be the strongest fortified city in the world. (One gets used to hearing such superlative expressions, for each place claims to be the most wonderful in its own specialty.) We saw some of the land fortifications later which helped to verify the assertion for there were double moats and double embankments with swinging bridges over the moats and soldiers pacing back and forth. In Antwerp we went first to the cathedral. Here we saw the first Catholic worship. Service was going on as we entered so that we saw peasants and other people coming and going and worshipping. We heard the organ and choir and the priests intoning the service and everywhere was the odor of burning incense. These cathedrals are so large that only a small portion of them is used for actual church service, so that we could walk about as much as we wished and still disturb no one. Here we saw the celebrated paintings by Rubens- The Elevation of the Cross and The Descent from the Cross. The latter thrills one with its likeness to death. There is another of his pictures over one of the altars- Assumption- which is much more pleasing to contemplate even if it is not so renowned. Later we went to the church of St. Jacques and saw the tomb of Rubens with its altar piece painted by himself, a few years before he died. In the afternoon we went to the palace of Plantin the first printer in Antwerp and here we saw quantities of old Flemish oak done in beautiful panels and carvings, and with some finely designed old hinges. The rooms in which the work was done and the old printing presses were very interesting. Then we went to the art gallery where were some of the finest works of Rubens, Rembrandt, and several others of the Flemish artists. Here we saw some famous paintings by Massys- the artist blacksmith- who painted for the love of a woman. After dinner we walked out to see the old guild houses and while there we heard the chimes in the cathedral. The music is so silvery.

This letter has become so long that the ink in my pen long ago gave out so that I think I will begin with "The Hague" next time.

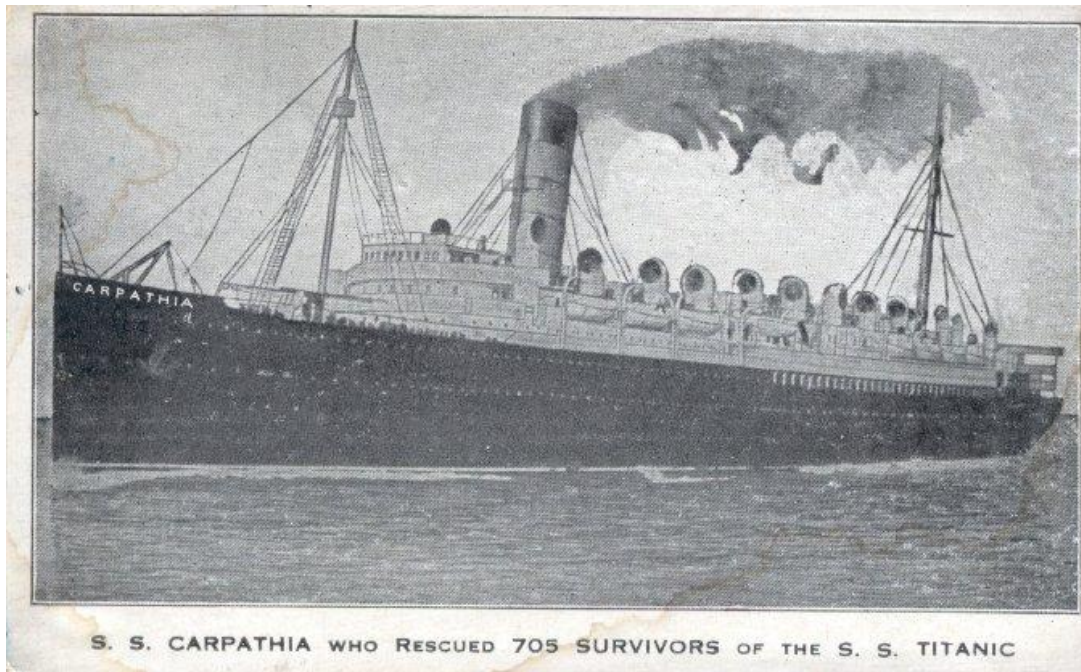
Am keeping unusually well so that I am enjoying every minute. With all love-

I am

Yours lovingly-

F. Beard.

[The ship's list for the Carpathia shows a Flora Beard traveling from Liverpool, England arriving in New York on September 1, 1904. This ship would go on to rescue survivors from the Titanic in 1914.]



S. S. CARPATHIA WHO RESCUED 705 SURVIVORS OF THE S. S. TITANIC

Goldman, Gary. "Great Ships". June 22, 2007 <www.greatships.net>.



Beards, Kinneys and Humes about August 1904

Back row L to R: Ellen Kinney Beard, Emma Kinney, Willard Beard, Myron Kinney and wife, Mary Jane Corbin Kinney holding baby Myron Kinney Hume, Elbert Kinney

Front row L to R: Donald Corbin Hume, Phebe Beard, Dorothy Beard, Geraldine Beard, Gould Beard, Etta Kinney Hume, Willis Hume

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **October 15, 1904** was written from Des Moines, Iowa by Willard to the folks at home. Willard reports on matters from the National Council meeting at Grinnell, Ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

The Congregational National Council and Associated Missionary Societies

DES MOINES, IOWA
OCTOBER 13 TO 20, 1904

DES MOINES, IOWA, *Oct 15* 1904

The Congregational National Council and
Associated Missionary Societies
Des Moines, Iowa
October 13 to 20, 1904

Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 15th 1904

Dear folks at Home:-

I am taking time to send you just a word to let you know that we are here and are having a good time. The meeting of the Board at Grinnell was fully attended with overflow meetings two evenings. \$1000 was raised at the meeting to send a son of Robert Hume to India, and \$6000 raised to start a new mission at Bihe' Africa- to be known as the Mrs. Sydney Strong mission, in honor of the wife of Rev. Sydney Strong D.D. of Chicago. He and his wife you will remember went to Africa on the Deputation of the Board over a year ago. Mrs. Strong died just a year ago on the return voyage. The telegram announcing the death came while the Board was in session at Manchester N.H. last year.

At Geneseo, Ill. we stopped at 8:25 p.m. last Sat. and came on to Grinnell by the 2:05 p.m. train Monday, arriving at 3:00 p.m. 700 came from there to Des Moines on the special train.

At the meeting of the National Council two matters of prime importance are up and are now beginning to make themselves felt. (1) The sphere of the work of the Moderator (2) The Federation of the Home Societies.

Last evening we had a meeting of the Hartford Alumni. Some 70 were present. Ellen and I got home at 1:00 a.m. today. We are a little the worse for wear today.

Our Love to you all
Will

I sent you an advance a day or so ago, and I have asked Elbert to send you an account of the Board Meeting.



Farewell Reception and Supper

**For Messrs. W. L. BEARD
and L. E. McLACHLIN**

**Scranton's Secretaries-Elect for Foo Chow, China, given
at the Young Men's Christian Association, Scranton,
Pennsylvania, Tuesday Evening, December Sixth, Nineteen Hundred Four,
from seven to ten o'clock**



WILLARD L. BEARD

The two we send
to the six million
young men
in the Province
of Fuhkein,
China.



L. E. MCLACHLIN

..... MENU

CELERY SOUP

OLIVES

PICKLES

ROAST LAMB

MASHED POTATOES

GREEN PEAS

ROLLS

ICE CREAM

ASSORTED CAKES

COFFEE

PROGRAM

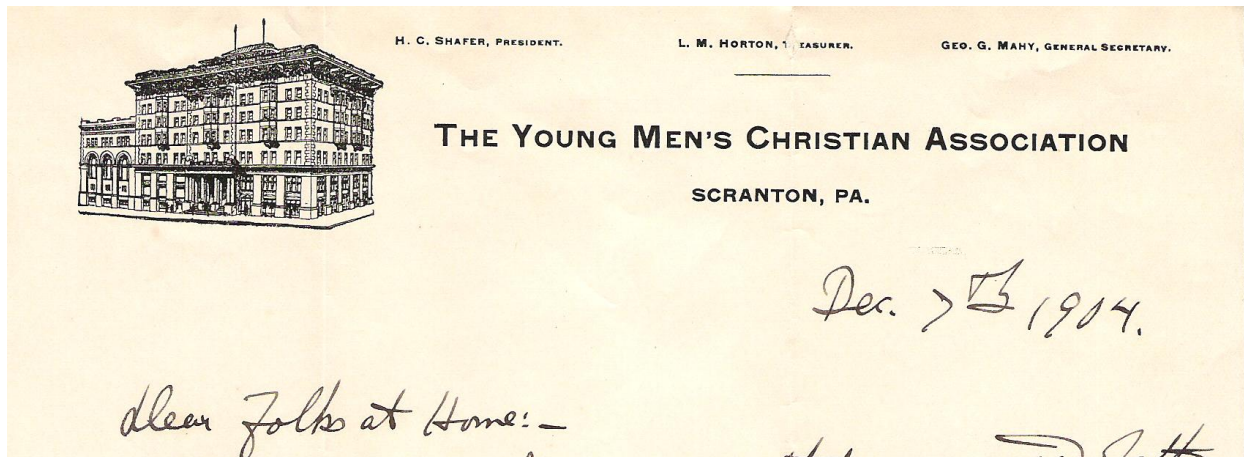
"Scranton's Opportunity" W. L. Beard

"Scranton's Response" L. E. McLachlin

"Scranton's Share" George G. Mahy

[Invitation from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated **Dec. 7, 1904** was written from Scranton, PA by Willard to the folks at home. He is to speak at a Presbyterian church in Scranton, then he and Ellen will travel on to Cleveland, Oberlin, Chicago and then Geneseo, Ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



The Young Men's Christian Association
Scranton, PA

Dec. 7th 1904.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I was sorry that we missed father and one of the girls at Oliver's last Thursday. But trains as well as time and tide wait for no man- unless he can catch them by the tail as I did the Scranton train that day at Jersey City.

Ellen and I had a delightful time here, as Ellen has already told you. But you must not envy the rich. We do not know what trouble is!

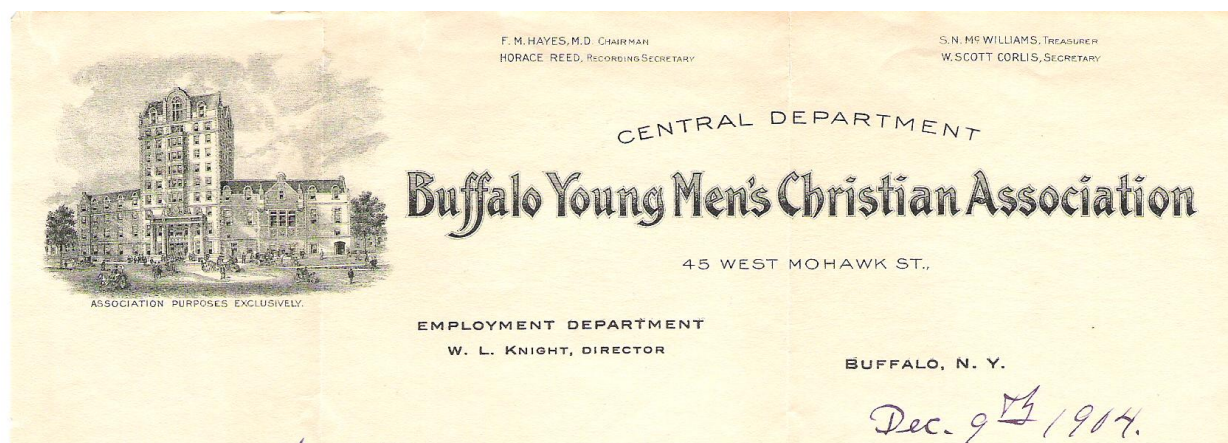
This evening I speak before the 1st Presb. Ch. prayer meeting at 7:45. At 11:10 I plan to take the train for Buffalo. Sat. p.m. go to Cleveland- and spend the Sunday with Goddard. Monday go on to Oberlin and stay till the next Monday, Dec. 19 or so then on to Chicago and Geneseo, Ill. for Christmas.

I am enclosing some of the fragments of the dinner last evening. If any of you are at Oliver's or he is up, or if James can get one to him I should like him to have one.

With lots of love to all,

Will

[This letter dated **Dec. 9, 1904** was written from Buffalo by Willard to the folks at home. He spoke at a Y.W.C.A. in Buffalo and will be leaving for Cleveland the next day. Ellen is back in Putnam, CT. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Buffalo Young Men's Christian Association

Dec. 9th 1904.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I am dropping just a line to tell you that all is well. Sleigh bells are jingling merrily all day, all over Buffalo. It is not awful cold but a little biting. I am wondering how the little girls got along while at the Century Farm and how Ellen got along taking them back to Putnam and how she got along packing etc., etc. This evening I spoke to one of Y.W.C.A. here and at the close a Miss Dodge, a classmate of Mary's came up and spoke with me. As I began this young fellow about 20 from Canada came into the room- a fellow away from home in a big city full of temptation- he stopped and talked and prayed with him. I cannot write much for it is time to go bed.

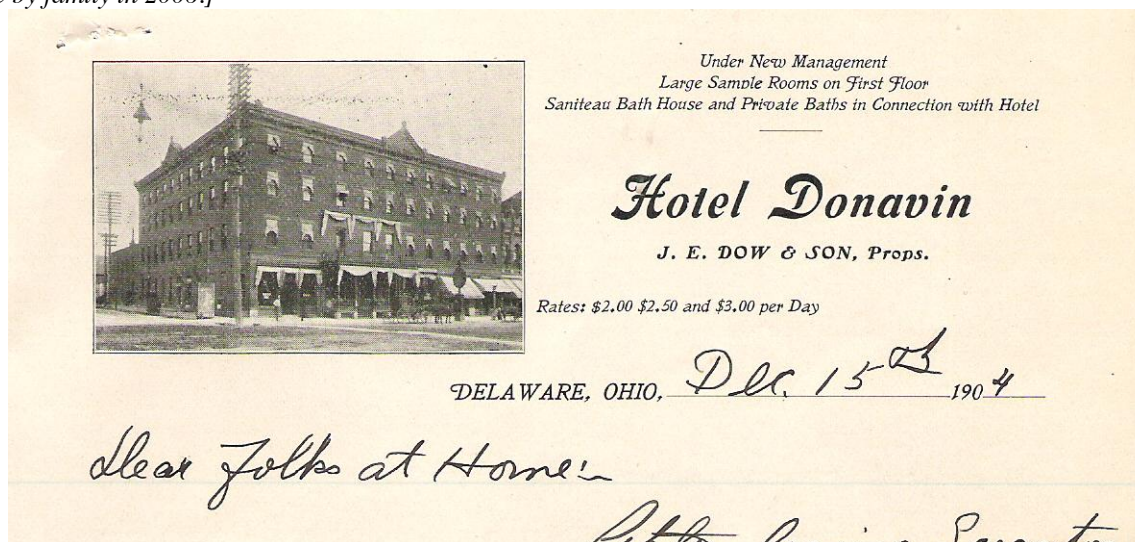
I hope mother is all right again

With Love to all

Will

I go to Cleveland tomorrow. Shall be in Oberlin, Ohio Dec. 15-19.

[This letter dated **Dec. 15, 1904** was written from Delaware, Ohio by Willard to the folks at home. He has been doing some business in Buffalo, Cleveland, Oberlin and East Liverpool, OH. Ellen and the children will be meeting him back in Oberlin, where they will begin their trip west to California and then on to China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Hotel Donavin

Delaware, Ohio, Dec. 15th, 1904

Dear Folks at Home:-

After leaving Scranton I went to Buffalo on Thursday morning arriving before breakfast. Sleigh bells were jingling merrily then in Buffalo and nearly everything was on runners, while I was there – until Saturday afternoon. They worked me nearly all the time. Saturday afternoon I went over to Cleveland and to Mr. Goddard's. They were well except Mrs. Goddard and the boys had colds. On Sunday I spoke twice. Monday I attended a Bible Class held in a shop at the noon hour. About 50 men were present. Then I spoke to about thirty business men who were at lunch at the Y.M.C.A. I talked while they lunched and then I ate afterward. Monday afternoon I went over to Oberlin.

There I found Daisy, Winnie, George and Norman Hubbard. I arranged for Ellen and the children to stop when they came, and on Tuesday morning I started at 10:30 for a place called East Liverpool, in Ohio near the Penna. Line and just across the river from W. Virginia. There I spoke twice yesterday. This morning I took a 6:50 train and came here by way of Columbus. I had a wait of three hours there and visit the Y.M.C.A. of the Ohio State University.

Arriving here at 6 o'clock I looked up the Lacy boys from Foochow, China. You remember one of them. Henry, came home with us last year, - as far as New York.

I plan to get back to Oberlin Saturday, and meet Ellen and the children there. We plan to be in Geneseo, Ill. for Christmas. Say won't some of you send us just a word there, since I left home and have had one letter from Mary and a postet from Emma, only these. I am lingering for some news. Address Care of Mrs. Ann Paul, Geneseo, Ill. Start the letter Dec. 22nd. [Aunt Ann Paul is Ann Eliza Kinney, sister to Ellen's father, Myron Kinney. Ann married Robert Bruce Paul and had 3 children. Two died very young and one, Addie Paul, lived into old age on the family farm in Geneseo.]

This morning the ther. stood at zero in E. Liverpool. It is warmer here this evening.

Trusting you are all well

I am

Lovingly yours
Will.

*[This letter dated **Dec. 20, 1904** was written from Oberlin, OH by Willard to his mother. The family is in Oberlin, OH at the Tank Missionary Home, a stop on the way to San Francisco and then further west to Foochow, China where Willard will be working for the Y.M.C.A. They are visiting people along the way and will stop at his Aunt Ann Paul's also. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Oberlin Ohio 12/20-04

Dear Mother:-

Your letter to Ellen sent to Putnam was forwarded to Oberlin. It reached us here this morning. From what she says you ought to have kept the dollar.

Before I forget it our address until next Monday will be Geneseo, Ill. Care Mrs. Ann Paul. We should reach San Francisco Dec. 30th. Address Care of Y.M.C.A. there.

We have had a very pleasant time here in Oberlin. Miss F. K. Bement came over and has been here all the time we have been here. Mrs. Goddard came at noon yesterday and spent the afternoon. There are several missionaries of the Am. Board here. We have had very pleasant rooms and entertainment here at Tank Missionary Home [*named after Mrs. C.L.A. Tank*], for very reasonable prices.

This morning we all called on George Widder and his family- you may remember he and his wife were classmates of mine in Oberlin. Then we just stopped at Mrs. Prof. Chamberlain's. We take the 4 p.m. train this afternoon for Toledo. I expect G.A. Lawrence my roommate at Oberlin to meet us there for a visit while we wait for the next train. Then we go on to Chicago on a sleeper. Tomorrow we plan to do some buying there and take the 4:15 p.m. train for Aunt Ann Paul's arriving at 8:25. We plan to start from St. Louis Tuesday, Dec. 27th at 9:00 a.m.

Father asked about the interest on the note. I should like to start another account in the Derby Savings Bank with the interest.

With lots of Love from us all

Will

[The following was written on back of this letter written in pencil.]

My fountain pen is dry.

*[This letter dated **Dec. 27, 1904** was written from a train near Kansas City by Willard to the folks at home. The family is travelling on a train after a restful stop at Aunt Ann's in Geneseo, Ill. Their travel plans were complicated when a train they had planned on taking was not running anymore since the closing of the World's Fair which was held in St. Louis. Ellen has lost her voice. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

5 p.m. Dec. 27- 1904.

Somewhere this side of Kansas
City, on the Mo. Pacific R.R.

Dear folks at Home:-

I wrote you while we were at Aunt Ann's in Geneseo. Those were four very profitable days to us as a family, for we were all very tired, and the quiet there was just the thing for tired people. The children drank so much milk that I think the pigs must have noticed it.

They have one steady old horse that the children got acquainted with Sat. and each of the three older ones had a good ride. Then again on Monday.

I spoke in the church there Sunday morning.

Yesterday just as we had got the trunks to the station it began to rain hard. This continued all day. We took the 6:15 p.m. train with the promise of a sleeper when we reached Peoria at 11:30. We changed at Rock Island all right, then the children all went to sleep. But they are brave little travelers and woke up all right at Peoria. But to my dismay I found there that the 11:30 train from Peoria to St. Louis was taken off the hour the gates of the World's Fair closed [*1904 World's Fair, A Centennial Celebration of the Louisiana Purchase held in St. Louis, Missouri.*]. I told the ticket agent that I must meet the 9:00 train at St. Louis for San Francisco. He said we could go by Chenoa and change again, arriving at St. L at 8:10 a.m. today. So we went to Chenoa, Ill. As we went out to take the train the conductor said every seat was taken and several were already standing. It was 2:30 a.m. I asked him if he had sleepers. He said upper berths, so we went to bed at 3:00 in the morning, and slept like bricks till 7:00. The train pulled into the union Station at St. L. at 8:20. This left 40 min. to present the order and have the

tickets made out; to get the sleepers; and to recheck the baggage. But I did it and had just three minutes to spare. Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin had the same experience. They are with us.

The weather was foggy and warm last night. About 10 o'clock today it grew colder and there is almost a blizzard on. Very little snow had fallen, but the wind is high and the cold intense. During the last hour there has been less wind and the sun had tried to look out of his window. We are in a parlor car that is booked to go right through to San Francisco. So we plan to make these four seats our home till Friday night or Sat. morning.

The children are taking it as a matter of course- playing 'Lotto', Dominoes, flinch and Hide and Seek.

Wed. a.m.

Last night brot to us all a good sleep and rest. This morning dawned clear and we all saw the sun rise. We are now speeding over the Kansas prairies. Gang plows are rotting in the half plowed fields. Little huts and sheds for farms with a wind mill and a few horses, mules and cattle are scattered over the landscape. If the farmers and others in Conn. would live as do these they would have big bank accounts.

It is a beautiful day.

We are all well- except Ellen does not make much noise with her voice. Lovingly Will

[This is a small collection of notes stapled together dated Dec. 28, 1904 and Dec. 30. First, is a postcard postmarked Dec. 29, 1904, Pueblo, Colo – not a photo postcard- and addressed to O.G. Beard Shelton Conn written by Willard letting the family back home that they are doing well and the children are enjoying the sights. Second, a postcard a note written on paper cut 3" X 4" written by Willard telling of when they expect to reach San Francisco and third, a note written on pink paper cut 3" X 4" and written by Willard's eight year old son, Gould, to his Aunt Mary telling about New Years in San Francisco. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Pueblo, Colo.
7:30 pm 12/28 1904

Thus far on our way safely and happily. I have sent a letter to Putnam which will reach you in time and you may keep. Yesterday and last night we had a good Kansas blizzard. It delayed us but no other discomfort. We are so late in here that we must lie over till midnight. This will make us nearly a day late to San Francisco- Saturday instead of Friday.

Today has been a beautiful day. The children enjoy watching the 1000s of cattle and horses and the prairie dogs. We all saw the sun rise this morning. I am writing this in the Yucca room in Pueblo.

All send love to all

Will.

Dec 30 - 9:30 a.m.

Dear folks at home:-

This morning we had to pull ourselves and the children out of bed to take a 7:15 breakfast in 20 min. But we "got there". I mailed a postcard at the station 650 miles E. of San Francisco. We started from Ogden at 3:00 this a.m.- so the breakman says, and for a change are on time. Yesterday the trainman tried to make us think we were to arrive at San Francisco at 7:00 Sat. evening. But these men on the Southern Pacific tell us that we will be in by 8:00 a.m. tomorrow- Sat.

The children are standing the journey well. Ellen's voice is still rather silent.

God has been very gracious to us.

With love to all fr. all

Will

[The following is written by eight year old Gould.]

Son Francisco

Jan 50

My dear Aunt Mary We are in the hotel and our number is 2157 and Geraldine is asking me questions. There is a star the dining and today we felt near it – quake. Sunday we red about the crocodile and the leopard Saturday the streets were filled with people and the boy had horns and the men were selling flowers.

The waiters play with Dorothy. We are going to sail in 7 days

Phebe has a doll it is 22 inches long. The people of Frisco used thousand of horns and tons of confetti to celebrat Newyears. I will tel you about as ive were going along I so some cattle and some horses gallop. Phebe is playing school. And Dorothy is sleping. I will right one mor I guesse will close so good by Myron Gould Beard

*[This letter dated **Dec. 29, 1904** was written in Thistle, Utah by Phebe Kinney Beard, daughter of Willard and Ellen Beard, to her grandma. Phebe is nine years old at the time and tells of all the sights along the prairies and Rocky Mountains as they pass in their train. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Thistle Utah.
December 29, '04.

My dear grandma,

We have seen so many beautiful things that we do not see where you are. We have seen prairies and the little Prairie Dog's, and cattle and horses that are kept on the prairies all winter. Prairie Dog's are like little whitish gray squirrels and they live in little holes in the ground covered with earth and sometimes you see them siting on the top of their hole. We see cattle and horses grazing on the prairies and in some places they were grazing where the grass is covered with snow. We saw lots of cattle dead for the want of water. They have very little water there but once in a while we see a river or a stream on these graet prairies. After crossing the plains we woke the next morning in the Rocky Mountains. There were large rocks and snow caped mountains and rocks that were red and green and pink and white, brown rocks. We saw a rock that was just red and black. We are going to be in San Fracisco tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. We are now six hundred miles east of San Francisco. There is a man and a lady going to China with us whose name is Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin. We have seen the American Desert that was something like the Arabian Desert. We had to get up at 7:15 this morning for our breakfast. We are all very well, but mamma cannot talk aloud sometimes.

When you have read this please send it to Aunt Phebe.

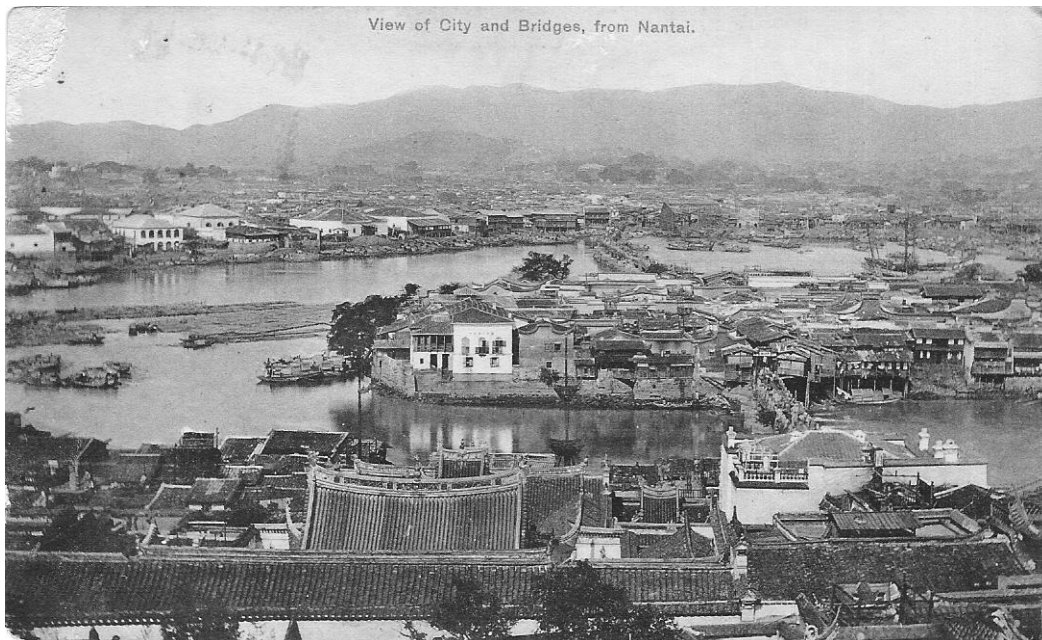
Give my love to all Phebe K.



Century Farm, Long Hill, Shelton, CT Probably between 1904-1910

L to R: Mrs. ? L. Beard [*maybe Nancy Maria Nichols Beard?*], Elizabeth Beard, Louise Nichols, Mary Beard, Ruth Beard, Stanley Beard [*Close up following page*]
[*Photo provided by family of Myron Gould Beard.*]

[*A family photo taken in 1911 shows renovations on the house that are not seen here. Also, Stanley (far right) was born in 1884 and appears to be about 20 years of age here.*]



Printed on front of postcard: "View of City [Foochow] and Bridges, from Nantai"
Written on back of postcard: "Don't this look good to you"
[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1905

- Willard's family moves back to Foochow February 17, 1905 where he becomes YMCA Secretary of the Fukien Province until 1910. He officially starts with the YMCA October 24, 1904 and ends February 12, 1910.
- End of the Confucian Examination System
- Willard is 40, Ellen- 37, Phebe- 10, Gould- 9, Geraldine- 7, Dorothy- 4
- Flora is 36

[A postcard with no photo addressed to Mrs. O.G. Beard Shelton Conn. postmarked from Pacific Grove, Cal. dated **Jan 2, 10 AM, 1905**. Willard is letting the family back home know that they made it safely to San Francisco. Postcard donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Pacific Grove, Cal
Jan 1st 1905

We reached San Francisco yesterday a.m. at 7:30. Safely and well. After settling the family at "The Occidental" I took the 5 p.m. train for here,- Callas, roses, geranium, wild flowers are all in bloom. Grass is about as in June at home. The farmers were plowing all along the way.

This is strange for New Years day.
A Happy New Year to you all Will

[This letter dated **Jan. 8, 1905** was written from San Francisco by 9 year old Phebe Kinney Beard to her Grandpa Beard. She tells him all about a visit they took to the US mint. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



San Francisco.
Jan. 8, '05

My dear grandpa Beard,
Saturday Mamma took us to the mint, to see Uncle Sam's money made. It was very interesting.

First we went into a room where we saw all the coins that were used a long time ago. Next we saw them rolling long peaces of silver and as we were going to the second room we saw briks of silver piled up by the side of the hall,- several tons of it. It was Spanish silver. In the second room too we saw them melting silver,- old Spanish coins collected in the Phillipines and sent here to be recoined and sent back to the Phillipines. We saw them pouring melted silver into moulds to form it into bars called ingots that were about a foot long 1 ½ inches wide and ½ inch thick and we saw him turn them out red hot. In the third room they were putting these ingots through rolling machines to roll them out long and thin. They had to be rolled through several machines to make them as thin as a coin. These strips were then sent to the cutting room where we saw them run through a machine which cut out the dollar peaces very fast. The tow [two] cutting machines in that room cut 300 peaces a minute. When the strips came out of the machine they were all full of holes where the dollars had been cut out and what was left of the strips was sent back to the melting room and melted over again. These dollar peaces are then sent to the waiing [weighing] room and all waied by hand and all by ladies. Then they are sent to the stamping room and stamped. Then they are all looked over by a good many ladies.

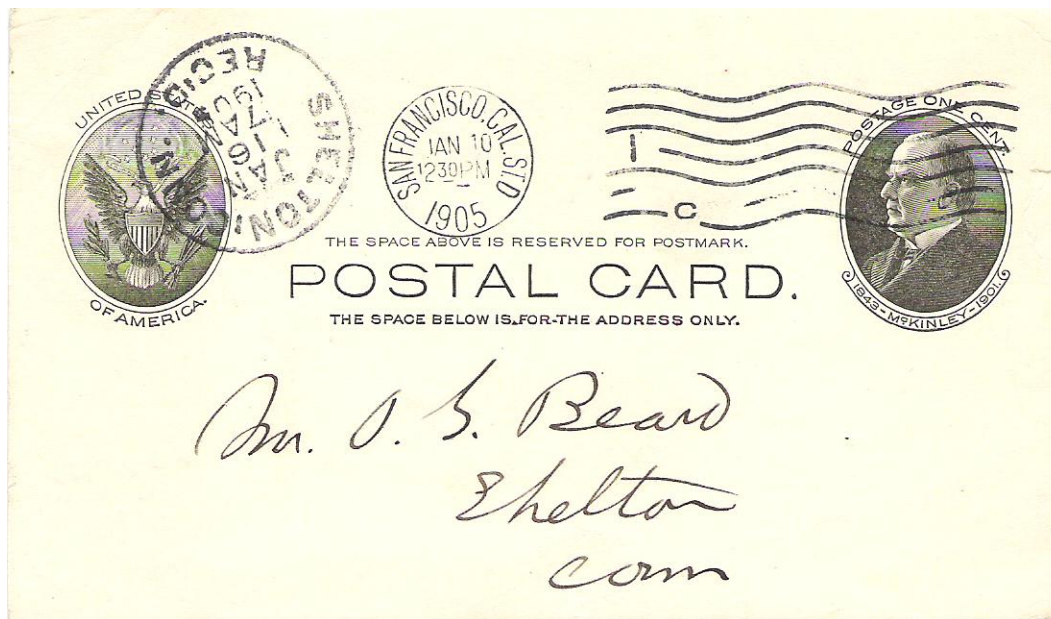
The first machine they went through in the stamping room was to put the rim on the edge.

The fluted edge was put on by die when they were stamped. The Spanish silver is so poor an equal quantity of American silver has to be mixed with it so they can work it at all. Befor they are stamped they are sent to the whitening room and by some process they are whitened. They were not making gold money. We are all well. With love to all Phebe K.

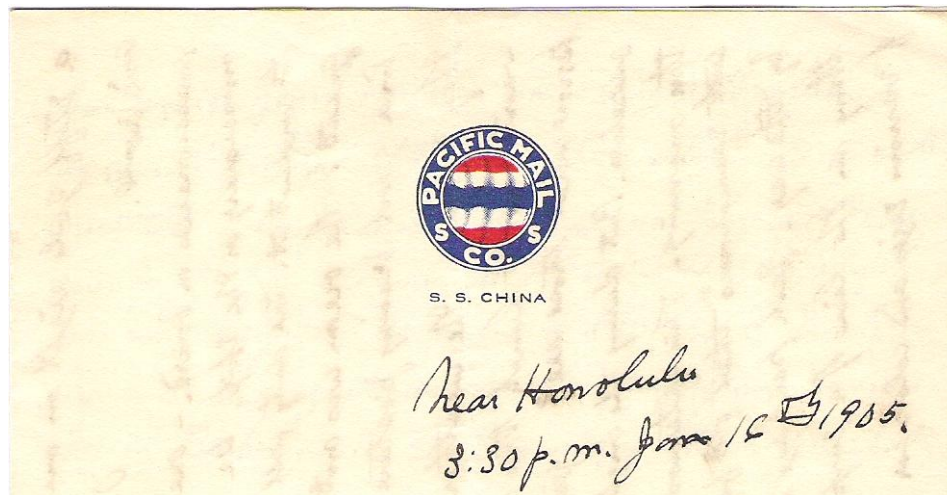
[A postcard with no picture is addressed to Mr. O.G. Beard Shelton Conn and is postmarked San Francisco, Cal., Jan 10, 1905, 12:30 PM. Willard writes that they are ready to leave on their trip back to Foochow. Postcard donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

San Francisco Cala
Jan 10-'05.

All is going nicely now. Our bags and trunks are on the way. We start in about an hour. All are well. One of the Foochow Missionaries who is now in this country and living near here is here to see us off- Lovingly Will.



[This letter dated Jan. 16, 1905 was written from near Honolulu, HI by Willard to his mother. The end of the letter is missing. He writes from the ship and tells of the various people who came to see them off. Many on board are suffering from seasickness. He talks a bit about people on the ship and the warmer weather. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



S.S. China

Near Honolulu
3:30 p.m. Jan. 16th 1905.

My dear Mother:-

Thus far we are safely on our way. The Pacific as usual is not pacific. Most of the passengers on board are wondering why this ocean was called "The Pacific." Our party took the steamer last Tuesday. She swung into the Bay at San Francisco at just 1 p.m. There were some fifteen or twenty boys from the University of California, whom Mr. McLachlin and I had met at Pacific Grove, at the dock to see us off. Beside these Mr. and Mrs. Dillon a Y.M.C.A. Secy. and Mrs. Dillon an old Oberlin acquaintance of Ellen's, and Dr. Geo. B. Smyth a Methodist Missionary who was with us in Foochow for several years, but who was obliged to return on account of his health was there also. I can not overstate the pleasure it gave us to have these friends at the steamer to see us start. Dr. Smyth was very helpful. He is one of the M.E. Secretaries now and lives just across the Bay from San Francisco in Berkeley, so he knows all the ropes about San Francisco.

We all took lunch as soon as the steamer swung into the Bay. But the social element did not play an important part in our lives for a long time. I wish Flora had been with us, - Oh, no, not that she might be sea sick, but that she might help us who were- that's all. Well we were miserable, and wondered why we had ever been induced to subject ourselves to the water again, and many other like wonderings. But all these did us no good. Phebe wished we had not come- or that we could change and take the train the rest of the way. But the captain kept right on.

We should make about 350 miles a day. One day our run was 237 miles, - a head wind was the cause. We should have been "Doing Honolulu" today, if it had not been for the head winds. We have had very little rain or cloudy weather- just a stiff gale right in our faces, that retards our progress, - and makes the ship pitch and roll.

Our fellow passengers are pleasant people. There are thirteen missionaries on board, - one Episcopal Bishop- I was told yesterday that I was the oldest missionary on the ship. We held a service last evening and after the Bishop had refused to conduct it, the duty fell to me because of my age and years of service. Doesn't that sound great? The ocean was not millpondish, but I made out to keep on my feet by standing in a good bracing posture and holding on to the table. The congregation wisely sat while they sang. The weather is perceptibly warmer. Today ladies sit on deck with white muslin waists on. At lunch this noon the dining room was furnished with punbahs [*large ceiling fans*]. Do you know what those are? Yesterday afternoon the wind let up a little and we began to enjoy ourselves. But during the night another gale was on, and it was a days work to get up to breakfast this morning. This afternoon had been pleasanter. Fortunately the children are less troubled with seasickness than old folks. Friends very thoughtfully arranged amusement for them by the way. Each package is marked 1st Day, 2nd Day, 3rd Day, etc. This makes something in the line of a surprise for them each day. Today it chances to be a pint of beads of various sizes and colors for stringing. The "big doll" has just made her debut this afternoon and a beautiful chain of golden yellow glass beads which mama Phebe has strung, graces the doll's neck.

Next Friday will be the 41st anniversary of your wedding. Our heartiest congratulations and best wishes then in ten days comes your birthday, - 62- our best wishes for many happy returns of the day. When I said "good bye" to you that cold morning it seemed so long before I should leave the country that I did not want to talk about it,

so I just said good bye in every day fashion.-4:30 p.m. We have just sighted land for the first time since leaving San Francisco. - We cannot enter the harbor at Honolulu till tomorrow morning.

Just before leaving the Hotel for the Steamer I got a pocket full of mail. This with all the friends there to see us off made a very pleasant departure. What a blessed thing friendship is!!- and what a host of friends God gives us in this world!! What must it be in the next [*letter was not finished*]

[*At a later date, the following "Index of photos" was found separate from the letter or photos. They apply to some of the following:*]

Index to photos

- No. 1.- Steamer deck, Phebe foreground, Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin in background.
- No. 2.- Children playing Lotto- Dorothy "mending 'tards" Ellen
- No. 3.- Snow scene- Shanghai Feb. 13th
- No. 4.- Scene in Inland Sea, Japan
- No. 5.- Canon (Eagle) Rocky Mountain
- No. 6.- Steamer deck- Ellen, Dorothy, missionary friends
- No. 7.-Phebe, Gould, Mr. Province
- No. 8.-Gould on main stay. Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin, Province, Phebe and a little Bohemian boy
- No. 9.-Children in snow- Shanghai
- No.10.-Opening package of dolls on deck under awning.
- No. 11.-Eagle Canon- Rockies
- No. 12.-Honolulu Harbor
- No. 13.-Ellen fastening Geraldines belt- Gould Dorothy examining binocular case
- No. 14.-As we left the pier at San Francisco

I have sent a duplicate of this to Shelton. W.



Ellen and (L to R) Dorothy, Gould, Phebe and Geraldine on board the ship S.S. China. Nothing is written on the back of photo.

[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]



Ellen tending to Phebe on the S.S. Asia – Gould is dangling from the wire according to information written on the back of one of the following photos which can be found in the Van Andel collection.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



I believe it is Gould who wrote the following on the back of the photo: "Phebe Kinney Beard on board S.S. Asia [according to letters it is the S.S. China], Pacific Mail, San Francisco – Nagasaki – Shanghai Jan 1905. In background, Mr. and Mrs. McGlocklin [McLachlin] who were going out with us to start the YMCA work in Fukien Province, China." *[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*



Written on back – Gould's handwriting? : "Phebe and a little Portuguese boy, Gould on the wire and Mr. and Mrs. MacLoghlin [*McLachlin*] of the Y.M.C.A. on S.S. Asia [actually *China*] Jan 1905"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back – Gould's handwriting? : "Gould and Phebe on Pacific Mail S.S. Asia [*China*] San Francisco – Honolulu – Japan to Shanghai. Jan 1905" [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Ellen and Dorothy facing the camera on the S.S. Asia January 1905
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **Jan. 31, 1905** was written from Yokohama, Japan by Willard to his father. He talks about shopping in the Japanese shops and seeing Japanese soldiers leaving on transports to fight the Russians. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

S. S. China

Just leaving Yokohama
 10 a.m. Jan 31st 1905.

Dear father:-

Yesterday I mailed a letter to mother at Yokohama. We spent the day on shore in the city of Yokohama, - took lunch at a restaurant kept by a Japanese served in American style. Then in the afternoon we went to Benten Dori. This is the street on which the Japanese shops are located- that is the shops that contain articles which foreigners wish to purchase. We found some pictures and some frames that took our fancy. We found frames for some of the pictures that Flora gave us.

The children greatly enjoyed watching the Japanese and also thought it great fun to ride in the rickshas. Not all the Japanese are yet gone to fight the Russians. We saw a lot of them yesterday. Three or four days ago 3000 left on transports from Yokohama for the front to fight the Russians. As we were in one of the shops we heard the tinkling of a bell and saw a slight commotion. The shopkeeper stepped out and brought in a small piece of paper- 9 in square painted in Japanese. He said it was a war bulletin announcing an unimportant battle near Laioyang in which the Japanese had been victorious. This looked as if the people were kept informed of the doings at the front.

The harbor here is surrounded by a fine breakwater, and within there are steamers from all over the world.

We started from Yokohama at 9 a.m. today, and are due to reach Kobe at 11 or 12 tomorrow. This is a new trip for us because we did not stop here ten years ago- our steamer touched only at Yokohama and at Nagasaki. We

feel as if the worst of our journey was over now, for the remainder is cut up into short trips of not over two days in length- one day to Kobe, one to Nagasaki and two to Shanghai. Then two to Foochow.

We are all well and have been so since leaving home- with the exception of colds.

We find the weather here cold- penetrating- not with a low temperature. But we want our heaviest clothing on. Yesterday was mother's birthday. Yours will have passed before this reaches you. We send best wishes to you both for many happy returns of the day.

All send love to you all Will.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 2, 1905** was written from the Inland Sea of Japan on the way to Nagasaki by Willard to his sister Elizabeth. He tells her about shopping in Kobe for china, silk and cotton velvet pictures and toys that the children picked out. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

S.S. China

Inland Sea
Japan
Feb. 2nd 1905.

Dear Elizabeth:-

Yesterday morning we anchored at Kobe about 10:30. Kobe lies on a plain about one mile wide between the sea and the mountains. The sea is full of small islands and at times the steamer must go very near them, because the channel is so narrow. Back of the city of Kobe the mountains rise quite abruptly to a height of three or four thousand feet.

Ellen and I took lunch with the children a little before eleven o'clock and then we all went ashore. The business portion of Kobe is quite small. The shops that we wanted to visit were all on one street and the Post office was between the Custom's House and this street. First we went to a China shop. Ellen picked out 18 cups, 18 saucers, 18 tea plates. Each of these sets of three- cup, saucer and plate,-match, but no two sets have the same design or the same shape. Then she found tea pot, sugar bowl and milk pitcher, and a bowl, then two larger plates for bread or cake, 61 pieces in all. They cost us 15.70 yen or \$7 85/100 U.S. money.

Then the children went shopping. Geraldine first found her hearts desire in a pig puzzle. You have seen it- a round box about 4 in. in diameter, and divided by circular partitions. The five balls = pigs must be rolled into the center enclosure = the pen. Then Dorothy found a nice little tin pail about the size of a large tea cup. Next Gould decided on a boat. The model of a Japanese junk- about eleven inches long, with rudder and sails, and Phebe found a small Japanese doll about eight inches high that would squeak when you pinched it and that had the great toe separated from the others, just as the Japanese stockings are made, so the doll could wear the little Japanese shoes. All these toys cost 24 cents.

At this point I left the rest in a shop where they sell silks and pictures painted on velvet,- both cotton and silk velvet- and I went about a mile away to call on one of the Am. Board missionaries. I chanced to go in just as the whole mission was assembling at this very house for prayer meeting and I met them all- only ten.

Coming back I found them all happily still looking at things. We then purchased one silk velvet and two cotton velvet pictures- spending our last cent- I do not know where I shall find money to tip the stewards when we reach Shanghai,- and then we came back to the steamer on the launch that left the wharf at 5 p.m.

We sailed at 10 p.m. This morning has been well nigh perfect. We are steaming thro the Inland Sea from Kobe to Nagasaki. Little islands are all about us. In the distance the snow capped mountains rise in sunlit beauty. Mrs. McLachlin said "Would'nt it have been lovely if we could have had it like this between Honolulu and Yokohama." I suppose the "Siberia" took a letter home for us as she left Kobe this morning. I plan to mail this at Nagasaki tomorrow. We are to arrive tonight very late.

All are well and all send Love Will

*[This letter dated **Feb. 13, 1905** was written from Shanghai, China by Willard to the folks at home. While waiting for their steamer to finally leave, the family is keeping busy attending various church services and visiting St. John's Episcopal College. Willard has noticed new development in Shanghai since his last visit. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Shanghai, China.
Feb. 13th 1905.

Dear Folks at Home:-

We are still at Shanghai. The China Merchants Steam Navigation Co. said their steamer was to start for Foochow yesterday morning. But Saturday noon they had decided to wait till tomorrow = Tuesday. This afternoon at 2:30 they again changed the date to Wednesday morning. We say this is the third and last call and we really think she will sail day after tomorrow.

Yesterday morning I attended a Chinese service in the Presbyterian Church and Gould went with me. We went with Mr. Lyon and his little boy David who is three months younger than Gould. He and Gould have formed a very close friendship. Ellen and the girls went with Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood to the Union Church where the service is conducted in English. Yesterday afternoon I attended the Chinese Y.M.C.A. and McLachlin and I spoke. All the Chinese young men who attended understood English so we spoke in English. Then at 8:45 p.m. I attended the foreign Y.M.C.A. meeting. How does it strike you to begin a service at a quarter before nine in the evening?

While we were at the morning service snow began to fall and by the time we had finished dinner the ground was well covered. The poor ricksha coolies looked forlorn as they waded about barefoot in the snow. This morning there was about four inches of snow on the level. I took a photo of some trees covered with snow and also one of the children standing in the snow and holding snowballs. [See photo below] Gould made a snow man. The snow was just right to pack nicely. It was a unique scene last evening to see four Chinese snow balling.

This afternoon we have been about five miles out to visit an Episcopal (American) College- St. John's. It is now vacation time, so we saw only the buildings and grounds. Dr. F.H. Hawks- Pott, the President, an American was at home. His Chinese wife met us very pleasantly and after having afternoon tea with them we went thro the buildings. We also met Mr. Mann, a son of Dr. Mann who attended Pres. McKinley in his last hours. I had met Dr. Mann in Buffalo as I came thru, and he wanted me to see the son here in Shanghai.

The children have twice been out to dinner and supper without us. Saturday they were out to dinner with the Lacy children and this evening out to supper with the Lyon children.

Shanghai has changed greatly since I was here three years ago. First I notice many large dwellings, business houses and public buildings on sites that three years ago were vacant. Then I see in all parts of the city new buildings of large dimensions in process of construction. Again rents are very scarce and very high. Mr. Lacy pays 85 taels (1 tael = about 75 cents U.S. money) a month, and 10 per cent of that for taxes in addition to the rent for his house which has no lawn and is one section of a large tenement. A movement has been on foot for about five years to put in electrics. But this would open up the country for a number of miles around as that residents could go farther out to build, and a few of the large property owners have thus far blocked the opening of the street rail ways so as to keep up the price of rent.

Tuesday, a.m.- We are still here, but plan to go on board the steamer this evening and start tomorrow morning at daylight for Foochow.

With love to all from us all

Will.



Written on back: "Phebe, Dorothy, Geraldine and Gould in the YMCA compound at Shanghai on our trip back to Foochow Jan. 1905."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Feb. 26, 1905** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. The family arrived at Pagoda Anchorage by steamer and then took a houseboat on to Foochow. They have found a temporary place to live and await their furniture from Putnam, CT. A reception for the new Y.M.C.A. Secretaries was held. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Postage to Foochow is five cents.
Letters enclosed in another envelope-
the inner envelope addressed to me and
the outer to Mr. D. Willard Lyon,
Shanghai, China will go to Shanghai
for U.S. Domestic postage. Mr. Lyon
will put on Chinese stamps and send
them to us.

Foochow, China
Feb 26th 1905.

Dear Folks at Home:-

We have been in Foochow for more than a week now, and nothing but a postal has gone to you from us. I have always found it very difficult to keep my correspondence up while visiting. We reached Pagoda Anchorage Thursday Feb 16th at 6:30 p.m. (One little girl has been furnished with paper and pencil- another with a pencil and Elsie Simester has been in and the children have promised to go up to Mrs. Simester's for Sunday School. In the midst of this and other distractions I had gotten ahead of my story and thought I was up to Foochow.) We reached Foochow Friday morning at half past twelve. One of the Meth. Missionaries - Mr. Bissonnette- met us at the steamer with a house boat. While we were putting the baggage on the house boat Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard and Mr. Peet came on board the steamer to meet us. We learned afterward that Mr. Hodous and Mr. Newell, a new man in our mission, came on the steamer from one side while we were getting off the other side.

A fine breeze and swift tide took us up the river about half way to Foochow. The breeze gave out then and the men rowed. Soon the tide turned against us and we made very slow progress. The three girls were asleep on the bed in the house boat about 9:30. Gould was wide awake and all about till after 11:00. When we reached Foochow all four were sound asleep. So we refused a very kind invitation from Mrs. Simester to come to her house, and Ellen and I remained on the house boat for the rest of the night. Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin went home with Mr. Bissonnette where they have been since. We all went over to Ponasang to Miss Newton's for breakfast. It was a pleasant coincidence that we went back to the very same spot to which we went first over ten years ago, but into a new house this time.

We remained with Miss Newton until last Thursday morning, except as we went here and there to dinner or to supper with the different members of the mission at Ponasang and in the city. Thursday morning we came over to the Meth. Mission and took three meals with Mrs. Simester, we ate at our own table Friday noon for the first time since last Oct.

We are now in one of the houses that belong to the Meth. Mission. We have the promise of it for only two months. At present there is no house in the business community for rent.

Last Tuesday Mrs. Simester very thoughtfully gave a reception to the new Y.M.C.A. Secretaries. Sixty adults and twelve children were present. It was a very pleasant occasion. Dorothy has just come to me and leaned on my knee. I asked her what I should write to Grandma Beard for her. She replied, "I witted her a letter and put it in a envelop." She has gone to look for it now. You may receive it if she finds it.

Yesterday was the first real pleasant day we have had since arriving. The day of the reception there was no rain and the sun shone long enough to encourage the people to come out.

We now have our beds in such condition that we are all able to lie down, and we have a rug on the parlor floor and a few chairs there to sit in. In the dining room we are eating on two Chinese dining tables put end to end and sitting in borrowed chairs. Our boxes that started Nov. 30th last from Putnam we hope to see in about three weeks. Then we shall be surfeited with furniture.

A day or two after we arrived I began to feel that the filling in one of my upper back teeth was getting loose. It dropped out while I was at breakfast last week one morning. A Chinese dentist put it in last Friday afternoon. He said it would never come out again.

We think of putting the children in school tomorrow. Altho school is in session only in the morning = half a day.

Dorothy is four years old today. James and Flora have just passed another year stone in their lives.

All send love and hope you are all well.

Will.

*[This letter dated **March 3, 1905** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Willard is working again on learning the Chinese language. They placed an order with Montgomery Ward for various items and his children, Phebe, Gould and Geraldine have started school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China

March 3rd 1905.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I began this and got thus far while waiting for the others yesterday afternoon to go to Mrs. Consul Gracey's for afternoon tea. The others were ready just as I had written the salutation. We had a very pleasant time, found several other friends there.

I am spending all my working time now on the language. You know I did very little in the written language during my first term here and I am trying now to make up a little. I feel like a boy in short pants just starting to school.

The mail yesterday brought a letter from Stanley. I had heard from you also that he now has only one condition. I am glad. A letter has also come from Phebe. We are glad she has got over the grippe.

Since reaching Foochow rain has been the order of nearly every day. This morning is a beautiful clear morning and we are enjoying it immensely.

We are just making out an order for Montgomery Ward and Co. of groceries, shoes and stockings, a little furniture etc. Our household goods from Putnam have not yet arrived, and we have a house equipped in modern style, this is the style is not like any style that has preceded it.

Mr. Peet and family are planning to start for America sometime this month.

Phebe, Gould and Geraldine began school last Monday. They go only in the morning for 3 hours. The tuition is \$50.00 gold for each child.

I preach before a few missionaries tomorrow.

Well I must close this now.

We are well and all send love. We pray for you all every day.

Will.

*[This letter dated **March 12, 1905** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He visited the Ha Puo Ga church of Pastor Ding and found they have enlarged it. He and four other men got up early in the morning in order to witness the Spring Sacrifice to Confucius. He tells about it and his thoughts. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.

March 12th 1905.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I wonder what kind of a day the 12th of March has brought to you. It dawned cloudy, but this afternoon is bright and cheery. I went over to Ha Puo Ga to church this morning. Mr. Ding's father is pastor there. He preached this morning. Mr. Ding's mother also was there, just the same as they were when we left them, now more than two years ago. The church members have enlarged the audience room since I was there, so they now have seats for two hundred persons comfortably. As I stood in the pulpit and looked about nearly or quite half the audience were familiar. The others were new comers or children who had grown and changed so much in two years that I did not recognize them.

Last Monday I played a game of football. As it always used to when I was in college it made me very lame. But Tuesday I played three sets of tennis and won two of them. Wed. afternoon I went into the city and spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. Hodous. They are in Foochow City now. Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin went with me. Thursday morning was the time set for Spring Sacrifice to Confucius and we were in to see it. The alarm clock awoke us at 2:00 a.m. Thursday. After a little lunch five of us men walked down to the temple. The highest official in Foochow leads in the ceremonies. The other officials assist. But as clocks do not yet run all things in China it is never possible to predict when anything of this sort is to take place. We were at the temple two hours before the ceremonies began. But this gave us a good opportunity to see the preparations and learn something of the meaning and manner of the ceremonies. We were met very kindly by two of three of the Masters of Ceremonies who showed us great respect and one who had less exacting duties took us all thro the temple. The form in which the ceremony is conducted seemed the all important thing in the mind of every man with whom we talked. To insure against mistakes in the manner of conducting the ceremonies, the Master of Ceremonies stood in a commanding position and gave all the directions in a loud voice. Opposite him in an equally commanding position stood the censor, with his eye on all the officials. If a mistake was made by any the censor has the right to send the officials name direct to the Emperor, and the official is likely to be degraded.

We missionaries were courteously given a good position so near the path of the officials as they went from their position in the open court of the temple, into the temple proper, that their robes touched us as they passed.

To us the ceremonies would seem very childlike. First the officials at the command of the Master of Ceremonies bowed, after kneeling, three times. Then at the command, the highest official rose and went into the temple and knelt between the table on which the fruits were placed, and the tables on which the pig, bullock and goat were placed. Then attendants placed in his hands the dishes on which were the fruits. He uttered a sentence or two over each and the attendant replaced the dish. After all this part was over the head official left the temple worshipping in different places. Only the highest official was allowed to cross the temple and go out thro the left door. The others had to return the way they came in. Then after the temple service was over, the officials had much more kneeling and prostrating to do. During the ceremony there was music, both social and instrumental, - Chinese of course. Some of the instruments were large stringed ones, but our guide told us all the men who had ever known how to play on them were dead and the younger generation had never learned.

This was called a sacrifice. But the sacrificial part consists entirely in the official taking the dish in the hand and repeating a formula. After the ceremony a large company have a fine feast. The aspect in the temple was most ghastly. The pigs and goats were dressed- all the hair being taken off and then the animal was placed over a small horse (wooden) and its head propped up so as to be in the same posture as when alive. The bullock was placed on its stomach on the table with the fore legs over one end and the hind legs over the other end of the table. The head hung down between the fore feet. The throat was cut and blood still ran from the opening. From the backbone about half way down each side of the body the hair had been removed by the same process as is used in taking bristles off hogs. The rest of the hair was still on.

Now what is the significance of it all? That was what we tried to learn while there, and I have talked with several Chinese since. All that I can get from them is, that this ceremony is gone thro with purely and simply in remembrance of Confucius. Some would have it that no idolatry is practiced. But I am satisfied that it is idolatrous. The spirit of Confucius is worshipped.

We asked Mr. Ding, who was with us at the ceremony, what the consensus of opinion was among the Christian Chinese – could a man participate in this ceremony and at the same time be a true Christian. He said most Christians said they could not.

There is much to be done yet before China becomes Christ's.

We returned to Mr. Hodous' house about 6:30 a.m. Thursday. I got a nap of half an hour. Then we ate another breakfast and Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin and I started for Kuliang. The day was just right for mountain climbing = no sun- no rain- not hot- not cold. I found some charcoal in our cottage and built a fire in the native furnace and we had some condensed milk which with hot water and sugar made a fine drink.

Friday afternoon we all went to one of the English ladies, Miss Stevens – an old friend of ours, to 4 o'clock tea. Then at 6:30 a reception was given to us by the students in the Meth Anglo Chinese College and after this was over we had to go to meet two ladies who have just come from the interior- up the Yangste river five weeks travel by boat to Hankow.

We are all well. Dorothy is getting fat every day. The others are in school in the morning, and hard at play in the afternoon. Ellen was never in better health, and I am getting fat. Thus far I have stuck close to the study of the character. Next week Tuesday I plan to go to Ing Hok for a two weeks trip. Possibly Mr. and Mrs. Mac may go with me.

Mr. Peet and family plan to sail for San Francisco Apr. 12 from Shanghai.

With lots of love from us all to you all at home, in B-port, South Orange, Framingham, South Hadley, Shelton, etc.

Will.

*[This letter dated **March 17, 1905** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe. He is sending on a letter from his daughter, Dorothy, who has taken up letter writing. The Y.M.C.A. day and evening classes have begun and the building is being repaired. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.

March 17th 1905

Dear Phebe:-

Gould and I were in the city from Friday evening till yesterday, and as I came to my desk last evening I found letters addressed to lots of people in China and in the U.S.- one to you in a large blue envelope, the most imposing one of the lot. Opening it I found Miss Dorothy's name at the end of the epistle. She is getting to be a big expense in this line. But I'm glad to do it, for it is a good education for the children and then I have a faint hope that it will in some small measure atone for the remissness of their parents in the line of letter writing. I am sorry that it is so difficult to find time to write, and during the past three years I keep thinking "this is only a temporary rush, when this line of work is on its feet I'll have more time" but the rushes keep coming. Now that the Y.M.C.A. day and evening classes are begun and the building is getting nearly repaired things begin to assume shape and chaos is disappearing.

Mar 21st

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wade Hicks, Assistant Sec'y of the Am. Board reached here yesterday and took dinner with us.

All are well. Gould is in the city with Vernon Peet over Sunday.

All send Love


Will.

*[This letter dated **March 19, 1905** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He tells of his struggles learning the Chinese written language. An English battleship came into the area and Willard and others enjoyed playing football with a couple of them. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China

March, 19th 1905.

Dear folks at Home:-

Sunday has come again. Thus far it has been a real rest day for me. The only work that I have had to do on Sunday since reaching Foochow, was to preach in English on Sunday afternoon. In fact when I compare my work since arriving this time with what I was doing two years ago when we left Foochow, it seems very insignificant. Each day is much like every other. At 9:00 a.m. I sit down with my Chinese teacher and "The Four Books," and try to read one of them. Yesterday I finished one of them entitled "The Great Learning." It is hardly the truth however to say that I have finished it. For I can only read the Chinese, that is I can give the sounds of the characters = read it. These are all classical sounds and convey no meaning. I have read whole pages without getting a single idea of the meaning of it all. The character  is read wak. It is never used in the spoken language, but it means "to speak" so when I translate I must say; "gong" instead of 'wak'. Then to make the reading sound well a great many characters are inserted at the beginning and end of some of the sentences, which have no meaning and in translating these are simply passed over.

Then in addition to the translating I must learn to recognize all the characters when they stand alone. I find it is one thing to know the sound of a character when reading as I see it in its connection with other characters and quite another to recognize it when all alone by itself on a little piece of paste board.

For three hours in the morning I study with the teacher, and then in the afternoon I put in about two hours more with the teacher and another hour by myself. I have purposely kept pretty much to myself. This next week I am to begin some work. Next Tuesday evening I have been asked to translate an address for Mr. McLachlin, and on Thursday evening I speak in Chinese myself. These addresses are a part of a series of revival meetings held this next week in the Anglo Chinese College. Then on Friday morning I plan to start for Ing Hok, to be gone for about two weeks.

Last week I wrote that spring seemed to be coming. I must have scared it I think for the past week has been a cold rainy one, with almost no sunshine. Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin are quite disgusted with Foochow weather. But with the first of April so near at hand we must have warmer weather very soon.

The diversion this last week was a fine game of football Monday afternoon- at which we had two men from the battleship "Columbia" English- these fellows thought they were a little above Foochowites and when the game began to go against the side on which one of them was playing he got rather rough. I had the pleasure of bumping into him once and of seeing him roll in fine style on the ground. You know I used to play center rush in Oberlin.

Then on Thursday evening there was a big fire just across the river, that caused quite a commotion. On Friday afternoon the band from a German Gun Boat came up to Foochow and played at the German Consulate. All the foreigners in port were invited. The Fete was to have been on the lawn, but it rained so hard that all had to be held in the Consulate. This was a very pleasant and enjoyable occasion. As I sat or stood in different parts of the Consulate I heard English, French, German and Chinese spoken. Gould and Geraldine went with us and enjoyed it immensely.

We sent the family picture to Mr. Ding a few days ago, and I enclose the note he sent in acknowledgement.

We are getting anxious for another American mail. The last one brought us no letters. We are all well, and still waiting for our furniture and other things in the boxes that we started from Putnam more than a month before we started from San Francisco.

I wish you could see some of the flowers that beautify many of the lawns of the foreigners here in Foochow. Callas, prim roses, English violets, geraniums, freesias etc. are now in bloom.

I think I did not tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Peet, Ruth and Vernon plan to sail for the U.S. on the "Siberia" April 19th. They will spend only a part of their time in West Haven.

7:30 p.m.

The children have kissed me good night and have gone to bed. As Dorothy was about to leave I asked her what I should say to Grandma Beard for her. She said "We have a play house, and Phebe has a big doll." I think you saw the large doll that Mrs. Boies of Scranton, Pa. gave to Phebe. It has been the admiration of all three girls. Dorothy's greatest grief these days, comes when Phebe takes that doll out and does not allow her to hold it. Tell Flora Dorothy is developing very fast. I wonder if you are planning to send a box to us in the Am. Board, June shipment. Mr. John G. Hosmer promised or rather offered to forward any cases for us in the regular mission shipment. If you have any little things only to send, it might be well for you to correspond with the people in Putnam and combine. The charges would be less in that way.

This will reach you about Easter time. I wonder if all the "peoples" will be home at that time.

We all send love to all.

Will

[This letter dated April 8, 1905 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. The first part of letter is typewritten. Willard just spent a rainy two weeks with Mr. Smith in the Ing Hok missionary field where Christianity is spreading. About 4 -5 months after shipping their furniture from CT, it arrived in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
April, 8th, 1905.

Dear Folks at Home:-

A letter came from Phebe last evening. Enclosed was a letter from Mother to Phebe, also the receipt for the payment of my Life Insurance. I had forgotten that I had spoken to Father about it, so I sent the Company a private check on mine from Yokohama. The check was returned and came to me yesterday. So it is all straight.

I am enclosing a check to Father for the amount \$27.86 on the First National Bank of Putnam.

The last two weeks I have spent in the Ing Hok field with Mr. Smith. We have had a good time. The weather has not been pleasant but we have escaped rain. One or two days the roads were very muddy and we had wet feet all day but with a tub of hot water when we arrived at the chapels late in the afternoon and then dry foot gear all round we were quite comfortable. The weather is still cold and we did not suffer from the heat as we feared.

I suppose I should first tell you of the fine girl into which Helen Huntington Smith has grown, and of the fine big two months old boy, Huntington Thomas Smith that I found there at the central station of the Ing Hok field. I spent three different nights in three places where there were no Christians two years ago. The first night was in a Christian's home. He was most glad to have us stay with him, and he preached to the neighbors who came in that evening the best sermon of any of us. This man and his brother must take turns in going to church. They walk twelve miles to church and one of them is there every Sunday. How is that for some people who

[the following is handwritten]

Sunday April 9th:-

(I was called away yesterday just as I had finished the line) think if they live fifteen minutes from the church and it is cloudy, that they are justified in staying at home? The second night we spent in the chapel at Ngu Deng Muoi. The preacher here is of my old students in the Seminary. I was much rejoiced to find him in a growing work and every where spoken well of. We slept at Ngu Deng Muoi that night and had a good time with the Christians. Friday we walked on to Sung Kau. Another Seminary graduate is here. Then Saturday we went on to Diong Keng. Sunday we held Communion at Diong Keng in the morning and at Sung Kau in the afternoon. These places are seven miles apart.

Monday we started from Sung Kau to go up into the mountains. While we were taking our lunch in an inn the rain fell in torrents. It ceased just as we were ready to start on. But you should have seen the roads we walked over- rather thro. The mud was ankle deep in many places. I wore a pair of cloth tennis shoes and it is unnecessary to add that my feet were wet. We climbed about 3000 feet up the mountain and found a nice new church built by a Christian man in a region called Sa Sang where two years ago a big feast was held and the people all bound themselves not to accept Christianity. This very house was surrounded by a howling mob less than a year ago and the Christian was threatened by his neighbors. Now those very neighbors are attending church and learning the Truth. One of the graduates of the Seminary is living in this place as the preacher, with his wife, his wife's mother and his little daughter.

The next morning we walked on seven miles to another chapel also established since I left the field and found some ten church members. We administered the communion to them that evening. Two of the young men walked seven miles to the service and then walked home again after nine o'clock. I wish it were possible to get a picture of that service. We gathered in a small upper room about 10 X 20 feet. There were about twenty of us. For lights we had one foreign lantern and three bottles (glass) with cotton wicks held upright by little pieces of tin, and without chimneys. For seats we had what at home we would call "horses." The ceiling- rather the sleepers to floor of the room above us were about six inches above my head. But such eager faces one seldom sees. Every word was listened to with the most intense interest. The leader in all the work at this center is a man whom I have known for five years and over. He used to smoke 40 cents of opium a day. In talking with him this time he told me that his opium now cost him about \$1.00 a month, and that many days he used none at all. He has a son 19 yrs. old, - a fine young fellow. The father has brought him up a Christian. He is a church member, altho the father cannot join, owing to his opium. The opium smoker reads his Bible and prays earnestly and intelligently.

Wednesday we started for Ing Hok city arriving about 4:30 p.m. Thursday p.m. I started for Foochow arriving Friday a.m. about 10:45.

I had been well on the whole trip. I found the folks at home well- except the three girls had a kind of cold sore on their faces. I had expected to find some quite warm days before getting back but the weather continues cold, and the rain continues to fall. Someone said that for 70 days we have had five pleasant days.

Friday afternoon McLachlin and I were invited to play hockey. We did. Mc got a rap on one ankle that kept him in bed yesterday. He is about today.

The boxes that contained our goods that I shipped from Putnam the last day of last Nov. arrived while I was in Ing Hok. As far as we have opened them they are in fairly good condition. The boxes you know were made of oak boards, many of them with the quarter oak marks. I am planning to start a cabinet maker on a desk for me tomorrow.

Phebe writes that she has engaged passage for Europe to sail next June. I hope she will have as fine a trip as Flora had last year. When the school marms have "done up" Europe I see no reason why they should not leave the worn out paths of tourists and come over this way. We can show them something worth while and something that few people have seen. They will thus be adding to the store of knowledge already possessed by the many at home. And think of the pleasure it would give us!!! *[The ship's passenger list for the S.S. Columbia shows Miss Helen Willard Beard (29)-Phebe and Willard's cousin. She is the daughter of James Henry Beard. Also on the ship's list is Miss Phoebe M. Beard (32), Miss H. Wakelee (29) and Miss May Palmer (25) leaving from Glasgow, Scotland and arriving in New York City on September 3, 1905. All were listed as being from Shelton, CT. May Palmer may be a sister to Myra Palmer, future wife of Willard's brother, Stanley Beard. Phebe's application for a passport on May 16th, 1905 describes her as follows: Age- 31 years, Stature- 5 feet 3 inches, Forehead- Medium, Eyes- Dark Brown, Nose- Sharp, Mouth- Medium, Chin- Medium, Hair- Dark, Complexion- Dark, Face- Oval.]*

Well this is long enough to make up for the long time during which I have not written- while I was in Ing Hok. - A good letter from Oliver tells me that all are well at home and everywhere else, - practically-

With love to all in which we all join

Will.

If you see Oliver- tell him to send those collars by mail to Mr. J.G. Hosmer, 14 Beacon St. Boston for W.L. Beard, Foochow, China. I will write him tomorrow if possible. But I have several important letters to go on tomorrows mail and I am afraid I'll not get to his. W.

[This letter dated April 16, 1905 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. They have been busy going to various social events and prayer meetings. The weather has been very rainy. He is interested in the revival in Wales and Dawson's work in Boston. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China

April 16th 1905

Dear Folks at Home:-

Sunday evening has come again and with it an opportunity to write a few lines to you. The thing that impresses us all just now is that the sun has been shining today and that it is very hot this evening. The children have been complaining for about two hours of the heat. The moon is shining brightly this evening for the first time since our arrival two months ago.

This last week has been a little more full of business than any previous week. Our boxes containing dining table, chairs, desk etc. had to be opened and the different articles of furniture set up. We found them all in good condition. I did all the work of setting up, myself. On Wed. afternoon another German gun boat sent its band up to the German Consulate to play and all foreigners in Foochow were invited to attend. We all went. Then Wed. evening Ellen and I attended the Meth. Mission prayer meeting. I should have said that a prayer meeting for all foreigners in Foochow has recently been started and held on Monday evening of each week. The object is to pray specially for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Fukien Province. We attended this last Monday evening.

On Thursday evening Ellen invited some friends in for dinner. In the afternoon Mac and I went over to Ponasang to attend the prayer meeting of the Am. Board. That morning we called on the Consul to see if he could tell us where we could find a house to rent. Every house seems to be full up here in Foochow. We also called on some people to see about holding a Summer Conference for Students,- something like the Northfield Summer Student Conference held each year about July 1st.

Friday afternoon the Student Y.M.C.A. in Foochow held a joint meeting in the city. Mac, Ellen and I attended. I spoke. After the meeting we held a committee meeting to discuss the holding of a Summer Conference. The city is about three and one half miles from our present house. When the committee meeting finished it was raining hard. We three had walked in and had planned to walk home. But to walk home meant wading thro six inches of water some of the way, so Ellen and I found street chairs for about three miles of the distance. We did not leave the city till 5:35 p.m. After getting home we had to change wet duds and go to Mrs. Plumb's to dinner. It rained hard all Friday night and part of yesterday morning. Some people remarked that they could not believe the sky could hold so much water.

Last evening again Ellen and I were out to dinner, - three evenings in succession. This great raid on dinner parties was due partly to the fact the Mr. Lacy has been down from Shanghai and returns tomorrow. You remember that we brought home one of his sons- Henry: when we went on furlough. Mr. Lacy was and still is a member of the M.E. mission here, and still has part in the work of the Press, so the missionaries delight to do him honor when he comes. He lives in Shanghai and has half charge of the M.E. Press there.

Today I preached in the first Meth. Church here.

The mail this last week did not bring anything from any of our home friends. It did bring our first home papers. It was interesting to read about Mr. Dawson's work in and about Boston. I wonder if the revival in Wales is as interesting to you in the U.S. as to us out here. The Congregationalist that came day before yesterday is full of Dawson.

I think of father as beginning the spring work about now. Probably the oat ground is already plowed. A year ago last Thursday night I spent with you at home- only father, mother and Stanley were there if I remember correctly. I arrived late and went early on my way to New York.

Monday morning:- Just as I was ready for bed last night, it began to rain or water began to fall from the sky again, and it came right thru the roof and down into the outside room adjoining our bedroom. I had to cover a wardrobe with my rain coat and some oiled paper. About 1 p.m. the wind blew furiously and this morning the atmosphere is delightful. The sun shines brightly and there is hope that we may get dried out.

The girls have had an eruption on their faces. Phebe and Dorothy are all right. Geraldine is not yet over hers. Otherwise we are all well.

All send love

Will.

*[This letter dated **April 30, 1905** was written from Foochow, China by 8 ½ year old Gould Beard to his Uncle Stanley. He briefly tells him about friends, school and a noisy mule. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow China
April 30 9105 [1905]

My dear Uncle Stanley

We have ben playing with a little boy and girl named Ralph and Elsie. We have a school right near our house it is a very small We have seven scholars We have for books. Our books are arithantic reading language and spelling. Im reading we are on page 110 how far have you got in reading I will end the school sentences.

There is a mule right in the oter yard he whinnies wry now and then he is very ugly he does not like any body but his master if we go near him he will bite us if we do not run if we

If we get back of his heals he will kick. I ges aie will hafto say good by.

Myron Gould Beard.

*[This letter dated **May 1, 1905** was written from Foochow, China by 8 ½ Gould Beard to his Grandma Beard. He tells her briefly about school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foocho China
May 1 9105 [1905]

My dear grandma Beard

We have some desks they are to hold in our lap grandma Kinney made them for us all of us have one even Dorothy had one they are white and dark-brown. There is a little box it has a little ink bottle and it has a pen and a pencil and a slate- pencil but there is no slate but there is a press nearby that has some slates their I will end this sentence.

I wished I were their two hang a may basket to you.

You did not think I am fooling I hope you are all well I have something more to tell you in the next letter give my love to Jennie good by.
Myron Gould Beard

*[This letter dated **May 7, 1905** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He has spent the last week going to prayer meetings, visiting the Girl's Boarding School and the C.M.S. Hospital. The Missionary Educational Conference and the National Y.P.S.C.E. Conference will be held in the Shanghai area soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
May 7th 1905.

Dear folks at Home:-

It has been two weeks since I have written you and a whole month since a letter has come from any of you. We are trusting that this is good news.

This last week has been more full of work for me than most of the weeks since I have been in Foochow. Tuesday evening I went into the city to the Foochow College to lead the prayer meeting for the students. About one hundred attended. I spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. Hodous, and led chapel prayers at the College on Wednesday morning. Wednesday afternoon the three missions met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hodous for the Monthly Concert of Prayer. Mr. Newell led the meeting and took for the subject the work of the Y.M.C.A., among students. In the evening I spoke to 250 girls in the Church Missionary Society's Girl's Boarding School. On Thursday Ellen and I went into the city again to attend the opening of a Hospital built by the C.M.S. This was a journey of about five miles. We are on the southern edge of what is called Foochow, and the Hospital is on the very northern edge.

The weather is very conspicuous for a few days. Last night with no clothes on we were fairly comfortable. Today is hot- say 97 in the shade.

Our house boy is home with the itch. The amah left a few days ago for sundry reasons. The washerman has been unwell for two days. We have one servant who is supposed to simply buy and prepare our food.

We are taking the Outlook this year. In the number for Saturday, March 25, 1905 is an article which I wish Stanley would read. It is by Henry Thomas Colestock, "Losing One's Religion" "A Student Experience."

One year ago to day I was in Syracuse N.Y. It almost makes me tired now to think how tired I was that Sunday night. And Monday morning after a "cold bite". I was off early to catch a train. Mr. J.K. Brown was in Syracuse with me and he was at the station Monday morning with not even a "cold bite."

All of our home boxes have come. We unpacked the last two a week ago yesterday. The things came in good condition. I have given some of the quartered oak boards to a cabinet maker to make me a desk. He growls every time I see him of the hardness of the boards. They have no wood as hard as our good oak.

The missionary educators of China meet this next week for a three days conference in Shanghai. About fifteen are going up from Foochow, beside several Chinese. The National Y.P.S.C.E. Convention is held at Ning Po- a little south of Shanghai just before the Educational Conference. The two coming so near in place and time make a big attraction.

We are all well and all send love

Will.

*[This typewritten letter dated **May 16, 1905** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. They are currently living outside Foochow, but went into the city for a couple of days so Willard could fill in for Mr. Hodous while he was away. Willard has noticed a decrease in idol worship in the last ten years in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China,
May 16th. 1905.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter to you I wrote one week ago last Sunday. Last Sunday I was in the city. I told you I was to go in each day for a time to take some of Mr. Hodous' work with the Theological students while he was away. And last Sunday hold the communion service. At Mrs. Hodous' urgent invitation Ellen and the children went also and we all were in the city from Saturday afternoon till Monday afternoon. Ellen and the children greatly enjoyed visiting the Kindergarten under the care of Miss Jean Brown. She had some carrier pigeons and sent one out by the children to return with a letter. The children are greatly anticipating the letting go of the bird. Miss Brown starts for home on

furlough in a few weeks now. She will probably reach Fair Haven about August 1st. I tell her she must surely go out to Century Farm and see you. Then she must also see the Putnam people. She is so near you that it will not be difficult for you to see her. Tell Stanley that she will be with her brother, The Rev. Mr. Brown pastor of the Congregational church at Fair Haven. If she does not get out before next term, Stanley must look her up some time.

I have been to the mountain today. Walked up the 2500 feet and quite a distance on the top of the mountain, then down again. It was beautiful up there. I was as wet as a rat when I reached the top, it was hot going up but while there I had nothing to complain of. I went up to plan for a few repairs that had to be made before we can move into the house.

Two or three different times since I have returned have Chinese spoken to me of the noticable decrease in idol worship during the last decade in Foochow. Yesterday while at a feast one of the Chinese said that ten years ago every year over one thousand men went on a long journey South from Foochow to worship a certain idol whose influence was supposed to be very great. Now he said not one goes. A few weeks ago I walked from here nearly into the city thro the main street. I noticed a few men with yellow or purple garments on and with boards or swords or chains about their necks and with little stools on which they knelt at stated places. I asked what the significance was, and was told that, the Chinese on that day worshipped Tai Sang (the name of an idol). But that the number of worshippers now compared with ten years ago was very small. Then I remembered that some eight years ago I saw this same thing and there were twenty men then where there was one now.

A letter came from Emma yesterday. She spoke of receiving letters from Shelton so I suppose you must all be comfortable.

We are all well, and all send love.

Will

[The following was handwritten.]

A photo came yesterday. Ellen showed it to Dorothy and asked her who it was, she answered "Aunt Leolyn" "What dress has she on." "Bride" *[Willard's brother, James Daniel Beard, married Leolyn Seaver Smith on November 24, 1904.]*

Will

*[This letter dated **May 30, 1905** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. It is a brief note to accompany his daughter, Dorothy's letter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.

5:40 a.m. May 30th 1905

Dear Mother:-

Dorothy has very faithfully written two letters- one to you and one to Aunt Leolyn. She brought them to me, and I laid them on the desk telling her I would put them with another envelope and send them. But this did not satisfy her. She waited till she saw them in the right one- then she was satisfied.

Gould and I *[are]* nearly ready to go to the mountain today to see about repairing the cottage. As it is Decoration Day there is no school.

Last Sunday I went about 10 miles from Foochow to preach and conduct the communion for Mr. Hodous. He came from Shanghai on Sunday- I must go now- we are all well and all send love.

Will



Geraldine in front, Phebe in back and Dorothy going for a ride in a Chinese carrying chair. This chair may be owned by Willard and Ellen. About 1905.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This typewritten letter dated **June 5, 1905** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He made a trip to the mountain with son, Gould and three other men. He discusses at length a new exclusion law that the US Government has made with China. He is planning a Summer Conference for students in September. Sister, Phebe, is off to visit Europe. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China,

June, 5th. 1905.

Dear Folks at Home:-

It was a week ago that I wrote a few words to mother. I do not remember when you last wrote but it was a long time ago.

I think it was on the morning of the day that I went to the mountain that I wrote to mother. Gould went up with me. We had a fine party. Beside Gould and myself there were Mr. McLachlin, Mr. Jones and Mr. Newell. The day was beautiful until shortly after we started down the mountain. Then rain began to fall and it came harder and harder until half an hour before we reached home when all restrictions were taken off and instead of raining the water just fell out of the sky. Umbrellas did little good. We had heavy coats so our shoulders were dry but below we were all soaked. The weather has been very trying for over a week. Dorothy is well covered with prickly heat. You would scarcely know her now, her face is so broken out with the heat which gives it a swollen appearance.

Word has reached China that our Government is making or has made (The Chinese do not seem to know which) a new exclusion law or treaty with China. Two weeks ago the Chinese in Shanghai were much agitated over the affair. The merchant's guild of that city met week before last and decided to boycott everything American. The articles agreed upon were practically these, - 1. Give the U.S. two months to make a treaty agreeable to the Chinese. 2. If by the 1st. of the 7th moon, about Aug. 1st. things are still not satisfactory, no Chinese will use any goods of American manufacture 3. No Chinese will ship any goods on American ships. 4 Chinese will not send their children to schools established by Americans. 5. No Chinese will join any American firm in any capacity whatever. 6. Cooks, coolies and other servants in American families shall resign and refuse to work for American citizens.

In Shanghai this decision of the Merchants Guild had the immediate effect of influencing about 40 boys in one school and 15 in another to leave and go home. The parents of some of them whipped them and sent them back. The fever struck Foochow last Wednesday. The students in the Anglo Chinese College of the Meth. Mission became very uneasy, but they had the good sense to ask for a conference with the Principal. He talked for nearly two hours with them, and the next day asked Consul Gracey to talk with them. So far as I know the air is much clearer in this school now. But to day it broke out in the Am. Board College in Foochow City. There were rumors yesterday. This morning at Chapel prayers Mr. Hodous was speaking and the boys began to shuffle their feet. Then when Mr. Hodous said something with which they could not agree the noise became greater and the seniors rose in a body and were about to leave the room. Mr. Hodous rose and tapped on the table and told them to be seated, at the same time ordering three of the seniors who he thought were the leaders to leave. He was obeyed. Then he asked some five or six young men whom he did not recognize to present their cards, saying that they always liked to keep the cards of visiting friends. These friends however did not care to give their cards and thought to leave. But they reached the gate to find that their exit had cut off. They then had to give their names. They were students from other places who have posed as Reformers. The boys who seem to want to go home do not know what it is that they wish to complain of, only they have a vague idea that in some way the U.S. is trying to injure China, and they think that if they boycott the College they are patriotic.

Well I do not know what will be the outcome but we do not anticipate any great trouble.

I have been putting much time and thought on a Summer Conference for students to be held in Foochow next Sept. 3-10. If all goes well there will be some thirty or forty students to attend. This evening I received a letter asking me to go to Hing Hua this week to visit the Association there for three or four days. The weather is very hot but I shall try to go down.

We are keeping well and shall be glad to get out of the heat up on the mountain as soon as possible. The foreign school has closed, and the children have all day to play in now.

We all send love, to all, and shall watch the mails for letters. Phebe will be off for Europe before this reaches you. I hope you will send us her address or rather her itinerary so we can drop her one or two lines direct from China.

Lovingly, Will.

*[This letter dated **June 11, 1905** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. The family would like to go to the mountain (Kuliang) but the wet weather has prevented them from doing so. They expect to have boarders in their house on the mountain as they have for past summers. Plans for the September Student Summer Conference are progressing. Ellen and Willard visited a tea exporter's store and learned about the grading process. They also visited a camphor business. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
June, 11th 1905.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Another week has passed with no letter from you. I wrote June 7th. My numbering of the letters this year has been defective. I am putting on this one "No. 5" and will try to do better in the future.

I am writing this letter on my new desk made of quartered oak boards, used in the boxes that our goods came in. I want to take a photo of the desk one of these days. Elbert thought the boards were a poor lot. I wish he could see the desk itself.

The weather has been very hot during the past week. The children are very desirous to go to the mountain. But it rains every day, and the choice between the excessive dampness of the mountain and the excessive heat here is difficult to make. Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin are going up tomorrow if it does not rain. I am planning to go also to see if the = our house is getting ready to live in. The Macs are going to keep house by themselves. This will relieve

Ellen of much work- for boarders add to the duties of the housekeeper. It will seem queer to be in a house by ourselves. The last three summers we were on the mountain, we had boarders and the last year we were in Foochow Mr. and Mrs. Hodous were with us and while we were at home we [were] boarders, visitors or in the same house with father Kinney all the time. And the Macs have been with us since we came back. The children are standing the heat well. Dorothy has some prickly heat but it is not making her thin. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Smith arrived from Ing Hok yesterday. They will be in Foochow a few days before going to the mountain.

Yesterday I sat nearly all day with the Committee on the Student Summer Conference that we are planning to hold here next Sept. The plans and arrangements- program etc. are well under way. So far the Chinese have taken hold of it well and the missionaries are very sympathetic.

One day last week Ellen and I accepted an invitation to visit one of the tea exporter's hong = store. We found thousands of tins of tea standing on racks. About one hundred tins- each holding about one qt.- stood on the table. These he said had come that morning, and it was part of his days work to test and record these samples. Each Chinese dealer prepares his samples in these tin cans and sends the cans with the number chests he had for sale of each kind to each foreign exporter. The foreign exporter puts into a cup a certain amount of tea- the amount is carefully weighed. The cups are of uniform size and an hour glass is used to gauge the time the tea is in the hot water. The tea is then poured off and as soon as it is a little cool it is tasted and at once ejected. The man will taste five or six or more samples in a minute, then he examines the color of the liquid, and the color of the tea both before and after it is steeped. For this examination a light from a North window is essential because it is more constant and has no glare. Then he feels of the steeped tea leaves and smells them. He keeps a careful record of each point and from all makes up his mind what the tea will be worth in New York or London,- wires his friends and if a favorable reply wire comes buys the whole lot from the Chinese dealer. As we saw them the lots ran from 200 to 1000 chests of 50 or so pounds each. The prices range from 10 cents to 50 cents per lb. here (gold.) We have bought two half chests of very fine "chop" = pigeon English for "brand of tea" and they are to be shipped to Oliver. Each half chest will contain about 50 lbs. +. One is for you folks and one for the Putnam folks. If you do not like it just say so, and we won't do so some more.

We were also much interested in the camphor business. Here they have produced the gum for only 4 or 5 years. The whole tree is destroyed. The wood is cut up and boiled and the juice is the camphor. The pure gum here is worth about 60 cents gold a lb. We were in the room with \$400 worth. It made our eyes smart altho the gum was in thick wooden boxes.

We are all well

All send love

Will.

*[This partial letter dated **July 2, 1905** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. The family has moved up to Kuliang and find the air very cool there. Because of the deportation of an American born Chinese, some Chinese students approached Willard with a letter they wanted to send to President Roosevelt and asked him to look it over and make corrections. The remainder of the letter is missing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Kuliang, Foochow, July 2nd 1905

Dear Folks at Home:-

My register tells me that a letter was received from Mother June 11th. I think Phebe has written to Phebe since. I wrote No. 5 to Shelton on June 11th.

We came to the mountain last Thursday. A week ago today it began to be very hot in Foochow. Mon., Tues. and Wed. were sweltering. Dorothy was well covered with prickly heat. It is all gone now, and the skin is peeling just as when she had scarlet fever. On Thursday morning we were up at 4 o'clock and off at 8 o'clock, reaching our home here at 1 p.m. We had sent one servant ahead to open and clean the house and receive the things that we sent up. Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin had been in the house next to ours for two weeks. They were at our house when we came to tell us that dinner would be ready at their house in 20 min, so you see all was very pleasantly arranged for us. How we did sleep that afternoon and again that night!! We are now pretty well settled, - the air is very cool here. We sleep under blankets. Last night a typhoon tried to develop but it did not make out much. The rain however fell in torrents. This morning the sun came out and we had a beautiful time for the Chinese service at 10 a.m. Then it began to rain and held up again for the Union service in English at 5 p.m. The wind is howling in blustering gusts again. It is only getting ready for a characteristic fourth of July on Kuliang. Ned Smith has an American Flag on a 20 foot staff on the highest part of the mountain. It looks great. But I can't help wondering

what we would say if the Chinese in some part of the U.S. should strap up the yellow flag with it's dragon on Am. soil.

The latest papers from home have much to say about the Am. born Chinese name Ju Toy. You may have forgotten the incident by the time this reaches you, but he was deported. [*Ju Toy was a Chinese man born in America. He traveled to China and when returning to the U.S. he was deported.*] Well every instance of this kind helps to incense the Chinese against us. A young Chinese- a Christian and an English speaking man called on me the other day to look over and correct a letter that he and some 330 students and teachers of one of the colleges here was sending to Pres. Roosevelt. This letter praised the U.S. for fighting for Independence, and for preserving the Union. Then asked why they dared not treat China fairly. It threatened to retaliate by boycotting all Am. imports, and suggested that innocent missionaries might be called on to pay the penalty of unjust exclusion laws, by their lives. We would call the general tone of the production rather sarcastic and in some places rude. The young men cut it and changed it quite maturely at my suggestions. I hope however the U.S. will be humane in this matter [*remainder of the letter is missing*]



This photo appears to have been taken in front of one of the stone buildings on Kuliang in about 1905. I believe Gould is the boy standing in front of the pole in the middle of the photo. The girl who is sitting next to him is probably Phebe and Geraldine is probably the girl with the long, dark hair just two to the right (Phebe's left) of Phebe. Dorothy may be the little girl on the right end in the front row with the scarf around her neck.

[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

[*This letter dated **July 30, 1905** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He expresses homesickness for the farm and all of the fun summer activities there. Cholera and Plague are not a problem this year in Foochow as in other years but Plague is a problem in the Ing Hok district. The American boycott has decreased some. Willard's sister, Flora has offered to come to China to teach the missionary children but Willard is not sure he can guarantee her enough pupils. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Foochow, China
July 30th 1905.

Dear folks at Home:-

A long time has slipped since I have written. My last letter was to Oliver July 10th. I see my register says July 2- No. 6 to Shelton. I am a little afraid to trust my register as implicitly as I used to do before the furlough. So I hope something has gone from here since July 2nd directly to Shelton. On July 10 a letter came from Mother and yesterday one from Mother and one from Phebe on the eve of her departure for Europe. I have had it in mind for two months to send one letter to Phebe so she would get it direct from us while on her trip. But the address came only yesterday. If I send it to the address she gave me it will not reach there till after Sept. 1st and I think it will go fully as quick via Shelton, Conn. as via Suez. So I am sending this to you. If there is time you will send it right on to her if not she will find it when she comes home.

We think of you all at home this summer- except Phebe, Ruth, Mary and James. How many does that leave? Father, Mother, Flora, Elizabeth, Stanley. The dishes will have a rest this summer, and how fast the days and weeks are flying up here on the mountain. And just as fast with you I expect. The children were much interested in Grandpa's two calves. Stanley has no big brothers about to hitch up horses and wash carriages for this summer. I have been more homesick since returning from furlough than I was after coming out the first time. And as the summer days come on, I can't keep out of my mind the haying and the hammocks under the trees, and table full of folks, and the beach parties, and the family reunions, etc. etc. I cannot at all sympathize with the missionaries who are glad to get back to the mission field because they really find the conditions of life all-round more congenial there. I think we must have had too good a time at home.

Thus far we have had a very pleasant summer here on the mt. This last week Thursday a nice heavy rain began gently and ended with a down pour that makes the farmers happy. This rain very kindly waited till the first crop of rice on the plain was harvested so it did not interfere with harvesting. The populace in Foochow city seem to be enjoying a peaceful summer- the most peaceful in some ten or more years- for each year since we came to Foochow either the Cholera or The Plague has made havoc with thousands. But up in the country-especially in the Ing Hok district the Plague is very bad- so bad that in some places the shops are not open for business.

The American boycott seems to have quieted down in general. The students in the schools have found in the framing of the petition to Pres. Roosevelt an outlet for their energies and their patriotism. But I am afraid that American imports will be decreased to some extent. The affair in Boston came very opportunely to help the cause of the Chinese.

I am trying to do a little studying these days, and it proves to be a little too often. The Kuliang Conventions are coming on now and I have most of the responsibility for the Chinese Convention week. Then the Student Conference planned for Sept. 3-10 demands constant attention.

Today has been hot. The air is quiet tonight and the mosquitoes, attracted by my lamp will hardly let me write.

Miss Newton took dinner with us yesterday. She is very well now. I wonder if you have seen Mr. and Mrs. Peet yet.

Phebe's report of the good health of the folks at Putnam was most welcome news to us. Etta wrote not long ago of the visit she had made to Putnam earlier in the season.

I have not yet answered Flora's offer to come to Foochow as teacher for the Foreign children if we would guarantee her 20 pymts. at \$50 gold per year. We have talked a little about it. But the pupils do not materialize. I am afraid we should have to do a little bargaining before we could think of making any definite promise. We have not given the matter up however.

The children are in bed- and the evening air is very enticing. Ellen is enjoying it in the hammock on the veranda. I am going to enjoy it with her.

We all send lots of love to all- Will.

[This letter dated Aug. 26, 1905 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Ellen to the dear ones in Shelton. She has found many new families have come to the mission field that they have not yet met and many families from all around have come to Kuliang for the summer. Various conferences, conventions and meetings have kept those on Kuliang busy. Half of the family has suffered bowel trouble with Willard taking it the worst. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang, Foochow, China,
Aug. 26th, '05.

Our dear ones in Shelton,

I have received so many letters addressed to me from the Shelton home that it is about time for me to send one that way in my own hand.

Willard has written you several letters since we came to the mountain and I suppose he has told you what a pleasant summer we have had as regards weather, - unprecedented in our previous ten years experience of summers in China for the absence of typhoons, fog and long rain-storms have given the needed moisture. It has been a summer of unusual heat down on the plain yet there has been, in Foochow, no plague nor cholera that we have heard of altho neighboring cities have been seriously afflicted with plague.

We find coming back after two summer's absence a great many new comers to the mission field whom we do not know, and circumstances are such this summer that there are still a number to whom we have not been introduced. Probably there has never been a summer before when so many missionaries and other foreigners have come to Kuliang for the summer's rest. They are even coming from Hong Kong now, a house having been built during our stay in America for the missionaries of that section; two came from Japan; and the local missionary force has been increased by new recruits to all three missions.

We have had the regular week of "Keswick" meetings (religious) which were very good this year. There have been several conferences on educational and evangelistic topics. Extended reports have also been given of the triennial educational convention held in Shanghai this spring; also of the national C.E. convention held in Ning Po this spring which many of the Foochow missionaries attended. Need was found for the organization of a new society called the Sunday School Union of Fukien Province, which organization was effected here at Kuliang this season. All these together with business meetings, medical meetings, religious meetings for the Chinese and committee meeting have kept most of the people on Kuliang busy attending meetings as well as resting and recuperating. But it is all a necessary part of missionary enterprise to unify the work of the six protestant denominations represented in this province. Next week will see many leaving the mountain and returning to the work and the following week more.

Just at this time there seems to be a number of cases of bowel trouble, especially down at Foochow. Half our family are just now coping with it. Geraldine and Dorothy have been ill three or four days and under the Dr's care but are dressed every day and about the house much of the time. Willard is not taking it quite as easily. Two weeks and a half ago he had a little diarrhea came on. He had not thought of calling a Dr. for it but as she happened to call in socially I suggested that she prescribe for him. She did so, and has been in twice a day nearly every day since. The first week he dressed and lay in the hammock or on the couch or was about the house but Dr. thought he would recover faster if he kept quiet in bed. So he has followed her advice. I think Dr. Woodhull personally preferred to have a gentleman M.D. associated in the care of the case so she called in Dr. Skinner of the M.E. mission. Both are very happy acquaintances of ours and they are going their best for us. They did not think best to give Will solid food and he has no appetite for liquids except water and Citrate of Magnesia (an effervescent drink) so he has lost some flesh and strength over it. At first they called it simply diarrhea; then congestion of the liver and spleen, and now intermittent fever. This morning Dr. Skinner examined his liver and pronounced it normal, -the congestion all gone. So they think from now on we will see daily improvement. Will has never been subject to that trouble out here in China and he has a good strong constitution to meet such an attack. He thinks he never took so much medicine in all his life put together. His countenance looks almost as bright as before he was ill, - is very little thinner in the face. His callers are surprised that he looks so well, having been in bed so many days. I think with the Dr.'s that he will gain strength and flesh rapidly when he gets fairly started in that direction. He will not be able to attend the Y.M.C.A. conference next week for which he has been planning and working all summer.

The children received the souvenir postals from Ruth this week and were pleased to hear from her. We have received two letters from you I think since Will wrote last. I will write again in a few days of improvement I trust.

Please excuse my hasty writing as the hour is late and Saturday evening at that. Trusting you are all well. I am. Yours with love,

Ellen.



L to R: Geraldine, Phebe, Gould, Dorothy. Taken about 1905 on Kuliang.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Kuliang cottage about 1905: I believe Gould is the boy who is 3rd from the right leaning up against the pole. Dorothy may be the little girl just next to him in the light colored dress. I think Phebe is the girl 2nd from the right in the back row and right behind Dorothy. Geraldine appears to be the girl 6th or 7th from the left in a light colored dress and long hair. *[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

*[This letter dated **Sept. 5, 1905** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Ellen to the dear ones in Shelton. Willard is only allowed to take the little bit of juice from grapes and consume certain other foods. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Kuliang, Foochow,
Sept. 5", '05

My dear ones in Shelton,

This is an important day in our calendar [*Willard and Ellen's 11th wedding anniversary*] and a good one on which to write a letter home as we can celebrate little in any other way this year.

I am glad however that the letter can bring good news to you. Five days ago we guessed we noted a little improvement in our patient; and the Dr. said he was ready to try a little nourishment. So she allowed him three grapes once in two hours but he was not to swallow anything but the juice. Next day the improvement continuing and the food agreeing with him and being much relished he was allowed six grapes and a little corn-starch pudding without eggs and with little sugar. As the days have advance there have been added gradually to his diet arrow-root gruel, beef steak to chew and swallow juice only, steamed apples. His strength has not perceptibly increased till this morning he says he feels a little stronger. We are so glad to see him improving. Must be brief this time. More soon.

With love,

E.L.K. Beard.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 17, 1905** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his father. He refers to a bad storm in Shelton in which his father must have gotten caught. He expects sister, Phebe to be back from her European trip and ponders what types of fruit must be plentiful at the Shelton farm. Willard has been in bed for six weeks because of bowel trouble and he tells of the diet he's been following. He was not able to attend the Summer Student Conference that he had planned because of his sickness. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Kuliang, Foochow,
Sept. 17th 1905.

Dear Father:-

It was good to get your letter about two weeks ago. The account of your peddling trip that stormy Saturday night interested us all and specially the children. You were fortunate not to have had an accident. The paper came in the mail following the letter. I judge there will be work for someone repairing roads and dams etc. I shall be interested to learn if Ben gets his full pay for his work on Center Street last year.

I have sent the Derby Savings Bank the blank filled out as requested. Your note is down in Foochow under lock and key. The first time Ellen or I go down I will get it and send it to you. I am quite sure they amount \$262.50 is correct.

I suppose Phebe must be home from Europe by this time. We had one good letter and several postals from her. She seemed to be enjoying herself immensely. We could see thro her eyes a little while she was in Naples for we spent one day there.

I am thinking apples, pears, peaches, plums, and grapes are abundant at home now. We have had a good taste of all these this summer but they are all gone now, and our fruit consists of two Chinese kinds – one a little round ball with a shuck as thick as a chestnut, then a thin pulp and then a big seed, and the guava- we did not any of us like these during our first term in Foochow but Ellen and the children are eating quantities of them now.

For almost six weeks now the bed has been my habitation. During the first week I was up and dressed most of the time and did the necessary work. The second week I was up every day but stuck pretty close to my room. The third week my appetite left me. This pleased the doctors and they told me to stop eating. For ten days I ate nothing- drank water. The doctors said my liver was the culprit, and it was in a bad way. I am poor as a crow but my strength is returning some. I have been eating for nearly two weeks now- began with three grapes once in two hours- only sucking the juice, ejecting the pulp. Now I have steak once a day, boiled potatoes- corn starch pudding, tapioca pudding, boiled eggs, tomatoes, and since grapes and apples (so called) have gone I am eating canned fruit- cherries, peaches, apples, pears. I eat a qt. tin of this in two days. I can also have bread. Every night is almost sure to bring me good sleep. I have sat up while Ellen cut my hair last Tues. I am writing this lying in bed. But I can feel myself getting stronger all the time and the doctors say I'll be all the better for the enforced idleness. There has been no pain any of the time. I have simply had to lie still and be patient.

The great disappointment to me came when I found I could not attend the Student Summer Conference which I had arranged for to be held in Foochow Sept. 3-10. But God took hold of four Chinese young men and

made of the conference the best one held in China. Of these four Chinese young men Mr. Ding Ming Nong was most prominent. The Conference taught the lesson that God's Holy Spirit works directly thro the Chinese. The most powerful speaker was a Chinese Diong by name from Ku Cheng. They said he was a Moody [*Dwight Lyman Moody was an evangelist of Protestant beliefs. He founded the Moody Church in 1864.*]. He not only carried his audience with him but he moved them to tears and brought them fact to face with their sins so that they were convicted- and those were Christian young men, some of them studying for the ministry.

When Ellen wrote last Geraldine and Dorothy were a little under the weather. They are all right now so with the exception of myself we are well. (Dorothy still not quite recovered.)

Letters from Putnam tell us they are well and that Etta has another boy [*Fulton W. Hume. Her other two sons born previously are Donald and Myron.*].

We all send lots of love to you all

Will.

Fri. a.m. Sept. 22. Yesterday I was up and dressed and at the table for b-fast and dinner. This morning I am at the table dressed and at the table the little girls are all right. Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 1, 1905 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He reports on his progress towards good health and are trying to find out about a permanent place to reside in Foochow. He notes that he sees that in the American newspapers, America seems to be noticing that China is a country of human beings and that the boycott shows that China is waking up. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang, Foochow,

China, Oct. 1- 1905

Dear folks at Home:-

I wrote father more than a week ago before I began to sit up. A week ago last Wed. I got up and put my clothes on over my pajamas and went out to breakfast. Then I lay down most of the time till dinner, took dinner with the family, but then undressed and went to bed. Thurs. I took all meals at the table. Fri. I walked half round the house out doors. Sat. I walked up to the next house. Sunday I walked over a quar. of a mile, and from then it has thus far been a steady gain. This afternoon I walked at least three miles.

We are still on the mountain- the latest we ever remained here I think. Only yesterday did we know anything definite about what house we could get- everything seemed to go against us, and it looked as if we might be compelled to move over to Ponasang into the same house in which we lived the last year before going home. This would please the children- for they say there is no house in Foochow as good as that one. But yesterday a note came from Ven. Archdeacon Wolfe of the Eng. Mission saying we could have a house he is building and which I have been trying to get since last June. It is not yet finished but this does not disturb us. The International Comm. have also written telling us to purchase land and build. So within a year we hope we may have a permanent abiding place.

The weather up here on the mountain is cool 60 degrees yesterday morning. To this is added rain for the past three days. We put on a few more clothes and rather enjoy it. Ellen went to Foochow Wed. and returned Friday. We were sleeping under double blankets here, and she could scarcely endure a sheet over her there, and wanted a fan all day. She got father's note. I have torn off "Beard" as father wrote and enclose it.

We had onions fried in goose fat this evening. I shall never forget some onions which mother once fried in chicken fat. I remember we had a lot of old hens that were very fat- so fat that we dared not sell all the fat and mother tried [*tied?*] it up and saved it. She took the spider and cut up onions until they were heaped up and made a cone. Then she added the chicken fat and the whole thing fried down to less than a spider full. But my! they were good. Well those we had tonight were most as good.

There are five families of missionaries still on the mountain. One plans to go tomorrow, the other three are here because of health, and we shall plan to go the last of this week. I plan to go Tuesday and see just how the land lies,-housewise.

The American papers I see are beginning to realize that China is a nation of living human beings. The Boycott is actually bringing the "powers that be" to their senses. I think this Boycott is one of the surest signs that China is waking up. It will be a long time before she ever will get her rights at the canon's mouth, but she will find other and just as effective means. The truth is that Eng, Ger. and the U.S. want the market that China offers. And the increase of the imports in foreign goods- chiefly manufacturers and food products- is amazing. To keep this market

the western nation will be more nearly just in the future in their dealings with this nation, which in the past all have treated in a way to further their interest of the foreign powers with little thought of the justice in the case. If you want the proof of this statement get the first Vol. of Smith's "China in Convulsion" from the Shelton S. School Library, and look up the treaties that foreign powers have made with China- exacted from China would be a better way of putting it.

We are now having some fine fruit and nuts, bananas, pears, guavas (which we now like), green oranges for orangeade, pumelo, chestnuts which we boil, and new peanuts, the new sweet potatoes are delicious, and we get them out of the fields all about our house, for 10 lbs. for 74 gold.

Ellen has not been quite well- a little bowel trouble for a day or so but is better- the children are brown as fall nuts and all well. Gould went in swimming a week ago in the morning and now he is shedding his back's skin.

With lots of love to all from all.

Will

[This letter dated Oct. 8, 1905 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Ellen is now having digestion troubles. Bowel trouble has been a problem in the area for the last two months and Dengue fever is prevalent in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang, Foochow, China.

Oct. 8th 1905.

Dear folks at Home:-

As the address at the top indicates we are still on the mountain. These Oct. days here are superb. Sept. was rather damp and rainy but Oct. has been mostly dry and beautiful. It is a great place here now to get strong and brown. I wish you could see the children. All four are perfectly well and brown as nuts. Ellen has not been perfectly well for over two weeks. The trouble she thinks is with her digestion, and the remedy is fasting. I am fasting also. Every day from b-fast to dinner, from dinner to supper and every night from supper till b-fast next morning. Often the time seems very long. From the time I began to eat- about four weeks ago I have steadily gained in every way. Last Tuesday I went to Foochow. Archdeacon Wolfe had written me the Sat. before that one Community man who had rented his house had thrown up the agreement and he would let us have it. So I went down to see about it. He promises the house to us, but it will not be finished ready for occupancy till after the first of Nov. Until that time the Meth. Mission will allow us to remain in the house we occupied last spring. So it looks as if we were provided with shelter.

There is a big auction in Foochow tomorrow beginning at 10 a.m. Ellen wants me to go so badly that she is going to let me start at 6:30 and she will see to getting some 8 loads of our things off and shutting up the house. She and the children will start soon after dinner.

Bowel trouble has been very prevalent all about here this last two months. When in Foochow last Tues. and Wed. I found a sister of Mr. Simester of the Meth mission, on her way to west China, visiting her brother here, sick with disentary. Another missionary from Amoy was in Foochow sick with the same. A fever called Dengy [*Dengue*] fever is quite prevalent just now in Foochow- it is of a gripe nature.

The children will begin school again Tuesday I expect. They look forward to this with little pleasure I am afraid. And we do not greatly regret to two weeks they have not attended since it opened this fall. The teacher is not one that would command a high position at home. I have not yet been able to find Flora's twenty pupils at \$50 gold a year. Then the number is so uncertain from year to year, that I would not think it wise to come out dependent entirely on the pupils she might get or even have promised, for no one can make such a promise for even six months ahead here.

We are taking a monthly magazine this year called "County [*Country*] Life in America." I wish you would send 25 cents for the September number. There is an article "cheap farms in Conn." that Stanley would like to read. Address Doubleday, Page and Co. 133-137 E. 16th St. N.Y. City. Stanley and father will also like to read another article in this number- "How to improve the texture of the soil." To us out here the best feature of the paper is its pictures. They are the only very nice pictures that come to us. And they are first class in every respect. We talk of cutting some of them out and framing them.

Thursday Oct 12- We all came down to Foochow Monday. All well

With lots of love

Will

[This letter dated Oct. 22, 1905 was written in Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. A fellow missionary, Mr. Simester, of the M.E. Mission died of Dengue fever leaving a wife and four young children. Dengue fever is still a problem and most of the missionaries and many Chinese have had it. The family is all well now. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Oct. 22 – 1905

Dear folks at Home:-

Gould has written today to grandpa Beard, and has his letter all ready for the stamp. It is now 8:30 p.m. and I know if I do not write now I shall not do so for at least another week.

The most important news from Foochow is the call that came to Mr. Simester, of the M.E. mission, from God to receive his reward and enter on his rest last Thursday morning at 6 o'clock. He had been ill for nearly two weeks with what we call here the Dengue fever. This is not considered serious and under ordinary conditions does not seem to be. But Mr. Simester had worked very hard while at home on furlough and on reaching the field here about a year ago now he pitched into the work with his whole save and strength- this last summer he spent at Sharp Peak and studied the written language with all his might. He also had a building in process of construction here in Foochow, - was Pres. of the Theol. Sem'y and had charge of a country district. He began the term in the Sem'y early to close early planning to go into the country 150 miles or more for evangelistic work in Jan.- Feb. With all this work he was very tired and he so expressed himself before he was ill at all. So the fever had a big advantage.

He leaves a wife and four little children. The eldest nine years old last July, and the youngest born a year ago last June in Ohio. He was home at the same time we were. I met him once in Boston and lunched with him. Of all the foreigners in Foochow outside the A. Board mission I felt nearest to Mr. Simester. The whole illness and all seemed to me very sudden. I can not make it seem that he is not here.

I wrote you about an auction of household furniture I attended week before last. Last Friday there was another. I spent another \$4.00 mex. for flowers. So now we have about 275 pots in all. They have cost us about \$5.00 gold.

The Dengue fever is very prevalent all about the city. Most of the missionaries and many of the Chinese in Foochow city proper have had it. I hope it will stop now. The weather was very hot for this time of year until Thurs. when it rained and Fri. was cooler yesterday was beautifully clear and cool. Today has been a beautiful day.

I have promised to hold services with a large class of Bible women each evening next week or rather this week beginning tomorrow evening. You will like to hear that last week I gained nearly 7 lbs. in ten days. Twice last week I played tennis. But my running legs are not in good shape yet.

We have all been well. Ellen immensely enjoys caring for her flowers, and she thinks it does her good. Last night no Fri. night a big fat house mail came – a good letter fr. Ruth- one fr. Mr. Lathrop- and one from Elbert and one from Etta Mr. Lathrop wrote the day after Phebe returned from Europe. All the letters contained good news. God is dealing very kindly with us all. I trust we may all give Him our best time, strength and powers, and thus be useful to Him in advancing the Kingdom.

All send love to all

Will.

[This letter date Nov. 5, 1905 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. The Annual Meeting of the American Board meets in a week and they will be talking about Revivals. A teacher in charge of the girl's school has Dengue and it has affected her mind. Ellen has Dengue now, as does Mr. Ding's wife and father. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Nov. 5th 1905.

Dear Folks at Home:-

We are feeling the cold today for the first time. The first thing I heard this morning was Gould dashing from the room in which he sleeps thro our room to the bureau where his heavy winter undershirts were. Dorothy has been most all day with her usual clothing. I am writing with an overcoat on this evening. But the weather is beautiful.

I walked over to Gen Cio Dong this morning = the first church in Foochow suburbs, near Ponasang. The Annual Meeting of the Am. Board begins next Wed. I am to speak on Friday afternoon on Revivals outside of Wales. The Friday afternoon session is given to the "Fukien Revival Society"- you may think this rather a queer

name, but that is the literal translation. The Chinese of the three missions in Foochow on their initiative have united and are holding meetings in the interest of evangelization and they call the organization as above. There is much in the very fact of the organization to give us joy and hope. It is a sign that the Christian Chinese are alive to a sense of their responsibility to tell their countrymen of God's love for them.

Miss Garretson who has charge of the Intermediate School for Girl's at Ponasang is quite ill. It started last week with the "Dengue." But she has been very tired for some time and her mind is seriously affected.

We are still in the same house, watching the new house which we have rented slowly approaching completion but never reaching the desired condition. The International Comm. have sent me \$2500 with which to begin to provide for a residence. About Nov. 15 a house and fine grounds are to be sold at public auction. We are waiting to see if this will answer our purpose, and if we can afford to buy it.

Last Thursday a little boy came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin. Mrs. M is doing nicely I believe, but no one has been allowed to see her yet. Ellen began with the "Dengue" two weeks ago tomorrow. She came down and took dinner with us for the first time yesterday. She is obeying the Doctors orders and getting up slowly. I hope this cold weather will stop it. Mr. Ding was in this afternoon. His father has been quite ill for some time with other troubles he has had the Dengue. But is getting better. His wife is very sick. She was not at all well during the summer. He took her down to Pagoda Anchorage in August and she was better. But is much worse now. Poor fellow! God is giving him much sorrow these days. He frequently asks to be remembered to you.

I attended another auction of household furniture last Monday, and came home with a sofa and two large arm chairs all upholstered in imitation leather. \$30.50 mex. or about \$14 gold for the three pieces. They are practically new. And they say the furniture in the house referred to above is also to be sold at auction in the near future. But with all this rents are very high and very scarce. The lead priest of the Catholic Mission here owns a house. The man who has rented it for some years- thirty for all I know, asked \$80 a month. The renter hesitated, and within two weeks five persons were after it and the price jumped to \$100 per month.

We think of you as eating apples and pears, with peaches and grapes gone. I wish we could have some of your apples. But I doubt not you would enjoy taking breakfast with us. First we would ask you to have some pumelo, then two kids of oranges, bananas, persimmons, dates, boiled chestnuts, peanuts, and English walnuts if you desired. After these a little oatmeal with bread and butter or a hot gem, a cup of Postum or real coffee if you preferred and that's all.

I hope to hear better news in regard to Oliver and Flora in the next letters. The children are well and hearty and, tell Flora are "developing rapidly."

With Love from all to all

Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 26, 1905 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Miss Garretson, who was in charge of a girl's school will leave China because of problems with Dengue fever. The talk in Foochow is of revivals. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China, Nov. 26th, 1905.

Dear Folks at Home:-

My last letter was dated Nov. 6. Yours to us Nov. 12 and 21. The children wrote you Nov. 16.

To begin with ourselves, we are all well. The teacher of the school which the three older children have been attending was taken ill a week ago, with slight hope that she will be able to resume her duties. The children are studying at home. Flora has written definitely about coming out to take the school next fall. I am looking up dates to write her as fast as my daily duties and strength allow.

We had the pleasure of entertaining Mrs. E. H. Smith and Helen Huntington and Edward Huntington four days last week. Mr. Smith is making an extended tour in the Ing Hok field and Mrs. Smith and the children are staying in Foochow. The McLachlin boy is 24 days old today. Mrs. M. is getting on as well as can be expected. We are making plans to welcome another young secretary to our home next Feb. We are still in the old Meth. House and are wondering if the new house will be finished in time to receive the new secretary. The Meth. missions however do not now need the house so we are living in contentment.

Miss Garretson, who has been associated with Miss Newton in the Girls School at Ponasang has had a serious breakdown which has affected her mind. At first it was thought some one would have to go home with her immediately but she is much better now and plans to leave Shanghai the last of Dec. We expect to go into the city and take Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Hodous.

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China Dec. 7th 1905.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last letter started for Shelton on Thanksgiving Day. It would have been a nice thing to do to write to James and Leolyn on that day- the first anniversary of their wedding day. But I could not get it in. The memories of the day one year ago are very fresh.

This year we all took goose dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Hodous, and their two children. Mrs. Smith and her two children- Mr. Smith was away in the country- and Mrs. Whitney- Dr. W. is in Shanghai. In the afternoon I preached in one of the series of evangelist meetings now in progress in the city station. My part in these meetings closed last Tuesday. I have preached at twelve meetings.

This evening I take the boat to go to Hing Hua. Tonight I go down nearly to the Anchorage,- wait till the tide rises- go up the river on the other side of the island and Fri. and Sat. travel by land about 45 miles to reach Hing Hua. I am going down to see the Y.M.C.A. in the college of the Meth. Mission there, and plan to get back home the last of next week.

Ellen and the children have just come in from a sort of farewell party given to Mrs. Simester and her four children. They plan to start for the U.S. in a few days.

The weather has been very hot for a few days- today 76 degrees at noon. All four children were barefoot today.

The last mail brought letters from Stanley and Phebe. How I wish I could have been at home to help father get in his corn and fix up for winter. With the new bath room I suppose you will not need to go to the shore anymore, - great saving in expense!

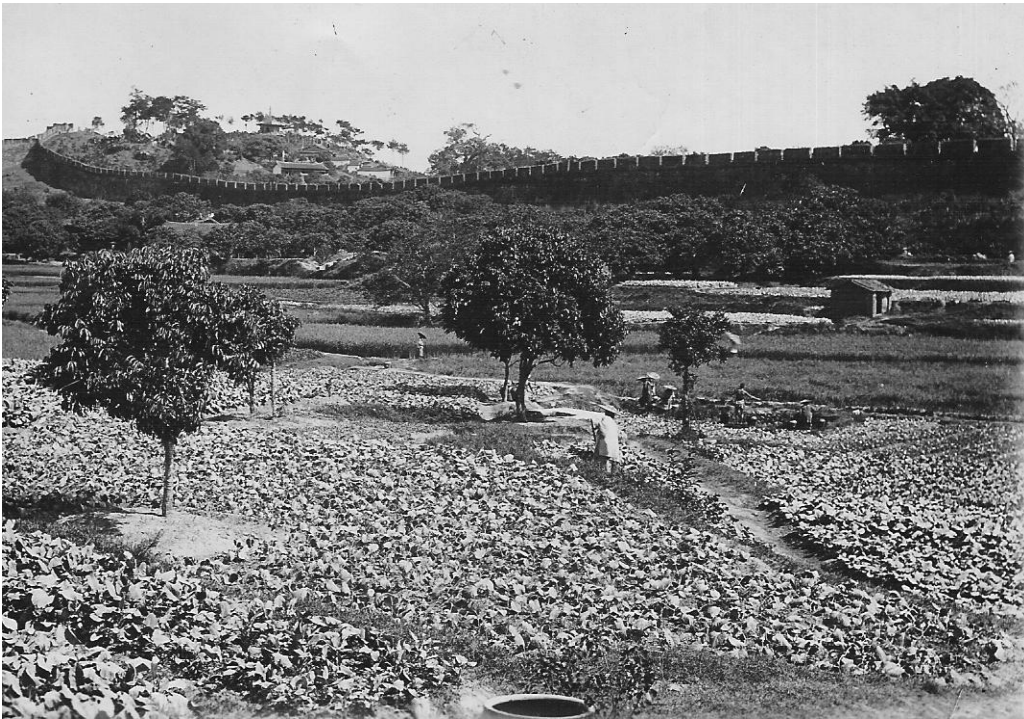
Have we written that the teacher of the school wh. the children have been attending was ill? And that there is not prospect of any more school until Flora comes out?

Father need not bother about my life Insurance this year- or it will be next year- I can send the check direct from here.

The good work continues for the Kingdom. Last Sunday saw twenty of Christ's soldiers in the large open space in front of the Viceroy's Yamen in Foochow city preaching Christ.

All are well and all send love to all

Will.



Written on back of photo by Willard: "City wall of Hing hua, Fukien Province. Fields of tarrow and wheat- fruit trees."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The Young Men's Christian Association
Beard, Willard L, and Anti-Cobweb Club of Foochow, China Fukien, A Study of a Province in China. Shanghai,
China: Presbyterian Mission Press, 1925.
[Book purchased from ebay and in collection of Mark and Jana Jackson]

In February, 1905, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. McLachlin and Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard arrived in Foochow, appointed by the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association as Secretaries for Foochow. Mr. Beard had been in Foochow from 1894 to 1903 as a missionary of the American Board. Mr. McLachlin was a newcomer.

The Association has now five foreign and 18 Chinese secretaries on the staff with a membership of 2,400 and a yearly budget of \$25,000. Property was purchased near the north end of the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages in 1911, and the Association has there a modern building with all modern equipment. On South Street in the Walled City property was purchased in 1913 and this branch is filling the need of a large constituency within the city. In 1922 the Association acquired a large property five miles up the Min river from Foochow, on the east bank, where three conference buildings have been erected.

Places of Interest in Foochow
Beard, Willard L, and Anti-Cobweb Club of Foochow, China Fukien, A Study of a Province in China. Shanghai,
China: Presbyterian Mission Press, 1925.

Hot springs, utilized by the provident Chinese for widespreading bathhouses, are found toward the East Gate while a trip there can easily be expanded to carry one over Curio Street, a section amply described by its name, where antiques and fakes can be bought in large quantities. To those interested in temples the Confucian Temple, inside the city walls, and Sa-sieng-se (Lichee Temple), a few li outside the West Gate, are most appealing. The last named is famed for its flowers and its finely carved pillars of stone.

Mission work of all kinds, from kindergartens to institutional churches and schools for the blind, can be seen with little effort. A fine example of modern industrial plant with some welfare work carried on for its employees is the Foochow Electric Co., Ltd.



Written on back: Ning Po Junks in Min River, Foochow, China About 1905 [*The circles painted on the bow of the boat are "eyes" for the boat to "see" where it is going. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

1906

- Marjorie Beard was born February 17, 1906 in China (The last Emperor of China, Pu Yi, is born the same month and year as Marjorie)
- San Francisco earthquake – April 16, 1906
- September 1906 Flora and Mary Beard travel to CA where Mary stays to teach. Flora leaves from San Francisco for China to teach in Foochow and stays until 1909. She arrives in Foochow in October of 1906. Flora is 37 and Mary is 24.
- Willard takes trip to Shaowu- November 15, 1906 to January 9, 1907
- James Daniel Beard dies December 7, 1906 (brother of Willard, Flora and Mary)
- Willard is 41, Ellen- 38, Phebe- 11, Gould- 10, Geraldine- 8, Dorothy- 5, and Marjorie is an infant

[This postcard dated Jan. 9, 1906 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks. It is a postcard without a picture and is addressed to Mrs. O.G. Beard, Shelton, Conn. U.S.A. and postmarked Feb. 13, 1906. Willard and Gould have been up to the mountain. Although there is a boycott on American goods, they see American flour and oil everywhere. Postcard donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China. Jan. 9-1906

Dear Folks:-

There is not time to write a letter so I am just sending a postal to tell you we are all well. Gould and I spent Sunday on the mountain at our cottage. The summer residents there give money for the carrying on of Christian work there through [throughout] the year. E. is in charge this year of the chapel, and I went up for her, -preached in the morning and held communion in the afternoon. - The weather has been very rainy and cold, but it changed to clear and warm. We took heaviest clothes but did not need them, -the foreign Week of Prayer began Sunday. - Everyone is talking "Boycott" but Am. flour and oil are everywhere in evidence.

All send love Will

[This letter dated Jan. 14, 1906 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He has finally heard news from home and he discusses postage costs at length. They have had a Week of Prayer. Flora will be coming to China to teach. They are still living in the old Methodist house and hope to start building their own house on some land soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Hunt. SS.- I will look up this. W.

Young Men's Christian Association
Foochow, China, Jan 14th 1906.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last mail came in Thurs. evening. There was not a word from either home and we could not understand it. But Friday evening just as we were leaving the house to go over to consul Gracey's for dinner. At 8 p.m. the postman came with four letters, and the pleasant remark that we could have them by paying him 60 cents. The letters were all from our home friends. Two cents U.S. postage takes a letter of 1 oz. to Shanghai, - but it takes 54 to send it to Foochow. I address and stamp letters to the two homes and to the Y.M.C.A. rooms in N.Y., - with U.S. stamps. Then enclose these in another envelope, seal it, and address to the Y.M.C.A. office in Shanghai, paying 2 cents Chinese stamps for each ½ oz. They open the package and re-mail the letters to the U.S. in the U.S. Post office in Shanghai. Letters to strangers I usually pay 10 cents Chinese stamps and send direct from Foochow, because they are sure to reply with a 2 cent U.S. stamp. And then I must pay shortage 3 cents X 2= double the shortage 6 cents X 2= 12 cents mex. Or it costs us six cents gold to get a letter with 2 cents U.S. stamps. Well I am writing this just for your information. When we get such good news and so much of it, we deem it cheap for 60 cents.

The Week of Prayer has been very interesting and helpful this year. In every meeting we have had brought before us facts of the growth of the kingdom of God, in all parts of the world. This growth has been phenomenal in many lands. This fact together with the revivals in Foochow during the past two months has made the meetings very inspiring.

In addition to the union prayer meeting each afternoon, there were exercises in connection with commencements of Boys and Girls schools Mon, Tues, Wed, and Thurs.

I have bought over 2000 lbs. of potatoes- not all for ourselves - some for Flora when she comes [see note at end of letter]. The letters Fri. mentioned the tea for the first time- I am glad it arrived safely, and I hope you will be able to drink it.

We were specially glad to hear that Oliver was so well. Annie wrote Phebe that B-port was building up fast around them.

We hear much about the Boycott, and I see placards up in various places, yet Am. flour and oil are being carried thro the streets continually.

We are still in the old Meth. House. I have a promise of a piece of land on wh. to build. All are well and send love to all Will.

[“Miss Beard, whose service here began in 1899 and ended in 1926, left her position as teacher of fifth grade in South Orange and from 1906 to 1909 taught in a school for the children of Missionaries in China. Coming back she became principal of First Street School from 1909 to 1914, when she went to China again to establish the North China American School at Tunghsien, twelve miles east of Peking. On her return she was appointed principal of the Montrose School in 1924. The school in China is a union institution founded by the American Board, the Methodist Episcopal Board, and the Presbyterian Board for the children of missionaries in the provinces of Chihli, Shantung and Shansi, as well as for other American and European children. The course of study, textbooks, supplies and the spirit of the school were all American, and, needless to say, directly in contact with the work done in the schools of South Orange.” Page 205

Foster, Henry W.. *The evolution of the school district of South Orange and Maplewood New Jersey, 1814-1927.* Geneva, N.Y.: W.F. Humphrey Press, 1930.]

[This typewritten letter dated **Jan. 19, 1906** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to mission supporter, Mr. E.B. Sturges of Scranton, PA. In it, he goes into great detail about a trip he took to Hing Hua and Ing Hok. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China Jan. 19th. 1906

Mr. E. B. Sturges,
Scranton, Pa.
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Sturges:-

Will you accept an invitation to take a country trip with me? We start from our home in Foochow at 9:00 p.m. Thursday. Our outfit is a cotton bed 2-in. thick for a mattress and blankets to keep us warm, some extra clothes for a change when we have to travel in the rain and a basin, towel and other toilet articles. All these must go into a light bamboo basket and the whole must not weigh over 40 lbs. In another bamboo basket we put our food for the journey. This must also come within the 40 lb. limit. The two baskets are carried by one man on a stick across his shoulder.

The first night we sleep on a boat which, while we sleep goes down the Min River some ten miles, and we wake Friday morning to find ourselves anchored at the mouth of a creek leading inland from the river. As soon as the tide rises the boat carries us about ten miles further. Our breakfast is cooked over an earthen ware stove 8 in. in diam. and 10 in. high burning charcoal. By ten o'clock the boat reaches the extreme navigable point in the creek, and we start overland on foot. The bedding and food are carried by one man and three others carry a sedan chair in which we will ride part of the way. We are told that we have 8 puo or 24 miles to make that day in order to reach a certain village where there is a Christian chapel for the night. About noon the coolies are hungry and we all stop at a village where cooking is going on, and with the coolies we buy a bowl of rice and a bowl of sweet potatoes piping hot and taking some bread and jam from the food basket we eat dinner. Our chair is a log of wood or a stone, our table the flat top of the food basket- all out of doors in the open. The Chinese are eager to see the foreigner eat and crowd about on all sides. They are much interested in the bread and even reach to feel of it but are persuaded to feast on it with their eyes only. We are not over 20 miles in a direct line from Foochow, yet the brogue of the people is very pronounced and only a few can talk with us easily. It is pleasant to chat with them as we eat, and we are already accustomed to keeping our elbows in the wall to make room to lift the food to our mouths.

Just as darkness comes on we reach the chapel. The "Prophet's chamber is in readiness with the wooden table and the loose boards on the two wooden stools for our bed. The table is not crumbed between courses so we are soon in bed preparing for the next day's journey of 25 miles. About 5:30 p.m. we approach the gate in the wall of Hing Hua City on the coast a short distance South from Foochow on the map. About 100 boys and young men are playing in a field near the gate. As we approach they gather near the road and one of them asks in good English if this is Mr. Beard. They prove to be a delegation of the students from the Meth schools in Hing Hua to welcome us. These hundred boys and young men make quite an imposing procession as they march thro the street of the city in their uniforms of black with yellow braid.

Sunday a.m. we speak in English and Rev. W.N. Brewster, senior member of the Meth. Mission in Hing Hua, translates for us. The church, seating 600 is full. The 160 boys and young men of the schools are there, and the

60 girls and women from the boarding schools are there, beside many business men and farmers from the city and surrounding country. Most of the 40 Theological students are away preaching for the day. In the evening Mr. Brewster translates again. We are only about 40 miles in a straight line from Foochow, yet Chinese from the two cities cannot understand each other.

Monday morning at 11:00 we meet the young men and boys only. The address is in the Foochow dialect and translated into the Hing Hua by a Chinese teacher in the school. The subject is "prayer." All but three of the students are professing Christians. But when asked how many pray each day only about 12 rose. They are asked to seriously think of the matter for 24 hours. Monday p.m. is filled with personal interviews. This is specially encouraging because it has been difficult to obtain these with Chinese young men.

Monday there is another address before the students of all schools. Tuesday until 11:00 a.m. we look over the mission plants: -preparatory school, high school where all students study English, theological school, industrial work, - weaving, printing, soap making, cabinet making, basket weaving (the product on sale at Marshall Field's, Chicago) furnish the means by which 100 students are paying their own way thro school. Then there are the buildings for work among women and girls and the residences for the missionaries.

At 11:00 a.m. the chapel is filled with 200 students and teachers. The Chinese teacher translates again as the address on "sin is" is given in Foochow dialect. At the close of the address 100 boys and young men are on their feet promising to meet God every morning in prayer.

Tuesday afternoon is filled with interviews. In the evening the meeting takes the form of confession and prayer. The worst man in school who has once been expelled, rises and confesses to having cheated in examinations and to having been disrespectful to his teachers, naming the teacher who is present. He himself leads in prayer. Prayer rises in volumes. At least 50 are praying at the same time. This continues for ten minutes. The Spirit is at work in the hearts of these young men and boys. We are confident that it is deep for all tell us that it began in the hearts of a few picked men who attended the Summer Conference held at Foochow in Sept. 1905.

Wed., Thurs., Fri. and Sat, we traveled 100 miles over the mountains stopping at Christian chapels at night and encouraging the workers. At 5:30 p.m. Sat. we reach Ing Hok City, a station of the Am. Board where we have worked four years. Sunday a.m., p.m. and evening we are with the church members the 20 boys in the school the workers in the hospital and the teachers. Mon. at 1:00 p.m. we take the boat down over the rapids of the Ing Hok river toward Foochow. All night the men work at the oars and tie up just as it begins to grow light Tues. a.m. We are six miles from home. At 9:00 a.m. we find the dear ones all safe.

Country touring is the cream of missionary work. The person who visits missions in foreign lands by touching the port cities and viewing the college buildings and other machinery of the work, meeting and speaking to hundreds and possibly thousands of students in these centers, thinks he has seen and knows the work. Never. The real missionary work is done in the quiet country places.

I think of Mrs. Boies and her daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Odell as on their way to China. Please remember Mrs. Beard and myself to Mrs. Sturges, Miss Sturges and your son.

Very Sincerely Yours,-

W.L. Beard

[The following is handwritten.]

Dear Folks at Home:-

I am sending you a copy of a letter that I am writing to Mr. Sturges, one of our supporters in Scranton, Pa. You may find something interesting or useful in it. The postman came again yesterday and offered us a letter from Putnam and one from Shelton for 44 cents. We paid it gladly, and got a lot of good news.

All are well and send love

Will.



This may be an example of the bamboo baskets that Willard referred to in the first paragraph of the above letter.
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

*[This typewritten letter dated **Jan. 26, 1906** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mr. John R. Mott of New York City. It is a quarterly report of the work he has been doing with the Y.M.C.A. The letter is a carbon copy of the original which was sent to Mr. Mott. This copy he sends to the folks at home with a handwritten personal note at the end. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China Jan., 26th. 1906.

Mr. John R. Mott
3 West 29th. St.

N.Y. City
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Mott:-

When my last quarterly report started for New York I was just getting about after a rest of six weeks in bed. It has been interesting during the past three months to watch the steady growth in strength and in weight from 140 lbs. in Oct. to the normal weight of 175 lbs. which was reached only two weeks ago.

We are still living in the Worley house of the Meth. Mission. Altho they expected to need it themselves the mission has kindly allowed us to remain. Archdeacon Wolfe of the C.M.S. has promised us the rent of a new house which he is now building, when it is completed. We hope to move into it before the hot weather next spring. Scarcely a day has passed during the purchasing of real estate. Just as I write I have the promise of a piece of land sufficiently large for one residence. This is only a promise. There is reason to hope the land will become ours, but until we have the deeds it will be unnecessary to report further.

I have already written you somewhat fully of the revivals in the Anglo-Chinese College and in the A.B.C.F.M. College here, showing that God used the Associations in these colleges as the instrument thro which he worked and also that these revivals had their source in the Student Summer Conference held here last Sept. Quite recently I have sent to you a full account of my visit to Hing Hua and the results, - 100 young men pledged to keep the morning watch.

At Christmas time I visited Pagoda Anchorage and two places inland from there, also the Anglo Chinese College in connection with the Foochow Arsenal. This school is entirely under Chinese control, with no foreign influence of any kind as far as I could ascertain. We were very kindly received by two of the Chinese teachers and several of the students. On an invitation to come again I arranged to go the next week with Mr. McLachlin. A Chinese Preacher of a self supporting chapel about half an hours walk from the college was also invited to meet us at the college. The head master of the college met us very pleasantly and showed us over the buildings. There are four Chinese teachers and 44 students. Engineering and Navigation are the two principal courses. Some of the graduates go into the Arsenal, some on board the gunboats. The text books are in English, and the teaching is all in English. Four of the students are interested in Christianity. While distinctively Christian work cannot be done inside the college, yet the chapel referred to above makes a point of contact for such work. We left a few copies of "China's Young Men", accepted the invitation of the head master to go to his house and during tea, looked at his library of English books and left with the hope of following up the opportunity next year (Chinese).

In Oct. I spent six evenings with leading women workers of the Meth and Eng. Missions. These women are the mothers of the young men whom we must influence to enter Christian service. In Nov. and Dec. I was with five churches of Foochow in special evangelistic services for over two weeks. These services and other special occasions have afforded opportunities for over 40 addresses in Chinese during the quarter.

To my mind the most significant step taken by the church in Foochow during the year was the organization of the "Foochow Revival Society" about Oct. 1st, 1905. As far as I know the idea was evolved and the society organized entirely by the Chinese the society is one of the fruits of the reports of the good work done in Amoy a year ago and of the Welsh revival. The three missions in Foochow are united in this movement. For the first two months delegates from each church in and about Foochow met monthly, semi-monthly, weekly, listened to earnest addresses and prayed much. About the middle of Dec. the City Evangelistic Band was formed entirely of volunteers. These were about 30 in number, - from all three missions and from all occupations, - pastors, teachers, colporters, carpenters, shopkeepers and other business men. These meet each Sunday afternoon for half an hour's prayer service then go out on the streets and tell men of Christ. The first Sunday they were in front of the Foochow Viceroy's Yamen. Last Sunday in two different places a crowd was seen gathered about a single man who was telling them of salvation. Thus far on conservative estimates over 12,000 people have heard the Truth from members of this band. There has been no opposition and the crowds have invariably been respectful and attentive. When a Chinese business man preaches, with no eloquence, - merely saying over one sentence, as one man did recently, "I am a Christian. I believe Jesus Christ. It is better to worship God than to worship idols", - the charge cannot be made to him that he is talking for foreigner's money. I hope for much from this society.

After much prayer and consultation with missionaries and leading Chinese workers, we have asked two English speaking Chinese to help us in the work next year. Both men are second generation Christians trained in mission schools, and for four or five years have done excellent Christian work, and from all sources we hear only good concerning their character, ability and efficiency. Their salary will be about \$375 mex. each for the year, or \$375 gold for the two. Toward this we have the \$100 gold asked for our personal teachers. The Balance I guarantee. Neither of the men has yet accepted. If one or both do accept, we shall ask the International Committee if they are willing to meet the expense. I do not think it will increase our budget, but it will need a transfer of items.

You will also recall that just before leaving the U.S. I turned into the treasury of the International Committee thro Mr. Wilson of the Washington D.C. Association a check for \$200. from one of the Corby brothers of the Corby Bakery, 2301-2307 Brightwood Ave Washington, D.C. I wrote Mr. Andersen that it would not accord with Mr. Corby's wish to have this used for salary. He desired to give it toward the opening of a chapel or something in that line. It has not seemed to me wise to use it in that way. I am quite certain Mr. Corby would be pleased to have it go toward the support of one of these young men if they accept our proposition.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W.L. Beard.

[*The following was written by hand.*]

Dear Folks at Home:-

How does it suit you to have me sending copies of these report letters and a word in private at the end like this? I expect you really get more from me than if I did not send these to you. This is the 2nd day of the Chinese New Year. The New Year's day- yesterday was a very lovely day. A crisp air and the sun shone bright all day. Today has been cloudy and it rained this evening. I am wondering what the men think now who told me yesterday that when it was pleasant on New Year's day it would be pleasant for a long time afterward.

This afternoon began the Chinese Week of Prayer. The three missions meet together for this. It was one of the best Chinese prayer meetings that I ever attended. Yesterday we were entirely devoid of servants. We sent them all home on the last day of the Chinese year to stay till today. Ellen asked Mr. and Mrs. Gardner and their six children over for dinner. We had a table full of children- all nearly of a size. The oldest Gardner boy is 14 but he is only slightly larger than Phebe. There were children enough to make a respectable football team. We gave Gould a football for Christmas and they all had a jolly good time with it yesterday. On Tues. evening Ellen had what is called in high Foochow Society a "dinner party," fourteen of us from the U.S. and Ireland and Eng. ate together. On Wed. evening I was one of a "Stag party" of six to meet a young man just out from Dublin University for work in Fu Ning- 100 miles north from Foochow on the coast.

Have I written that Phebe's Christmas presents came all right and we send thanks for them. Just after Christmas until now, I have been too busy to be at all social- except as I was forced into it. This report should have been off Jan. 1-5. Tomorrow I have about two hours more of writing and then I'm going to hold up a bit and help Ellen hang some pictures. We have been thinking we might move almost any time so have not hung many pictures. But now that we have decided to stay here for a couple of months we may fix up a bit.

All are well and all send love

Will.

[*This letter dated **Feb. 11, 1906** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. It is the time of the Chinese New Years vacation and he and the children went to a Chinese Lantern Festival and purchased some. He just had his 41st birthday and Ellen had a surprise party for him. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China Feb. 11th, 1906.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last two letters from Foochow went as a sort of tail end of reports. They however served to let you know how we were. During the last three weeks the schools have been closed for the Chinese New Years vacation, and week before last many of the foreignized stores, the Printing Press, Banks etc. were closed, so comparative quiet reigned. This gave one time to do some writing that had long been waiting.

A week ago yesterday the children and I went into the streets to see the lanterns. Friday was the day of the Chinese Lantern Festival, and for ten days previous to the festival, certain streets are occupied by the vendors of paper lanterns, made in all conceivable shapes. Each of the children selected a lantern as we walked along. Then we stopped, only for an instant and the crowds became almost crushing. So after the children had made their selection I took them into a shop where I was known and left them in the back room while I went out and bought the lanterns. Here are some of the bargains. The man of whom I bought Gould's lantern asked 45 cents. He accepted 20 cents and carried the lantern - a large one- half way home for me. Another man wanted 10 cents a piece for the round globe lanterns about 8 in. diam. He let me have 6 for 10 cents. When these lanterns had the candles in them and lit they made a very showy appearance in the evening. We talk every year about how we wish it were feasible to take

some of them home to the U.S. but it is almost impossible. They are so fragile. They are intended to furnish a few days or evenings of sport, and then are used up, and next year new ones are made. The lantern Festival was last Friday. That day a few lanterns were displayed. On Sat. you could hardly find one.

Today the Young Men's Bible Class met for the fourth time. There were 12 present.

Last Monday was my 41st birthday. The children had conspired with Ellen to have a party. It was very amusing to hear the secrets kept, and to see the expressions when I looked surprised as for instance when Phebe read aloud one of the letters accepting the invitation in my presence before she thought of it.

Last Wed. the missionaries gave up to prayer, -three sessions- a.m., p.m., and evening. Each session was devoted mostly to prayer. On that day Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Hartwell, Teddy, Nela, and Christine came up. Some of them have been with us until yesterday afternoon. The Am. Board had a business meeting Thursday. The Hubbards started home Friday afternoon but the wind was dead ahead and the waves so fierce that they dared not go on so we had all but Nela, who went to Ponasang, another day. They went home yesterday p.m. The children have made things lively for four days. How is Foochow tea?

An Am. mail has just arrived- No letters from you yet. They may come in tomorrow.

The young man who is to help in the Y.M.C.A. work this year arrived in Foochow from Ku Cheng 100 miles N.W. yesterday. I trust this will mean much for the works here. I'll close this here with – we are all well. - There may be more news before the mail goes.

Lovingly

Will

*[This letter dated **Feb. 17, 1906** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks in Shelton. In it, he announces the birth of another daughter (Marjorie). He briefly refers to troubles in Amoy, but that all is quite in his region. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China Feb 17th 1906.

Dear Folks in Shelton:-

This morning at 3:30 a little girl came to our home much to the joy of her sisters and brother. Phebe said a little while ago its too bad for Gould tho. not to have a little brother to play with.

Ellen awoke at 2:00 o'clock. The Dr. arrived about 2:30 and left about 4:00. We went back to bed and slept till 6:45. Every thing went as nicely as possible.

We have been too busy to name her as yet. Ellen talked of Marjorie but the children do not like it.

You doubtless hear of the troubles near Amoy. All is quiet as far as [I] know in this region.

All send love to all

Will.

*[This typewritten letter was written **after Feb. 17, 1906** from Foochow, China. It is from Willard to the folks at home. He talks about a new cousin that was born in Bridgeport, CT (Leolyn M. Seaver Beard). He talks about his own children and how happy everyone is that Willard's sister Flora is coming to China to teach. He expresses concern about his sister Ruth's illness. He talks about some of the Chinese colleges and the opportunities for them to get in them to teach English and Christianity. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[After Feb. 17, 1906]

Dear Folks at Home:-

The last mail brought a letter from you to Geraldine. This told us of the arrival of the new cousin in Bridgeport, and of the illness of Ruth. We trust that Leolyn and the baby [*On Jan. 26, 1906, young Leolyn M. Seaver Beard was born to James and Leolyn Seaver Smith Beard.*] are doing well. And we hope for the best news about Ruth. Flora writes that she is planning to come out in the Autumn. I have just pounded off a few lines to her regarding this. Both Ellen and I tried to write you by the last mail but both of us failed. No news was good news this time however. Both Ellen and Marjorie are doing the perfectly proper things every day. Marjorie does not kick unless she feels badly, not even when I do not bathe her every day, as I am not doing today. She knows that the night is the time for sleep, and she is coming to know that the day is for activity. Ellen has not had any pain since Marjorie came, she sat up about two hours yesterday in a chair. When the children heard of the arrival of the little

cousin we were at the supper table. They made such a clapping and shouted so that Ellen heard them up stairs with the doors all closed. There is also great rejoicing over the news that Flora is planning to come out for the school.

We have one opening into one of the Chinese Colleges in the City, and have entered it. I have the privilege of meeting about twenty five young men one hour a week to use the time as I like. It was given out that I was to lecture to them on Christianity last Saturday. Most of these boys know nothing about Christianity. We have visited the Highest Government College in the City and there is reason to hope that we shall get into it to teach English. Another college wants music and we hope to supply it thro one of our Chinese secretaries. Another Military college wants preaching- at least we are told so, and we are on the watch to get into this college also.

Keep us posted with regard to Ruth.

Very lovingly,
Will Feb. 1906

*[This letter dated **March 25, 1906** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He has been visiting the Chinese Colleges to find a way to work in them and have influence there. He talks of his family and of new baby Marjorie. Mrs. Boies is coming to Foochow with a group and wants Willard to find a hotel, but he will have them stay with his family as there are no good hotels worth staying in. Willard, Gould and Mr. McLachlin hiked to the Kushan Monastery on Kushan Mountain to ask if the Buddhist Priests would rent out part of the monastery for their Summer Conference and were told "no". Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China March 25th 1906.

Dear Folks at Home:-

During the past two weeks I have done very little writing of any kind. This last week on Tues., Fri. and Sat. I went into the city to visit the Chinese Colleges. This means a long half day each time. We have been doing regular work in two Colleges for over two weeks, and one of the Chinese Assistant Secretaries has preached in another this a.m. We have not yet got into the highest Government Schools. - That is to do regular work and we have been into the colleges and had a pleasant call with both teachers and students, and negotiations are still going which we hope will end in admitting us to the colleges so that we shall have influence there.

Ellen and Marjorie are both doing the proper things every day. Marjorie was five weeks old yesterday. She celebrated her fifth week birth night by sleeping from 9 o'clock Fri. night till 6 o'clock Sat. morning. She seldom wakes more than once during the night and then eats and goes right to sleep with out a word. Ellen is all about just as usual. The other children are well and- tell Flora, are developing fast. This evening the three older ones kept themselves and their parents nearly convulsed reciting the attempts of a carpenter, who has been working for us, to speak English. The children enjoyed using his tools and while they were with him he asked them how to say various words in English- of course he made laughable work on many of the words. We have had three wash stands and two commodes and a cheffonier [*a cabinet with doors for storage of linens or other odds and ends*] and two dressers made of the pine boards that our goods were shipped in from the U.S. Ellen is getting to be an architect of no mean reputation- she has designed the different pieces. When stained or painted these pieces of furniture cannot be detected from good hard wood pieces- unless closely examined.

How is Ruth? We have heard nothing since the letter that told of her operation.

For the past three Saturdays we have spent the afternoon in planning for the Summer Conference. Yesterday we finished the program.

A hard thunder storm is on as I write. We have had several during the past three weeks.

I think the deputation from the Woman's Board of the Interior has come to Foochow since I wrote you. Mrs. Moses Smith, Misses Star and Beebe. They went to Ing Hok last Monday.

A week ago yesterday we received a letter from Mrs. Boies of Scranton, Pa, U.S.A. written at Calcutta, saying that she and her party planned to reach Singapore March 14th- spend a few days there and in Hong Kong, and then come to Foochow. She asked me to engage "three double rooms at the best hotel" for them. There is one hotel here which no one allows any friend to stop at. Business men- such as dentists, piano tuners, etc. say it is hard to eat the food and meals are served at any time when the proprietor gets thro playing cards. So we have hired extra servants and plan to keep them ourselves.-good night- while I help bathe the queen of the house, - and get a nights rest- more tomorrow.

Monday a.m. - Last week was very warm- with one cool day- Thursday. Mr. McLachlin, Gould and I started on that day at 7:30 a.m., took a boat down the river about five miles to the foot of Kushan mountain- then

walked up to Kushan Monastery- stopped there an hour- asked them if they would rent part of the Monastery to us to hold the Summer Conference, they said "No." It took only a little "brass" facedness to ask these heathen Buddhist Priests- idol worshippers- to let us hold a Conference of Christian workers in the same halls with their idols. Then we walked on to Kuliang reaching our own cottage there at 1:10 p.m. The way food disappeared when we got to work at the lunch would make the wheat growers in the west of the U.S. happy. Gould did eat as if he was half starved. After lunch we viewed Mr. McLachlin's new house and a hole in the side of a hill, as yet and then started for home reaching there at 6:30 p.m. to find four men in my study to sell land I bought another piece. If all goes well this will make enough for our two houses.

You have not written anything about the troubles in China. Mrs. McLachlin's people are very anxious and many are writing anxious letters, but all goes on as usual here.

All send love to all

Will.

The Huntington Hills

Published Quarterly by Rev. F. A. Holden, Shelton, Conn.

Volume One, Number 1, pg. 17

April, 1906

Rev. Willard Beard, a former resident of Huntington, is at Foochow [*Foochow*], China. He was a missionary of the American Board but is now employed by the Young Men's Christian Association in missionary work. He is one of the most efficient of our young men in China. Both he and his family have suffered illness the past year but have now recovered. A welcome letter from him was read at our annual meeting, telling of the marked religious interest there.

Washington's birthday was observed by a tea party at the parsonage. The tea used was sent by Mr. Beard from China.

[*"The Huntington Hills" is from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

[*This letter dated April 2, 1906 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. It is a brief note saying that they are all well. They are getting ready to host Mrs. Boies and her group in their home for about a week. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China April 2nd 1906

Dear Folks at Home:-

I can write only a line or two to let you know that we all are well, and happy. We have not heard from any one at home since I wrote last. We want especially to know how Ruth and Leolyn are.

Mrs. Boies cabled that she planned to start from Hong Kong Friday last. This should bring her to Foochow tomorrow. We suppose that in the party are Mrs. Boies, her two daughters, Rev. and Mrs. Odell = her pastor. We hope they may have to stay a week. They wrote asking us to engage rooms- three double suits in the best Hotel. We have hired a second cook and another "boy", and will take the Boies ourself, the Macs will take Mr. and Mrs. Odell.

We are planning to live them out. I do not know whether we shall succeed.

More next time.

Hoping all are well

With Love

Will

[*This letter dated April 15, 1906 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. They are now the owners of a piano and daughter, Phebe is taking violin lessons. Mrs. Boies and her group has come and gone. While there, Willard hired extra people to cook and clean. Willard tells about the various activities during the week of the visit. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China April 15th 1906.

Dear Folks at Home:-

My correspondence register does not tell the truth for it says I wrote last over a month ago. This I am sure is false. I am writing in a room where the ther. is 74 degrees above, - the hottest and sultriest yet. We have had a good Easter tho. with no rain. Ellen and the four older children attended the English service this a.m. Marjorie and I looked after the house. Marjorie wanted a lunch soon after her mother was out of sight. A rag wet in water and a little sugar tied in the rag was an effective charm.

Two weeks ago we became the owners of a piano. The Commissioner of Customs- Mr. E.B. Drew,- an American, is about to leave on furlough and wanted to sell. The piano was made in Chicago and has been in Foochow only about 7 or 8 years,- it is among the best in Foochow. We gave \$300. mex for it. Phebe is taking violin lessons and doing nicely- on the two strings left to her violin.

April 3rd Tuesday, Gould, Geraldine and I got up at 4:30 a.m. and took the launch at 6:00 a.m. to meet the steamer on which were coming Mrs. H.M. Boies, her daughters Ethel and Helen, and her pastor and his wife Dr. J.H. Odell and Mrs. Odell. The steamer arrived about 8:30 a.m. We found all the friends all right, and between 10 and 11 o'clock we all reached home. Mr. and Mrs. Odell were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin. The others by us. While they were here life was rather strenuous for us. They had written me to engage for them three double rooms in the best Hotel in Foochow. Well Foochow people never allow their friends to go to the Hotel. So we engaged the best cook we could find in Foochow and an extra man to wait on table etc. and an extra man to do rough work and promised our own servants tips and told our cook who was to do all the purchasing of food that we must have things right without regard to cost. So we had a bevy of six men and two women to keep straight all the time and for some of the dinners there were three or four extra men. Oh yes there was another woman to wash the house all the time.

Tues. p.m. Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin and Mr. and Mrs. Odell came over and had afternoon tea with us and we decided on the program for the time the friends were with us. Wed. a.m. Mrs. Boies wanted to see some lacquer work and the Bank. In the afternoon the monthly Concert of Prayer was held at our home. I was to have charge. Mr. Odell spoke of the revival in the Punjab, India. There was a very large attendance. After Mr. Odell's talk Dr. Wilkinson (C.M.S.) spoke of his work among opium smokers.

Wed. evening we invited the Presidents and their wives and some of the foreign teachers of the Colleges in which there are Y.M.C.A.s, to dinner. There were 19 at dinner.

Thurs. a.m. all the friends Mr. Mac and I went into the city. Before starting Mr. Odell addressed some 600 students of both sexes in the schools of the M.E. Mission. They met in the large church for morning prayers at 8 a.m. After Mr. Odell, Mr. Boies spoke a few words of greeting to them. Thurs. p.m. Mr. Odell addressed an audience of 600 young men at Gen Cio Dong= Dudley Mem'l. Thurs. evening all took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin and some friends.

Friday a.m. Mrs. Boies visited the Girl's schools of the M.E. and C.M.S. Missions. Ellen went with her. In the afternoon a reception was held for the friends of Mr. McLachlins. In the evening we had invited eight of the representative young Chinese men to dine with the friends. At this dinner Mrs. Boies met the leaders in Christian work in the College and outside of the colleges. She was much interested with a young physician who is Dr. Rennie's assistant in the native hospital. Monday a.m. she visited the hospital and left \$50.00 gold for it.

Sat. Mrs. Boies, Mr. and Mrs. Odell and I went into the city to see the Am. Board col., took lunch with the friends there, stopped in the p.m. at a fan shop and bought \$25.00 of fans,- then visited the Blind Sch. for Boys and Men's Hospital under Dr. and Mrs. Wilkinson C.M.S.

Sun. Mrs. Boies spoke to M.E. Girls at 2 p.m. Mr. Odell preached in English at 3 p.m. At 4:30 p.m. the Y.M.C.A. bible Classes met (33 present). Mr. Odell talked with the class which uses the English language, and then spoke thro an interpreter to the combined class.

This finished the work. Monday at 5:30 p.m. we i.e. the five friends, Mac and I started for the steamer. Some 20 young Chinese men waved the chataqua salute [*the waiving of handkerchiefs*] to them as the house boat swung out into the stream. Just at 12 midnight we said "good bye" to them on the steamer and the house boat hoisted sail and we were on our way home.

After looking over the property which we have bought and seeing the house now standing on it which we had thought of repairing and changing, Mrs. Boies handed me a check for \$1000 gold and said the house must be torn down and a brand new one built.

Last Monday was Easter Monday, and there was the usual long service- the large church was crowded-packed at both a.m. and p.m. sessions. The ther. stood at 78 degrees in the evening. Yesterday Wed. it dropped to 60 degrees. The service of Monday was very inspiring. Everyone was happy and pleased.

Tues. Mac and I went to Kuliang. He is building a cottage.

We are all well. Marjorie was vaccinated last Sat. and feels a little punish. Mac and I start for Shanghai- I take Gould along to visit with Mr. Lyon's little boy, - about April 28th.

All send love to all

Will.



Written on back of a copy of one of these photos: "Two months old Marjorie Taken in Methodist"
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **April 29, 1906** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He has met with the Y.M.C.A. Constitution and Bylaws Committee and with the Commissioner of Education and of Rail Roads. Willard's house plans are ready and he includes a little sketch in his letter. Word of the 1906 San Francisco earthquake has reached China. Willard is taking Gould with him to the Y.M.C.A. Secretary's Conference in Shanghai. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

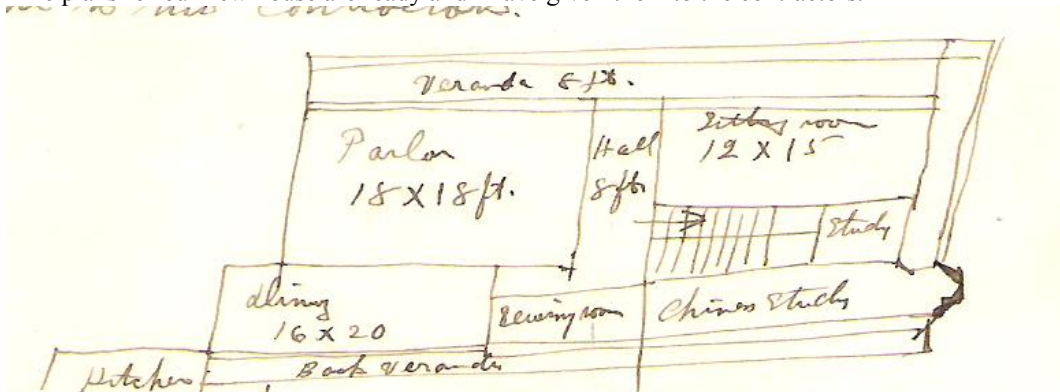
Foochow, China
April 29th 1906.

Dear Folks at Home:-

It seems that I wrote you two weeks ago. The past two weeks have gone as usual very swiftly. Last Sunday at 3:00 p.m. a Comm. met to talk about the Y.M.C.A. Constitution and Bylaws. The Bible Classes meet at 4:30 p.m. At 4:10 we had not finished the first article of the constitution. I began to wonder what we should do for when the young men came for Bible Study the Comm. would have to stop its work. But just then it began to rain torrents, and this kept up for two hours. The Comm. sat straight thro till seven o'clock and finished work. I did not feel much like writing letters that evening.

A week ago yesterday Mr. Arnold the new acting Vice Consul (Consul and Mrs. Gracey have gone home on furlough) and I went into the city to see Ding Baik Cieng the Commissioner of Education and of Rail Roads in Fukien Province. Mr. Arnold took Mr. Ding's photo. We had a good audience over two hours with the Commissioner.

The plans for our new house are ready and I have given them to the contractors.



That is a very poor drawing but you can get a little idea of the plan. The room 12 X 15 above the sitting room will likely be Flora's.

I took Marjorie's photo the other day and am sending you some of them, the one with Marjorie's face close to Ellen's is very bad. I send the other just as a sample- altho it is very poor. Will you give the one marked to Ben and Abbie.

A week ago today we heard the first news about the earthquake in San Francisco. It shocked the whole community. Dr. and Mrs. Whitney of the Am. Board have two sons in the city. But I think they feel somewhat relieved about them. Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Wolfe have a son there also. They are much exercised.

The Y.M.C.A. Secretary's Conference for Korea, China and Hong Kong is held in Shanghai May 4-10. Mac and I plan to attend and we are planning to take Gould with us. Mrs. Lyon has invited him to come to see their son David- about Gould's age. The woman folks will thus be left alone in the house.

Shanghai May 3rd, 3 p.m.

Gould and I reached here last evening at 10 o'clock- slept on steamer- got up this a.m. and found breakfast. Then found our rooms etc. Gould is at Mr. Lyon's with David, their son about Gould's age. Gould had a great time on the steamer. I did as I usually do on this trip- went to bed when the steamer left the river Min and got up when she entered the Yangste [*Yangtze*],- yesterday p.m. Gould had the run of the ship to do as he liked, and he thoroughly enjoyed it.

We left Ellen and the girls all well last Monday evening.

All send love to all

Will.

I send only two photos this time.

*[This letter dated **May 14, 1906** was written from Shanghai, China by Willard to the folks at home. He and Gould are there for a Y.M.C.A. Secretary's Conference. Gould gets to visit with Mr. Lyon's son, David. There are now 25 secretaries for the Y.M.C.A. in China and an interesting part of the work is with the Literate problem. The man who is the Chinese Literate has gone from being old fashioned and proud to wanting to know everything foreign. The old Confucian Examination system is gone. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China May 14th 1906. [*Letter written on Y.M.C.A. Stationary that is pre-printed with "Foochow, China".*]

Dear Folks at Home:-

Gould and I have been in Shanghai since Wed. 10 p.m. May 2nd. We slept on the steamer that night, - took breakfast on shore in the morning. The Y.M.C.A. Secretaries' Conference began Friday morning May 4th and closed at 10:30 last evening= May 10. Any kind of a Convention or Conference is hard work and this one has been no exception. I have found it very difficult to get time even to write two short letters to Ellen during the time we have been here. Gould is getting tired too. He and David Lyon have visited rather hard- at night when they should have been asleep. One night they returned with the promise of or rather to take a cold plunge in the morning. At 3:30 a.m. Mr. Lyon was wakened by noise and on getting up found the two boys up and preparing to jump into the bath tub. Of course they went back to bed but I am afraid not to sleep.

I have just heard that a steamer is likely to leave for Foochow on Wed. morning, so there is hope that we may get home sometime. The Conf. closed last Thurs. evening. It is now Monday. Time does not hang heavy on our hands but one had much rather be at home.

Yesterday I preached in the Foochow dialect to about 40 Foochow speaking people. Today I plan to go out to see Gilbert Reid and his International Institute, and get if possible 2 photographs for Miss Newton which she sent to the St. Louis Exposition and which were in some way diverted from their intended destination in the rooms of the Woman's Am. Board in Boston. Then I plan to go on the Nang Yang College take tiffin and after tiffin meet some of the Foochow boys in Nang Yang Coll. I plan to take Gould with me. It is a ride of 5 miles in a richsha. We will likely take two men- one to pull and one to push. This Coll. is entirely under China's control. They have two or more foreign instructors, one of whom is Lacy M. Sites Ph.D. - son of a former Foochow missionary. He and his sister- both born in Foochow live in a nice house adjoining the Coll.

In 1901 there were 4 Y.M.C.A. Secretaries in China. There were present at this Conference 20, four did not come. One is at home. So there are now 25. One of the most interesting parts of the work is that in connection with the Literate problem. In 1901 the International Comm. were asked to find and send out several men to make a specialty of the Literate problem. At that time the Chinese Literate was a conservative, proud, long-gowned, round-shouldered man always having a know-it-all air about him, and always disdaining anything foreign. But this man has gone thro a complete revolution during the last 5 years. He has not yet stopped revolting. He has put on gold-bowed spectacles for his tortoise-shell goggles; he has pulled his head up on top of his shoulders; he is progressive, less proud, and anxious to know things foreign. 10,000 of them are today in Japan, -with the determination of learning all there is to know of western knowledge in two years!!! And this thro the medium of the Japanese and English languages- not a sentence of which they understand when they leave China. The old system of examination is all gone [*Confucian Examination System*]. The old examination Hall in Foochow with its 13000 stalls is slowly disappearing. No one yet knows on what basis degrees will be given.

All this changes the problem of the men who were sent out especially for work among The Literate. But it makes the problem much less technical. In Foochow we are now actually working among these people in the College in Foochow city.

Well it is most breakfast time and the mail for the U.S. closes today here in [*unreadable word*] so I must close and seal this.

The word from Foochow was a good one- all were well.

We are looking for word from Flora giving something definite about her coming out next fall.

With love to all

Will.

[This letter dated **June 9, 1906** written from Foochow, China by the China Merchants S.N. Co. to Willard refers to a trip that Willard and son Gould made. Gould truly was 9 years old, his birth date being Nov. 13, 1896. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Memorandum

From

China Merchants S.N. Co.

Foochow, June 9th 1906

Mr. Beard.

Dear Sir,

We just received an instruction from our Shanghai Office Stating that they have been informed by the Captain that the child who took passage with you in Shanghai on the 28th April per S.S. "Fungshien"[?] has been proved to be 15 years old instead of 9 years old. But in the return ticket which we gave you we charged the child only half fare. We are therefore instructed to collect \$22.50 from you again. We shall feel obliged by you forwarding the amount to us.

Yours faithfully
[unreadable]

P.T.O.

P.S. Children under 12 years old are allowed half fare according to this Company's rules.

*[This letter dated **June 17, 1906** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He went for a brief visit to Ing Hok the previous week. He expresses concern for two of his sister's health – Ruth and Elizabeth. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China June 17th 1906.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The penciled letter enclosed was written a week ago but I wished copies made to send to Putnam and to Dwight Goddard. I was in Ing Hok during the week and after the copies were made the letter still remained and I am sending it in tomorrow's mail.

I was off for Ing Hok last Monday at 7 a.m. Reached there to take dinner with Mr. Smith Tuesday noon. The heat was not very bad and the weather was endurable all the week. I spoke at the Conference of the workers of the field, on Tues., Wed., and Thursday evenings beside attending all the sessions (5) of the Conference. We started for Foochow by boat from Ing Hok about 2:30 from Friday and I reached home yesterday about 10 a.m. and found all well. How Marjorie does grow!! She is now practicing for an oration- she has not divulged the topic or the occasion on which it is to be delivered. I can hear her talking up stairs now, - and from the noise I know her talk is very amusing to her mother, sisters and brother who are with her.

The mail which came last week brought news of Ruth's convalescence, and of Elizabeth's going to the Hospital or Sanitorium. We are praying God to very graciously heal both these dear sisters. The same mail told us that Flora's resignation was accepted and her face was China ward.

For two weeks now we have had quite steady hot weather. The family have however stood it pretty well. Marjorie and Dorothy have a little prickly heat. We hope to be on the mountain a week from today. Phebe is 11 yrs. old tomorrow. Leolyn's letter came by last mail.

I am to deliver the address at the Graduation of the students at Dr. Woodhull's Hospital day after tomorrow.

May God be merciful and comforting to you all, and keep you Lovingly Will.

[Flora graduated from the State Normal School (now Central Connecticut State University) in New Britain. After graduating in 1890, she taught for 2 ½ years in Talcottville, CT.]

*[This letter dated **July 1, 1906** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He left Foochow by houseboat to go to Hok Chiang for two trials. He describes one of them and how he intervened. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Young Men's Christian Association

Ngu Cheng
Foochow, China, July 1st 1906.

Dear Folks at Home-

Last Monday Ellen, the children and I went to the mountain. I got things fixed up that day and went back to Foochow Tuesday a.m. Wed. about noon the Am. Consul wrote me that the Chinese Deputy who was appointed to

go with me to Hok Chiang to investigate some charges of persecution was coming at 2:30 p.m. to meet me and arrange to start. The same letter asked me to take dinner with him in the evening.

At 9:00 p.m. I left the Consulate and at 10 o'clock I was going down the river on a house boat. The next morning at 7:00 we left the boat and got breakfast and started for the 18 mile journey. For the first two hours it was very hot, but about 10:00 a fine breeze came up and it was comfortable the rest of the way. We reached Hok Chiang a little after 5 p.m. I went to the home of Mr. Carpenter. He was planning to start early next morning for Kuliang, but left the house for me to live in while in Hok Chiang.

Friday I called on the Hok Chiang magistrate and the Chinese Deputy and arranged for trying the cases- put two on for Saturday afternoon. They tried to bring them on Sunday, - then put them off till Monday. But a little insistence placed them for Sat. - The Hok Chiang magistrate takes so much opium that he has no conscience and little mind or body left for any work.

At 2:00 p.m. yesterday I was on hand but had to wait till 3:00 before all was ready for the trial. It is not pleasure, looked at from any view point. The poor people who are questioned kneel on the stone floor- this was a little more than I could stand and after a quarter of an hour I told them to sit on the floor. Then the official (Chinese) cannot speak the dialect and a yamen underling does the translating. He yells at the side which he does not favor and asks the questions in an insulting manner, but is very suave toward the side which has put \$10.00 in his hands. Well I called him down. A woman said she had been beaten and cut by one of the persecutors. I called her to me and looked at the scars and made the Deputy look at them. Then I asked her why she had not shown them to the official, who sat nearby. She said she had done so. I asked if the official had not punished the man who beat her she said "no." This was tough on the opium sort of an official but he had to take it.

We did not finish this first case yesterday. We sat there from 3-6:30 p.m. and it was hard work. I then took a Chinese supper and Mr. Caldwell and I started at 7:15 for Ngu Cheng 14 miles distant. We arrived at 11:15, - this morning I preached here in Chinese. Tomorrow plan to start for Hok Chiang at 5:00 a.m.

Love to all Will.

*[This typewritten letter dated **July 14, 1906** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at Shelton. It is a brief letter and mentions that it is probably the last letter Flora will receive before she leaves for China and he hopes that sisters Ruth and Elizabeth are doing better. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China

July 14th. 1906.

Dear Folks at Shelton:-

I have been trying to get a letter in the post for you all the week. The mail goes in half an hour so I can only write enough to tell you that we are well, and most interested in the letters that come from Connecticut. Oliver wrote recently. I mailed the letter to him on May 4th at Shanghai. He answered it on June 4th and I received his reply July 10th. This is very speedy work.

I suppose this is about the last letter Flora will receive from us before she leaves. I am looking carefully for the date of her sailing and the route she plans to take. We have not burdened her with things to buy for us. The fact is we have too many things now. And we know what it is to be loaded down with a lot of errands for others. It is nice to be helpful tho.

I hope Ruth is continuing in the good road to strength and that Elizabeth is doing well. When Ben [Willard's brother] gets all his business so systematized that it will run itself and he finds nothing to do and his bank account is so large that the vaults are in danger of bursting, he and Abbie and Wells must take a trip around the world and stop a time with us.

The mail is closing so Good Bye.

With lots of Love from us all,

Will

*[This letter dated **Sept. 5, 1906** was probably written from Foochow, China and was written by 11 year old Phebe Kinney Beard to her grandma. She mentions that her papa (Willard) has been sick for four weeks but is getting better, as are Geraldine and Dorothy. She talks about a pretty moth in Gould's room. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Sept. 5, 1906

Dear grandma,

Papa has been sick for four weeks today and he has seemed to be gaining five days and is getting well all the time. Now, Geraldine and Dorothy are getting better, too. Today is papa's and momma's eleventh wedding anniversary.

Last night papa heard something fluttering and did not know what it was. This morning we found out. Gould this morning on the windowsill which his cloths were, he saw a beautiful yellow moth. At the top of his wings he has a kind of gray priest color, then two kind of maple leaves in the middle of the whole moth. Then there are spots which are black, then "Dorothy's Writing" so, mmmm. Only a little more spread out.

Mamma is going to ask Doctor for some medicine to put him to sleep with, when she comes to see papa.

With much love,
Phebe K.

[This letter dated Sept. 9, 1906 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. The Summer Conference has been going on for two weeks and ends that night. He mentions many of the difficulties that affected the conference that year. Willard's house is nearly all walled in. They expect to hear that Flora has left the U.S. and look forward to her arrival in China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
Sept. 9th 1906.

Dear Folks at Home:-

It has been a long time since I have sat down to write a leisurely letter to you. I am at that task now, with a feeling of pleasure. All summer long I have been trying to catch up the correspondence that had been put off during the spring and early summer because I was away from home. The last letter of that work I mailed Friday- day before yesterday- nine pages of answers to questions for a paper on "Education" to be read at the "Centinery Conference" in Shanghai next Apr. and May. My work in the Summer Conference for students here was finished today at 11:00 o'clock. I hope for a vacation of almost two weeks now with only two spots to write during the time.

Friday Aug. 31st I came down from the mountain for the Conference which began Sat. evening and which closes this evening. God has been working in ways that none of us could have thought of during the week and indeed during the year- in ways that materially affected the Conference.

1. The Anglo-Chinese Coll. of the M.E. mission had trouble between the Pres. and the students in May. Students all left, and the Coll. closed. We were to hold the Conference in one of the buildings of this Coll. and the heads of the entertainment Comm. were students of this Coll. When they went home, these important Comms. also went home and we had to plan to borrow, rent or buy such things as mosquito curtains, pillows, bed coverings, lamps, tea pots and cups, etc.

2. We had counted on one of Secretaries coming from Shanghai to help in the Conference. No one came.

3. A typhoon Aug. 27-29 hindered nine men from one delegation- Hing Hua from coming. Three men from there walked overland and have been at the sessions of the entire Conference.

4. Monday evening a note was received while we were in session- at about 7:30 o'clock from the mountain saying that Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin's boy was critically ill and that he must come up immediately. He started and reached his mountain cottage at 11:30 p.m. - about 40 minutes after the little boy had passed away. He woke in the night and refused to nurse, but about 4 o'clock in the morning he took a cup of Mellin's food and milk and seemed all right. About 1 p.m. he had a convulsion, the Doctor was called immediately - two of them and a trained nurse. Other convulsions followed. He was not himself again, and passed to his new home at 10:45. Tuesday they brought him down in a little coffin made of boards from home boxes. Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin arrived about 4 p.m. We had the little grave all ready. A short service had been held at Kuliang before they started. At the grave I offered a prayer and it was all over only 27 hours after the Dr. had been called. Mrs. McLachlin felt it very deeply but bore up bravely. This of course took McLachlin away from the Conference and added to my work.

5. Friday noon a note came to me from Uong Siong Dek who is leading one of the Bible Study Classes saying that his wife who was on Kuliang with their children had just sent down coolies asking him to come immediately. This took away the leader of one Bible Class and he was also to give the address this morning. But we have had a good conference. This afternoon every man testified to the help he had received and every part of the Conference came for its share of giving blessing. I have conducted each day a class in Personal Work- one hour a day.

Ground was broken for our new house during the week. The property is nearly all walled in. We hope to be able to use the new house next January.

It has rained much during the week, and on Friday and yesterday the weather was much like a typhoon but it has today settled down with a good steady rain. I expect this may be called the Equinosial [*Willard may mean an Equinoctial storm, which according to Dictionary.com is a storm of violent winds and rain occurring at or near the time of an equinox and popularly, but erroneously, believed to be physically associated with it.*]. I hoped to get back to Kuliang tomorrow.

We are looking anxiously for Flora's letter telling us the date of her sailing. Five pupils that we had not counted on have spoken to us about coming. Many are glad of the prospects of a teacher. I have had a letter from Ellen most everyday. She and the children are well. I am afraid they are longing for sunshine. Rains are so very wet up there. I enclose one of her letters to me which you may send to Putnam if you like. I think of you are all scattering again- This time for very remote fields of work. But how small the world is getting, and the same Father cares for us all.

With lots of Love to all Will.

A paragraph in the Annual Report of the Kuliang Council report dated August 17, 1936 tells some of the history of the bathing pool on Kuliang..

"This pool was built before 1900 by Messers. Ramsay and Schlee, merchants in Foochow. In the fall of 1906, after the owners had left Foochow not to return, the pool was offered for sale for \$50.00. Rev. W. L. Beard purchased it for that price. Not wishing to keep it privately, he offered to share it with a few friends, and it was agreed to form a stock company, limiting the share holders to 20. The official name was: "The Kuliang Bathing Club". On August 14th, 1914 this club passed the following vote: "That the Club should hand over its balance, and its responsibilities to the Public Improvement Committee."

*[This letter dated Tuesday, **Sept. 1906** was written from the S.S. Siberia on the way to Honolulu by Flora (37 years old) to the folks at home. She and Mary traveled across the U.S. to San Francisco and Flora left Mary in Oakland. (Mary will stay in California to teach.) Flora tells about ship life and how everyone dresses up for dinner each night. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[September 1906]
Tuesday-

Pacific Mail SS Co.
S.S. Siberia

Dear folks at home:-

We have traveled so fast that I have had no time for letter writing. Mary and I had a pleasant trip all the way across. Perhaps she has told you of our pleasant acquaintance with Dr. Maloy of Riverside. I left Mary in her care from Oakland. I stayed in Oakland over the first night in company with a young lady who was on our sleeper. The next morning we went over and saw what is left of San Francisco. I spent the rest of the time until the sailing of the Siberia at the Y.W.C.A. of Frisco. My bill for two nights and meals came to \$1.20, so you see I was not fleeced. I got fleas(ed) in the bargain. They made me scratch for a day or two but I think I have lost them now.- The ocean has been most beautiful and as smooth as one could wish. There is a long swell here which has upset a number but I have been unusually hungry for each meal and have eaten the menu end to end. It has been so dry that my shoes keep a fine polish and to-day the passengers are out in the thinnest of dresses. Each night we go to dinner in full dress. The men appear either in full evening costume of tuxedos. I rather like it. The dinner hour is one of much mirth for every one comes in the best of good feelings. There are all sorts of people on board. Cook and Raymond and Whitcomb have each a 'round the world' party on board. There are missionaries, tourists, business men, and people returning from the "States" to Honolulu. I am sitting next to a very delightful little Honolulu woman, who has enlightened me much on the points of interest of her island home. One of the young ladies of my cabin is a part native. She bears the New England name of Adams and is returning after a summer's visit to Maine. The other roommate is a little girl from Tennessee who is going out as a missionary to Osaka. She wears her dress to her ankles and her hair down her back, and looks like a sweet girl graduate from a high school, instead of a B.A. from college under appointment for missionary work. She has just been in swimming in the tank on board, and the only reason she doesn't dance is for fear of shocking the other missionaries- of where there are quite a few.

Next day- I had a very pleasant talk yesterday with a young Englishman who (in company with another gentleman of his own country) making a tour of the world. I was much interested in his description of U.S. and Canada. He had spent 47 days in sightseeing. I wish he would tell me his impressions but his English breeding does not seem to allow him to do that.

I am going to mail this in Honolulu and will write again from Yokohama. With love to you all and hoping you are all better.

I am yours lovingly

F. Beard.

[This letter dated Oct. 18, 1906 was written about 15 miles north of Amoy, China by Willard to the folks at home. He missed his boat and has some time to write. He is concerned that he may not make it back to Foochow in time to greet Flora. He also has heard that his sister Phebe is in critical condition. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China Oct. 18th 1906.

Chioh Be-or in Foochow Dialect Sioh Ma.

Dear Folks at Home:-

One of the very few times in my life I have missed the boat and am compelled to lie idle for a time. My work at Ciong Ciu or as the people here call it Chiang Chin was finished last evening at 11:00 o'clock. I should have taken a boat at once, gone to bed on it and let the men tow it down to this place to be here at day light this morning. But Mr. Boot with whom I have been staying for four days persuaded me to stay the night with him. We ate breakfast at 5:30 this a.m. started at 6:15. But the wind was very strong up river, and the tide turned against us about 9 o'clock and when we reached here the launch had gone and our only way to make Amoy today was by paying a special launch \$50.00. I think we are about 12 miles down river from our starting point and about 15 miles still above Amoy. This must teach me to be on the safe side- I should have insisted on taking a boat last night. I started from Foochow last Wed., came to Amoy, reaching it Fri. at day light, went to Mr. Pitchers for breakfast- started with a 5:30 breakfast Sat. a.m. for Ciong Ciu and reached there at 2:30 p.m. Sat. I have had four days of very strenuous work here. A city Y.M.C.A. has been organized. I have already written out a full report wh. I shall try to send to you.

Just before we reached here this morning I met Mrs. Kip, an elderly widow- missionary of the Reformed Ch. in Ciong Chu. She had come from Amoy this morning and said the steamer for Foochow was in Amoy harbor. This steamer would naturally leave this p.m. But there are three steamers on the Hong Kong- Foochow run and the trip is eight days, so I shall hope to get out of Amoy Sat. or Sun. and reach Foochow Sun. or Mon. Flora is due in Shanghai today, so I am a little anxious for I want very much to be back to meet her.

I forgot to say that I am here with 4 small slices of bread, 3 pieces of cake and 4 little crackers. This morn I took dinner with the newly elected first President of the Ciong Ciu Y.M.C.A. He has a store here and came down this a.m. to see about it. I am to have supper with him also. As it is 5:30 p.m. I'll plan to finish this later.

S.S. "Haitan" Amoy Harbor Oct 22 Monday - noon.

I reached Amoy Friday at 1 p.m. to learn that I must wait till today for a Foochow steamer. I have been busy all the time. But it has been hard work. I found letters fr. Foochow on Fri. with Flora's letter of Sept. 5th telling of Phebe's [Willard's sister] critical condition. I can only leave it with God and hope for better news in [the] next letter. Then I learned that the "Siberia" was ahead of time, and if Flora came on her she is, in all probability, in Foochow before this, and I am not there to meet her. By not going up last week I escaped a very rough passage. The weather is delightful today. Trusting all to God's wisdom and love. Will.

To meet Miss Beard

Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard

At Home

*Tuesday, October twenty-third
four to six thirty*

[Donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

EXPRESS.

No. 651

Published at the Foochow Printing Press.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

FOOCHOW, 25th OCTOBER, 1906. Send out at 12.45 P.M.

The School for Foreign Children will open Monday October 29th at 9.00 a.m. in the school building in the Methodist Mission Compound.

Miss BEARD will be at the residence of W. L. BEARD, near the Methodist Press on Friday afternoon, October, 26th, and on Saturday October, 27th until 11:00 a.m. to confer with any who wish to send children to the school.

Miss BEARD.

[Donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[This letter dated Oct. 26, 1906 was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She arrived in Foochow a week ago and tells about her trip from Yokohama to Foochow. Ellen and the children were there to meet her but Willard did not make it. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Oct. 26, 1906.

Pacific Mail SS Co.
S.S. Siberia

Dear Folks at Home:-

I have been in Foochow for nearly a week. Don't think I have forgotten you because I have not written. The truth is that it has taken all this time to get landed- not my effects- but myself. It is only yesterday and to-day that I have been free from the boat motion.

I have written you nothing since I left Yokohama- although it was my plan to mail a letter at each stopping place. We left Yokohama just at night and met a rough sea which rocked the boat badly- so the passengers said- I slept through it all. The next morning we awoke in a beautiful water with sloping mountains each side. Our ride through the Inland Sea kept us busy spying out each new scape before it was gone. We wound about through the islands in a very crooked path and one spot had to turn almost a right angle. We went through the strait of Shimonisaki just as the sun was setting- most gloriously. After dinner we looked out and the lights were so numerous on each side in the distance that we were sure we must be passing some Japanese villages- but they were really the lights of the fishing boats which must have been literally hundreds, in number. We anchored early on Sunday at Nagasaki, and got on shore about 9 A.M. We went to church on land and our first entrance was in a Japanese service. Here I found Bessie's friend Mrs. Heicher. We went on to an English Church and after the service I went to tiffin with Mr. and Mrs. Heicher. They had been on land only for two weeks but were most cozily fixed in a little house with a beautiful view of the harbor and its surrounding mountains. As I ate I could see that most wonderful feat of coaling- going on in the harbor. It is one of the sights of the world. There were at least eighteen huge lighters of coal which attached themselves to the sides of the ship. There must have been fifty men women and children on each. Some large steps made of bamboo were hung to the sides of the Siberia and then the people went to work with small soft baskets- possibly holding six quarts. Some shoveled the coal into the baskets others piled them others formed a living chain and passed the coal up and into the bins of the boat. They must have gotten to work at 9 A.M. and at 5 P.M. we were moving out of the harbor with coal enough to last for the trip to Hong Kong and return.

On Tuesday early we were piloted in over the reef to Shanghai. We were anchored several miles from land but our boat was surrounded by beggars asking for a "cash". We were taken off in a launch and landed when a train was waiting for us at the mouth of the river. The ride of twenty minutes took us through a low country full of rice and cotton fields. Everywhere we could see the coffins of the Chinese dead waiting for the auspicious day for burial. They were covered but some of them showed a long waiting.



Chinese coffins.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Shanghai is a very cosmopolitan and up to date city. They are putting in a trolley line and when I went to bed I turned out the electricity. The building in which I was entertained is a part of a block which is a part of a section, owned by Li Hung Chan's son. It was a most attractive part of the city- really on the very edge and in the country. I was met by some of Will's friends and was housed and cared for by them as though I were an old friend. It was really very novel and decidedly pleasing and comfortable.

Fortunately there was a boat going out to Foochow the next morning so I embarked in a tiny steamer on a very choppy water. Things were decidedly rough but we did not reach the ocean until after tiffin. There were just six cabin passengers- three of us women. Our little steamer rocked and rolled so that it almost took water, and - I took one meal out side in a hurry. All night it was rough but after an hour's discomfort I slept and thoroughly enjoyed the next day's even rougher weather. The Chief engineer told me that the engineers were seasick so I thought a land lubber had a right to feel a little upset. Just at night we anchored in sight of Sharp Peak and waited for dawn and a pilot to help us over the reef and up to the Anchorage. We were kept in suspense for more than two hours waiting for medical inspection because some poor wretch of a Chinese had taken an over dose of opium and in consequence had "shuffled off this mortal coil" during the voyage. As soon as the doctor came on board we were allowed to get off. In the distance I saw a house boat flying the U.S. flag. It contained Ellen and all the children, Mrs. Hubbard and her children, and Mr. McLachlin. Will was to arrive in about an hour on a steamer from Amoy. We went on shore and climbed- as steep an ascent as I ever went up- to Mrs. Hubbard's house. The view from the top was beyond describing. We could look for miles in every direction. Across the river I counted four chains of mountains one back of another. From the window we could see the river for miles and by the sloping of the mountains we could follow the windings of the river much farther, so that the smoke from the steamer was discerned for some time before she came in sight. We all went down to the house boat and were ready to welcome Will but he hadn't come. Afterwards he explained how he had gotten left away up in the country and had to live on Chinese food for two days. Well, disappointment is a feeble word to express our feelings. However there was nothing to do but go home. By this time the tide had turned so that Mrs. Hubbard made arrangements for us to stay all night. However the boatmen were willing to risk going with the strong wind in our favor so we finally sailed away at 4 P.M. We flew along for about half the distance and then we had to put up with occasional bursts of wind. The scenery along the river is very beautiful. In some places I could count five chains of mountains in view- one back of another. Ellen had her cook and table boy along with her so we had a most delightful picnic supper on the boat- eaten off of a real table, and sitting on chairs. She also had bedding along so that we could have slept comfortably if it had been necessary. However we reached Foochow at 8 P.M. and in half an hour my trunks were up and we were soon in bed.

I would give a good deal to hear how you all are and to know if Phebe has gone to Framingham yet.- I shall be sending home before long for supplies. My cards have already gotten to an alarmingly small number. I cannot remember where I left my plate but if you find it will you please have a hundred cards engraved.- I reached here with \$50 in gold in my garter purse so you see I was hardly a spend thrift on the way.- Will Phebe send me a sample of her linen dress? I cannot find the one I cut- and there are so many qualities here that I do not dare to trust to my memory. Lovingly- Flora

[This letter dated Oct. 26, 1906 was written by Willard to one of his brothers. It is brief note letting the brother know that sister, Flora made it safely to Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Oct. 26th 1906

Flora arrived all hale and hearty last Friday. I had not yet returned from Amoy to Ellen and the children- even Marjorie went down to the Anchorage in a house boat to meet her. Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin also went and the Hubbards also join in the fray.

On Friday of this week a big reception was given- worthy of a big gun just come to town. I got home just an hour before the people began to come. School begins next Monday.

How I would like to drop down on Aunt Louise for just one week of solid rest! Give her my love and the love of all the rest of us.

Your Loving brother
Will

Give Marjorie's last picture to Aunt Louise for me

W

A reception card for you and one for Aunt L. *[Willard's mother's sister, Phebe Louisa Nichols.]*

[This letter dated Nov. 3, 1906 was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. Flora is telling them her first impressions of Foochow. She talks about being a little frightened going for a ride in her own chair with coolies. She found the city crowded, dirty and very smelly. Her school will be opening with eight students. Willard has just started on his six week to two month trip through the Shaowu mission field. She talks about the curio vendors. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Nov. 3, 1906.

Dear folks at home:-

I think my last letter stopped with my reaching Foochow. I had reached the 2 cent limit so waited to tell the first impression later. I do not know whether it is wise to tell them all or not- I am really getting my nose deadened a little.-Perhaps I said it once- but it is worth repeating- Foochow has a most charming natural setting. In whatever direction we look there are mountains and then the river is always an additional beauty. The trees are nearly as picturesque as those of Japan- so there will be a pretty little spot- even in a grave yard.

I already own my chair and have had one ride. Had I been alone I should have been frightened beyond measure, but I calmed myself that others had been that way and survived. We went for two miles through the chief streets of the city. They were crowded, narrow, shiny, dirty, and smelly beyond words. They kept growing more and more narrow until I wondered how my chair would ever run a corner, or get by another chair if we met one. Besides, our coolies were in a very great hurry to get back so they were hurrying and in order to facilitate matters were continually calling loudly for people to get out of the way. We really went in very good time but as we were to attend a prayer meeting the poor coolies were disappointed in getting back early. It is really very much better to go through the streets by chair than walking. The other day Will and I took a short walk and I found the shiny stones rather dangerous. We went into a silk shop and I came rather near getting a dress but finally put off the day. I am making inquiries for Phebe's embroidery and hope soon to be ready to place it when the sample reaches here.



Written on back: "This is a very good picture of a street in the city of Foochow".

[Photo purchased from ebay by Jana L. Jackson and donated to Yale in 2007.]

My school opened on Monday with eight scholars. Two more will come next Monday. The M.E. Conference is in session now and it is possible that their changes may bring still more children. I rather hope to have a few more. I expect to start a class in calisthenics or "drill" as the English call it. That sort of thing appeals to the people here.

I have just been with Will to see the boat which is to take him on his Shaowu trip. We took a sampan which was rowed by two jabbering women- telling their marine neighbors about the children with us. We crossed the river and after bumping into some of the boats we finally found Will's boat. There was little besides boat about it but it seemed clean. I think if I had to live in Chinese houses I should chose the river boats. They seem quite clean and entirely free from smells. The sampan we were on is the house of a family. There was a small shrine in one end and some Catholic beads and a tiny cross hanging on one side so it looked as if they were divided in their religion.

Will expects to be away for six weeks at least. His new house is growing quite fast these days. He is hoping to get into it by February.

You should see the curio vendors! We had not finished breakfast of the fist morning I was here before a woman was here to sell me some Chinese dolls- in costume. Ever since they have not ceased to come. Today, when we came back from the river there was an idol about 18 in. high standing on the front piazza staring at me to be bought. I declined and just a moment ago I was interrupted to go to look at some articles of drawn work.

There is one dainty thing here in China on which there is no blemish- and that is little Marjorie. She is the plumpest, pinkest, happiest little piece of humanity I ever saw. She is also an independent youngster- and her smiles are few and as fine as one can wish- when she does get gracious. I wish you could see her eat! She prefers her amah except when she can get her mama and papa.

I am enclosing some of the announcements concerning my advent into Foochow life and society. I have met nearly every one now, I think, but they are no where nearly straight in my mind. I am an Episcopalian or rather, a Church of England attendant. King Edward is prayed for every Sunday and Roosevelt is not even mentioned. But, don't worry for fear that I forget my own country.

Will you see if you can find my card plate and have a hundred cards engraved for me? I would like them as soon as you can send them to me. My cards are getting very few in number, and I shall need some here I wish I could remember, where I left it, but I can't. It is in a bluish gray envelope and has my name engraved on it. It is folded to be nearly the size of the plate- and you will find the envelope rather heavy as the plate is copper.

We are all well and happy and hope this will find you so.

I received my first home letters this week. A letter from Phebe and Ruth and one from Leolyn forwarded.

Lovingly- Flora.



On back is written in Willard's handwriting: "Miss Newton's chair. These men have carried Ellen and me often."
[This is a closed chair. Flora doesn't say if her chair was open or closed. Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

[This letter dated Nov. 1906 was written from Foochow, China by Flora to her brother Stanley. She is glad Stanley is back at college. She tells him that it seems they are living in luxury because of the servants, but she said servants are needed to gain respect among the Chinese. Will left for an eight week trip to Shaowu. Flora describes some of the Chinese construction process of Willard and Ellen's new house. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Nov. 1906]

Dear Stanley:-

Your postal reached me on the steamer at San Francisco and was a real comfort for it let me know of your safe extrication from the great New York maze.

The last letter from home told of your return to college and I was rather glad to hear that you are out of the way of farming utensils for they seem bent on finishing you. I only hope that your summer's strain of work has not used up too much of your energy. There is one comforting thought about it and that is that it can't be repeated for a while. I was relieved to hear that the fireplace had really become a thing of enjoyment. I did not know but that it really meant to smoke. Anyways I wish you could see the kitchen stoves out here. They are made something in the style of a blacksmith's forge only much smaller and everything is cooked over charcoal. The cook produces the most delicious bread and pastry so I can recommend them but for myself I think I prefer one of our home stoves. There is too much planning and rigging up to suit me. There are very many things very agreeable to living here but with all the seeming luxury of servants, all of them put together are not good as one efficient one in U.S. People here do not think of lifting a finger about their house work -except the missionaries- and they do not do much. Such mode of living is almost imperative in order to be respected among the Chinese. They are a servile people. - Well, I want to tell you of a conversation on the steamer coming across the Pacific so I'll leave China for this time. There was a very fine young doctor and his wife going to some station in northern China. He was a graduate of John's Hopkins and seemed to know quite widely about medical colleges. He said he chose that school because of the special advantages for hospital work. He had - and the best half of each class has- two solid years of hospital practice after one year of observing. The first year is pretty generally given up to study. He says the criticisms given that it is mainly for research work is the result of immature knowledge of what they are doing. He says that nothing is done to spur a man on. He is free to go his own gait but so can do little or much as he wishes- and so work out his own bent. Yale sends every year next the largest number of men. I think the University of Wisconsin leads. Certainly if he is a product of what they turn out I should choose that first. He was quite an all-round man. He could sing and play, was an athlete and I feel sure was a good physician. He is going as an assistant to some doctor (missionary) and is to spend his spare time studying the diseases of China. I really hope that you will decide to go there- to John's Hopkins.

On Thursday, Will left for an eight week's trip to Sha-o-wu. It seems to me a long time to be away from one's own family. It is leaving his new house in the care of Mr. Maclachlin also. The house is going up quite fast. You would be interested in the material and the building. The bricks here are more like tiling quality but are less breakable. They are wider and longer than ours and not so well shaped. They are liable to be warped. They are laid in mud made from the earth about the house. The foundation walls up to the living floor are two feet thick the rest of the way is to be 6 in. less. There are to be enclosed verandas on two sides of the house. The house in which we are living now has them all the way around the house in both stories. It is a necessity if one stays in the city through the summer because of the intense heat. Will does not like the gloom coming from the constant shade of them, so he is not having as much piazza put on. He has made a plan of his compound which I think he intends sending home so I'll not tell you of its ramifications. There is no such thing as a well proportioned compound. One buys a small piece from one source and by getting several adjacent ones gets his compound. It is full of graves and the heaps of bones or decayed coffins are lying about to be reinterred somewhere else. When that place is bought the same process is repeated. There is no such thing as 'rest' here. One is impressed with the ancientness of the country for every available spot is bound with graves.

Wishing you a Merry Xmas.

I am

Your loving sister

Flora.

Nov. 1906.

[This letter dated Nov. 1906 was written from Foochow, China by Flora to her sister, Ruth Beard. She tells Ruth about the children in her school and of all the people she is meeting. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[November 1906]

Dear Ruth,-

Your letters have been like apples of gold in pictures of silver. The others are too busy to tell all the details- which are very important by the time they have traveled to here. It sounded rather good to hear of "fall weather" for there is no such thing here. The cold days seem dreary but do not make one think of winter. I wore my winter hat this afternoon, but it felt too warm and I shall give it a rest before I get it out again. I wish I had brought the one Helen had of mine.

You wanted to know about my school. Well, it is rather small at present and I am living in 'hopes'. I have nine children- Will's four, two Hubbards, two boys from the community by the name of Segerdal- nice little fellows - half Irish and half Sweede, and one Eurasian. Dr. Kinnear's family is expected back soon and the Main family which will probably mean four more. The French Consul would have sent his boy only that he leaves port for good this month and it would not pay to begin school. I should like more children but I guess I'll have to wait and let the people see what I am able to do. Mrs. Segerdal knows the community people very well and has been very kind about advising me towards what they would like in a school. She likes what I am doing and perhaps it will be as good an advertisement as I can have. Several ladies have called on me and tomorrow I shall return my first call- at the German Consulate. His wife is an Eurasian but a fine woman. I am told that her husband has the finest grounds in the place. I'll tell you in some of my letters about what I see. I have met- at my reception- the English Consul and Vice Consul. None of them have their wives here so I shall probably get to know them very little. The Eng. Consul's wife does not live with him. She and their daughter are living somewhere in Europe. He is a queer little man and does not inspire one with confidence. Consul Gracey's wife was not well here so she is at home. The Vice Consul is a young man with a wife. He is a Californian. I have now met all but the French and Japanese Consuls or some of their families. I have a few small remembrances which I am going to send home when Will ships Mrs. Boies' tables- some time in February. They were meant to be your Xmas presents, but it seemed best to wait till that time for sending- for safety. Yesterday Ellen received word from the Chicago firm from which they expect a shipment soon that they should omit the order for salt as the Chinese government was confiscating all salt that enters the country. It has a government monopoly here and is very expensive- that is any imported salt. One does not feel like eating any more of the Chinese food than necessary- after taking a trip through the streets.

I was delighted to think of you actually going out into society again and I hope you will continue to go at least once a week for it is a good thing to have some new sight to think about. I wish you could see a few that I can't get time to put in. Will would be delighted to have you accompany him on his up country trip. It takes three weeks to get there. Things move slowly here. Time is of no account to the Chinese. If they would only use it to produce a perfect article one would rejoice but perfection is a thing they do not know. "Seven truths right" is their standard. If seven cash out of ten are good they will accept the three spurious coins. It seems emblematic of their lives in all ways.

Write every time you don't know what to do and I'll be glad to read it. With a Merry Xmas
I am

Yours

Lovingly

Nov. 1906.

Flora Beard

[This letter dated Nov. 30, 1906 was written from Foochow, China by Flora to her sister, Phebe. She tells Phebe that there are more engagements in Foochow than in Shelton. When Phebe sends a sample of linen, Flora will have it embroidered for her. Flora tells Phebe a little bit about baby Marjorie who would be nine months old by now. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Nov. 30, 1906

Dear Phebe:-

Your letter was a grand surprise on the steamer and again when I had been here for a week. It was good to get letters but I hardly dared to open the Shelton letter. It was so good to hear of everyone's being better. I am hoping to hear that you at last have a good woman in the kitchen to help you. I am rather glad that you are having the longer vacation, but sometimes wonder which would really be the harder. At any rate it will be a comfort to mama to have you at home for a while and Ruth will enjoy it.

I am an old stager here now for there is a newer one- a Dr. Draper I met her last night. She came all the way from Seattle with a Dr. Williams who is returning from his first furlough. It looks to me as though cupid had

been shooting and had bagged his game. I have heard of more engagements and weddings in this place than Shelton could get up in the same time. Mary's friend Miss Worthley has just come out with a sparkler and the announcement that she is to be married in April. Don't worry about me for there are none left now- except the vice-consul and he is several years too young.

It is the 16th of Nov. and I am writing with the windows all open. I wonder if you can say as much? We have had delightful weather since I came- only one rain. I have been so busy that I have not done much sightseeing but I am getting in what I can. Sometime this week we are going to take a walk across the rice fields to the foot of the mountains where there are two villages in which nothing but flowers are raised. It is just the time for chrysanthemums and they are beautiful.

I hope before this you have mailed your sample of linen. How would you like wisteria? I saw a beautiful waist embroidered in that flower with the spaces filled in with drawn work. It was arranged thus [*sketch*] 1,2,3, and 4 are wisteria and 5 and 6 are drawn work. Please spare my crude drawing. Last night I saw one of chrysanthemums like this [*sketch*] with drawn work in the middle. It was very pretty. If you will let me know at once which you want, I will be ready by the time your answer comes to have it done.

Will you tell me the name of the people in Shanghai where you told me to go- a sister of the lady with whom you boarded in Framingham? I have in some way gotten the name Low in my mind and am not sure.

I am sure that the person in the Sentinel article is Miss Gausman. It tallies in every particular. I am sending the article on to Miss Palen. I do not think she has the reading of the Sun and I know it will interest her.

I had nearly left out the most interesting bit- and that is Marjorie. She is the dearest little girl that ever lived. She said 'pa' the day that Will went away. She is as happy as a queen and as fat as a little pig. (Will doesn't like me to say 'pig' because he has forgotten how pretty the little pigs used to be at home.) I just wish you could see how cunning she is. Some day Ellen and I are going to take some pictures of her in her cupid costume. She is the straightest little creature. When she has her back turned she is exactly like that little bas-relief of a baby that every one likes so much.- Do you suppose you will have the time to make out a list of hand work that could be given to small children and kindergartners to do. It is proposed that I have a morning class next summer on the mountain and the work will be principally manual training. I can use any of all of the reed and raffia in the attic but do not send it just yet. In a month or two I shall be sending for some things and will tell you more explicitly.

Wishing you a Merry Xmas- Yours lovingly
Flora

[This is a carbon copied travel journal dated Nov. 15, 1906 by Willard on his Shaowu trip. The last entry is on Dec. 11, yet his trip continued on into January of 1907. Journal donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Written on the back of one of the pages: "Will Mary Beard please forward to Mrs. W. P. Hume Meridian, N.Y. and she to Mr. Myron Kinney, and he to Mr. O. G. Beard."]

Trip to Shaowu. 11/15, '06- [1906]

Nov. 16th

Five different interviews were held with the broker and boatman before the price (\$65.00) was agreed upon for a boat to take us to Shaowu, - 250 miles up the Min river from Foochow.

Thursday at 10:20 the boat swung into the river against a strong headwind out with the tide in our favor.

Mr. McLachlin and Ellen went with us to see us start. Mr. Hodous- Am. Board-, Uong Kaik Gieng- one of the Y.M.C.A. teacher-Secretaries- and myself are the only passengers. Muk Hauk is the cook and servant. There are several boatmen. The captain promises to join us at Ciu Kau= the village at the beginning of the rapids 70 miles above Foochow. There will then be 12 men on the boat. We eat, sleep, cook- live in a space 20 ft. X 9 ft.



Written on back of photo: "Foochow, China. Nine men pulling the boat up rapids. Shaowu method of climbing the river."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Magnified

Thurs. at 1 p.m. we were at Hung Sang Giu- 5 miles above Foochow. At night we had made another five miles. Friday the south wind blew softly and we anchored at Ming Chiang Kan 45 mi. fr. Foochow.

Hodous is behaving fairly well. I made him take a swim before breakfast both yesterday and today- Sat. He growled a little because I routed the boatmen out at daylight yesterday, and he thinks I have more floor boards under my bed than he has under his, but we got on fairly well together. Kaik Gieng shames us by studiously reading zoology, and asking such difficult questions as the explanation of "I am that I am."

We have read two chap. of "Coniston". Kaik Gieng will reserve his review of the book until he has heard more. To him the language of these first two chap. is suggestive rather than lucid.

Nov. 18th at Ciu Kau.

Yesterday the wind blew down river all day. 1 ½ hrs. at noon were spent in repairing the rudder. We anchored at night about 2 miles below Ciu Kau. Just as we were going to bed the S. wind sprang up and some 30 large boats- empty, going up after wood, came up the river. They bumped into us and made an interesting half hour.

This a.m. at 7:30 we were at Ciu Kau. There is no chapel here now. But we have met one man who says he is a Christian and we are going to his shop this p.m. for a prayer meeting. It is a lovely Sunday morning and we are having a real day of rest. The purple asters are beautiful, they are about the only flowers we see.

Tues. Nov. 20th

Last night we stopped about 2 miles below Sang Du Kau. In the a.m. Kaik Gieng, Hodous and I left the boat a little after 8 and walked till after 11. We found the road difficult [to] follow and got into rice fields and forests and on rocky places, but came out all right at last. I wrote Brockman, Hinman and Arch. Wolfe yesterday, and will mail the letter when an opportunity presents itself.

Last night was cold but as I jumped into the water this morning it seemed warm and the day has been beautiful. This is an ideal life for rest. We get up about 7 a.m. - half an hour after the boat starts. There is over us- after the men get up one bamboo mat, about 12 ft. long- open at both ends. When the wind blows down river the air is perfectly fresh in our "bedroom" and sweeps thro it so as to almost take the hair off our heads.

Our first move is to watch for a good place as the boat moves up the river, and jump in for a swim. Then there is a quiet time after dressing and then comes our breakfast, - a banana, pumelo, peanuts and oatmeal or parched rice with bread and a cruller. Then we watch for an opportunity to get on shore and walk till 11 o'clock- unless we get lost when the walk is extended. This breaks the monotony- as it did yesterday. Today we saw two small boats swing out into a long rapid and tie up to a raft of logs as it was going down. Only 4 men on the raft and the raft in a rapid needed the full attention and strength of each of the four. The 2 boats carried some 12 men. The raft had some 200 bundles of wood on it. That wood seemed to be in the air in a jiffy and then it fell into the boats and the boats pulled ashore and the rafts went down the river- lightened. Query- what was the provocation that made the men steal the wood? Will there be a law suit?

Wed. Nov. 21.

This a.m. we were moving at 6:30. It was cold last night, but the cool air only made the water all the better for our plunge this a.m. We were moving along a large lake below rapids. The water was deep-so deep that when we jumped in we could not find bottom. After breakfast we got off and walked to Hu Lu Sang and bought some potatoes and hung gang. The boat reached us at 12:30. Four yrs. ago I reached Hu Lu Sang at 1:00 p.m. so we are 30 min. ahead this time. The owner of the boat caught up with us and came aboard as we left the boat this a.m. Kaik Gieng got scared at the long tromp Mon and has not left the boat since.

For dinner we have rice- taken fr. the general store, potatoes, bread and meat. The meat will last up this week. It is very nice- used as puoi= a condiment.

The day is a perfect one- at 2:30 now it is quite warm with no overcoat. We plan to take dinner at Iong Bing tomorrow.

Our afternoons are spent in "resting", reading writing, and "Coniston"- Its great. For super we have rice with milk and bread and jam and cake. Bananas, peanuts and pumelo are a delight. At 7:30 the boatmen are snoring rapturously and Hodous begins his solo about 8:00.

Friday- Nov. 23rd at Sa Ka Kau

Yesterday Nov. 22 we left the boat about 10 o'clock and walked to Iong Bing reaching Dr. Skinners about 12:30. The M.E. Mission have here on the highest hills in the city three residences, a Boy's Sch. and a Girl's Sch. and a Hospital,- all of brick. Also a brick church. The buildings are ready for the work. At present there are 12 boys in the school- many of these from Ku-Cheng- the hospital and schools must be filled. There are probably few better plants in China. About 4 acres of ground are owned. Iong Bing is important politically- Here are the Do Dai, ruling Shaowu, Gien ning and Iong Bing prefectures. Then the Prefect, Gaing etc. from Literary standpoint Iong Bing is not important. There is one Normal School with 19 students and 4 teachers and three smaller schools with about 56 pupils- No Eng. is taught and there is evidence that these schools are only the old Colleges with a new sign hung over the door. Iong Bing is not important- commercially. We plan to start for Ka Bang tomorrow morning.

Tuesday 10:00 a.m. Nov. 27.

Sat. found an empty boat at Sa Ka Kau that took us up to Ching Chin. 2 puo for 80 cents. We then walked to Ka Bang 3 puo, arriving at 5 p.m. Preacher Uong and preacher Lek of A Long met us about 5 li 1 ½ miles fr. K.B. I led prayers Sat. evening, preached Sun. morning and Sun. evening. Hodous preached and conducted Communion in p.m. Great changes have taken place at Ka Bang since I was there 4 years ago. There is a nice clean, new chapel there now owned. Then we worshiped in the room with idols and incense was burning as we worshipped; most of the people have Bibles and can read them and find passages. The women are especially proficient and the children are learning; then only a few of the men had Bibles- the women did not know a character. Sat. evening 6 of the women repeated Rom. 12. One of the women played the organ and the singing is good- wonderful for a country chapel. This came fr. the organ we gave to the young preacher at Uong Dai who is a musician by nature. He spent one of two summer vacations at Ka Bang and took his organ up and taught this woman and 1 or 2 others. Sunday evening we had a good prayer meeting at the close- all the women and little boys prayed. Hodous and I did not touch our own food till mor. For breakfast- accepted invitation to the tables of different ch. members.

Monday at 8:30 we were off for Mok Dai reaching it at 5 p.m. = 6 puos = 20 miles. Dr. Walker met us just as we entered the village, having arrived that morning. We ate supper with preacher Guang in honor of the birth of his third son. Then we had a nice sermon. The people here have just purchased a nice location in the heart of the village- the place is all walled in - about 125 X 175 ft. with the frame of a house and good roof with one room

finished. There is the middle suite- wide and two suites on each side, - good post and roof with nice space in front and rear. Also two large gardens outside walls. \$200 will make of it a fine chapel and parsonage.

This morning we are again slowly climbing the rapids which are steep- numerous. If I come this way again I must go from Dong Bing – 9 puo to Sa King. Then 4 puo to Ka Bang, while the boat moves up Mok Dai and wait. This saves a day.

Dec. 1- Sat.- Just above Sung Chiong. Last Tuesday we reached A Iong just in time for super. Then went in to the chapel and had a service with the Christians – about 15. There is little change in this place in the last 4 yrs. Slept on the boat at night, and the next morning walked in toward Li Dong arriving at 5 p.m. 15 miles. The service was held in the same Ancestral Hall as we used 4 yrs. ago. They still have the same little 10 X 10 chapel which does not appear to be much used. There were only 6 or 7 of the members present. They expected us three days before and had got tired waiting and were scattered. There are about 10+ members here. Thursday we walked to Iong Kau, - 15 miles. Thurs. evening I conducted a street meeting. There are 3 Western medicine shops on the street at Iong Kau. Two are kept by C.M.S. young and one by a Meth. The C.M.S. men invite the Am. Board pastor to hold preaching services in their shops. The speakers stand behind the counter and the audience fills the street and door steps, while the *[word unreadable]* sit inside the shop. At the time services which we held on Thurs. and Fri. evenings about 130 were present at each service. The best of attention was given. Both the Foochow and mandarin were used and as far as I could observe were equally understood, - the mandarin better the first night and the Foochow better the next night. Friday morning we all attended the funeral of preacher Knok. He was the preacher at Iong Kau for many years till his age made it wise to place another man there. He was in the Tai Bing *[T-Ping was written in green ink below the name Tai Bing probably by Don MacInnis]* rebellion and always carried an ugly scar on his forehead received when Sung Chiong was taken. In the afternoon a service was held in the church, - about 100 present. The service was 2 ½ hours long, 5 speakers. In the evening another street service. Haik Gieng has made good friends with Lien Sieu Sang of Shaowu. He captured the audience yesterday p.m. and evening also. On the street at I.K. are purchased condensed milk, canned plums and pine apple,- we could have bought foreign straw hats, pins, thread, enameled ware utensils, flour, ETC, ETC. The drug stores were well stocked with foreign medicines – in well labeled bottles. I also found a good photographer there.

This a.m. we rode as far as Sioh Ka Kau, stopped and sent the boat on while we held a service with the members and learners – about 15,- then we walked 6 miles to Sung Chiong where the boat was waiting. At Sioh Ka Kau we saw a man dressing a dog- what for?

Tuesday, Dec. 4th

Sat. night we stopped 20 li above Sung Chiong. Sunday morning we three foreigners walked back to Sung Chiong for service. The Chinese, Kong, Lik, Li, Sien stopped at Sung Ch. Sat. evening. The service at Sung Ch. Sunday morning was attended by about 70 men and the interest was very marked. Knok S.S. was here and died here. The station will plan to put another man here. In the afternoon we preached to a crowd on the street till 3:30 p.m. and then walked 6 miles back to the boat.

Yesterday, Monday. We stopped at Cui Kau Cai. The boat moved up 10 li = 3 miles. We took supper with the preacher Haeng – 5 Chinese and 3 foreigners- He has a wife and 6 boys and 2 girls and cannot attend the annual meeting at Shaowu this week lest his family should receive an increase while he is absent. Four years ago a son was 19 hours old when I reached his house. I gave this little fellow \$1.00. It seemed pretty tough for 8 of us to pounce on to and eat him as we did.

In the evening we held a service at which five of us spoke to about 100 listeners. Then we eight walked 3 miles up to the boat. We in this way should reach Na Kau to night. There are only 25 miles to make between Na Kau and Shaowu.

I can see a great change in the number of people all thro here who understand the Foochow dialect. Four years ago I spoke once in Iong Kau without an interpreter. They asked to have an interpreter after that. This year they have asked both Hodous and me not to use an interpreter in every place above Iong Kau.

At Sung Chiong we visited the official school- some outward signs of new learning but no English and little of modern books.

Kaik Gieng walked some 12 miles yesterday. He did not walk with us this morning. The weather is perfect- warm, pleasant and the water continues good for the morning dip- only it is getting more and more difficult to find deep water.

Friday at Shaowu. Dec. 7th

Tuesday evening the boat had to tie up about 2 miles below Na Kau. The rapids for about 4 miles below Na Kau are very steep and numerous. We walked in to Na Kau, took supper at the pastor's house and held service in the

evening, then walked down to our boat. Dr. Walker engaged an extra man for his little boat and planned to go thro Shaowu Wed. We stuck to our boat Wed. pretty tightly. We had been in bed late every night since we reached Ka Bang, and had spoken at one or more services, beside doing a lot of walking every day for 11 days and we rested Wed,-the boat made only 12 miles.

Thursday we left the boat at 9 a.m. walked up to the coal mine, and climbed to the mine itself. Hodous, Sien S.S. and I went in. Kaik Gieng went in a little way but it was dark, damp, hot and then we struck water some 75 ft. from the entrance. Kaik Gieng turned back at this. The rest of us took off our shoes and stockings and waded thro to where the man was digging the coal. I have a piece of the coal that I saw fall after one of his blows. No machinery is used. A passage way about 5 ft. high and 4 ft. wide is made by supporting timbers 6 in. in diameter. At the end of this the miner uses a common pick and the coal falls. When he has dug about 5 ft. ahead of the retaining timbers, he puts up more timbers and continues the process. The water is pumped out with common field pumps- foot pumps. Only 2 men are now digging and the coal is all carved out by three men with dang sticks. A little over a ton is mined in a day.

Tuesday Dec. 11th at Shaowu.

We reached Shaowu last Thurs. a little before 2 p.m. Found all well. Took dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Bliss. That evening most of the workers in the field had already reached Shaowu. A blind preacher had come over from Kiang Si with Pastor Ieu's nephew. He preached in the evening. Friday we visited the different buildings in the mission here. They have a fine working plant. There are now 1 brick residence, occupied by Dr. and Miss Walker, 1 brick residence nearly completed, one fine brick building for the Boy's School, occupied with 60 boys, one brick building for the Girl's Sch. nearly completed, 2 good brick churches, one men's and one women's dispensary, beside the old East Gate residence and three old wooden buildings used for Theology, pastors residence etc. They need 2 hospitals, ladie's residence, and woman's sch. building. The most imperative need is for another missionary family at once.

Friday evening the Annual Meeting proper began. I spoke - using the Foochow dialect, Pastor Ieu translated. Sat. a.m. Mr. Hodous spoke, after which Ieu Si Ung, nephew of Pastor Leu asked to speak. He has been living over in Kiang Si 5 days journey from Shaowu, where he has a drug store. He told his Christian experience while at Kiang Si he was asked to preach. But not being at all fluent he did not wish to. Being urged he consented then began to fear lest he should have nothing to say. All Sat. p.m. and all that night he prayed. He went into the pulpit with fear, still praying, just before he was to speak. Suddenly all became bright, something within him seemed to give way and great joy filled his heart. He wept for joy. This experience was twice repeated during the week that followed. He started a prayer meeting in the early morning. Some 20 men became filled with the Spirit. For some months he has been much concerned for a deeper spiritual life among the workers in the Shaowu field- which is his home field. At his own expense he has brought over with him a young man who has lost his sight, who has learned to read the raised writing and who has power as a preacher. For one whole hour Si Ung spoke- of his own experience and of his desire for a deeper spiritual life among the believers in the Shaowu field. He got the people to gather daily at 6 a.m. for prayer. I attended three mornings. It is still dark at 6 o'clock. You go thro the silent street to the church. As you enter all is quiet and dark except one small lamp on the table in front of the pulpit. You think no one is present, but as you go up the aisle nearly every seat is occupied with men kneeling in silent prayer. This continues for 10, 15, 20 minutes. Then someone prays audibly, another prays, two, three are praying at the same time, one sings a hymn- if it is not known to the others he sings it alone, then repeats one time, ten, fifteen times. This continues till 7:15. We have been kneeling for an hour and a quarter. When we rise- as with common consent, for no one is leader, it is daylight, 75 men are present. Most people all have offered prayer. Some have broken down. It is a strange experience, and proves that there is a spiritual power in prayer. For we cannot understand more than now and then a word of any of the prayers uttered yet this was the place of prayer and naturally so- understood to be so thro the medium of spiritual language. At 9 a.m. Mr. Hodous spoke on "Our Father who art in Heaven."

No session had been arranged for Sat. afternoon. But just as some of us were starting for a walk Pastor Ieu came from the church to tell us that the people were all assembled and waiting for me to speak to them. I went with him and found the church filled with men and women. Ieu Si Ung, who had told his experience in the morning asked if they might have a session of prayer first. He said a few words and then men began to pray, - some standing some bowing in their seat, some kneeling. He asked them to pray earnestly for the filling with Holy Spirit. One man prayed with much feeling for those present and for the unsaved in China. The sobs of men were heard. Men were weeping in different parts of the house and crying to God for mercy. Then Mr. Ieu Si Ung sang a hymn one line of the refrain Kaing literally translated "Use Lord's precious blood wash clean my heart." The whole audience joined in this with groans and loud weeping for some ten minutes. After this there were prayers and confession of sin. One

of the pastors tried five times to announce a hymn but was interrupted as many times. Strong men wept aloud. All of this consumed an hour and a quarter. They asked me then to speak but I refused. The Holy Spirit was in charge. For another half hour men spoke or prayed with a quieter emotion. Then, being requested a second time I said a few words and the meeting closed.

The session Sat. evening was marked by earnest attention. Sunday a.m. the church was crowded. 225 people partook of the communion. Sunday afternoon services were held in these different places, Mr. Uong Kaik Gieng a young man who is with us on this trip- a Foochow man in training for the Y.M.C.A. Secretaryship- in one place, Mr. Hodous in another and I in another. Sunday evening Hodous spoke again followed by Pastor Ieu. Mon. morning Mr. Hodous spoke on "Hallowed be thy Name." Mon. afternoon the dedication services for the new Boy's School were held. The Annual Meeting closed in the evening. Mr. Uong spoke, thru an interpreter, for nearly an hour on the heinousness of sin and the necessity of getting rid of it.

[The following was written on the back of the last page.]

Will Mary Beard please forward to Mrs. W.P. Hume, Meridian, N.Y. and she to Mr. Myron Kinney and he to Mr. O.G. Beard.



A view that Willard probably saw on his trip up the Min River to Shaowu.
Written on back: This picture is taken about two hundred miles up the river above Foochow.

*[This letter dated **Dec. 4, 1906** was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She has ordered some school supplies and requests that her father pay the bill and she will settle up with him. Willard's house is growing quickly. She tells of an Anti-opium league meeting but will not be able to attend. Flora wishes she could have gone to Shaowu with Willard. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Dec 4, 1906]

Dear folks at home:-

I am mailing at the same time two orders for books that will amount to about \$3.50 from The Macmillan Co., for some (6) Geographics, and not more than ten dollars from Buy H. Sanborne and Co., Boston, Mass. for twelve arithmetics. I have asked them to send the bills to papa as it will save exchange and a lot of other bothers. I will give Will the money and he will give papa a check for the amount. I am ordering a few more books than I need as news has arrived here that three families are returning, which probably means four more children for me.

The days are whizzing by although it does not seem as though I did so very much. Not having books to help me out, I have to spend a lot of time on my school, so I am waiting impatiently to get my books.

We have been having two weddings for excitement this week. At the American wedding the Consul gave the bride away, and at the English wedding, today, the rector gave the bride away. He said he was perfectly willing to give her away as he didn't want her himself. I thought he was quite witty for an Englishman. Both bridegrooms were ill. One of them is just recovering from typhoid fever and the other is suffering from too strenuous a summer's work.

I wish you could see the beautiful flowers here. I had some chrysanthemums given me the other day that measured 15 ½ inches around. They were perfect balls. Mrs. Hodous gave me seven poinsetta blooms that measured 10 or 12 inches across. They grow six feet high here. All one has to do is to stick a stalk in the ground during the rainy season and nature does the rest. Heliotrope grows in great bunches and is beautiful.

Will's new house is growing quite fast. It is now up to the second story. It begins to show what it is to be and I should think when it is done that it will be one of the most up to date buildings here. Ellen and I were over to see it this afternoon. The steps and trimmings are a lovely gray granite, which looks very fine with the brick. The pillars are of brick and are circular. A special mold was made to have them that shape. All this may sound rather extra but I do not suppose that it adds much if any to the cost, as labor is so very cheap here. However, they will be the only ones of the kind in Foochow.

To-morrow there is to be a big meeting in the city of the Anti-opium league. There is a very large one here and several of the members are officials, who are much interested. I shall not be present but have already heard of the remarkable qualities of the principal Chinese speaker. He has been educated in Europe and is now back in his native land for the first time in over 40 years. He has a son who has been educated in Oxford.

Will is still on the way to Shaowu. He has been gone not quite three weeks. It seems a very long time to me and he will not be back before the middle of January. We hear from him two or three times a week-glowing tales of autumn leaves, the fine weather, scenery, etc. There is a deal of pleasure in such a trip. I should have liked to have gone with him.

With love to all-
Flora Beard.

Foochow, China,
Dec. 4, 1906.

From: The Evening Sentinel, Shelton, CT – December 7, 1906

NEAR DEATH'S DOOR.

James H. [*should be D.*] Beard [*Willard and Flora's brother*] Undergoes Operation for Spotted Fever and Is in Very Critical Condition

J. H. Beard, son of O.G. Beard, of this place, who is now residing in Bridgeport, is very ill, and last night underwent an operation, which it was hoped would result in final restoration to health. The disease was diagnosed as cerebral spinal meningitis, and his condition was very critical when the operation was decided upon. The operation was entirely successful, and over an ounce of superfluous matter was removed from his head, which seemed to give him almost instant relief. Early this morning word was received that the patient was rallying from the effects of the operation, and it was hoped that he would eventually recover.

At noon again the condition of the patient was inquired for and it was learned that he had grown much worse, and at the present writing it is believed that he will not live the day out. His condition became worse during the morning, and the patient sank rapidly. Mr. Beard was married about two years ago to Miss Leolyn Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Smith, of this place. The young couple have a host of friends in these associated communities who will regret to learn of Mr. Beard's serious condition, and will hope that the life of the young man may be spared.

From: The Evening Sentinel, Shelton, CT – December 8, 1906

JAMES D. BEARD SUCCUMBS TO CEREBRAL MENINGITIS

TAKEN SUDDENLY ILL WHILE TEACHING BRIDGEPORT SCHOOL.

Well and Favorably Known to Shelton People- Graduate of Amherst and Was Winning Golden Opinions as Educator

As was foreshadowed by reports from the bedside of James Daniel Beard, Friday noon, death ensued early in the afternoon, in spite of all that medical skill could accomplish. The news of the death of this young man, following so closely the first tidings of his illness, was a distinct shock to this community, where he passed his early years, and where nearly all the people were personally acquainted with him.

He was apparently seized with the disease only a few days before its fatal termination and few of his friends here knew of his illness until a short time before death ensued. He was attending to his duties as supervising principal of the school in Bridgeport, of which he has been in charge for over a year, when he was attacked by what seemed to be neuralgia, his head aching violently, and as this continued he decided to remain at home and send for a physician. The trouble was diagnosed as cerebral meningitis, and every device known to medical science was employed to combat the terrible disease. While the disease was confined to the head, and the spine was in no way affected it was impossible to check the trouble, and although the operation performed seemed to mitigate the severity of the disease, the patient was unable to rally and death ensued early Friday afternoon.

The deceased was a son of Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Beard, of this place, and was born in the homestead of Long Hill avenue, receiving his early education in the local schools, and later taking a course at Amherst college. He was graduated about four years ago and took up the work of teaching, in which he was very successful and bade fair to rank high as an educator. He taught in Litchfield for nearly two years and resigned from that place to accept the position of supervising principal of the new school erected in Bridgeport about two years ago, being its first principal. He won golden opinions for his work in that city and was looked upon as one of the most promising young men in the profession.

Two years ago last Thanksgiving he married Miss Leolyn Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A.R. Smith, of this place, and to them was born a child some few months ago, and with a beautiful home and promising outlook in his chosen calling it seemed as if a happy future was in store for him. He was but 28 years old and until the fatal seizure seemed in good general health and vigor. From all classes of people are heard expressions of sympathy and sorrow for the untimely end of this young man while those who were personally acquainted with him and his family are grief stricken by the sad catastrophe.

From: The Evening Sentinel, December 8, 1906

BEARD- In Bridgeport, December 7, 1906, at his residence, 471 Stratford avenue, James Daniel Beard, aged 28 years, 9 months, 17 days. Funeral at residence of Aaron R. Smith, 25 Grove avenue, South End, Shelton, Conn. at 2 p.m. Monday, December 10, 1906. Burial private.

[This letter dated Dec. 19, 1906 was written from Foochow, China by Flora to her mother. She has found that time doesn't mean much to the Chinese. She has some fun plans for Christmas. She has ordered more school supplies and now has nine students. She updates the letter on Dec. 26 and tells about the various Christmas activities and includes a menu with the letter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Dec 19, 1906]

Dear Mama:-

Where time is of little value it is hardest to get. There is no such thing as "time" to these Orientals. The other week I went over to spend Sunday with Miss Newton and left word with my coolies to come for me so that we could start for home at 7:45 A.M. I waited until 8 o'clock and then started, with a coolie, to walk. When I was within five minutes of home I met them just starting- at 8:30 A.M. They went on and got my chair but got no pay. I wonder if it will do them any good? I cannot get used to treating them like children and punishing them as though they belonged to me. However, Ellen does it, so I get out of that disagreeableness.

Last Saturday we took a walk to the Flower Village across the plain at the foot of "The Alps." It was a very pretty view as we looked down upon it from the hillside. We took afternoon tea and spread out dainties on the broad stone of one of the huge horse-shoe graves and literally picnicked in a grave yard. - There really is no other place for one, for every available spot above tide water is covered with graves. We bought forty beautiful huge chrysanthemums for thirteen cents gold. They would have cost twenty times as much in New York. These villagers refuse to sell the plants but I found a root with two nice young plants on one of my flowers, so I am letting it grow. When we came to pay for the flowers we could not get money enough among our whole crowd so one of the villagers volunteered to walk clear over here for his pay.

Well, Xmas promises to be quite gay. Next Saturday we are all invited to the dinner given to the kindergartner's and orphans. It will be a'la Chinese and I think rather interesting. On Xmas day we all go to the home of President of the college. The next Saturday we go to a Christmas tree at a large school under an English woman.

I am sending for six histories from Ginn and Co., New York City. The bill will be somewhere near four dollars and I have asked him to send a copy of the bill to me (if he wishes to keep the receipt) so that I may know just what to charge the children here. In February I am planning to send a draft which will help to equalize myself a little on my home debts.

So far I have nine children. I laughed when I read your query about my 'assistant.' However, after Xmas I am to have a little boy for private tutoring and I expect two more children- at least- from the four families who are returning from America. Besides, I am organizing a class in "drill" (calisthenics) which will mean a little more money. I did so want to pay up the whole \$300 this year.

It is getting late and I must go to bed. I am feeling not very kindly toward Taylor and Gregory to-night because my watch has gone back on me and it is now in the hands of a Chinese jeweler.

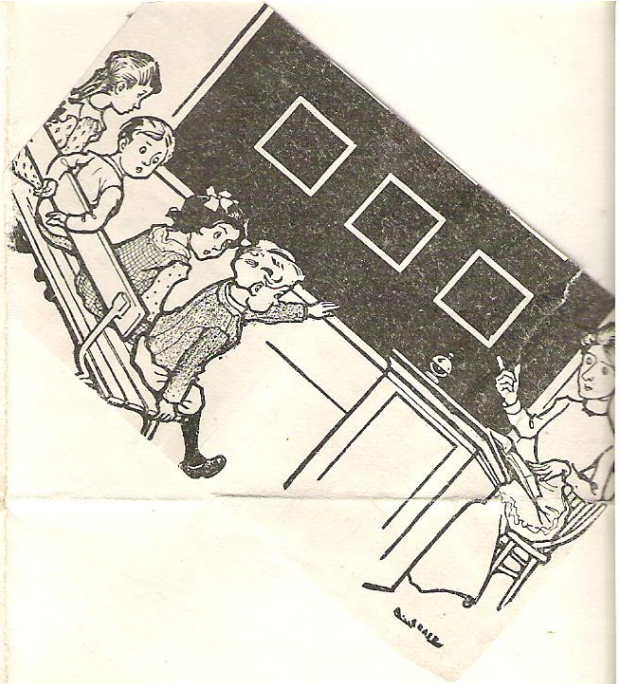
Lovingly- Flora. Dec. 19.

Dec. 26. - In the stress of getting ready for Xmas these letters got stranded in my pigeon hole, so I'll tell you of our Xmas Day. Our children are the only ones in the mission group here so they got very generously remembered. It took over an hour yesterday to open the gifts and get them all duly examined. Then it was time to get ready for the dinner. At 1 P.M. we went to Mr. and Mrs. Gowdy's. (By the way Mrs. Gowdy was a classmate of May Palmer's in Wesleyan). There were thirty three people at the long table and a jolly company it was. My seat was next to the U.S. Consul, so it was without saying that I had a good time. I am enclosing my menu so that you can see what we did. Each one had to find his or her place by finding a picture which illustrated something about oneself. The rest of the card explains itself. The table looked very pretty and quite Christmassy. There were strewn over the table little bunches of banyan leave- the straight edged leaves- and clusters of bright red berries that grow on branches of the scalloped leaf- enclosed. One of the ladies had brought out a Holly decked set of paper napkins and tumbler doylies so we really had everything but mistletoe- and there wasn't need of any of that. Cupid has been very busy and has literally worked himself out of material for targets.

1906

Program

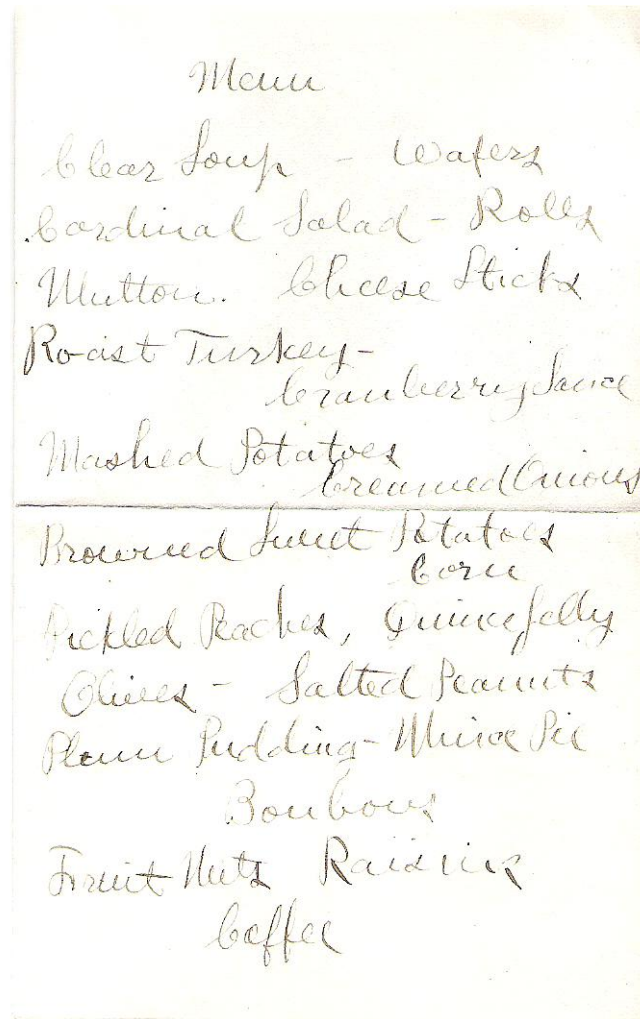
Song - - - by children
Recitation - Dorothy Beard
Solo - - - Mrs. MacLachlin
Reading - - Miss Beard
Solo - - - Mr. Jones



1906

Program

Song - by children
Recitation - Dorothy Beard
Solo - Mrs. MacLachlin
Reading - Miss Beard
Solo - Mr. Jones



Menu
 Clear Soup - Wafers
 Cardinal Salad - Rolls
 Mutton. Cheese sticks
 Roast Turkey - Cranberry Sauce
 Mashed Potatoes Creamed Onions
 Brownd Sweet Potatoes Corn
 Pickled Peaches, Quince Jelly
 Olives - Salted Peanuts
 Plum Pudding - Mince Pie
 Bonbons
 Fruit Nuts Raisins
 Coffee

In the evening I took Mrs. Maclachlin's place and played for her class of girls to sing at the Christmas exercises. They sang very well, but I wish you could have heard an anthem sung for a dozen young women trained by a Chinese teacher. The Tower of Babel could not have been more of a jargon of voices, and they sang on in all the bliss of no nerves. But the prettiest and loveliest thing of all was the little orphans- about a dozen and a half had a little bird game. It would have wearied the little Americans with its length but these little girls acted it all the way through totally unconscious of their audience. It was a game gotten up by their Chinese teacher by just seeing pictures in Kindergarten magazines. (By the way Foochow enjoys the distinction of having the only Kindergarten training school in China. Young ladies come from all over the empire to train here. The school is in some way connected with Miss Newton's school). To go on with the game- several little girls made a nest and two of the

tinest were birds. The father and mother birds flew about getting nouns and would return with a long piece of vermicelli on their mouths. They would go up to the baby and literally drop it into its mouth- It was so cunning. There the babies had to be taught to fly. I could have watched much longer. We stayed an hour and a half and then Dorothy's eyes began to get very droopy so we departed.

I think we have had fire crackers enough to celebrate the Fourth of July for the whole of Shelton. We were wakened yestermorning by bushels of them going off all at once and the boys at the college are still at it to-day. They have their races and the shouting would indicate a fierce tussle between Yale and Harvard at home but here it is nothing more serious than some potato, egg, or three legged race. The result is all the same for it meant outdoor exercise.

Tell papa to let me know the exact amount of each of my bills as they come in for I want to keep my accounts straight.

Hoping to hear from you all soon I am-

Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard.

*[This letter was written **about Dec. 1906** by Flora to her sister, Mary. She tells Mary a little about her trip from Yokohama to Foochow. She mentions how smelly she has found Foochow and talks about her school, fruit in China, and lacquer. Mary mentions being lonesome with Willard being gone to Shaowu. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About Dec. 1906]

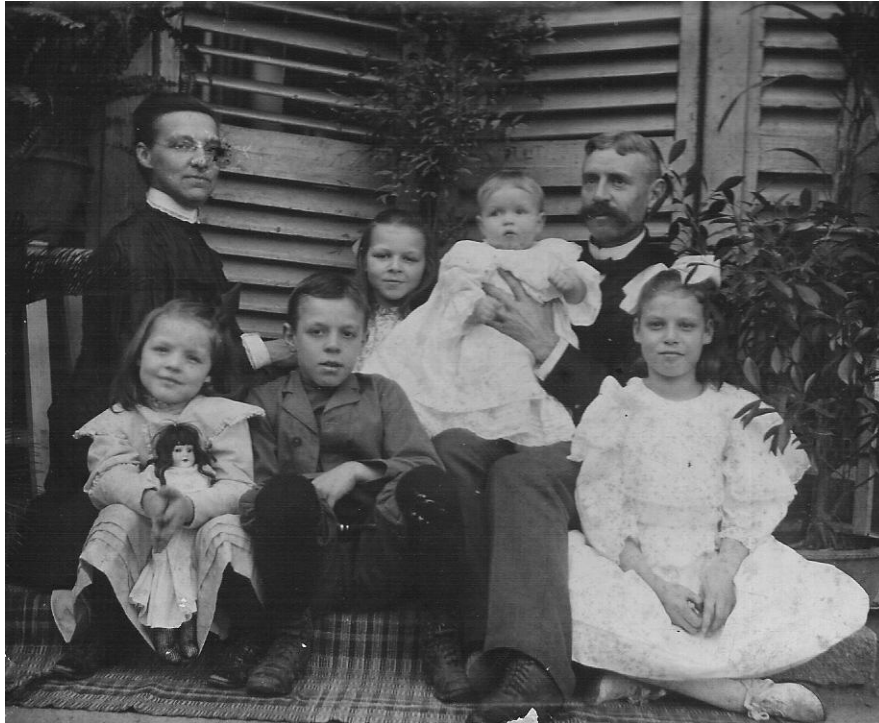
Dear Mary:-

Your letter was most welcome and I wish I could have had one to reach you as soon as yours came to me. Yes, I had just as lovely weather as you. The ocean was fine all the way. The night after we left Yokohama the ship rolled very badly so that several were seasick again but I just slept through it. Friends of Will met me at Shanghai and took care of me but I only stayed 24 hours when I took the little coast liner down to Foochow. We were out in very rough weather. The waves tossed us about like a cork and I imagine the supper dishes went into smithereens for I heard them slide onto the floor. I was in bed with my first attack of seasickness. It was quite a successful attack for the next day I felt fine and was able to enjoy a whole day of the roughest water I ever saw. We were in the edge of a typhoon but fortunately we were going with the wind so that we were spared some of the worst features of the storm. Even the engineers were seasick so I guess I had a right to be. The sea was beautiful. We would go away down in the trough of a wave and then climb to the top and all the time we were rolling sideways. It was fine and if I am never any more seasick than I was I shall not mind such a little thing, - I am glad that you like California and that you have such a view for every day living. I, too, look out onto a range- in fact several ranges- beyond the city. From our back windows we look over the city of Foochow. We are about four miles from the walls. I have not yet been into the city, for the streets are so smelly that it is sickening to me to go through them even in my chair, - I was interested to hear about your school and hope you will tell me some more when you write again. Do you enjoy the work with the girls or is it a grind? My school opened with 8 scholars and now I have one more. Three of the families who send children are in America and today I heard that they are really returning which will probably mean four more children for me- which will make me feel much better, for I did want to make my expenses out here this year. Mary, they have asked me to start a class of calisthenics- which, I suppose, must be carried on something in the style of a drill. Do you know of any exercises that would be pretty with fans or hoops, or anything else? Do send them to me if you know of any- when you tell of the fruit you have it makes me think of our own- only ours do not grow in our yard. Will buys persimmons, oranges, pomelos and bananas in quantities as large as bushels. We have for breakfast and tiffin [*lunch*], two kinds of oranges, bananas, pears, pomelos (rather just one) persimmons (sometimes two kinds), dates cooked in honey, chestnuts (boiled) and peanuts. If you could see the children's plates piled with one of each of these you would wonder how they could eat them. But we do. I do not like to drink any more of the water than is necessary so I am glad of the juices of the different fruits. There are so many beautiful places to go to, and so many pretty things in the shops to buy that it is almost beyond endurance to not buy. I am just biding my time before I begin for I want to know when I can get the best. The carved tables and screens are beautiful and very reasonable. The lacquer shops are about five minutes walk from here, but the [*letter ripped*]- gold lacquer, is made only in the city. Foochow lacquer is the first in the world- even surpassing Japanese lacquer. I am surprised how much a box 15" X 6" X 2" would cost and the man said \$10 gold. He finally came down to \$8, but I did not give him the order. They put in real gold and there are about 18 coats of lacquer put on it, - I am sending in this same mail a small silk covered card case. I think the bridge is the sacred one at Nikko. I did not see it. We went to Tokio, and to Osaka but had to take up the rest of the time in seeing the ports. I took lunch with Bessie's friend in

Nagasaki. They had been there just two weeks. It is a most beautiful spot- mountains all around. - The engagement of Miss Worthley here to Dr. Sites of Shanghai was announced about two weeks ago. I had the opportunity to wish them well. They both look surprisingly happy. - Keep my fan. I was glad to know where it is. It may stand you in stead and I can replace it for I am in the land of fans. - I hope this reaches you for Xmas. The little trick of sending mail to Shanghai is all up, so now I pay my 5 cents gold as all the rest have to do. - Give my love to Miss Wright and her friend and keep a lot for yourself as well as all my best wishes for a happy Xmas.

Very lovingly yours- Flora.

P.S. We are all well. Will is off on a six or eight week's tour and it is rather lonesome without him. However there are lots of nice people here who have been very good to me so with Ellen and the children I am not stagnating. - F.B.



November 14, 1906

L to R back row: Ellen, Geraldine, Marjorie, Willard

L to R front row: Dorothy, Gould, Phebe

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Mary Louise Beard – photo from the 1906 Mt. Holyoke College “The Lllamarada”
[Photo and information following provided by Mt. Holyoke College.]

May 26 [*birthday*] – Mary Beard

“Do you pronounce your name Ba-ard, Bayard or Beard? Thank you.”

“And your major subject?
, of course.”

“And your pet abhorrence” Gym work?”

“Shall you teach? Your matrimonial preferences, if any? Do you think the majority of Mount Holyoke girls marry?”

“I’m getting statistics for the Ladies’ Home Journal and was directed to ask you a few questions as you always give unbiased opinions. Good bye, Miss Ba-ard”

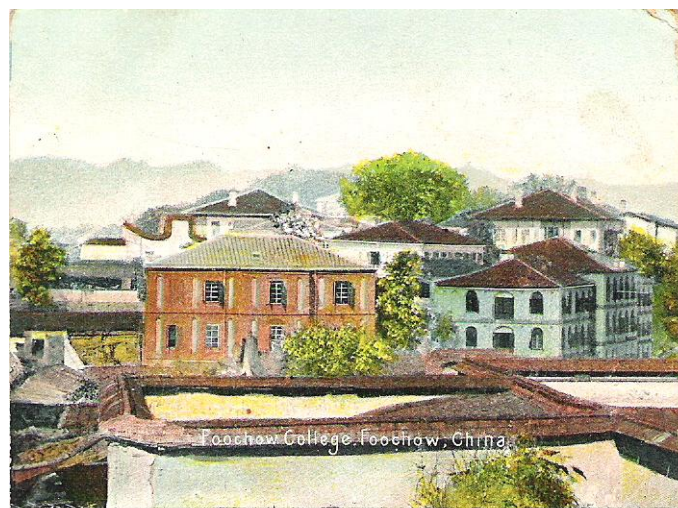


Mary Louise Beard- about 1906
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

The postcard on the following page is addressed to Mr. O.G. Beard, Shelton Conn. U.S.A. It was postmarked as being received in Shelton on January 21, 1907.

Foochow, Dec. 2/06.

Many a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you. These houses on front of this picture are our College buildings. I have one room in the red building for the Seminary work. Miss Beard is here now it seems good to see her again. Mr. Beard is now on his way to ShowFu. [*Shaowu*] We are pretty well and want to send our best wishes and kindest regards. Yours, M. U. Ding [*Ming Uong Ding*]



FOOCHOW, CHINA.

Foochow, Dec. 27th 06.

Many a Merry Christmas and Happy
New Year to you - These houses on
front of this picture are our college
buildings - I have one room in the
red building for the Seminary work
Miss Beard is here now it seems
good to see her again Mr. Beard
is now on his way to Show Fu -
We are pretty well and want to send
our best wishes & kindest regards yrs.

1907

- Willard takes trip to Japan March 15- May 12, 1907
- Flora teaches missionary children in Foochow. She is 38.
- Oklahoma is admitted to the Union
- Willard is 42 years old, Ellen- 39, Phebe- 12, Gould- 11, Geraldine- 9, Dorothy- 6 and Marjorie turns 1.

*[This letter dated **Jan. 6, 1907** was written from Foochow, China and is by Flora to the folks at home. She talks about her many social activities during the New Year's week. One was a dinner given in honor of a Chinese man who had been awarded a third degree by the Emperor and Empress themselves. She says she is seeing many firsts in the awakening of China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Jan. 6, 1907]

Dear folks at home:-

This has been a gala week. It began with New Year's day. Ellen invited guests so that we sat down nineteen in number. They were all American Board people except Mr. and Mrs. Maclachlin [*McLachlin*]. While we were at the table three people came to call so that we had a house full. Then Ellen and I went to a reception given to a young man- Dr. Sia- (I'll tell you about him later). In the evening we went out to dine at the house of one of the customs people. There were nine of us at the table and we represented six different nations- Ireland, England, French, Swede, Canadian, and U.S. The next day we went to welcome a new missionary and his family. On Friday we were invited to a dinner given in honor of Dr. Sia. He is a graduate of the Methodist college here and was also educated in U.S. He has just received the third degree from the Emperor and Empress. They conferred it in person. She shielded her face from view by a book, during the ceremony. This degree is equal to L.L.D. in U.S. It is usually the result of about forty years of unusually fortunate studying, but this time a special examination was given in English for the benefit of those who have been educated in the western knowledge. He is to have a seat on the Board of Education and an honor will be given him unprecedented in Chinese history. He will not take the lowest seat of honor but will take the fourth or fifth up. He will be working with men nearly forty years his senior. He takes his high honors very modestly and appears just as you would expect a broadly educated man to appear. He has a wife and little year old child in Shanghai. He came down only for a short visit to his mother and sister before he goes on to Peking to open a school of medicine. I had a very interesting conversation with him but cannot relate it. He belongs to a wealthy family here, and his sister is in one of the schools. I am seeing many "first" things in the awakening of China. People (foreigners, I mean) come from all parts of China to spend the summer here, for it is one of the most beautiful spots- naturally- in the country. Yesterday I was asked to two teas, so you can see my time is not hanging heavily on my hands. This last week I organized a class for "drill"- calisthenics. There will be sixteen in it. Mr. Main's family reached here yesterday, and I expect that will mean two more scholars. Then a little boy comes to me for an hour each afternoon, so my days are pretty full. - My books have not yet arrived but I hope to see them soon. They left Boston Oct. 8. This last week I received a box from the European trip friends. It had some lovely remembrances - one from each of them. I thought it was very lovely of them to think of me.

It is over a week since we have received any home letters and I am beginning to feel a paining in the region of the fifth rib, left side.

I wish you would get a plain pattern of a nine gored skirt and send me. Get one size 28 in. waist measure. I shall want to make some clothes soon and found that I had no skirt pattern.

With love to all- Flora Beard

Jan. 6, 1907

*[This letter dated **Jan. 16, 1907** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his brother Oliver (Oliver Gould Beard, Jr.). He thanks Oliver for sending his some hardware that he needed for the new house. He tells a little bit about his trip to Shaowu. He is pleased to report that over 200 young men met at the new City Y.M.C.A. recently. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China Jan 16th 1907.

My dear Oliver:-

I got home from the Shaowu trip a week ago this evening, - found all well and happy. The hardware arrived so I got it up to the house Friday. I want to thank you again for all you have done. I am only afraid you have had a lot of bother. As soon as I get my bearings and things a little straightened out I'll send you something better than thanks.

The family is prospering. The children are doing more in a week at school than they did in a month-I might say ten- last year. Mr. and Mrs. Main of the M.E. Mission have just returned and put 2 boys into the school and Flora is tutoring a little chap at the price of tuition for one so she now has 12 scholars @ \$100 mex. a year. This will

net her over \$600 gold. Her board is about \$175 gold a year. She will probably earn more here than at home. Marjorie beats the others in health, strength, size and good looks and deportment.

I had a great trip in the N.W. part of the province, - walked 400 miles- went by boat 600 miles- visited 24 centers of Christian work. Made 34 addresses and gained 5 lbs.- Lived straight Chinese about ¼ of the time- slept out of doors some of the time,- saw ice 3/8 inch thick and snow on the mountains – no fire,- jumped into the river every morning till Dec. 6. Two good revivals in Shaowu while we were there- 30 for the first time confessed Christ, - the most successful trip I ever took, - kept well all the time. Was gone from Nov. 15th- Jan. 9th.

Sunday 212 young men met at the building we have rented and fitted up for the headquarters of the City Y.M.C.A. This evening the active members met and started a Board of Directors. All thus far goes well. The young men are taking hold with enthusiasm and are acting in a business like way.

Give our love to all

Yours

Will



Undated photo – “Missionary Homes in Shaowu, Fukien, China.”
[Photo donated to Yale by family in 2007.]

[This letter dated Jan. 18, 1907 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Elizabeth. Although he has written letters home on the same date referring to brother, James' death, he makes no mention of it in this letter. He tells her how thankful he is that she and their sister, Phebe, are back to good health. He talks briefly about his Shaowu trip and how his family and new house are doing. He suggests that she and sister, Ruth, go into the poultry business. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.

Jan 18th 1907.

My dear Elizabeth:-

Your good letter came just as I returned from the Shaowu trip. I want to tell you how much I like the tie you sent me. I received it only a short time before I started for Shaowu and did not wear it until last week. I was getting just out of a real nice tie for best and beside being a pretty tie this one came just at the right time to be very useful to me. Thank you very much for it. I am very thankful to the Father for bringing you so far on the way to

complete recovery. And how we did rejoice when we heard that Phebe was well! I was in Amoy when I heard of her illness and I did not know anything more till I got back to Foochow and found Flora here.

I have had a very pleasant and profitable tour up river- thro Song Bing, Shaowu, Tai Ning and Giong Ning Gaing. Now you know all about it!! Well we started Nov. 15th at 9 a.m. I got home Jan. 9th at 8 p.m. Mr. Hodous and I walked during the trip 400 miles and went nearly 600 miles by boat. We visited 24 different centers of work. The three of us made 97 addresses and different fellow travelers made 25 more, so in all the trip was the occasion of 122 address[es]. Mr. Uong preached to please the most staunch followers of Jonathan Edwards. He painted Hell in as bad a light as the language would express and told the people- sometimes street crowds- that they were on the road to Hell. My diary will give you a little idea of the revivals in the Shaowu Annual Meeting and in the Boy's Boarding School at Shaowu.

The hardware for the new house came day before yesterday. Mr. Brand- a business man- has been waiting for his part of it for two months and over. In fact he had bought some native hinges and fixed up his doors and windows and has moved into the house. So I have been quite busy dividing the order. The week of prayer was held this past week and I got away to attend just two of the meetings. This afternoon the first meeting of the Foochow City Y.M.C.A. was held. 225 young men were present. 133 have signed application blanks for membership. A house has been rented and fixed up for the Y.M.C.A. building.

Mr. Mott will visit China next March. He will be present at the national Y.M.C.A. Convention to be held in Shanghai in Mar. or April and possibly he will come to Foochow. I shall be very busy working up the delegates all over the province to attend this Convention. The number 26 must be decided on before Feb. 14th- I may need to visit Amoy and Swatou.

We are all well. Ellen never was so stout since we have been in China. Marjorie is a handsome baby and "developing fast"- Flora says so. Two new scholars are now in Flora's school and she is tutoring one little boy one hour a day- so this makes 12 in all.

The new house is a beauty. The roof tiles are laid on loosely. The building paper is here. I am trying the experiment of putting this building paper on under the tiles. Part of the floors are laid.

The last pages of the diary of the Shaowu trip may be delayed some in reaching you as I want some people here to read them.

I think of Phebe as again in her school and I hope you are now at home for good. Why don't you and Ruth go into the poultry business? It is healthful, pleasant, and lucrative. There is abundance of room all about you and the capital required to start, small. I bought 7 capons and brought down from the Shaowu district with me. My pig is growing fast. I want to get time to go and buy some good food for him and get him fat so as to kill him in another month. Come over and have some home made sausage with us, - and some ham.

I must close now for it is time.

Tell all the folks we sent lots of Love to each of them
Will

[This letter dated Jan. 18, 1907 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Oliver and the rest. He writes about their brother, James', death. He talks a little about his new job working for the Y.M.C.A. and feels he has seen more of man and places that he would not have seen otherwise. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China Jan. 18th 1907.

My dear Oliver and the Rest:-

Your letter telling so vividly the facts of James' illness and death came last evening. *[According to his death record, James died of "Cerebro meningitis" and "Paralysis of nerve centre".]* We were all out when the mail came. Flora and Ellen came home first. Mary's letter to Flora only referred to the matter and Ellen opened my letters and the papers and they first learned the whole truth. It came pretty hard on Flora. I was attending a Y.M.C.A. meeting and did not get in till 8 o'clock. Flora met me in the hall and I learned the news then. She ate no supper- slept little last night, ate a very light breakfast in bed this morning but was up for dinner and has been out for a walk this p.m. So she is all right now.

Just as I was reaching Shaowu and just as we were in the midst of very successful meeting there you were in scenes of sadness. I am very thankful for your clear statement of the facts in James' illness and death. It takes all the mist and haze away from events of this kind to know the particulars. It is a great relief to know that he suffered so short a time. It is also a source of comfort to know that his wife and daughter are well provided for.

I was with James much while at home and I was impressed 1st that his ideals were right. He wanted to be of use to his fellow men- we talked this thro in Broad Brook [*Broad Brook, CT- near Hartford*] the May after we reached home. 2nd I felt all the time that he was using up nervous energy faster than he was restoring it, so I know just what you mean when you write that you think of him now as at rest. We are all proud of his success. His short life has brought honor to his parents. Father and Mother ought to be the happiest and most contented people on earth. They have reared and launched ten children in lives of usefulness- every one of them honored by their fellows and holding the confidence of the best people.

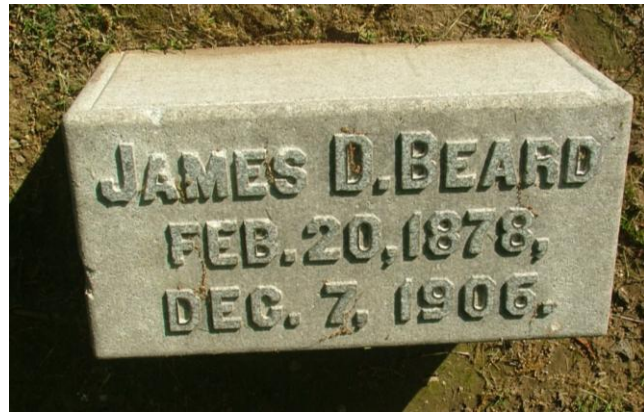
I remember you telling me you should watch my letters to see if their tone indicated whether I was satisfied with the change I had made in my work. I wonder what you have discovered. The fact is I hardly know myself. I am sure tho that thus far my opportunities have been broader. I have seen much of man and places that I should not have seen in the other work. I have had things pretty much my own way. Since I came back Brockman has not been in Foochow. This is at least a proof that he is not worrying over Y.M.C.A. matters in this province. The Association is just organized here in Foochow. Our city problems in this sphere are just commencing. I do not however intend to tie myself down to this work- McLachlin will see to this altho I must be mainly responsible to it. I shall work in the larger field of the province.

Love to all Will.



JAS. D. BEARD

James D. Beard - Photo from Amherst College



James' gravestone – Riverside Cemetery, Shelton, CT

James Daniel, born Feb. 20, 1878, in Huntington, CT. He was a graduate of Amherst in 1902. He was a principal of schools in Broad Brook, Litchfield, and the Waterville School in Bridgeport, CT, the last position held at the time of his death. He married Leolyn Seaver Smith, daughter of Aaron Rowland and Fannie (Seaver) Smith, of Shelton, CT, Nov. 24, 1904. He died Dec. 7, 1906, in Bridgeport Ct., Wife born Oct. 27, 1881, in Derby, CT. She was a graduate of Smith College, 1903.

[This letter dated Jan. 19, 1907 was presumably written from Foochow, China and was by Flora to her mother. She tells of hearing of her brother, James' death and talks about her school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Jan. 19, 1907.]

Dear Mama:-

Mary's letter was the first to suggest the sad news. She did not tell what it was and I was nearly wild until Ellen let me open Will's letters (he was away) for all the letters were addressed to him. It has, indeed, come with a shock and never again will I feel only gladness to get letters from home. It has rounded out a year filled with sadness to the brim. I cannot wish James back as much as he had in life to enrich it, but my heart is full of sadness

when I think of Leolyn alone. Little Leolyn will be a blessing to her every day, for a little baby's innocence and daily growth are a solace that can't help but soften the hardest blow. Little Marjorie has been the greatest company to me here. It has been very hard to be away from you all at this time, and I cannot help but think how much harder for Mary. She tells of every one's kindness and especially Miss Wright's so it makes things easier to think about. The articles in the papers were comforting with their tone of outside appreciation of his sterling worth, and I was glad that Herrick and Elbert could come. I am sure James would have liked it so. There certainly have been many things to help bear this first great sorrow and we ought to be very thankful for them. The memory of Leolyn's and James' married life will always be one full of pleasure to me and a proof that love really does exist in an ideal that can be realized. They have been so happy!

To-day I am alone with the children and the servants for Will and Ellen have gone to the mountain on business. They started at 7:30 A.M. and will not be back until after 6 P.M. I am going to attempt to give Marjorie her bath, but am not sure of what success I may achieve. It will be much like trying to wash a very lively fish for she loves her bath and keeps up a continual squirm during the process. I wish you could see her straight fat little body. If you have ever seen that little bas-relief of a baby (which is sold in plastic for a quarter) you have a good idea of Marjorie. She is just beginning to say "mama" and "papa" and has quite decided notions that they are a little more of a choice morsel than even the Amah- to say nothing of her auntie and the children. I now have eleven pupils in school, a little boy who comes to me an hour four days a week, and a class in "drill" twice a week to keep me busy- and it does. In about three weeks I shall send home a draft for \$100. Eighty five of it is to go to mama, then to Stanley for his graduation present and the rest (five) to papa. I will send later enough to reimburse him- when I know whether my orders reached their destination. I had hoped to pay up the whole amount mama gave me- this year- but it will be impossible. However, if all goes well I shall send another hundred home in June. There are prospects for a larger number of scholars next year, and then I hope to have a summer school on the mountain for eight or ten weeks. I shall want to do something with our children and might as well have more and earn a little- for the following summer I want to go to Japan.

I shall hope to hear from you in the next mail. It has been two weeks since any word had come from you.

With love and sympathy to you all – I am

Lovingly yours-

Flora Beard.

Jan. 19, 1907.

[This letter dated Jan. 19, 1907 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. It is a brief note sent with his Life Insurance payment. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China Jan. 19th 1907

Dear Father:-

I am sending the check for my Life Insurance premium direct to you this year. I believe the Co. was paid by both you and me last year and they had to return my check. If you have already sent a check just keep this and all is straight. If not just enclose this and forward it to O.D. Drewry and Co. Ingalls Building Cincinnati Ohio, or the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co. Newark, N.J. and all is done. The No. of my policy is 166224.

Ellen and I have just returned from Kuliang where we have spent a very pleasant day. All are well.

With love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Jan. 21, 1907 was written from Foochow, China by Ding Ming Uong to Mr., Mrs. and Miss Beard. It expresses sympathy in the death of James Daniel Beard. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

My dear Mr. Mrs. and Miss Beard:

I have just heard of the bereavement you have sustained in the loss of your beloved brother. I know that, just now, words are of no avail to console you, but a humble trust in Him who orders all things for our good, will, I hope bring peace and contentment to your sorrowing spirit. I think that I will write to you [your] aged and honorable father and mother and your people at home soon on this affliction. May brother James' gentle, manly and

kind manner be left to us and with us and may our last day be like his full of happiness and peace at heart. I assure you that you have my deepest sympathy for I know brother James so well and have thought of him so often and so much.

May God lighten your burden of sorrow.

I am

Your Sincere and sympathizing friend,
Ding Ming Uong.

Foochow College,
Foochow City,
Jan. 21, 1907.

[This letter dated Jan. 30, 1907 was written from Foochow, China and was by Flora to her mother on her mother's birthday. Chinese New Year's vacation is coming up, so school will be closed. She has noticed many "queer" things in China. She describes a Chinese wedding she attended that week. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Jan. 30, 1907]

Dear Mama:-

Today is your birthday. I hope it has been one of peace- for I can hardly expect it to have been full of happiness. It is now two weeks since the last letters came from home. It seems a very long time with no news from you. The last letters brought it very forcibly to mind that we cannot know what is taking place with each other at the same time. There is one comfort here- my days are crammed full of work so that they are going by very rapidly. From Feb. 8 to the 11th, I am to have a vacation- during the Chinese New Year's. All the schools are closing this week and I have had to decline all their invitations to commencement exercises. It seems rather queer to graduate classes now but one has to get acquainted with many 'queer' things. For instance- the Chinese have been getting in their year's worshipping since Xmas. Every morning and evening the temple gong rings eighteen times quickly then eighteen times slowly- three times. I suppose this is the time when they do the "three kneelings and nine knockings of the head."

On Monday I went to the first Chinese Christian wedding when the ceremony was given in English. The bride was the head teacher in the girl's school. She was very sweet and so shy and modest. Her husband is a wealthy tea merchant whose business is in Amoy and Formosa. He provided her trousseau and told her to get anything she liked, which she did with the aid of the American lady at the head of the school. Her wedding dress was a very dainty lavender satin trimmed with narrow bands of white satin and real lace. It was most becoming and in perfect good taste. The Chinese dress is worthy of imitation in more ways than one. It is simple and well adapted to work or play. The groom was dressed in foreign clothes and had no cue. Will and Ellen went to the wedding feast afterwards. The bride attended but the groom gave his feast later to his friends. At the Chinese feasts the two sexes have their tables in separate rooms.

I am enclosing a handkerchief for your birthday present. Please wash it before you use it. I send it to you as it is because I want you to notice the fine-ness and perfection of the work. It is done by a young man and his sister, both of whom are paralyzed from their hips down. One of the ladies here provides this needle work for just such helpless people. She thinks they are afflicted with tuberculosis of the bones or joints.

With love to all and many wishes for a year of peace to you.

I am

Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Jan. 30, 1907.

Did I tell you that the European party sent me a box of Xmas presents? Lovely ones, too. F.B.

[This letter dated Jan. 30, 1907 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother on her 65th birthday. He has notice that in the last two years the stores have become more foreignized in the goods they carry. Marjorie has the measles. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
Jan. 30th 1907

My dear Mother:-

Today you are sixty five years old if my reckoning is correct. I have an hour that is not full and so I'll use it chatting with you.

Yesterday at 2:30 p.m. Gould and I started on foot for the City. It rained hard and Marjorie was not well-teething we think- so Ellen did not come in the Seminary- of which I had charge during our first term in Foochow- had a reunion last evening and we were invited in. I brought Gould in to buy some shoes for him. We found a pair in a Chinese shop- foreign style- that fitted him exactly. I was much surprised at the great change that has taken place in the stores in Foochow City. They have gotten much foreignized in the last two years,- not only are they full of articles- shoes, stockings, stores, underclothing, both wool and cotton, pencils, pens, candles, ink, gloves, rubber boots, towels, blankets, etc., etc. Before we went home four years ago there were just two places in Foochow in the foreign settlement where some of these things could be bought. I also found a nice pair of rubber overshoes which I bought for Phebe.

The Seminary boys and teachers had a good feast last night, then a nice reunion. All the classes but two were represented. It was to attend this that I went into the city. It rained hard all the way. I wore my old overalls to keep my pants from getting wet. Ellen saw me start and said she hoped I would meet no missionaries. The overalls saved me from getting wet thro. Gould thought it fine fun. He went to bed at Mrs. Hinman's about 9 p.m. I followed at 10:30. This a.m. I let Gould stay in the city with me to attend the Graduation exercises. Gould and I sat on the opposite side of the church. I had decided to leave at 12 and go home. So at 12:15 as the audience rose to bow to a Chinese official we ran out and found Ellen had been of the same mind so we three walked home together.

Friday Feb. 1

Marjorie has the measles according to the doctors diagnosis- but he says a very light case. All others are well.

Last night we had a good heavy frost,- a rare thing in Foochow.

I must close with this and

All our love to you all

Will.

*[This letter dated **Jan. 30, 1907** was written from Foochow, China by ten year old Gould to his grandma Beard. It is a brief note telling her a few things that they did. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow China

Jan. 30th. 1907

Dear grandma Beard;_

I am in the city in Mr. Hadouses house. We were planning to climb the city wall, we don't live in the city but we live in the suburbs over on the south side it was rainy yesterday and threatens to rain today.

Aunt Flora is getting along nicely. We went to a Chinese fiest lastnight.

Give a kiss to all.

Myron G. Beard.

*[This letter dated **about February 1907** was written from China by Flora to the folks at home. They just had a week's vacation because of Chinese New Year and influenza closed the schools a week longer. She talks about her school and new families arriving. She talks about getting ready to move into the new house and tells about furniture for it and describes her room. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About February 1907]

Dear folks at home:-

There are letters from mama, Ruth, Phebe and Aunt Louise here to be answered. My correspondence had piled up until one pigeon hole has refused to hold it- for I have written no letters except what the home folks have received, for over a month. My time and thoughts have been more than filled and I was glad to have a week's vacation during the Chinese New Years. An attack of influenza made the time doubled so I shall open school again

tomorrow. I have fourteen scholars now- for the new French Consul wants his little girls to come to my school. I shall have to teach them English from the very first word but it will be interesting because I have never done such a thing. I hope to be able to exchange lessons with his wife for she is very anxious to learn English. They have been in Germany for six years so they all understand and speak German. - Families are arriving every month with children of school age and things look as if I were to have all the work I can do. Nearly every week, tokens present themselves to show that people are getting interested in the "American School."-Will is away for a week at Ing Hok so Ellen, the children and I are here by ourselves. The Hubbard children went back home with their father when the doctor said I had the influenza. They will return to-morrow, I expect. It seems so good to be by ourselves.

Before this reaches you I suppose we shall be in our new house. A family will reach here the middle of April which will need this house so we will have to move out the first of April. Our new house will not be done but will be livable by then. My furniture will hardly get ready for my new room, but I shall not care especially as I can use the spare room with what I have now. I designed and gave to the furniture maker drawings for a bureau, washstand, wardrobe, screen, rocker, writing desk, chair, and five picture frames of either Canton black wood or hard wood. He is to paint the first five pieces white. The desk and chair are of a very beautifully grained light brown hardwood. My room is to be in blue and white. I have just designed my fireplace and mantle. It costs no more to have one's own ideas carried out than to take those of the contractor. I have arranged to have a double shelf over my fireplace and to have the lower one arranged with glass doors to keep the dust away from the books within. I have a round corner with three narrow windows in it each with a low deep window seat, which I shall have cushioned. A large wide door opens onto a large wide upper veranda which looks out over the plain and the mountains in the distance- a beautiful view. I forgot to tell you that I get my furniture altogether for \$45 silver or about \$21 gold. It remains to be seen as to how well it is made. I will write of that later. - Did I tell you that my cards came a few days ago? Now the six geographies, and the right amount of paints and crayons have come, and I am waiting for the arithmetics and histories. Soon I shall order my spellers and then we shall be equipped. I am still waiting for \$150 tuition in order to send home my draft. Lovingly- Flora.

[This letter dated Feb. 10, 1907 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks. He is including the letter by Ding Ming Uong dated Jan. 21, 1907. Marjorie is well now after having the measles. The people in China like Flora. Their house is coming along rapidly. He tells about his pig which he will kill and about their lack of house servants. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China Feb. 10th 1907.

Dear Folks all:-

I am enclosing a letter which Mr. Ding Ming Uong sent to us when he heard of James' death. This to me was masterful in its use of the English language to convey sympathy. I am also enclosing a copy of an account of the revival in the Boy's School at Shaowu while I was there in December last. Use this as widely as you like.

Marjorie is quite herself again. I think she felt being shut up and not seeing the other children more than she did the measles. Dr. said they were only German measles. The eruption lasted only two days. She has been very interesting today. This evening she and Dorothy had a fine play with an old table napkin. She would throw it about and laugh as if she thought Dorothy and she were about of an age.

Flora's school closed Friday to begin again a week from next Tuesday. Chinese New Years day is next Wed. and even the School for the children of foreigners is effected. Flora is working hard and making a success of the school. She is also "taking" well with the people of Foochow- they like her.

Dr. Kinnear's people arrived last Wed. evening. Mr. Peet's family should reach Hong Kong next Wed. Chinese New Years will likely delay them a little in getting up to Foochow.

Things are very quiet in Foochow just now. All engaged in Educational work have gone off for a change and rest. Miss Newton is at Sharp Peak.

The new residence goes up very rapidly- better rapidly approaches completion. Floors are all down. All first coat of plaster is on where there is lath. The brick walls will so quickly absorb the moisture that these will be plastered last. The second coat of white plaster is on four rooms already. Windows and doors and blinds are all ready to hang. No rain yet. The rains are holding off wonderfully. Last night it rained and this morning it was foggy and damp. But about noon a fresh breeze sprang up from the west and the sun has been shining all the p.m. with a fine drying wind.

My pig is a fine one. I wish father could see it. Since I got back from Shaowu I have been looking at him everyday. I bought seven dollars worth of rice for him the other day, and he is showing good keeping. I'm going to kill him myself if all goes well. The cook and the washerman left us last Monday. The coolie went home for a vacation which we had previously promised him, on Wed. This left us with a boy of 16 yrs. and a rough green man who feeds the pig, etc. Ellen has been chief cook and washman for the week.

Flora is spending the Sunday with Mrs. McLachlin. I wonder if James dress coat and vest are disposed of. I could take them if no one else want them. I mention this just to help you out. Ruth's last letter arrived a few days ago.

This is the month of our birthday. I was 42 last Tues. Marjorie will be a year old next Sun 17, father 65 next Mon 18, Flora, 36 the 25th.- James' came the 20th did it not?

All are well and send love to all

Will.

Are the "sureon" glasses frame of James' gone?

Do not mention either this or the coat and vest unless perfectly natural. W.

[This letter dated Feb. 11, 1907 was written from China by Flora to her mother. It is China's New Year and it is Flora's vacation. She talks about the new house and furniture. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Feb. 11, 1907

Dear Mama:-

It is the last of the old year (a'la China's), and this may be the only letter from us for a month as everyone- I mean the Chinese- stops work and mails are few and far between. The last mail brought Ruth's letter. I hope you are quite over the rheumatism by this time. I shall look longingly for letters to tell how you are. The last mail brought my calling cards- one hundred of them. There was no bill but I shall look for a letter telling me of all the bills as they have come in to you. I think I shall have one more order of books- spellers but will write you when I order them- This is my vacation week. I am spending it in resting, mending, cutting out clothes, planning the furniture for my new room in the new house. Will is having many expenses so I offered to get the bureau, wash stand, and wardrobe. He has asked me also to design the mantle- as I can have just what I wish at no extra expense. It is very interesting to see the workers work. The boards are sanded (right in the house or yard), planed, and made into cornices, or anything needed. The tools are made on the spot and every nail is hand wrought. Some of the floors are nailed down with bamboo nails. My furniture will not cost over \$40 silver and then I shall have nicer than I did at home. I presume I shall have to pay for an addition on Will's summer house as it means that or pay \$200 to rent a cottage by myself- which I do not care to do. This was a surprise to me- as have also been several things about the way the people here do. However I am just going to do as the Roman's do and hope to come out of the big end of the horn. All my patrons have expressed their appreciation of my work so I am hoping it may bring me more work.

Lovingly- Flora

[This typewritten letter dated Feb. 17, 1907 was written from Foochow, China by ten year old Gould to his Aunt Mary. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Feb. 17, 1907]

Fooc ChowChina Dear aunt Mary:-

I am having a great time writing letters to our uncles and aunts.

I am having lots of fun writing on the typriter. Tell grandpa notto sell Gennie because I will be there to ride her. It is lots of fun writing on papa,s typriter.

The stors out here do not have any valintintes so we have to make our own valentines. We can,t make enough to supply all our relations and friends so we have to take turns in giving them to them.

Wehhave a dog and cat, the dogs name is Prince and the cats name isPursiana.

On the 17th there is a hocky game to come off,do you play hocky?

How are you getting along in your teaching?

Marjorie has gotten to the stage where she wants every thing she sees. We folks out here would like to see baby Leolyn very much, I saposue you would like to see Marjorie.

Did you ever hear the riddle of the three cows? If there was a red cow a black cow and a white cow going up a hill which cow could turn around and say there is no cow behind me. Most people wouldsay the red cow, but did you every hear a cow talk?

Geraldine tells meto hurry up so that she can fuswith it. So I will endup.

Yours loveingly

Myron Gould Beard.

Feb. 17, 1907.

*[This letter dated **Mar. 7, 1907** was written from China by Flora to the folks at home. She is sending money with the letter to settle her accounts back home. In addition to teaching her students she is going to teach beginning English at the Y.M.C.A. Baby Marjorie had a small operation to remove a small growth from her face. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Mar. 7, 1907.]

Dear folks at home:-

Enclosed you will find the check for \$100. \$85 for mama, \$10 for Stanley, and \$5 toward my account with papa. In June I shall send a check large enough to clear myself with him. I fear this will be all I can send to mama this year as it is decided that I will build onto Will's mountain house which will mean nearly \$200 silver, before it is done. That with over \$50 (silver) for furnishing my room here will use up my revenue pretty closely.

If I did not build, it meant giving \$50 (S) for rent somewhere else. That amount for three years would amount to what I am spending and then no special good would have resulted. Now, Will will be in an extra room, when I am done with it- and as the children get bigger they will find it not as pleasant in their present quarters. Every one out here owns his own bed, and I have already sent to Chicago for mine.

Well, I have one more scholar, and two more enquiring for April and May. I also have booked myself for 5 hours a week teaching English to the young men in the Y.M.C.A. classes. I am to have one class in Beginning Eng. and one in advanced. I could have gotten a dollar an hour for it but said I would give the 5 hours for \$4. I am doing this on purely selfish motives so it cannot be called missionary work. I wished to try my ability to teach English to the Chinese by means of phonics, I wanted the extra cash, and I wanted to know the Chinese first hand. I have already read nearly a dozen books about them and their country but there is nothing that can equal a personal knowledge, even if it be limited only to a few.

The last mail brought letters from Annie Gilbert, Abby, Leolyn, and home. Tell Helen her letter was a most welcome one and someday it will get answered. My pigeon hole is full of letters waiting for a spare moment. I shall get some in the summer time, if not before.

Yesterday baby Marjorie had a small operation and has come out of it as though nothing had been done. About two months after she was born a spot in the very front edge of her hair began to grow until it had become as large as the top of a red raspberry, which it very closely resembled. The doctor said there would be serious danger of injury by a bump and it had better be removed especially as it was increasing in size. They gave the little girl chloroform and she appeared exactly as well and happy as ever. We all feel glad that it is so well over.

With love to you all-

Flora.

Mar. 7, 1907.

*[This letter dated **April 7, 1907** was written on lightweight Japanese columned paper from Tokio, Japan by Willard to his mother. He is at a Conference where there are men from 25 different nations. The languages have to be interpreted. Willard feels that God is transforming the leading men of Japan to work with the Western nations to know God and give Him allegiance. He has gone to many garden parties and receptions after each day of the conference. His next stop is the Centenary Conference in Shanghai. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tokio, Japan. Apr. 7, 1907

My dear Mother:-

The Conference is nearly over- the session this evening closes it. It has been to me unique in that it brought together the ends of the earth. It is the first International gathering of any kind held in Japan. It is worthy of mention that this should have been a gathering of Christian students, in the interest of world wide Christianity. Men are here from 25 different nations. One realizes that while little is said directly about peace among the nations yet the forces that go to make for universal peace are met here as in no other place. The diplomat - representatives of government may meet at the Hague,- and must meet, but without the formation of Christian Brotherhood of the Nations, compacts and laws could not avail. Here there is just one barrier to the closest union of heart and purpose. Whatever one may say, so much depends on the medium for converging thought that much of the spiritual good that comes from these Conference must come thru the expression of thought.

Everything has to be translated. If an English speaking man addresses the audience his thought is put also into the Japanese. If a Japanese addresses the audience he is translated into English. Twice a German spoke and was interpreted into Japanese only. So much translation is wearisome after days. Once a German was interpreted with Eng. then that into Japanese - three men stood side by side. Nevertheless one realizes by this that God is not confined in His works to any one sphere, and when one sees as we have seen during the past five days, the Japanese crowding the hall as student delegates, the Japanese acting as ushers,- with no foreign assistance, the Japanese as business Comm.- all the business of the Conference has been reported by a Japanese who gave the motives in the two languages each time, and the Vice Pres. of the Conf. is a Japanese and many of the addresses have been given by Japanese- when one sees these things day after day, and then goes out among the people where modes of travel are the same as with us- where street car conductors and motormen are even more courteous than with us, and all the signs of an advanced civilization are apparent at nearly every turn, he realizes that God has transformed many leading men in Japan and is using them side by side with men from Western nations to help Him make the men of the world know Him and give Him Allegiance.

Yesterday afternoon Count and Countess Okuma invited the delegates to their beautiful gardens. Count Okuma addressed the whole body of delegates expressing his sympathy and cooperation in the purpose of the Conference to help young men. He was careful to not commit himself as a believer in Jesus Christ, but he had good words for Christianity. The very fact that he asked the Conference to be his guests was a proof of his sympathy. He is the founder of a large Japanese College- 5000 students in which Mr. Abe- a classmate in Hartford of mine- teaches. He was in the Japanese Parliament but has resigned from office. Thru the influence of a Christian member of Parliament who is a good friend of Mr. Abe. I was allowed to go thru the buildings with Mr. Abe on Friday morning. Each day of the Conference there has been some kind of a reception or garden party to occupy the two hours between the closing of the p.m. session and dinner. One day one of the Imperial gardens was opened to the delegates and the Am. Ambassador received the delegates one afternoon.

Friday noon Mr. Woodward and Mr. Gleeman asked all the International Secretaries to lunch. These men I met in Washington D.C. Mr. Woodward is senior partner in the largest Dry Goods = department store in Washington and Mr. Gleeman is a former Sec'y of the Washington D.C. Assn. and a successful business man in Washington. They are the first of a committee of laymen from the churches in the U.S. to visit mission fields at their own expense and report to the home churches. This Comm. consists of 100 men I understand. Each man looks up the work of his own denomination, but they go in groups as they like- at their own expense. They are unfettered and under orders to no one. This movement is of great moment to the cause of missions.

Then last evening Mr. Severance a business man from Cleveland, Ohio, asked all Presbyterian and Secretary of the International Comm. to a dinner,- some one hundred were there. These were very delightful occasions,- especially as I am staying in a Japanese Hotel and living on Japanese food.

A letter from the Foochow people written Mar. 25 said they were well. I plan now to go back to Shanghai- stay there for the Centenary Conference and get home about the middle of May. I would not attend the Conf. if I were not on a Committee that meets before the Conference for business.

This is already too long so Good bye with lots of love to all- and I am praying that the Father may keep you all in peace and joy. We have so many, many things to make us joyfull.

Will.

[This letter dated April 7, 1907 was written from Tokio, Japan by Willard to his wife, Ellen. He is at a Conference in Japan and tells Ellen of the social activities and his difficulty in getting back to his hotel one evening. He has a Centenary Conference to go to next and wants Ellen to join him there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

I send these 2 letters thinking you may be interested in them. W.

Young Men's Christian Association

Tokio, Japan Apr. 7th 1907.

Dear Ellen-

The only deficiency in this days happiness is that you could not be here to enjoy it with me. It began yesterday- first in the meetings which have all been good and which have also been increasing in interest. But the association with friends during the intervals between sessions has been delightful. I wrote you of the lunch given by Messrs. Woodward and Gleeman on Friday noon. Last evening Mr. Severance of Cleveland had nearly 100 at dinner- Presbyterians and International Secretaries and wives. I feel like an odd one for Mrs. Brockman, Lyon, Lewis, Rutledge and a lot of other Mrs.'s are here. Mrs. Lewis was good to sit beside me last evening and Mrs. Lyon across the table and a Mrs. Pearson on the other side. It was one of the pleasantest occasions I have had in a long time. I came near not going- for I was tired and lonely, but as is usually the case it was just what I needed. I took the wrong car when I started home and went- somewhere. I could not say a word, and could find no one who talks Eng. I have carefully carried in Chinese characters the names of the Y.M.C.A. and of my Hotel. But when I changed coat and vest I left all these at home. I bethought myself as I stood there- I have no idea where- that I had put on a slip of paper the place where I left the car to go to the Hotel where the dinner was served. This fortunately was still in my pocket, and I took a car back- which proved to be the one I should have taken in the first place.

This morning Prof. Bosworth gave a most helpful talk on Prayer to the Heavenly Father. This afternoon Brockman gave a very optimistic address on the responsibility of the students of the orient to evangelize the world. The Conference closes this evening with a farewell address by Mott.

I shall not go as I intended tomorrow. I take the "Kaga Maru" which starts tomorrow from Yokohama, but I take the train to Kobe and board the steamer there on the 12th- probably the 11th and start the 12th. This gets into Shanghai the 16th I think. As I wrote you yesterday I am afraid I cannot get to Foochow till after the Centenary Conf.- unless there is imperative need.- I wish you could come up for the Centenary Cong. You would enjoy it ten times as much as I. Bring Marjorie and Amah. If you will consider it and will come wire me Committee, Shanghai, "Haeen", Beard. "Coming" is not necessary. I'll understand. If you will come I'll go in my old clothes another year, and do anything you'll consent to or suggest to save the money. I wonder how you are getting on for money. The draft must have come for some L60. But it will do you no good,- unless you are drawing heavily on the Bank and it will allay any apprehension on their part to know that you have the draft.

Supper is ready. So Good Bye,

Your loving,
Will

You have all been very real to near to me today.

W.

[This letter dated Apr. 10, 1907 was written from Kyoto, Japan by Willard to his wife, Ellen. He tells her his travels from Tokio to Kobe and then Kyoto. He tells her about his shopping and purchases. He updates the letter five days later and one month after having left home for the conferences. He writes from a steamer and says the trip has been a smooth one. He wonders if Ellen will meet him in Shanghai as he wishes and also about how things are back home in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Young Men's Christian Association

Kyoto, Japan Apr. 10th 1907.

My dearest Ellen:-

Yesterday at noon the three Foochow Chinese delegates were at the Chinese Y.M.C.A. of Tokio as guests with all the other delegates from China at a Chinese feast. After living on Japanese food for 12 days-except as I was out to a lunch or dinner given by some of the Am. business men or by Japanese Counts or Barons, - this Chinese feast was good. It was not too rich. The speeches after the feast also were good and will help to interest the people from China- both Chinese and missionaries in this work among the Chinese students in Tokio.

At 3:30 p.m. we four- mentioned above- took an express train for Kobe. It reached Kyoto this a.m. at 5:20. I sat up all night between two of the boys, but I got a little sleep. It was pretty tough tho. In the station all was quiet and I lay down on a settee and had nearly an hour of sound refreshing sleep. Then a grand good breakfast -delicious fish and potatoes, 2 boiled eggs, - three daintily browned hot cakes - a cup of coffee and bread and butter, all for 52 sen. Then I went to a Japanese barber shop- got a shave- I gave him my own razor and brush and soap- then I got a

good wash and felt like a new clean man. A rickshaw brought me here in about 45 minutes, - at the home of Dr. Otis the Girl's School, and Doshisha. There are 750 students in the Doshisha- about 170 girls. The rest Boys in the Academic, Collegiate and Theological Department. About 30 in The Theol. Dept. - There are five large brick buildings- Library, Administration, Chapel, Recreation, and Chapel. The dormitories are wooden buildings like our old house at Ponasang, and the girls sch. and Kind. are of wood also. I am planning to go and see some stores this p.m. and take the 3:58 train for Kobe. I hope there to be able to change my steamer ticket for a R.R. ticket to Moji and go on by rail stopping at Okayama to see the orphanage and the Am. B. work then go on to Yamaguchi where Cass Reed whom Mac and I met at Pacific Grove. He is teaching English there. I shall thus hope to see at close quarters a Govt. School in its working. The stop here at the Doshisha will be valuable to me on the Common Educational Work for the Shanghai Conference.

Tell Flora I =Just leaving Kobe at 10 a.m. Friday Apr. 12-

Mrs. Carey called us to lunch as I had written the three first words of the above paragraph. Tell Flora I bought in Tokio one piece 20 yds of white cotton crape- but I paid 5 yen for it. I am not afraid that I was cheated- only that this may be better in quality than she wanted. It was in the largest one price dry goods store in Japan, and this was the cheapest they had in the store. I could have gotten cheaper- but I did not know where to go for it and time was valuable to me. Every minute was filled while in Tokio. All the purchases I made were while on my way to and from the sessions of the Conference- except as I went out to this dry goods store. Every thing there was of first quality I should judge- and the prices were according to the quality. The cheapest umbrella in the store was 5 yen 50 sen- nice silk.

I left Dr. Carey's in Kyoto at noon Wed. and went to see the cloisonné were made. The cheapest piece in the store was \$18. I did not buy. Then I went to see the Satsuma made, and I could bring away a little something for you there. Then I took the 3:25 p.m. train for Kobe and just caught the last launch for the steamer at 6:15. Found Mr. and Mrs. Lewis on board. Now the Brockmans, Lyons, Dr. Parker, Misses Matea, Wainwright, and Miss Shaw are here,- it is a beautiful morning. How I wish you were here!!! I cannot mail this till I reach Shanghai so I'll not end it yet- but just put in some love right here, and write more later.

Will

Monday morning Apr. 15th

It has been just one month since I left home. Ten days from today the Centenary Conference opens at Shanghai. I wonder if I shall see you there- or what I shall hear from you when I reach Shanghai tomorrow. - It has been three weeks since you wrote the letter that I received in Tokio. And I am wondering if you are all over in the new house- if the land is leveled- if the gate house is built- if the tennis courts are finished etc. How the servants are behaving- how the Y.M.C.A. is coming on.

The trip thus far has been smooth. I have done full justice to the cook's reputation three times a day without a failure, and have not yet been sick. Yesterday we held a service in Chinese in the morning and one in English in the afternoon. This steamer- a Japanese- provides hymn and prayer books. The company is nearly made up of missionaries- from the Tokio Conference and a Mrs. Cousland and daughter from Swatow returning. A lawyer and a traveler complete the European list- outside of Missionary and Y.M.C.A. people- then there are one or two Chinese passengers. The sea is perfectly smooth - we started at 11 a.m. yesterday- should reach Shanghai tomorrow about noon. - It is a long time to be away from home- especially on top of the long Shaowu trip. May God be a Father to each of you and keep your body mortal and spirit. You are all very near me-

Tuesday evening: - At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, in my own room on the 3rd floor:-

What a feast of letters I have had this afternoon and evening!!! I mailed a letter this p.m. that should start tomorrow. This will likely go in the Haeen Thurs. a.m. Many people are already here from many points- I saw Mr. Warusheen, Miss Ledy and Miss Ramsay and I hear Dr. Whitney- Mr. Martin- White, Dr. Smyth etc. etc. are here.

I shall try to send down something by the boys Lik Daik [*he may be referring to Mr. Cio Lik Daik*] etc. tomorrow night.
Lovingly Will

[This letter dated April 14, 1907 was written from China by Flora to the folks at home. She talks about how she has been spending her days. Willard is still away at the conferences and they are still waiting to move in to the new house. She talks about a little child romance between Dorothy and Orren Main. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[April 14, 1907]

Dear Folks at Home:-

It was a good July scorcher here yesterday but today is a "what-is-so-rare-as-a-day-in-June day? A mild thunderstorm last evening did some of the transforming. - I am shocked to see that so long a time has elapsed since I wrote my last letter to you. I have been away over Sunday for the past two weeks and so my letter writing has had to wait. Easter Sunday I spent with Miss Newton. Every once in a while she and Miss Hall send for me to spend Sunday with them. It is such a rest and change and they are such lovely people to be with that I am delighted to go every time I am invited. Last Sunday I spent with Mr. and Mrs. Newell [*Mary R.*] in the city. They had been housekeeping only two weeks and are as happy as the can be. Miss Harwell occupied a part of the same house. She took me out on Sunday afternoon to see some of their mission churches and schools. We visited four and saw most of them in their services. When we departed the whole assembly came to the street to see us depart- an act of Chinese politeness. Mr. and Mrs. Newell had invited a young man and his wife who have very lately come to the city, to attend church with them, so that I had an opportunity to meet another foreign educated Chinese. His wife could not understand his dialect nor he hers nor the Mandarin, so their courtship (for they really did woo and win) was done in English. She is a Pekinese- and a fine looking young woman. Her husband is teaching in the largest boys school in the city and she teaches Mandarin in the native girl's Normal School. Both these schools are under municipal control. The latter was organized a year ago. Both gave me a cordial invitation to visit their institutions of learning and I intend to do so some day.

To-day has been a great one for Marjery [*Marjorie*]. She went to church for the first time and was as good as gold until some one stared at her when she wept. She is quite a little embarrassed when there are many about her. This afternoon she has been walking along- taking six or seven steps. She was as highly delighted as the children and even the dog joined in the general congratulations and allowed little Marjorie to pat him.

Between the Indian Jubilee and the Centenary at Shanghai we are getting quite a deluge of visitors from home. The Methodists have had at least two dozen visitors and the other denominations a few. Drs. Hitchcock and Creegan were here last week for a few days. I was so happy because Dr. Creegan remembered me. I had quite a time trying to call on him for every arrangement seemed to conflict. Finally I go up at 6 P.M. and went down to the boat as he was leaving. I rode down the river a short distance and visited with him, then walked back.

I am enclosing a picture of my little scholars. Four of them have left. I am not entirely sorry for as the hot weather comes on one feels less and less like work. This whole winter has been a most strenuous one in many ways. I shall be glad when we get through with building and when we can get settled in our new house. We expected to have moved before this but several circumstances have prevented and now we shall probably move over just before we go to the mountain and then finish getting settled when we come down in the fall. - Will is still away. He is now in Shanghai and we are wondering whether he will stay for the Conference or not. If it were not for the new house I am sure he would stay but as it nears completion there are several things that demand his care. There are just the fireplace mantles and the floors to be done now- and the glass to be put into the windows.

I am glad that the sick ones are all getting better. It seems as though all our friends had had a particularly anxious time this winter. I am glad for your sakes that warm weather is coming when you can get out again without colds. I am sending when the people go to Shanghai a piece of blue linen to Elizabeth for a dress. There will be twenty yards of it. It is narrow but will much more than make one whole dress. If she does not wish to keep the rest she may give it to someone - anyone she likes.

I meant to have told you of the little romance between Dorothy and Orren Main. (His picture can never tell you of his sweetness and unusualness). The other evening he went to the Worthley-Sites wedding and enjoyed it just as he does every pretty thing. The next day he said to Dorothy "When I get to be a man I am going to marry you, and have a wedding"- to which Dorothy said she would marry him. Then he said he was going to be an artist and Dorothy said "And I will help you." Orren's mama told this to me. They are both very unconscious in their affection but we older ones can't help but smile.

With love to all and to Ruth many wishes for more returns of her birthday anniversary- I am

Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Apr. 14, 1907.



Flora and her students about 1907. Gould may be the boy in the front row, second from right. Geraldine may be the girl on the wall behind the first boy. Phebe may be the fourth person on the wall from the left. Dorothy may be the girl with the blurred face next to Gould and Flora.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Another photo of Flora's class taken 1907. On the back is written:
 "Standing:- Maurice Kinnear, Harold Gardner, Theodore Hubbard, Phebe, Vernon Peet, Gould.
 Sitting (in middle) Geraldine, Artyn Main, Christine Hubbard
 Sitting (if front) Eden Caldwell, Orrin Main, Dorothy, Gerald Kinnear, Harry Caldwell."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]

Obituary for Mary Jane Corbin Kinney from the Putnam, CT newspaper, **May 3, 1907**:

Mrs. Myron Kinney [*Ellen's mother, Mary Jane Corbin Kinney*]

The many friends of Mrs. Myron Kinney were saddened to hear of her death Friday morning, April 26th. The funeral services were held at her home in Putnam at one o'clock on Monday the 29th, and were conducted by her pastor, Rev. F.D. Sargent, who spoke appreciatively of her quiet but deep and true Christian life.

The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful. The burial took place at Union on Tuesday, where a service was held in the church at 12:00 conducted by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Roger, and remarks were made by a nephew, Rev. Harvey M. Lawson, who spoke feelingly of the beautiful character and noble life-work of his aunt, and read the following poem:

Our mother dear has passed away, She from our home has gone; Her gentle spirit took its flight, And left us sad and lone.

She was so loving, kind and good, Tho we shall miss her sure; Home will be never quite the same, When she is there no more.

Our sister in the foreign land, Will hear and saddened be; But she will thank the Lord above, For mother ?? as she.

We owe so much to mother dear, More than we could repay; She cared for all our helpless years, She taught us how to pray.

But God is good; He spared her long, Our home was full of joy, Now she is in a better home, Her peace without alloy.

The time had come for her to go, Her life-work had been done; Her busy cares and toils were o'er, The race had well been run.

She's now with those she loved long since, O happy meeting place, And best of all, she now will see, Her Saviour face to face.

O Mother help us each to live, According to her prayer; And then we know the time will come, When we shall meet her there.

Mrs. Mary Jane Kinney was born in the western part of Woodstock, Ct., March 14, 1831, and was the second of the six children of Deacon Penuel and Mary (Chamberlain) Corbin. Of her brothers and sisters, one, Mrs. Sarah Lawson, died in Union, Conn., Dec. 31, 1885. The rest all survive her, being Mr. Anson Corbin, of Union, Mr. Frank Corbin of West Woodstock, Mr. Milo Corbin of Putnam, and Mrs. Viola Alderman of Worcester.

Her early life was one of those which was the glory of New England, where the children were taught industry, frugality, and, above all, the fear of God, which led them all to become sincere Christians. It was more difficult for the children at that time to get an education than now, but the one of whom we speak, diligently improved her opportunities, and besides a common school education, had the advantage of two or three terms in the academies of Woodstock and Dudley. She afterwards taught successfully several terms.

She was married to Myron Kinney, of Union, Conn., Jan. 3, 1864, and went to live in the south part of Union, at what was widely known as "Kinney's Mills." Here her five children were born- the first child dying while an infant of only a few days.

These years in Union were full of busy cares and hard work, and yet, whenever it was possible, she used to prepare all her little children on Sunday and, with her husband, take them regularly the two miles to church. Here is an example for present-day parents, who consider the great exertion necessary a sufficient excuse for remaining at home.

In 1878, partly for business reasons and partly to secure better education for their children, Mr. and Mrs. Kinney moved to Putnam, where they have since resided, and where they won the deep esteem of many friends.

Mrs. Kinney was very quiet and unobtrusive in her manner, and hence people meeting her casually might not at once appreciate her true worth. But those who knew her well testify that they never heard her speak one unkind or harsh word about any person, nor was any trace of jealousy or ill-will discernable. It was in her home she was best known and appreciated. She was one of those kind of mothers about whom it may be pre-eminently said; "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

They owe their character and lives of usefulness most of all to the influence of that quiet, gentle, sincerely Christian mother.

*[This letter dated **May 16, 1907** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He reached home after being gone about two months and all were well and Marjorie could walk. He talks a little about the conferences and mentions a special service in Marty's Memorial Hall in which the names of 223 killed foreign missionaries were read. 1,716 Chinese have been killed for their faith. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
May 16th 1907.

My dear Mother:-

I reached home last Sat. today is Wed. All at home were well. Marjorie could walk, - that is she could go anywhere if some one would hold her hand and she would go all alone for a few steps. She has now developed the whooping cough, - as yet she has it very lightly and it does not disturb her much. The conditions are very different from those under which the other children had it. As I am writing at my desk at 9 p.m. the ther. is at 85 degrees.

It was just two months yesterday since I left home for Shanghai. - I have attended four Conferences or Conventions. The World's Student Christian Federation at Tokio was of course worldwide in its conception and all its working. The last one at Shanghai was also world wide in reality and people were there from all the countries of the globe, altho it was a China Conference. The work of this Conference was in the hands of the older missionaries to a large degree. There were many of the younger people there to do the voting, but most of the talking was done by older men. Union was the theme from first to last. Of course there had to be one or two on the other side to help union along and once or twice a discordant note was sounded but the missionaries of China are much nearer each other now than they were a year ago. Another note of the Conference was that the Chinese church should have greater power in all matters of policy relating to the church in China. I shall send you papers reporting this Conf. in a few days, altho I do not know that you will care to wade thro all the matter. In the morning of the last Sunday during the service in which the Marty's Memorial Hall was consecrated- the names of the foreign missionaries who have been killed in China from the first were read 223. The number of Chinese killed for their faith is at present 1716- there are other names to be added. This was a very impressive part of the service. On Wed. morning the Conf. came together to hear the minutes of Tues. p.m.'s session. After these had been read and passed on the chairman called for a motion to adjourn- no one would make the motion. This to me was also an impressive moment. The delegates could not bear to separate and they remained and prayed for two hours. - The new house is about ready to be occupied. Some things are already in it. With [*love*] to all from all Will

*[This letter dated **May 23, 1907** was written from China by Flora. The beginning of the letter is missing. It appears that Flora is sending a request for items to be purchased in the U.S. and sent to her. She mentions that Marjorie has whooping cough and Willard has malaria. They hope to be moved into the new house in June. She will spend her summer on the mountain. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[May 23, 1907]

[*Beginning of letter missing*]

Cotton cloth – Full piece

(First of the Loom or like quality.)

Long cloth – 2 pieces

(About \$1.25 per piece – quality)

Stockings – 1 doz. No. 10.

Get as thin and fine as possible @ \$.25 per pair.

Thread.

1 box No. 60 white

1 box Mixed No. 70, 80, 90, 100 white.

Pillowslips.

1 pair 20" X 36 in. hemstitched

Unionsuits Size 6.

3 long sleeve + long legged summer weight. Price about \$1.50 per suit.

3 lisle thread – low necked short legged not tight at the knees – if possible. Please get either "Merode" or "Forest Mills. –Price about \$1.50 per suit. Get thinnest summer weight.

Merode – at D.M. Read's
Forest Mills at D.M. Read's and Howard and Barbers.

Gloves. – silk – size 7.

1 pair white from 50 to 75 cents

1 pair tan quality

Corsets – Size 28. – 2 (each \$1 or \$1 ¼.)

R + G. – tapering waist- Style 673

At Howard + Barber's.

Shoe strings – Black

1 doz. long ones

1 doz. tie laces

Bird's eye linen- 1 price \$1.25 quality

Ecrú ruching 4 yds like sample.

It is only deep cream that I want.

Soap – Fels- naphtha 6 bars.

Tooth powder – Dr. Lyon's – 3 tin bottles.

Tooth brushes – 3- perforated back.

Toilet paper – 6 packages in squares.

Talcum powder – violet – 2 tin boxes.

10 cent postal albums – 6.

At 10 cents store in New Haven- like the one I gave Lucy – if possible.

Picture screw eyes 3 doz. or a box if they come so. About this size. [*shows with an illustration*]

Game – 2 boxes- word making + word taking – I think called “Anagrams”

Book. Child Garden of Verse by R.L. Stevenson and illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green, I think. Phebe knows the edition. It is about \$2.00. I want this for the children's Xmas. Will you please send my own small edition which I left on the shelves in the parlor?

Clay + Raffia which I asked Phebe to purchase.

Will you please send also-

1. The Pipe Organ book of music of mine which has Beethoven's Funeral March in it.
2. I would like a new book like the piano collection which is nearly worn out. I bought it at Hine's in Derby for \$.50. If you can't get a new one please send the old one.
3. In the box where I stored some note books you will find three on Literature marked- Literature No. I, II, III. Will you please send them. (They have pictures of Burns, etc. pasted in them.
4. If no one has used that fur which I left marked “Grace” please send that. It is one long narrow strip and Ellen says she would be glad of it. Grace said she did not care for it. If it is in use never mind.
5. If no one is using, or going to use, my fur hat send it along. I would like a new flower for it in colores similar to the old one on it.
6. If Ruth feels like knitting me a pair of those long bed socks like some one had a home- without heels, I should be most grateful for them next winter. They can be sent later by mail. I shall be glad to pay for the wool if you will charge it to my account.

In about three weeks I will send a check for \$75, which I hope may nearly, if not quite cover my dues to the home folks.

Will will send to Oliver in a week or so for another order of hardware so that he expects to have that order and this box sent as soon as Oliver can get the things. I have explained to Will what Oliver said about buying in a way to save time. He hopes to have these reach here next October sometime.

I am enclosing Ruth's collar which I forgot when I wrote last time.

We are all pretty well- if we except Marjorie's whooping cough and Will's malaria. We are moving and expect to be sleeping in our new house next week. We shall be all moved by the first of June. We can move slowly and put things in their places at once.

School closes Jun. 11th and then I shall plan for my summer on the mountain.

Will write again soon. With love to all – Flora.

May 23, 1907.

Will you please send me the bill for my calling cards?

F.B.

*[This letter dated **May 26, 1907** was written from Foochow, China by Willard and Ellen to mother and all the others. They are moving into their new home. He mentions a Methodist missionary who died of malignant measles and symptoms of small pox. He has pickled some hams for 10 weeks and then smoked them. He talks about what must be going on back in the U.S. at the farm and wonders what spring in California is like for sister, Mary. Ellen adds an apology for asking about James' glasses frames. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, May 26th, 1907

Dear Mother and all the others:-

This has been a beautiful day in all respects. The past week has been rainy, hot and steamy. The nights have been – not good for sleeping or resting. But it cleared up yesterday and today has been just like a beautiful day the first of June at home. We heard the first bird that woke this morning and its song was one of Thanksgiving I am sure.

We have begun to move into the new home. All the things in the store room are over, - one of my book cases- our potatoes, cool, wood etc. Tomorrow I must go to the mountain to look after several things, and on Tuesday. Well Thurs. I shall hope to get well moved over. Then rent will stop with May 31st.

Today I have spoken for 45 min. in giving the report of the Conference at Tokio to the girls in the Meth. Girls School, and led the Y.M.C.A. Bible Class. I am teaching two hours a day in the evening classes. Ellen has a class of Japanese women an hour five afternoons a week.

Another of the Meth. Missionaries passed away very suddenly this last week. He came back from the Shanghai Conference last Monday,- not very well. He died of malignant measles and symptoms of small pox on Wed. at 5 p.m.

Marjorie has the whooping cough. Ellen thinks she has passed the worst. She is getting teeth- one of the bicuspid has just come thru and the eyetooth next it is almost ready to come. These experiences coupled with just beginning to walk and climb stairs are reducing her fat.

I am making out a small order for hardware and some other things which I plan to send to Oliver in a week or 10 days. Flora will send for something also. I just put in this notice so if you see Oliver you may mention it and if you are any of you wanting to send you will have the chance. I shall wonder if Oliver would rather not be bothered.

Since I came home I have taken my hams out of their 10 weeks pickle and smoked them, and we have eaten and given away most of one. They are good.

Flora went to the mountain a week ago yesterday and was much pleased. It was a beautiful day- when the mountain would appear at its best. I am glad her first impression was favorable, and I hope we shall not have typhoons this summer to greatly disappoint her. The school is doing well- as far as I hear all are perfectly satisfied. The English very seldom send to an American School- lest their children catch the American brogue.

Today has given me the home fever again. There is that about the atmosphere of the Huntington fields in spring- when apple trees are in bloom that always attracts me. How I should like to be at home on the farm these days! I suppose the corn is all in. The grass is luxuriant. The cows come home at night stuffed. The young cattle are loosing the last of the old coat. The trees are casting thick shade. The young chicks are numerous in the back yard. The barns are hungry for hay, which is growing fast in the meadows.

This is Mary's Birthday and I'll send this to her and let her forward it to Shelton. I wonder what spring is like in Cala.

It has been a long time since we have had a good home mail so we may expect one in a few days now.

I must close so I can get up at 4 o'clock tomorrow morning to start early for Kuliang.

All love to all

Will.

[The following was written by Ellen.]

I'll use this space to write just a word about James' glasses frames. I'm sorry I mentioned having them sent, in view of their intended use. I would not have said anything about it had I not supposed all the friends who use glasses were supplied and that these would probably be laid away in disuse. My reason for wishing to buy them was that I brought with me when we came back to China an extra pair of lenses in case of breakage of those I am using and it occurred to me it would be convenient to have these mounted on frames ready for immediate use. I shall

of course pay Leolyn what they are worth. But I do not wish you to send them (if you have not already) if anyone else can use them or wishes to keep them

Yours with love,- Ellen.

*[This letter dated before **June 24, 1907** was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. Willard is still in Shanghai. She describes the new house as quite palatial and they will move into the house before going to the mountain. The Imperial Inspector of Mints is visiting Foochow for a couple of weeks. She heard that he was going to start a college for women in Peking based after Wellesley College in the U.S. She got to see the new Viceroy, and in a month the Imperial Physician is to come. Flora mentions plans to go to North China and Japan in a year. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Before June 24, 1907]

The pattern arrived safely and all the books have come. F.B.

Dear folks at home:-

A letter from Ruth came in the last mail along with one from little Annie. It seemed so good to get a letter with all good news- for your letters have had so many sad things in them- yet I want to know all that goes on. Will is still in Shanghai. He has been at home less than two months since I came. It has been a very hard, busy winter here for with his being away it has left all the building to Ellen's care- and it has not been little. We have lived in a half settled state, which has been trying. We shall get moved into the new house before we go to the mountain, however. How I wish you could see it! It is really quite palatial, but its no more comfortable than this climate demands. Fortunately for me the weather has been mild- although I never suffered more from cold. Tell Ruth if she feels like knitting a pair of long bed socks that I shall be more than glad to buy the yarn. Zero weather at home is comfortable to this rainy season weather in January. Usually by this time the extreme heat has manifested itself but the delaying of the rains until now has spared me that so far. After this week, I shall have just my school and the Y.M.C.A. classes. This last week, I viewed from behind the scenes, a very interesting time at the Y.M.C.A. The Imperial Inspector of Mints is spending a few weeks in Foochow on business and also visiting friends - for he is a native of this Province. Mr. Mac invited him to speak at the Y.M.C.A. - which he accepted so a large reception was arranged. It was most interesting to see him arrive with all his retinue- and to meet all the other officials who had also come. He gave his speech- which of course I did not hear- for women are tabooed- as in America. However, one thing I heard that he said was that when the Commission was in America last year one member was so impressed with the college of Wellesley that he vowed he would start a college for the women of Peking fashioned on its ideas- which he has literally carried out. Did I tell you that I was invited a few weeks ago to visit one of the largest native schools for boys in the city? There are over a thousand boys in attendance. Also I shall go to see the first Normal School for girls- both are founded and supported by the government. Yesterday our new Viceroy arrived from Peking. I managed to see the last of the procession as it disappeared from sight over the bridge. About a month from now the Imperial Physician is coming for a visit in the haunts of his childhood for he is a native of Ing Hok here in our province. Mr. Mac says he will have them all over at the Y.M.C.A. so I may see some more great men of China. Some time ago the Board of Trade, consisting of six men, came in a body to hear one of the Consuls give a lecture. This all means a boom for the Y.M.C.A. for it establishes it on the social basis that it is intended for and also aids in the revenue which is so especially needed in the beginning of such an association.

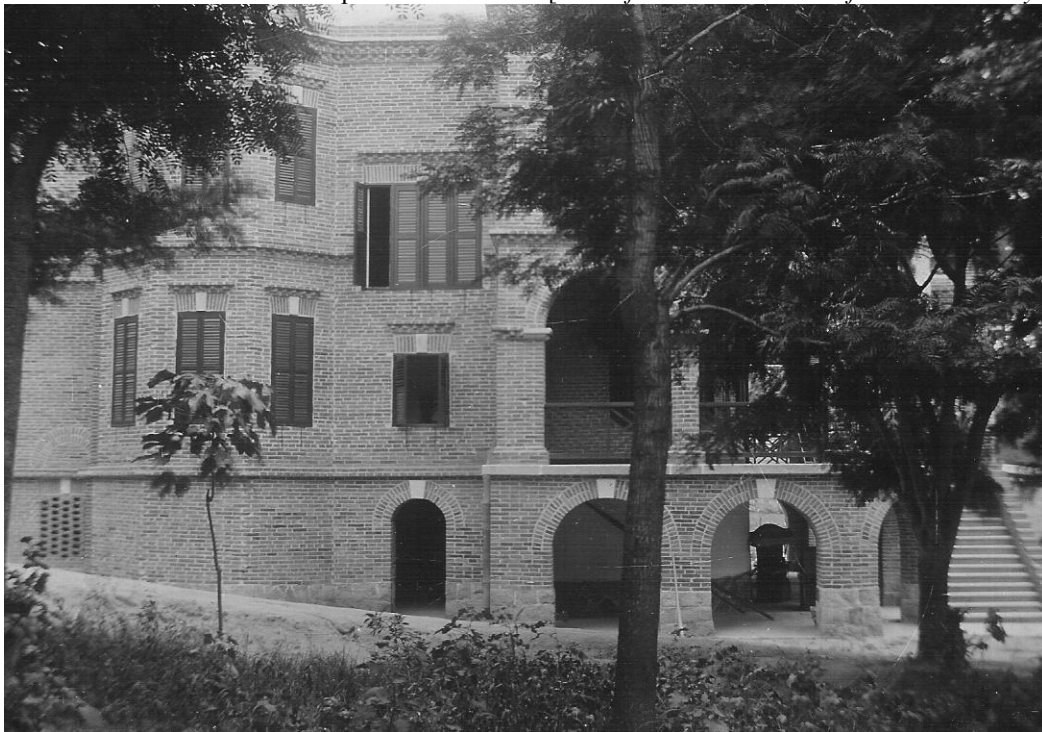
I am sending Ruth's letter on to Will so that he may write to you from Shanghai. In about two weeks-when Will gets home I will finish my list of wants for a box from home. It cannot get started in June but I think there may be a shipment before Sept. as two young ladies are coming in the fall and I think it will be impossible to get their things off in June. One of the young ladies is a Miss Ward, daughter of Mr. Langdon S. Ward. She is to be at Ponasang where Miss Newton is. She is now teaching in Englewood under Mr. Sherman. Mrs. Sherman wrote in high terms of appreciation of her work and character. I have read it to Miss Hall (who is also at Ponasang) and she is very happy in anticipation of so lovely a co-worker. By the way have I told you that Miss Hall is planning to travel with me a year from now- going through North China and Japan. Two hundred fifty dollars gold will cover our entire expenses (each) and we expect to be gone from the middle of June to the middle of September. *[Miss Hall may be the Alice Hall, who dies in 1909. Phebe Kinney Beard will be buried near her.]*

I am enclosing a little remembrance for Ruth's birthday anniversary. Will you please let Aunt Louise see it and tell her that I can get embroidery like that on a very white silk which is said to be washable. The waist all ready to wear will be \$6 silver or about \$3 gold. I think it would be better to not have it made up. I intend to write to her just as soon as I have time. She has been in my mind for weeks but the days are so full that letters have to go. Just

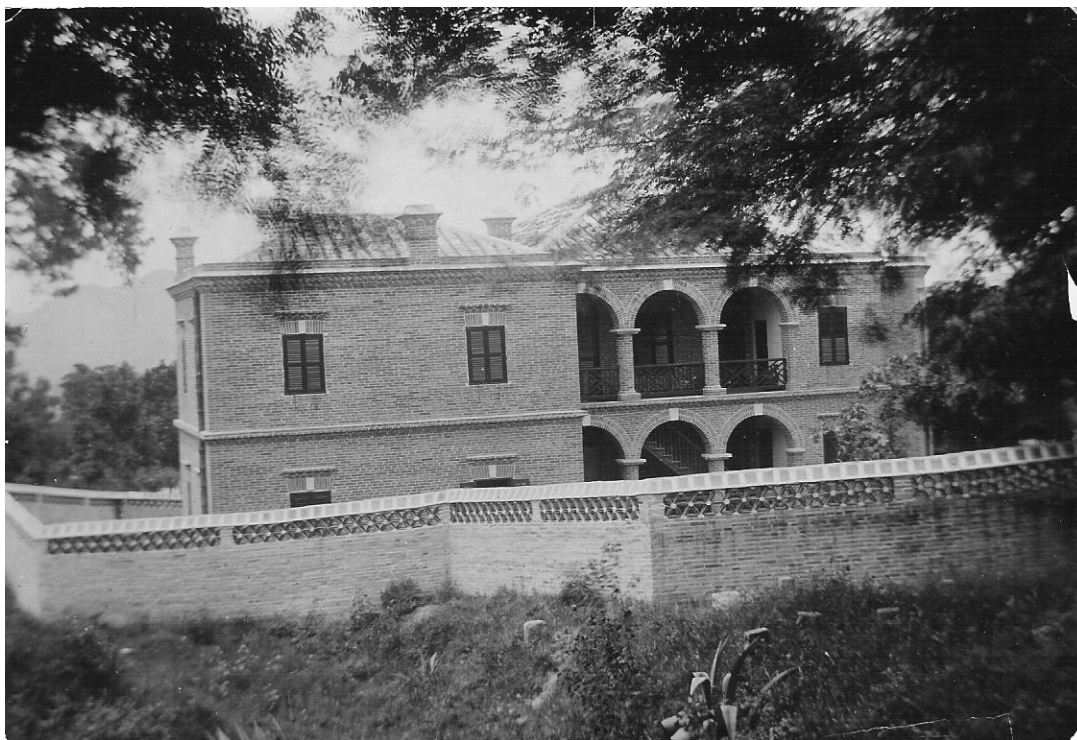
now I am interviewing pater et mates [*Latin for father and mothers*]- families about school next year. I hope to have all that settled by Jun. 1st. I have not yet sent E's dress. Lovingly, Flora



Willard and Ellen's "palatial" house. The house may have then gone to the YMCA after Willard quit working for them. The date "1904" written on the photo is incorrect. [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



More views of the same house. Note the sedan chair below the house.
[Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



*[This letter dated **June 24, 1907** was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have moved into the new house. It is hot but they have a nice breeze. Mosquitoes bother her when she sleeps out on the piazza. Willard told her that she has escaped most ills brought on by the climate. She plans to have a kindergarten on the mountain but has not firmed up plans for the next year. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[June 24, 1907]

Dear folks at home:-

Since I wrote last there has been so much doing that I have written to no one. Did I tell you of my little exhibition of the children in calisthenics? I had about thirty people in to see it and they seemed to enjoy the exercises very much. The following week we moved over to our new house where we are camping until we go to the mountain some time this week. Things are not finished but the house is infinitely more comfortable than the old one. We have a fine breeze here from the south which tempers the extreme heat. A little over a week ago we had our closing exercises of the school. We counted over seventy five guests for the occasion and the children did themselves credit so that every one had a good time. Our new house is large enough so that every one had plenty of room. Since school closed I have been settling, darning and packing for the mountain. For several days the heat was so great that I just sat and darned. The wind tanned and burned me as the sun would on the river at home. Since then we have been having a fine cool spell so that I am getting caught up in sleep. My long chair on the piazza was a great relief those hot nights, and would have been ideal if the mosquitoes would only stay away. I have to tuck my net in very carefully all around my bed- and then I nearly always find two mosquitoes inside.

I am getting ready for my kindergarten on the mountain. It is to open the Monday after the 4th and will run eight weeks. That will give me the month of September for vacation. That with what I am getting now will give me my usual amount of summer's rest. Will says I have escaped far better than most people from ills resulting from the climate. I have had practically no trouble. I realize that my only safety is in keeping well. I have been very busy and that does much towards keeping well. There really is nothing else here to do but work. Society is so squall that I know if I depended upon it, the time would drag.

My plans for another year are not fully developed but it is assured me that there is enough to do. I have sixteen pupils booked for my school- whose range of studies will extend from Grade 2- through the 1st year high school. If I wish I can have a class at the Y.M.C.A. for two hours a week. I really hope I can do it for I am quite interested in the young men and they have seemed to respond so cordially to my teaching. We have gone only a little more than half way through the grammar and I would like to finish it.

Now has come an opportunity to teach drawing in the Normal School in the city. Only women attend therefore it must be a woman teacher. I am thinking seriously of taking the work provided I can fit in the time question. My work would have to be done through an interpreter. Foochow native schools have gone daft on western education. There are to be several kindergartens opened in the fall and everywhere English is being taught. They are going to the mission schools and colleges for teachers and they give enormous salaries. One man gets \$180 a month for working only half of each day in teaching English. I am thinking of charging \$50 a month just for two half days each week. However, I know nothing yet about how it will come out- and will tell you if there should be anything to tell. - I am enclosing a check of \$75 to papa to pay for my bills. Please keep the remainder on my account for I am ordering several more books and some material from home. I will acquaint you with each item as I order. Have you sent the check for the bill at Wadsworth, Howland and Co.? If you haven't please deduct ten cents. They have played me a dirty trick, by sending an unstamped dun [*bill or invoice*] to me. I told them in my order to send the bill to you but it seems they paid no attention to my directions and now I have received two duns. I think I shall let them alone here after. I have received from Phebe two packages containing the sandals, 3 pairs of stockings, 3 pairs of shields, and 1 pair of gloves. When you purchase the things to come out in my box you need not get the white gloves I ordered- just the tan ones. I am enclosing a tan glove - the mate to which I lost in Japan. If you can match it I can use the glove for my right glove always wears out first. If you can't match it don't return it. - A few days ago I sent home a few pieces of embroidery to mama, in a Shanghai paper. I have not yet gotten Phebe's embroidery done, but think I have found my man to do it. I have the cloth and sometime hope to get it done. Foochow is not an embroidery center. Drawn-work is done here very nicely, but embroidery is done nearer Shanghai. Next summer I can do more than now, for if all goes well, I shall be for sometime in the embroidery belt.

Did Mrs. Burbrook send a bill for \$2.76 to you? She sent (at my request) some underwear which with the postage amounted to that. I am not sure that she did not have some charges to pay so, if you will enquire, I will thank you.

We are all well, but a little weary with the heat.

With love to all-

Flora Beard

Jun. 24, 1907.

I have enclosed the check in another letter.

F.B.

*[This letter dated **June 26, 1907** was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. They are packed and ready to go to Kuliang. Her brother graduated and she wonders if sister Mary made it home from California for his graduation. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[June 26, 1907]

Dear folks at home:-

This has been a perfect June day and we are still in our new house although we are nearly packed for Kuliang. As long as the weather stays like this we are just as comfortable here, where we have more room.

I suppose, before I write this that Stanley has taken his degree and is home for the summer. I wonder if Mary got home in time to see him graduate?

I am sending to Shanghai- to be mailed to Elizabeth- the blue linen of which I wrote some time ago. It cost \$5 silver which equals a little more than \$2.50 gold so there should be no duty on it.

If you people knew how I read the Sentinel- even to the weather record- when it comes, I am sure it would be an oftener visitor.

Did I write that I am sending some embroidery to mama in a Shanghai paper? I am also enclosing some for Phebe in another envelope.

Congratulations to all the August birthday people.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Jun. 26, 1907.

P.S. I am to-day mailing orders to

The MacMillan Co.
Maynard Mevill + Co.
American Book Co.,
Grim + Co. +
Mrs. T.M. Ward, Newark New Jersey (Music)

F.B.

If you have not packed our boxes will you please include in their contents if you can find in the attic-
An Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar

A Caesar if in good condition.

If Stanley wishes to spare his Caesar "Pony" I should appreciate it.

If you wish to get rid of the raffia and reed in the attic put the entire lot into box. Everything gets used out here. I am writing on a desk made from the boards of the boxes from the American shipments.

Will Phebe see if she can get two packages of needles like the one enclosed. It is broken and I have only one like it for basketry. F.B.

*[This brief letter dated sometime **after June 26, 1907** was written from China by Flora to the folks. She congratulates brother Stanley on his graduation. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[After June 26, 1907]

Dear folks:-

Elizabeth's letter has arrived telling a little of Stanley's graduation. Congratulations to Stanley! Please do write and tell us all about it- even to your honors, Stanley- or else how shall we know. Too much modesty is not the kindest news when it has stretched away out here.

I also received a card saying a parcel is on the way from Liverpool for me. I suppose it must be the kindergarten material Phebe is sending me. It will probably reach here by the first of September- but will make some good Xmas gifts to these little benighted country missionary children.

With love-

Flora Beard.

*[This letter dated **June 30, 1907** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He talks about the cool summer weather, the opium situation, and Chinese patriotism. Original letter is in the archives of Yale Divinity School.]*

Foochow, China
June 30th 1907

Dear folks at Home:-

June 30th and we are still in Foochow. Ellen and the children are beating the record this year. But the weather has been very unusual. Arch-deacon Wolfe of the Church Missionary Society, the oldest missionary in Foochow, says he never knew such a cool June in Foochow. The second and third weeks were rather warm but the past week we have slept under blankets nearly every night and I have worn black clothes most of the time. Flora went up to Kuliang yesterday afternoon. She will stay with Mrs. Smith until we get up. We had planned to go Tuesday morning, but it will likely be Wed. afternoon. Marjorie was well covered with prickly heat ten days ago but the cool week has entirely freed her from it. Our new home is in a cool place and we enjoy it much.

Since I wrote last each day has been much like all the others. The mornings I have spent in writing and in getting settled and "fussing" about the house. The after noons I have taught in the Y.M.C.A. classes from 3-4 and from 6:30-7:30. I have tried to get a little rest too, by cutting off all evening work and going to bed early. I came home from Shanghai feeling pretty "seedy" as the English say.

I have an order for goods of various kinds that I am going to mail to Oliver in the same mail as this- if possible. It is most as hard work to get off an order as to go shopping at home.

During the past three weeks I have attended three large Anti Opium mass meetings. At two there were public addresses and I was asked to speak at both places. The opium joints in Foochow were all closed three weeks ago today and they have not been reopened. Many of them are now tea houses, - these correspond to our soda fountains at home. But the reform has not got beyond Foochow in this part of the province. A week ago today the Anti Opium League held a mass meeting for the students in the Government Schools in Foochow City for the purpose of enlisting the help of these students in the outlying townships when they go to their homes for the summer vacation. It was more like a business meeting, and business was done. Yesterday another big mass meeting to get individuals to break off the habit was held. Men of official position and others of high business or literary standing made brief addresses. About twelve men spoke within the space of two hours. And every man hit the nail on the head. There is no doubt that public sentiment is against the traffic. Opium is still sold in some 500 places in the city and suburbs. But the public opium shop is no more and men must buy it and smoke it in secret.

About one month ago a young man from Foochow who has been studying in Japan sat on the deck of a steamer in Japanese waters. He was talking with a Korean. If any one hates the Japanese, the Koreans do. This Korean told the student from Foochow how illy Korea was faring at the hands of Japan and he said also that China was coming more and more under the influence of Japan and that Fukien Province was Japan's special sphere of influence. The Foochow student's patriotism was greatly aroused and he did the proper thing- jumped into the sea. Today an immense mass meeting was held in his memory- over 1000 they said attended. One man in his enthusiasm cut off his queue [*braid of hair*] and hung it on the door post of the temple where the meeting was held. Well China needs not enthusiasts now so much as level and honest heads.

But as I read the papers I tremble for my own land- but in a different way. Here the people do not know. There they know- But when a crime is unearthed and made public its poison is largely gone. That so much "graft" and other public wrong is uncovered is a good sign and indicates a healthy condition.

I think I must make one more trip into the Amoy field before I get to Kuliang for a stay. All are well and all send lots of love. Marjorie is developing fast - walks alone for exercise.

Your loving son and brother Will

*[This letter dated **July 10, 1907** was written from Chiang Chin, Amoy, China by Willard to his brother, Stanley. When Willard got back from the conferences he had to take over all the work of the City Association in Foochow so Mr. McLachlin could work on learning the Chinese language. He tells of their July 4th celebrations on the mountain. Willard then left for Amoy to see the newly organized YMCA there. He wishes Stanley the best in choosing his next path in life. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Chiang Chin, Amoy
July, 10th 1907.

My dear Stanley:-

I reckon if I send this to you now it will find you at the old home- whatever you may decide to do for next year. I am having comparatively an easy trip this time. As soon as I got back to Foochow from the Shanghai Conference- about the middle of May I had to take over all the work of the City Association in Foochow so that McLachlin could devote himself entirely to the language. This he ought to have done two years ago, but he neglected his opportunities then and is bringing hard work on me now. I ought to have made this trip in May with the ther. in the 80's instead of in July with the ther. in the 90's. But this sounds like complaining- which it is not intended to be. Ellen and the children went to the mountain July 3rd- Flora went the Sat. preceding. I was there for July 4th and we had a great time. After the games from 4 to 5:30 the first 25 went to Mrs. Newell's to eat baked beans, bread and butter etc. At 6 these went on to Mrs. Hodous to take tea and cake while another relay started in at Mrs. Newells. At 6:30 the first batch went on to Mrs. McLachlin's for ice cream and the third and last 25 began again at Mrs. Newells. The first company finished at Mrs. McLachlins they went to Mrs. Mains and remained there till all 3 companies came to listen to the phonograph and afterward to watch the fireworks. All was finished about 10 p.m. The four older children took in all- Phebe won a race. Gould won a race, and I won a race in the games, and Dorothy took the prize with a little boy of her age in singing a piece. It was quite an American 4th of July, 75 of us together. Then Friday morning I came back to Foochow, and worked like a beaver to get off several letters- among them one to Oliver containing an order for a lot of different things. I intended to register it, and send it to the P.O. with that request but on my way to take the launch Sat. I stopped at the P.O. and they had not received it. We sailed Sun. a.m. at 6 a.m. reached Amoy at 7 a.m. Mon. I stayed there till 6:30 a.m. Tues, and took a river launch some 15 miles and a row boat another 15 miles to this place to see the city Y.M.C.A. that I helped organize here last

Oct. They have rented premises and raised over \$300, which they have on hand. I plan to start for Amoy tomorrow about daylight and take the steamer for Foochow Sat. arriving Sun. with 3 Amoy people who will go to Kuliang for the summer. Then in August I am asked to go to Suatau [Swatow] - 50 miles below Amoy on the Coast. This does not agree with my inclination- this bumming over land and sea in the hot weather but if it helps men I am glad to do it. Really we are in the world first of all to be useful to each other and if this is always uppermost in our minds, we are doing the best things for ourselves and get the most out of life. I notice that when people begin to plan their lives with a view their own comfort or their own desires without reference to the good of others they get dissatisfied and are almost universally unhappy.

How I should enjoy being at home these days and helping you get the hay in! When I get over being useful in this work I hope there will be somewhere in old Conn. and in old Huntington [now known as Shelton] a bit of land for me to live on. I shall be interested to know what you decide to do next fall. I wish it were in my power to help you with foresighted wisdom to choose the course in which your influence will count for the most in making the world better but I can only ask God to direct you, and keep you in such close touch with Himself that you will choose rightly. I think of you all at home- Phebe, Elizabeth, Ruth, Stanley and Mary. Give my best love to them all- and - and [unreadable] them Ellen. The children and Flora send it also. Yours Will.

[This letter dated July 21, 1907 was written from China by Flora to the folks at home. She wonders if Mary will go back to California for another year and discusses some items she ordered with sister, Phebe. They may be taking in some visitors for awhile on the mountain and will need extra servants. Miss Newton had an accident and broke some bones. She mentions the folks back home having fun riding around in an automobile. Flora has six students in her kindergarten on the mountain. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[July 21, 1907]

Dear folks at home:-

May I answer all your letters in one? My correspondence has heaped up to mountain height for I have written almost no letters, outside those home, for six months.

Mary's description of the Easter mountain climb made me think of Switzerland. I know just how she felt all the way and how good the water tasted- and how the view was appreciated after the long climb. That horse back trip must have been delightful. It sounded like Ramona. I am glad it came in time to celebrate your birthday. A letter from Miss Wright says she is not going back to Santa Barbara. Has she gotten weary of the West or is her friend so much better that she is going to attempt living east again? I am curious to know. I am rather glad you are going back for another year but hope the East will want you later so you may be nearer home.

Well, Phebe, you are a capital shopper. Everything has come and in perfect shape. The sandals are on my feet every day and are every one's admiration. On these stone roads they are just the thing and give my feet just the ventilation they need in this hot weather. The girdles are more to my wishes than any I have been able to find for several years. If you have not already bought those I ordered from Howard and Barber, do not get them. Never mind if they are purchased for they will not be wasted. There is a queer custom here of sending around a "chit" announcing any superfluous articles and a buyer usually appears. There are several women here who are as large and larger than I am so if I do not want them others may. However don't buy them just for this. I hope before this papa has received my check for \$75. I think it is best to keep my account squared with each of you at present. I am keeping my eyes open for all the good things here, but have not yet found the embroiderer that can do Phebe's work as she would like it. Foochow's hand work is rather inferior- or rather that part of it that has been adapted to foreigner's use. I am sorry to hear about Phebe's knee. I have heard of that trouble many times but could never quite see why it should be. I hope it has fulfilled the promise to be well soon. Didn't May Palmer surprise you all in taking her second trip so soon? Has she gone to study or to travel? How the family has been doing up Framingham! I rejoice how good it is to have home come to one.

Well, if there are only four people to be in Mrs. Trombly party Will and Ellen have decided to take them in. Our house is large and with some extra servants it can be done without too much trouble. We shall probably let them pay enough board to make them feel comfortable. We have one large spare room and the children's play room will be turned into a bed room. It is one of the largest and nicest rooms in the house. There is nearly enough furniture already so I know the rest will be found somewhere. This is entirely Will's proposition. The one hotel here costs \$5 a day and then is not very fine. We can give them more comfort for much less money. I think Will has written or is about to write to Dr. Mills. There are some Shanghai people here on the mountain who know them- Dr. Newell is a woman who looks so much like Edith Gilbert that I have lost my heart to her already. She is a little older and possibly a little larger but has Edith's bearing. She has the same beautiful hair only it is prematurely gray.

It is a crown to her fact. She is in one of the Shanghai hospitals. - No, Phebe, there is no street or number. Just Foochow, China's all that is needed on my letters. Every one knows every one here. There are so few foreigners. The number of families is growing in the business line. Tea is being more and more handled by native firms and this year the exodus of business people has amounted to more than thirty in number. - Mama, it was quite a coincidence that your letter wishing to be remembered to Miss Newton should arrive so soon after her accident. Did I tell you about it? She broke her arm- between the elbow and shoulder- broke her collar bone, cracked her shoulder blade and dislocated her shoulder. It was a terrible accident but fortunately escaped the worst evil of not puncturing the skin at any place. The escape was only an eighth of an inch but that probably saved her life. Infection is always sure to follow if the skin is broken. The children of the foreigners have the worst looking legs here in the summer. They go barefooted and get mosquito bites which they scratch raw. Unless turpentine is applied directly and freely the results are unpleasant to the eyes. The little babies get skin diseases and look so unsightly at times. Little Marjorie had a bad face when the last picture was taken- the family group. It got well and there is no sign of it now. Well, we have been having quite as remarkable weather as you. It has been very cool here. We had no hot weather until the middle of June and then it was not unbearable. Yes, Mr. Newell was married a little over a year ago to a very lovely little woman who came out on the steamer with him. She went to Peking and had an interesting experience there, but was glad, I guess, to exchange it for Mr. Newell. - I hope in this that Ruth has received her collar safely. I forgot to put it in the letter and mailed it later. I was glad that Miss Brewster and Helen really did make that long-planned-for call. What a gay time you are having whirling over the hills in an automobile. Is it as fine as driving? - I shall be glad to hear that mama's foot is well. I hope she was wise enough to have a doctor see it. There are at present three sprained ankles here but they are done up in surgeon's plaster so their owner's can walk as usual. The other day we took a walk to Moon Temple. From the plains below Moon Temple looks inaccessible for it is built on the side of a mountain under a projecting rock of enormous size. The mountain side is precipitous but the path to it is very comfortable although extremely steep. We started from the top of our own mountain descended over 500 feet and crossed a mountain brook to climb another peak. We went down again a few hundred feet and then up again- where we saw a most wonderful view of the river, plain, city and mountains. I counted seven tiers of mountains. Then we climbed down to the temple where we had our lunch baskets opened. The priests at the temple were glad to give us hot water so we had tea and coffee to drink. There is one advantage in going off on a trip here. We have to take cold water along with us. It is never safe to drink when away unless the water is boiled. Every bit of our water is boiled and most of it filtered. I had a drink of sparkling spring water at Mr. Gardner's mountain house the other day and it did taste so good.

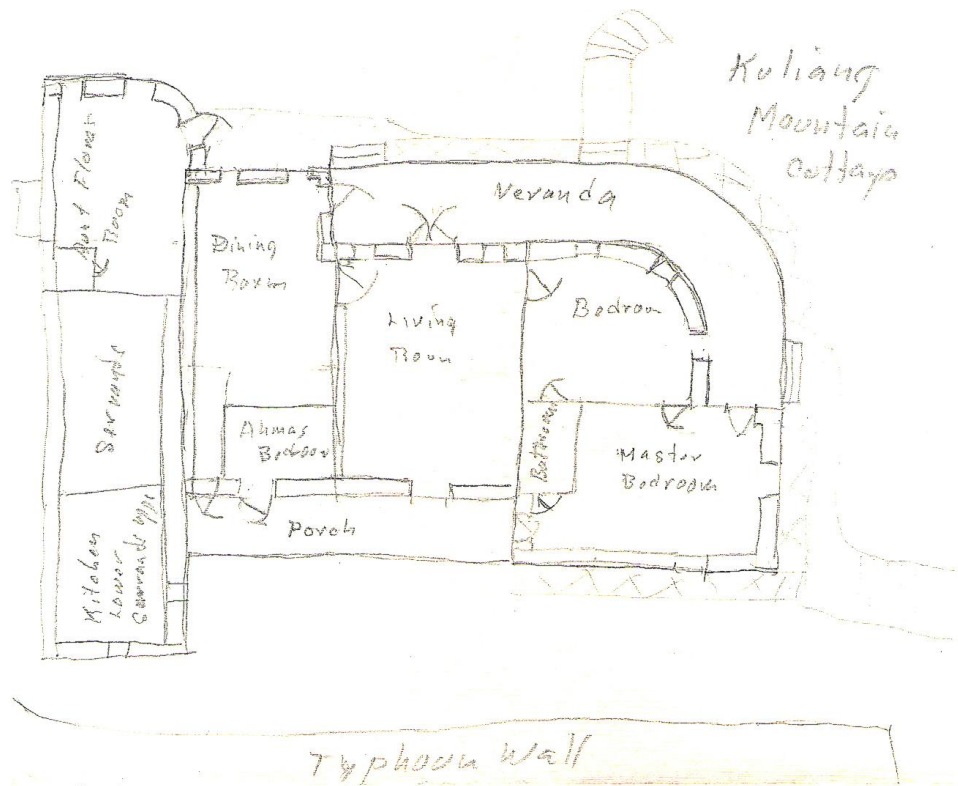
I started the kindergarten last week with six scholars. One of them is less than three years old. His amah comes with him and besides he is a very nice little fellow. They are a lovely little class. I am fortunate to have a mother who was a kindergarten [*teacher?*], to whom I can go for pointers. I know the tunes to the songs so with her help on the words I am getting along fairly. However, I can see more clearly that I ought to have had a two year's training to do it well.

With love to all-

Flora Beard

July 21, 1907

Let me know when E's linen gets there if you have any trouble about it.



Sketch of the Kuliang Mountain Cottage showing Flora's room (top left in sketch).
[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **Aug. 6, 1907** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by E.J.T. Stauler to Willard. Mr. Stauler heard one of Willard's sermons and has written him a letter to criticize it. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

T.C.D. House
Kuliang
Aug 6th 1907

Dear Mr. Beard,

I have not had the pleasure of making your acquaintance as yet and I was thinking of paying you a call, but owing to the uncertainty of finding anyone at home this Tournament Week, I decided to express in a note a matter on which I would have sought a conversation.

You will be sorry to hear that I was considerably pained by the tenor of your address on last Lord's Day afternoon. I am sure you had no intention to speak otherwise than we are warranted by Holy Scripture and I hope it may be through a mistaken use of terms but it seemed to me that you ignored altogether the fact of "the grace of God" when speaking of God's "calling" and "choosing" man. The assumption which you expressed in the words "God's Faith in man" (which words were repeated over and over and ran through the whole discourse) seems to me to be unwarranted by any passage of Revelation. The sentence, for example in which you said "Jesus Christ came to save the world- yes, Jesus Christ came to show man an example- Yes but Jesus Christ came because He had faith in man" seems to me to need explanation.

Did you mention anything of man's degradation and sin and hopeless estate in separation from God, I might have interpreted the words "God's faith in man" to mean "God's faith in what He could do with man."

Had you once spoken of God's gift of grace whereby alone man can be brought into any state of acceptance or God's gift [unreadable word] without which man is dead to God. I should have accepted the unusual expression "God's Faith in man" as expressive scriptural truth in a new -fashioned dress.

But you neither mentioned grace as far as I know and you never altered the expression above quoted to mean "God's faith in the possibility of His work through man. Apart from some such explanations or modifications which need not have in any way lengthened your address. I consider your use of this phrase very misleading.

Are we led to believe from any passage of the Bible that "God has faith in man- "Man's heart is deceitful above all things," we are told "Put not your trust in the son of man in whom is to help" and scores of other passages might be quoted.

When you came to speak of concrete instances of God's calling of individuals what was God's expressed reason for calling Moses- Have we not the answer in the words "Who made man's mouth?" Because God was going to make Moses His channel- "a chosen vessel"- and instrument [*unreadable word*] a thoroughly capable agent.

When He called Jacob? Was it because Jacob was a fit character, or because He had faith in Jacob. As a leader of thought expressed it the other day "It is perfectly evident from the story of Jacob and Esau that the Divine choice of men is entirely independent of their merits. It is because the record of Genesis holds up the mirror to nature and reveals the glory of grace that the story of Jacob has, and will continue to have a perennial interest for us all". (Dr. Griffith Thomas of Oxford in the "Record" June 14) In the "calling" and "choosing" of the Children of Israel, it was not because there were more in number than other nations not for any pre-eminent suitability in themselves for they were a stiff-necked people but their choice was due to the love of God and because of His covenant.

I do not question the truth that God who made man can use man but I do call in question the use of the words "God's faith in man" without a clear and unambiguous explanation in accordance with scripture truth.

St. Paul says "By the grace of God I am what I am:- "By grace are ye saved" (including the "calling" and "choosing" and that not of yourselves

Chosen not for good in me
Wakened up from wrath to flee
Every Virtue we possess
And every victory won
And every thought of holiness
Are this alone.

Your address from beginning to end seemed to me to be rather an exaltation of poor sinful human nature rather than an exaltation of Divine Majesty. Mercy Grace, Faithfulness and Love.

It needs but a cursory reading of any of the Epistles to see how very prominently there is brought before us, the simpleness, unworthiness and incapacity of man and the Grace and Mercy of God and that our redemption and sanctification are largely for the purpose of magnifying His Majesty and Glory and Power. To take one of many expressions we have in Eph. III.10 Our purpose of the calling and choosing of the church" that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God.

We cannot in this age of [*unreadable word*] Doctrine be too careful in our maintenance of the scriptural perspective of man's relationship to its Almighty Maker and Redeemer.

We come as missionaries to China not because we have faith in the Chinese but because we have faith in God who raiseth the dead.

It was his belief in the power of the most precious Blood and in the power of Calvary's story brought home by the power of the Holy Spirit that brought John G. Paton to the New Hebrides, not belief in the degraded specimens of God's fallen creatures who inhabited those islands. We all surely believe there is something in us that answers to God's call and choosing there is a responsive chord in our nature- in the nature of the most degraded, else we should not have come to China but we believe, not in the Chinese but in the quickening grace of God- not that "God's faith in man" brings the soul of man to God but God's gift of the grace of His Holy Spirit (whose work you never mentioned) can work this otherwise impossible work "God's faith in man" is in my judgment quite another thing to God's gift of Eternal life.

It is a minor point, but I can receive no consolation comfort not encouragement from the history of King Saul or of Judas Iscariot- They are to be a solemn warning and a proof of the degradation of human nature.

I believe in this writing I am fulfilling the word which says If thy brother sin against thee, tell him his fault between him and thee alone and I have no doubt that you will take this letter though perhaps strongly worded as the letter of a brother Missionary whose last thought is to give offence to any brother.

Though asked by one who knew of my feelings on Sunday what I disliked in your address, I refrained from giving an answer until I had spoken to you.

Believe me

Yours ever faithfully
E. J. T. Stauler

[This letter dated Aug. 11, 1907 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He tells her about an interpreter who has to be dismissed. They are on the mountain now, but committee meetings keep him busy. They have ten tennis courts and a bathing pool on the mountain. There is to be a concert on the mountain but he must miss it to go to Swatau (or Swatow). Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Aug 11th 1907.

My dear Mother:-

The last two mails brought no news from home either for Flora or for us. I suppose that the Commencements and the home comings, strawberries and haying are responsible. We always notice less letters about this time from home.

I had been on the mountain eleven days when the man who examines Consulates of the U.S. in China came to Foochow. The missionaries had asked for the removal of the interpreter at the Consulate in Foochow. He is a Chinese and besides recently having taken to himself as second wife a bad woman, he has for some time been accused of using his office for personal ends and of being hostile to the interests of the missions. Eight of us went down to Foochow Wed. p.m. to see the examiner- Mr. Cheshire. We found that the interpreter had also been making money out of passports given to Chinese to go to the Philippines, and the day after we were there, an answer from Washington demanded the immediate dismissal of the interpreter.

Flora's little kindergarten goes on nicely, and the older children (Phebe Gould Geraldine) (Dorothy is in the kindergarten) have short lessons each morning. I have been on the mountain so short a time and so few days at a time that I have had little time for real play. Committee meetings consume an immense amount of time. The tennis club is in full working order with ten fine courts, and the tournaments are half done. I am in two sets. One with a lady- we were beaten the first play so are out of it. But in men's doubles I have been successful twice and must play at least once more. I am treasurer of this and as this is the first year it has meant some work. Then 20 of us own a bathing pool wh. I bought last Nov. It proves a great pleasure to Gould and some of the boys. The girls also go in and get a swim in it occasionally. It has been built several years but was owned by two community men who left it largely to themselves. I bought it last autumn and now a club is formed and 20 different people - many of them heads of families use it with their families.

A Concert is to be given next Sat. This is the best thing that occurs on Kuliang during the season. The music- both part and chorus is of a high order. A week from today begins the Convention with two meetings a day. We are to have two speakers from England- Sloan and Webster. But I expect to miss the Concert and the Convention. There is to be a Student Summer Conference in Swatau- 100 miles South of Amoy- Aug. 20, 1 and 2, and a telegram from there yesterday said "come" so I must start next Thurs. and Fri. and be gone ten days or more. The weather for two days has shown signs of typhoons. This evening it is quite gusty.

Last Sunday at the Mission service I preached on God's faith in man and man's faith in his fellow man. Tues. afternoon I received a long letter from a young man, a graduate of Dublin University, Ireland strongly taking me to task for heresy. My trial is as yet announced and I guess the young man is nearly alone in his opinions. He was troubled because I did not sufficiently emphasize God's Grace and man's total depravity.

All the family are well. Marjorie is in a very interesting stage of her existence. She goes where she likes and does what she likes- except when she is hindered. You of course remember how hard this is for the little ones. And what with her brother and three sisters, parents, aunt and amah the little Miss Independence has her plans thwarted frequently. She does not rapidly develop in talking - but she is coming on. Flora speaks of her "developing rapidly" every few days.

Give our love to all
Your loving son
Will.



I believe this is the Kuliang bathing pool that Willard refers to in the previous letter.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Aug. 18, 1907** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She talks about her kindergarten class. She mentions a lady at the concert the night before who sang a beautiful song. All of her family except her and her brother were massacred at Kuching. Willard is in Swatow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Aug. 18, 1907]

Dear folks at home:-

A month now with not a word from you. I've already had two nightmares over it, but Will says it's the usual summer dearth of letter- so I suppose I am getting my just deserts for not having written in former years. I've been pretty busy between my kindergarten, study, and society. Won't Phebe laugh when she hears about it. I am not only teaching kindergarten but training(?)(!) kindergartners(!!!) I have seven little folks ranging from 2 yrs. 9 mo. to 6 yrs. of age and they are lots of fun. There are two or three mothers who want to know how to use the material and to learn the songs so they come nearly every day to look on. The weather has been perfect so far so that they have been able to come very regularly. I have had their pictures taken and will send you one soon if they come out alright. The children sang at the picnic the other day and quite captivated their audience. They are so tiny that they were just as cunning and dear as they could be. I have had such a time getting the words for the songs. I know the music to most all of them - having taught over or under a kindergarten for the last eight years- but the words I know not. The book songs translated into Chinese was more an adaptation than a literal translation so that it has not been the help I had hoped for. However, one of the mothers was a kindergarten teacher and she has helped me out quite a good deal. I have two more weeks and then the whole of September for vacation. I still have half of my Latin to go over but I am sure that will take care of itself for the grammar has come back to me very well so far. I have done little studying for the diversions have been so many. After the first of September many people will be gone and we will be glad of something to do. This last week has been a tournament in tennis. There are some fine players here for it seems to be the game best fitted to the needs of the people. Last night was the annual concert. I had intended to join the chorus but I was glad last night that I had not. I sat on pins and needles under the drawls and the more than mediocre solos by the women- until one sweet little Scotch missionary who is a member of the royal Stewart of England say "My Ain Countree." All her family except herself and brother (who was home at the time) were massacred at Kuching. She hid under a bed and the Chinese did not find her. Well, she sang that song in such a sweet simple way that you just felt her love for it. The words are beautiful and her brother accompanied her. They

are most devoted to each other. Will is off again- this time to Swatow- for about ten days he has gone to attend a student conference there. I have asked him to bring back with him three embroidered shirt waists- for Swatow is the place for such things. The weather may be too hot or he may not have time to get them so we may have to wait. I bought one the other day here, but they will be cheaper on the spot. I have the loveliest embroidered hat and if you want one send the size of the brim- the inside and outside lines- and the size of the crown and I'll get one embroidered for you. With the violet ribbon Phebe sent me and a bunch of violets under the brim I have a dainty hat. It happens to tone in with the violet divinity I brought out with me- and with my amethysts I am all violet.

I am enclosing a check to mama for seventy five dollars. When it came to paying for the addition here Will refused the money so mama gets it. I shall probably not send any more money home until next February.

Give my love to all and do write soon.

Yours sincerely-

Flora Beard.

Foochow, China,
Aug. 18, 1907.

[This letter dated Sept. 15, 1907 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She plans to leave the mountain the next day. She talks about a hike she took on the mountain. She has now been in Foochow for a year. She mentions meeting a Mr. Storrs and how he was nice to her, but she tells the folks back home not to get up a romance. She updates the letter two weeks later. School has started for her with fourteen students. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Sept. 15, 1907]

Dear folks at home:-

This will be my last letter from the mountain this summer as I am going down to-morrow. It has been a most comfortable summer and not without some fun. Nearly every one is gone now, or will be, by the end of this week. It is so cold that I sleep under my heavy rug at night and a shawl is comfortable as I sit writing.- I had an all day's walk last week with Dr. and Mrs. Whitney. We started at 8:30 A.M. and walked until 1 P.M. before we halted for dinner. We climbed at least five peaks and enjoyed to the full the wonderful views from their crest. We followed for a mile or two on one of the mountain streams by the sides of which we found some huge ferns at least six feet long and over a foot broad. The ferns out here are beautiful and of so many varieties. After our lunch we started home and met Will and the children about half the way. We reached home at 5 P.M. and after a good hot bath I was ready for another jaunt. We had probably walked 18 or 20 miles and I was not a bit lame from it. I hope to keep up my ability to walk when I get back to work.- I just received a letter from Mrs. T.M. Ward, 13 Warren St., Newark, New Jersey, saying she had sent me some music which I had asked her to send. Have you received her bill? Please include it with my other expenses and send me an account showing my standing with you at home. I have never known the cost of my visiting cards which came shortly after I came out. Are you keeping an account of the postage on the separate parcels you have sent? I want to keep track of every cent you spend for me.

Do you realize that it is now a year since I left home? I celebrated the date by attending a small farewell dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Newell's for Mr. Storrs who went back the next day to his work. Mr. Storrs is one of the finest young men of the American Board Mission and has taken it upon himself to be nice to me several times this summer. I shall probably never see him again in China if my plans get fulfilled, so don't on this notice get up a romance.

A week from to-morrow my work begins, and I am wondering how my year will go. It is not quite so easy as falling off a log to teach missionaries' children and by the way some of the mothers have thought best to warn me of others makes me feel that there may be rapids in the way and some skill in steering will be necessary. However I have learned to pay little heed to such speeches and to deal justly with any offenders and I hope it will prove the right thing here.

Ruth, do you suppose you can find my old First Year Latin Book? I think it has a checked cloth cover on it and it was in that bookcase in the hall upstairs. It is rather to pieces but would be an immense help to me if I had it. I have been going over my Latin this summer and find it has come back much better than I had hoped. I am looking forward to some hard work and much pleasure in teaching it this winter.

Oct. 1st-(Two weeks later).

School has opened to-day with fourteen scholars which have accommodated themselves to four classes for which I am thanking my stars as it is going to make an immense difference in the amount of work to be done.

The school room looked quite like an American school with all American children and everything newly painted. I think the children all enjoyed being at work again. They are simply at a loss for something to do here without school. We are starting a manual training department in the room downstairs just to give the boys something to do.

It is quite interesting to see what we can get along without and how we can substitute one thing for another and make things do.

The mail goes out to-morrow and I have one or two business letters which must get written to-night as I shall have to say "Good night."

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Foochow, China

[This letter dated Nov. 21, 1907 was written by Willard to his mother. He includes a letter by Geraldine with his. Geraldine and Gould have both had malaria. He has read in the papers about the financial crisis in the U.S. and wonder how it is for them. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Nov. 21st 1907.

My dear Mother:-

Geraldine has had this letter ready for nearly three weeks- it is too bad I did not know it. But the children get streaks on of writing letters, and they do not always tell one nor do they always address the envelopes. The result is that I occasionally find an envelope with a letter in it as I did the other day.

Both Geraldine and Gould have had malaria since coming down from the mountain. Each was in bed for a week. Dr. Rennie is giving them now a course of liquid quinine- each 5 grs. Before meals 3 times a day,- says they must keep it up for one month. The rest are all well. And how these children do eat! Just before we left the mountain our boy who was doing the cooking left and the boy who took his place had not made bread, so we were buying from the bakery for a few weeks- two weeks ago I told this boy he must make bread if he wanted the full amount of monthly pay. He began and surprised us all. His bread is so good that he can hardly keep up with the family. The boys especially- Gould, Teddy and Vernon call for bread till it seems as if they would burst. How were the mouths of five hungry boys, father and often a hired man ever filled at home?

Our papers are full of the financial crisis in the U.S. I wonder if it effects you at all. I see interest rates are rising much in England.

The weather continues very warm, cloudy, rainy and damp. Dr's. say this causes much illness.

All send love Will.

God deals very graciously with us. W.

[This letter dated Dec. 22, 1907 was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She has fourteen scholars and spends her spare time visiting the Hodouses, Maclachlans or Miss Newton who is currently suffering from bowel obstruction. She honestly describes some of the other missionaries. Flora traveled on a houseboat with female doctor, Dr. Ben, going up the Ing Hok river. She tells of how she was blamed for bringing diphtheria to Gould. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Foochow, China Dec. 22, 1907]

Dear folks at home:-

My letter writing to you has been most sadly neglected this fall. I am not going to weary you with excuses for there is too much else to tell. My school has been large enough to keep me stepping lively ever since it began. I have fourteen scholars- the picture enclosed shows them to you very correctly. They are nice children and bright- as you would expect from educated parents. Much of my spare time has been spent visiting at the different homes over Sunday- at Mrs. Hodous', Miss Newton's, or Mrs. Maclachlan's. I have spent three Sundays at the last name house, to keep Mrs. Mac and baby Margaret company while he was away in the country preaching. He is to be away most of the time from now until next May so I may be with her most of the time. I am much of a convenience to people in the way of 'keeping them company' but I enjoy it so both parties get what they want. I spent the Sunday before

Thanksgiving with Miss Newton and Mrs. Hall. Miss Newton had then been ill a little over two weeks but was considered better although not allowed to sit up. She has been very ill ever since and now it is just a question of a few days more – which I hope may be cut even shorter, for life is only agony now. There is some obstruction in the bowels which does not allow food to pass, except by means of a high enema which is very exhausting to her. They have been feeding her through the bowels for some time but yesterday she had two sinking spells so she can't endure much longer. They keep her under opiates now for she had a severe stomach spasm and the suffering is too intense. I hope to hear at any moment that she is through with her suffering for it has been her wish to go while on the mission field. Her accident last summer has been more of a shock to her than she confessed, I think. She slipped on the stone walks (that are every where here) and did all four of the breaks just in that fall. She was hurrying so the force of the fall was somewhat greater. Miss Hall, her co-worker is getting rather worn with the strain of doing four women's work and having such serious illness in the house. Miss Garrettson [*Elsie M.*] and Miss Ward are expected next week some time so Miss Hall will soon have some relief, but Miss Garrettson is quite old and broken. It is not a very cheery atmosphere for Miss Ward to meet. The American Board people seem to be having a pretty hard time of it all around. Mr. Gardner is a nervous invalid- very miserable-; Dr. Kinnear has just been ill, now our taking care of Miss Newton; Mrs. Smith another nervous wreck; Mrs. Whitney just getting out again after an unpleasant encounter with a buffalo cow- and so I might go on with three or four more like instances. Mr. and Mrs. Newell are rejoicing over a dear little baby girl- Josephine Miriam- who arrived Dec. 12th. All are doing finely. I have not yet seen the baby for out here the mother is not allowed to get up for a month. Recovery from anything is always much longer than at home.

Last Sunday, I spent on a houseboat up the Ing Hok river and it was a most delightful and restful trip. A Dr. Ben [*or Burn or Bern?*] is visiting the missions here. She has been a missionary for seventeen years in the vicinity of Tientsin. She is now returning to America for good and is seeing China before she leaves. She is a most interesting character and knows how to get true pleasure out of it. We had a most comfortable boat which had two spring cot beds in it so that we slept fully as well as at home. We took a cook along to get our meals, so all we had to do was to enjoy ourselves- which we did – We started Friday evening and went down the river in the lovely moonlight when we awoke the next morning we were on the opposite side of an island right underneath "Old Lord Beaconfield's Nose"- a queer mountain profile which we can see from here. On closer view we found that it takes three separate mountains to make our picture of it. We ate breakfast in our cabin and then found just the right sized nook on deck where we spent the day except at meal times. As we turned up the Ing Hok river we saw our first orange groves- then we saw them on both sides- beautiful with the deep color of the Mandarin oranges. It was a sight for eyes and mouth! Farther up the river were paddy-fields and sugar cane patches- and then came the beautiful mountains sloping directly to the river edges. Such fantastic shapes! Faces in profile can [*be*] seen with almost no imagination. In one place the rocks on the slope of the mountains make a perfect rabbits head and in another was a rock resting on the top of a ledge which was the shape of a mouse's head, even to the ears. The mountains were beautifully green for we have had an unusually wet autumn- and the unusual fronts had turned a few trees to that oriental shade of red which one never sees in America except in Japanese pictures. We just drank in the sights, the quiet, and peace, and came home happier and better fitted for work for it all.

While I think of it, - none of you have said a word about received a check for \$75 which I sent to mama last July or August. I am feeling a little anxious and hope you will let me know as soon as possible if you have received it. It was Will's private check on the Putnam bank. - I have sent some linen waists home- one to Aunt Louise. If she doesn't want it sell it to any one who wants to buy it at \$2.50. I sent one to Ruth for a Xmas present and another like it which I thought Cousin Carrie might want. If she doesn't want it sell it for the same price as the above. I hope the hdkfs. reached Ruth in time, but I have my doubts. I happened to have some on hand so that they started in the return mail. Wouldn't the people like to have me send a dozen or so for next fall's sale? I am going to send a collar soon to Mrs. Lathrop or you to see if you would like some made for the annual sale.- I have been wondering whom Elizabeth was visiting in E. Haddam. Do tell me, for I can't seem to connect it with any one I know. I was delighted to hear of her visiting Stanley in New York. New York will not be quite so much of an unknown place to the Beards now will it. – Ruth's trip was quite a surprise to us. The first we knew about it was from the postals which she sent from Maine. How did you go- by rail or water?- I was sorry to hear of Mrs. Upton's death, but have often felt she was to be pitied. Some way her life has always seemed so limited, but she was a cheery soul for all of it and I shall always feel thankful to her for coming when we were in such straights that awful summer.- How in the world did Uncle Dan come to join the mason's? I shall be interested to know. - Didn't I write to you the conclusion of Gould's diphtheria? It was told all over the mountain that I had brought the disease. That I had worn a skirt for the first time in which I had care for my sister when she was ill. How the take got started I have no idea for I had said nothing about such a thing and besides had worn everything I owned during the year-long before this occurrence. However, events proved the untruth of this for another case broke out in a family entirely

unknown to me and with whom our children were hardly acquainted. The disease had been raging among the Chinese and in all probability it has come up from the city in the clothes of the coolies. I shall always feel that Gould caught his from the kite which he got at about that time-fortunately it got away from him so it can do us no more harm. People out here have so few things with which to occupy their minds that when a thing does occur they begin to conjecture the course of events up to it. It was a cruel time to me, but I am learning several things and by the time I get home I shall probably be quite callous.

This is quite a fete week. Last week I went to a "small" dinner at the Consulate where Mrs. Gracey and most of her lady guests were in 'decolette' attire. Mrs. Mac and I were the only ladies whose dresses came up to our chins. We had a fine dinner and a good time afterwards. Last evening I dined at the bachelor quarters of two nice missionaries. I was surprised to see how homelike two unmarried men could make a house. Tuesday, all the Methodists and Americans on the Island here dine at the home of one of the Methodists. It is a community affair but a very happy one. The children are to have a Christmas tree. The children in this port have a lark of life for they are continually being feted. One of the community ladies is giving an Xmas tree to all the children in the port so that means two trees besides what presents they will get from home. On Thursday Consul and Mrs. Gracey have invited all the foreigners in the port to dine with them. It will make a company of about fifty people. Then I am to have three days vacation, in which I hope to do about a thousand things. At Chinese New Year's I am planning for a three week's vacation in which Miss Hall and I expect to take a trip up river. I am looking forward to a peaceful, restful and happy trip, for we have invitations- most cordial- to stay with some lovely missionaries at the different stops we plan to make.

We have received during the last week the notices about our boxes and we are matching the incoming boats- for the St. Patrick. I shall be glad to have my long sleeved underflannels for this sharp weather makes one think of thicker clothes. I hope they get here for the awful cold of the rainy season. It is more than zero weather at home for the dampness goes through everything.

Did I tell you that I have lost fifteen pounds in weight since last February? I seem to be still losing and I am calculating how long I can stay here and still have enough to buy a ticket for -to get home. So far it has been an improvement I think and I do not care if I lose fifteen pounds more, but I'd like to stop then. Where is Elizabeth? I've not had a word from her since- I can't tell when. Perhaps she is gadding about so much there is no time to write. I'm glad to know she is seeing so much of the world. There's nothing like 'going' to keep from stagnation.

With love to all-

Flora

P.S. I have sent Xmas remembrances to all but Stanley. His will come later. I hope they get through all right. F.B.

Foochow,
Dec. 22, 1907.

Information from Bennett Nichols Beard's [*Willard and Flora's brother*] 1960 obituary:

Mr. Beard was founder and president of the Beard Construction company which he incorporated in **1907**. His construction career began in 1895 when the available equipment for road building was a team of oxen.

Mr. Beard, who served as selectman before the City of Shelton was incorporated, subsequently became mayor. His public service also included a term as state representative. He was a member of the Shelton Grange; of Shelton Congregational church and president of the Long Hill cemetery association.

1908

- Kathleen Beard is born August 10, 1908 in China
- First Model T produced by Ford
- The boy emperor Pu Yi is chosen to succeed the throne by the Empress Dowager. He was forced to abdicate in 1912 but was allowed to remain in the Forbidden City until 1924.
- Flora is 39 and teaching in Foochow, China
- Willard is 43, Ellen- 40, Phebe- 13, Gould- 12, Geraldine- 10, Dorothy- 7, Marjorie- 2, and Kathleen an infant.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 2, 1908** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Elizabeth. It is Chinese New Years and there have been many fire crackers going off all night. Sister, Flora, went on a five day houseboat trip. Small pox and measles are prevalent and they were all vaccinated that week. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
Feb. 2nd 1908.

My dear Elizabeth:-

I'm beginning this letter tonight almost sure that letters from you all are lying over in the P.O. But you will know that I am writing before being punched up.

Today is the first day of the Chinese New Year. Every thing is quiet,- it was not quiet last night. Fire crackers were banging all night long- worse than in an American city where no restrictions are put on the small boy at Fourth of July. Every one is in his best and brightest. Flora walked over to the Y.M.C.A. with me this afternoon and she was much struck with the gorgeous head gear, coats, trousers, shoes, and trinkets she saw on people of all ages. A Chinese puts on good clothes on New Years day if he can get any, and he has good things to eat if he can get them. Then- if he has to starve all the rest of the year.

Flora was gone on a house boat trip from Monday to Friday of last week. We felt quite alone- mother and father will know how to sympathize with Ellen and me. Our family dropped from eleven to seven. But Thursday a Mrs. Brown came in and wanted to take meals with us for a week or two just while they = she and her husband were waiting for a steamer to start for home and Flora is back so we have a family of ten again. Flora is planning to start for Ing Hok next Wed.

Small pox and measles are prevalent. We were all vaccinated Friday morning. You should hear Marjorie say "Doctor Scratch." She is very friendly with Dr. Rennie and he is proud of it. He feared if she saw him scratch her she would not like him anymore.

The season has been very warm thus far- we have had a fire only some 16 or 18 days thus far. This morning the sun came out bright and warm and we sat on the veranda to read.

Yesterday I opened some Soda and Graham crackers from Zina's [*Willard's cousin, Zina Chatfield, son of Theodore Edward Beard.*]. They are good. I forgot to mention the beautiful pictures which I suppose Phebe sent in Flora's box. They are beauties and just the thing that I like most.

All are well and all send love to all
Will.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 12, 1908** was written from China by Flora to her sister, Mary. She tells Mary about her houseboat trip, a trip up the Min River and a trip to Ing Hok. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Feb. 12, 1908]

Dear Mary:-

Your postal and letter have both been most welcome and much appreciated though I have been a long time in letting you know about it. The last few months have just flown by and this has been my first breathing spell since September. I am having a three weeks vacation now, and then for another grand scrabble until the first of June. I have been having a few treats lately that may interest you. About two months ago I took a houseboat trip off with a Dr. Burn- a missionary who is about to return home for good. She was capital company and we just sat and drank in the scenery and ate and slept to our fill. The days were fine and the wind in our favor so we just enjoyed the mountains. It was quite a lark for us for neither of us could understand a word of our crew. We had a cook who prepared our meals for us and as we were going nowhere in particular we got along all right and had a fine time. Two weeks ago Miss Bosworth and I took a trip up the Min River and had a nice quiet rest of it for four days. Now four of us- Miss Bosworth (one of the M.E. missionaries), Miss Hall, Miss Ruth Ward and I are off for a week's outing up the Ing Hok river. Our houseboat is fitted up most luxuriously and with a cook and a boy to look out for us we are living highly. The first day we took a long walk over the mountains to a very pretty waterfall. We crossed the mountain creek a dozen times if not more. It was a very beautiful walk. The next day we climbed another mountain to a very old Buddhist Monastery. It was very steep climbing up over a thousand feet but the landscapes were changed at each step so it was worth the while. Now we are at Ing Hok where Mr. Goddard and his wife were. It is situated on the banks of this lovely mountain stream with a veritable Swiss mountain scape. We came up over twenty four (we counted them) rapids and I am listening to the twenty fifth now. To-morrow we go down and I am looking forward to the shooting of the rapids with the eagerness that a boy enjoys the steepest hill in coasting. I should have explained that we had to leave all our elegance in living behind when we started up the

rapids. It was an experience to see these hardy river men get us up over such rocks and such swift torrents. In one place our boat bumped on both sides against high rocks and the men pulled us up through the worst places by long bamboo ropes. One man pushed the boat and several times we saw him lift us off the rocks by just putting his back under the side of the boat. Oh! it is great!

Did you get the collar I sent you for Xmas and the six little wheels of lace to match? As I have not heard from you about them I have worried a little bit lest you did not get them. I sent them quite early so that you should have them on time. They should not have bothered you in customs for the whole thing did not represent over \$1.50 gold. I think if you hired the collar with white chiffon it would set it off more.

Would you believe me if I tell you that we have picked great bunches of violets and bridal wreath and that the plum orchards are in full bloom? They look like drifts of snow from our windows here. But perhaps in California you are having the same things.

I hope you will forgive my seeming neglect and write to me soon, for I hope to do better in the future. Letters have been an impossibility for me for months and my pigeon hole is full of stuffing of the ones that should be answered.

With all love-
Flora Beard.

Ing Hok, China
Feb. 12, 1908.

At home.- I found your letter here when I returned and was glad to hear that you received the collar all right. Did you have any trouble with duty? Please tell me when you do. Now about getting a collar for Miss Coleman. If you wish to be especially nice to her for any reason I can get some for her. I am not anxious to send things home to everybody for the mails may think it time to intercept the parcels and ask for duty. I want to send little things from time to time to my family and friends and I do not feel rich enough to pay the 80% duty on all my gifts. If I get collars for her I shall feel like asking enough to cover all expenses. Please understand- if she is a friend of yours I shall be very glad to do it, but if it is merely to gratify a whim I am not particular. If she will write a note to the enclosed address I think she will get samples and be able to make her own choice. Let me know and I will do what you say.

Lovingly - Flora.

[This letter dated Feb. 23, 1908 was written from Foochow, China by 12 ½ year old Phebe K. Beard to her Grandpa and Grandma Beard. She tells about their school Field Day run by their teacher, Aunt Flora. She tells a little about Marjorie. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China,
Feb. 23, '08.

Dear Grandpa and Grandma Beard:-

We had a sort of Field Day yesterday. The children in Aunt Flora's school took the largest part in it. We were supposed to have ten events but we cut out event after event till we had only about six or seven. We wrote to an American Community lady, and to some Missionaries in the city. The rest of the people we went around and invited by word of mouth. We invited Consul and Mrs. Gracey. They were glad to come and most of the rest came too. Consul or Dr. Gracey was judge. Mrs. Gracey was prize giver. Gould beat in threading the needle race and Dorothy beat in the shoe race. Most of the children thought the "relay race" was fair, but you see it was the first time we had tried it so we didn't do very well. Gould bumped into a shy boy of their team named Harry and knocked the flag out of his hand and broke part of the stick. The 1 class beat the relay race. It is a rather hard game to play but it is fun when done right. Altogether it was a pretty fine thing for the first time I think. That afternoon after the sports were all over the boys went down to the recreation grounds to watch a game of football while the girls took a friend's cart and coasted down some of the hills around here.

Friday night or rather evening we had a molasses candy pull. We had two friends from way down the river (boarders) and two others that live right here. We were quite successful. While pulling I got a blister between the thumb and first finger. It smarted quite badly at first but it is alright now (Sunday evening). We let the two friends that live here take their candy home, the candy they pulled I mean. The two friends that live way down the river board here to come to school so they kept their candy here. It isn't all gone yet.

Marjorie is quite a big girl. She is two years old had her birthday week before last. She received her Xmas gifts and was so happy with them that she grew selfish. The Teddy Bear has twice lost his voice but has got well again and talks quite well now. I know she would send thanks for them if she could talk enough. Just now she said, Oket for lookat , "doggie eat," about as plain as could be. She takes up the news and story papers and pretends to read them. She is very fat. When she tips a glass of water of the table or does another thing similar to it she says, "Wy, wy wy," but it makes no impression whatever on her. She tells herself "no, no, no" very plainly but she just does the thing all the same. She is quite jealous. She will begin to cry if any body gets in to mamma's or anyone else's lap. She says a lot in Chinese, too.

Sending lots of love to all of you and hoping you are all well, we are and trying to enjoy ourselves which we do pretty well though we don't have any snow.

I am your loving grandchild,
Phebe K. Beard.

[This letter dated Feb. 28, 1908 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He updates her on the children and mentions that Geraldine is having a hard time getting over malaria. Willard signed a lease for a new house for the Y.M.C.A. He wonders if the financial crisis is affecting them at home. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Feb. 28th 1908

My dear Mother:-

Phebe has written to you and grandpa and offers to let me put in a few words. How helpful it is to have children large enough to take the initiative! Phebe is most thirteen years old. When I was thirteen father bought me a cut a way coat and a stiff hat. I was too much of a country bumpkin to wear either and altho it was spring I wore my old cap to church rather than wear the dudish hat, and the last I knew the coat was as good as new.

All the children are growing very fast. Ellen has just made Phebe a new dress with the first lengthening. That indicates she is no longer a little girl. Gould is getting to be a big boy. I was much interested to see him in the sport yesterday. In the hop, skip and jump he stepped over the starting line and was thrown out. But he stood it like a man. Geraldine, poor girl, had a chill yesterday and could not attend the races. She can't seem to get rid of the malaria. She took 5 grs. of quinine 3 times a day for 1 month in Nov. 1907 and again all thru Jan., but yesterday's chill shows some of the disease is there still.

This last week I signed the lease for a new house for the Y.M.C.A. I had to give \$1300 a year rent and rent for 3 years. McLachlin will take the upper story of the house and pay half the rent. But this will make a budget of over \$2000 for the Y.M.C.A. This they feel is pretty stiff. But they raised over \$1600 last year and I have faith to believe they will pull thru.

I wonder if you have seen anything of Fred Sumner in Milford. I think he went there last year. The last mail brought a lot of letters from home to Flora and us. It is sad to hear of Aunt Margaret's condition [*Wife of Willard's father's brother, James Henry Beard*]. We wonder what Helen [*James Henry Beard's daughter*] is doing, and what they are doing with the house. How nice it is to hear of Uncle Will's good health.

We are greatly enjoying our food stuffs from Century Farm and from Zina's. The oatmeal Ellen says is the best she has had for a long time. This is saying much for I always get the best from San Francisco Freight, etc. costs no more on a good article. The rye and corn are delicious and this evening we had the first taste of the farina. The crackers are good too. The box containing my shirts- the hardware etc. has not yet turned up. The brush for Alabastine is also in this box.

Does the financial crisis effect you greatly? I saw the notice of Burkharts death due to the monetary condition, in the Sentinal. It must be more difficult than ever to get help on the farm.- It is a strange condition- 1000's leaving New York for Europe weekly because nothing to do, and the Japanese and Chinese clambering to get in from the west.

God deals graciously with us. We meet you all every day at His throne, where distances are obliterate.

All send love to all
Will.

*[This letter dated **March 16, 1908** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He tells about their efforts to get the men of the colleges to study the Bible privately. Willard also talks about the various jobs he has to tend to at the Y.M.C.A. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
March. 16th 1908.

My dear Mother:-

Your letter to Ellen written in Feb. reached me while I was in the city with Gould for the Sunday. A week ago= Mar. 6,7 and 8, we held a Conf. for the student leaders, and directed most of our efforts toward Bible Study and the reaching of the non-Christian Students in the mission colleges. In the Am. Board College there are only some 50 Christians in the whole body of 230 students. The proportion in the Meth. Anglo Chinese Coll. is about the same. Each of these colleges is trying to get 100 men to daily study the Bible privately. The Chinese Y.M.C.A. Sec'y and I promised to attend the Foochow Coll. (Am. Board) Y.M.C.A. meeting last Friday evening to help them make it a Bible Study Rally. I got pretty tired before Friday came and Mr. McLachlin persuaded me to take a rest over Sunday. So here I am. Gould came in with me and we have had a quiet rest. Gould has been with Vernon Peet most of the time. They are both back in school now. I shall go home this afternoon.

I have realized that my letters in all directions are fewer than they used to be. There are more irons in the fire than I used to have. There are some limitations to the work as a Board missionary. At least one can stop at certain times. But it seems sometimes as if there was no stopping place in the Y.M.C.A. work. And when you add a general kind of work that seems to fall to my lot, - and which I very much dislike to refuse- because I know the language and the people, it makes pretty full time. Just now in the Y.M.C.A. I have to look after the repairing of the newly rented building, and the organization of the day and evening classes. We have over 30 students in day classes. These study Chinese in the morning, and English in the afternoon. There are 9 hours of English to provide and four teachers, Ellen, Mrs. McLachlin, the Chinese Sec'y (Mr. Cio) and myself. Then there are two evening classes, one fr. 5-6, and one fr. 8 to 9. I take these, - both in Eng. One is an advanced class and one a class of Japanese and Chinese mixed. Then there is a Sunday Bible class that I lead if I am not away. This has suddenly increased in numbers to 30+ since we are in the new building. Then there is a course of lectures- weekly for the Y.M.C.A. members. It is not easy to find the lecturers. And for all this work we must raise some \$2000 in Foochow.

Then there is the work among the Student Y.M.C.A. in lines altogether different from the City Association.

Then I am Pres. of the North Fukien Tract Society. This Society has been in a semi dormant state for 4 or 5 years. While conditions have changed, the Society's methods have remained the same as they were ten years ago and it is behind the times. We are striking out in two new lines this year. 1. A prize is offered for the best Chinese essay on ten different subjects by Chinese or Foreigner Christian or non Christian. We give the subjects like, "The present state of the fight against opium", "The Duty of an Educated man to his country", "Christ and the World's great Leaders." 2. We are opening a Public Reading Room to be stocked with the best newspapers in the Empire and also with modern Chinese books and monthly periodicals both Christian and Secular. This in the center of the City of Foochow- near the Viceroy's Yaman and we hope thru it to influence the best life of the city and province.

Mar. 21st- Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wade Hicks Sec'y of the A.B.C.F.M. arrived here yesterday just in time to take lunch with us. They want a steamer next Thurs. or Fri. for Shanghai, but it is hard to get. - All are well. - We opened the last box- the one that was delayed- night before last.

Lovingly Will

*[This letter dated **March 22, 1908** was written from China by Flora to the folks at home. She thanks her sister, Ruth, for the knitted bed socks and slippers Ruth made for her. She tells of how everyone dresses so formally when they go out to special occasion dinners. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[March 22, 1908]

Dear folks at home:-

Your letters have been arriving nearly each mail and have been most welcome. I have been trying to get time to write - for the days are so full that letters have had to be put off. First of all, I want to thank you all for the many remembrances in the Xmas box. It was only a few weeks late- and was quite as welcome, for out here we celebrate any event when we have the materials, quite as much as on the special date. I think of Ruth every night when I put on the long bed socks and if she uses all her imagination she cannot think how much comfort they have given me. It was positive suffering last winter instead of sleep at night just because my feet would not get warm. I

have not once been so troubled this winter- thanks to the socks. The knitted slippers get used every night and morning so you see how I needed them.

Tell Leolyn and her mother that I shall write as soon as I can to thank them for the sweet tie and pin. They got here just in time for me to christen them at Mr. and Mrs. Newell's house party. Every one admired them- and I enjoy wearing them. I found everything but one, pair of gloves. On the bill they are marked \$1.00 so I suppose they are the long sleeved white silk ones. If there was a mistake made and they were not sent will you please send me a pair No. 7 as soon as you can by mail? One uses such things out here much more than at home. When people go out to dinner in the evening they wear gloves as though to a reception. There is so much of such formality here in the community society. I do not go out much but wish to appear properly clad when I do go. - The children are busy with the patchwork pieces you sent. I hope they will last them through the long summer, for there is so little for the time of the children on the mountain.-You asked about the picture of James, Leolyn and the baby. Have you another one to spare for I should so like to have one by myself? - a week later at Ponasang-. I am sitting in Miss Hall's room while she is at C.E. meeting. I do not go because I've been once to see them and as I do not understand it gets rather monotonous. We miss Miss Newton very much here. [*Miss Ella J. Newton died.*] Everything seems changed and Miss Hall has been through a good deal of anxiety, but now things are getting settled and running along smoothly. Miss Ruth P. Ward is a treasure. She was one of our party at Chinese New Years on the Ing Hok trip. Here quiet enjoyment of things was most interesting to share. We all had a good time and it did us lots of good. I am thinking of spending the few days at Easter time at Mrs. Hubbard's down at the Anchorage. She has asked me many times and I have had to refuse so many times that I may go this time.

Do you girls want to do anything for your hdkf. sale next Dec.? It has occurred to me that you might like to get some of these linen drawn work ones for the sale. It would be well to let me know a little earlier.

Mr. and Mrs. Hicks of the American Board are here now and we had a pleasant afternoon with them here yesterday. They will be in port until Friday.

Will write again soon-

With love- Flora Beard.

Mar. 22, '08

[*This letter dated **March 29, 1908** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He has been asked to find a graduate of an American College to come to Foochow to teach college and another to teach high school. He tells of a special meeting of the Anti Opium League where opium smoking utensils were burned. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Foochow, China.

March. 29th 1908.

My dear Mother:-

It may be there is a letter lying in the office here from you. We do not have the mail delivered on Sundays, and altho the mail came in today we shall not see it till tomorrow. We have not had letters from any one at home since we last wrote.

The weather is getting hot. Last week we had two days very uncomfortably hot and then three cold days when we wanted fires in the house and yesterday it came off hot again. Gould and three of his boy friends had planned a walk over the "Alps" = the name of a range of hills on the island on which the foreign settlement is situated, about 500 ft. high- none of us had ever been there and I thought I would go with the boys. So at 8:50 a.m. we started. We reached the end of the journey at 10:30 and I found a nice shady nook for the boys who had taken a lunch along and who declared their stomachs would do as well as a watch. I walked back home for dinner. The boys returned about 5 p.m. When Ellen asked Gould when they ate dinner he said they began as soon as I left them and ate a spell, then talked a while and ate some more and really did not get thru eating that after 3 p.m. when they started for home. They declared they had the time of their lives. The day was very hot. Today has shown over 70 degrees in my study.

The Superintendent of Government Colleges in Foochow City has asked me to find for him a graduate of an American College, who is fitted to teach Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics 40 weeks in a year, 26 hours a week in a contract for 3 years, with \$200 mex. a month for salary. The salary begins July 1st 1908. He must be in Foochow ready to start work Sept. 10th 1908. One months salary is guaranteed after July 1st 1911, - unless a new contract is made for another term.

Last night the head of one of the high schools sent to ask if I could procure for him a teacher under the same terms and conditions- except the salary would be \$100- mex. instead of \$200 mex. per month.

I have written Mott of the first proposal and asked him to find the man.

Work in the Y.M.C.A. goes on nicely. Students are continually coming in. We are turning them away, for the classics are too far advanced to let in new ones now- unless they have already studied some.

It is also very gratifying to see the members frequently coming to the building. We have a very pleasant location and beautiful grounds- I have had several pictures taken this last week of the building, grounds, students and views from the building, and will send to you soon.

Last Thurs. was a great day for the Anti Opium League here. 1000 persons gathered in the Methodist Church and listened to the Commissioner of rail roads for the province and his Secretary speak on the topic. Then the President of the Anti Opium League spoke and he was followed by two or three good speakers on the same topic- all Chinese of course. After this meeting the whole company went out on the hill side where 400 opium pipes with as many lamps and opium smoking utensils had been arranged in big iron kettles, and had had kerosene oil poured on them. Already 1000 people were there. The matches were applied and all burned up. The odor of the opium was something fearful. Then the Chinese dignitaries went to see the girls at Miss Lambert's school at their calisthenics. These high Chinese gentlemen had never seen anything like it, and of course were greatly delighted.

Flora is spending Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear. School goes on nicely. It is very gratifying indeed to see how much interest the parents take in the school, and how grateful they are to Flora for her work. The girls are doing nicely in music, and even Gould got up early yesterday morning and ask Aunt Flora to hear his piano lesson before he started in his walk.

The photo of Wells and Daniel [*Willard's nephews- the sons of Willard's brother, Bennett Nichols Beard*] is superb. It is a very happy position and the artist caught them just right.- I'll save the remainder of this sheet to put any last word on before the mail goes. We are all well.

Mar. 30th

Yesterday Ellen was 40 years old. She received a beautiful rose and a rattan chair for a birthday present from children and husband.

It has been very hot today. Boys and girls except Phebe barefoot and Marjorie in low neck and short sleeves.

All send love
Will

[This letter dated April 5, 1908 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary and the folks at home. He talks about some of the classes he is teaching and the fruits and vegetables they have in China. He tells a little about Dorothy and Marjorie. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

April 5th 1908.

My dear Mary and the Folks at Home:-

It seems a long time since we have heard from you, Mary. I wonder how school is going this year. I have turned teacher that is I am responsible for five hours a day of teaching English five days a week. I can find someone to take one hour a day usually and often I get out of two hours a day. And I am just agreeing to teach three hours each Saturday morning in the Government College in Foochow City. This is only for this term. And I do not anticipate that I shall have to teach as much in the Y.M.C.A. classes next fall. Ellen is teaching two hours a day and when I play football or hockey she takes one of my classes.

I am using some of the nice paper that came in the last box from home. I feel extravagant. But it is nice all the same and I suppose- up-to-date. The paper I bought of Oliver when I was at home is only about half gone. In the box I found a doz. pairs of white canvas gloves- fleece lined. I remember he had a lot on hand just before we left for China. I would have bought him out of these as well as of the paper if I could have used them.

Last Friday evening an entertainment of tableaux and music was given by Foochow talent, assisted by a Mr. and Mrs. Playne who are stopping here for some work connected with getting out a book on South China. The tableaux were good. The tickets were \$2.00 proceeds went to the Native Hospital. One of the chief items of interest to me was the fact that I wore my dress coat for the first time.

We are making a fruit orchard of our grounds here. This past week we have planted 4 peach, 2 plums, 2 pumelo, 2 orange, 1 mandarin orange, one lai che, 1 biba, 1 tigers eye tree beside several flowering shrubs. The

petunias, verbenas, and Marguerites are now in their prime. The pansies are the children's delight. We still need rain, altho corn that I planted a little over a week ago is up nicely. We enjoy our own garden immensely. Things like lettuce that we eat fresh- without boiling taste so much better if – here in China- if you can pick them out of your garden. Cauliflower, cabbage, beets, onions, parsnips, kale and tomatoes are also doing well.

The weather is getting hot and the children are discarding shoes and stockings. All are quite well. Marjorie is trying to be as big as the other girls, altho she finds it hard work. She seems to realize that Dorothy is the nearest to her age and Dorothy can get to do or say almost anything. She has one long nap just after an early dinner and goes to bed about 7:30 and sleeps till after 6 in the morning. The amah puts her in the bed, closes the door and that is the last. There is one little girl in the next house who is some three months older and two more little girls 5 min. walk away who are 4 or 5 years old. All are to Marjorie "Beba", and she looks at them and treats them like babies. She talks very plainly. Ellen was saying only the other day- "We are not going to have in Marjorie the pretty baby talker that Geraldine was."

I am writing this letter hoping that you will send it home after reading it. I suppose you have had strawberries in Cala. We have all we want- a few from our own garden. Oranges are still good and I ate the last persimmon this morning. Bibas will soon be in market, and after that fruit will be plenty. I smoked two hams last week. They are good- come over and have some- also some fancy sausage. With love to all, and commending all to God- Will



Marjorie about Easter of 1908
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Magnified

*[This letter dated **April 12, 1908** from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He mentions having read in the U.S. papers about the Evangelistic meetings in Shelton and Derby, Ct. Dr. A. E. Cory has been in Foochow and has talked on Bible study. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.

April 12th 1908.

Dear Folks at Home:-

We have just read Flora's letters from Vinnie, Anna [*Vinnie and Anna are Zina Chatfield's sisters- cousins of Willard's.*], Ruth, Mother and Phebe. The mail arrived Friday with papers for three weeks. It makes a grand jamb, and with so much at one time we are subjected with reading for a week or more- never too many letters tho- and for the past ten days news from U.S. papers has been scarce. We are very glad to see that you were all well. We were also much interested in the accounts of the Evangelistic meetings recently held in Shelton and Derby. There was also an extended notice of them in the last Sentinel you sent us. I am glad to see that their effect has been so broad and so quietly forceful.

The Anglo Chinese College of the Methodist Mission has been holding special meetings for a week. Forty boys and young men has said they wished to become Christians.

Last Tuesday I accepted an invitation to a feast at the Administration Building of the College in which the young man, of whom I wrote last time, has been asked to teach. It was not an elevating occasion. An Englishman who is teaching there now, a German who has been engaged to teach, three Japanese who are teaching there now and myself were the foreigners. One blushes to be classed with the "foreigners" at such a place. But it is well for the "foreigners" that some of their number are straight and honorable to represent the best life of the so called Christian nations.

On Wednesday Dr. A.E. Cory of Wuhu- near Hankow of the Yangtze river arrived. He is the Secretary of the Bible Study Committee appointed a year ago by The Centenary Conference in Shanghai. He had been in Hong Kong and Canton and I telegraphed him to stop at Foochow on his way up the coast. He has visited the Boy's Colleges of the three missions and spoken at each. This afternoon he preached to a company of missionaries on Bible Study. The children, except Marjorie, went and said they had a "good sermon." On Thursday and on Friday

a.m. I called with him on nine different missionaries to consider how we could help the Chinese pastors, preachers and other workers to know the Bible better. Friday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock these nine men met in our parlor to further discuss the subject. The desirability was conceded at once, so we went at once to the methods, we did not want an extra committee, and it lay between putting the work on to the Sunday Union for Fukien Province, the Y.M.C.A. or the North Fukien Tract Society. I am President of the first and third of these and Secretary of the second so I was "in it" all round. We at last put it on the N.F.T. Society and that society held a meeting on Sat. p.m. and delegated the Y.M.C.A. to arrange for a yearly Conference of Pastors, preachers and other workers for Bible Study. We are also planning for a Student's Summer Conference to be held the first week in September.

Did I write last week that all the boxes had at last arrived? The coat and vest are a perfect fit- for all I can tell, and Flora says and Ellen says to. Therefore I'll believe it.

We have just had the transom lifters put on this past week. Without them transoms are of little use. The wood stains and the Alabastine must wait till we have a smaller family and less work. How we do enjoy the crackers from Zina's. The ham and sausage continues good and all who get any of it are good enough to say it is a treat. I hope they all tell the truth. Strawberries are nice but scarce this year. The shirts that Oliver sent are beauties. I have worn only one. That one fitted to perfection. I have had two dress shirts made by my tailor \$2.00 mex. each- about 95 cents gold and I have ordered a pair of dress pants.

Geraldine is a little off her best- she has had the nose bleed the last two days. I think it is partly due to malaria and partly to the warm weather. Marjorie is getting her back teeth and is a little "off feed" but otherwise all right. The rest of us seem to be holding our own.

And all send love to you all

Will.



Left to right: Gould, Phebe, Geraldine, Dorothy, Marjorie – probably early 1908
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **May 27, 1908** was written from Shanghai, China by Willard to his mother. He has been in Shanghai to visit with Mr. Lyon who would like Willard to take over the work of helping Chinese pastors and others to encourage more Bible study. He has not committed to the job yet. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Shanghai
May 27th 1908

My dear Mother:-

I mailed a letter to you two days ago here in Shanghai- just mentioning the fact that I was here in response to a telegram from Lyon who is leaving for home on the steamer next Sunday for a rest. I saw him Monday and finished my business and went about the Foochow steamer last night. She was advertised to start at daylight this morning. But just before breakfast the Captain came on and said she would not start till tomorrow morning, so here I am with a whole day before me. These coast steamers accommodate their sailing times to the freight not to the passengers, who really cut a very small figure in the business of the steamship co.

Mr. Lyon wanted to see me to place before me this proposition.- The Centenary Conference last year appointed a Committee on Bible Study. Mr. Lyon is Chairman of that committee, and Rev. A. E. Cory of the Christian mission in Wuhu, way up the Yangtse, is Secretary. Mr. Cory has traveled a little for the committee- has been to Canton, Hong Kong, Amoy, and Foochow. He staid with us while in Foochow a little more than a month ago. But altho his mission is willing to release him to travel half the time in the interest of the promotion of Bible Study, his wife's health is such that he cannot leave home for this work. So he and Lyon agreed to ask me to take up the work that he had begun. It is really to visit the different centers of mission work and arouse the missionaries to make definite plans for helping Chinese pastors, preachers and other Christian workers to lay more emphasis on, and take more time for Bible Study.

I did not tell Lyon that I would accept the work, but I told him I would give the matter my most prayerful and careful consideration. It is a very important task- probably nothing in the activities of the Church in China is more important. And the incoming of Japanese books, atheist and materialistic, books that staggered the Japanese Church fifteen to twenty years ago, makes it doubly important just now that the Chinese Church should have not only a reason for its faith gotten from a first hand study of the Bible, but that it should make that Bible its rule of conduct as well as of belief. The nation is in danger just now of worshipping Learning as an end in itself. And the younger portion of the church do not have the knowledge of the Bible that the older portion possessed. So the need for this work of promoting Bible Study can hardly be exaggerated. But the other question is am I the one to do the work? After talking with Ellen I shall telegraph Lyon our decision. If I take it up it will mean that I shall be away from home about half the time. This is very distasteful to me. I have had enough of it- and travel on these coast steamers is the worst of all travel. Of course there is the compensation factor that it will take me in most all parts of China, which must have no weight in making our decision.

With love to all
Will.

*[This letter dated **May or June, 1908** was written from China by Flora to her mother. She asks her mother for advice on whether she should accept an offer to continue teaching year after next. She says she is getting tired of the East and cheering everyone up all the time. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[May or June, 1908]

Dear Mama:-

Mr. Foster has just written offering me \$825 a year and the best position he can give me for year after next. He wants me to let him know early in 1909. What would be your advice from that side of the world? I shall have, I suppose, the same fourteen children of last year and there are two more who want to come. That fits me out for this year. Some of the children will be going home next summer and I do not know where there will be any to take their places. Mr. and Mrs. Main's health are each in such condition that the doctor has advised them (say nothing about this in your letters to me) to go home. They have gone away to spend the summer hoping to get strong enough to stay on, but there is nothing sure about it and they may have to go home at any time. If my number gets too depleted it means so little money that I do not feel I can afford to stay. Another thing- if I come home next summer it will take every penny to get me home and I'll not be able to pay you the money I want to this winter.

I am having about enough of the East. Being alone in my work and every one expecting me to cheer them up is getting to be humdrum, but I'll wait till I hear from you before I do anything decisive- unless something turns up to show me the right thing to do without any doubt.

Let me know what you think about it, please.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

*[This brief note dated **June 6, 1908** was written from China by H.N. Kinnear to Flora Beard. He is enclosing her pay. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[June 6, 1908]

Dear Miss Beard-

I have pleasure in sending you here with cheque for the boys tuition with many thanks for your splendid work in their behalf-

Gratefully yours

H.N. Kinnear

June 6-

[Following written by Flora]

A sample of the way I get paid.-F.B.

1907

Jan. - Paints & Crayons		\$ 5.14 ⁰¹
(Madaworth, Howland & Co.)		
Feb. - Calling cards		1.00
" - Geo. - 6 -		3.60 ⁺
(MacMillan & Co.)		
March - Arith. - 9 -		5.82 ⁺
(Sawborn & Co.)		
Feb 19 - Hist. - 6 -		4.32 ²⁰
(MacMillan & Co.)		⁺
June - Mdac. -		9.20 ⁻
(Phibe)		
Sept. - Books		4.46
(Maynard, Merrill & Co.)		^X
Sept. " - Kindergarten Mat. -		7.68
E. H. W. (Phibe)		Postage .50
" - Books -		7.02
(Amer. Book Co.)		
" - Books -		2.20 ^X
(Ginn & Co.)		
Nov. - Books -		2.30 ^(?)
(MacMillan & Co.)		3.55
Dec. - Books -		34.53
		<hr/>
		87.83
		43

Carried over

\$ 87.88

1908

Jan. - Kindergarten Mat. - 2.16
(Phibe)

" Christmas order - 3.00
(Phibe)

" Books - 2.66³
(Ginn & Co.)

March 29 Atkinson, Mudge, Evans & Co.
\$3.10

Cr.

\$ 95.65

1 55

97 20

3 10

100 30

1907

March - Cash

\$ 5.

75.

June -

Helps to Ruth

.75

Dec. -

2 unbraided waists 5.00

"

1908

May -

1 unbraided waist 2.50

"

Cash (Mrs. Benbrook) 15.

"

Doilies - Phibe

1.75⁽³⁾

"

Mrs. Benbrook shirt \$10.

\$ 105.00

"

Mrs. Benbrook shirt \$10.

\$ 105.00

"

Amt. Cr. -

\$ 9.35

"

Amt. Cr. -

\$ 14.78

Not included -
 1 pair white silk gloves - \$1.00^(?)
 2 Geog. - (MacMillan & Co.) 2.00^(?)
 Check for music to Mrs. Ward 1/67 3.25

That bill - or rather the two bills -
 from Macmillan which I have
 marked thus (?) I have never received
 and do not know the exact amount.

Will you please send a money
 order or check for \$3.25 - to Mrs.
 J. M. Ward, 13 Warren St., Newark,
 New Jersey. It is for music that
 she bought for me. She has never
 sent me a bill and you have
 said nothing about it so I
 have made a guess and think I
 have covered the amount due.

Here is an approximate
 list of amounts for this
 summer's orders. -

Sanborn & Co. - Chicago - 6 books -	\$3.90
Harner - Caesars -	1.25
MacMillan & Co. - New York - 10 books -	7.00
Ginn & Co. - New York - 12 books -	5.00
D. C. Heath - " " 13/12 " all come	4.60
Houghton Mifflin & Co. " 2 " one	1.30
Silver Burdette & Co. " Music	2.90
- about \$30.00 over	

Not included-

1 pair white silk gloves -	\$1.00(?)
2 Geog. - (MacMillan and Co.)	2.00(?)
Check for Music to Mrs. Ward	1,67 3.20

That bill –or rather the two bills- from Macmillan which I have marked thus (?) I have never received and do not know the exact amount.

Will you please send a money order or check for \$1.67 3.20 – to Mrs. T.M. Ward, 13 Warren St., Newark, New Jersey. It is for music that she bought for me. She has never sent me a bill and you have said nothing about it so, I have made a guess and think I have covered the amount due.

Here is an approximate list of amounts for this summers orders.-
[See photocopy for list]

[On another piece of paper]

Will you please go over this list and check it up with all your accounts against me and send me the result. Please do not include any of this summer's bills. I would like to get straightened up this summer and then begin again. I am not going to send any money home this summer for exchange is away down to the bottom of the sea and I am going to wait till she comes up again. I think Mrs. Burbrook will be sending you nearly enough to cover my indebtedness, but not quite enough.

[This letter dated **June 7, 1908** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He talks about a social event where he announced that a Christian Merchant would speak at the next Monthly Concert of Prayer and a wife of a merchant took offense at the word "Christian". Gould was given a pony. Dorothy broke her collar bone and is now able to get out of bed. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow, China June 7th 1908.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The past week has been full of events. Tuesday afternoon Flora had closing exercises for the school. 104 persons came to our home to hear the children. The whole affair was a complete success. The mothers and fathers of the children were justly proud of their offspring. The children have greatly improved in their singing. Phebe won laurels at the piano and Geraldine was not far behind.

As a social event for the Port it also ranked high. Those who call themselves the 400 were all here. The house lends itself to such an occasion perfectly. The only break was made when I announced that the Monthly Concert of Prayer would be held at our home the next afternoon= Wed. and that Mr. Shelley, a Christian Merchant from Melbourne would speak. The wife of one of the merchants= herself a Chinese woman and the couple were married several years after the oldest of their children were born= took offense at the word Christian as too discriminating, and her husband has spent a dollar to circulate an express which read something like this: - That almost extinct species the Christian Merchant having been imported to Foochow, we are now in need of a Christian Banker. He need not know anything about banking but he must be able to make an address. Some of the business men say that Mr. Shelley does not know much about business methods in Foochow. The phrase Christian Merchant was taken from me. Notoriety is cheap.

On Wed. some 60 were here at the monthly concert. Mr. Shelley spoke on keeping "sharp" as God's tools. All present were greatly pleased and many said it was a helpful and fresh meeting.

Some day or two before I left for Shanghai this same lady referred to above= Mrs. Siemssen had written Ellen asking if we would accept the gift of a pony for Gould. They got it for their little boy but he was not "keen" on riding. Ellen answered that we would take it but would have to wait till I returned from Shanghai to fix a place for it. We sent for it Wed. morning. When the girls came from school at noon, they rushed in the gate as usual, and the pony called to them when he heard the gate open. You should have heard the shout as they saw the pony, "Whose is it?" "Is it ours?" Then Gould came in and the pony called again and he fairly leaped into the air with delight. Well he will have something to do now to take care of the goat and the pony for we cannot afford a man to care for it.

Then this week we opened a shipment from Montgomery Ward's with shoes for the family and lots of other things – among them a nice large cart for the children.

Last night at the Y.M.C.A. we had a lecture on the natural Resources of Fukien Province- the building was crowded and the lecturer- a Second Degree Graduate- Chinese spoke for an hour and a half – not a man moved and the whole audience rose and asked him to speak again in the near future.

Yesterday Dorothy was allowed to get up for the first time since breaking her collar bone. She took such liberties in walking all over the house and yard and running up and down stairs that her legs- which had been in bed for nearly a month are very lame today.

All are quite well and send love
Will

*[This letter dated **June 13, 1908** was written from China by Flora to her mother. School is done and she is leaving soon for a trip to Formosa and Japan. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[June 13, 1908]

Dear Mama:-

School is done and I have been busy a week trying to get things done up so that there will be no need to hurry back in the fall. I am having my school room done over- the walls and floor, a tailor has been sewing for me three days and is on the last dress, and my room here is to be cleaned and shut up for the summer. I expect to have everything done by a week from tonight- Jun. 20. We leave on Sunday for Formosa where we spend until Saturday while we wait for our steamer to go on to Moji, Japan. Miss Dobbins, the new Y.W.C.A. sec., is going with us on her way to Tokyo. She has been advised to spend the summer in Japan as she seems to be having trouble in the getting acclimated here. The sun and heat affects her head very badly.

I am mailing mama's 4th of July present to-day, by sending it to Shanghai by Mrs. Main. I hope it reaches you safely. I have divided it so you must look for two packages. I am also sending a paper which contains an article written by our consul about my closing exercises. We had one house full and the children enjoyed it.

Will try to write once more before I leave. I shall be so glad to get away for I am too tired for any good use.

Love to all-

Flora Beard.

Jun. 13, 1908.

Foochow.

*[This letter dated **June 17, 1908** was written from Japan by Flora to the folks at home. She is a little confused for she has received notice that some silk gloves that were mailed to her were not correctly mailed. She talks about different items that she will purchase and mail. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[June 17, 1908]

Dear folks at home:-

Will you please get one copy of Kelsy's 'Caesar's Gallic War' at Gardner's and mail it to me in care of Y.M.C.A., Shanghai, China? I can get it there on my way back from Japan and save postage.

To-day I received word from Washington that the silk gloves were held up by the postal authorities for not being correctly mailed. I am writing to Washington that I do not know by whom they were sent but he may mail them to papa. Then you had better remail them to me in a parcel direct rather than in a newspaper. The wash cloth case got here safely. I should like to know how it was that the gloves got to the Dead Letter Office. They have the full correct address here in their communication to me. Please send the Caesar at once so I may get it in Shanghai.- I can use both pairs of gloves so do not worry about sending double quantity.

Ruth, tell Lucy that I shall be very glad to get the waists, but will be unable to do anything about them here until I get back. It may be that I can find just what they want in Japan.

I will see about your dress when I return. In the meantime you may change your mind when you see the silk waist I sent home- or Lucy may rather have that in pongee, embroidered instead. I think the Pongee would be cheaper. Either the pongee or white silk wash beautifully so are quite as serviceable. Would you like some of the

pretty materials one can get in Japan for your gown instead of the linen. They have some very pretty wash stuffs. Let me know at my Yokohama address – just Care of Gen. P.O.

I am enclosing a cuff of a set which I began for Aunt Ella. I gave her the rest of the set before I left home. Maybe she has worn out the collar by this time or it may be out of fashion- but here it is- if you will please give it to her.

Do you know whether Stanley got his silver tooth-brush holder I sent him? I feel a little anxious about it for I foolishly put it up in a very small bundle. I sent home mama's Fourth of July (got mixed on my dates) [*she wrote Xmas and scratched it out here*] present- in two parcels- for I thought you might like to use it this summer. Don't be too choosy of it for it washes beautifully.

I start on Sunday- at least that is the date scheduled for departure. It probably will be either Sat. or Mon.

Love to all-

Flora.

Jun. 17, 1908.

*[This letter dated **June 27, 1908** was written from the Japanese liner "Saikio" near Formosa by Flora to the folks at home. She talks about her trip from Foochow on a dirty Japanese boat. She and her travelling partners visit Mrs. Mackay in Formosa and Dr. Mackay's grave. They got to see the opium and camphor making process. They will visit Moji, Kobe and Tokyo. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Jun. 27, 1908.]

Dear Folks at home:-

We- Miss Hall, Miss Dobbins and I – are on board, the Japanese liner 'Saikio' going up from Formosa. The sea is calm, the boat excellent, and we are the only foreigners on board. We are trying to be as polite as our fellow passengers and I fear are rather awkward in our attempts.

We left Foochow a week ago to-night on a little dirty Japanese boat. Cockroaches played tag over our cabin walls, our bed linen had not met a tub for some time and everything was terribly stuffy. To add to all this there was a 'beam sea' on and Miss Hall and I spent our time emptying our already empty stomachs. We did not have a moment's peace until we anchored in Tamsui harbor in Formosa. We were a ragged looking trio. I left Miss Hall and, Miss Dobbins by the 'stuff' and started out to find a gentleman whom we had met. We were taken in by the Canadians Presbyterian Missionaries and cared for royally. It turned out to be the very house in which Dr. Mackay the pioneer Formosan and missionary had lived. We saw the schools and met all the people of the mission, also the British consul and his wife. We called on Mrs. Mackay- a Chinese woman, though very much foreignized. We walked out to Dr. Mackay's grave- just outside the foreign graveyard. He would not even be buried with his own people. We were struck with the unity of the work, and the workers. We spent two days sightseeing in Hokuto and Taipeh. We called at the U.S. Consulate which just now is being cared for by an Englishman. He secured passes for us so that we saw the whole process of opium making even to the poor wretch testing it. We saw the stuff boiling and later all put up in kegs- over a \$100,000 worth. Next we visited the camphor factory where I suppose at least half of the world's supply comes from. It was purity after pollution. We saw them shoveling up the snowy camphor into boxes and putting them under presses and the odor was so cooling. It was so strong that we could not stay in the same room for it choked both our nose and eyes. We saw the huge tanks where the vapor is condensed- very ingeniously arranged so that they make three grades of camphor. We visited the famous sulphur springs about a mile out from Hokuto. It was fittingly hot for a walk to the infernal regions- for the perfect dearth of vegetation and the stifling fumes from the geysers and the furnaces, made me think of the pictures Dante has painted of the Inferno. I think I never took a hotter walk. I was really afraid we would get prostrated with the heat. We walked back and cooled off at a picturesque Japanese Inn- and shocked the little table waiter by drinking five pots of hot tea. We were glad to get back to Tamsui where we sat in the evening and enjoyed the beautiful cool sea breeze. The only thing to mar our stay was that these kind people refused to take a cent of remunerations for our stay. Missionaries won't take a cent and one is almost always obliged to stop with them unless one can live like the natives.

We wrote over to Keelung from Tamsui for our boat and they telegraphed back that rooms would be received for us. Later they wrote that they would like us to be on hand for inspection at 2:30 P.M. The boat was to start at 4:30 P.M. The train we had planned to take would get us there just in time so we had a last whack at the shops in Taipeh. We got some lovely Panama hats- eight in all- and started for the train. Behold- a change in the time-table that day, which left only one train for us which arrived only a half hour before...

[The rest of this letter is written on columned Japanese paper where Flora wrote top to bottom, right to left.]

...the boat left. We telegraphed on ahead and were met at the train by a dapper little Jap who took us at once to the boat, settled our baggage and tickets and most politely bade us adieu just as they pulled away the gang plank. It was the closest meet of a steamer I ever made. We never heard a word about inspection but were asked the usual questions of who we are, where we came from and where we are going to. When we left Foochow we were asked these questions twice and then when we landed at Tamsui the interpreter of the police came on board and asked them all over again. Japan will know all about us by the time we get through this summer at this rate.

On board this steamer everything is European, - at least all things we see. There are only men in the dining room. We wonder where the women eat. Our dining room has just fourteen places at the tables. The officer at whose right I sit always stayed as long as we do and most politely bows us out.

To-morrow Miss Hall and I land at Moji for our trip east, thro the island. Miss Dobbins goes straight to Tokyo, from Kobe. She has had to come over to Japan for her health. The climate of the east has had such a serious effect on her nerves. She has not been free from head ache in the back of her head since she came, about two months ago. She is the new Y.W.C.A. Sec. We all hope this summer may set her right for if it doesn't it means she will have to go home. We shall hope to find letters waiting at Yokohama for us.

With love to you all.

Flora.

Jun. 27, 1908.

*[This letter dated **June 29, 1908** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora. Flora has been gone a week now on her trip to Japan. Willard went to the mountain and found many families there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
June 29th 1908

My dear Flora:-

A week has slipped by since you said good bye to us all. It seems much longer. Of course last week Mon. Tues. and Wed. were full with examinations all day and a class in the evening for me, beside other duties. The Pres. of the Commercial Coll. paid for a telegram to order a teacher from the U.S. for his school. This took two interviews.

On Sunday Mrs. Beattie with four children and Mrs. Montgomery with one, and two amahs and three or four men servants arrived they thought they saw the wake of your steamer over toward Formosa. Gould and I went over to Jardines at 12:15 and waited for them till 2:45 - without dinner fortunately they had had tiffin on the steamer. I got them home with 27 loads of baggage and made my Y.M.C.A. Bible Class at 4:00. Then Monday morning they were off bag and baggage at 7:20. - It was an easy thing to do - altho when Ellen first thought of it, it look prodigious and it was such a help to them!

On Friday I went to the mountain and found it pretty well inhabited. Worley's, Cooles, Butlers, Ward, Perkin, Storrs, Hodous, Newells, Gardners, and others. The new P.O. with its new road is a great improvement- so people say. The same day Mr. Cio Lik Daik went to Kushan to see about the getting of the Monastery for the Summer Conference. When it comes to talk real business they refuse. So we must find another place.

Galen M. Fisher General Y.M.C.A. Sec'y for Japan was to have stopped in Foochow yesterday on his way from Shanghai on board the N.D.L. [*Norddeutsche Lloyd*] S.S. Kleist, but he did not make it. I heard the steamer arrived too late to come in on the tide and will be here today. Mr. and Mrs. Jack from Formosa are coming over to stay with the Newells I believe this summer.

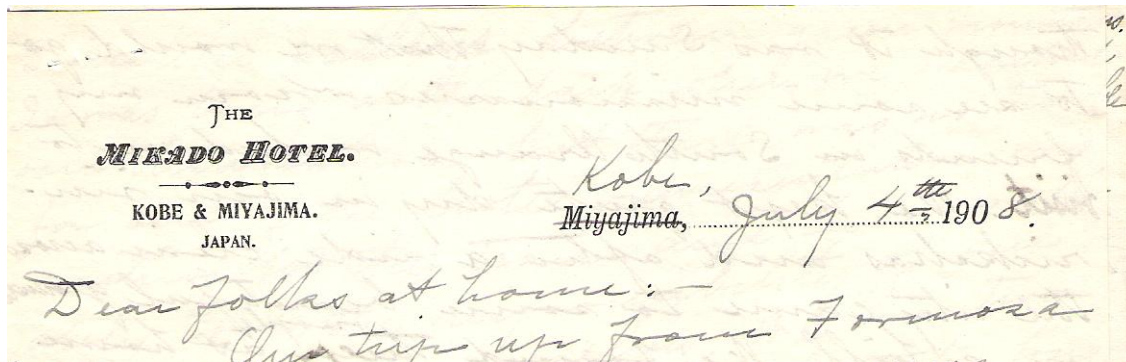
Sat. evening we had eight night blooming cereus open. It made a very pretty eight and the fragrance was delicious.

We are still in Foochow,- hoping to go to Kuliang the last of this week. The air is still fresh and we get a good breeze every day some time. Miss Fink reported that you were quite comfortable settled on the Amoy Maru. I hope you had a pleasant trip and will get to Yokohama all right. Remember us to Miss Hall and Miss Dobbins if you see her. Perhaps you will send this on home sometime.

With love from all

Will.

[This letter dated **July 4, 1908** was written from Japan by Flora to the folks at home. She tells many details of her trip to Moji, Miyajima, Hiroshima, Okayama, and Kobe. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



The
Mikado Hotel.
Kobe & Miyajima.
Japan.

Kobe, July 4th 1908.

Dear folks at home:-

Our trip up from Formosa on the Saikyo Maru was a very pleasant one. The sun shone every day until the one on which we reached our destination. We awoke in a pouring rain. Here in the East a wharf, which the boat can reach, is a rare thing, so as usual we were taken to the shore by a launch. Fortunately the rain slackened and the launch landed us at the ferry Moji. Here began the fun in making our way in a land whose language is unknown to us. We found we did not have the right change and something was not satisfactory about the bill we proffered. We had a group of ferry officials and passengers about us all trying to explain in their language but we did not find out until we reached our hotel that the bill was Formosan and that it was worth only \$.95. It did not take long to straighten out matters. After dinner we decided, even though it was Sunday that we would go to see some missionaries whom my friends in South Orange wished me to visit. We kept quite dry in our jin-rickshas and after a ride clear across the city came to some beautiful grounds on a hill. We found the people at home and had a most enjoyable afternoon with them. They are Baptists and we had the opportunity of hearing about the work of another denomination. - The next day we started on our railroad trip eastward through the island. Our destination for that day was Miyajima, the sacred island. We took a local train to a small station, Miyajiri, and got off just to see the sights. We had expected to have to eat Japanese food but were surprised in having some very decent steak and bread brought in. We took a walk up through the village street and succeeded in attracting every youngster in town if nothing else. There was nothing in particular to see, but just a typical little Japanese village. We took the train again and enjoyed some magnificent scenery- sometimes the Inland Sea and sometimes beautiful Swisslike valleys between green mountains. It was long after dark when we reached our destination but there was no trouble for one of the hotel representatives was waiting for the train and he immediately took the responsibility of our baggage and ourselves. We were two tired people and it did not take long for us to get to sleep. When we awoke in the morning we found ourselves in a most picturesque spot. Our hotel was perched on the steep slope of the mountain covered with laurels, pines, and all sorts of beautiful greenery. We had been lulled to sleep by the sound of a little mountain brook. There was no disappointment when daylight showed us its limpid waters tumbling over clean stones and flowing over white sands. We took a walk up the mountain side and felt refreshed with the pure air and pine odors. Everything was so clean. There is no agriculture done on the island. There are a few tame deer who will eat out of one's hands and they were about the only animals we saw. The mountains with their wooded sides made me think of the Black Forest, they were so beautiful. We spent a day and two nights here and wished we could stay longer in all the beauty. We visited the temple and the thousand matted room which is said to have been built out of the wood of a single camphor tree. It is at present adorned by thousands of wooden ladles. Every person buys one, writes his name on it, and has it nailed up for good luck. We saw one with Burton Holmes's name on [Burton Holmes was America's most famous travel showman and even has a star on Hollywood Boulevard.], but could not spend time to read all of them. The custom started just after the Japanese war with China when the soldiers were housed in the

building. The Japanese words for ladle make a pun on the words for Chinese so these were put up for fun. As we were going to our train we saw the Shinto priests form their procession and solemnly walk to their worship. They looked very gay with their orange, green, black, white and violet robes. As we steamed away on our ferry the island looked very beautiful and we were sorry to lose the sight of it. We had an hour or two at Hiroshima when we went to call on some Y.M.C.A. people. They very kindly took us to see the place where "The Lady of the Decoration" was written. We saw the kindergarten and met all the people who know the author, Mrs. Macauley. It is one of the largest institutions in Japan with about six hundred students in all. It was afternoon so we did not see the little tots, but we saw the training classes, classes in drawing, serving, gymnastics, etc. We took the train and went on to Okayama where we spent the night with Dr. and Mrs. Pettee. Here we saw the largest orphan asylum in Japan, which has numbered as many as 1200 inmates. We went to chapel in the morning and saw over four hundred little waifs arranged in rows. They stood for more than half an hour listening to the story of the speaker. Their characteristics seemed very similar to those of the same class of children in our own country. They are divided into groups of about ten in cottages with a "house mother" to care for them. Many of the children were in other parts of Japan on farms or in private families. About sixty were learning agriculture in another place. They have to have chapel out of doors because they have no place that will hold the large number. It was very interesting to see the different departments and hear about the most perfect system of running this huge institution. Many of the boys have grown up to hold responsible and honorable positions. This is the institution with which Rev. Sao Abe, Will's classmate, has some connection. We saw the church where he preached, when in Okayama. Mrs. Ritter took us to see the famous park here which was originally the grounds of the castle which faces it. The gardens are full of beautiful little nooks and ingeniously arranged bridges and paths. We fed the storks and after a parting look had to go to our train. Here we met with a most interesting experience. Miss Adams, one of the A.B.C.F.M. missionaries, was just taking the train to go home. For years she has had to pass through the slums of the city on the way to her work. The little urchins were very rude to her, even throwing things at her. She felt sorry for them and tried to win them. It took a long time to get their confidence but she did finally and gathered together a little Sunday School. From that in the fifteen years it has grown to a real slum mission, with its school, hospital and other departments. The government has appreciated the need of her work and is in sympathy with it. She teaches in a boy's government school and uses the money for supporting the kindergarten. This morning the whole boy's school was down to the train, all drawn up in line and their shouts of "bonsai" as the train moved out of the station must have been very precious to her. There were nearly a dozen ladies at the station - ladies of the highest social rank. It was such good fortune for us to see them. Their dresses were such beautiful ones. Nearly every one was dressed in some shade of gray and their sashes matched in shade. All were in exquisite taste. Their greeting was interesting to us. It took three low bows to complete them with something said between each bow. These ladies were wives of professional men. Even the mayor of the city was there to do her honor. We were so glad to have seen it all.

Now we are here at Kobe College, a beautiful spot on the side of the hill. Unfortunately the students are gone so we shall not be able to see the work of the institution, but the buildings have been most interesting to see. There are seven teachers, all of them strikingly well educated and refined in manners. Their home life has been so restful to us. We have done little but rest since we arrived. Some way I seem to have 'petered' out and it is so good to just lie still. The weather is very cool and so refreshing to us. So far the rain has not interfered at all with our goings.

On Tuesday we start on again. This time to Kyoto, where we may stay nearly a week.

We have been away from Foochow two weeks and have not had a word of mail from anywhere. We are getting hungry for some. There seems to be some hitch in forwarding our mail. The postal authorities move slowly. There is always such quantities of red tape here but one usually gets it after awhile.

With love to all- Flora.

July 5, 1908.

Kobe College, Japan.

*[This letter dated **July 13, 1908** was written from Japan by Flora to the folks at home. Flora goes into detail about her visits to Kobe, Nara and Kyoto. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

The
Mikado Hotel.

Kobe & Miyajima.
Japan.

Kyoto, July 13, 1908.

Dear folks at home:-

Here we are in Kyoto, housed in a real little Japanese house, with sliding partitions, mats, garden, and all. Our hostesses are two simple English ladies and we are their guests, as much as if we were old friends. They have lost their money and are teachers of English to private classes of educated Japanese. They are rather alone here for the foreign community is small and they like to take travelers not only for a compensation but because of their company. Every day they map out our day's sightseeing and their trusty Kuruma man is as good as a guide so we have just congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in finding the place free for us. They have just the room for two so we have all the quiet and pleasure of a home. We had planned to go on to-morrow but on Friday is one of the biggest temple festivals of the year and our hostesses have been so good as to let us stay, that we are going to get the rest of our shopping done here and not make such long stays in Yokohama and Tokio.

When I last wrote we were in Kobe at Kobe College. We had a most delightful stay there. On Monday morning we visited the "Glory Kindergarten" with Miss Howe at the head. Phebe would have thoroughly enjoyed seeing her and the children. She has an ideal kindergarten and will have no other for she wants to instill into the Japanese minds only the highest ideas of the work. It is the one copied in Japan more than any other. While there we met the Hon. Mrs. E.A. Gordon, who has written several books on travel and is now in Japan studying Shintoism. We would call her a frump in America. I thought I should disgrace myself in her presence by laughing she was so funny but I managed to spare myself. Miss Searle the principal of the Kobe College showed us all about their fine buildings. It really seemed like going into a like institution at home, only the finishings of the buildings were even in better taste. The Japanese woods are so exquisite in color and so capable of polish that they are very handsome. Then too the furniture is so beautifully finished that the rooms appear elegantly furnished, whereas they have perhaps cost only a modest sum.

We left Kobe Tuesday morning and arrived here in the afternoon. We called at Dr. Davis's and, while we were waiting to hear from these ladies, he took us about, the grounds and buildings of the Doshicha, and through the Royal Palaces. The interpreter was gone so he did the honors. We had to have a special permit which the ambassador at Tokio [*Flora wrote a "y" over the "i" in Tokio indicating her uncertainty of how to spell it.*] had granted us – as he does to any American who applies. The building is situated inside high walls- and all in a large park. It was the home of the present emperor before 1869. The architecture is simple but some of the rooms contain very wonderfully carved 'rammia'- a space near the top of a side wall left for ventilation. Some of these carvings had different pictures on each side. Some were done in colors also. Many of the rooms opened into each other making a vista. All of the sliding screens were decorated mostly by a famous artist – Kano. One room would be done in bamboos and tigers, another in pine trees with snow on them, another with storks, others in geese, fans, goats, etc, etc. The throne room was decorated by life size pictures of Chinese mandarins. The throne was a silk canopied dais, upon which is a chair handsomely inlaid with mother-of-pearl. This was the only place where we saw a chair placed for the emperor. In all other places was the dais with a square mat in the middle. The whole palace was simplicity itself- an illustration of how the emperor in feudal times lived.

The next day we spent at Nara, once the capital of the Empire. The ride over in the train wound its way through bamboo forests, tea farms, rice fields, and fruit orchards. The scenery was very pretty. We would pop in and out of tunnels so fast that it made me think of a magic lantern show, for each interval of darkness brought a new picture. The tea farms interested us for they were so well cared for. The tea plants were nearly three feet high and resembled a neatly rounded hedge of box- only there were great fields as far as we could see on either side of the train. There were pickers every where in their picturesque head dress- their heads all mound up in white with an inverted basket hat on them. The fruit trees had their boughs all held up by arbors extending along the entire length of the rows, and presented a very neat appearance. We are having the most delicious peaches, apples, and summer oranges. The last named fruit resembles a grape fruit somewhat – only not quite so bitter. We very often buy them when on the train for they quench one's thirst very well. At Nara were so many beauties. The road in the park was lined with huge cryptomerias and the grassy lawns were everywhere the feeding places for scores of deer. The pretty creatures were so tame that we fed them- I had fifteen about my kuruma at one time. In the lake we saw dozens of tortoises sunning on the rocks and the usual giant gold fishes fighting like pigs for the food thrown to them. There were hundreds of stone lanterns lining the roads to the temples. We visited several of the temples and saw the 'dancing girls' but did not see them dance. We went to see the great "Daibutsu" the largest image of heathendom in Japan. It was so surrounded by scaffolding that it was rather hard to really see it. They have most ingeniously planned to get money from travelers. They get the people for a small consideration- to write their names on the tiles before they are baked. We saw hundreds of them- among them the name of Burton Holmes. We

did not indulge. We ate our lunch on the grass under the trees beside one of the picturesque little lakes. Then we went to see the queer twisted tree composed of six different kinds of trees. On it were hundreds of little twisted pieces of white tissue paper- each a wish which is supposed to be sure to come true. There we saw the wonderful trained trees, pine and cherry, where the limbs must be nearly a hundred feet long, propped up clear to the ends. We see these trees everywhere- carefully propped. We went to the great bell and our kurum-ia rung it for us. None of the bells here are rung by a tongue but by a huge stick striking the outside near the rim. The tone that came was beautiful but nearly knocked us over with its volume. It vibrated for more than ten minutes. Later we heard it at a distance and one can never describe the quality of the music. The bell must be over ten feet high and nearly a foot thick. It weighs many tons.

Thursday we spent going through the Nijo Castle, which was the residence of the Shaguno until the present regime. If the Mikado's palace was simple here we saw how elegantly his rulers lived. The gold- which is real gold leaf- of the screens made the castle very rich in appearance. And the paintings and coffered ceilings were extravagantly beautiful. It is wonderful how the artist was able to paint such tigers when he probably had never seen one. There are several very famous pictures here- the one I enjoyed the most was the sleeping sparrows.

On Friday we went to the shops. They were even more fascinating than the castles. Such beauty, such costly things and such quantities, I never saw before! It was embarrassing to us because we could not purchase but the clerks were extremely polite in showing us about. If we stopped to purchase, a cup of tea and little cakes were immediately brought. We feel almost surfeited with beauty, the shops are so full of it.

Must close now and will write more later.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

July 14, 1908.

*[This letter dated **July 19, 1908** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. The family has been on Kuliang now for a week. He tells about the children learning to swim in the bathing pool on Kuliang. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Kuliang, Foochow. China July 19- '08

Dear Folks at Home:-

I am sending you a letter from Flora. She is evidently having a good time. The weather is cooler in Japan than they found it in Formosa. This year is exceptionally hot in Foochow. Since July 1st the ther. has reached 90 degrees sometime everyday in Foochow. It has risen to 100 degrees in some of the offices. We never knew it so hot here on Kuliang. A week ago yesterday I walked down the mountain, rode across the plain, brought 80 lbs. of peaches, had four men to peel and preserve them- worked all the time in our house down there, attended a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Y.M.C.A. 5-7 p.m. and then came to the mountain arriving at 11 p.m. It was a perfect evening- with a big moon and the trip was much pleasanter than in the hot sun.

I have had a whole week here now. Marjorie is all right again- but she is much thinner than before her fever. Dorothy was in bed two days last week with fever and diarrhea but she is all right now. The children greatly enjoy the bathing pool. I went over four mornings last week before breakfast. Gould is getting to be quite a swimmer, and Phebe can swim 30 or 40 feet. Geraldine says she can swim two feet. Gould takes the whole care of his pony, and this is a good thing for him because it gives him regular work. The roads are so full of steps that riding is not much fun.

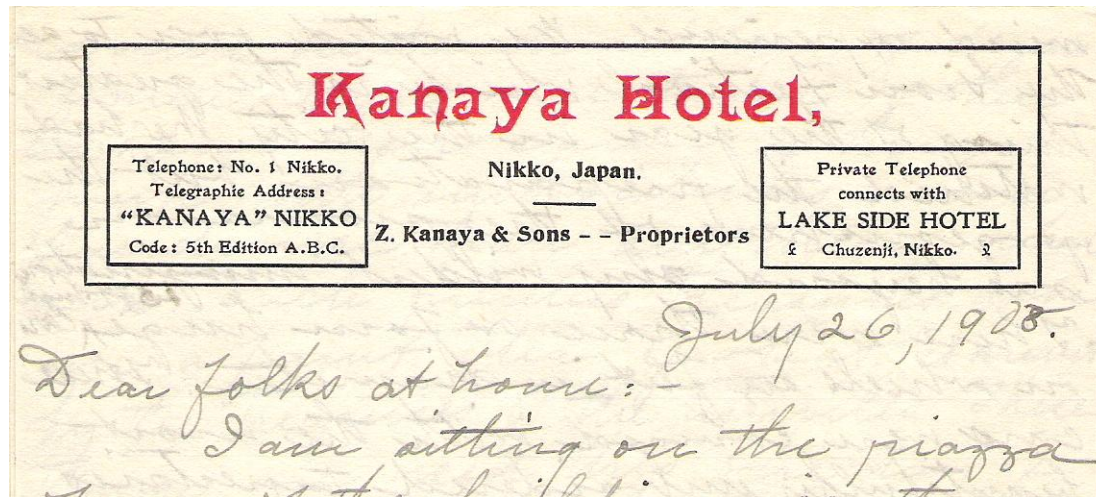
The weather has been superb for over two weeks- not a drop of rain and a beautiful moon each night. Friday night we had a slight shower- yesterday another. Last night it drizzled much and today we have had a good hard rain that must have wet down thru. In some parts of the province crops are burned up. Just here the rains will save them.

Tomorrow I act as Pres. of the Fukien Sun. Sch. Union at its meeting and also on Tues. a.m. when I am to conduct a Bible Class as a kind of model.

All the children are sound asleep. Ellen is reading. All send love. Will.

*[This letter dated **July 26, 1908** was written from Nikko, Japan by Flora to the folks at home. The letter is written on the Kanaya Hotel stationary. She tells in detail a procession for the Gion Festival in Kyoto and the huge and*

highly decorated floats or carts that are pulled through a parade. She stayed at a home within 100 miles of Fuji and visited Lake Chuzenji near Yokohama. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Kanaya Hotel.
Nikko, Japan

July 26, 1908.

Dear folks at home:-

I am sitting on the piazza of one of the buildings in the group of temples at Nikko. We are in the shadows of an immense grove of huge Cryptomerias. It is after 4 P.M. so all is closed up and it is as quiet and secluded as in a front of a home with the birds calling and singing. It had been an ideal day for the beauties of Nikko. The red lacquer and the colors of the gay paintings have stood out their very brightest, and the sunlight through the openings of the foliage has been beautiful to see.

It has been over a week since I have had leisure to write so I will go back to where I left off at Kyoto. I think I told you about going to Nara and Lake Biwa with that interesting trip through the canal in the tunnel- a most weird experience. We waited over to see the Gion Festival which is the greatest thing of the year in the city. We had watched the preparations but the gorgeousness of the procession was beyond my wildest imagination. There were three or four huge 15 ft. high cars on wheels six feet in diameter. These cars were covered with the most beautifully embroidered tapestries with great silk tassels dangling at each corner. There must have been two dozen people in each one. The first one held three children, the middle one supposed to be a queen of the olden time. From time to time she went through some automatic actions as though giving to the crowd below. She looked for all the world like an image when she sat still. Two men, each holding a fan, and holding on to a tassel were singing and acting with the fans, while this ponderous vehicle was being dragged by sixty or eighty men and boys. In between the lines of the propellers walked dozens of men dressed in costumes antique. In between these high cars would come some shrine carried on the shoulders of dozens of men. There were twelve of these cars and then came a huge junk with embroideries more handsome than anything we had seen. Such priceless treasures gave on a faint idea of what is meant by the treasures of the temples. These things are used this one day of each year and then put back in their resting places for the 17th of July of the next year. In the afternoon we saw the other part of the procession which consisted of men dressed up in ancient warrior's suits of mail. They walked as though they were much encumbered. There were several floats (we would call them) illustrating some phase of ancient life, but the most interesting part of it all were the shrines, in which may have been some gods. These were carried on huge beams and cross beams so arranged that eighty men could help in carrying it. These men were bobbing their heads and shouting some lingo that helped them to keep in step. They acted like mad. Behind marched a relief squad shouting in the same insane way. The streets were all trimmed in lanterns and awnings and every one was out in his gayest colored kimono. The children were especially bright. They looked like gay butterflies with their long sleeves fluttering in the wind.

The next morning we left for Gotemba where we were to spend Sunday with a friend of Miss Hall's. We reached there after dark and had a long walk out to her house. When we waked up next morning there was Fuji with the clouds rolling away from that beautiful crest. We sat at the breakfast table and feasted our eyes on the sublimity

before us. By the time we were ready to go the church you would never have guessed that Fuji was within a hundred miles of us, for the clouds left only the gracefully sloping base in sight. After church I went home with Miss Moore, (who was my cabin room-mate on the 'Siberia') and had tiffin. At 3:30 P.M. we had tea with Mrs. Hill whom I had met at Shimoniseki. Then it was time for church again and a walk home to Miss Hall's friends. The next morning Miss Brown, Miss Stowe and I started for a walking trip through the Hakone district. We had a guide (or rather a coolie who acted as a guide) and started at 8 A.M. It was all the way up of course but when ever we wished to halt for a rest there was Fuji in all his glory to gaze at- for this morning there was not a cloud anywhere near. We saw all the gracefulness of the curves of outline and the beautiful slope of the base as it spreads out over the vast plain. It is the only sight I have seen in Japan that has reached the sublime, and I have seen Nikko! Before we reached the top the clouds had rolled over but from the crest of the ridge we saw the beautiful Hakone Lake. I can't tell you of all its beauties but it was not unlike the Scotch lakes. We had quite a scramble down on the other side and then a long walk across the lowlands to the lakeside. We walked through an iris field which [was] beautiful. They were just the wild ones but the variety of shades made a pretty sight. We halted at a little tea house on the side of the lake and ate our lunch. Then we took a boat across the lake, or rather the whole length of it, to our hotel just in the edge of the town of Hakone. The next morning we had the rare pleasure of seeing the reflection of Fuji in the lake and we felt fortunate indeed. It lasted only about an hour for the clouds again came over and that was the last of Fuji for me. We started out again with a guide to walk over the Myanoshita and had an interesting time between scenery and shrines and shops until we reached Kozu by the sea where I left my companions and went on to Yokohama. It was so good to find mama's letters for it had been a month since I had heard from either you or Will. On Thursday Miss Hall, Miss Carpenter (an artist whom we met in Kyoto) and I came up here. It was raining hard- but that is Nikko weather. We finally got settled all three in one large room having five windows and on the ground floor. On Friday we donned water proofs and with rubbers and umbrellas started for the temples. The first sight which met our eyes was the sacred bridge of red and black lacquer and gold trimmings. Then a ten minute walk under an arch of cryptomenias brought us to the first gage. If I were to describe each in detail you would be in a maze of similar words so I'll only say that for richness of color, large amounts of gold, and beauty of setting, the world cannot equal what is to be seen here.

The next day we took jinrickshas and two men each to go over the mountains to Chuzenji- a beautiful lake high up in the mountains. It was a beautiful ride- much of the time right over the middle of the river bed, where a road had been made by filling in the piled up rocks with sand. We often had to cross bridges over roaring waters and the views were often very pretty. The clouds were moving about the mountain tips but would never go away. There was just enough sprinkle to keep us comfortably cool. Just a few minutes before we reached the lake we made a little detour and saw a beautiful waterfall which made a leap of 250 ft. into the valley below. It was one of the most beautiful falls I have ever seen. When we reached the lake the sun came out in all its glory and the clouds kindly fled so that we saw every tree and mountain in the landscape. After eating our lunch by the side of the water in a little teahouse we started on the descent and reach the hotel a little before 6 P.M. To-day has been Sunday and we have been enjoying the cool and calm of these magnificent cryptomerias. It has been good to get out of the frivolity of the hotel verandas into the quiet of nature.

To-morrow, we go to Tokio where we expect to stay until Friday when we shall go up to Karuizawa for the month of August. We are going to be with Mrs. Fisher, 23 North, Karuizawa. Her husband is in the Y.M.C.A. work in Tokio and we count ourselves very fortunate to get into a private family where we are to be the only guests.

Will write again when I reach Karuizawa. I hope Aunt Louise is very much better. Give her my love and tell her that I am only waiting till we get settled to answer her letter.

With love to everyone-

Flora Beard.

[This letter dated Aug. 2, 1908 was written from Karuizawa, Japan by Flora to her Aunt Louise (probably Phebe Louise Nichols, sister of Nancy Maria Nichols Beard). She tells a little about her month long trip to Japan and how she and a friend got lost but found the Japanese people helpful in helping them find their way. She talks of the possibility of going to see an active volcano up close. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Aug. 2, 1908.

Dear Aunt Louise:-

When you wrote your letter there was snow on the ground and now the only place it can be found here is on the top of Fuji. We saw several streaks of it still remaining in July. We-Miss Hall and myself- have been spending the month of July travelling the length of Japan and seeing a few things. Fortunately for us the weather

was propitious and so we saw much more than July usually allows people to do. It is only this last week that has been hot. We had intended to go to Tokyo but gave it up till later. We have still some shopping to do, for I am getting my trousseau for coming home. Yesterday I received a letter with such a fine offer that I feel like writing and saying I'll come home next summer anyway. I really am not sure of pupils enough to warrant more than this coming winter. I would like to stay one more year and see Northern China, but time will determine what I am to do. We have been having great experiences. Neither of us knows a word of Japanese but we have always managed to get out of our scrapes gracefully, but I imagine the Japanese have had more than one laugh over those two American women. It is very queer to feel one's self watched and registered every where. We had not left China when an official came and got our statistics and on every occasion possible we have been asked for them. It was queer to have a train conductor take out his paper read it over and nodded his head to himself that everything was right. One day we were following a friend's written directions to find a certain house in Hiroshima. We made one mistake but everything else tallied even to the Japanese house with white curtains for which we were looking. But when we went to the door we found the contents of the house were not the people we wanted to find. With a move of his hand the gentleman made us understand that we were to go in another direction, which we did and found the right place. We saw our friends at tiffin so we thought we would walk down the street a ways, and not disturb their eating. At the end of the street we decided it was too uninteresting and were just turning back when we discovered a white suited policeman following us. He made us understand that the place we wanted was back a ways, so we could not get lost in Japan if we wanted.

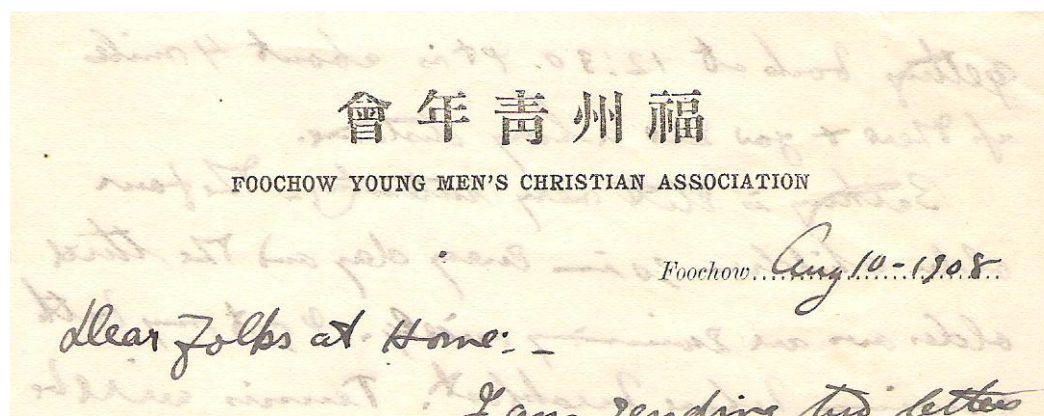
I wish you were here to go shopping with me. You would wish you had a million dollars, things are so pretty. We have seen so many beautiful things but they were all miles beyond our modest purses. We have bought lots of little things which will be very lovely when we get away from Japan.

Our veranda looks right over to a living volcano which gives us daily exhibitions. The night we arrived its top was all aglow and the smoke arising and curling off is a beautiful sight. Just now we hear the roar of its seething- a noise something like an engine letting off steam. We expect to climb it in a week or two. Parties go up every week. We saw Fuji in all its grandeur – a most sublime peak, rising majestically out of an immense plain, all isolated. Several of my friends have been to its top but I shall not attempt it this time.

We shall stay here in Karuizawa until the First of September, when I suppose we will have to turn our faces back to China. There are about a thousand people here, nearly all of whom are missionaries. There is lots going on but I am not trying to be in the services.

I hope you will get the time to write to me very soon. I have been so sorry to hear of your illness and hope you are long ere this quite well again. I wish you could come out here and see the sights for I am sure they would lure you. Lovingly- Flora.

[This letter dated **Aug. 10, 1908** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. There has been a lack of water and because of this the rice fields have cracks in the ground. A Chinese Convention is about to begin. Swimming and tennis are very popular on Kuliang. Willard briefly mentions the pending arrival of a new baby in their house within hours. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Foochow Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow Aug 10-1908

Dear Folks at Home:-

I am sending two letters from Flora that have recently come. She seems to be having a good time. She is very fortunate to get into Mr. Fisher's family. He is the National Gen'l Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. for Japan, and a very nice man. I sent your last letters to Flora.

Thus far the weather is delightful. Not one rainy day since we came to the mountain. But it makes one's heart bleed to see rice fields with cracks 1 in. wide in them and the rice all dead, and the potatoe fields hard and dry and the vines withered. Sat. we had a nice shower that did some good but we need ten like it.

Yesterday we closed the Convention in English, and the Chinese Convention began. We had a very good convention. The spirit was good. I attended all the meetings but one. That one I omitted to get a rest and Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and I walked to Kushan top- starting at 8:15 and getting back at 12:30. It is about 4 miles up there and you see a long distance.

Bathing is still very interesting. The four older children go in every day and the three older ones are swimming nicely. I get my bath and swim before breakfast. Tennis will be the rage for the rest of the season. Kuliang is full yesterday. The chapel would hardly hold the audience- either Chinese or foreigners.

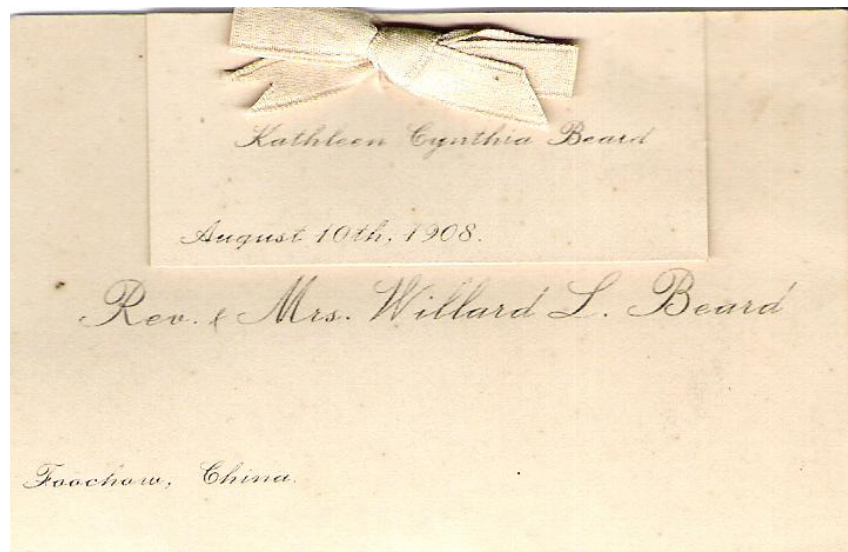
I'm going to put this into the morning mail. I may write again before night of the arrival of a new member to our house. It is now 9 o'clock [*a.m.*]. The news may get to you on the same mail as this.

All are well and all send love.

Will.

P.S. Marjorie went to church Thursday p.m. when I spoke,- at her own request and on her own promise "No, no talk, No no ky [*baby talk for cry*]." She was very good, and again yesterday she did the same.

W.



Kathleen Cynthia Beard
August 10th 1908
Rev. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard
Foochow, China
[Announcement from the collection of John and Nancy Beard.]

[This letter dated **Aug. 11, 1908** was written from Karuizawa, Japan by Flora to the folks at home. She went on a mountain climb and found it difficult. Her feet were quite sore afterward. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Congratulations to Phebe and Elizabeth for Aug. birthdays. F.B.

Kanaya Hotel,

Japan.

Karuizawa,
Aug. 11, 1908.

Dear folks at home:-

It is raining so I am improving the opportunity to get to the bottom of my letters 'due'. I have been looking for a letter from you- but in vain. I expect it is the old tale of the busy summer and I must be patient till the fall. I found your letter waiting for me at Yokohama and was glad to have it but I want another now. We have been in Karuizawa now for two weeks and we have taken great strides in getting rested. We've done little except eat, sleep, and walk. I have written nearly two dozen letters so I am getting my pigeon-hole nearly empty, and I hope my friends will take a new lease in believing in me.

I had a letter from Miss David in East Berlin, telling of the death of her sister, Mrs. Heald, early in May. I was really glad to hear it for she has been such a care to her friends and Miss David could not care for her personally, so it was torture to her to see her sister in such a bad state. Her mind was really gone.

A letter from Hattie Wildrun told of her visiting in Shelton and seeing Helen at the Library. She said that Mr. Maine (the man who came to our house to hire me for E. Berlin) is dead. Miss Maine is still living-with her sister in Middletown, Conn. They had all moved to Middletown and rented their house in E. Berlin.

We did some mountain climbing the other day and I met more than my equal so I prudently stopped. All the climbs about here are very steep and just wind a person in no time. This day we went by train down through the 26 tunnels that we have to pass through to get down from on high perch. We walked about 3 miles to a tea house at the foot of the climb and halted for our lunch. At 1 P.M. we started around two or three peaks to the one we were in search of. Then came some real rough climbing up to another tea house where we drank tea, rested, and enjoyed the wonderful panorama below and above us. The real climbing began soon. We wound about and up and came to a huge natural arch of rock over a hundred feet high. We passed one and scrambled up over a large rock and finally came to the second natural arch. In order to go through that and to climb on to the top of the crags one had to scale rocks holding on to chains. I was foolish enough to be afraid, and for fear I should keep some one back I did not go any farther. It was very exciting and the view from the top was worth the trouble so every one said. I had walk[ed] enough as it was and have been nursing blisters and lame muscles ever since. We are booked to climb Asama on Friday night of this week, so I am doctoring my sore places for all I am worth. We take horses for the 12 miles to the foot of the volcano- starting late in the afternoon. It is moonlight, and with our lanterns we shall escape the heat of the sun and still have light to see. We go up at night in order to see the glow from the fire in the crater, and to see the beauties of the rising sun. We shall get home about noon on Saturday.

This will be the last big climb I shall attempt here. I have worn my stockings to nothing and my shoes are in worse condition than I ever wore any before. I wish some of you would get a half dozen pairs of black stockings at Howard and Barber's (the 25 cent quality) and send them by mail (parcel post) to me. I am just at the bottom of the dozen that came in my box. One half dozen lasted me hardly a week a pair. The three months in the box seemed to have rotted them. The others have gone with this summer's hard wear. Did I tell you I had received the brown stockings safely?

I will write again in a few days, so hoping you are all keeping well, I am,
Yours lovingly- Flora Beard.

[This letter dated Aug. 11, 1908 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. In it, he announces the birth of what will be his last child, Kathleen Cynthia Beard. Only three hours after the birth, they find out that Willard's Aunt Louise has died. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang, Foochow, China.
Aug. 11- 1908

Dear Folks at Home:-

Yesterday morning I mailed a letter to you containing two from Flora, and saying I might write again soon. At 1:15 p.m. Miss Kathleen appeared on the stage and sang an original composition which we were all sure had never been produced in the world before. Her musical powers called forth many favorable comments from the audience. She is a fine strong baby. After she was washed and dressed she took refreshments and went to sleep. That has been her occupation even since. It is now 9 a.m. At 5 she awoke but took only a lunch and has slept since. Ellen is resting nicely, and all is as well as we can desire.

Kathleen is one name decided on. The children want another name. She was about three hours hold when the mail came in and we read the sad news of Aunt Louise's death. [*Phebe Louise Nichols, sister of Willard's mother, Nancy Maria Nichols died July 3, 1908 of kidney cancer and shock according to the death certificate. She had not been feeling well for 6 months.*] It affected me much. She was much like an elder sister to me- more like a sister than an Aunt. I have noticed in the letters from time to time something that indicated to me that she was not happy. This may have been due largely to her physical condition. But since Grandmother went she really has had no one thing to serve as an absorbing aim in life, and I wonder if this did not have something to do with her health. I wrote her some two or three months ago. I wonder if she received it.

To get this in the mail today I must close now.

With Love to all

Will

[From the Evening Sentinel, July 6, 1908:

NICHOLS- New Haven, July 3, Phoebe Louise Nichols. aged 51 years, 9 months, and 27 days.]



Written on back: "Compliments of Marjorie Aug. 11, '08"

This may have been taken the day after Kathleen's birth. Marjorie and Dorothy may be the 3rd and 4th children from the left in this photo. It would have been taken on Kuliang.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated **Aug. 23, 1908** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Emma (sister to Ellen Kinney Beard) and all the people. It is a brief letter telling them how Ellen and baby Kathleen are doing. He requests some Sunday School lesson cards to be sent to him. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang, Foochow, China
Aug- 23-'08

Dear Emma and all the People:-

Phebe has told you most of the news. Ellen is getting on finely. Today Kathleen is 13 days old. Ellen was dressed and sat on the veranda just outside the veranda door in the rocker and ate dinner. Kathleen continues a very proper baby. She just sleeps and eats. Thus far we have not been up at all at night with her. The other children think it a very great privilege to see her bathed. I usually do this just before going to bed myself but as I was away last night and she did not get her bath, I gave her the bath just after prayers and the children were all there. How they beg to hold her "with only her little shirt on."

For our little foreign Sunday School we want some lesson cards for the infant class, - such as Miss Brown used to teach. I wonder if they ever have any left over. We want 5, and if they were old ones it would be all right. If they have them could you ask them to send by mail to me enough for one quarter- I'll pay for them. If they do not have them could you order 5 sets for one quarter. Send to me. I enclose a check for \$1.00. I do not know the cost nor the address.

I shall be be watch[ing] with interest to see where Willis [Willis Hume, husband of Etta Kinney] goes next.

This has been a very busy summer on the mountain for me, and a busier time is coming. I was glad you and father [father Kinney] and Elbert got off for a few days to the shore. I judge it has been very hot in the U.S. this year.

All send love to all

Will

[This note dated Aug. 23, 1908 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and all at home. The drought has ended and Ellen and baby Kathleen are doing well. The Summer Conference begins next week. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang, Foochow, China Aug 23- 08

Dear Mother – and all at Home:-

Phebe has given you the important news, i.e. that Ellen and Kathleen are doing perfectly to date. Ellen sat on the veranda in the rocker just outside the dining room door and ate dinner with us this morn. A rainy week has put an end to the drought- and now it is clear again. Tennis has had to hold up for a whole week. But the bath is improved. We did not change the water-except as it was changed by the little stream that ran thru,- for three weeks. The well ran clean dry the very day before the rain fell.

Next Thursday evening I give an account of world wide Y.M.C.A. before a literacy circle here on Kuliang. The next week begins the Summer Conf. and Lacy and Grout will be coming for the Gov't college and work will begin in earnest altho I do not see where the hold up has come this summer.

All send love to all

Will

[This letter, dated Aug. 25, 1908, was written from Booths Hill by Ina Nichols to Nancy Maria Nichols Beard. Nancy's sister, Louise, died recently and Ina is thanking her for her donation of and organ. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel, daughter of Willard Frederick Beard.]

Booths Hill, let.
Aug. 25, 1908.

My dear Mrs. Beard:-

I want to express in behalf of the Christian Endeavor Society our sincere thanks for the organ. It is a much needed gift, and will be appreciated very much I am sure. I hope we may all be led to live as useful and helpful lives as did Cousin Louise.

Yours with love and sympathy,

Ina F. Nichols
Pres. Y.P.S.C.E.
Huntington.

[This letter dated before Sept. 5, 1908 was written from Japan by Flora to the folks at home. She has gotten letters from home talking about Aunt Louise's death, but is confused as to what happened. She tells about her hike to the Volcano Asama and describes the fire and fumes from it. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Before Sept. 5, 1908]

Dear folks at home:-

Mama's letter and Phebe's came yesterday. Both of them are most mysterious. The only fact that I know is that Aunt Louise is gone- when, where, and what the trouble was, I shall probably have to wait to find out until I get to China. If you could only have sent the letter to me it would have delayed the reaching China not more than four days. As it is I wait four weeks to know the rest of the news. What does mama mean about "Walker", his "confession" and "long wait"?

We have a week more here before we start for home. We are both feeling about ready to go. This month here has done a lot for us in the way of rest. We took our last long walk last week, when we climbed the Volcano Asama. It was a most interesting trip. We left the house here at 7 P.M. A hard thunder shower was coming up, so that the night was about as black as it could be-between the flashes. We had horses to take us over the ten miles to the spot where the real climb begins. It was a weird spectacle to see the bobbing Japanese lanterns and the faint outlines of horses, men, and occasionally a tree or hill, and then to have all as plain as day when the flashes of lightening came. We were going away from the shower so we did not fear rain and besides the moon was due to rise soon. We reached the end of the horseback ride at 11 P.M. and there we halted until our lunches and maps came up. Then the rain began to fall exactly as it does at home when it starts in for a settled affair. It stopped, though, by the time we wanted to start on, so aside from getting our skirts wet, we did not suffer from it. By this time the moon had struggled through the clouds and we had plenty of light for the long climb. It was one of the steepest climbs I ever took. After the first mile we had no bushes- the path was up through ashes. It was a good hard one so there was very little slipping, and we had to rest very frequently. It was after 4 A.M. when we got clear to the top ready to look down into the crater. The last climb was the worst, through soft wet ashes and stones as large as my head.

It was the greatest sight I ever saw looking into that great hole with the fire roaring up like a million blast furnaces. The men tried to throw stones into the center of the fire but it was too far for them to succeed. It is over 2,000 ft. down to the fire. Fortunately the wind did not blow the fumes over our way. Sometimes the people have to just be face down in order to escape being smothered by the sulphur fumes. It is impossible to keep silver bright here. Well, we watched the sun rise over the billowy clouds below us, ate our breakfast, and then started down. We had a lovely morning to go home in and reached our house about 11:30 A.M. After a good hot bath and a dinner we went to bed. It did not take long for us to get to sleep.

Yesterday we had quite a unique wedding here. The people married were English and neither had ever seen a wedding. She had just arrived and they had had to wait three weeks- according to the law in English consulates here in the East- before they could get married. The young people here trimmed the church very prettily and lots of people went. The bridegroom was introduced to his best man in the morning of his wedding day, and there was no rehearsal, so it was quite impromptu. After the wedding party were in place in front of the minister he gave out a hymn and we all sang then he began the ceremony. It didn't take long and then the happy couple walked down the aisle and took their jinrickshaws back to a friend's house where a wedding dinner was served.

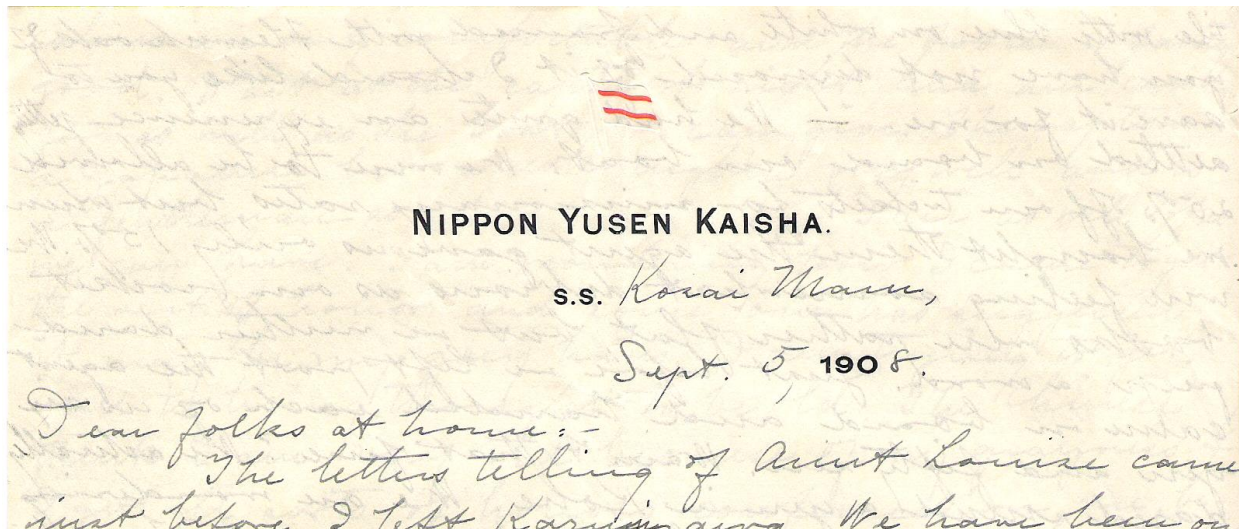
Tell Mary that the Miss Petter is a sister to Betty Petter that she knew in college. She and her father and mother are expected here to-day. She teaches in the Kobe College and expects to go home next summer to be married. Betty Petter is teaching in Nutley, N.J. - Think I shall probably write once more before I leave Japan. We expect to get back to Foochow about Sept. 15th.

With love to all-

Flora.

I shall wait anxiously to hear about Aunt Louise. I can't imagine what you mean. You can't think how hard such things are here. It came so unexpectedly that I can not make myself believe the truth. You write as though I knew everything and I know nothing. - F.B.

[This letter dated Sept. 5, 1908 was written from Kobe, Japan by Flora to the folks at home. She expresses sadness over the passing of her Aunt Louise. She mentions that because of her gray hair she seems to be receiving honors of various kinds. She has noticed a military build up in Japan as if they were getting ready for something. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Nippon Yusen Kaisha.
S.S. Kosai Maru,
Sept. 5, 1908.

Dear folks at home:-

The letters telling of Aunt Louise came just before I left Karuizawa. We have been on the move ever since but are now to be on the steamer for several days. Just at present we are in Kobe harbor loading on "Ashai Bur" to go to China. We are to stop at Moji and Nagasaki so we'll have a chance to get on land nearly every day. - The news of Aunt Louise was a great shock, but after thinking it all over it seems as if she and we had been spared much. She went the way she would have wished for I have heard her say more than once that she did not wish to live as long as Grandpa and Grandma did, and she was so afraid of being a burden to people. She has been spared both. We shall all miss her more than words can express for she has been a second mother to us all. I wrote a letter to her which you must have received a few weeks ago. What have you done with her household effects? Do you remember the little piece of Delft I brought to her from Holland? It is a little tile with blue on white and framed with Flemish oak. If you have not disposed of it I should like you to save it for me. - We had quite an experience getting settled on board our boat. We were to be allowed 25% off our tickets for missionary rates, but when we bought them the agent gave us only 15%. We were feeling somewhat dubious as our pocket books were rather flat, but we neither dared peep a word. Just before we left port the agent came on board and handed each of us six yen and fifty sen. Wasn't that fine? We actually dared spend a yen in Kobe. We are wondering how we'll get on about baggage at Shanghai. We have eleven pieces- nine of which belong to us and two to a friend in Foochow. I have never heard of any fuss over things entering port in Shanghai so I guess it will come out all right. - Did Stanley ever get the little silver tooth-brush holder I sent him last spring? Mary has written nothing about receiving a wide ribbon which I sent her at Santa Barbara. I have received no gloves yet but hope to find a pair waiting for me at Foochow. My brown stockings came safely to me- Will having forwarded them to me at Yokohama. I have one pair on now- with my sandals. They are just the thing for shipboard. We are on the worst smelling boat I ever saw. These little boats in the East are beyond description. The reason we took this one was that there was a difference of \$38 in price and we preferred the money in curios rather than boat hire. As we live all the day on deck we shall be able to stand it. Our cabins are very comfortable, and the food is fairly good. I sit at the captain's right and am cared for as well as the boat can give. The captain is a Japanese but speaks English very well and is a gentleman so I am as well off as we can have. I am wondering how I came to get the seat of honor and some one has suggested it may be my grey hairs. I am trying to get used to being thought to be old. The Chinese think I am very old because of my grayness, and I get all sorts of honors conferred on me, because of it. - We are now in Moji harbor coaling and loading on more beer, soap, condensed milk, etc. This A.M. a 'lighter' load of powder was taken off. Our captain said it was powder for cleaning but I am wondering if it was his way of telling me the truth without alarming me- for this is a great military stop, with every hill shooting into the other with their many forts. Japan is [has] more forts than any thing else. Everywhere the preparations for fighting has been the prominent sight. We see soldiers everywhere, drilling, travelling, getting ready for something. This boat on which we are travelling was built for hospital work

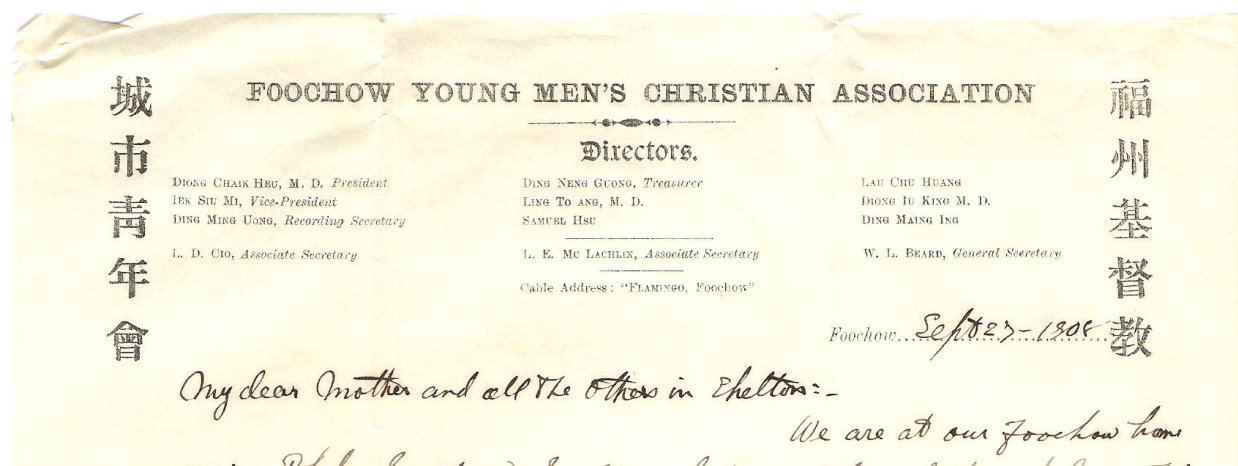
during the late war and has been adapted to its present use. It is much better suited to its original use than its present one.

Will you please telephone up to Lucy and Hattie this piece of business? I am sending by mail three shirt waists in separate packages- one to Lucy, one to Hattie and one to Nellie in care of Uncle Will [*Lucy, Hattie and Nellie are Beard cousins and Uncle Will (William Thomas Beard, brother of Oliver Gould Beard) is their father.*]. I did not know her Oronoque address. Lucy's and Hattie's waists are \$1.50 each and Nellie's \$2. Nellie's is a linen and if she does not like it tell her not to keep it. It was a great bargain- only half of the usual price- and I thought the novelty of the pattern and the extra cloth would just fit her. One cannot ordinarily get that linen for the price I gave. I happened to find all three patterns for bargain prices. I am sending in the same mail some bulbs of the Japanese gold banded lilies which grow everywhere wild on the mountain sides. They may amount to nothing but they cost so little that I wanted mama to try planting them. They are supposed to be hardy. The Japanese eat the bulbs here. Their blossoms was [*were*] such beautiful spots in the green of the hills. Some of these I dug up myself. Tell Ruth I have thought over her dress and it seems to me that the Chinese white silk will be the prettiest. I will get a piece and send it as soon as I can after I get back to China. I will send some samples of silk lace for trimming which is cheap and will be quite different from any one's else at home. She can choose her sample and send it back to me and I will order the lace for her. This will probably make her dress cost about \$7 gold. She will have a wash dress that will last longer than she may wish. Do you remember my graduating gown of white silk? I was never sorry that I had it for it made over as long as there was a scrap left. I have my lace waist linen with it now. The Japanese materials that would have been pretty are so heavy in weight that it would have been pretty expensive to send them. - I will write again when I get to Shanghai and let you know whether we met a typhoon. As we were rounding the point for Yokohama to Kobe where [*we*] met the end of a typhoon and you should have heard the copper bars in the hold chase each other back and forth from each side of the ship. We had to stay awake in order to keep ourselves in our berths. It was all over by daylight but the captain said it was a black night and he had to stay on the bridge until daylight.

With love to all- Flora.

Sept. 8, 1908.

[*This letter dated Sept. 27, 1908 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and the others in Shelton. He tells how the family is doing and talks about a steamer trip he will take to Amoy to prepare for the Naval fleet. He tells of confusion over a telegram. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]



Foochow Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow Sept 27- 1908

My dear Mother and all the others in Shelton:-

We are at our Foochow home again. Phebe, Gould and Geraldine had a good time last week Mon-Fri on the house boat trip with Mrs. Worley and the three Worley children. Phebe and Geraldine came down from Kuliang Thursday Sept. 17th- Flora got in a few days previous. P. and G. came down to get the house cleaned for mama.

Don't we feel old- to have children large enough to intrust the cleaning of a whole house to? I was here Fri. and got them nicely started and Flora was here with them too. Sat. Sept. 19th I went back to the Mt. Monday Sept 21. Gould went fr. Kuliang down to the river and met the rest of the house boat party- the girls starting from Foochow. The children went in swimming every day- and I judge had a genuinely good time.

On Tuesday Sept. 22nd Ellen, Dorothy, Marjorie, Kathleen and I came to Foochow. The weather the week before had been very hot in Foochow but that day was cool and cloudy, so we had a very comfortable trip. We left the Kuliang house at 2:30 p.m. and at 7 p.m. we were eating supper in Foochow with the same dishes as we had used on Kuliang at dinner. Kathleen was a bit tired or at least did not settle down for the night till after 9 p.m. but then she slept perfectly all night. Marjorie feels the heat some- prickly heat has appeared on her head, but today is cooler. School begins day after tomorrow.

I plan to take the steamer tomorrow evening for Amoy to look over the ground and see what I can do in the name of the Y.M.C.A. for the M.S. fleet. I must spend only two or three days there now, then go to Nanking to attend a Bible Study Institute – then back to Amoy to be with the fleet. A telegram came yesterday. It read “Nanking, Beard, Foochow. Insfufufe, convening wire arrival.” I knew from whom it came and I knew the general meaning. But Ellen and I took the first word to be a code word- but I could not find it in any of the code books. Then I took it over to McLachlin's and we all looked for it in the Western Union and in the China Inland Mission Code books- but to no avail. At last Miss Bosworth who was calling at Mrs. McLachlin's suggested that if we changed the f's to t's the word read Institute and it was a plain English telegram.

Ellen is very well- so are we all. I got very tired during the Student Conference Sept 5-13, and then took a cold and it has been very difficult to hold up in the work but the last week I have felt much better.

I think of you all as scattered again. We are glad to hear that Bessie Palmer is to be near Mary this year. Stanley seems to be getting indispensable in the Antitoxine [*Antitussive- see note at end of letter*] Establishment. I judge from what little I hear that the B.N. Beard Co. have all the business they can carry.

Two of the teachers for the Chinese Government schools, who were engaged thru me have arrived and are at work. Last week a telegram announced that a third teacher was found and is on the way. A fourth is ordered- to come next Feb.

I must close now and say good night

With Love from all

Will.

[According to A Genealogy of the Descendents of Widow Martha Beard, by Ruth Beard (Willard and Stanley's sister), published 1915, Stanley Beard was a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, 1907. Since that time he has been connected with the Lederle Antitoxin Laboratories of New York. He is now (1915) director of their laboratories in Pearl River, NY. In a Y.M.C.A. World Service Fellowship Questionnaire dated April 10th, 1939, Willard Beard stated his special interest or hobby as raising 47 rabbits for Lederle Laboratories. They have 18,000 and use the blood to make serum for #3 pneumonia. The serum is 98% effective.]



Ellen, Marjorie and baby Kathleen about September or October of 1908.
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Oct. 24, 1908** was written from Amoy, China by Willard to wife, Ellen. He describes to her all of the preparation he is doing to set up a Y.M.C.A. tent in preparation of the fleet coming in. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Amoy, Oct 24th 1908

My dearest Ellen:-

After a "kind's" rough voyage we reached Amoy yesterday a.m. We took b-fast on board and went to see Dr. Mark. Then to the recreation grounds. Then back to Dr. Marks and received his \$1000. check. Then to the S.S. office- China merchants and received \$20- refund on my return ticket to and fr. Shanghai. Then to steamer to find that she did not leave till 4 p.m. Then to Mrs. Beattie's to lunch-wasn't that a half day's work?

In the p.m. we went first to the steamer and I let Roy take the baggage to Mrs. Beatties while I went to the H. and S. Bank and opened an account. Then to see the Postal Commissioner re putting a branch office into the Y.M.C.A. tent. This he is anxious to do. The H. and S. Bank are ready also to exchange the money. All the afternoon we were on the grounds. Most of the tents are up again- all but one was blown down. The wooden building for the officers escaped. The electric dinamoses [*dynamos*] were under salt water and have to be cleaned. All the cutlery was wet and several tens of men were rubbing up the knives yesterday. Ding Baik Cieng and four friends came down with me. Today the Viceroy is expected, and the Prince will be here in a day or two. Twenty

ponies and carriages came yesterday, and a part of the 100 rickshas. A steamer is expected soon with 200 sheep, fifty calves- steers- poultry, etc., etc. Sounds like a barbecue: stones are lying round by the dozen, nice cooking stones- the soda fountain is here. I am engaging 50000 souvenir postals, 10,000 plants are on the grounds- a lot of the dwarfed trees- grand old things. The collection is worth they say 50,000 taels. \$75.00 dollars- lots of other things too numerous to mention now. These are the chief- of those which impressed me most.

I am enclosing a check for \$800. You will need to endorse it before sending it to the Bank.

We shall spend Sunday with Mrs. Beatties and as soon as the tent is up plan to establish ourselves in it. I judge there will be work enough for all of us.

With lots of love to you all.

Will.

If you think best- you might sent this to Putnam to be forwarded to Shelton, - send to Mary first. It will give them all a view of what is going on here and I may not have a chance to write to all.

W.

[This letter dated Oct. 27, 1908 was written from Amoy, China by Willard to Ellen. He tells her more about the preparations for the fleet's arrival that week. A typhoon delayed some of the preparations. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Amoy Oct 27- 08.

My dearest Ellen:-

Yesterday a letter came from you and I rejoiced to learn that all were well. Today another letter came- the one that was intended to reach me in Shanghai.

Things are gradually assuming shape. Each day a little is done. The typhoon delayed things of course and set every line of preparation back very much. They put up our tent Sunday and yesterday. This p.m. all the furniture that I bought in Foochow was put into the tent. Yesterday I spent the whole day in getting the things thru the customs etc.

Today I have secured Mr. Rankin to take entire charge of the soda fountain, and 20 of his Anglo Chinese students to take charge of the selling of 70,000 souvenir postals. 20 more to distribute to each man each day 5 cigars and 20 cigarettes. 10 to help at the soda fountain and 10 to help at the writing materials. This makes 60 in all. The P.O. is very glad to get into our tent, and they are sending a fine young man named Ross with 4 Chinese assistants to take charge. I had a talk with Mr. Wallace of the H. and S. Bank about exchanging money. At first he was rather inclined to be haughty and lofty- but he came down after a while and this department is all fixed. I believe all arrangements are now made, - unless I can get the caterer to put up an afternoon tea. This of course in not essential.

The fleet is expected Thurs. afternoon. The men will come on the ground Friday. (Pen run dry-house asleep-so must use pencil.) Then work begins. I have thus far gotten someone to take charge of each department so I shall be free to help anywhere. Roy and I have taken a lunch on the grounds- Sat and Monday. Today we were here at Mrs. Beatties. Tomorrow I promise to lead the Wed. prayer meeting. Thurs. a.m. we plan to move up into our tent. The arrangement is like this on the enclosed sheets.

I must stop now to go to bed.

Kiss the children for papa Your Will

Wed. a.m. 6:45.

It was very very welcome news to hear that you were all well when the last letter was written. I am praying continually that you may be spared- yes it does seem that if the children have to be ill they select the times when I am away.

Geraldine's letter in the one that came to me yesterday was very interesting. I learned from it more about the children's riding the pony than I heard while I was home for two days.- I am glad to hear that Ewer has come- Comm??? Sch. teacher. I hope he will be able to make satisfactory arrangements as to board etc. I will try to put a note in this for him.

Very lovingly
Will

Tell the children to write. Love to Flora

[According to the American Fleet Souvenir by Rev. Philip Wilson Pitcher. M.A. of the American Reformed Church Mission:

The coming of the American Fleet to these waters, and entering the harbor of Amoy is to be an entirely different affair from that of the fleet that came in 1841.

The armada, composed of sixteen battleships, and more than a dozen auxiliaries, which left Hampton Roads, U.S.A., December 1907, making its triumphal cruise from sea to sea thro the Straits of Magellan and on up to San Francisco, then across the broad Pacific to Japan, China, Manila and other places, and finally visiting European waters on its return voyage has a far different mission to perform- a mission of peace which evokes the admiration and applause of the whole world.

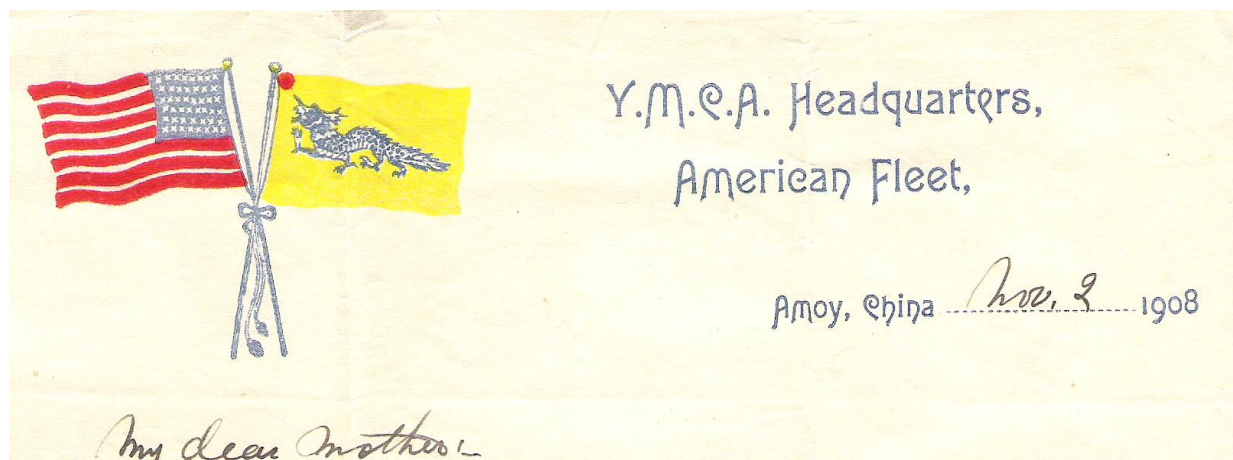
Amoy is honored as the place where a part of this fleet is to be entertained by the Chinese government. Thus again another distinction has been added to its already long list of notable events by the coming of this fleet of vessels on their peaceful mission.

The following vessels, forming the third and fourth divisions of the fleet are expected to arrive here on Oct. 29th, 1908. Louisiana, Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Wisconsin, Illinois, Kentucky, Kersage.

Each vessel carried from six hundred to eight hundred men. In additions to these battleships there will probably be accompanying them an auxiliary fleet of several vessels.

From another souvenir program are menus offered to the officers and crews throughout the week. They include: Bird's Nest Soup, Shark's Fins and Crab Roe, Roast Duck, Boiled Ham and Chicken Chop Sui, Mutton Cutlets and Mashed Potatoes, Roast Pheasant, Supreme of Capon, Potage Tortue Verte, Fruits, Cheese, Cakes, and Tea.

Both programs are from the collection of Virginia Van Andel. The program by the Rev. Philip Wilson Pitcher includes many photos and information about the Amoy area. The second program also has photos, but primarily lists the schedule of sports events for the week.]



[This letter dated Nov. 2, 1908 was written from Amoy, China by Willard to his mother. He tells her eight ships of the American Squadron arrived and of the activities in the Y.M.C.A. tent. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Y.M.C.A. Headquarters,
American Fleet,

Amoy, China Nov. 2 1908

My dear Mother:-

Eight ships of the American Squadron arrived here last Friday morning. The Chinese Commissioner in charge of the arrangements asked me to use one of the eleven large tents erected for entertaining the 7000 men of the fleet and asked me also to use \$2000 or more in furnishing it. I wish you could just look in on us. The tent is crowded all day. As soon as the men came ashore in the morning they steer straight for the Y.M.C.A. tent. Our

post office sells only \$600 of stamps a day. The first day about \$5000 of money was changed by our schroff[?]. In three days we have sold some 30000 souvenir post cards. Yesterday we held services on board four of the ships. About 300 attended. In the afternoon we held a song service in the Y.M.C.A. tent with the men sitting and standing in every available square foot of shade. It does me good to see these boys- many of them young ones writing to Mother and Father and brother, and sisters. It will do them good too. The Amoy people are doing all in their power to help and use the Y.M.C.A. as the medium thru which they work. It is a thrilling sight to see this motion, which is professedly non Christian asking the help of a Christian organization in this entertaining and giving absolutely free hand to use our own materials and spend money as we choose. We have the full confidence of the Commissioner of Arrangements. It also thrills me to hear the Amoy people say continually, "The Y.M.C.A. tent is by far the best patronized and the most useful place of the whole scheme. "This is true."

Sat evening I was invited by the Chinese officials to the dinner given by them to Admiral and officers of the fleet and the other dignitaries. The Prince met me at the door and shook hands as cordially and chatted as pleasantly as did President Roosevelt when he received visitors at the White House.

Very Sincerely Yours

Will.

This letter I wrote and asked my teacher who has studied English since last fall to copy it. Ellen's last letter said all were well. This is Tues. a.m. The Y.M.C.A. tent is packed as usual and the boys are reading, chatting, and all the tables are full of men writing.

Lovingly Will



Preparing the tents for the Amoy reception of the United States Battleship Fleet Late Oct/Early Nov. 1908

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Welcome gate for the Amoy reception of the United States Battleship Fleet 1908
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



The YMCA tent with thatched roof at the Amoy Reception of the United States Battleship Fleet 1908
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



More tents.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



This program contains the schedule of sports from Friday October 30 through Tuesday, November 3, 1908. It also contains the menus for officers and enlisted fleet members.

[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Nov. 4, 1908 was written by Willard to wife, Ellen. He tells her about a fire in the Y.M.C.A. tent in Amoy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Amoy, Nov. 4- 1908

My dearest Ellen:-

Last night at 11 p.m. just as I had taken off I wound my watch preparatory to retiring in the Y.M.C.A. tent I noticed a stir near the front of the tent outside and stepped out of my room to see about 5 ft. square of the mat roofing on fire. I ran out immediately and saw that nothing could be done to save the tent, so Roy and I at once carried out all our personal effects. Then I with three soldiers carried out the piano. Most of the bamboo chairs and tables were at once taken out. All the furniture was gotten out of the whole tent. But the electric lights were soon put out by the fire and the soldiers stole post cards, paper cigars with alacrity. Mr. Rankin lost a camera. It was 1:15 this a.m. when we had put our effects into the hands of Major Soon Chi near whom I had sat that evening at dinner and we started for Mrs. Beattie's house in a sampan.

The fire started from fireworks that had been set off on an adjacent hill. I remained outside the tent till I thought all was over and every thing safe. If it had to be it came at the most opportune moment, ten minutes more and we would have been had, and would have had hard work to save much. I had just that afternoon late given all my money to the Banker and all other valuables had been taken out of my room, for three or days and nights many valuable things had been left there. But Mr. Rankin's camera was all that I could learn of that was lost of value.

No one was hurt and as I have thought it all over God has most wonderfully led in all our movements. He will lead still. B-fast bell at 7:25 is ringing.

Lovingly Will.

[This letter dated Dec. 20, 1908 was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She tells about a Thanksgiving party she attended at the Consulate where everyone dressed in old fashioned costumes. For Christmas they will dine with the Methodist Mission. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Y.M.C.A. Headquarters,
American Fleet,

Foochow China Dec. 20, 1908

Dear folks at home:-

Enclosed are some pictures of myself which I intended to reach these people for Xmas but these slow Chinese prevented. Will you please give one to each of the people on the list enclosed? I have as many more of myself taken on my veranda which I will send later, when I get some envelopes big enough for them. I'd like you to keep this list so as to give the others out to them when I send them.



This may be one of the photos on the veranda that Flora is referring to.
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We had a most happy Thanksgiving at the Consulate- sixty-five plates laid and we were a merry company. Four of us went dressed in old fashioned costumes and were the choir for the old fashioned songs which we sung later in the evening. I resurrected Aunt Elizabeth's [possibly Margaret Elizabeth Beard, 2nd wife of James Henry Beard.] old pink chambray and matched it exactly with pink silk, and made it up so that with an old fashioned lace collar of Mrs. Gracey's and some old jewelry with my hair powdered I looked quite like 'ye old fashioned dame.' We sewed some bamboos into our petticoats and had hoops. Mrs. Gracey lent us some elegant old shawls and we made poke bonnets out of my Tamsui hats, which were most fetching. Mrs. McLachlin trimmed hers with real red chrysanthemums-those big blossoms that are buff on the other side of the petals. She was a beauty all in red with two of her husbands red neckties for trimming and strings. We dressed up the two men in some of Mrs. Gracey's real lace and corn-starched their hair and we had a good time. - Now, it is Xmas week. We have but the one day vacation for we are to have three weeks at Chinese New Years. We all go to dine with the Methodists, who always have a big dinner on that day. They simply let all their cooks meet and decide on the amount they can get the dinner up for. It usually amounts to less than the expense of an extra dinner at home- and we have the pleasure of each others company. The children always have a tree afterwards and they fare much better than they would at home, for every one thinks of them first out here.-Last week Grandma Hartwell died. She fell some weeks ago and broke her leg. It was mending nicely but she gradually grew weaker and lost her mind, so that it was a blessed release. - Our trip to Shaowu is off. Mrs. Newell had to have an operation and the doctors thought she ought not to attempt quite so much of a trip until she was stronger. So I am going for a trip off in an opposite direction for about two weeks and then Mrs. Newell is going to have a house party on the mountain in their cottage. - I have not yet heard from either of the ladies about one of them coming to take my place next year. I certainly hope one of them will come, for if one doesn't I shall feel as if I ought to stay. This next term I shall have three more boys and in March a little girl is coming- possible two little girls, so it will pay some one to come. There may be a scattering of the group next year for the Hubbards and Gardners are going home for their furloughs in the middle of the year, but there are more coming on in the lower grades to take their places. I am going ahead in my preparations for coming home until I find out reasons for stopping. I shall hear now within a month, and will write you as soon as I can afterwards.

Tell Lucy I got her letter and will get the waists in time. Don't Vinnie and Anna want some, too? Ask them for while I am ordering them I might as well get them all. Last week I bought 64 yds. of silk and shall buy as much more this next week. By getting such quantities I get it very much cheaper. Nearly all of this was spoken for

before I bought it. I am getting a pongee travelling dress, which will be the cheapest one I ever got and will probably be the handsomest.

With love to all-

Flora.

Dec. 20, 1908.

Tell Cousin Carrie I am looking about for her dress and will probably mail it to her, as I shall have so many things of my own that I shall not want to bring many other things in through the customs. F.B.



Flora's class about 1908. Flora is the woman in the back row. Gould is seated at the far left. Geraldine is seated and 2 down from Gould. Phebe is the only girl seated in the back row. Dorothy is seated on the ground to the far right.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This brief typewritten note dated **Dec. 21, 1908** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He is sending some sort of key to her in the mail. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow Young Men's Christian Association

Foochow Dec. 21st. 1908

Dear Mother:-

By the last steamer I sent to you a lot of pictures. In this cover I enclose a key. I trust they will get to you safely. I wanted to register them but was too late that day as it was they day of the races here, so I took the risk.

There are two people waiting for me and the mail closes in a short time so I must make this letter very short. We are all well. Next Friday is Christmas and we are planning to eat dinner with the Methodist mission.

The last mail brought the Christmas cards from Ruth to us all.

Very Lovingly Your Son

Will.

[This typewritten letter dated Dec. 26, 1908 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe. He describes to her some items such as winter underclothing that he would like her to purchase and send him. He described their Christmas and some of the presents. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Y.M.C.A. Headquarters,
American Fleet,

Foochow

Dec. 26th. 1908

My dear Phebe:-

A day or two ago I read one of your letters to Flora in which you write that you wish she would ask you to buy something for her. To help her out I am sending a little job for you. I hope it will not prove too arduous and I hope it will sort of make up for Flora's shortcoming in this line.

First I want 3 union suits for myself. Cotton, ribbed, summer weight, I cannot give you the number of these but my bust measure is 38 in. and my leg 31 in. My impression is that when I bought last I got size 38.

Then I want two more same size only heavy winter ones. I do not want the heaviest but something heavy enough to keep me warm. These also of cotton and ribbed. I would like all to button all down the front. I am not particular about color. When I was at home I bought some at Jordan & Marshes' in Boston. Perhaps you were with me. These are what I am still wearing and they have been very satisfactory.

I will enclose a check for \$5.00 on the National Bank of Putnam. Please ask the firm of whom you purchase to mail them to me as follows. Wrap strongly in two bundles. (Address, Mr. Chas. L. Boynton, 120 Szechuen Road, Shanghai, China. For W.L. Beard.) You know the postage to Shanghai is the same as in the U.S. Need not register. Of course you can post them yourself if you prefer.

Yesterday was a perfect Christmas day here. The sun shone brightly all day and it was cool enough so we could wear our winter clothes but not cold enough for much fire. We took dinner with the Methodist mission. Four turkeys did us. I carved one of them. We all went and all but Kathleen sat at the table. Some of the things you sent reached us on Christmas Eve. Flora says more will come. "The Efficient Life" arrived. I thank you very much for it. Mr. Mott sent it to us one year ago and I have read it once and now am reading it again to the family. The copy you sent came just as I was getting presents off for some of our Chinese friends. So I undid the book I was sending to Mr. Ding Ming Uong and put in the copy you sent me saying it came from us and the Family at the Century Farm. I think Marjorie had a tea set. She has already served tea several times. I have had a nice LITTLE drink of her tea (milk) twice. But her doll is what takes most of her attention. Last night we did not know if she would stop rocking it long enough to go to bed. And she did take it [to] bed with her and sang to it until the light went out when the little mother forgot her doll and herself and was wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. Kathleen is just learning to grasp a rattle and flourish it to the danger of her features. When she hits her self good and hard she stops and looks with the biggest of wonder written all over her face.

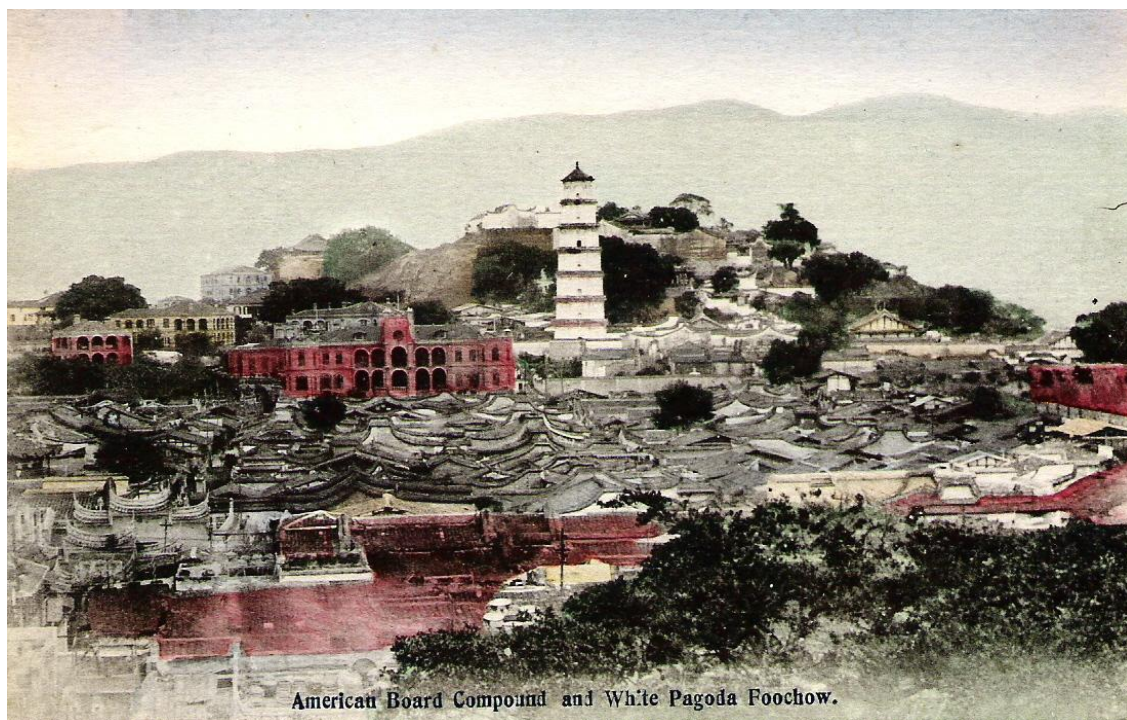
We have all been just as well as could be all the fall. The children grow like weeds. Ellen says she will have to let down Phebe's dress that was made only a few months ago. I got a tailor made suite for Gould for Christmas- the first one he has had. We gave the children a see-saw for Christmas. They have given it a rest only when they have been out of the compound. It is a good strong one that will hold the whole family. Ellen and Flora are talking of trying it, I want to see them.

I had a great time at Amoy with the Fleet as you have doubtless decided e're this. But the work drags on now. I have not yet got all the accounts settled.

Mr. Ding Ming Uong will be associated with the Y.M.C.A. next year. And we will plan to open the work inside the city walls.

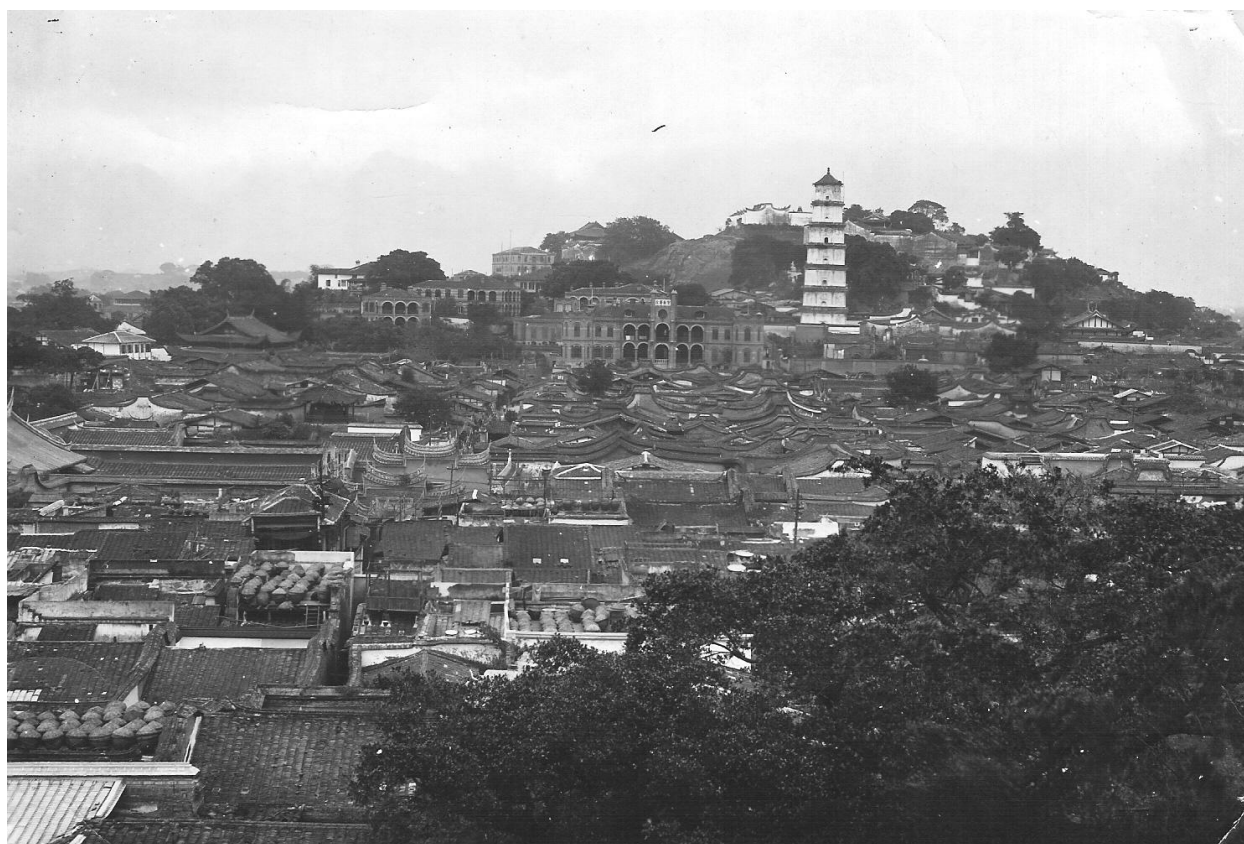
With lots of love to you from all

Will



American Board Compound and White Pagoda Foochow.

American Board Compound and White Pagoda Foochow. *[Photo postcard from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*



Clearer and wider photo of the same. *[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

1909

- July 1909 Flora Beard leaves China on the S.S. George Washington via the Atlantic Ocean for the U.S. She is 40.
- October 19, 1909 Willard's cousin Frederick Wheeler Beard dies
- Willard is 44 years old, Ellen- 41, Phebe- 14, Gould- 13, Geraldine- 11, Dorothy- 8, Marjorie- 3, and Kathleen turns 1. They are all living in Foochow, China.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 1, 1909** was written from Foochow, China by Flora to her sister, Phebe. She tells about baby Kathleen who would be six months at the time of the letter. She briefly mentions plans of going back to the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Feb. 1, 1909.]

Dear Phebe:-

Thank you so much for the little tie. I shall proudly wear it because you made it "all by your lonesome." It is a little beauty and may adorn my travelling suit home.

The Xmas gifts all reached here safely and made each one as happy as he could be- even to baby Kathleen- "Cackaleen" - as Marjorie calls her. She is the happiest little mortal you can imagine. She has so many smiles for people that it keeps her busy the whole time to give them. She has grown so much in the two weeks I have been away that she is fast losing her "wee, tiny baby" look. I miss her more than most any one for she is the one free-to-love person in the house.

The corsets I found here when I returned yesterday. A dozen letters and ever so many packages, just filled my desk top full. I have just written a long letter home which I have asked to have sent on to you- as it takes so long to write the description of my trip over. It also tells you of my latest plans for home coming. I think I shall ask the home people to buy my ticket home from Europe and send it to me for if I take the trip north as I wish my money may come short. However, don't do anything about it until I write.

There is one more request I wish to make of you and this is to get some more gloves for me. I would like two pairs of white silk ones and two pair of light tan silk ones something that will look all right with my dresses- the samples, enclosed. I think that number ought to get me home or at least to where I can get some. The size is No. 7.

Our house is getting alabastined and all the rooms are turned loose into the halls and it looks about the same as a dress wrong side out with the seams not overcast. We ought to look pretty fine to pay for it all. Will is away with Gould at some meetings up the Ing Hok. Phebe and Geraldine are off on a trip, too, so we are a very small family just now. I go this afternoon to spend a few days with Mrs. McLachlin and then I shall be back in school on Feb. 9. I close June 4th and shall leave for home the next week, if possible.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Feb. 1, 1909.

*[This partial letter dated **Feb. 14, 1909** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He tells of a trip to Ing Hok with 12 year old son, Gould and how Gould became sick on the trip, probably with malaria. He has remained sick after returning home. Willard talks about his pig and the cost of pork. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow Young Men's Christian Association

Feb 14th 1909

Dear Folks at Home:-

I cannot remember that I have written you since Gould and I went to Ing Hok. We started Jan. 27th and reached home again Feb. 4th. Gould was not perfectly well for four days before starting and he has not been out of bed since we reached Ing Hok. The doctors think it is malaria. His fever got as high at 104.6 at Ing Hok once. It has been normal twice since returning. To day it was normal all the morning but rose this afternoon. He is very thin. He says he has no pain and he sleeps well each night with naps in the day time. He has missed two parties and keeps count with precision. Last evening the other children came home from a Valentine party with cakes and pop corn balls. Gould got his mother to put some into a tin hoping to save them till he was well, and he suggested this afternoon that she might paste strips of paper over the cracks to make the boxes air tight. Yesterday morning I arose at 3:30 o'clock and killed and dressed my pig. We were talking about it this afternoon and Gould wanted to know if I had engaged any of it. I asked him what he meant and he said, "Have you promised to give any away?" He said "Oh dear you are having all the good things while I am sick. Can you keep some of the spare ribs till I get well?" I bought the pig Dec. 15th 1908. It weighed 72 lbs alive at 16 cents. I gave my check for \$11.00. I have fed it about \$12.00. The pork after hanging all day weighed 96 lbs. To buy such pork as I shall have if all goes well would cost here at the very least 50 cents per lb. We never buy foreign ham for it retails at 75 cents per lb. Spare rib can't be bought- neither fresh sausage, - that is such as we eat. I have now on the place three rabbits 1 horse 5 hens 1 rooster

and 3 capons (One hen should come off with chickens in a day or two and two dogs. The garden is a daily joy. We have had for two weeks carrots, cauliflower and cabbage, and we have had lettuce for six weeks. Then beets, parsnips, onions, turnips, radishes, tomatoes, and beans are coming on. Our strawberries are just beginning to turn red. We shall be eating them in a month if all goes well.

During the vacation we had some of the alabastine put on the walls. It is difficult to get the Chinese workmen to do good...

[remaining part of this letter is missing]

[This letter dated Feb. 21, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She tells them her travel plans to return to the U.S. Flora discusses various items she has purchased and how she will ship them back to the U.S. There is concern over nephew, Gould's health. He was treated for malaria but doctors now believe it might be typhoid fever. Baby Kathleen has been a delight. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Feb. 21, 1909.]

Dear folks at home:-

Ruth's letters are here at hand. I have her orders for lace all ready to send but am waiting for one or two from here. The amount of the bill does not matter so long as it is over \$10 silver, so Ruth need not feel that I am put to any inconvenience about it. The only trouble that it may be may occur to you people at home as it may be necessary for me to ask you to send me some money. I will let you know very soon for I expect to complete my travelling plans very soon. Now, it looks as if I should take the water trip, for it is so hard to get travelling companions to go across Siberia. Besides, I prefer the water anyway and people who have taken the trip in July and August say it is no worse then than any other time. This will make a difference of about two weeks in the time of my reaching London. I expect now to take a Japanese steamer at Shanghai, which will land me in London.

About the luncheon set. I think your plan of giving it to Helen for an engagement gift is O.K. If you decide to do that I'd like to join in and let it come from us. It would make each one of us five give about 50 cents gold. Is that too much? If you think it is, plan as you think best and let me know. I have a set nearly down and will send them. The pattern is not like the one I sent mama but I think is prettier. I shall send it in two parcels and there will be one centerpiece, six plate doilies, six finger bowl doilies, and six tumbler doilies.

I have written Helen and was sure I had sent a waist home to her, but am having one embroidered for her now, so she will have it very soon.

Mrs. Newell has your dress, Ruth, and she arrives in New York on the 7th of April on the Princess Irene of the North German Lloyd line. I have given her your address and she will visit you on her way up to Boston. She will write you from New York when she is to come so that you may meet her in time to reach her on the Princess Irene as it lies in quarantine and ask her to write a day or two in advance so you would be sure to get it. She has been a specially good friend of mine out here and her husband is the man the Shelton Cong. Ch. helps to support.

A week later. - I am sending next week to Shanghai, some parcels, to be mailed in the U.S. P.O., one to Helen, one each to Lucy, Elizabeth, and Ruth, and one to Cousin Carrie. All are waists except the ones to Century Farm and that is the luncheon set. The rest of the silk for Lucy's waist I mailed a few weeks ago. It is the one for Nellie with the extra cloth she spoke about.

Sometime during this week I shall book for my trip home. I can go from Shanghai to New York via Suez by the German Line for 44 L. I change at Naples. This will give me a breathing space in a country I have never seen. I leave Shanghai about the middle of July and I reach New York the last week of August.

We are feeling very anxious these days over Gould. Over three weeks ago he had a chill and has had a fever ever since. For nearly three weeks the doctors treated him for malaria but they have nearly decided now, since it has not yielded, that it must be typhoid. It has run now for twenty four days and still keeps the see-saw between 101 degrees and 103 degrees. He has absolutely no pain but is a mere shadow. I have not seen him since Wednesday. I can do no good if I go, and it is better for him to be quiet. He rests very well nights and suffers none in the day time but the fever is so persistent. The rest of us are pretty well. Will is looking very tired with the nursing and worry, for he cares for Gould during the nights. He is not doing much outside work.

School has opened very pleasantly and the new boys have fitted right into their classes so well that I hardly think of them as new. To-morrow is Feb. 22, and if it is clear we are to take a long walk and on the way visit a camphor factory, some glass works, and we shall have tea in a grove about a mile out. If it rains we shall have tea at the house of some of the children.

Kathleen is just as sweet and winsome as ever. She is so busy smiling and cooing that when she does get time to cry it is so short that she just does it up as hard as she can- or in other words- she howls. It is usually because she thinks the horn for her dinner has been prolonged too far.

Ruth, you may tell Mrs. Bissell that I have sent her name to the company who makes the silk and lace. She can get it just as well from them as me and even with the duty (which I would not be able to save on the quantity she would wish she will be pleased with their goods. They are missionaries and will be glad to send to her I think. I could send for some lace if I only knew what she wants but it will be too late to get word back now, as I leave Foochow the week following Jun. 4. I expect to call at Chefoo on my way up to Peking and shall find out then what I can do for the future. I am sending an order for nearly a hundred dollars worth of material from up there.

I am going to ask some of you to send me \$50 sometime before I reach home as getting all these things somewhat cripple my money supply for going home. I am ordering some silk to go to Miss Plain [*or possibly Playne as Willard spelled it in an earlier letter*] and paying her bill for her- as all has to be in advance.

I will write again as soon as I decide about affairs and explain in detail about doings and what I wish of you.

With love to you all-
Flora Beard.

Feb. 21, 1909.

[This letter dated Feb. 27, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. Gould is improving in health and is eating more. He expects to be transferred back to the American Board but does not know when. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Y.M.C.A. Headquarters,
American Fleet,

Foochow, China Feb. 27 1909

My dear Mother:-

Your good letters of Jan. 17th came very promptly and we enjoyed them greatly. Some from Ruth, and Phebe came at the same time. As to the \$300 from Aunt Louise. I should like it put into the Derby Savings Bank.-I have some money there already and I believe you have the book- as possibly it is father who has it. I am not at all particular about what Bank the money is put into, if you people think a Bridgeport or an Ansonia Bank is better I am perfectly satisfied. It may be less trouble for you to just put it into the Derby Bank.

Gould's temperature was normal yesterday at 8 a.m. and 12 a.m. It rose slightly in the evening but is normal this morning. There is still something wrong with his alimentary canal [*digestive system*] and Doctor thinks he has it now so he can check it. His appetite is improving every day and he takes milk, Mellin's food, Oat Groats and Junket milk and asks for more. I feel that he ought to set up soon.

My work this year is likely to be in the City. I shall likely engage 3 coolies and go in each morning and take lunch there and return in the afternoon. When we shall be transferred to the American Board I cannot tell.

I judge Uncle Will is getting quite feeble. [*Oliver Gould Beard's brother, William Thomas Beard, born Dec. 5, 1831, died October 30, 1911.*] It seemed quite the right thing to do to have them go down to Nellies. Helen is happy and she has earned her right and I hope for her many years of happiness.

I am just going over to book Flora for New York. She plans to go by N.D.L. the same line that we went home on.-Sails July 10th from Shanghai on the "York."

March 2nd: Things have so piled up on me this week that I still have this letter. I shall plan to mail it tomorrow. Gould's fever has quite left him and he is eating "slops" as Dr. Rennie calls his liquid foods- for keeps- looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the time when he can take "solid food."

With love to all
Will.

[This letter dated Feb. 28, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She tells more of her travel plans back to the U.S. in July. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Feb. 28, 1909.

Dear folks at home:-

Mama's letters to us all came last week. I had a fat mail- 9 letters- good ones, too, but I am waiting for some more to-morrow.

Well, Gould is really on the mend. His fever ran thirty days and even yesterday did not stay down to normal the whole twenty four hours. He is eating well- of course nothing but liquids, but he takes a bowl full of something every two hours from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. He is but a shadow but at the rate he is going his food ought to give him substance. I am feeling much better about him for I had never known of such a long run of fever before. Dr. Renney said one of his patients kept up such a fever for nearly four months and then got well. This climate- and especially just now during the rainy season- produces such things and it is only one's stored-up vitality that brings one out. The medicines did little if any good with Gould, and finally they stopped giving him any and fed him. Since then the fever has slowly subsided.

Well, since I can get none of you to come to meet me, I have booked myself for home. I have decided to try 2nd class on the North German Lloyd and leave Shanghai on July 10 and reach Naples Aug. 15. I do not yet know my steamer from there but shall take the first one home which ought to land me in New York sometime during the first week of September.

I close school June 4th and get away the following week for Shanghai and Peking by steamer. I am to have a week or ten days in Peking and then go by rail to Hankow, thence by boat to Nanking, where I wish to spend a day or two and then get back to Shanghai by rail ready for the steamer home. It is getting me into New York later than I wished but it is an opportunity that I do not wish to lose, while I am in the East.

Now, as to the money. I wish Mama would keep two hundred and fifty dollars for part of my debt to her and send the other two hundred fifty to me- in this way. Ask papa to send \$250 to Mr. H.P. Andersen, 124 E 28th St., New York City, and ask him to send it by draft on London to Will. The reason for this seeming extravagance is that I wish to send some of the requests home and I am fearful that the moneys could not reach me in time for my use of them, so I am asking my friends to send their checks directly to papa. I will write late a specific list of each sender and the amount he is to receive from each. I am enclosing the addresses in separate card. Please send this as soon as possible. It will hardly get here before I leave if you can send it at once.- I will write you when I find out my other steamer.

I am glad to hear that Ruth is in the library again and hope all things go together for her good. I believe it will be a good thing.

I had a letter from Helen that did me good, and am answering it at once.

Will write again in a few days.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Feb. 28, 1909.

*[This letter dated **March 14, 1909** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Gould can now sit up in bed. Rainy weather has delayed the finishing of the Foochow City Y.M.C.A. He briefly mentions the death of the Emperor. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
March 14th 1909

Dear Folks at Home:-

All has gone nicely here since I last wrote. Gould has continued to mend daily. He is now on good rations and is getting strong fast. He sits up in bed to eat and can get from one bed to another without help. The girls are all growing like weeds.

Flora has been laughing at us for talking about a rainy season,-until this year. Since she began her school Feb. 9th we have had only a few clear days. I am getting almost tired of waiting for the new premises for the Foochow City Y.M.C.A. to get dry so we can open up work. The mason the other day declared he had been over one wall five times and the rain had destroyed his work as many times.

My garden continues to be a great joy only I don't get much of the joy first hand these days for I go into the city six days in the week and take my dinner. But it's a great pleasure to see the things grow. I have picked six strawberries ripe and good to eat. This morning all the family but Gould, Kathleen and I went to church. Kathleen and I fed the pony, the three rabbits, the old hen and her two chickens and then we picked lettuce for dinner. Kathleen was interested in it all as if she really had knowledge of what was being done. I tried to set a hen on some

eggs which are said to produce hens that never set. But after setting a week she went to sleep not to wake and the eggs were a total loss. The old gatekeeper who cares for the fowls when Phebe does not felt quite cut up over it and today has been home and has returned with four chicks about a month old.

A week ago last night the Y.M.C.A. here held its second annual banquet. The plates were 65 cents each which also included a ticket to the cinematograph show the evening before. 264 plates were set. About 200 ate. The night was very stormy and some were detained.

The foreign Sunday School held a very interesting session this morning when each one gave some part of David Livingstone's life [*Scottish missionary and explorer of Africa (1813-1873). Could this man be the inspiration for Willard's middle name?*]. We now number twenty.

Last evening we had the pleasure of opening a box from Putnam. I do not know that it was intended for a Christmas box but it was just as good. I'll not try to tell all that was in it. Two things interest me greatly- a pail of Father [Myron] Kinney's honey and two ears of sweet corn. I have already ordered from San Francisco some corn but, this is now here and I shall plant it in another week or so.- There was also some pumpkin seed. An enlarged photograph of the Kinney family which I took just before leaving Putnam in 1904 is excellent. If you do not have one you should write for one to match the Beard family picture enlarged from the same camera.

A cable from New York last week announced that they had found a teacher for telegraphy and I cabled for them to send him at once. I have spent about \$75.00 mex and the New York office must have spent nearly \$50.00 gold in cablegrams over these teachers for the Gov't Schools. To show how things move here etc.,- I witnessed the signing of the first contract last week. Henry Lacy arrived the first of last Sept. and we have been all this time getting the contract into shape- there was a contract with me previously so there really was no hurry. The work in Amoy and later the death of the Emperor also delayed the matter.

Four ladies from the Branch of the Interior of the Am. Board are here. Two have gone to Shaowu. The other two are looking at Ing Hok and other places.

Trusting that all are well and sending love for all of us here.

Your Loving Son and Brother

Will.

*[This partial letter dated **Mar. 22, 1909** was written from Ngu Ka by Willard to his mother. He is on his way back from Hing Hua where he had to take care of some business regarding the future Y.M.C.A. there. He describes the room in which he is staying for the night. He describes the scenes from the farms along his trip. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow Young Men's Christian Association

Ngu Ka Mar 22 '09

My dear Mother:-

At five o'clock this afternoon I sit in the loft of a chapel under the Church Missionary Society's mission, 25 miles from the city of Hing Hua. I left this last named place at 7:45 this morning, rode a pony for six miles and have walked and rode in a sedan the rest of the way. I have just finished the Life of Charles George Gordon ("Chinese" Gordon). It leaves a sad stamp on my mind. But I have just written in my diary that his deals are mine.- He had no desire for man's praise and no fear of man's ridicule; he was ever looking to help man- and always the weak ones, and to the last he knew no resentment altho few have had more cause for resentment. In the darkest hours he was sure of God's will and loving providence.

What has been my business in Hing Hua? One of the 8 men missionaries there had been trying to rush thru the opening of a City Y.M.C.A. and the others did not like- and rightly. So I have taken 6 days to get these men to agree on policy. The effort has been entirely successful as far as I can see. A Chinese young man from Hing Hua has been in Shanghai for a year and a half studying the Y.M.C.A. work. When he passed thru Foochow in Jan. I had a perfect understanding with him as to his method of work in Hing Hua and this visit has simply put him back on this old track. I wonder if I shall describe my room,-12 windows 16 in. X 30 in. 1 door 2 ft. wide. Every rafter shows and of course all the roof boards. The walls were fairly white when the line was put on- but they are not white now. The floor has been freshly swept, and the dust that was harmlessly reposing there is flying about in the air and settling all about. For supper I shall have a bowl of rice- a boiled egg, bread and butter, jam and some crullers. I shall have the luxury of sleeping alone tonight. When I passed thru here on my way down last Thurs. night I stopped in a Chinese inn and shared a room with my five coolies. The charge was 50 cents for 1 bowl of

rice- worth 1 cents- boiling four eggs at once and boiling a little oatmeal and the use of a bare bed. I prefer to give my money to this Christian preacher.

I have not heard from home since I left last Wed. at 9 p.m. so I expect Gould is improving- he ate supper with us that evening for the first time since Jan. 27. He has had a long siege. But I trust he will be all the better for the rest. He seemed during the last week I was at home to be gaining constantly and rapidly.

The farmers are busy all along the way preparing the fields for rice. Some early ones have rice already above ground. The scene before me when I take my eyes from the paper is restful and beautiful. First and nearest the chapel is a newly plowed field- from which the wheat has just been reaped. It is now ready for peas or potatoes. A woman is cleaning up the wheat from a threshing floor- such as Ruth (not Ruth Beard) knew about in the time of Boaz, while her little girl of perhaps 8 summers holds the heifer as she grazes. The heifer has left the scattered spears of grass on the newly reaped bean field, and is taking a good mouthful of wheat from the next field- still unreaped. The little girl is pelting her with lumps of earth. The girl is victorious. Farther off there is an orchard of some fruit trees- then yellow wheat fields- peach orchards in bloom. Then some 2 miles away the mountains begin and their tops touch the low lying clouds- the mountain sides are bare, while the people "grab" them for a little grass or brush with which to boil rice.

I shall walk about 24 miles tomorrow, take a boat about 20 miles and be at home- And yet as the people talk among themselves here I cannot understand one word in ten. But I am on the line of the proposed R.R. between Amoy and Foochow. I'll sign my name after getting home.

[This letter is missing any further pages.]

[This letter dated **April 4, 1909** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Oliver, Grace and the Girls. Willard discusses the effect that the death of the Emperor had, and provides a description of his daily work schedule. Original letter is in the archives of Yale Divinity School.]

Foochow, China, April 4th 1909

Dear Oliver, Grace and the Girls:-

Oliver's letter came a little over a week ago. As I may have written before your letters give one a view of conditions at home that I do not get from other sources. I wish you had said more about yourself,- your business- your family. I see you are still in Bridgeport- are you still in the same business there or do you give your whole time to the B.N. Beard Co.?

The Emperor's death effects things thus far about as much as the death of a President at home does,- only differently. Everybody hurried up and got married at once when the death was announced so they could have fire crackers and feasts at the wedding. [*Is this done prior to the start of the mourning period?*] No one shaved for 100 days. They were a shaggy looking lot for the last ten months. Politically things go on much as they do in a change of administrations at home- only with less changes. Yuan Shi Kai was probably put on the shelf from the personal spite of the Prince Regent, Chen Pi (Commissioner of Post and Communications) was cashiered [*dismissed from service*] for graft and squeezing. He is a Foochow man, has come down to Shanghai and probably is ashamed to come home at once- may get back in the fall. These are the two big changes in Peking. Chen Bo Ting a big man here with whom I have had more or less to do in different matters will start soon for Peking to help teach Hsuan-Ting his a,b,c's and possible act as Literary Chancellor for the Empire. He gave me \$50 for the Y.M.C.A. the other day. It ought to have been \$200 and I am lying low to get a chance to see him again before he gets off for Peking. China is doing nobly in the line of education. This does not mean that her system is perfect, but when one recalls that ten years ago there seemed to be no thought of modern education and then sees fine brick buildings rising in different parts of the capitols of the provinces all over China, with teachers- English, French, German, Japanese and not least American, beside Chinese educated abroad, the progress made is marvelous. In the normal school here there are some 900 students- in other colleges 200 and 800 and 400. China has also done marvelously in decreasing the growth and consumption of opium. I doubt if better work has ever been done in the line of temperance in a space of three years.

Your sizing up of the industrial situation at home has not come out in the papers. It is hard work to translate the exact truth from the papers. But if there is no surplus stock on hand to glut the market, better times should dawn in the near future.

When am I coming home again? etc. It's hard to tell. My term is up Feb. 17th 1911. I may have to stay here and in this work until then. My mind is fixed that it will be no longer- The Am. Board is pulling hard both at home in Boston and here in the mission for us to come back to the mission at once. This would please me, but the

Y.M.C.A. is not as yet willing to consent and I cannot now honorably resign. I have told Brockman that he must get another man here in the fall. If they will not release me as soon as he comes, they must get him here so I can sever my connection at the very latest at the end of a six years term, Feb 1911. The work grows less and less attractive to me,- not that there is not enough to do or that it is not work that ought to be done. But I feel that others- new and younger men can do it better on the one hand and then the Foochow mission of the Am. Board is now in dire need of men and I can help them. The mission work is fundamental ??????????????[not all of the letter fit the page when copied] ... wanted. But just now I wish the Association would loosen its hold a little.

My daily routine is about as follows. After breakfast at 7:30, work at my desk until 9:45, get with my chair and ride into the city- an hour, talk briefly with Ming Uong about plans and business,- teach English for 1 hr. 15 min., eat my lunch- give directions until 1:40, walk 15 min. to the Am. Board Theol. School teach "Hebrews" in Chinese 1 hr., go back to Y.M.C.A. teach Eng. 4-6- ride home 1 hr.- supper- in the evening write my lecture for next day on Hebrews. I have just received from Mott who is chairman of commission on "Carrying the Gospel to all the World" a list of questions that ought to take a good solid two days to write- to be finished in April. These things are coming to a fellow all the time. I have three such tasks- two of which must be gotten off this week- (Mott's questionnaire is for The World Missionary Conference- Edinburgh June 1910.) Then I must make on an average about two addresses a week beside getting in committee meetings- Well this is enough- I don't often indulge in this sort of writing and I'll stop it now.

Gould had typhoid and malaria that pulled him down well. But he is all right again and will be in school next week. All the rest are well,- except colds. We have been very free from colds all winter till a week ago. These are now getting better. Flora starts from Shanghai July 12 lands in N.Y. Sept. 1. She feels I think that she has had a valuable experience. Financially she has not done badly. She will not bring home any money but she had done a lot of travelling and has spent a lot in curios etc. The Foochow people hate to see her go. She has rendered a service to our children that will last as long as eternity.

Give my love to all

Will

[This letter dated April 18, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. He thanks his father for some food that he sent and talks about gardening now and when he was young. He expresses how he would love to just be able to work back on the home farm carefree, but be able to go back to a job. Flora will be headed back to the U.S. from England on the George Washington. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow Young Men's Christian Associations

April 18th 1909

My dear Father:-

Your letter containing Zina's bill came in the last mail. Thank you very much for the present. As most of the goods are eatables, they will be all the sweeter when we think where they came. Your picture of the home and the farm was a vivid and interesting one. I am not sure but the older children will always associate Jennie and the stags with the farm. I expect they would enjoy raising calves for a time. One of the regrettable factors in our life here is that there is nothing for the children to do regularly- that they must do. On the mountain Gould had to take the whole care of his horse or the horse was not cared for. He did very well. But in Foochow there are servants whom he can get to do it and we have one old man who wants to do it and Gould is not averse to letting him. We have corn, beans, cabbages, lettuce, carrots, tomatoes, beets, parsnips, squash spinach, turnips either ready to pick or on the way. O yes and strawberries. Do you remember when I was about 13 years old you left me to plant the S.W. corner of the S.E. meadow next the spring lot, with corn, and that I did the job in an incredibly short time? The corner never came up. I did not put earth enough on it. The other day I left Gould to plant some beans with the gardener's help. Two days ago I was looking at the garden and trying to find the beans. There they were in plain sight. A good rain had washed the little earth off of them

How I should enjoy it on the farm for the next month. I get so tired here at times that I would give a good deal for a month of open work on the farm. I think often what a relief it would be during the next furlough to not be under the Y.M.C.A. or the Board, just be free- But this would not be best I suppose, as society and business is constituted one can scarcely expect to go to the other side of the world and find a job suited to his ability and for a year and a half earn a living for a family like ours, and then step right back in the traces again and go on without

losing anything. I shall likely be under the Board during my furlough, and they never ask a returned missionary to work if he even hints that he is too tired.

Warm weather is feeling of us. Last Wed. was very hot and today has been pretty warm. The spring is late. Grass is only starting and the trees that shed their leaves are not full of foliage yet.

Gould is looking very well indeed and is as strong as ever. Kathleen is trying to cut her first teeth, is struggling with a cold, is trying to get used to the change from the mother to Mellin's food all at once. She thinks it pretty tough, but she is standing it well. The others are quite well. Flora got tired yesterday and took a little cold and has a tooth ache. She has definitely decided to go from South Hampton to New York on the "George Washington" North German Lloyd, starting Aug. 22nd fr. S. Hampton. Three of the Foochow Meth. ladies plan to go with her. I am glad of this for her return journey will be so much pleasanter.

I wonder how mother's chickens are coming on. I have 5 a month old.- set another hen last night. Tell Elizabeth that I'd go in for chicken raising if I were she. I'd nurse the hens up and bribe them to lay when eggs were 60 cents a doz.- This is easily written- isn't it? Trusting the Heavenly Father to care for us all

With much love to all

Will.

The receipt for insurance came all right. Thank you. W.

*[This letter dated **May 16, 1909** was written from Foochow, China by Will to his mother and the others at Century Farm. He talks about his trip to Iong Kau for a conference and the dangers of river travel. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
May 16th 1909.

My dear Mother and the others at Century Farm:-

Last night about 10:30 a big mail arrived, and in it was your letter to Flora and also one from Helen and one from Leolyn. Phebe also had one from Great Aunt Emma of Putnam. So we felt quite up to date regarding our knowledge of home affairs.

In the last mail I sent a letter in Ruth's name- the letter I wrote while away from home,- or some of them. As soon as I got away Marjorie and Kathleen began to "act up." Marjorie tried to have croup and Kathleen took a heavy cold and got two teeth and had to be weaned. All together Ellen had a pretty tough time. But as has nearly always occurred, they were all right by the time I got home. Kathleen shows her hard usage a little and Ellen is very tired. Gould is as fat as he has ever been. I do not think he has ever looked better. Today he has been into the city with me to attend the Y.M.C.A. meeting. We hold it on Sunday afternoon and try to make it a "Pleasant Sunday afternoon." Over 100 were in attendance this afternoon.

The trip to Iong Kau was full of interest all the way. The water in the river was so high when I started that no boat would take me the first five miles where the launch started so I walked up. I staid over night in a Chinese inn. A short distance from the starting place a small rapid is formed by the falling into the river of an old stone bridge. The launch got up this rapid on the fifth trial- it took an hour. About 30 miles up a man fell overboard and was drowned before our eyes. My boat was waiting at the port of the rapids when the launch arrived and we made Iong Bing at 2 p.m. Monday= 200 li or 70 miles up rapids- time Frid. 5 p.m.-7:15 p.m. Sat 5:45 a.m.-7:15 p.m.(The men ate 5 times that day.) Sun 3 miles- (a Sabbath day's journey) Mon. 5:15 a.m.- 2p.m. This is counted very rapid going. I was half a day ahead of time, and stopped to play the rest of the day. Iong Kau is 120 li above Iong Bing. The rapids are steeper and it took Tues. and Wed. to make the 120 li or 40 miles.

We had an eminently successful Conference. 16 pastors and preachers from the Am. Board and as many from the Meth- 32 in all and 10 laymen. They demanded another Conference next year. We met for 4 days. They asked for at least 8 days next year. While there rain fell heavily and the river rose nearly ten feet. On Sat. a boat got untied and turned over and was completely lost with two little girls. That boat was the only home of the family. A contribution was taken up at once among the shop keepers and over \$20 raised for the sufferers. On Monday morning I wanted to start for home. The river was so high no boat dared go. We waited till 1:30 p.m. and went 15 mi. down in 2 hours. Just below this was a very dangerous rapid and the water was too high to go over it. When the water is too high the waves are so big that they swamp the boats. And the whirlpools are so violent that they dash the boats on the rocks in spite of all the men can do. The water fell 2 ft. Mon. night and we went down Tues. all night, reaching level water at 6 p.m. At 2:30 Wed. a.m. we were again off. At 9 a.m. the wind blew hard up stream

and I hailed the down launch and reached home at 2 p.m. My boat got in the next a.m. about 10. I was gone 13 days- nine days of travel for four days of work.

The garden is still a joy. Yesterday we had a boiled dinner. Corned beef and potatoes we brought from our garden. We had beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips and lettuce, and salt pork from our awar barrel (stone jar). Three rabbits are getting ready for the pot and 15 little chickens are growing fast.

The draft that father sent for Flora came last night \$250.

The three boarding children are all down at Mrs. Hubbards over Sunday- It is a great relief. When school is closed and Flora goes we shall feel lonely – although there are eight of us in the family.

While I was up river another man for the government school arrived. This one brought his wife and baby. It proved all right tho for the other two men had to themselves. The whole of the house which we built the year before we left for furlough. The school has rented it for the year of the mission and Miss Wallace is acting as housekeeper.

The family are all in bed and I ought to be so good night- with love and a prayer for the Father's blessing.
Will.



Willard at the left seated on the ground and Ellen, seated in a chair to the far left and unidentified others. Mr. McLachlin may be the man standing at the far left. About 1909.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter date **about June 1909** was written from Shanghai, China by Flora to the folks at home. Flora has started her trip back to the U.S. and tells a little about some of the other passengers on board. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Abt June, 1909]

Dear folks at home [Willard's family in Foochow]:-

I am here safe and sound at Mrs. Lacy's. Our steamer got in this A.M. about 5:30. Mrs. Lacy was there to meet me, so we just left my things all on the steamer and her boy is now after them. It was rainy all the way up but the sea was quite calm. I spent one day enjoying(?) a case of "mal de mer", but Capt. Richards assured me that my voyage would do me more good. He was very jolly and I had a good time. I had the cigarette people as my fellow passengers, but got some fun out of them. The American tried to pump me on the missionary side of the question but he did not get much for his trouble. The Chinaman seemed to me to have a big case of swelled head. He had sunk several thousand dollars in that old steamer hulk lying at the arsenal there in Foochow. Some company has bought it for a line between Shanghai and Ningpo. The American got to talking about justice to foreigners in Japan and as an instance of their injustice he told of a case quite similar to what happened in Foochow. I drew my own conclusions.

I am going out to do my shopping very soon and expect to get my ticket for Tientsin on a boat leaving here at daylight Tuesday. This gives me leisure for getting all my shopping and calling done. Mrs. Gammon and her family are now on their way to America so I shall not see them. I am going to call on Mrs. Segerdals and I shall find out some things from her to help me I am sure.

I find that I am short two of my white skirts- one long one (tucked) and a short one that the washman did not iron that last day. There may be two of the short ones, for I cannot remember packing the other like it. I am off without any short one and it is actually cool here. Will you please give the skirts to Dr. Betow?

The German Mail leaves this P.M. for Foochow so you ought to get this by Monday.

I hope Will is keeping better. I want to hear just how he is. Don't forget to tell me. Direct your letter to Peking care of American Board, and I think I'll get it.

Dr. Lacy's fever is not all gone yet, but runs very low. They say he is getting along as well as he can.

With love to all and a special hug and kiss for Kathleen, which Marjorie may give her for me, I am,

Lovingly yours-

Flora Beard.

Sat. A.M.
Shanghai

*[This letter dated **July 21, 1909** was written between Hong Kong and Singapore by Flora to the folks at home. She talks about her visit to Hong Kong, the weather and some of the people on her ship. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[July 21, 1909]

Dear folks at home:-

We are half way between Hong Kong and Singapore. The sea is as calm as the air is balmy. We are sitting on the very top deck at the very rise of the vessel with only an awning over us. The screw is the only jar to the occasion, and it may make my writing look very unreal at times.

Last Monday, I spent in Foochow with Will. He came down from the mountain to meet me. It was a perfect day and I was up before 5 A.M. to watch the scenery as we went up the river. There were frequent showers which made the most beautiful rainbows that I have seen and would leave the mountains beautifully clear and green. It was not extremely hot up in [the] city and our veranda was most comfortable cool. Will and Henry Lacy came back to the boat and had dinner with me for our steamer would not go out of the river until tide and daylight came.

We reached Hong Kong Wednesday afternoon. There were heavy mists hanging over the hills and mountain tops so that we lost much of the beauty of the entrance to the harbor, but there was enough to be seen to make one imagine its real beauty. We were met by a pilot when we were almost in the harbor, who simply took us to a safe place to anchor as a typhoon was due in a few hours, and it was unsafe to go to the wharf. All the craft were out near us waiting for the same reason. We had the threatening gusts of wind and occasional showers of rain, but between times we had beautiful glimpses of the city with its lights clear to the tops of the peak. It was most wonderful after night has fallen so dark that we could not distinguish the outline of the hills. Then it looked like a galaxy of stars on the horizon. The next morning we awoke just as the steamer was getting under headway for the dock. It was somewhat rainy so that we put off going ashore until after tiffin (or lunch so I must remember to day now that I am headed toward western civilization). Then Miss Corner (one of the members of our party) and I went out to find the ferry for Hong Kong. (The steamer lands at Kowloon just across from the island of Hong Kong.) It was raining a little but the jinrickshas there cover one up so completely that we did not suffer. By the time we were ready to take the ferry back the rain was driving in gusts and the water looked anything but inviting to cross. We

got on to the other side and waited for the pour to let up. The longer we waited the harder the rain came and the more fiercely the wind drove it, so we called rickshaws- although our boat was not as far away as our house at home is from the road. We got separated and were landed at different places but I was under cover. I found a Chinese who could speak English and he pointed the way to my steamer. There was nothing to do but to go out into the storm and walk the length of the pier dodging rails, ropes, and trucks- meanwhile getting drenched to the skin. When I got on to the boat it was to find out that the sailing of the boat had been put off till morning. This gave us another fine view of Hong Kong, for by evening the rain was over and we could see the surrounding hills beautifully.

The next morning dawned bright and clear and showed up the surrounding islands well, but as we got out into the sea we met huge waves which put us flat in our chairs for the rest of the day. By Saturday morning the sea was calm and every one feeling fine again. The weather is mild and we have a good breeze. I am dressed in my thinnest clothes and do not need a wrap, even in the wind.

I have bought a very pretty folding steamer chair made of bamboo and twisted seagrass, which I am hoping will last through my travels for the dining-room porch at home. It is very well made and has brass ends to each of its numerous legs so it ought to last. I gave only \$3 silver for it, so if it fails me it has cost less than the lining of a steamer chair to England.

There is a possibility that I may not reach Southampton in time for the George Washington. If I do not I will cable you on my arrival in England as soon as I find out what steamer I can get. If you hear nothing from me I shall be on the Geo. Washington in New York on Aug. 29th. We are two days late now, but the officers all say we shall make up the time- which I sincerely hope they may.

There are very few people on board- even in the first class. Our passenger list keeps changing but there are about a dozen of us through passengers. One old army surgeon, three teachers from Manilla, a very blase New York youth in search of health(?) among cigarettes, beer schooners, curio venders, etc., a good looking Austrian youth, a wicked looking rosy cheeked French woman, a wall-eyed German, an English missionary, his wife, and two incorrigible children, Miss Cormer, (a teacher from Shanghai), Dr. Betow, and myself make up the best of the lot. The rest are two Russian prostitutes and nearly a dozen Chinese. The latter I imagine will leave us at Singapore as that is a great rendezvous for Chinese.

July 21st, 5 A.M.- We are at Singapore and have gotten up this early to take a drive before the sun gets too hot. A friend of Miss Cormer's here is to be our guide. We had an invitation to take tiffin on shore but as our boat leaves at noon we cannot have that pleasure.

As it is time for our early breakfast and we are to start for our drive at 5:30 I will tell you in my next about the day.

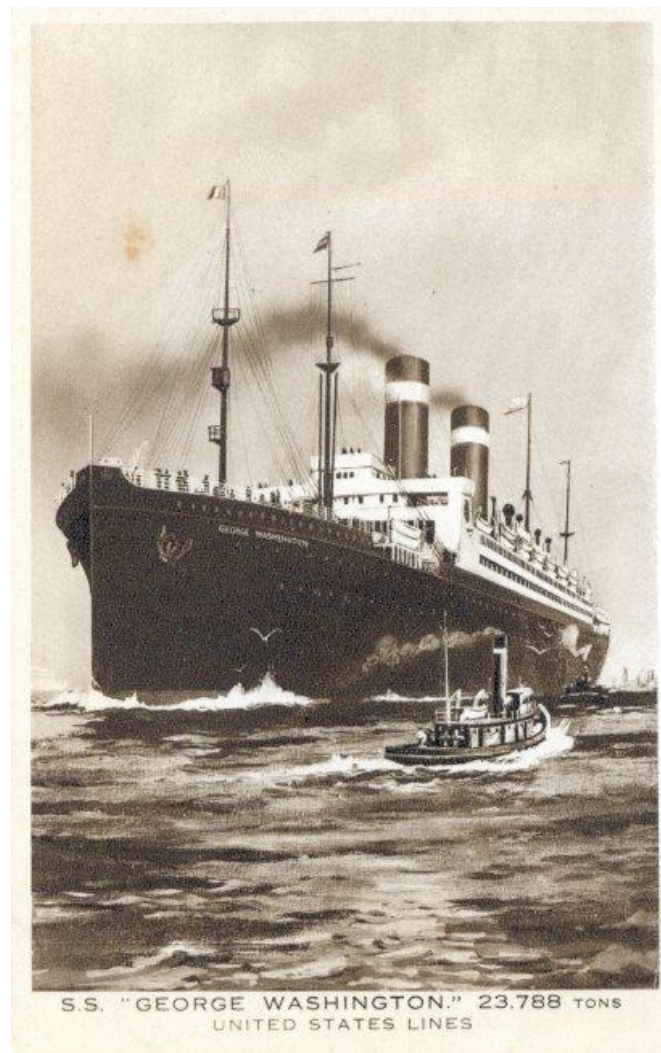
With love to all my readers, I am-

Yours sincerely-

Flora Beard.

Singapore.

[The ship's list for the S.S. George Washington shows Flora leaving Southampton, England on August 22, 1909.]



Goldman, Gary. "Great Ships". June 22, 2007 <www.greatships.net>.

[This letter dated **Aug. 7, 1909** was written from Swatau, China by Willard to the folks at home. He has gone there for the Student's Summer Conference and has spoken there numerous times. The children are growing and Kathleen is learning to walk. Dr. Barton of the A.B.C.F.M. wrote to the Y.M.C.A. saying he would not press the matter of Willard returning to the A.B.C.F.M. until his term is over with the Y.M.C.A. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Swatau [or Swatow], China
Aug. 7th 1909.

Dear Folks at Home:-

A week ago this morning at 5:30 I left Kuliang- kissed the children while they were still asleep and started for Swatau. The steamer dropped anchor here Tues. a.m. at 6 o'clock. The Student's Summer conference had been in session already half an hour. It closed last evening. I came planning to speak twice. I have spoken at least ten times. We have had a good conference and organized on permanent lines, with a committee appointed to arrange for next year. I plan to take a steamer for Foochow this afternoon- stopping at Amoy tomorrow at daylight- preaching there in English tomorrow evening- leaving Monday noon and getting to Foochow Tues. a.m. and to Kuliang that evening. All were quite well when I left and we were enjoying our boarders the Wallaces. Kuliang is

very full and it is likely that some cottages will house one family in July and another in August. No rain fell during July so rice fields and potatoes were suffering badly. But thus far we have had no typhoon. Yesterday was the anniversary of the big 1899 typhoon and Ellen has always invited the refugees to meet at our cottage in memory of the event. Before I have always been there.

Kathleen is a year old next Tues. and I hope to see her before she goes to sleep for the night. She has the fourth tooth and is fast learning to walk. We think she will skip the creeping stage. The Kuliang veranda has palings like a picket fence around it and she was walking by these when I left. Sarah Wallace 18 months is just 4 oz. lighter than Kathleen and walking everywhere. Kathleen watches her as if she were thinking- "If you can walk I can." It seems as if the children had all taken a growing start in July. Geraldine got up from the measles nicely. The rest are running up so fast Ellen can hardly keep their knees covered. She is trying to lengthen Phebe's dresses, but she grows so fast the dresses stay at about the same mark. Marjorie enjoys "swimming" in the tank as much as any of the children. She came home the other day and said "I swam just like this", and she made her hands fly thru the air.

Phebe said she got under water but was not in the least afraid. There are now 30 shareholders of the Bathing Club and 18 young women holding Annual tickets for bathing. Your eldest son has the honor of being President of the Club. The English write it thus W.L. Beard Hon. President. The Hon. stands for honorary- not honorable as I used to think.

I wonder if you have seen any of the Foochow friends this summer- the Smith's-Hodous's -Mrs. Newell- the Smiths and Mrs. Newell will be coming back soon. The last mail from Boston brought a letter from Dr. Barton of the A.B.C.F.M. saying that he had written the Y.M.C.A. in New York that he would not press the matter of our return to the Board until this term of work was finished. This will be in Feb. 1911.

I think of Phebe, Elizabeth, Ruth and Mary as at home unless Elizabeth is in the mountains. Where will Mary be next year? Wells is most big enough to help Grandpa get his hay.

I must close now to get off for home. I find that a steady pull of 4 days makes one tired and the thought of home is sweet.

Lovingly
Will.



Willard at far left with Chinese men who may be students. About 1909.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Aug. 16, 1909 was written from Kuliang by 14 year old Phebe Kinney Beard to her Aunt Ruth. She tells her about some of their activities on the mountain. Her father, Willard went to Swatow and she wishes he could stay home more. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang, Aug. 16, [1909]

Dear Aunt Ruth:-

I guess I have been owing you a letter for a good long time.

Dorothy and I, at, least, I don't remember whether Geraldine and Gould received any, or not, received the postals you sent and thought them pretty. We all have got Post Card Albums and are all trying to fill them so we are all glad for every post card that we get.

Today it is raining about half an hour ago. Dorothy, Gould, and Marjorie have put on their bathing suits and gone out into the rain. Lately we and the whole mountain have been short of water. The rice fields, too, are quite dry and cracked. This shower we hope will fill up the wells so we will have enough water. We put buckets, bath tubs, washtubs and pitchers out into the rain so that we have caught quite a lot of water.

Papa, Mama, Mrs. Wallace, and I, are going to sing in the Sacred Song Chorus. I suppose that some one has told you that we have one up here in the church every summer! We are going to sing in the Cantata of Ruth. This is the first summer that I have gone into such grown up things as this!

I have just finished a tennis tournament. It was played the American way. I and my partner got 51 games. Aunt Flora said that you used to have a tennis court on your place so you must know how to play tennis. Nearly every body out here knows how.

Kathleen was a year old on the tenth of Aug. She is eating back of me at a table now. Her amma or nurse is feeding her. She can nearly walk and has four teeth and jabbars a great deal of baby-talk.

We are going to have an Exhibition this year at last. I am braiding a raffia belt for it. Is that the way to spell that stuff? I braided one in school last spring.

Papa has been back only a little while from Swatau. He seems to have such a lot of "going" to do. We wish he could stay at home more. I guess he won't have to go away again this Summer. At least, I hope not.

We are all well and having a good time. How are the people at Shelton? I hope they are enjoying the Summer as much as we are. Marjorie is such a big girl! She is going to church and Sunday School.

We older children have plenty of children's religious meetings to go to supplies by English S.M.S. Ladies. Sending love to all from all

Phebe K. Beard.

[This letter dated Aug. 22, 1909 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Rain is lacking and there is concern on the mountain of the wells drying up. A Mr. and Mrs. Wallace are boarders with them this summer. He tells about his visit to Swatow and Amoy for the Student Summer Conference and how nice it was to visit with his friends there. They had a Cantata while on the mountain. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang Foochow
Aug 22nd 1909.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I do not like to think back to when I wrote last. There is however one consolation for you because I have thought of you very frequently for the past weeks, - the frequency has been increased by the fact that I was all the time looking for a few moments in which to write to you.

Flora wrote from Singapore and sent the letter to us to be forwarded to you. This letter I enclose and also a receipt from Chefoo for some silk that Flora evidently purchased in Shong's or from Shanghai.

The summer is most gone. We have had a very dry one this year and consequently a pleasant one for us foreigners on the mountain. But the rice fields and potatoe fields have been seriously injured by the drought. Since the 20th of June we have had no rainy day. Since July 1st until Aug. 5th no rain of any kind, and since that time only showers of short duration. Most people on the mountain have been on the anxious seat over dry wells. Our cottage is so high up that we get all the breezes going and this summer the wind has been so strong that the mosquitoes actually could not thrive here and we have seen very few.

We enjoy Mr. and Mrs. Wallace who are with us as much as ever. When Ellen and I went to Geneseo, Grimmell and Des Moines in 1904 we passed over the Mich. Central from Buffalo to Detroit and went within about 5 miles of Mr. Wallace's home in Simcoe, near Toronto.

July 31st I started for Swatau to attend the Student Conference held there, and got back to Foochow and up to Kuliang Aug. 10th. Steamers were most accommodating. I landed 30 min. after the Conf. began = 6 a.m. Aug. 3rd and took the steamer Aug. 7- the day after the Conf closed. I was detained Sunday in Amoy and preached in Eng. there Sunday evening. These trips are hard work but when I give them up as I shall when we go back to the Am. Board, I shall miss seeing a host of friends in and about Amoy and Swatau. It was very pleasant when the steamer stopped in Amoy harbor at 6 a.m. and while I was still in bed to hear an Amoy friend ask the captain if Beard was on board. He took us off to breakfast and to lunch. Then in Swatau the same thing was repeated. And on the return trip I was on shore 24 hours while the steamer was in port.

This a.m. I have preached in Chinese to a church fitted with Chinese servants, teachers and students. Every available room is full this season. Some are leaving already. Tennis, Public Bath- club house, etc. and absence of typhoons for several years together with an increase in the foreign population of South China are making this a popular resort.

Friday evening a chorus of over 30 voices among whom were Ellen, Phebe and your eldest son sang the Cantata "Ruth" by A.R. Gaul. We are fortunate in having several missionaries from different parts here who are musical. For the instrumental parts Mr. Walsh played the Chello, Miss Bennett the violin, Henry Lacy and Mr. Eyestone the cornets. Miss Ward and Mrs. Nightengale of Sieng In presided at the organ. Mr. Newell led the chorus, Mr. Jones was Boaz, Miss Baker, Ruth. Miss Ross of Amoy, Naomi, and Mrs. Wight of Swatau, Orpah. The whole affair was a grand success. The concert is a yearly occurrence- only in previous years we have had a concert of separate pieces. I think nearly all feel that this years attempt is the best yet. Phebe and Gould are both in the "big folks" tennis tournament. Gould wanted to sing in the Cantata but we thought best to wait till next year. He is specializing on tennis and swimming this year and learning a little responsibility in taking care of his pony. Up here he is compelled to do the whole thing- water, clean put him up a night and tether him out in the morning or the pony is neglected. All the children except Kathleen attended the Cantata- Marjorie had a long nap in the p.m. and sat like a lady thru it all. Kathleen is fast learning to walk. She gets along very well if someone will take hold on one hand, or she walks by chairs or by the walls or the palings on the edge of the veranda. All the children have been well since Geraldine got over the measles. Flora must be on her way across the Atlantic by this time. How you will be glad to meet her!! And how I shall miss the letters you used to write her. There will be only us to write to now and the letters I know must be fewer.

Last night a new little boy to Mr. and Mrs. Main. Last Fri. a new little boy came to Dr. and Mrs. Paton- (Amoy) who are also on the mountain here. I have written names for Flora will know them and enjoy reading them. Tell her that many people speak of her and inquire after her.

All send love to all

Will.



Marjorie (Monnie) and Kathleen Beard in China
August or September of 1909 [*Or a little earlier. Compare Kathleen's hair in this photo to the following photos.*
Photos from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Above: Kathleen (L) and Marjorie (R holding a doll) Beard, China, 1909

[Photos from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson, and a copy of the above photo from John and Nancy Butte.]





L to R: Geraldine, Dorothy, Phebe holding Kathleen, Marjorie, Gould
About 1909 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel]

*[This letter dated **Sept. 12, 1909** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at Century Farm. He has heard that Flora is in the Mediterranean so far on her way back to the U.S. The Students Summer Conference in Foochow has started and is going well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
Sept. 12th 1909.

Dear Folks at the Century Farm, and all who have gone therefrom:-

That is a long head line isn't it? Since I have been in Foochow (from Sept 2nd) three letters have come from Flora. It has been good to hear from her. The first was written and mailed in the Mediterranean somewhere and came via Siberia, and reached us before the one mailed nearly ten days before coming back via Suez. I am sorry her trip was so unsatisfactory from a sightseeing point of view. As I think of our trip we were in Port in the day time in every place except Cherbourg, and we did not know when we stopped there. I hope to hear soon that Flora has reached home in safety. When I think over the past three years and all that Flora has done and the travel she has accomplished and recall that she has escaped illness and accident and has withal circumnavigated the globe practically alone, it seems a wonder feat and a cause for Thanking God. She keeps a host of friends in Foochow who inquire after her frequently. Miss Collier who takes her place arrived just before I came from Kuliang. She is with her sister Mrs. Ford on the mountain until school opens about Oct. 1st.

The Students Summer Conference here opened Sat. Sept. 4th. Dr. and Mrs. Whitney are in our house again keeping house for those of us who are working in the Conference. This work of Mrs. Whitneys is a great lift. This year we have more foreigners than usual to give addresses. Some days there have been seven in the house. They go and come. All I need to do is to say that Mr. Oldham or Mr. Paton will be here tonight and he finds a place at the table and a bed all ready for him.

The Conference has gone especially well this year. Instead of having Bible Classes taught by a missionary or a Chinese teacher or pastor we have decided the students into six groups of from 8 to 12 in a group and asked a student to act as leader, the students at first demurred but the plan has been successful beyond our highest hopes. The addresses have been of a high order. Without exception every man who has been asked to take any part has seemed to esteem it a privilege and an honor. Only circumstances beyond his control have caused any one to decline. The Bishop of the Church Missionary Society gladly addresses the Conference and then came over yesterday afternoon especially to have his picture taken with the Conference.

Mon. a.m. Sept. 13-

The Conference closed last evening. It seems to be generally conceded that this is the best Conference yet. The attendance was the largest. Delegates 49, Leaders 16, Visitors 42 total 107. Every thing passed off nicely, and the men are going away happy and with determined minds about the Morning Watch Bible Study Groups and Personal Work.

It's a bit lonely here this morning and will be more so this afternoon, for the last of the house party = Dr. and Mrs. Whitney leave this afternoon- then I shall be alone in the house.

The family on Kuliang are well. Last week Geraldine had tonsillitis and a fever with it, but is better, and Kathleen had trouble with her bowels and her stomach but she is better. The last letter announced that she had two new teeth on her upper jaw. These account for the indisposition.

So Phebe is to be on the farm this year, and Elizabeth up in New York State. - I do not yet hear of plans for Ruth and Mary.

Lovingly yours

Will.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 16, 1909** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by 14 year old Phebe Kinney Beard to her Aunt Ann. She tells about a typhoon that hit them and the damage the houses on Kuliang sustained including their own. Letter in the collection of Cynthia Amend.]*

Kuliang,
Sept. 16, 1909.

My dear Aunt Ann:-

We have had a typhoon! I have been wishing for one for quite a long time, and now we've had one! Almost all the Chinese say it was harder than the one in 1899.

It the typhoon, began about eight o'clock day before yesterday evening. At about 12:30 I woke up, and found Mamma trying to keep Kathleen quiet. I took her while Mamma closed and fastened the blinds. Mamma and Gould had already tied up the curtains. It began to blow harder at about 3:00 o'clock. From that time to about 7:30 was the hardest. Marjorie and Dorothy were both awake and Geraldine, Gould and I were helping Mama. Kathleen went to sleep about six o'clock. We were just getting ready to dress when Kathleen woke up. I was rocking her

while Mama and Gould were doing different things, Gould was at the bedroom window when we heard a noise like a table being lifted and Gould said "The veranda's gone!" Mama then hustled us all into the sitting room. Dorothy and Marjorie were about to cry then but were very good all the rest of the time. We grabbed as many clothes as we had time to (for we feared the roof would fall in) and then we all got under the doors and in windows. Finally we all got into the dining room. There we sat all huddled up eating bread. Finally we got a lamp and warmed up some food we had mixed up with cold water for baby. Then we got dressed (we had been going around in our nightgowns) and had a little fruit. Mama's room leaked badly tho all the rooms leaked some. Papa was away so we all wrote to him. Then we went into Aunt Flora's room where Mr. and Mrs. Wallace have been staying and the two skylights were both broken and our paper dolls were all wet. We had put our paper dolls in there to play and they were all scattered around on the windowsills, shelves, and the floor. We picked them up and brought them in and dried them. Then we went out on to the veranda to see the ruins. We had been eating out there so the dining table was all dirty. Tiles, beams, posts, railings and everything was lying all over the veranda mixed up with mud. It was foggy so we could not see what our neighbors houses were like. Mr. Trimble and Mr. Caldwell both had come to see how we were and told us about some of the people. Mr. Trimble's family and boarders were moving out of their house, it was so bad. Mr. Ford's family was moving out because of a hole in the roof of the living room. Our veranda roof was partly gone. Miss Todd's house had most the tiles off and a door sucked out by the wind and a window both blinds and glass windows broken all to pieces so people could walk right in. Mr. Shaw's house had a big hole in the roof. Dr. Bliss's house had a hole in the roof. Miss Lambert's house had a hole in the roof. The Olives and lots of other houses are rather badly blown to pieces. Papa says that in Foochow the junks and sampans were blown against the bridge and broken to pieces. He says that quite a few lives were lost.

It rained quite hard for a while then it cleared in the afternoon yesterday, and we went around seeing houses. But this morning it is blowing and raining again. It rather looks like another typhoon.

The typhoon stopped a lot of people from going down. Today lots of people are going down, both those who planned to go yesterday and those who decided to go just because it will be so rainy.

Down at Foochow several houses have lost their roofs. Mr. McLachlin's house both here and down there have lost their roofs and they are in our house at Foochow.

I guess I have told you about all about the typhoon so I will begin about the family.

Kathleen has six teeth now. Her hair is curly, rather. She is wearing stockings and shoes. She has been a little ill but is over it except that she looks a little pale.

Marjorie is jolly as ever. She likes to swing (so does Kathleen) and sing and etc. She plays paper dolls and dolls (the other kind) and does every thing that we do nearly, to playing tennis to going swimming.

The rest of us are all well and having a rather exsiting [*exciting*] times. Aunt Flora should have staid one year longer then she would have gotten typhoon enough to suit her. Miss Collier our new school teacher says she has got enough. She was here during the typhoon and unless she has gone she's here yet. There will be a big flood from the rain of the typhoon.

Yours with lots of love. Phebe K.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 22, 1909** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Ellen to husband, Willard. She gives details of the family's experience through the typhoon that hit. Willard adds on to the letter to send on to the family back in the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Sept. 22, 1909]

All safe and sound!

My dearest, dearest Will!

The children say there is something to write about now! Some of them sent rather meager letters the last time for want of something to write about.

Well this almost beats the 1899 typhoon I think.

The wind had been blowing ever since about 3 o'clock, a little, altho it was nearly calm when we took dinner on the veranda at noon. It increased steadily through the p.m. but I did not think of such a thing as a typhoon till about 8 o'clock in the evening when the blowing had become gusty and noisy. We took supper inside thinking it too cool for outdoor feasting. But I did not dream of its severity when I retired so did nothing to the curtains and took no particular pains about locking and bolting windows. Altho I woke at 12 with the children I went back to bed without doing any of the necessary things for a typhoon little suspecting future happenings. But I did not sleep and

gradually as it increased I began to realize the situation and at 12:30 got up and bolted and tied and locked up everything indoors that could be made more secure, pulled in the pole from the bathroom window gathered in the clothes and waited developments. And it blew!! At 2:30 I got Gould up to help me tie up the curtains which he did the best he could with the wind enough to blow him off with me holding him on. At about 5 o'clock the first curtain (south one) went and I feared damage to the one who tried to save it so let it go. At 5:30 the second went. Then I determined to save the last one and in a lull of the wind Gould and I went out and he with his knife cut down the third and sawed that. I had dressed and was urging the children to do the same as I tho't it best to be ready for action. Phebe was half dressed and all were up but Dorothy (who was asleep) when a terrible, prolonged crash came and I stood still and looked to see if any roof was to be left over our heads. But fortunately it was only the veranda roof,- one stretch, over exactly the spot Gould and I had stood only ½ hour before, - because boards tiles, everything is down and it broke that stretch of veranda railing down in its fall. Immediately I put lights out and hustled the children into the sitting room and dining room and placed them all on windowsills or in doorways fearing the roof would all fall in. The storm was still increasing but was about its worst at 7:00 or 7:30 when that fell. A half hour previous the ridge in our room went off and it leaked increasingly. Tiles blew off like leaves and far away. We can see the sky through the roof. It is the worst room in the house with puddles of water on the floor and almost streams falling from the roof. Just a place large enough for the two beds is dry. I have covered the wardrobes with oiled paper. The dining room is almost perfectly dry and sitting room leaks only a little; the girl's room leaks some but the beds are in a dry place. Mrs. Wallace's room has lost both its roof lights and therefore leaks. The servants quarters leak badly, Mrs. W's amah's room is bare of tiles and they cannot build a fire in their kitchen- are cooking in ours. Well there we all sat in the doorways and window sills in nightgowns and blankets and prayed, momentarily expecting the roof to fall with the next gust. Dorothy being wakened suddenly out of sound sleep was much alarmed when the veranda roof fell and cried some but aside from that the children all showed remarkable courage and composure. Baby cried for her breakfast but I dared not leave the windowsill to prepare it so Gould ran to the bread-box and got a loaf and a dull knife and I cut(?) bread and distributed to the children while we sat there, baby being appeased with soft crumbs put in her mouth. The back door of sitting room pulled out its eye and went swinging to the wind but Gould and I left our hiding place and tied it with much string replaced the eye in another place hooked that, then went outside and drove in 2 nails to secure it. While in our retreats Mr. Trimble came on to the veranda and asked if we needed help. We went down the hill from here and about 9:30 he and Mr. Wallace moved his wife and lady down to his aunt's then took Mrs. and Miss Pitcher down through our yard. Mr. Ford's people moved down either last night or early this morning and now we are left above on the hill. About 8 o'cl. Mr. Caldwell and a coolie called to see if we needed help, said their house hadn't stirred a tile and we could come down if we needed to and bring all the food we had in the house for as they had planned to go down this morning they had nothing to eat. And I guess they are furnishing refuge for a number of people. He said the Smyth house was badly injured and we can see Miss Lambert's from here, - the middle room roof and part of veranda has all fallen in leaving a big hole. Mr. Boyd's house seems to stand but we can't tell- Main Deng has just been here and says everything in the village has fallen in but just how much that means I cannot tell. He says it is much worse than the one 10 years ago. I guess much more damage has been done to the foreign houses than formerly. About 8:10 o'clock it began to abate and we came out of hiding and finished dressing and ate more breakfast of fruit only and I went to see how the servants got on. The Amah's room leaked only a little.

Geraldine got her pen as soon as she was thro b-fast and began to write it up.

I have not heard of anyone who was injured either Chinese or foreign.

Now I wonder how you have fared? I feared you did not sleep much for thinking of us. Has the house there been injured at all? tiles blown off or any leaks? The rain has fallen in torrents since 2:30 a.m. here. I fancy you will have to come to the foot of the mountain in a boat when you come. The longed-for rain has come at last but so furiously as to do more harm than good. All the rice is flat and torrents pour down thru the rice fields. I hope it will not be a six days rain this time as it was before. We are very comfortable now and will get along nicely if a prolonged rain does not increase our leaks.

I felt as tho we ought to offer the shelter of our house to the Chinese in our landlord's village; but it involves so much that I did not know as I ought; then too you can never tell by a Chinese report of a disaster just how bad things are. We could move the amahs into the dining-room and the men into Mrs. Wallace's room and give up their two rooms to the Chinese in the village if they could get up here,- the aged, or sick or mothers with young children. What would you do? Perhaps they would rather stay where they are than to come out in the wind and rain. It is so difficult to know what one ought to do in such a case, especially when one cannot go personally to investigate their needs.

I am getting a man from the coolie stand to take this to you as I know you will be anxious to hear of our welfare and we are equally anxious to hear of yours.

Where were the fires last night and the night before respectively. They could not have been far from you. We are well supplied with goods as we always seem to be when these emergencies come. And we have all the milk left that baby can eat before it will spoil.

I am eager to get out on a tour of investigation among the cottages. So I hope the rain will stop soon.

I feared you would attempt to come up to us if you realized (from a telegram or from a barometer) a typhoon was coming and feared you would have a very difficult and dangerous journey. I prayed constantly that you might be led to wait for safer conditions altho we should have been so glad to have you here. But I did not doubt our safety in the house till the roof fell and somewhat shook my confidence; so we were not long in a perturbed state of mind only about 2 ½ hours, and I do not think any of the children realized the danger. They thought it an exciting experience of which they should be glad as soon as the strain was over. But we are all very thankful to our merciful Heavenly Father for protecting us and keeping us safely thro the storm even tho our loss in property will be considerable.

Yours with very tender love

Ellen.

I wonder where Dr. and Mrs. Worley's daughter and husband are, - on the sea?

[The following was added by Willard.]

Kuliang Sept 22 '09

Dear Mother:-

This account of Ellen's experience I thought would be interesting to you at Shelton and then to the people at Putnam- I was in Foochow at the time of the typhoon- got a b-fast that a.m. myself went to Mr. McLachlins - found their roof all off and ceilings falling- helped Mrs. Mac and baby into our house then started for Kuliang to see how the storm had used the dear ones up there- waded in water knee deep 2 miles- walked all the way.

There is great loss of life among the Chinese on land and water and great destruction of property all about here. Our Kuliang cottage is still keeping us dry in the heaviest rain fall I ever saw. I am getting a great rest here. Phebe's good letter to Phebe K. came yesterday.

With love to all

Will.

[This letter dated **Oct. 9, 1909** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father and mother. He has been offered a new opportunity with the A.B.C.F.M. that he was not expecting. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow Young Men's Christian Associations

Foochow, China, Oct. 9th 1909

My dear Father and Mother:-

I received today a letter from Sec'y Patton of the A.B.C.F.M. a copy of which I at once forward to you. I have not yet cabled my reply. It seems superfluous to write that nothing in my life has taken me so completely by storm. I definitely decided last spring to return to the Foochow mission here and never make another change- because this seemed to me the most needy work. But just as my mind is at ease on this subject and as I have begun to rather enjoy the thought of getting back into the old work again, this letter comes to upset it all. I shrink from the task. It is infinitely more difficult than any that could confront me in Foochow, and this is the element in the call that won't let me say "no." I wish Hodous or Ned Smith were here so I could talk the matter over with them. But for human advice I have only Ellen and those whom this letter represents. How I wish this could get to you so that your prayers might influence me as I cable day after tomorrow-

With love to all

Will.

This letter from Sec'y Patton I am sending to Brockman, Shanghai with the request that he at once forward to you W-

[This letter dated Oct. 29, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by 14 year old Phebe Kinney Beard to her father, Willard Beard. She tells him various updates on her brother and sisters. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Oct. 29, [1909]

Dear Papa:-

Night before last, last night and Sat. night we have had thieves. Last night or rather at 5 o'clock this morning we had a thief-scare. I don't think there really was a thief.

Kathleen has seven teeth. Her hair is so long that we have to tie it up on one side with a ribbon.

Yesterday Gould did not get 100 in spelling. Geraldine missed for the first time I think, this term, day before yesterday.

Latin and Algebra are not so easy now as at first.

Yesterday was a very rainy cold damp day.

Marjorie has to read, and do her arithmetic and practice on the piano, and do everything that we do.

Vaseline makes a fine blacking for my shoes. It lasts for about four days then I have to Vaseline them again.

Johnny Carpenter came to Sunday School last Sunday. Mama took your class. Johnny goes with me and if we have time Geraldine and Dorothy stop in for him too, to take him to school. He is a pretty good boy and knows a good deal about reading. Next Sunday I think Mr. Olinger will take your class. I'm not sure, but we asked him for last Sunday but he was going to preach and so wanted the whole morning. It was the first time he was to preach after he got back to Foochow. I am going to ask him to take our class next Sunday.

I got his text too, last Sunday. It was the 13 chapter of II Corinthians and Jesus crucified. I knew it was the 13 chap. of II Corinth. because he said it was the most important chapter in the world. I did a good deal of gesticulating that made Miss Wells smile.

It's getting to be about school time so I'll have to close. Just think of getting up at six o'clock and not getting to breakfast till quarter to 8!

Your loving daughter

Phebe K. Beard.

[This letter dated Nov. 11, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. He is planning on travelling back to the U.S. in January 1910 to work for the A.B.C.F.M. He confides that he would prefer to stay in Foochow and that his new job will be difficult. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow Young Men's Christian Associations

Foochow, China, Nov. 11th 1909.

Dear Father:-

The last time I wrote was just after the call from the Am. Board to come home immediately. I hope the letter from Dr. Patton has reached you. I have been away from home nearly all the time since I wrote so arrangements for starting go slowly. There is a steamer from Shanghai Jan. 11th 1910, but that means starting from here about the 5th and it will be much easier to start a week later. We plan to sell all the furniture we do not take with us at auction, and board somewhere during the last week. We shall come direct home by the Pacific to San Francisco and across- if our present plans carry. For a few weeks we would like to get into Putnam until we can make arrangements to live in the vicinity of New York. It would be my mind to look up a house on the R.R. toward Conn. in a pleasant town, where the school was good and where there was room and good air, and I could commute.

I received Flora's letter written from S. Orange, by the last mail [see note following letter]. I am glad her freight boxes came so quickly, and I trust the things went safely. We have just unpacked a box of dishes from Putnam. They were some that we ordered to match a set that we bought while at home. Out of \$12.00 worth about \$3.00 were broken. I hope Flora came out better. I cannot make out what Mary is doing. One letter from Phebe read as if she were in Brattleboro Vt. teaching. But unless another letter mentions it we will have to wait till we get home to find out. Any letters that you write us after receiving this one address care of Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Baker Block, Berkeley, Cal.

My work at home will be very difficult for me. It would be much easier and more to my personal liking to stay in Foochow. But if it is God's call He will give the strength.

With Love to all Will.

[From: Ancestry.com, *The Evolution of the School District of South Orange and Maplewood New Jersey 1814-1927*, pg. 205

*Miss Beard, whose service here began in 1899 and ended in 1926, left her position as teacher of fifth grade in South Orange and from 1906 to 1909 taught in a school for the children of Missionaries in China. **Coming back she became principal of First Street School from 1909 to 1914.** when she went to China again to establish the North China American School at Tunghsien, twelve miles east of Peking. On her return she was appointed principal of the Montrose School in 1924. The school in China is a union institution founded by the American Board, the Methodist Episcopal Board, and the Presbyterian Board for the children of missionaries in the provinces of Chihli, Shantung and Shansi, as well as for other American and European children. The course of study, textbooks, supplies and the spirit of the school were all American, and, needless to say, directly in contact with the work done in the schools of South Orange.]*

[This letter dated Nov. 14, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by 8 1/2 year old Dorothy Beard to her Grandpa Beard. Her brother, Gould, had a birthday and Kathleen can walk. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Sunday.
Nov. 14, 1909.

Dear Grandpa Beard:-

It is a very nice day today. Saturday was Gould's birthday. He had a nice party. He had four presents. Kathleen can walk the length of our hall. Her hair in front is so long that we have to tie it up with a ribbon. Our pony is getting to be a fat pony.

Monday

I do not think I can write a very long letter because I can not think of much to say. Marjorie is all the time wanting to have me read a story. We are not going to have any school this afternoon. I think I must close now.

Yours truly

Dorothy Beard.

[This letter dated Nov. 29, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He tells her of his plans to leave Shanghai on January 17, 1910 to head back to the U.S. The Chinese have already given them a farewell reception. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
Nov. 29th 1909

Dear Mother:-

There are 5 minutes before I must leave for Foochow City, so I will write just a line or two to say that all are well. The last letters spoke of Fred's death and of your reception of the news that we were planning to come home, soon. I have engaged passage on the "Asia" from Shanghai Jan. 17, - thru tickets to Boston planning to go to Worcester and down to Putnam.

Consul Gracey asked all Americans to take dinner with him at the Consulate Thanksgiving evening- 94 in all. I had the honor to be asked to make the address.

We have had our farewell feast and reception by the Chinese already last Saturday.

I plan to take one more country trip to Kucheng starting day after tomorrow in the evening to be gone just a week or 6 days then I shall give myself to packing.

Lovingly
Will.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all

W.

[This letter dated Dec. 22, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Mary. He has been trying to quickly pack to go back to the U.S. Mary will not be teaching in California again. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China Dec. 22nd 1909.

Dear Sister [Mary]:-

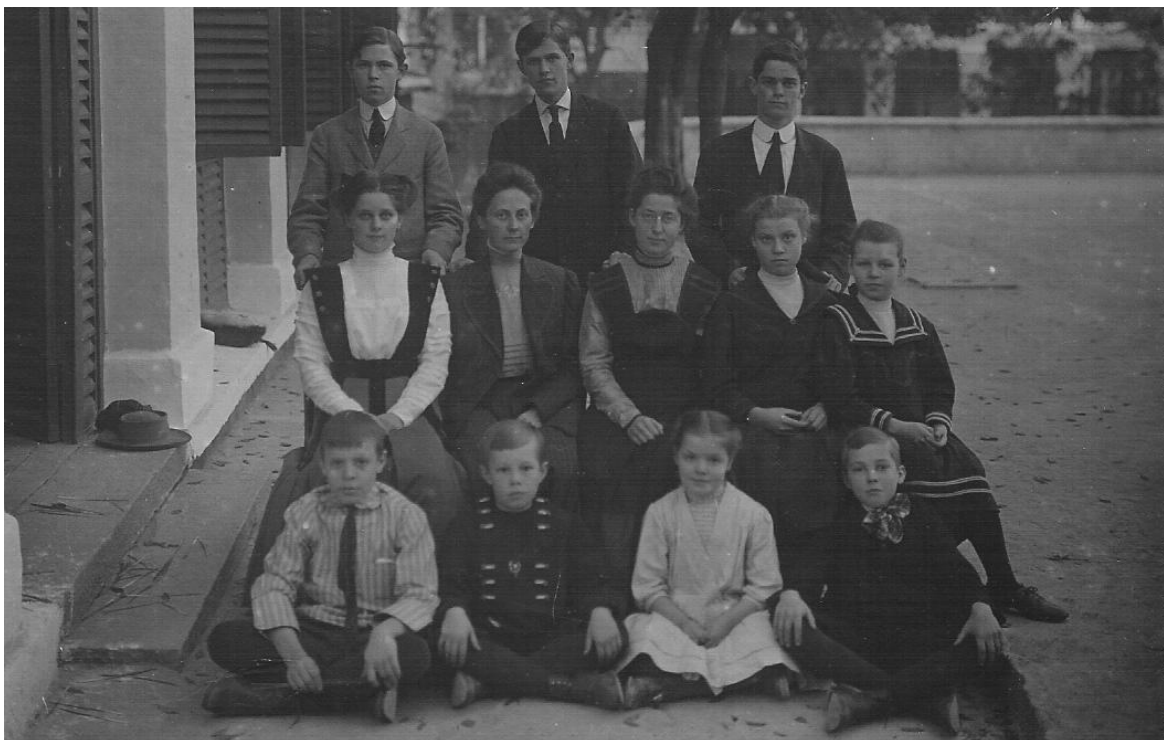
I find an envelope stamped and addressed to you. This I must have done with good intentions last spring and it is a sure proof that you were in my thoughts then. In fact you were much of the time for I feared from the scarcity of your letters that you were not perfectly content in Santa Barbara. And from all that I can learn you did not wish to go back. The letters from home seem to indicate that you are not teaching this year. The old home must be full of girls again.

We are tearing things up and getting them into boxes as fast as possible, with all the work there is to do- for I have not yet laid down any of the Y.M.C.A. work that I have been carrying on. And then it is now Christmas time and invitations are too thick to accept all from the churches, etc. three evenings this week are promised and all day Christmas day. So packing goes slowly. All our furniture we shall sell at auction so this will be one big job off our hands. I have three boxes of books packed and our pictures are nearly ready to nail up. The last two weeks here we shall board.

The weather has been superb for two months. The babies are now fat and rosy. We hope they will keep so. As I pack I keep wondering how Flora found her things when she came to open up the boxes- for this matter of packing is always an experiment. Even the exporting houses have to allow a chance for breakage.

I am afraid very few more letters will reach us here from home if any- for you will be thinking we are not here and will not write. Can't some of you send a letter to meet us in San Francisco? Address care Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal. and we will get it. I think I have written that we are booked to sail on the "Asia" from Shanghai Jan 17th and plan to go to Worcester straight and then down to Putnam. We stopped at Shelton first before and we will stop at Putnam first this time.

With Love to all
Will.



This may be the class Flora taught until she left for the U.S. in July 1909. This may be late 1909. Gould is seated on the ground at the far left. Dorothy is the only girl seated on the ground, 3rd from left. Geraldine is in the middle row far right and Phebe is right next to her.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Marjorie and Kathleen on the veranda of their house.

The following was written (probably by Marjorie) on the back of a similar photo: "My father planned the house and supervised its building while he was with the Y.M.C.A. He taught the Chinese to make the pie-shaped bricks which formed the round pillars."

[Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Marjorie on steps about 1909.

1910

- January 10, 1910 Willard and Ellen left China for the U.S. on furlough after resigning from the YMCA (February 12, 1910 was official end of employment with YMCA) to become Secretary of the Middle District to the American Board in NY. Here he appointed other missionaries.
- Willard's family lives in Putnam, CT while on furlough.
- Boy Scouts of America founded by Daniel Carter Beard, third cousin once removed to Willard Beard.
- Edward VII dies, George V becomes King of England
- Willard is 45, Ellen- 42, Phebe-15, Gould-14, Geraldine- 12, Dorothy- 9, Marjorie- 4, Kathleen- 2.

On Thursday, **January 6th, 1910**, at 11:15 a.m. an auction by H.S. Brand & Co. Auctioneers was held at the residence of Rev. W.L. Beard in preparation of their return to the U.S. 342 items were listed in the auction catalogue and all payments were required to be made on or before delivery in Mexican dollars at the rate of Tels 7415 per thousand. In addition to all the furniture, the following items were also offered for sale: 2 adult sedan chairs, children's sedan chair, mowing machine, Kerosine stove, Enamel slop pail, 2 Children's rocking chairs, Large and handsomely carved sideboard of teak wood with mirrors, numerous mosquito curtains, enamel foot bath, commodes, 2 boxes crochet cotton, 2 boats, dolls bureau and thread stand, medicines, baby shoes, zinc pails, 4 enamel basins and 3 jugs, boys boots, Paradise of childhood (a guide to kindergartners), Hammond typewriter, 6 Bentwood chairs, soap cutter, Winchester rifle with cartridges, envelopes, blotting paper, stationery, bottles of ink, coal scuttle, 10 window screens, cottage piano by Kingsbury, baby organ, 12 finger bowls, tea service, wine glasses, 1 dozen salt cellars, dinner bell, bread machine, one sago palm and a chicken house.

[Catalogue of auction from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Willard and Ellen Beard – about 1910

[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Beard, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]

Picture referred to in postcard dated May 28, 1910



Nancy Maria Nichols Beard with granddaughters, Kathleen (left) and Marjorie (right).
Written in the Butte album: "The first spring chickens"

[Photo from the collection of Allen and Sherrie Elmer. A copy of the photo is in the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

The Beard Children 1910



Written on back in Ellen's handwriting: "This is the whole family land on their "Plymouth Rock" in Mount Vernon."

In the very back is Dorothy. Kathleen is the youngest at the very front. The others are L to R: Gould Marjorie, Geraldine, Phebe.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Gould in Mt. Vernon, NY-1910
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Phebe and Marjorie in Mt. Vernon, NY- 1910



Phebe left. Written on back of photo of Marjorie: "Marjorie posed here and asked me to take this of the doll that is not very distinct against the rock."

[Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[The following series of six postcards dated **May 1910** was written by Ruth and Mary Beard in Shelton, CT to Ellen and the children in Putnam, CT except for Marjorie and Kathleen. Marjorie and Kathleen are staying at Century Farm while their older siblings are in quarantine for the measles. The postcards have photos of the girls that either Mary or Ruth took. Original postcards are held in the Oberlin College Archives.]*

[Oberlin collection]

Postmarked: Shelton, Conn. May 1910

Do you recognize this crowd? It was taken on your Mother's birthday. How are you all getting along. Aunt Mary and Marjorie have gone to see Dr. Peck.

Love from
R. Beard.

Kathleen knows all these by name. R. B.

Shelton, Thursday

Addressed to: Mr. M Gould Beard
Care Mr. Myron Kinney
Center Street
Putnam, Conn.



Kathleen is facing us, Monnie is looking away

[The original photo postcard of this same photo is in the archives of Oberlin College, but this photo is from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[Oberlin collection]

Postcard postmarked 1910 from
Shelton, Conn

Miss Dorothy Beard
Putnam
Conn
Care of Mr. Myron Kinney

May 20, 1910

Dear Dorothy,

Is not Kathleen's grin a happy one? We are having a fine time with the children. They are both growing fat. I took Marjorie to Dr. Peck yesterday. He thinks her improved and has changed the pills. Kathleen wants to take pills too so has a bread one after each meal.

She goes to sleep each night saying over the names of you all. Each one is "way, way too too's". Occasionally she runs into the front room to look for "Mama".

Today we all had our heads washed except baby. Marjorie was very cute. She had seen us so wanted her head "all funny" "without the snarls combed out." We had not winced in the combing process so she did not. How are the measles? I hope you all have them together so as to recover quickly. With love to you all.

Aunt Mary

Postmarked: Shelton, Conn. May 1910

Aunt Mary took this on my birthday. It is my first attempt at printing. Do you recognize us all? The babies are fine and talk about you all every day. In town the other day M. said "There is a suit which I would like to see Gould in". Both are growing and some of their dresses begin to look outgrown but they'll be all right for a while yet. Please tell Mama if it comes off very warm again before you come down the babies would like some summer undershirts if it is convenient for her to send them, otherwise we have everything they need.

I hope when this reaches you you'll all be fortunate enough to be over the measles.

The other day K. kissed me all over when she awoke and said "Mama" so I'll ask you to deliver the kisses, please. She said today when it was raining, "Grandpa all wet". We were so glad to get the two letters. Love to all. R.B.

To: Master M. Gould Beard
Center Street
Putnam, Conn.

Care
Mr. Myron Kinney

[Oberlin collection]

Postmarked: Shelton, Conn. May 1910

Marjorie is here at my side and she requests me to write you this from her. Tell Mama she said she was going to housekeeping and I think she had been in Mt. Vernon a long time. She sends her love. She is fine.

Mother, Mary and Marjorie have been to church and S.S. M. was so tired she had a long nap. Kathleen is "full of it" these days and her high spirits can hardly quiet themselves to sleep. We had an hours circus tonight when she retired. She weighs 29 lbs. and M. 46.

Am so glad the sick ones are better and hope you can come out of quarantine soon – for your sakes- but you can leave us the babies. Marjorie is helping me with this card by leaning on my knee and asking questions and blotting each word as soon as it is written.

We all took a walk this afternoon ?? Grandma went because Kathleen was so urgent in asking her. Hope to hear from you soon. Love from Ruth Beard

Addressed to: Mrs. W. L. Beard ,
Center Street,
Putnam, Conn.

[Oberlin collection]

Postmarked: Shelton, Conn. May 25, 1910

This card is Marjorie's and she wants me to send it to you. Grandma says tell you all to come down here to see us now. I hope you are out of quarantine to-day. R.B.

Papa was here for a few hours yesterday on his way to New York. Yesterday when Grandma was away K. put some buttons in her mouth and I said, "K. what does Grandma say?" "Grandma no, no. Grandma, all gone". She is so full of fun and the little girl and the big girl are enjoying each other to the full this day. We are enjoying them. R.B.

Addressed to: Miss Dorothy Beard,
Center Street,
Putnam, Conn.

Care Mr. Myron Kinney

[Oberlin collection]

Postmarked: Shelton, Conn. May 28, 1910

Dear Geraldine,

Your nice letters and card were very welcome. Marjorie enjoys her letter but resigned the card to Baby who cried for it. Aunt Flora came last night. Baby says to tell "Si Si to come". She is a great chatterbox. We hope to hear that Gould is all right, and to see you down here soon. We look for Uncle Stanley tonight. Give my love to everyone and keep a lot for yourself.

Don't you think this a fine picture. Grandpa suggests that I send it to the "New Yorker". With love,

Aunt Mary

Addressed to: Miss Geraldine Beard
Center Street
Putnam, Conn.
c/o Mr. Myron Kinney



Willard refers to this photo in his letter dated About May 23, 1940: "This is the time of year when Monnie and Kathleen and I sat out south of the house in the grass sunning. We had our pictures taken there."

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Kathleen Beard about 1910

Written in album: "Bug all gone"

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Summer 1910

Back row L to R: Phebe Kinney Beard, Geraldine Beard, Willis Hume holding Willis Fulton Hume, Donald Corbin Hume (behind Ellen) and Dorothy Beard

Front seated L to R: Emma Kinney, Etta Kinney Hume with little Myron Kinney Hume in front of her, Myron Kinney [*Myron Kinney's wife died in 1907*], Ellen Kinney Beard

It looks like Kathleen's head with a white bow is cut off in the photo directly in front of Ellen and part of Marjorie's or Gould's head might be the one in front of little Myron Kinney Hume in the front.

[*Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.*]

1911

- Sun Yat-Sen named "Provisional President" of China December 29, 1911
- Republican Revolution- Manchu dynasty ousted
- Willard and family remain in the United States where Willard is working for the ABCFM
- Beard family photo is taken at Century Farm
- Willard is 46, Ellen- 43, Phebe- 16, Gould- 15, Geraldine- 13, Dorothy 10, Marjorie- 5, Kathleen- 3.

Because Willard and Ellen are on furlough from China in 1911, we have no letters from that year. However, we have this family photo taken at Century Farm. Kathleen Beard Elmer wrote down all the names of those whom she remembered of those in the photo. She identified the infant in the picture as Edith Louise Beard. We know from A Genealogy of the Descendants of Widow Martha Beard by Willard's sister, Ruth Beard, that Edith was born on February 16, 1911. We can therefore determine that the photo was taken in the summer of that year.

The Beard Family 1911



Century Farm, Shelton, CT

Willard Livingstone Beard- front right
 Ellen Kinney Beard- back row, 4th from left
 Dorothy Beard- front row, farthest left
 Marjorie Beard- front row next to Dorothy, 2nd from left
 Kathleen Beard- front row next to Marjorie, 3rd from left
 Grace Beard- front row, next to Kathleen, 4th from left
 Leolyn (the 2nd) Beard- front row next to Grace, 5th from left
 Gould Beard- 2nd row, 1st young boy in white shirt on left
 Geraldine Beard- 2nd row, immediately to the right of Gould
 Phebe Kinney Beard- 2nd row, 3 children to the right of Geraldine with long hair and necklace
 Olive Beard- 2nd row girl at far right next to Willard
 Anna Beard- 2nd row, 4th child from right, next to Phebe Kinney Beard
 Mary Beard- woman sitting on ground farthest to the left in the picture
 Flora Beard- back row, 4th from right
 Ruth Beard- back row, 6th from right (has her arm on chair)
 Oliver Gould Beard- man sitting in chair with shorter beard and hand in jacket front
 Nancy Maria Nichols Beard- white haired woman in light colored shirt, left of Oliver
 Leolyn Seaver Beard (widow of James Beard)- woman sitting at far right in picture

Edith Louise Beard- baby in the picture (born February 16, 1911) sitting on mother, Abbie's lap with father, Bennett Nichols Beard next to her

William Thomas Beard (probably)- brother of and man sitting next to Oliver Gould Beard. William died in October later that year (1911).

Stanley Beard- man standing at far left

Oliver Gould Beard, Jr.-possibly 3rd from right back row

Elizabeth Beard- woman in light colored shirt standing behind the sitting Oliver Gould Beard.

Phebe Maria Beard- unknown...possibly back row, 2nd from left? Or, between Ruth and Flora?



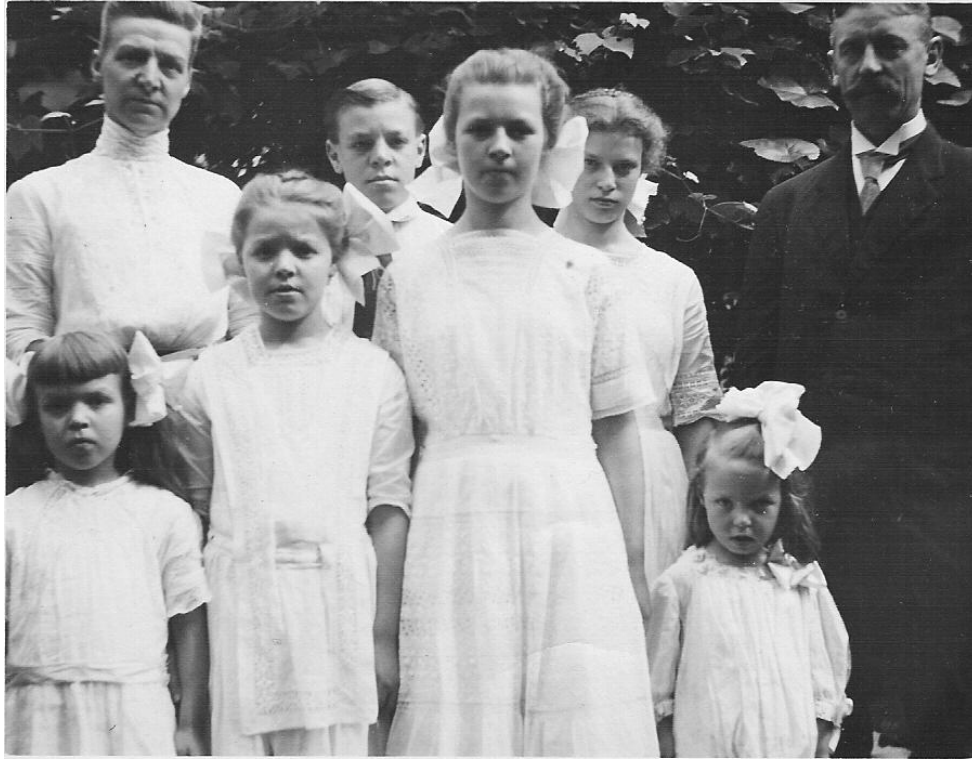
Beard cousins Summer of 1911, taken the same day as the above family reunion photo

Front Row L to R: Marjorie Beard, Gracie Beard, Kathleen Beard, Leolyn Beard

Second Row L to R: unknown girl, Phebe Kinney Beard, Geraldine Beard, Dorothy Beard, Olive Beard, Annie Beard

Back Row L to R: Gould Beard, Oliver Wells Beard, possibly Theodore Willard Beard (son of Zina Chatfield Beard), Dan Beard, possibly Harold Chatfield Beard (also son of Zina), unknown boy.

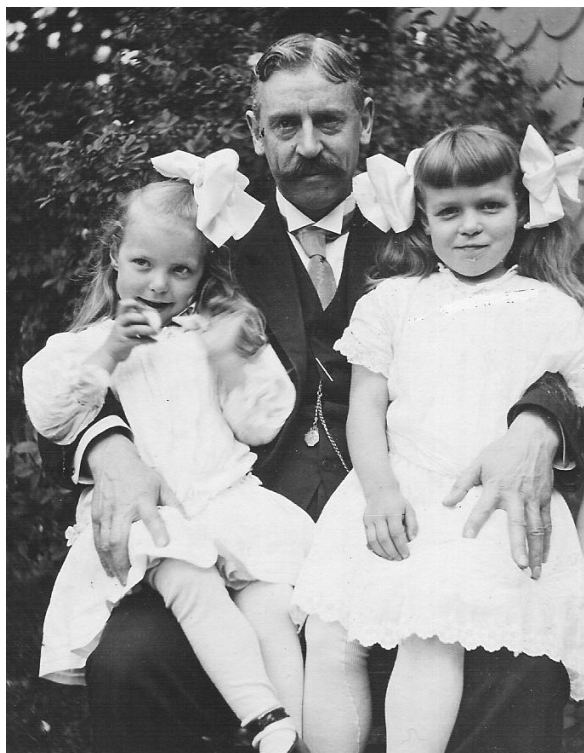
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



L to R back: Ellen, Gould, Phebe, Willard
 L to R front: Marjorie, Dorothy, Geraldine, Kathleen
 Probably 1911 [*Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.*]



Seated- Phebe holding Kathleen
 Standing L to R- Dorothy, Gould, Geraldine, Marjorie

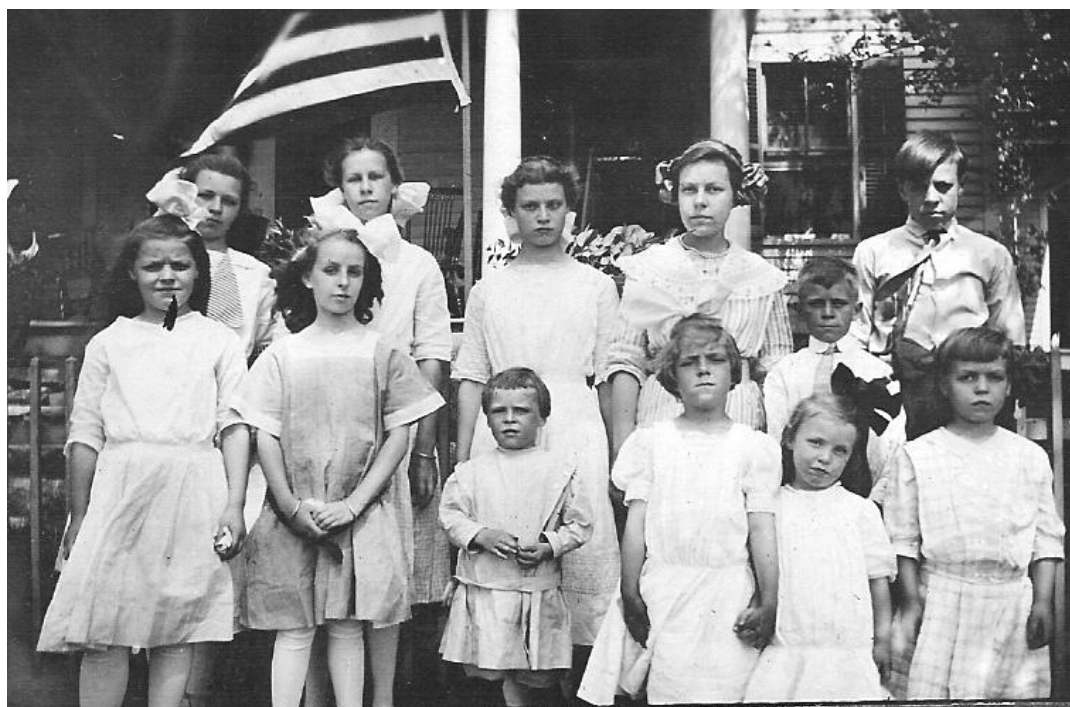


Willard with Kathleen and Marjorie about 1911



Marjorie and Kathleen 1911

[Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Beard Cousins - 1911

Back row L to R: Geraldine Beard, Olive Beard, Phebe K. Beard, Anna Gilbert Beard, Gould Beard
Front row L to R: Dorothy Beard, Gracie Beard, Daniel Nichols Beard, Leolyn Beard 2nd, Kathleen Beard, Oliver Wells Beard (behind Kathleen), Marjorie Beard [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Phebe Kinney Beard
About 1911

Death of Oliver Gould Beard's brother, William Thomas Beard – October 30, 1911

From the Evening Sentinel, Tuesday, Oct. 31, 1911:

BEARD- In Oronoque, at the home of his daughter Mrs. Frank E. Blakeman, Wm. T. Beard, aged 79 years, 10 months, 26 days. Funeral services will be held at the home of F.E. Blakeman in Oronoque, Thursday at 2:15 o'clock in the afternoon. Interment in Riverside cemetery.

AGED RESIDENT OF HUNTINGTON DEAD

WILLIAM T. BEARD PASSES AWAY AT HOME OF DAUGHTER IN ORONOQUE

Born in Old Homestead He Spent Nearly Eighty Years in This Town- One of Pioneer Manufacturers of This Place-
Returning to Land Later in Life Was Successful and Prosperous Farmer.

In the death of William T. Beard, which occurred in Oronoque last night, Huntington lost one of its oldest native residents, and one of its oldest native residents, and one of the pioneer manufacturers of this section. Mr. Beard was born in the old homestead of the Beard family now occupied by O.G. Beard, at Long Hill, and resided there until in early manhood he engaged in the manufacture of straw paper, with his brother Theodore Beard in the mill at Wells Hollow, now used as a saw and grist mill. The brothers were among the pioneer manufacturers of this section, and for a number of years did a thriving business in the paper which was then used extensively. They built a two family house near the mill and resided there together for several years. Later they dissolved partnership, and Mr. William Beard purchased a farm in Long Hill not far from his old home and until a few years ago followed the pursuit of farming, being as successful in this as in the paper manufacturing business. He suffered from valvular disease of the heart for many years and nearly six years ago suffered a paralytic stroke as a sequence to the disease from which he never entirely recovered, although he was able to carry on his farming for two or three years and market his produce. Gradually falling in health, however, he removed to the home of his daughter Mrs. Frank E. Blakeman, in Coram, about three years ago, and there he steadily though slowly failed until diabetes developed and finally caused his death as stated. He was nearly eighty years of age and was perhaps the most up-to-date person of his years in this section.

Always a great reader he kept fully abreast of the times through the papers and magazines, while he was a constant reader of the best of current fiction. Few men were better posted on current topics, while he knew all the best authors and fairly reveled in their writings. Even after the severe shock of nearly six years ago, he continued to have the same zest for reading and love for the best in fact and fiction, and few better read men could be found.

He leaves three children, Miss Stella Beard, Mrs. Frank E. Blakeman and Miss Hattie Beard to mourn his loss. He was always keenly alive to the interests of his native town, and was an old line Democrat in politics, and while not trying for office he was always in touch with the affairs of the town and his advice was received with attention by both political friends and enemies as well.

From the Shelton Times, dated Saturday, December 2, 1911, page one:

Beard Family Reunion

Mr. and Mrs. O.G. Beard, at Century Farm, entertained a party of thirty on Thanksgiving Day. The ramifications of the "family tree" including Mr. and Mrs. Beard numbered twenty-nine. The children and their children were all present except Miss Mary Beard who is teaching in Godfrey, Ill. After the bountiful dinner the time was passed with music and pleasant talk until quite a late hour. Some of the guests will remain for the rest of the week.



About 1911. The little boy in the spare tire is probably Daniel Nichols Beard, son of Willard's brother, Bennett Nichols Beard (1907-2001)

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Foochow, Foreign buildings about 1911 probably on Nantai Island, Foochow

The Revolution of 1911

The Monarchy of China became a Republic on October 10, 1911. The Revolution in Foochow began at 4:15 a.m. November 9.

About 5,000 Tartars (Manchus) were left without food or money in the city. These had each received a monthly stipend from the Chinese Government, which enabled them to exist with doing little or no work. Five years after the Revolution there were less than 1,000 to be found in Foochow. They had moved to other places or had died.

Beard, Willard L, and Anti-Cobweb Club of Foochow, China Fukein, A Study of a Province in China. Shanghai, China: Presbyterian Mission Press, 1925.

1912

- The Titanic sinks April 1912
- Willard Beard returns to Foochow without his family
November 12, 1912 with Willard as President of Foochow College of the American Board until 1927. Ellen and the children live in Putnam, CT (and probably Mt. Vernon, NY until Willard leaves for China)
- New Mexico and Arizona are admitted to the Union
- Establishment of Republic of China (until 1949)
- Yuan Shi Kai becomes 1st President of China
- Willard is 47, Ellen- 44, Phebe- 17, Gould- 16, Geraldine- 14, Dorothy- 11, Marjorie- 6, Kathleen- 4.



Willard is the man sitting in front, far left.

[This photo postcard, dated **January 5, 1912**, was written from Mount Vernon, New York by Willard to Flora. He is on his way home from New York. The photo is of the American Board missionaries at the 4th Conference of the Medical Missionary Association of Battle Creek. Postcard from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Photo postcard addressed to:]

Miss Flora Beard
105 Mulligan Pl.
S. Orange
N.J.

Am. B'd Missionaries at 4th Conf. of Med'l Miss'y Assn Battle Creek
Jan. 5 – 1912.

I'm off for home tonight.- Cold here 5 degrees below zero this a.m.

With Love

Will

At home 1:30 p.m. Sunday

While Willard is working for the ABCFM in the U.S., he and the family are probably living in Mount Vernon, NY, which is a suburb on New York City. A chopped photo postcard of the Century Farm House sent by Willard is addressed to Mrs. W. L. Beard at 146 Vista Place, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. Words that are still visible on the postcard are "N.Y., by Subway Express, Brooklyn, will be in Mt. V".

The following photos show Gould and Geraldine holding diplomas. They did graduate from Putnam High School together in 1916, but they seem too young in these photos to be 20 and 18 years old that they were. In 1912 they would have been 16 and 14. This might be a graduation from 8th grade- possibly Mt. Vernon, NY.



Myron Gould Beard - about June 1912

Possibly graduation from 8th grade. Photo was taken by Luttbeg, 150 South Fourth Ave. 150, Mt. Vernon. [*Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard.*]



Geraldine Beard

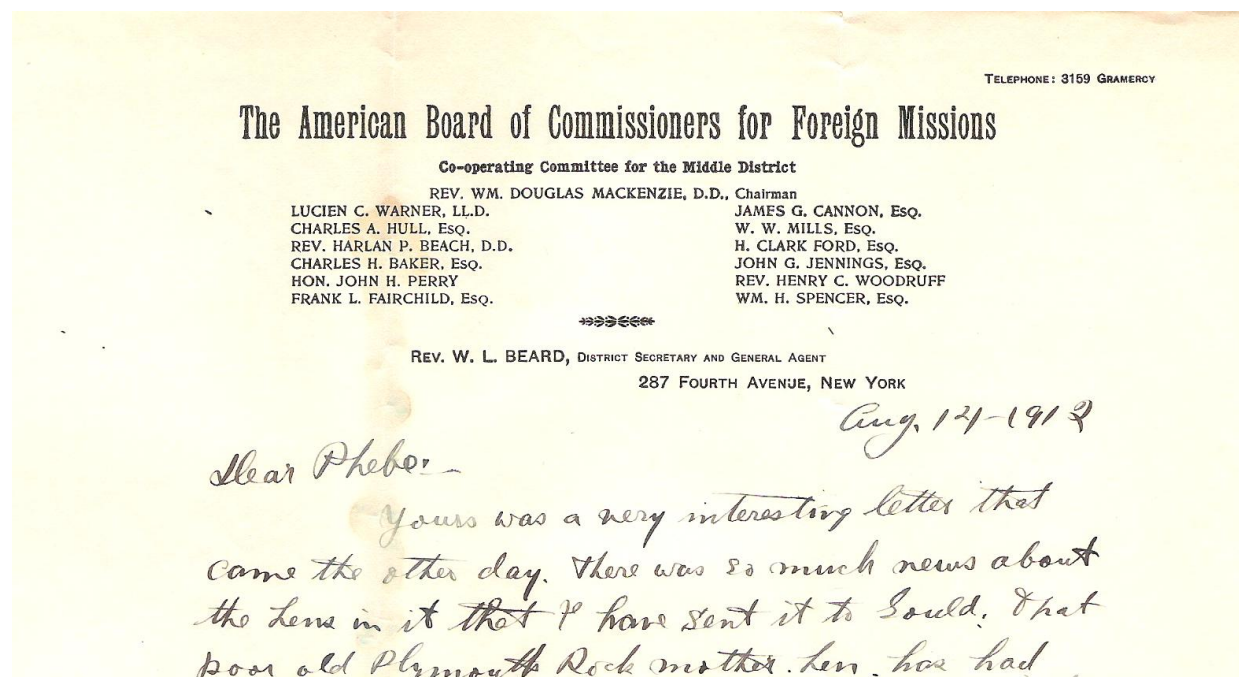
Written on back of photo: "Rev. W. L. Beard. Foochow, China Merry Christmas from Geraldine"
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Gould and Geraldine together

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated **Aug 14, 1912** was written from New York City by Willard to daughter, Phebe. He tells of going to meet a steamer that was delayed by the quarantine officials who suspected a case of cholera. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions
Rev. W.L. Beard, District Secretary and General Agent
289 Fourth Avenue, New York

Aug. 14- 1912

Dear Phebe:-

Yours was a very interesting letter that came the other day. There was so much news about the hens in it that I have sent it to Gould. That poor old Plymouth Rock mother hen has had enough written about her and enough sympathy expended on her to make her quite a noted character. I confess that my sympathies are usually for the younger members of her family whom I have so often seen her abuse. Perhaps her case it that of the Chinese woman. She had her day months ago and now the others are having theirs. Sunday I was in Kent, Conn. with a Miss Hopson. She is raising white Leghorns. The place was full of them. I do not think they look half as pretty as the Rhode Island Reds. That the hens are laying so well proves the good care you are taking of them. How are the little ones at Grandpa's getting on?

Yesterday was very hot here. I had to go way over to South Brooklyn twice- once in the a.m. - got up at 6 a.m. and found my own breakfast and left the house before Uncle Raymond and Aunt Mollie were out of bed, - to meet a steamer. The quarantine officials feared a case of cholera among the steerage and the first and second cabin passengers did not get up to the dock until 9 p.m. I did not wait as a young Armenian was there to meet the missionaries. When I got back to Mt. Vernon I found Miss Gorham, Aunt Mollie's Aunt from Noroton, Conn. There she will remain a few days.

This morning I saw Dr. Chambers who came in on the steamer last night. He told me that this Armenian had an automobile on the dock and took the whole party and their baggage right over to N.Y. to the Seville Hotel- mama will remember that she and I stayed there over night, when John Slemian Jr. was there and we three ate breakfast together, - and this morning he was helping transfer baggage etc. and getting them off on a steamer tonight for Woods Hole Mass. and paying all bills, Auto, Hotel, car fare, etc. Isn't that pretty good? It is a good proof that these young Armenians are grateful for what the missionaries have done for them.

Gould writes that the army is now right on Long Hill. An officer climbed Grandpa's wind mill to see if he could discover the enemy. I think Gould has gone down to Stratford to see the Aviators at work.

Uncle Raymond is an enthusiastic Rooseveltian and I get all the good points of the New Progressive Party. This noon I lunched with Aunt Mary at Columbia. She goes home Friday or Sat.

Please give mama a good hard hug and a loving kiss for – then kiss each of the sisters for me and give them all my love.

Your Loving Father
W.L. Beard

[This letter dated Oct. 13, 1912 was written from on board a steamer off of San Francisco by Willard to daughter, Phebe. He is on his way back to China without the family and he tells Phebe about his fellow passengers, many of them missionaries themselves. He tells a little of his trip across the U.S. to San Francisco. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

Pacific Mail SS Co.
S.S. Korea
Sunday
Oct. 13, 1912

Dear Phebe:-

Your letter was patiently waiting for me when I came on board yesterday. I have written mamma all about what I did yesterday. The visit with Leolyn and Aunt Leolyn and Dr. Morgan etc. You will be interested in some of my companions. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard are here. I expected to find Dr. and Mrs. Gillett but they are not here. Miss Brown and Miss Strang are here all right. Miss Strang weighs only about 100, - not as large as you. She goes to Ing Hok- or expects to be with Miss Chittenden. Miss Brown expects to be at Ponasang in charge of the Woman's Training School.

Just now we five Foochowites are sitting on deck on our chairs. First comes Mr. Hubbard- his chair back to the water, facing the middle of the ship. Pretending to read a book of poetry- but he really sleeps about half the time. Next comes Mrs. Hubbard facing the ocean actually reading a magazine. I sit next also facing the ocean and writing- Oh, I have the finest, warmest steamer rug you ever saw- so warm as the darker rug I bought in Shanghai and is now on one of the beds only it is larger. It is gray, black and white. The two sides are different. One small squares, plaid the other layer and the different shades of the stripes and the different widths break the monotony of a regular plaid. Now how is that for a description from a prosaic, matter of fact man? Next me sits Miss Brown back to the ocean like Mr. Hubbard. She is also writing. Next her sits Miss Strang facing the sea also writing. We have just been to the other side of the ship to see the sun set.

Your wishes for a pleasant trip with a smooth sea are thus far successful. I have been all right- taken every meal- slept perfectly last night- nearly 10 hours and today I have been very faithful in walking. It is getting too dark to write.

Tuesday 12:30 p.m. - Another beautiful day. Yesterday I wrote Kathleen before breakfast. All your good wishes for a smooth sea and a pleasant trip are realized this far. I never had such a pleasant beginning to a sea trip. I have felt a few qualms but thus far I have had no trouble in keeping about- at the table four times each day and able to take bullion at 11 a.m. and sleep all night and feel like getting up in the morning. Miss Strang is a good sailor but Miss Brown is not happy. Yesterday there was a little swell on- today more. But the Korea is a large ship and there is not that sense of balancing on the tip of a wave and then gliding down between two waves and almost coming to a standstill while the ship quivers and hesitates. The weather grows warm as we go south.

Now I have your letter before me and am going to try to answer it seriatim [*seriatim*= one after another]. Yes I reached Aunt Ann's at 6:11 Friday Oct. 4. But this harvest is all over, - even their corn was cut and in shocks. Yes you would enjoy this trip immensely- you would like both Miss Brown and Miss Strang. Our five chairs are in a row, and of course I felt it incumbent on me to get up and adjust the rugs for the ladies. I made some laughing remark about the bother it was and Miss Strang declared I would not help her with her rug again, so I just sit still now and let her fix herself and we all have a good laugh about it.

The trip on the train was quite comfortable until the last day. I had 14 hrs. of steady riding that Friday and it got to be pretty tiresome. I had an upper berth all the way fr. St. Louis to Los Angeles and was very comfortable.

I'll try to get some postals in Japan for Artyn and I must get a picture in Kobe that Mama wants me to buy.

San Francisco is building up all the time, but there is a lot of vacant land yet. I had very little time to go about, so did not see it as much as we did three years ago. A hotel agent came on the train just before we reached San F. and I just went with him to the "Dale" where my room was \$1.00 and a nice quiet one.

The Autumn colors were only beginning to appear as I came thru. In one or two places they were fine.

As you will see by the map I sent you that I took the Santa Fe route this time, - south. No I had plenty of time to get each train. You see at N.Y. I had 5 hrs, at Buffalo I had about 15 min. Uncle Willis [*Willis Hume*-

husband of Ellen Kinney Beard's sister, Etta Kinney] went with me to the station- at Cleveland I had an hour- Mr. Tippet took me down in his auto. At Springfield I had only 10 min. but I took dinner only 10 minutes walk from the station. At Chicago I had a wait from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. and so it went. The only place that I felt in the least hurried was at Los Angeles. I had to transfer and get b-fast in 50 min. Yes I have a very vivid recollection of running for that train with the pie and wondering at the serenity with which you all greeted me when I came in.

No my train trip was a very quiet one. I just rested and kept still and enjoyed watching people. I had most forgotten how to talk when I reached Los Angeles and had to make inquiries.

Yes, I'll go over to the new house on S. Side and write you how it all looks when I get there. My! but don't I wish I could have you or some of the children at best with me.- If you could know how I read and reread your letters you would feel repaid for writing.

Every detail of the home life that you and all the others write I shall devour with avidity and long for more.

You all seem very near- not in miles but in spirit. May God keep you and give you His best thing because He finds you so completely in line with Him.

Your very Loving father
W.L. Beard



Front row L to R: Marjorie, Dorothy, Kathleen

Back row L to R: Geraldine, Ellen, Phebe

About 1912 or 1913

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Willard (holding hand of Chinese man next to him) probably 1910s.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow College Description

Foochow College is strategically located in the capital city of Fukien province, Between the South Gate and the Water Gate of Foochow, not far from South Street, with entrance on Guang haeng. Most of the buildings are on the slopes of a hill near the White Pagoda, and have good air and drainage. The elementary school is on a separate campus, with ample play grounds.

History of Foochow College

This school was established in 1853, at first only for Chinese studies. Rev. L.P. Peet, an American missionary, became president in 1890, and introduced courses in English. There was a large increase in attendance, and several new buildings were erected; to one of them prominent men of Foochow contributed liberally. In 1899 the school was given a charter by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and added two years of college work. In 1913 Rev. W.L. Beard became president. Six years later, after the establishment of Fukien Christian University, this school, in agreement with other local institutions, gave up its college work, which was transferred to the new university.

[From a pamphlet on Foochow College in the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

1913

- Suffragettes march on Washington DC
- Willard's house in Foochow now has electric lights.
- Ellen and the children remain in the U.S. and live in Putnam, CT
- Ellen's father, Myron Kinney, dies (obituary unreadable)
- Willard is 48, Ellen- 45, Phebe- 18, Gould- 17, Geraldine- 15, Dorothy- 12, Marjorie- 7, Kathleen- 5.

*[This letter dated **March 2, 1913** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughters, Phebe and Geraldine. He updates them on some of their friends in China. His college has opened and they have so many students enrolled that they have had to turn some away. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]*

Foochow, China,
March 2nd 1913

Dear Phebe and Geraldine:-

A letter from each of you is in my till unanswered so here goes. Phebe's letter all about the cooking teacher and the Ancient History teacher and Mr. Sargent's present and the Christmas exercises, with Kathleen's piece written out for me in full and the night-gown piece and the presents, and the Christmas exercises at home, with the promise of "surprising news about my connection with the C.E." "in another letter," and questionnaire- was exceedingly interesting. Now for my examination: 1. Yes the Hodous and Kinnear children have grown just as fast as the Beard children. Rachel is a very pretty attractive girl. I have lots of fun with her- telling her she is my girl. She at first refused to admit it, and when I did nothing she said "Well if I am your girl why don't you come and get me?" Girl like- wasn't it? So I pleased her by running after her. I have not been able to find out how Artyn liked his post cards. I asked Artyn but he did not know. Both boys spent one night last week at Mrs. Hodous'.

Geraldine's letter of Jan. 16 came in last mail with a letter from mama. Geraldine tells also of Christmas presents. You must be pretty well stocked up. Her skating account was great. She says it was "rather" funny to see them scramble out. I shall think you would have doubled up with laughing as they were in no danger. I am glad to hear of you and Phebe and Gould being in basket ball. It's good fun and exercise. The Foochow College boys won the banner in basket ball from all the Colleges represented at the Student Conference week before last. I am pleased to see the place you all are occupying in High School and S. School and C.E. Keep humble and God will give you all the work to do that you can do well. But do not take too much in the way of offices- so as to impair your success in your studies. Because for you children your studies in school are your first duty. Take other work as a means to help you put in practice what your studying gives of theory. But make it secondary.

This last week has been a very busy one for me as well as the week before. College opened Wed. We received 177 that day and \$2050. + \$222.20= \$2272.20. Others came in Thurs., Fri. and Sat. so we now have about 245, and have received in tuition etc. \$3100+. All in silver. The safe cannot hold it all, and several old students are not back. I have turned away several boys for lack of room, so in this respect the College is successful and has entirely recovered from the trouble of Dec. 1911. Now you must all continually ask God to use me to unite the faculty and lead each member to think more of the success of the College than of his own personal success or advancement.

The weather since I have been in Foochow has been beautiful. No long storms and most of the time pleasant. Last night I washed out another union suit. It is as soft and nice as I can desire. I am to take Mrs. Peet's old cook Gang Bong and I shall have some one to help me then.

I must stop now and go to bed to get rest for tomorrows work. How I long to see you all. I can trust you all to do the right and I tell God all of a fond father's fondest hopes for his dear children so far away, every morning and evening and sometimes at other times. He has been very good to us all our lives and this makes it all the more incumbent on all of us to be good to each other and to others. I pray Him to make you a power for righteousness in Putnam. With a Loving Father's love to both of you, to you all and Dorothy and Marjorie and Kathleen.

Willard L. Beard.

*[This letter dated **March 17, 1913** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 5 year old daughter, Kathleen. Willard is making changes in the layout of the compound. Mrs. Storrs and Miss Margaret Weed are expected in Foochow soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

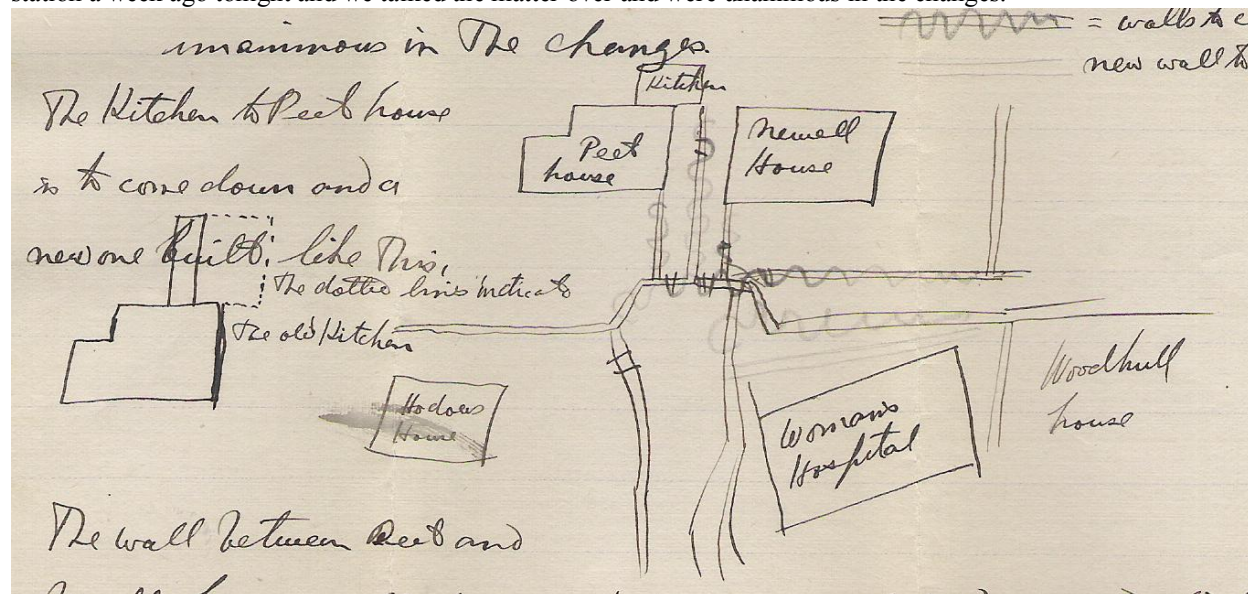
Foochow, China
March 17th 1913

Dear Kathleen:-

All the letters that I have received up to date I have answered so I am going to address this to you. I think after you have read it yourself you will be willing the other's see it.

I have a real nice little baby here to play with and she likes me too. Her name is Frances Beach. She is about nine months old and is a very dignified little girl. She smiles very sweetly to me.

We are making great changes in the city compound. I'll try to draw a picture of the compound as you and the others may remember it indicating the changes we are making. I called a meeting of all the members of the station a week ago tonight and we talked the matter over and were unanimous in the changes.



The wall between Peet and Newell house is all down and every one is glad. The air and light can now come in and there is a pleasant aspect as one approaches.

Last week passed rather uneventfully. I worked each day and night every moment I could spare from regular duties on the receipt of the College for entrance fees etc to get them so they could be audited. This was finally accomplished. We received about \$400 in all. This makes it possible to do some very much needed repairs and to purchase some new furniture that is greatly needed.

Mr. Storrs is expected in about two weeks and on the same steamer is expected Miss Margaret Weed who is to marry Dr. Gillett.

The rainy season I guess has started. It is raining every day now, and the rain is very wet.

I am enclosing a photograph of the Foochow College Quartet that furnished music for the Student Winter Conference, and under another cover I am sending a photo of the whole Foochow College delegation to this Conference.

When shall I receive another letter from you Kathleen? That one that you wrote on brother's knee with him holding your hand was one of the best letters I have received since returning to Foochow.

How are the hens getting on? I wish I had a taste of those young roosters and some of Mama's biscuit. I wish also that I could get my lap and arms full of babies- all Mama's and mine. Wouldn't you six, Phebe and Gould and Geraldine and Dorothy and Marjorie and Kathleen make a lap full now. Your own loving lonely Father

Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated **March 30, 1913** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children. He mentions the Eddy meetings (Sherwood Eddy- Eddy Evangelistic Campaign) and talking to 88 boys who wanted to become Christians. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Foochow, China, March 30th 1913

Dear Marjorie and Kathleen and Dorothy and Geraldine and Gould and Phebe:-

No letter has come from you since last Sunday so I have none to answer. The event that eclipses all others in the Am. Board mission during the past week is the arrival yesterday morning at about 6 o'clock of Miss Margaret Weed to be the wife of Dr. Charles Gillett. Dr. Gillett went down on the Chi. Merchants launch Friday afternoon to meet Miss Weed. Mr. Hubbard went with him. The steamer anchored about 5:30 p.m. but the launch was delayed in starting so long that they lost the tide and she stuck on a sand bar and Dr. Gillett, Miss Weed, Mr. Storrs and Mr. Hubbard had to spend the night. Fortunately Miss Weed had bought in Shanghai a rattan settee and two chairs so

they had something to sit in. Miss Weed is large like mama and Dr. Gillett thinks she is nice, - so do the rest of us. I have told mama about the Eddy meetings. This morning I asked the 88 boys who said they wanted to be Christians last Fri. evening to meet with me for half an hour. They all came and they seem to be in earnest. I think of you all as praying for me now altho you do not know the peculiar condition that needs your prayer just now. It gives me great help just the same to think of a dear loving mama and six dear children all praying that God will help me every day. And that was a beautiful prayer of the littlest one that God would bless Papa and "make him a good man."

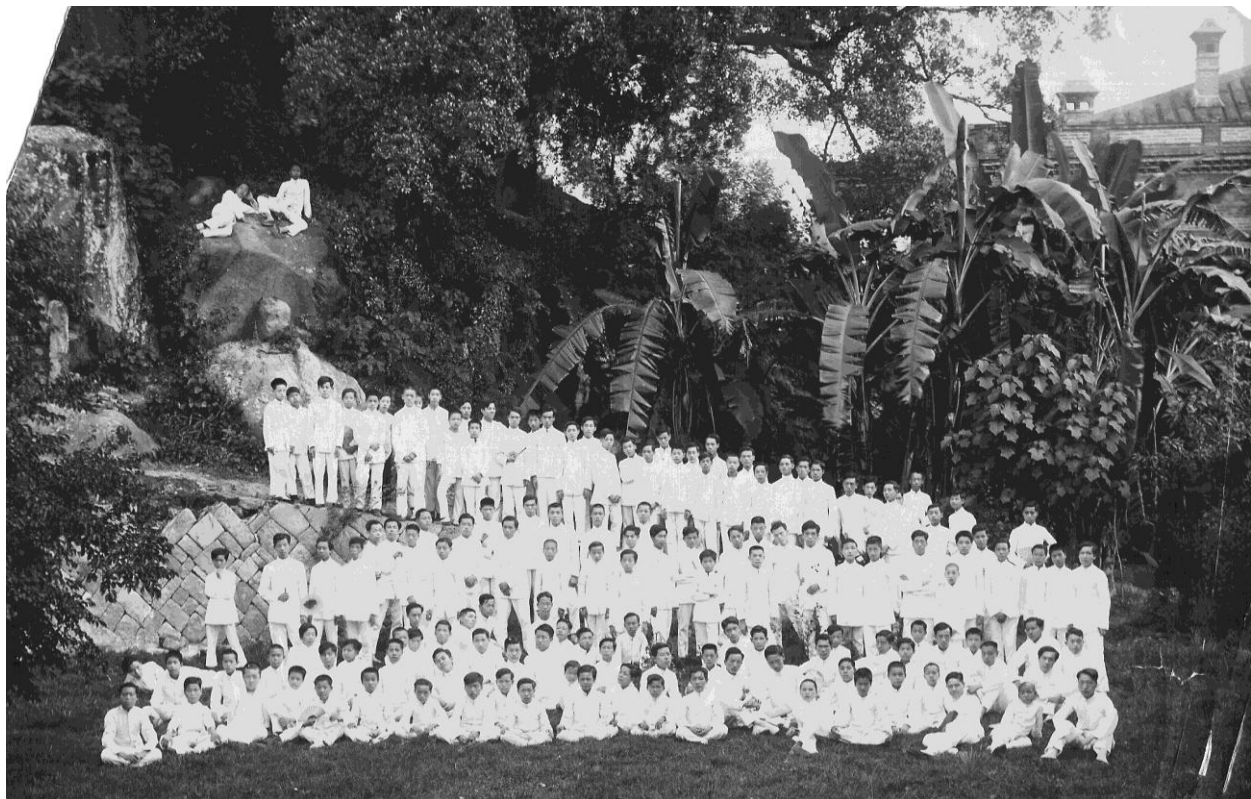
Yesterday I attended the first graduating exercises of the Blind School under Mrs. Wilkinson's care. They were of an unusually high quality. One boy spoke in almost perfect English - an address briefly sketching the work of the school. He also sang "Must I Go and Empty Handed" very sweetly. A Quartet sang "Holy, Holy, Holy" in Chinese very well indeed. Two boys play the cornet, two the violin, and they sang as a chorus a Hallelujah song well. These are only some of the principal features.

Last Monday Geu Cio Dong was packed for the Praise Service. I wrote you that I feared lest the flood would interfere. But there was no water in the streets and the day was lovely. The weather has been delightful all the week. The people on the street near the Club where the Eddy - Robertson meetings were held said that the Christian's God certainly had power and that he certainly loved them for it had rained up to the day the meetings were and had been pleasant all the time during the meetings.

I preach the ordination sermon at Ling Caik Ua's ordination tomorrow and lead the monthly Concert of Prayer Wed. so I must close now and rest. I hope that some "very tender" feeling and bearing toward each other continues that you wrote about just after I left last fall - May our Father bless and keep each of you in your loving fathers prayer.

Willard L. Beard

I had a nice letter from Ann this week.



Written on back of photo: "Group of students June 1913"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **July 5, 1913** was written from Ngu Cheng by Willard to his 18 year old daughter, Phebe. Willard is in Ngu Cheng and staying with the Bissonnette's. He is there to conduct a conference and give talks. He was able to see the process of making salt while there. Willard encourages Phebe to write Oberlin College for a catalog. He tells her of the changes on Kuliang and who is living there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ngu Cheng, Foochow
July 5th 1913.

Dear Phebe:-

And as usual this means all the rest at Putnam and it also includes Gould who I suppose has been at Shelton several days already. I'm having a very quiet restful time here. At 8 a.m. I talk for half an hour on the importance of the body and the care of the body. At 10:30 I conduct the Conference in their study of Ephesians and at 7:30 I attend and help in a meeting that is considering difficult questions in the Bible. I find it a great relief not to have callers coming in at any time with all sorts of questions. This is what makes it so restful here. The weather is very comfortable. I can wear a collar and a coat with comfort. I'd like to get into the sea for a swim but at the right time= 5 or 6 p.m. The water is low and we could not walk out over the flats far enough to get the water and at noon the sun is too fierce to think of it.

Only ten minutes from Mr. Bissonnette's where I am staying the men are making salt. I went to see them the other afternoon- most interesting. Every pleasant day two men will make about 150 lbs. As I look out over the grounds they look like the salt meadows near Long Island sound. A portion of this about 50 by 100 feet is cleared of all grass. The surface is pulverized with an instrument like a small harrow. This surface is then shoveled up and a mound of earth made about 5 feet high and 10 feet in diameter at the top. This mound is hollowed out and a stone bottom put into the hollow and cemented so it is water tight with a bamboo tube leading from the lowest point into a well at the side which is about 5 ft. deep and 3 ½ feet in diameter and also water tight. The 50 X 100 foot plot is low enough so the salt water floods it at high tide. The earth is thus saturated with salt. This is carried and emptied into the hollow top of the mound, - dry earth. Then from ponds of salt water near the men carry water and pour into or onto this dry earth which already contains salt, so the earth is doubly saturated with salt water. The water filters thru the earth which is about 3 ½ ft. deep, runs into and thru the bamboo tube and thence into the little well. It is then dipped up and poured with the evaporating vats near by. These are about 6 X 10 feet with floors that look like mosaic work. They are made of broken tile and bowls set in mortar- and are only three inches deep. The water evaporates and the salt crystals are left. This salt is perfectly white and clean only in crystals about the size of these and 1/32 of an inch thick and they are very salt, all the savor is there.

Your last letter and Geraldine's were very interesting. Specially did I enjoy the copies you sent of your school reports and of yours and Kathleen's accounts. If you were to become a business man- to succeed Mellen as President of the N.Y.N.H and H.R.R. I should look with some concern at the unaccounted for balances in some of the accounts but I suppose girls are given some latitude in this and it is well that all of us do not have the same strong points. I have found it very difficult to make my private accounts balance this year. I do want to see the reports of Gould's and Dorothy's and Marjorie's school work.

I wonder if you have written Oberlin for their catalog. You would do well to write at once. There are different courses. You will want to decide on which course you will take. Then I hope you can arrange not to take all the examinations for entrance at once. It is a needlessly hard strain. And I think you can take part at the close of your junior year. That will be one year from now. It may be Oberlin will accept Putnam's grades or they may make some arrangements for you to take the exams without going to Oberlin. But if they do not, I should favor your going out next June to take the preliminary exams. It will cost \$50. But I will see that you have the money if you so decide.

Sunday Evening July 13-

Coming home from Ngu Cheng this letter had gotten sidetracked and I had hard work to get the other into the mail with Mama's and a brief note to Gould. One evening this week Thurs. your other letter came with Marjorie's. I also had the pleasure of seeing dear Mama's hand writing on the envelope that contained Marjorie's letter.

That day, Tuesday, at Tai Bing Ga was filled more than full of many duties and I had to turn the last men away. Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear with Morris and Gerald came up - the boys came that evening with me and Dr. and Mrs. Wed. a.m. We had a fuss with coolies as the boys started so we were pretty late- a little over half way across the plain a heavy shower struck us- The boys walked all the way - got drenched- but as they kept walking it did not hurt them.

We are not yet settled in our house- That is two ladies are expected from Canton in a day or two to take what used to be our dining room. Dr. and Mrs. K. have been here till last night. They are with Miss Perkins [Elizabeth S.] over Sunday and go down when the meeting is over- likely tomorrow p.m.

Things are some changed on Kuliang- Miss Perkins has a nice cottage on the pointed knoll between Dr. Lyons and Dr. Careltons. Mr. Main has built a cottage for rent just below his house. Mr. Smith has built one for rent just below the road near the turn after the village back of our hill on the way to Mr. Siemissens. Mr. and Mrs. Beach have built just back of Dr. Taylors and Mr. Adamson just back of Mr. Beach. I think I wrote you that the "Olives" lies a heap of ruins. There is a movement on foot to sell the church to the Club and build a new church. 37 thus far are against it and 36 for. I have not yet seen the Bath. Mr. Billing has a house below the village nearest the church at the foot of our hill. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous have put a new veranda on their house with stone post- looks very neat.

I plan to go to Foochow day after tomorrow or tomorrow evening. There is much work to do in connection 1. with the Press 2. with the College curriculum and marks etc. 3. with painting and repairs on the College buildings. It's very, very lonely here with out Mama and you children. It does not seem natural at all. I felt out of place this afternoon at the church service.

I wonder how are the mumps- you must have been a beauty when you wrote the last letter. Where does Marjorie put her mumps- she is already well filled in where the mumps should go.- What do you all do with yourselves during vacation? I am hungry for another of Kathleen's letters. In this I am enclosing a letter from Mr. Keith of Flatbush and also the Kuliang newspaper. Please send this to Gould when you have read it.

Very Lovingly your Father

Willard L. Beard

*[This letter, dated **July 14, 1913**, was written from Shelton, Conn. by 17 year old Gould to his sister, Dorothy. He tells her what he has been doing on the farm and refers to the Space family and their two twin girls who moved into the next farm over. Letter in the collection of Virginia Van Andel, daughter of Willard Frederick Beard.]*

Shelton Conn.
July 14, 1913.

Dear Dot;-

We are just in the middle of haying and it is nice weather today. Yesterday and the day before it was rainy and we could'nt get in any hay. I wish you were down here and could see the fine new team of horses that Grandpa has. They are just as gentle as can be and you can play with Billy the same way that you used to Genny.

Do you remember Mr. Wilkinsons farm? Well, that is sold to a Mr. Space. They have twins, both of them are girls. They are a pair of little rascals. They keep their mother buisy taking care of them. They can just walk from their home to ours. Their mother puts little overalls on them during the day and they look just like little boys. They have a little aunt only 7 years old. She is Mrs. Space's sister. They call her Bobbie.

How does it seam there in the Hospital? I should think it would be lots of fun. I just mowed a field of oates. We have our rye all in but our oats are still standing, most of them. We expect to get them in within the next 2 weeks.

Mamma wrote that you had pretty good care at the Bartletts.

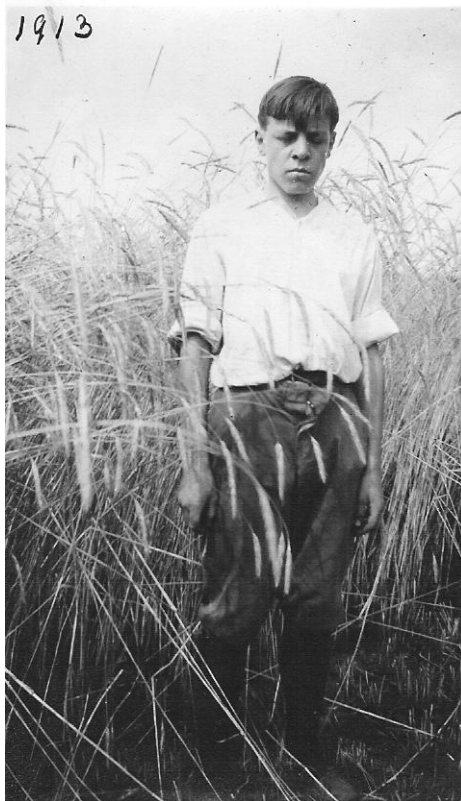
If you can not write ask mamma to for you.

Your loving brother,

Gould.



Gould on plow (or horse rake?) with horses- Century Farm 1913



Gould at Century Farm 1913
[Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Marjorie (front row-5th from left) in about 1913. Probably her Putnam school class.
 [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **Oct. 12, 1913** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He mentions the good work the "Ford" is doing and the auto trip she took to West Hartford. He tells her he has electric lights in all the public places at the college and that on Oct. 1st he ate supper for the first time in his house under an electric light. He talks about two Koreans defecting to Foochow claiming to be Christians. The Revolution in China has affected business there but it is picking up. Yuan Shi Kai was just elected the President of the Republic of China. Mary is now teaching in Godfrey, Ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
 Oct. 12- 1913

Dear Mother:-

Yesterday your good letter came telling of your illustrious auto trip to West Hartford, and of the visit of Elbert and Marjorie and a lot of other interesting things like Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong's visit to Huntington and Aunt Mary's vigor etc. It gives me a lot of satisfaction to hear of the good neighbors you have, - almost as much as to hear from time to time of the good work the "Ford" is doing and of the pleasure you are taking with it.

For Oct. 1st we ate supper for the first time in our home under an electric light. I wrote in my last letter that I had it in all the public places in the College. Of course we find it very handy. As to the cost you'll have to wait till the bills come in. 215 students have thus far enrolled. Two Koreans stole out of Korea and reached Foochow a week ago. Yesterday we gave them a room in the College. One of them speaks a few words of Eng. This is the only medium of vocal communication- the written language is the same as the Chinese written language so the converse by writing. They claim to be Christians, - say that the facilities for getting an education in Korea are very poor.- that the Japanese prohibit the Koreans from leaving the country and they had to steal out in the night. They are here with about \$50. in money, and scant clothing. I have accepted them after duly considering that should the Japanese government find them and demand them I should be compelled to give them up. It is at least an interesting case.

From Geraldine's letter received yesterday Oliver's girls and mine had a great old time in Putnam. Autos and horses and trolleys got tired all right. I'm awfully glad they could go. The Putnam schools are starting out with a new set of teachers this year and I hope better results will be obtained.

The drought was pretty bad in some parts of the West. I hope long before this that you have had good rains and that the wells and springs are full. We have thus far had a very good year in and about Foochow. All thru the spring and early summer it rained at least once a week and crops were excellent. In Aug. some places felt the dry weather. But crops are good now. The Revolution was the worst thing the people have had to contend with this year thus far that killed business for two months and things are just now beginning to pick up. At the same time I am surprised that there is much building going and it is all of foreign or semi foreign style. There is money somewhere. On account of the depleted treasuries of the government- only a few of the government schools have opened this fall. The American teachers here under the Y.M.C.A. for these schools are doing nothing not even drawing their pay- altho this will come in the future- no one knows when.

Last Monday Oct. 6th Yuan Shi Kai was elected President of the Republic of China, and on Friday Oct. 10th the National Holiday commemorating the establishment of the Republic was kept. We had a holiday then too. I was very glad of it- as much so as the students- for I was very tired. I'm trying to teach Comparative Religions and Ch. Hist'y from Chinese text books which I never before saw and I put more time on the preparation of the lessons than the students do. Then I preach nearly every Sunday, and each Friday morning address the students and teachers of the school for 20 minutes. Last week in addition I gave three addresses before the Women's Conference of the Methodist Mission, and it made rather a full week.

Today I preached and conducted communion at the church for the Manchus in Foochow City. 15 were received to membership. This makes about 160 all joined since May 1912,-and there has been no regular preacher there until a week ago. The work has been done by themselves and students from the College.

Some excellent photos came yesterday of Monticello Sem'y in the newspapers from home. You are quiet again in the Century Farm home, with children and grandchildren back in school. You can scarcely realize the influences that radiate from that home as a center to all parts of the world. If it ever seems lonesome during the winter months just remember that what you did last summer and the summers preceeding is now bearing fruit. And always remember that without that home as a base much of the efficiency of the work the whole family is doing in different parts of the world would be impaired. I am glad to note in Phebe's letters that Stanley got much rest from his vacation. I judge also that Gould got over any weakness that he felt as the mumps left him.

The photo of him in the rye shows off the rye well and people say "He looks like a husky boy." I hope Flora went back to S. Orange with renewed strength and courage. I cannot keep pace with what Oliver and Ben are doing. The work Mary is doing in Godfrey [*Mary was the head of the science Department of the Monticello Seminary in Godfrey, Ill.*] gives me much satisfaction. What was Elbert's business? And wasn't he proud to travel all alone with his little (big) niece.

With lots of love to all and asking the Father to keep you in all health and success.

Yours Lovingly

Will



Mary Beard about 1913.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Nov. 17, 1913 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. Willard relates a story of hearing a pastor from Peking speak. He gives many details of the pastor's speech about the political situation in the capitol, including his assessment of the 1913 president, Yuan Shi Kai.]

Foochow China

Nov 17- 1913

Dear Mother:-

This morning I'm trying a new wrinkle that is- writing as I ride in a sedan chair. It is a beautiful morning- bright, cool 58 degrees and very cheerful- just like a day at home the last of Sept.

We are in the midst of our Annual Meeting and are having a very helpful time. Each morning there is a business session of 1 hr. and a half. Last year I was elected moderator and Friday morning re-elected for three years. All business is conducted in the Chinese language.

There are two very important matters before us this year. 1. The raising of money for the Union Theol. School and for a fund for aged and needy ministers. (2) The adoption of a plan and working out the details by which the money given by the Board at home shall be put with the money given by the Chinese here for evangelistic work and then all put into the hands of a Committee made up of Chinese and foreigners to decide where and how it shall be used. Until now this has been done entirely by foreigners. Both these steps you see are in the direction of placing more responsibility on the Chinese. They are taking the matter up enthusiastically. Beginning Fri. at 4 p.m. the Committee already in two days have \$2500 subscribed toward the fund mentioned above. This year a Congregation Pastor from Peking is with us. He is a power,- his addresses are strong- spiritual and practical. He knows his Bible, he knows God and he knows men. He is also in the Methodist Mission Peking, - in the church and these men- citizens of the Republic of China- hang on every word of his. Last Thursday evening they held a social here and the committee asked him to speak. The chairman arose and said there are three things that we want to hear about Peking i.e. the general condition of things there,- the condition of the church there- and the political situation. Of these the church is the most important, so we should first hear of that. At once a man rose and said "No, hear of the political situation first and he was backed by so many that no one dared ask about the condition of the church during the whole evening. When they asked him if they might ask him questions, he said "certainly". "But would you allow me to say just a few words before you begin to ask questions". "Certainly" they said. He rose and in about ten minutes said in substance, "I understand that some people in the south are not entirely pleased with Yuan Shi Kai as President. I want to say just a word about him and the presidency. He is the only man in the country who is acceptable to foreign nations. If Sun Yat Sen had been elected to the presidency the other nations would not

have lent us a cent of money. He also knows how to deal with the Ministers and Ambassadors of foreign countries as no other man in China. Again Yuan Chi Kai is the only man in China that can command the army. No other man in China knows the army as he does. He has trained the only real army in China. Again Yuan Shi Kai has about him reliable men who will stand by him and upon whom he can depend. Sun Yat Sen is surrounded by factions that are erratic and undependable. If he had been elected to the presidency China could not have been held together. The government would be a lot of warring factions and this would mean the splitting up of the country and its downfall. Yuan Shi Kai can hold it together and he is the only man in the country who can. You say, here in the South that he is ambitious and that he wants to make himself Emperor. Think a moment when during the revolution the Emperor called him to Peking. Yuan Shi Kai had really the power of an Emperor. The Emperor gave him whatever power he had left- all the Manchus gave themselves into his hands. The army was his. He had trained it. China's money was his. If he had wanted to be Emperor it would have been a very easy thing for him to have taken the place two years ago. But he did not. This is the strongest proof that Yuan Shi Kai is a true Patriot and a true Republican. These few words I wished to say by way of introduction to whatever questions you may desire to ask".

For over one hour the pastors and preachers and delegates asked questions about Peking- about Yuan Shi Kai- about the Assembly, about the little boy who was Emperor- about the stipend given to the Manchu princes and household by the Republic of China and many other things. They asked if Pres. Yuan worked against the church. Pastor Li replied:- "A few weeks ago we dedicated a Y.M.C.A. building in Peking. The doors were so arranged that they could be opened by the pressing of a button by the President. He gladly performed this function himself from his office and then sent his representatives to speak at the dedication. No he does not work against the Christian church. He treats them well."

"How about that request for the prayers of the church in China for the Republic. Did it really come from Pres. Yuan?" "It did not start from him. Some of us pastors were talking with a Christian man, a member of the Assembly and we suggested a service of prayer for the Republic. This was held. The idea grew. Others in the Assembly favored it and Pres Yuan gave the idea his approval and it was ordered telegraphed to the Governors of all the provinces. So the call for prayer really came from the Christian Church, but it had the sanction of the President and the government."

"What is this we hear about Confucianism becoming the State Religion for China. Is it really an article in the Constitution?" "No. It was proposed and earnestly supported by a certain member of the Assembly and his friends. But about \$600 silver - \$300 gold,- was given some of us to spend in the cause of Religious Liberty. Many telegrams poured in from all parts of the country to members of the Assembly. But these never came to the proper persons and their influence was nil. We organized our campaign, found an assemblyman who favored Religious Liberty, gave a feast to which he was invited with a few of his friends. Then got more men interested and gave other feasts and took the men riding and in this way we carried on an educational campaign among the assemblymen and the probability is that Confucianism will not be the national religion- neither of course do we want Christianity to be the national religion. We want Religious Liberty and it looks much as if this was now assured."

"How many Christians are there in the National Assembly?" "Five or six." "Is Mr. Ling of Foochow known in Peking as a Christian?" "Yes." "Does he attend church regularly?" "No." "How many Christians in the Assembly do attend church regularly?" "Only one. There are thirty or forty who come on nearly all special occasions."

Many more questions were asked about details and matters of special interest to Foochow people.

As I looked into the eager faces of these Foochow men- citizens of the Republic of China- each one hanging on every word of their brother pastor from the Capitol of their country to gain a better knowledge of conditions that affect the whole country, I realized that a revolution had taken place in their minds and hearts during the past nineteen years. Just nineteen years ago I asked some of these very men about the war with Japan "We have no war with Japan." "Oh yes you have. They are fighting now in the north." "Oh, well. That's an affair with Peking. It's none of our business." This is the real Revolution of which the change in government and name that took place two years ago in the outward region.

Nov. 29th

I have held back this letter a long time to get a copy made. Thanksgiving has come and gone. We had a very pleasant day here. I took dinner in the evening with a Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson T.M.-Flora will remember them. Last Sat. a week ago I played Basket Ball- stuck it out thru both halves, and it did not hurt me. I suppose tho that a man of my age ought not to play such strenuous games too often. I was however pleased to see how well I stood it. My weight now with ordinary fall clothing is 177 lbs.

I thought of you often on Thanksgiving day, and the letters telling of your gathering I shall await with pleasant anticipation. I hope some at least of the Putnamites can/did get down.

Where is Elizabeth? Occasionally I hear a rustle and am told that Elizabeth has gone somewhere but she does not write me. If she is merely paying me back in my own coin I suppose I must plead guilty. But the truth is I never wrote so many letters in a week in any of my weeks in Foochow as I do now. But the family or families are so scattered and others- like Mt. Vernon and Flatbush have come into my list that I do not get around very often. This morning a good mail brought excellent news from Phebe K. and Phebe M. and Mrs. Bean of Mt. Vernon. The Lit. Digest is one of my standbys and my thanks go to Elizabeth and Ruth. The Sentinel is always a delight and the postal of the Square is very good indeed. I'm glad to hear of the success of the Beard Co. When they retire I shall expect them to visit me on their way round the world, and put up a nice Science Building for the College. \$10000, gold will do it,- All is going very nicely in the College thus far. We still beat everything in basketball, altho this is not the measure of our prosperity. The Press is running all day and until 9 p.m. many evenings.

Can you send me by mail 1 pint (about) of two kinds of sweet corn, one fairly early one later. I want to plant them in March. I should also like some of those hard tomato seeds. God keep and bless you all Very Lovingly Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 19, 1913 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to 18 year old daughter, Phebe. He has been attending the Annual Meeting this week. He thinks of them all at Christmas together and is happy for them but a little sorrowful for himself. Willard noticed when he was back in the U.S. that people seemed to be spending less time in the evening at home because of various events to attend. He refers to a Golden Anniversary in Shelton which would be his parents. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
Nov. 19th 1913.

Dear Phebe:-

It is to you I think that I have addressed the letter this week. I wrote Mama's last Sunday evening. This last week all other things have had to wait while we held the Annual Meeting. But it has been worth the cost. Pastor Li Buong Nguong came down from our Central Congregational church in Peking and his addresses on "Prayer" "Peace that passeth understanding," "Conditions in Peking" and other addresses have been most helpful. I hope to send you a copy of his talks and interview on the conditions in Peking. I have written them out and plan to have a few copies made to send to different ones.

The main feature of the Annual Meeting was the Business sessions. Of these I was Moderator and reelected for three years. All went smoothly until they took up the matter of raising a fund for the Union Theological Seminary and for the help of aged ministers. There were several subscriptions in all amounting to \$2500 but some had pledged in enthusiasm and on sober second thought backed out, and the session closed rather despondently. But they did vote to appoint a committee to consider the division of all money that is used to help either churches or schools. So now the missionary will not decide alone how much each preacher or school teacher will receive but there will be a committee of 16 to take the whole matter into consideration- I am convener of this Committee.

We should have finished the business of the meeting on Tues. but did not get thru so voted to adjourn till Wed. a.m. Some could not wait and "ran home" but 44 remained. This I considered very good indeed.

Last week Tuesday at 4:30 Henry Lacy was married. I am enclosing his wedding invitation and also Clara Dornblaser's and a clipping about Irving Lacy's wedding in Shanghai just a week before Henry's. I am writing this on Sunday evening Nov. 23rd.

I hope it may reach you in time to bring you my Christmas greetings. I cannot think ahead to these occasions without having to swallow. For a picture of you all at home comes into my mind and I am so far away. But God has been most gracious to us all these years and gave us two years with so many reunions that we must all be thankful to Him- and added to this I can think of you all at home together and well. This takes all real sadness out of my mind, - only the tears come in spite of it all. Next Thursday is Thanksgiving. I wonder where you will eat dinner. I have accepted an invitation for the evening to dine at Mr. T. M. Wilkinsons. - I think it is just a quiet little home affair. People here are very kind to me- too much so almost. They keep enquiring of Mama and you children and evince a surprising knowledge of what you children used to do here- bringing up things that I supposed had been forgotten long ago. If they never said anything I might either get mad at them for their disinterestedness or get cold and indifferent, but with so much that is tender all about me it is very natural to keep tender.

Today a good letter came from Grandma Beard. She says that they have quantities of fruit- apples, pears, grapes and vegetables. Aunts Elizabeth and Ruth went to New Haven to the foot ball game this year. Mrs. Parkhurst had arrived but was detained to be deported. But appeals had been sent to Pres. Wilson to let her come in. It might

help the trade in hatchet and also it might give work to the carpenters and masons to let her in. I wonder if any of you will go to New York to meet her?

Aunt Elizabeth had R. Island Reds that dress 5 and 6 lbs. What has become of Gould's fowls? I have not heard a word since he left them in Putnam last June. And what became of those wild duck's eggs that he kept warm and put under a hen? My but I'd like just to spend one evening with you to see how you are in the home. I hear of various things in public life about you all but how about the home life. I hope it is not given up for public functions entirely. I think that no one thing impressed me more while I was at home than the way in which people were losing the idea of home. They had houses where they slept and where they ate when convenient but these were not homes. I missed it more than anything else. I used to plan for days to get an evening at home- only to find that there was a concert or something that spoiled the homey-ness, and my longing for an evening just with my dear ones at home was put off.

I am rejoiced at the good news that comes to me about the Putnam Schools this year and I hope it will continue. I am hoping every mail will bring something regarding your decision as to the College you will attend. I hardly think I need say more than I have said and written.

Yesterday our boys played the Anglo Chinese boys at Basket Ball and beat score 17-89 I believe. Then the foreigners played. And would you believe it I played for Foochow College. They had one tall man just from home- Gilchrist, and the other men were good young wiry fellows. Gowdy did not play. We had only one good man- Mr. Topping. The Kinnear boys and myself and a Mr. Cole from Hing Hua. They beat us 24-10. We felt quite elated to do so well. I have played three times in my life. To day I'm pretty stiff. Basket Ball is most too strenuous for a 49'er.



William H. Topping

THE Associate Executive Secretary of the Mid-Fukien Divisional Council of the Church of Christ in China, - in short, our smiling secretary is heartily welcomed back, fine and fit, looking quite able to be the recipient of the knocks and boosts of the whole church as well as of the mission.



Mrs. W. H. Topping

A mother of Toppings, a nurse of Toppings, a teacher of Toppings, a friend of the neighborhood. That's Topping! - No, Mrs. Topping.



Muriel, Rena and Lois Topping

LOIS aged 6, when asked if she were not a missionary replied "No, I'm a Canadian!" She with Muriel, 11, and Rena, 9, are just back from America with lots of new ideas to enliven the compound play hours.

I wonder if any of you will go down to Shelton for the Golden Wedding [*Oliver Gould Beard and Nancy Maria Nichols Beard were married Jan. 20, 1864.*]. I very much hope some of you can. I did want to be home for that. And I suppose I found it as hard to give up that as any other one thing in deciding to come back to Foochow when I did.

A postal from Mr. Neff today says he plans to reach Hong Kong Dec. 28. Did I write that we expect Dr. and Mrs. Capen- Pres. of Am. Board and Dr. Wm. E. Strong the middle of Jan?

Our garden is producing lettuce and radishes and we have a lot of other things started. How I wish you could see our compound. I sent a lot of photos last Spring and Summer but you could not have received them. These last few days I have sent off 70 boxes of fragrant tea as Christmas presents and 30 boxes to Miss M.B. Preston, 1615 Newkirk Ave., Brooklyn for which she will send Mama some money. She ordered only 25 boxes @ .25 a box so she may send only \$6.25. If she pays for all she will send 7.50. Mama may do anything she likes with the money.

As Thanksgiving approaches I'm thinking of special causes for thankfulness and first comes Thankfulness for the loveliest wife in all the world, next for the six best children in all the world, next that Our Father has kept us all another year,- next that we all know Him and love Him. Isn't that a lot to be thankful for and then add to these that He knows us by letting us serve Him and giving us the satisfaction of seeing that our work does good. Keep in touch with God is your loving father's prayer. W.L. Beard

[This letter dated Dec. 7, 1913 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 17 year old son, Gould. Willard sends an account of a discussion about the politics in China which occurred at the Annual Meeting. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dec. 7th 1913.

Dear Gould:-

This is to be a very short personal letter this week. I have had a copy made of these six pages and they will be of interest to you and Mama and the others perhaps can use them.

Last Tues. the Foochow College "Varsity" football team played the foreigners.= Hodous, Topping, Newell, Morris, Gerald, Kinnear Dr., Cooper Dr., Ding Hai Ceng at football. Score 5-3 in favor of "Varsity".

The Monthly Concert of Prayer this week was at Mr. Miners. He spoke only a few words then his son Wallace who has just arrived to do Sunday School work in the Meth. Mission spoke of his work. Then Mr. Ding the Chinese Sec'y of the Fukien S.S. Union spoke. Then Mr. Bondfield agent for the Brit. and foreign Bible Society spoke. The quartette- Mrs. Mac, Miss Wonzer, Misses Jones and Newell sang most beautifully. That day was the first day I have spent away from the College and Press since Sept. 14th. In the a.m. I went with Miss Hartwell and others to see some of the officials to ask them to contribute to the Orphanage. They said they wanted me to go to see one man. They got me to go to see four. At 12:30 just as I sat down to dinner a note came in telling me of a Federation Comm. at 2 p.m. at Mr. Mains- at 3 came the Monthly concert and then supper with Mr. and Mrs. Billing and then meeting of Union Normal B'd of Managers and home at 10:30. I know God is watching over you all, and I trust each of you is looking for His care. Your Loving Father Willard L. Beard

[Written in someone else's handwriting]

We are in the midst of our Annual Meeting, and are having a very helpful time. Each morning there is a business session of an hour and a half.

Last year I was elected Moderator and Friday morning re-elected for three years. All business is conducted in the Chinese language.

There are two very important matters before us this year (1.) The raising of money for the Union Theol. School and for a fund for aged and needy ministers. (2) The adoption of a plan and working out the details by which the money given by the Board at home shall be put with the money given by the Chinese here for evangelistic work and then all put into the hands of a committee made up of Chinese and foreigners to decide where and how it shall be used. Until now this has been done entirely by foreigners. Both these steps you see are in the direction of placing more responsibility on the Chinese. They are taking the matter up enthusiastically. Beginning Fri. at 4 P.M. the Committee already in two days have \$2500 subscribed toward the fund mentioned above. This year a congregational Pastor from Peking is with us. He is a power, - his addresses are strong- Spiritual and practical. He knows his Bible, he knows God and he knows men. He is also in the middle of things in Peking in the church and these men - citizens of the republic of China - hang on every word of his. Last Thursday evening they held a social here and the Committee asked him to speak. The chairman arose and said there are three things that we want to hear about Peking i.e. the general condition of things there- the condition of the church there- and the political situation. Of these the church is the most important. So we should first hear of that. At once a man rose and said "No hear of the political situation first" and he was backed by so many that no one dared ask about the condition of the church during the whole evening. When they asked him if they might ask him questions, he said "certainly", but would you allow me to say just a few words before you begin to ask questions." "Certainly" they said. He rose and in about ten minutes said in substance "I understand that some people in the south are not entirely pleased with Yuan Shih Kai as president. I want to say just a word about him and the presidency. He is the only man in the country who is acceptable to foreign nations. If Sun Yat Sen had been elected to the presidency the other nations would not have lent us a cent of money. He also knows how to deal with the ministers and Ambassadors of foreign countries as no other man in China. Again Yuan Shi Kai is the only man in China that can command the army. No other man in China knows the army as he does. He has trained the only real army in China. Again Yuan Shi Kai has about him

reliable men who will stand by him and upon whom he can depend. Sun Yat Sen is surrounded by factions that are erratic and undependable. If he had been elected to the presidency China would not have been held together. The government would be a lot of warring factions and this would mean the splitting up of the country and its down fall. Yuan Shi Kai can hold it together and he is the only man who can. You say he is ambitious and that he wants to make himself Emperor. Think a moment. When during the revolution the Emperor called him to Peking, Yuan Shi Kai had really the power of an Emperor. The Emperor gave him whatever power he had left. All the Manchus gave themselves into his hands. The army was his. He had trained it. China's money was his. If he had wanted to be Emperor it would have been very easy. But he did not. This is the strongest proof that Yuan Shi Kai is a true Patriot and a true Republican. These few words I wished to say by way of introduction to whatever question you may desire to ask." For over an hour the pastors and preachers and delegates asked questions about Peking- about Yuan Shi Kai- about the Assembly. About the little boy who was Emperor- about the stipend given to the Manchu princes and household by the Republic of China and many other things. They asked if Pres. Yuan worked against the church. Pastor Li replied: - A few weeks ago we dedicated a Y.M.C.A. building in Peking. The doors were so arranged that they could be opened by the pressing of a button by the President. He gladly performed this function himself from his office and then sent his representative to speak at the dedication. No, he does not work against the Christian church. "How about that request for the prayers of the church in China for the republic. Did it really come from Pres. Yuan?" It did not start from him. Some of us pastors were talking with a Christian man a member of the Assembly and we suggested a service of prayer for the Republic. This was held. The idea grew. Others in the Assembly favoured it and Pres. Yuan gave the idea his approval and it was ordered telegraphed to the governors of all the provinces. So the call for prayer really come from the Christian church, but it had the sanction of the president and the government.

"What is this we hear about Confucianism becoming the State religion for China. It is really an article in the Constitution? "No, it was proposed and earnestly supported by a certain member of the Assembly and his friends. But about \$600 silver- \$300 gold, - was given some of us to spend in the cause of Religious Liberty. Many telegrams poured in from all parts of the country to members of the Assembly.

But these never come to the proper persons and their influence was nil. We organized our campaign, found an assembly man who favoured Religious Liberty, gave a feast to which he was invited with a few of his friends. Then got more men interested and gave other feasts and took the men riding and in this way we carried on an Educational campaign among the Assembly men and the probability is that Confucianism will not be the national religion neither of course do we want Christianity to be the national religion. We want religious liberty, and it looks much as if this was now assured."

"How many Christians are there in the National Assembly?" "Five or six." Is Mr. Ling of Foochow known in Peking as a Christian?" "Yes." "Does he attend church regularly?" "No." "How many Christians in the assembly do attend church regularly?" "Only one." There are thirty or forty who come on nearly all special occasions.

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This appears to be Willard playing tennis in the Foochow compound. Undated, but possibly 1913 time frame.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



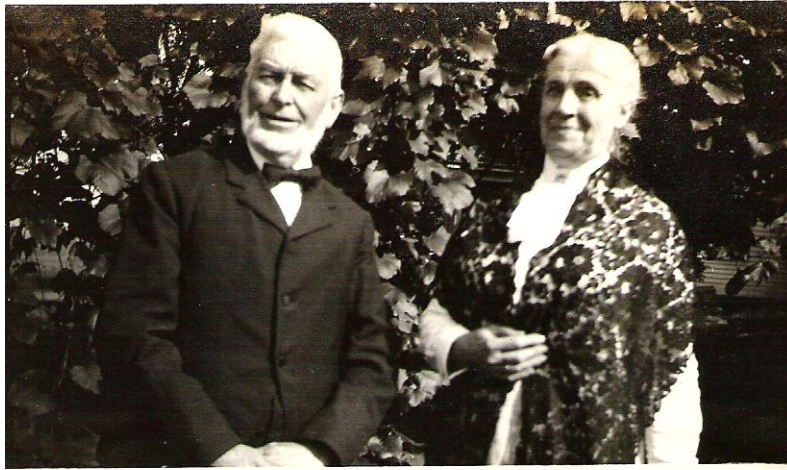
Willard Magnified

1914

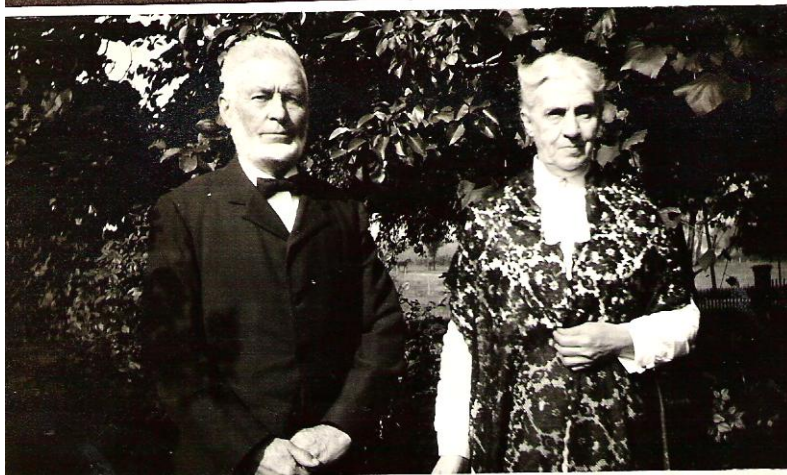
- August -Flora and Mary Beard travel to China to teach in the Peking area. Flora is 45 years old and Mary is 32.
- Rise of Japanese power in China (through 1918)
- WWI begins
- Panama Canal opens
- Ernest Shackleton begins his Antarctic expedition and does not return until 1917.
- Willard is living in Foochow, China while Ellen and the children remain in the U.S. and live in Putnam, CT
- Willard is 49 years old, Ellen- 46, Phebe- 19, Gould- 18, Geraldine- 16, Dorothy- 13, Marjorie- 8, Kathleen- 6.

1864-1914
 Mr. + Mrs. Oliver G. Beard,
 married Jan. 20, 1864,
 receive congratulations at their home,
 Century Farm, Shelton.
 Thursday, Jan. 1, 1914.
 From two to five and seven to nine p. m.
 Please omit gifts.

50th Wedding Anniversary invitation for Oliver Gould and Nancy Maria Beard.
 [From the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]



Golden wedding - 1914.



Oliver Gould Beard and Nancy Maria Nichols 50th Wedding anniversary 1914
 [Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated **March 15, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 8 year old daughter, Marjorie. He tells about a Chinese family that lost their 2 daughters to a sudden illness and how Mr. and Mrs. Christian has to be quarantined in Willard's house because of it. He will have a Mrs. and Miss Pitcher as boarders in his mountain house this summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
for
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

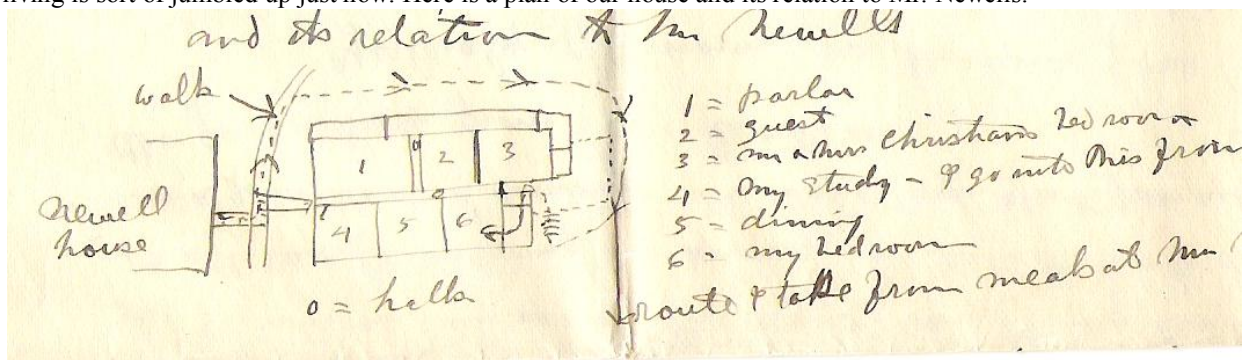
Foochow, China March 15th 1914.

Dear- to whom shall I address this- nothing came from Putnam this last week-let me see whose turn it is to have the letter according to my correspondence register.- it's Marjorie's turn so here it goes.

Dear Marjorie:-

Last week I wrote Gould that March came in very lamb-like. But this last week she took off her lambs wool cloak and put on a water-proof lion's hide, and turned all the water off on to us and gave us a flood all over the plain between here and Kuliang, and sent the thermometer down from 75-54 as it is now in my study. As I write my fingers ache and I have on my heaviest winter clothes throughout. Yesterday I was shivering cold all day.

This past week has been rather interesting. Mama will remember Ding Kai Ceng the Chinese teacher in Foochow College who has taught English for a long time. He married Pastor Ciong Ging Beng's daughter. They had one boy and four girls. Last week his wife's brother came home from the P.O. in Canton and left on Tuesday for Tientsin. Mr. Ding and his whole family went over to Au Long Die and spent several days with Pastor Ciong and then Mr. Ding went down to the steamer with his brother-in-law on Tuesday. He brought his family into the city on Wed. a.m. His oldest child is the boy= Teddy, 15 years old. The next is a girl 12 years old. The youngest was 2 years old. The oldest girl was ill at Au Long Die. The Pastor called a Chinese doctor and she appeared better. But when they reached home she became worse, and they brought her to the Hospital. The doctors here did not know what the illness was nor what to do. We do not take in anything but men, and the doctors urged the father to take her to Dr. Shire's= English Woman's Hospital only 15 min. from here. They took her home and she died before they started for the other Hospital. The Dr.'s were afraid of the plague. I went to the house Wed. p.m. for the funeral service. On Thursday morning Dr. Cooper was asked to see the baby 2 yrs. old. He urged them to take it immediately to Dr. Shire, which they did. I was talking with Dwight about 8:30 p.m. when a note came from Dr. Shire saying that the child was dead and the parents were at the Hospital and wanted me to come immediately for a service, and I went. When the parents went to the Hospital at Dr. Shire's request to be with the child, they had no one to leave the other three children with. Mr. and Mrs. Christian brought them right into our house. I knew of it first at the supper table that evening. The next morning when the mothers of foreign children found it out there was indignation, and to add to the strained situation, all three of those children began to act in much the same way as the two others had acted. The amah or house woman left in a hurry and Mr. and Mrs. C. got the children out and into a Chinese house as soon as possible, and Dr. shut Mr. and Mrs. C. into this house. Fortunately I had not been near the children and was considered all right. But Dr. and Mrs. Cooper and I take meals at Mr. and Mrs. Newell's. My living is sort of jumbled up just now. Here is a plan of our house and its relation to Mr. Newell's.



The Christians can use all the house except my two rooms, and I do not go into the house at all except into my two rooms. We do not look for any trouble now. But on Friday there was a good deal of anxiety. Dr. Cooper says if all goes well till Tues. night he will take off the quarantine from the Christians.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Hodous gave Mr. Goddard an At Home which proved a very pleasant affair - there was a good crowd out notwithstanding the C.M.S. men had an important meeting that kept all the men away. Dwight is helping Mr. Hubbard balance the books of the mission.

I have agreed to take Mrs. and Miss Pitcher to board in my mountain house this summer. Mr. Pitcher says he will sleep on the veranda if he comes up. I am afraid he will find it breezy and if it rains he will need a rubber blanket over him.

We are building a new school building to hold 100 boys in the Higher and Lower Primary. Mr. Newell has charge of this. *[According to a publication titled the Peking Presbyterian Mission 1917, "Unlike American schools, those in China divide what are called the grammar grades into Lower and Higher Primary schools, the first including the first four years, and the latter the remaining three years." Booklet from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Every day I ask God both in the morning and in the evening to take of you all specially to keep you all loving and kind to each other and to others. I ask Him to make our home in Putnam such a sweet pleasant place that it shall make the whole city better. I ask Him to bless dear Mama most abundantly and to make each of you children so thoughtful and helpful to her that she can't help writing all the time. Please Marjorie kiss her just now for Papa.
Your Loving Father

Willard L. Beard

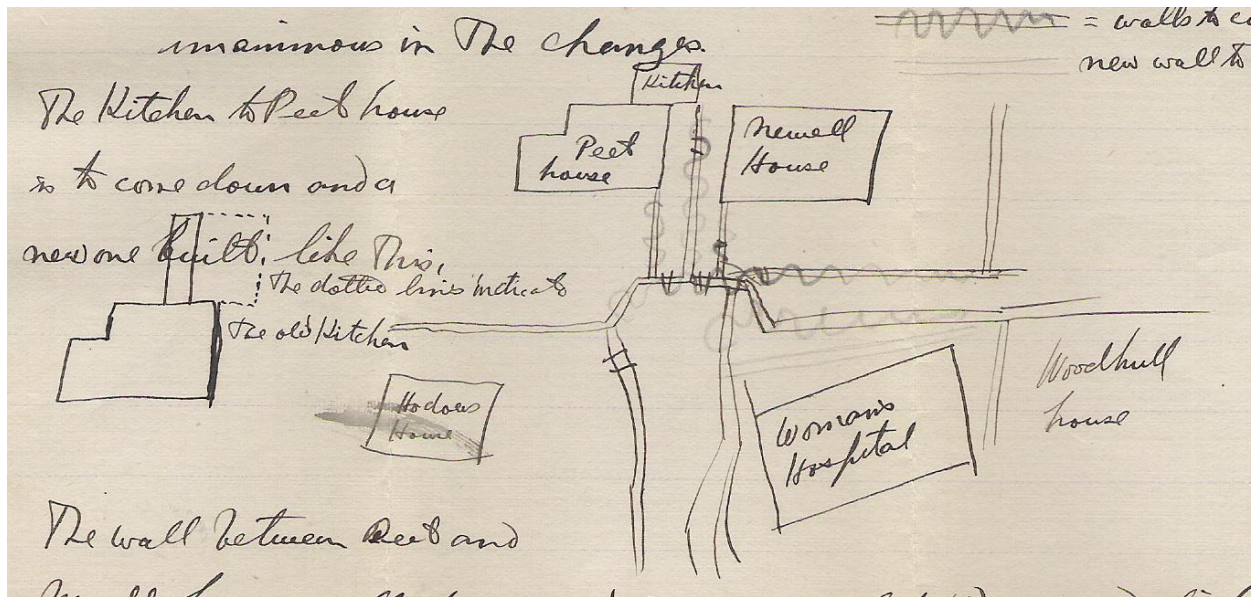


Written on back of photo by Willard: "City Compound My house at left, Newell at rt. Old Womans Hospital at foreground rt." About 1914

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[From a letter by Willard dated March 17, 1913:

"We are making great changes in the city compound. I'll try to draw a picture of the compound as you and the others may remember it indicating the changes we are making. I called a meeting of all the members of the station a week ago tonight and we talked the matter over and were unanimous in the changes."]



What is labeled as the "Peet house" in this sketch appears to be Willard's house in 1914.



Written on back of photo "Our house 1st to right"

This appears to be the same house as that shown in the previous photo.

[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

[This letter dated **March 29, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 5 ½ year old daughter, Kathleen. Willard sends a hug and kiss through his letter for Ellen's birthday. He is purchasing linens and silverware for his house on the mountain. Mr. Goddard is in Foochow working on the plans for the new city church. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China

March 29th 1914

Dear Kathleen:-

It is getting to be a bother to me to look up each week to see whose turn it is to receive a letter. I had to go back three weeks in my register to find the last letter from Putnam. It came from Gould March 8. But I have sent one to him since then and one to Dorothy and one to Marjorie, and I believe it is your turn to day. Do you know how old dear Mama is today? And I wonder if Gould really gave her a good loving hug and kiss for me on her birthday. It will be so long before this reaches that you all will have forgotten. But never mind as soon as you read this to here // just put the letter down and go and put your arms around Mama's neck and give her a good hug and your very sweetest kiss and tell her [it] is from Papa way over in China. Here is the kiss * a great big one.

I wonder what you are all doing these March days in Putnam. And I wonder if you were able to keep warm and to keep the water pipes from freezing and bursting in the cold weather the papers and letters are telling about. This last week has been very rainy and cold. Last Sunday and Monday were very warm but Tuesday got cold and wet, was so dark and cold that we had fires in the stoves and lamps lit by five o'clock. Yesterday was a little warmer and today has been a perfectly lovely Spring day- just on purpose to help enjoy Mama's birthday.

Last Friday I taught my class at the Union Normal School at 2:00 p.m. and as there was a committee meeting of the Fukien Evangelistic Campaign at the YMCA in the evening I took supper with Mr. and Mrs. Munson, and in the afternoon I called on Mr. Main. Mrs. Main and Florence are still in Shanghai. Florence took the last treatment that morning and they will be home on the next steamer. I am getting my things for housekeeping on Kuliang this Summer.- I bought 1 doz. soup spoons and four large spoons one day and have bought of Orrin four table cloths, three 2 ½ yds., and one three yds. and 1 doz. napkins. I have picked out knives and forks and tea spoons. I can see Mama prick up her ears as you read this. I wonder how I'll come out- I mean with the house keeping. I'm planning to take up two school boys to do the coolie work, - if they will go.

This last week I had another order for tea from Miss Preston of Brooklyn. I am sending her 30 boxes. She will be sending Mama \$5.25 for 21 boxes and then \$2.25 again for the extra I am sending. I wonder if Mama ever received from her some money about Christmas time- and how much.

Mr. Goddard is still here and is hard at work on the plans for the new city church. If all our hopes are realized we shall have a very useful church, and it is a very great help to me that he is here to draw the plans.

You and Marjorie must be growing fast, if I can judge from the picture taken at Grandpa Beards at New Years. Aunt Mary sent it and I can see that you are larger than when I left a year ago last Sept. As you grow big do you grow good? That is the most important question, for the good is better than to be big. In what grades are you and Marjorie? Your school will be closed before I receive the reply to this letter and Gould will be on the Century Farm mowing with the new spar. Aunt Ruth wrote that Grandpa peddled with both in the blizzard and they trotted thru the drifts all right. May God keep you all well and good. Very Lovingly your Father

Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated April 5, 1914 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to 18 ½ year old daughter, Phebe. Willard tells of seeing the moving picture, "Nero" at the YMCA. He felt it was a good movie but it was depressing because of Nero's treatment of people. He relates a story of April Fool's jokes gone bad. Peking has decided to make Confucianism the state religion. His sister, Mary writes that she may come to China to work with sister, Flora next year. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
April 5th 1914

Dear Phebe:-

All the others have had a letter since you. There is nothing for me to answer as the last letter came March 8th from Gould. I talk with God about you all by name each night and morning and I trust him to keep you all. I pray specially that He will help Gould in Latin and the rest of you in any specially difficult studies.

The past week has been full and interesting. Tuesday evening the Y.M.C.A. had Quo Vadis in moving pictures 6:00-8:30. I attended and went from there to dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Munson. The pictures were good. I am glad I saw them but I should not go again for the purpose of seeing the pictures myself. There was something so horrible and depressing about the gluttonous reveling of Nero and his court- something so revolting about the torture of the Christians and the unhuman pleasure in Nero and the people! It was true the pictures helped me to realize the depth to which man can fall when he gives reign to his passion in any line- or to his natural desires in any line.

On Wed. I attended the Monthly Concert of Prayer at Mrs. Macs- Mr. Munson led and spoke of the Evangelistic Campaign for this province in the Fall. I got frivolous that day for an old man the father of a nineteen

year old young lady. In the morning before breakfast I sewed down the cutlery to the table cloth and tied some of the chairs. In the evening Dr. Cooper, Mr. Christian and I came home from Monthly Concert before the ladies Mrs. Christian and Mrs. Cooper. We did not arrive till 6:45 and there was no sign of supper on the table. We asked the table boy and he said with a smile "Mrs. Christian said there would not be supper." We waited till 7:00 and decided the ladies were trying to April fool us. Going into the kitchen we found the supper on the stove, and proceeded to help ourselves in this way. The dish containing peas, rice, etc. in the little tin cans – you remember how they boil these here – I put into my bath tub. Under the baker we found a meat pie and potatoes. These with a pitcher of milk and all the bread in the house we took and started for the Hospital to have our supper. As we passed under Dr. Cooper's house, we heard footsteps and voices above and so waited a moment- for they could see us from the veranda- even if it was dark, as we went down to the Hospital. Then we changed our course and went over to Mr. Neff's. There we three ate our supper. Coming back home we found the ladies here with little tables set on the back veranda and lanterns hung for light- but no supper. We thought they were staying away late for a joke and that we had turned the joke on them- but the only joke in their minds was to have a veranda supper,- and Mrs. Christian felt badly cut up over it and we all felt sad until a night's sleep took all the gloom away.

Tuesday morning Ling Hok Ngie passed away at 7 a.m. Mama will remember that soon after we reached Foochow in 1894, we attended some exercise in Foochow College-class day I think and one of the students kept all the Chinese roaring with laughter- we asked Dr. C.C. Baldwin who sat next to us to explain the joke and he said, "I do not know what they are talking about." And we thought if after 40 or 50 years he could not understand, what could we hope to do? Well this bright lad was Ling Hok Ngie. He graduated from College, then from the Sem'y and preached till a year ago when consumption made him too weak. He was a devoted, earnest, consecrated man- full of ideas and fertile in plans and with no selfishness. Thursday afternoon over 200 attended the funeral over S. Side.

Friday my usual duties of that day- teach Ethics 8:30-9:30, lead chapel 10-10:30, prepare Pol. Econ. 10:30-11:30 and teach it 11:30-12. At 1:00 start for S. Side to teach Union Normal 2:05-2:50. Then I went as fast as possible to the East Gate tartar church to examine candidates for church membership, and in the evening attended the College YMCA meeting. This makes a very full day. Saturday afternoon was occupied wholly with a meeting of the Board of Directors of the union Medical College.

Wed. and Thurs. were very warm. Yesterday and today I have had a fire in my stove all the time I have been in my room- burned more wood than on any other two days this Winter. I shall look for reports in your letters of extreme cold weather and snow and blizzards. I hope you were able to keep warm, and that the pipes did not burst to cause damage. Mr. Goddard says Mrs. Goddard writes that her pipes burst and flooded parts of the house.

From various letters I judge people are wondering at home if we are troubled with the mandate from Peking making Confucianism the state religion. Not in the least as far as I can see. During the past year there have been changes along two lines that are radical and very noticeable. 1st A year ago the enforcement of law was very lax. Now it is rigid. There is order here now and one realizes that the government rules. 2nd. The government schools are running on a very low scale. Some are practically without teachers or students- some are closed. But business seems good. When I came in Nov. 1912 a foreign building caused us to ask who was building. Now they are so numerous that we have stopped asking. And many shops are being repaired and much paint is being used. These are the best sign of prosperity.

Last night after 9:30 I washed out three woolen union suits. I'm going to shiver now rather than wear them again for I do not want to wash them again this Winter. Last night I had all my blankets on the bed and kept just comfortable warm.

I wonder if you have the Congregationalist to read. Prof Steiner of Grinnell, Iowa has his autobiography in it as a serial this year and it is very interesting and instructional.

Aunt Mary writes that she may come to Peking with Aunt Flora next Fall.

I had a very nice motherly letter from Mrs. Whitney asking me if I had sat down to count the details of keeping house on Kuliang, - had I considered that these "out of port" people had high ideas of style and that a young lady was among my boarders and would "attract" company-and did I have table linen enough etc. etc. It's nice to be looked after-when your wife and daughters are not around to care for you.

Kiss Mama for me and hug her. Miss Pierson of Brooklyn has sent for 18 boxes more of tea 45 in all. The money to be sent to Mama. Last week I asked you to buy me a cheap bathing suit and send by mail starting it as soon after May 15 as possible. If you have not yet sent it put in a pair of tubular shoe strings,-good ones please.

With all of Father's love to his big girls and little girls and to his son. Willard L. Beard

*[This typewritten letter dated **April 6, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He uses the typewriter and comments on his bad handwriting. Willard guarantees that Mary can find a position to work in Foochow if not in Peking with Flora. Mr. Goddard is keeping busy with church plan, speaking, planning the missionary compound entrance and buying jade. He comments on the current political situation in China with Yuan Shi Kai. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
for
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China April, 6th. 1914.

Dear Mother:-

It is an experiment using the typewriter to write you. Some people say it is not good form to write your own folks on the machine, but when ones handwriting is as bad as mine I have often wondered if my own folks did not sometimes say mentally, if not audible, "I do wish he would use a typewriter so we would not wear out our eyes trying to read his letters." It really makes no difference to me which way I write. When I first began on this new machine, the key board was different from my other and it was pretty slow and tedious but now it goes all right - - when I strike the right letters.

The weather man has got very much mixed up this last week. Wednesday and Thursday the ther. stood above 70 degrees and white suits came out on some of the new comers. Saturday and yesterday the ther. in my study registered 54 degrees and with a fire it rose only to 58 degrees. I sleep under all my blankets and am just nice and comfortable. Mr. Hodous and Dwight Goddard went off into the country Friday for three days. Saturday night they were cold and thought they had all the bedding they had with them, the next morning on putting the bedding into the baskets to go to the next place they found the coolie in making the bed had put some of the blankets under them instead of over them. Mr. Newell also went off Friday without an overcoat and came back yesterday with chattering teeth. But we shall soon be warm enough.

On last Tuesday evening the Y.M.C.A. showed Quo Vadis with moving pictures, to foreigners only. Tickets \$1.00. I attended. Of course it was intensely interesting. But I would not care to see it again just for myself. The subhuman revelry in Nero's court, the demoniacal pleasure of the court and crowds at the sight of human blood and torture were made vivid, but I doubt it very much of this is beneficial or helpful in the development of the best Christian character.

Yesterday I taught three different classes in Sunday School or Bible study, preached and conducted Communion and received seven into the church at East Gate. And finished the day by attending the C.E. meeting. That's pretty near dissipating.

Mary quite startled me in her last letter by saying that she was considering coming to China in the fall with Flora. She did not know at that time whether it would go thru. If the way is not opened and she wants to come to Foochow just tell her to write Dr. C.S. Patton of Boston and I can guarantee that the American Board will find money to send her to Foochow this Fall. Guarantee is a pretty strong word, I mean from anything that I know now.

Tell Father that the "Vindicator" is reaching me regularly, two numbers have come.

Dwight Goddard is still here and will stay another month at least and I am saving a room in my mountain cottage for him to use all summer. He is busy at various things such as drawing plans for a new church which we hope to erect this year, and making plans for a new entrance to the compound here, preaching and giving addresses on various occasions, and buying jade. We laugh at him for this. Mr. Boyce who has been teaching in the government schools is a crank on jade and Goddard goes with him to buy. Neither of them buy anything extravagant so all can have fun out of it.

I am surmising that the reports of the political situation in China have caused you some cogitations. You are asking, "Is Yuan Shi Kai planning to make himself Emperor? Where is the Republic of China? Does the recent action regarding Confucianism sound the death knell to religious liberty? What is the effect in general of the seemingly retrogressive action of the government?"

No one knows whether Yuan is planning to become Emperor or not, but practically all agree that he is now doing the only thing to be done if a stable government is to be maintained. Let me give two instances as examples of what is going on all over the country. Two Foochow men were in Peking, uncle and nephew. The nephew was murdered. Suspicion pointed to the uncle. He was a powerful man, shrewd and a friend of the President. Nothing was proved but the man is still confined, he is safe now and cannot if he wished to, hinder the chief man of the land. Again, some two months ago the governor of Fukien was asked to render his accounts and left for the north. In his

place is a relative of the President. And he is governing the people here. A year ago thieves and thugs seemed to fear no one. I have not heard of a theft for over a month. As I go about the city there is an atmosphere of order that agreement with the seeming free hand given to White Wolf in his depredations. Whether the President does not realize the gravity of that situation or he is not yet prepared to overcome him I do not know.

But after considering all sides of the situation the consensus of opinion is that the President is doing the right thing for the country in the present crisis. He may be planning to become Emperor, or he may be planning to first bring order in the country and then gradually give more responsibility to the people. He is playing a very wise game. For he has always before him two courses, so he will never be caught in a corner.

Personally China seems to me to be following the most natural course. The Revolutions revoluted too far. It was going at too great a rate of speed to keep up. The change in names of things and offices etc. was not the real names or methods of punishment or long hair for men etc., will ever destroy. That something you may call by different names. The people have seen a vision. They have had a taste of freedom. They have found that there is more than one way of doing things. Now under these conditions they act differently than Americans would act. For instance two years ago there were five thousand or more students in the government schools in Foochow. Today there may be five hundred. The daily papers would find abundant "copy" in the U.S. at such a time. But it scarcely causes a ripple here. There is perfect confidence that the matter will right itself "tomorrow." And it will.

Well this is a long letter for me. Please be perfectly frank and tell me if you would prefer me to use pen and ink.

I wonder if you received a letter sometime about January in which I asked for some sweet corn and tomato seeds. There is no harm done but if it did not reach you I must begin to keep a better tab on my letters.

Lovingly yours.

Will

*[This letter dated **May 3, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to 19 year old daughter, Phebe. He gives a little advice about school. He attended the 10th Anniversary of the Anti Opium League for the Fukien Province. Supposedly the province is free of opium. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
for
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China May 3rd 1914.

Dear Phebe:-

Your good letter dated March 8th came Friday evening May 1st. It is very interesting to hear you talk about "the children" as if you were not one of them- I suppose you mean Marjorie and Kathleen. They used to be "the babies". Life while one is in school must be and should be narrow in a sense, - that is a part of the price of an education. Many a boy could not endure the confinement necessary to get his education and many a girl has chosen society instead of the grind and has thus lost an education. My school days- while in High School were very much narrower than yours. I practically lived between my home and the High School in Derby- never a game of any kind and Saturdays work all day. Sunday brought church and Sunday School. In college there is more of the social life. But there it is, with those who make good, duty= study first, and with me lots of work. I hope you children will have less. I am glad to learn from both you and Gould that work is going so nicely in the Putnam High this year. How I would enjoy looking in on you all as you study in the evening, - even Marjorie and Kathleen study. My only fear for you is that you will begin studying to late and will sit up too late. It shall be easier when you get to Oberlin- where you will have to go to bed at ten p.m. What's this about \$5.00 a month allowance- it's all news to me.

How did that Quinebaug Valley championship come out? All these things are good in their place. One of the great benefits of our education is to enable one to keep the proper balance. A basket ball game has its place just as a suffrage lecture or a prayermeeting, or study or music. Any one of these carried to excess is wrong. And I always felt that if one is perfectly honest with himself he has the guide within himself that lets him know when he is giving too much time to any one. I should feel like urging you to attend a ball game and urging Gould to attend a suffrage lecture and to put more enthusiasm into study. I need here to spur myself to more play and physical exercise. I want to add that the good in a ball game comes to the players not to the expectation. I had to smile at your comments on Mama's venture at the basket ball game. I hope she was not seriously contaminated. I should have enjoyed seeing Mr. Hathaway. It would be better than a soda mint tablet.

Latin seems to be the sticker for you and Gould I wonder why. I did not find it particularly hard. In my first year in high school I had it as one of my three studies and without knowing it I stood the highest of 80 students in the four High School classes. To day has been a perfect day- just like a cool day in June. I wore a vest and Prince Albert to preach in this a.m. with entire comfort. Three joined the church here. I certainly want to hear how the debate comes out on the suffrage question.

I cannot express the strength that comes to me as I remember all those in the home land that are praying for me. There are seven in Putnam who I know pray every day, and sometimes responsibilities are so heavy that I could not hear them if I did not know I was not alone,- that God hears the prayers of my loved ones.

I wish you would write more about your Bible reading. Are you following any course or are you just doing original work. I have always preferred Matthew, Luke and John to Mark for devotional reading. But for the background of Jesus' life and works I like Mark, and then take the other three to fill in. Mark is generally briefer. Is it so nice to have a letter to answer that I may have spent too much time in just remarking on the things of special interest in your letter- I'm saving Gould's till next week.

Last Friday I attended the tenth Anniversary of the Anti Opium League of Fukien. The English Commissioner has just finished his tour of the Province and has said that Fukien was rid of opium. So this tenth anniversary is to be the last. I was asked to speak and Mr. Goddard also spoke. Then what do you suppose three women spoke, - right up on the platform before men and all. They did well too. Yesterday I attended the meeting of the Comm. on the Panama Exposition Exhibit.

How I should enjoy being able to stop the "aching or tickling or itching" of your arms. Think of a man who has had a wife and five daughters to hug him- having to live two or three or four years with no one to hug him. It does me lots of good tho to read in your letters that you would like to do so.

With lots of love to each- a hug and lots of kisses to each. I am your very loving father – who brings each of you twice every day to God for his care.

Willard L. Beard.

I'll try to send in the next letter your birthday check. I wonder why you say nothing about Marjorie and Dorothy. Inaung asks after mama frequently. One day he gave me 10 cents to send a letter to her, - said it was hard for him to write- she has his affection (?) all right. Should I be jealous? Mr. Cio Lik Daik is back in Foochow.

*[This letter dated **June 7, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to 19 year old daughter, Phebe. Willard will have 5 women boarders in his Kuliang mountain house this summer. He will be meeting with contractors for the building of the new church. He encourages Phebe to write Tank Home in Oberlin for admission in Sept. 1915. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
for
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China June 7th 1914.

Dear Phebe:-

I do not need to look at my correspondence register this week to find to whom I should write for your good letter of April 9th with its supplement of April 28th came yesterday and so I have a letter to answer.

We have had two very hot days- and just now some one of those sudden terrific showers that you will all remember used to come in Foochow. I thought of you children and the way Mama and I used to dress you up to go out in the showers and the fun you used to have. Do you remember one time on the mountain after you had been out and Gould had been rubbed down and was sitting in a chair with his foot in a wash bowl slopping the water over the floor. He said "mama what makes it rain so hard, does God sit up in Heaven and go slop, slop, slop with His feet?"

As the end of the term draws near duties multiply- if this is possible. Last week we were reviewing all the week and this continuing this week then one week and three days of examinations and the boys go home. But on the 19th I promised to begin a nine hours course in Political Economy with about 65 pastors and preachers in the Summer School of Theol'y. In the mean time my boarding house on the mountain is supposed to start up June 20th. Boarders Mrs. and Miss Pitcher and Miss ____ from Amoy and Miss Billing and Miss Vander Linden from Foochow. Won't I be in for a gay time?

I see by the last Flatbush Calendar that Mama was in Flatbush Church last month. I hope she had a pleasant time- did the people much good and that she stopped at Mt. Vernon and saw Mr. and Mrs. Ide "Mother" Bean and Uncle Raymond and Aunt Mollie and DOROTHY and all the rest. I wonder also if she took time to run up to Century Farm or stopped any where in New York- probably shopped if she did. One of the last mails brought a good letter from Mr. Reed of Flatbush, and the last mail brought from Mr. Wittler of Brookfield, Conn. "The Inside of the Cup" [by Winston Churchill]. It is strange but I have been wishing I could get this book and was thinking of trying to borrow it to read this Summer. When the mail came and I saw a book was in it, as I was unwrapping it, the thought came to me that looks just the size of The Inside of the Cup- which it proved to be.

The contractors will be in this week with their figures on the new church and that will take a huge amount of time.

To morrow evening we are to have a social for all the former students of the College who have been here 4 or more years and have good characters. 114 promise to come. These with College course students, teachers, foreigners etc will make about 190. There is to be a feast- a Reflectroscope etc.

Aunt Ruth sent me Gould's letter to her so I have a word from him also. This week- I should have added to the last paragraph that the heavy shower this afternoon makes the Chinese apprehensive for tomorrow evening's weather. We had hoped to eat and have all our sleeping etc on the lawn.

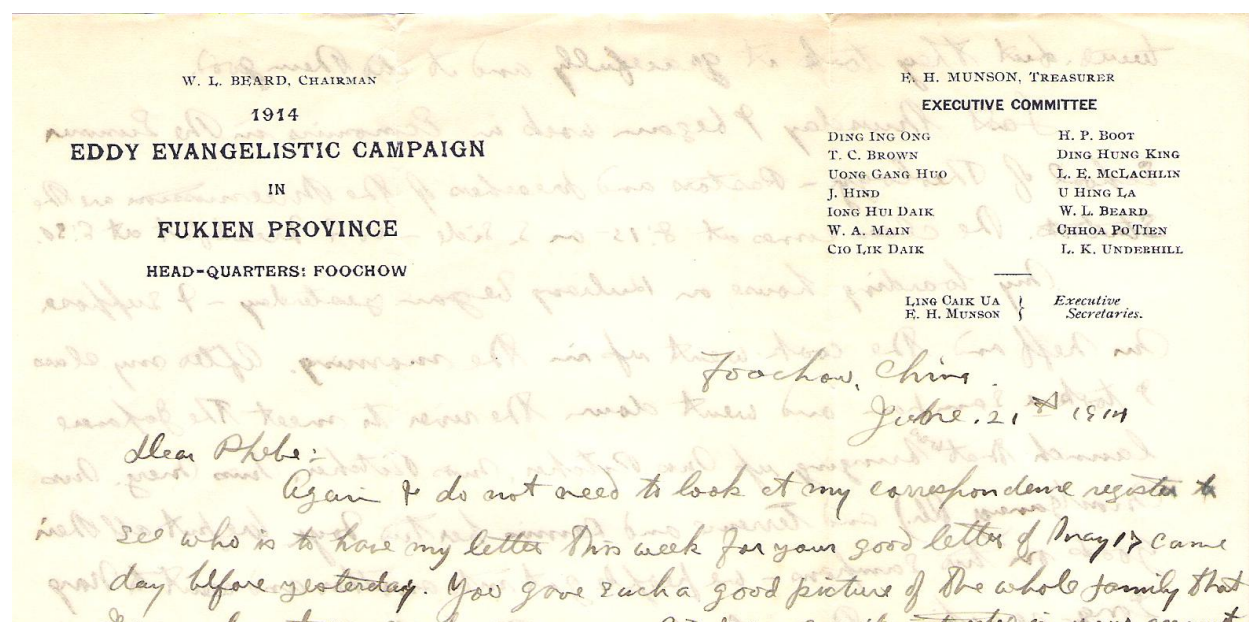
Your accounts of the debates are very interesting, and I need not add that it gratifies a father on the other side of the world to know that his children are able thus to deport themselves well. At the ages of either of you I could not have done anything at all in a debate. I wonder if you have written to Tank Home, Oberlin asking for admission Sept. 1915. Do not put it off too late for I am afraid it is full all the time and late comers sometimes do not get in.

People are getting the Kuliang fever. Mr. Newell and Mr. Hodous plan to go this week. Mrs. Stick of Amoy comes up this week and then there will be a steady stream.

I did not know Kathleen had whooping cough till your letter said she was well and going to school. I now remember in that first letter she wrote there was a sentence that I with difficulty made out to be "I have the hoop-cough." But no one else wrote of it and I wondered at it a little. But it could not have been severe.

May God keep each of you healthy in body and mind and spirit, - tender and sweet and loving in the home. Then I know you will be tender and sweet and loving outside the home and always. I took your "huge hug" in imagination and thank you for it and send one from a 180 lb. father to you and all rest. Lovingly Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated **June 21, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 19 year old daughter Phebe. He discusses debate, being prepared and accepting defeat. He is pleased that she will be attending Oberlin and expects Kathleen and Marjorie to look alike when he sees them again. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



W.L. Beard, Chairman
Eddy Evangelistic Campaign
In
Fukien Province
Head-Quarters: Foochow

Foochow, China
June, 21st 1914

Dear Phebe:-

Again I do not need to look at my correspondence register to see who is to have my letter this week for your good letter of May 17 came day before yesterday. You gave such a good picture of the whole family that I can almost see each individual. And I was greatly interested in your account of the debate. When you wrote me a few weeks ago that it was to come off and that you and Gould were on opposite sides I said to myself- well the Beards are bound to be on the winning side anyway, and one of them must lose. I never considered myself a great debater. But in all my debates the winning was the least of my anxieties. There is something within one that tells one whether he has done good honest work on the debate and whether he has done himself justice. This judge within one's own breast is a higher judge than the judges appointed by the debaters or others to decide who wins. My best effort at debating was during my sophomore year in Oberlin. The question was something about Brutus in Julius Caesar. I had as good a paper as any of the four. But I forgot twice and had to refer to my notes. This lost the debate. But I had the inward conviction that I had done good honest work. I also knew that I had not taken the rest that I needed and when the time came I could not do myself justice. One of the principle factors in success of this kind= in any mental effort is to be able to keep yourself in good physical condition, so that you can command all your powers.

You hinted at one of the most valuable returns for the work put into a debate i.e. Debating teaches one how to take defeat. This is one of the great benefits of athletics. I told the College boys last spring when they were defeating all other teams at basketball that it would be a very dangerous thing for them always to win. At last they were beaten twice, but they took it gracefully and it did them good.

Last Thursday I began work in Economics in the Summer School of Theology- pastors and preachers of the three missions are the students. The class comes at 8:15 on S. Side – so I breakfast at 6:30.

My boarding house on Kuliang began yesterday- I suppose. Mr. Neff and the cook went up in the morning. After my class I took a sampan and went down the river to meet the Japanese launch that was bringing up Mrs. Pitcher, Miss Pitcher, Miss Merz, Miss Montgomery (Dr.) and Terrence and Dennis her two boys. We put all there goods on two sampans- we people got into another and went to Nong Long, reaching there about noon. The load carriers were there and started off at once. But we waited till three p.m. for the chair men. I saw them safely to the foot of the mountain and then came home reaching here at 6:30.

Last night Mrs. Christian gave a farewell dinner to Mr. Topping and Mr. Gold. Mr. Topping leaves tomorrow, via Suez on a German Lloyd. We hope he will come back in three years as an ordained missionary to our mission. The teachers and students like him very much. They are planning to see him off with the band tomorrow and his classes want to go to the Anchorage with him.

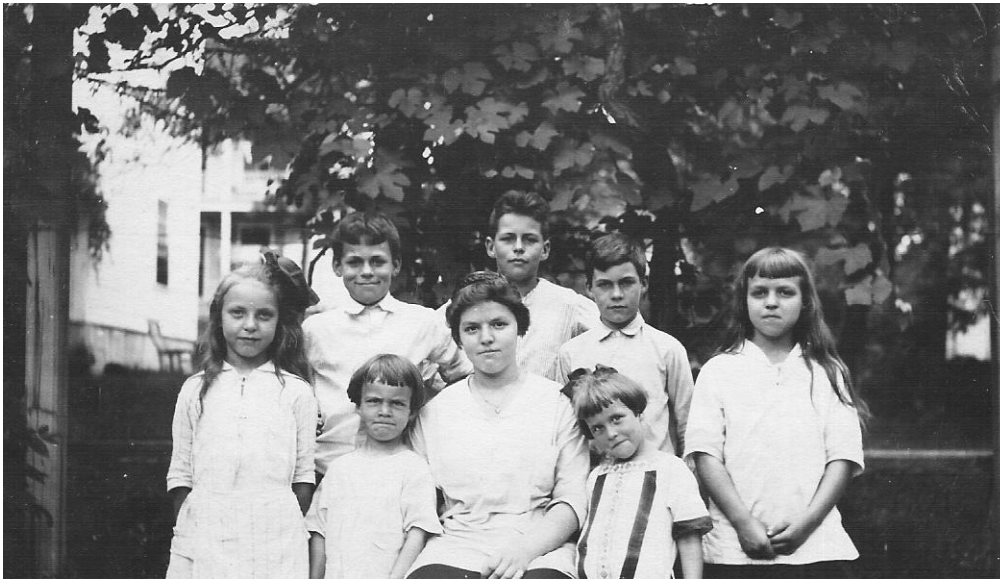
College closes next Thursday. But I am held here till June 30th by the Summer Sch. of Theol.

I am pleased to hear of your decision to go to Oberlin. Kathleen and Marjorie will be twins when I see them again- wearing the same dresses- dressed alike?? It also gives me great pleasure to hear that Dorothy is going to unite with the church. I have been asking God for this.

I have copied into my vest pocket diary all the heights of you children and find that I have 28' 5 1/8" of children.

I trust Gould got the best of Latin. It is 10:35 p.m. so good night with lots of love to all from a very loving father Willard L. Beard

In an interview with Kathleen by Jana L. Jackson in the year 2000, she said that her family lived in Putnam, CT when not in China. She remembered visiting Century Farm on the Housatonic River in Shelton, CT and playing "farmerette" in the hay with sister, Monnie (Marjorie). One time, when the dinner bell rang, Kathleen decided to take a quick way down from the hayloft and slid down a rope. She got a rope burn on her hands. Sister, Monnie, was more careful. The farm was a dairy farm and they grew "timothy grass" to feed the cows.



Beard and Hume cousins in about 1914. Dorothy is seated in the middle with the fraternal Hume twins (born in 1911), Harry Stewart Hume and Millicent Louise Hume on either side of her. Starting from the left is Kathleen, then, in the back, Myron Kinney Hume, Donald Corbin Hume, Willis Fulton Hume and Marjorie.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated Aug. 2, 1914 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his brother, Ben. Flora and Mary should be on their way to San Francisco and then on to Honolulu and China. Two men from the Rockefeller Foundation are in Foochow and Kuliang to see where they can help financially in the medical field. Willard hopes for \$100,000 for the Union Medical College. Plague and cholera are in Foochow again. Willard would like to travel to Shanghai to greet Flora and Mary but he is too busy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang, Foochow, China
Aug 2nd 1914

Dear Ben:-

As this is your birthday the home letter from me goes in your name this week. Please send it down to Century Farm as soon as you have read it. I do not know what Phebe M. will say for it is her turn to get this letter. A good one came from her yesterday written just before the Fourth of July. But she'll see this in due time and it will tell her that I do not forget that tomorrow will be her birthday. You must be about 44 today. Phebe 42 tomorrow. Elizabeth 40 Aug. 11th, Kathleen will be 6 by Aug 10, and Geraldine 15 Aug. 25th- quite a month for Beard birthdays.

I think of Flora and Mary as on their way to San Francisco as I have already heard that. The Mongolia was delayed and would start the 8th instead of the 4th- That will insure my postal reaching them at Honolulu.

This past week we have entertained two men commissioners of the Rockefeller Foundation. Dr. Peabody on the staff of Harvard Medical School and Mr. Greene American Consul Gen'l at Hankau. They reached Foochow Tuesday afternoon and came immediately to Kuliang- On Wed. I met them about 9:30 a.m. and was with them until noon. At 2:30 p.m. they met in conference all the Doctors on Kuliang- some 15. After questioning these Doctors for one hour and a half on the need of a medical education for Chinese, and the method of education etc this meeting adjourned. I was present by virtue of being on the Board of Management of the Union Medical College. Then after a little tea the B'd of Management met the two men for a more detailed conference on the work and needs of the Medical College. These men are looking over all China to make recommendations to the Rockefeller Foundation as to the best way in which to spend \$100,000,000.00 in China in Medical and philanthropic work. Poor old Rockefeller! He had a lot of fun- such as it was making his millions and now he does not know what to do with them and has to hire men to get rid of them. But just the same I'll help him as much as possible. I gave these men three days of hard work- was with them Wed. in conference all day. Thursday a.m. was up at 5 a.m. and off for Foochow with them. We stopped at the Panama Exposition exhibit in Foochow City half an hour. 70,000 people had

visited this up to last Wed. night. Then I showed them the English Mission hospitals and the Union Medical College and our own hospital gave them lunch and helped them buy curios and I hope they will recommend to the Foundation to give us \$100,000. for the Union Medical College.

The weather for two weeks has been superb- it is making amends for the bad winds and rains of June and the first two weeks of July. These storms destroyed about half the rice crop and have seriously injured the potatoes. They quite upset the schedules of steamer on the coast.

Plague and cholera are all about but now what is called serious. There are signs that some of the Foochow people are realizing that beating gongs and holding idol processions do not stop plague. The signs are good and in time measures will be taken to stop these ravages. Rats are worth 2 cents a head now.

This week is very full of Conventions, Conferences, Committee meetings and other things. I hope the crowds will leave the mountain about Sept. 1 and that I can remain ten days and have a little rest. I see but very little prospect of getting up to Shanghai to see Flora and Mary. It would at best be a very short "see" with a lot of time and money spent and I hope to have them with me next Summer all Summer.

Well be good to yourself and your wife and children- and other people. I'd pull out a gray hair from my head if you'd drop me a line once in a while yourself. Dr. Wells got my letter all right- Send this down to Mother sometime.

With Love to Abbie, Wells, Daniel and Edith and yourself. Will.

*[This letter dated **about Aug. 9, 1914** was written from the steamer S.S. Mongolia in the Pacific Ocean by Mary to Phebe and Stanley. She and Flora are on their way to China via San Francisco and she tells about their stay there and visiting Leolyn and her new husband, Dr. Morgan. She talks a little about the people and activities aboard ship. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

SS Pacific Mail Co.
S.S. Mongolia

[about Aug. 9, 1914]

Dear Phebe and Stanley,

Phebe's letters and several others addressed by her but not written by her were on our steamer awaiting us. The corset lace I have not yet used but shall find it useful. Thanks for the news also the letter from Mrs. Buchner.

I sent a card to let you know we were off. Leolyn 1st, Leolyn 2nd and Dr. Morgan [*Leolyn 1st is the widow of James Beard, brother of Willard, Flora and Mary who died in 1906. Leolyn 2nd is their daughter. Dr. Morgan is Leolyn's second husband. Dr. Morgan is Rev. Dr. Morgan and was the former pastor of the Unitarian church in Derby, CT.*] all saw us onto the boat and stayed until 12:30. Miss Steele was with Gwendolyn and she had a sore throat that morning so they felt a little anxious to get home. [*Gwendolyn is the daughter of Leolyn 1st and William Morgan. She was born about 1913.*]

We arrived in Berkeley just on time and had the train stopped so we would get off at Berkeley. Dr. M and L had gone over to 16th Street Oakland to wait for us. We had our ebolutions [*ablutions- cleansing*] all over before they got home.

We started early Thursday and did San Francisco and on Friday we had our heads washed and our nails manicured in the morning, and in the afternoon we did the University. Leolyn was a little shy the first morning but if wore off before breakfast was over. I gave her several kisses that night for various people. She said "Wait for I'll have to wash them right off." Then, "Oh, never mind, they'd have to be washed off in the morning anyway." When we got in Friday evening she took me to her "secret place," which is a corner of the attic in which she plays. There we made a park and a hotel out of blocks, etc. We did not finish before the call to dinner came and she mourned because I had no time to help in the morning. She begged us to stay and not go away off for so many years.

So far I have lived above board- eaten 5 or 9 meals a day- and stayed on deck. There are two Foochow families on board- the Fords and Bankhardts, both Methodists.-Already we are making the acquaintance of some future Peking friends and they seem very pleasant.

We have seen two ships so far, one a British Union Saturday afternoon and the other a passenger steamer today. It was too far away to identify the flag. One school of porpoises and any quantity of flying fish have shared our deep with us.

Every morning I have had a swim in the tank before dressing and I hope to continue as long as it is so warm. The men get warmed up by a base ball game on deck. That is fun for spectators as well as players.

I started the contents of the accompanying package for work when invited out. Either I worked too slowly or I was not invited enough! Anyway it is done now. Hope it will prove useful.

With love from Mary and Flora

*[This letter dated **early August 1914** was written from the S. S. Mongolia nearing Honolulu, Hawaii by Mary to the ones at home. She and sister, Flora are on their way to China. She talks about visiting with Leolyn in Berkeley, CA and life on board ship. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

SS Pacific Mail Co.
S.S. Mongolia

Mon. A.M. [Early August 1914]

Dear Ones at home,

Nearly two days gone and we have both attended every meal. Flora makes nothing of it. I ate and fled for deck the first day. On deck I was all right. No after meal enures[?].

To go back- We reached Leolyns on time by making up 1 hr 45 min. the last night out. Some of the passengers said we must have gone 100 miles an hour. One man (who is on ship board too) said he was frightened and called the porter who assured him all was well. The last day was hot but we got delightfully cool on the ferry coming from Port Center. We had the train stopped at Berkeley so as to get out to Leolyn's sooner. She and Mr. M. had gone to Oakland 16th Street Station to meet us. Miss Steele let us in and we had time to wash and fix our hair before they got back. We did not see the children that night.

Wed. A.M. Leolyn's first sentence was, "Have you seen my baby sister?" [*Gwendolyn*] It took nearly all day to wear off the newness of the renewed acquaintance. She was her old self by the second morning. I was taken to the "secret place" the second night to help build a park and hotel. Neither were completed for lack of time. Impulsive as ever she started to cry when we packed to leave but her interest in crossing the bay and in seeing the ship helped to pacify her. As Miss Steele had a headache and sore throat that morning, they were in a hurry to get back to let her go home, so they left us about 12.30.

We had service on Sunday conducted by a young Episcopal rector. He also conducts the baseball of an afternoon and helps to liven any group he enters. The Mr. Franz of whom Dr. Barton wrote is proving a most popular youth and quite a leader. He enters into all the sports and is quite a favorite with the ladies, as well as the men.

Mrs. Kathleen Crane was Y.W.C.A. secretary at college my freshman year and is just as jolly, sincere and whole hearted as ever.

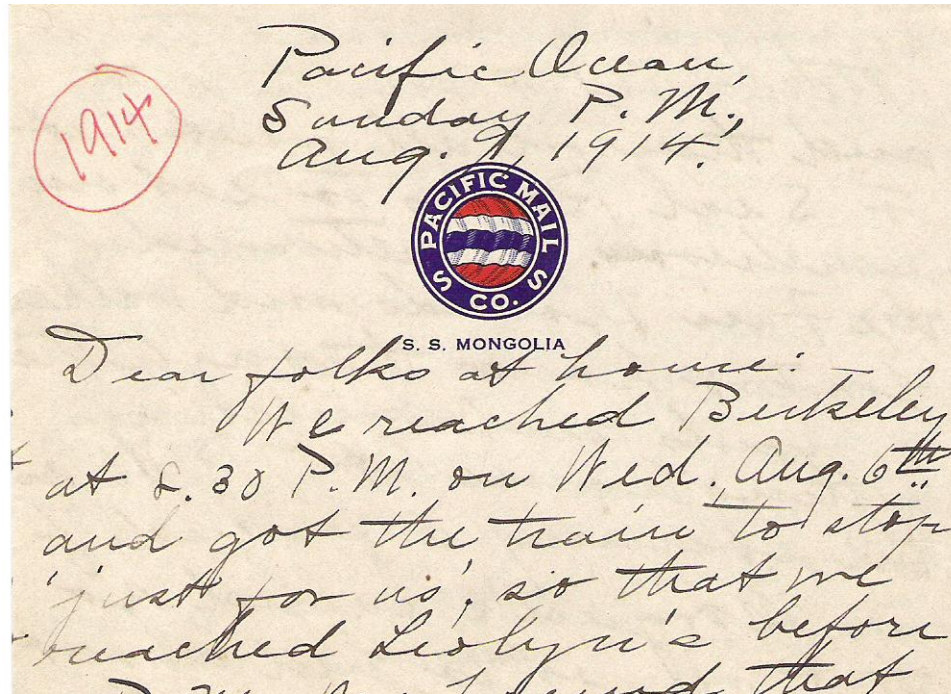
Thurs. P.M.

Mrs. Chisholm Brown, husband and son, Chisholm aged 16 months and I are the best of friends. We take a walk together nearly every day.

The Fords and Bankhardts are here bound for Foochow. I shall have plenty of messengers by whom to send my sheets to Willard. Tomorrow we are in Honolulu. Unless I break my hand in the night, I arrive there without disaster. The men entertain us with baseball in the afternoons. The swimming is interesting also. I bathe before breakfast. This morning I was very select, the only spectators were the captain and 1st Officer. I must go on deck and hunt for my sweetheart Chisholm as we have not had our stroll today. We turn our watches about 26 minutes a day so I have about lost count of New York time.

Ruth's special delivery arrived. It had lots of letters. They were good to read. With much love, Mary.

*[This letter dated **Aug. 9, 1914** was written from the S.S. Mongolia steamer in the Pacific Ocean by Flora to the folks at home. She and sister, Mary are on their way to China. She tells about their stay in San Francisco and about the people and activities on board ship. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*



Pacific Ocean
Sunday P.M.
Aug. 9, 1914

SS Pacific Mail Co.
S.S. Mongolia

Dear folks at home:

We reached Berkeley at 8:30 P.M. on Wed., Aug. 6th and got the train to stop 'just for us', so that we reached Leolyn's before 9 P.M. We found that she and Dr. Morgan had gone to Oakland to save us from going over to San Francisco before we returned to Berkeley. I got a little bit freshened up before they returned. After an hour's visit we retired and slept like bricks. In the morning Dr. Morgan, Leolyn and we went to San Francisco where Mary and I did what shopping we had to do, attended to our tickets, and then we all went out to Seal Rocks to eat our luncheon. We returned by the Fair Grounds and walked for two hours through the grounds and building, getting home at 7 P.M. In the evening a friend of Dr. Morgan's called so that we got to bed about 10 P.M. On Friday we got our money changed to gold and each of us had a shampoo- for our hair felt as a chicken looks after it has been wallowing in the dust. After lunch we walked through the grounds and buildings of Berkeley University, and then we had a trolley ride out to the end of the line where we had a great view of the neighboring country and the bay. After dinner another friend of Dr. Morgan's came- both calls were not expected- so that it was late again when we retired.

L to R: Flora, Leolyn 2nd, and Mary on the "Mongolia" prior to leaving San Francisco.
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



L to R: Flora, Mary, Dr. Morgan, Leolyn 2nd and Leolyn 1st on the "Mongolia" before Flora and Mary leave San Francisco for China. 1914.

On Saturday we went straight to the steamer, - this time little Leolyn was with us. They stayed until orders 'to land' were given. I met several Foochow and Peking friends who were seeing off their friends. The Fords, Bankhardts, and Browns (Mrs. Emma Mea Chisholm Brown whom Ruth knows) are on board, also Ray Gardner and the Mr. Franz that we were told of. Between the Standard Oil Co. and Missions, the boat is owned for the war has scared the tourists from round-the-world tours. There are a number of fine young men going out for the Standard Oil. Two of them have traveled with us from Chicago.

Mary is proving a very good sailor. She has not missed a meal yet and seems to find the life on board ship is interesting. There are several children on board who are quite attractive and she is one of those who are attracted by them.

The day has been rather quiet- as it is Sunday. We attended service led by a young Episcopal clergyman, this morning. There was a little shuffle-board played on deck and one couple tangoed a little. Otherwise people walked or read. (More later) Flora.

Thursday A.M.

So far weather and seas have been perfect and every one is on deck. We have a baseball game each day which is very exciting. Yesterday it was between the 'Hams' and 'Bacon', to-day it is to be between 'Soda water' and

‘Seltzer.’ There is a great deal of noise and fun and perspiration about it, and between the actors and audience all get the needed exercise. We’ve met our first steamer this A.M.- since we saw the ‘Rainbow’ just out of San Francisco harbor, the day we left port. The sea has been as calm as the proverbial mill pond, so every one has been well. There is a daily newspaper published on board, containing the wireless news, but we have not subscribed since it is 10 cents per copy. Two extras have been published so times must be prosperous with them.

Fri. A.M.- We’re waiting for inspection so that we can go on land.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

[This letter dated Aug. 9, 1914 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Ruth. Willard finds he has to help the ladies on Kuliang with various tasks and repairs. Tennis is active on the mountain. He wonders if the war will affect travel for Flora and Mary. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang
Foochow China
Aug 9- 1914

Dear Ruth:-

Your good letter of July 5 enclosing a page from Gould came last night. It’s 10:30 p.m. but I wanted to get this letter started tonight. Now I’ll go to bed and finish it later.

Mon. a.m.

You would be interested to see how my time is occupied here on the mountain. I sometimes wonder if it is the best way, and then go on doing all the same. This morning for instance. Before we were finished with breakfast men came to fix Miss Billing’s sedan chair. Well she knows simply that the thing is broken and unusable and says she has no idea what it should cost to repair so I go out and help. Before this is finished Mrs. Worley whose husband died here in June came for help. She wants to sell her mountain cottage. A Chinese with money offers her \$500 more than any foreigner has yet offered. What shall she do? All her missionary neighbors will deplore the near presence of Chinese here. They will pack the house full, and laws of hygiene will be ignored and salt fish and sour greens etc. etc. will be in evidence day and night. But will- should she pay (lose) \$500 for the sake of her neighbors wishes. I told her to let it be known what she had been offered and if any foreigner wished to buy at that price sell, but if not she had a perfect right to sell to Chinese.-Now comes Miss Funk [*Grace A.*] of our mission with a leaky roof- Will I see about getting it fixed. This afternoon a committee meeting of the Evangelistic Campaign Comm at 2:30 – at 5:00 entertains a group of missionary’s children with stories. I wish Phebe M. were here. I’d get out of this job. Then tomorrow take the chair at the Educational Committee meeting- a provincial organization and do the same on Wed. – and write home – to two homes each week- and I manage to get to Foochow one day each week and thus far I have spent the night there. Last Thurs. I went down in the morning- Friday morning I rose at 3, started for Kuliang at 4- had to wait 15 min. for the city gate to be opened and reached my Kuliang cottage a little after 7- before the family were all up. I was bathed and dressed ready to eat breakfast with them. Thus far all goes nicely in the family. Sat. evening for the first time we had our family together as we originally planned= Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Pitcher of Amoy, Miss Vander Linden and Miss Carling of Amoy, Miss Billing of Foochow and the “Hostess”, Miss Billing has been absent two weeks for an operation.

Tennis is on with all sorts of tournaments,- a most interesting men’s doubles Sat. afternoon. The Champion of Foochow with the Champion of Canton vs. two good men of Foochow. The champions won with two duce sets. Do you understand what that means? These three weeks are the height of the season. Now over 400 country children. I forgot that Mrs. Worley wished her business kept secret. So don’t tell. Just here I had to leave to act as chairman of the Annual Meeting of Tennis Club.

I wonder if the war will effect the sailing of the girls. I think of them as having sailed Sat. the 8th- if all went as planned, I would like some one to tell me whether or not I shall go to Shanghai to see them. It will be no easy thing to arrange to get off just at that time- with a house full of boarders. What is one to think of the war? And yet after studying history it is not so strange. With all the talk and Conferences on Peace we have almost refused to think of the possibility of war. Ideal conditions are seldom reached over such smooth roads and it looks to me as if the nations would learn from this war valuable lessons concerning peace. Germany is certainly getting experience. There is a daily meeting for prayer over the situation. The Banks refuse to buy any more gold drafts on New York or London. I hope this will soon be changed, for if we can not get any money from the U.S. or Eng. we’ll soon use up our credits. I cannot believe however that God will allow this strife to be long continued. The people who- like

Paul and others of his time-thought-think== the world is soon coming to an end, are pointing to the war and the wars about the Balkans and the Mesien? Mix up and their quoting Scripture. - Well I shall keep on trying to help men know God and realize the best of themselves. - No one yet has been able to set the day for the end of the world and I do not know the good of it if they could. I prefer to be found at work.

I hope the weather cleared up and gave Father a chance to get hay. 20 cents a qt. for strawberries makes one glad he is in China- unless he is the man who is selling.

I think I sent you the receipt for the interest all right. I endorsed it on the note. You would enjoy sitting on my veranda of a morning. I have neng-bah =guests and curios of all descriptions are displayed for sale. It costs nothing to look at them. Lacquer, brass, bronze, carved wood, porcelain, embroidery- Mandarin coats- beads- jade, peacock feather-egret plumes and I do not know what not. It is almost an education just to look at the things- if one has self control enough not to buy- or is fortunate enough not to have any money to buy with.

I am glad to learn from your letter that Father is all right. I had heard nothing and simply took no news for good news. The school in Sang Gaing goes on nicely. There are 24 pupils this year in the day school and some 50 come in for Sunday School. Two boys from the Theological College go there for Sunday School. Dr. Lathrop is very thoughtful to send me frequent postals from different parts of Europe. One came Sat. evening. I think it's a great thing if you can send two of your girls to Northfield each year. It will be an education for them-broader than merely missionary. I hope you will go yourself sometime- and take Elizabeth.

With Lots of Love to all

Will

Your cherry was tantalizing-haven't come so near getting me since I left home 1912.

*[This letter dated **August 9, 1914** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. A conference on evangelism has been held that week on Kuliang, but he finds that it is not as popular as it was 15 years ago. He attended a meeting to discuss raising money for the Tai Bing Gai church. Tennis tournaments are running on Kuliang among the missionaries. Willard feels Germany is acting strangely and is concerned with the struggle in Europe. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

W. L. Beard, Chairman
1914
Eddy Evangelistic Campaign
In
Fukien Province
Head-quarters: Foochow

Kuliang,
Foochow, China.
August 9th 1914

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]:-

Your good long letter of June 30th came last evening. It was the first word I had received from Putnam since July 4th. Gould had written me from Shelton and another line came from him last night enclosed in Aunt Ruth's letter. I have not heard much about how each of you children came out in your marks this past term. I was somewhat concerned about Gould's Latin, but as nothing has been said about it I conclude he passed.

We have held a most interesting Conference on Evangelism here this past week. The Kuliang Convention is not at all the all-absorbing attraction that it used to be fifteen years ago. This past week the Convention occupied one hour five days= 9:15 a.m. to 10:15 a.m. Then from 10:30 – 12:00 came the Conf. on Evang'm Bishop Price C.M.S. was to have led, but illness prevented and I was asked to act in his place. The "findings" of this Conference will be printed in the "Register" so I'll not take time and spare to speak of the here.

On Monday morning I went to Foochow and happened to strike a very comfortable day and a very comfortable night. At 5 p.m. some 30 members of Tai Bing Ga met to consider the raising of about \$5000 to supplement the money from home to build the new church, parish house, parsonage and chapel. The contractors want \$17000.00 for the whole and there are \$13000 in hand. We had a nice little meeting with three or four addresses and then a feast-which they all enjoyed, ten subscription books were passed around and it was suggested that if anyone had to spend money in chair hire to see friends to get subscriptions, that they should charge it up to the committee. Old mother Ding was there and enjoyed it as much as any one. It was rather hot that night. But I arose at 3 a.m. Friday morning and was off a little after 4 for Kuliang, - had to wait 15 min at the East Gate for them

to open it, but I reached my mountain cottage before they were up and I had time to bathe and dress and sit down to breakfast with the family- and I got to the church in time for most of the Convention meeting and then I acted as Chairman of the Conference on Evangelism at 10:30. This is the height of the Kuliang season. Tennis tournaments began yesterday. Two new lights appear on the courts this year. Mr. Munson of the Y.M.C.A. is in the first class. This year the players drew for partners. The other new man is Mr. Knipp of Canton Christian College-He and Dr. Montgomery played against Mr. Munson and Mr. Ridler. Mr. Knipp is the champion in singles in Canton. It looked as if Munson and Ridler would beat- first set 6-5 in favor of Montgomery and Knipp. They lost the second set and the third set was 7-5 in their favor-the interest of a large crowd was as intense as I ever saw it. Dr. and Mrs. Whitney are daily interested spectators.

Miss Billing came back to our house yesterday-she has been away two weeks. For the first time we have our planned -for family.-Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Pitcher, Misses Carling, Vander Linden and Billing and the "Hostess." The large family makes the cook happy. Our food alone costs about \$100. per month and there are many other expenses. Miss Pitcher has eight kindergarteners in Miss Jewells cottage, and she is also teaching drawing. Helen Smith is one of her drawing pupils.

Your account of the \$5 allowance plan is most interesting. How do you suppose the Chinese plan in order to make \$5.00 feed and clothe a whole family?

Telegrams come fast about the situation in Europe. It is hard for me to believe that God will permit a long struggle here. Germany is acting strangely, and at this time it looks as if she would pay very dearly for her rash act in starting this broil. Just now we seem to be in the most fearful country on the globe. May God bless and keep you all- and enable you each to add a little daily to the true character which each of you is building for eternity- Your loving Father Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Aug. 24, 1914 was written from the S.S. Mongolia near Yokohama, Japan by Flora to the folks at home. Most of the trip has been calm but there was some seasickness during a storm. While on the steamer they saw a notice on the bulletin board telling of Japan declaring war on Germany. They had a nice stay in Honolulu. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Aug. 24, 1914.]

SS Pacific Mail Co.
S.S. Mongolia

Dear folks at home:-

To-morrow we land in Yokohama. Our trip from Honolulu has been most calm and monotonous until yesterday. We ran through a storm which rumbled up the sea most beautifully. Mary and I spent some time watching the waves break over the bow and sweep the front deck. Some of the passengers got drenched. The sea was so rough that it broke up the service planned at 10:30 A.M., so we had no Sunday observance. There were no games either. Several had to go to their berths. Mary tried to help out at the children's table but had to flee and finally had to part with some of her own dinner later.



Written in album: "Sunday August 23, 1914 Mongolia - The Breaking Waves Dashed High"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On Saturday I managed to sprain my right ankle so badly that I had to have an ice bag to get rid of the ache and fever. It is much better now and I expect to do the usual sight-seeing on land to-morrow. We expect to go up to Tokio, see some of its temples and parks, and call at our Ambassador's office to get the necessary passes for seeing the palaces in Kyoto. About an hour ago notice was posted on the bulletin board that Japan has declared war on Germany. I don't know how much this will interfere with our fun and progress in our journey. There are several Germans on board and they are trying to take the humorous speeches from the passengers with good grace. The Japanese on board are jubilant. Every one is questioning about what is to happen, but they finally figure it out that no one will want to molest the Americans. We shall write you again before we leave Japan for I think the first possible steamer that we can get leaves Sept. 2nd. I rather expect some communications from China at some of these Japanese ports. Dr. Tallman, I think is planning to go the way we have thought to go, so we may accompany her.

We had a fine day on land in Honolulu. We took the drive out to the Pali (precipice and to Punch Bowl, an old extinct crater), then went to the aquarium and did some shopping. While waiting for a car Mary met one of her Monticello girls who was on her way (with her father and mother) to Manilla. There were five steamers spending the day in Honolulu that day, so trade must have been good. It was rather cloudy so that we missed the brilliant coloring in the water. We managed to see the beauties of vegetation, and afterwards engaged many of its fruits on board ship. We had pineapple day when we had that fruit served in every possible way at the three meals. We have had papaya and alligator pears also, though I do not believe many people care for them.

I've made my waist since I embarked – got the lace to trim it at Honolulu. Am going to wear it on land to-morrow. It is made low necked and with short sleeves for hot weather. We are all sitting here on deck dressed in the thinnest materials and wishing we had thinner. The people in the swimming tank say the water is warm. It is pumped in from the ocean. Mary has been in swimming several times.

It is time to go below to dress for dinner so with love-

Good bye-

Flora Beard.

Pacific Ocean,
Aug. 24, 1914.

[This letter dated Aug. 24, 1914 was written from the S.S. Mongolia steamer near Hawaii by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about their visit to Honolulu and the aquarium there. She talks about life on the steamer and just a little seasickness. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

SS Pacific Mail Co.
S.S. Mongolia

[Aug 24, 1914.]

Dear Ones at Home,

Flora has probably written all the news but I will add some of my impressions. At Honolulu we [unreadable word] a ride and visited the Poli. The view of the sea opens up very suddenly and is very beautiful and extensive. The fields laid off in squares in the foreground, the beach and the sea. The descent is almost perpendicular and about 2000 feet high. It stormed and the wind blew but the driver said the rail along the side was to cling to when the wind was too strong to stand against and we did not need to use it. In the drive down we caught charming glimpses of Honolulu and the harbor. We saw several banyan trees and the famous straight avenue of royal palms also several avenues not so straight. We got out and went through the royal cemetery where the Kamehameha's etc. were buried. The mausoleum was very beautiful so were some of the tombs. The Punch Bowl is an old crater and we drove over the rim into the crater and around to the farther side where there is a beautiful view of the city, the Waikiki beach, Diamond Head and the harbor. The trees and shrubs were very interesting; red and yellow seemed to be the predominating colors, though there were a fun bright blues.

The aquarium was lots of fun. The little black, white and yellow fish had a wonderful white plumed tail. I tried to snap him. The Devil fish performed his best. He changed all colors and navigated in every way he could. The Congor Eel showed tendencies to bite had not a plate glass intervened. The sky blue fish, the yellow fish, the fish striped like a comet, the flat fish colored like the sands, the tubular fish and numerous others were all there.

We went shopping and I got my photograph books just as reasonably as at home. I also got goods for a shirt waist, white crepe with a blue figure in it. Flora calls it spotted.

The days on board have a great sameness but never prove boresome. There are six meals to eat, plenty of babies to play with, a swim every afternoon or morning, shuffleboard, quails, a men's or ladies baseball game and walking. I have mounted about 150 pictures, written a dozen or more letters and twice as many cards and read three

books so far. Chisholm Brown is a darling. Mrs. Brown asked me to send her regards when I wrote. The Ford baby (Foochow people) is another dear. There are a score of others but these are my favorites. We have a benefit concert by our Philipino band this evening. This is the second and last time that they are permitted to take a collection. Not one in sight escapes their notice. It is getting rough once more. Yesterday I felt it and one meal went both ways but that is the only one so far. I want to crow before I get on the little Japanese boat. Why? Guess!!

With lots of love

Mary.



Written in album: "Hotel"

[This is probably Mary in front of their hotel in Honolulu. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **Aug. 26, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. They have had four minor typhoons from July 1-16. Prices on foreign merchandise is high because of the war. Many Foochow tea merchants are stuck with their inventory. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Aug 26- 1914

Dear Folks at Home:-

I am in Foochow to night and its very comfortable. I have been most fortunate every time I have been down from the mountain to spend the night in having a nice cool tune. The weather has been very hot here from all reports but last night it began to rain and this morning as I came down from the mountain I wore a rain coat all the time that I rode and it has been very nice here all day. Rice and potato fields were getting very dry and this rain will help them some.

People are beginning to leave the mountain. By Sept 7th it will be quiet enough so one can get some rest. We have had a delightful season. From July -1-16- we had four typhoons but not very severe. Since then we have had one half day of rain and one shower. Tennis and picnics have had full swing. I have had little of both- my recreation has been committee meetings.

Will you tell Carl Dektor to send me by mail a pair of his "special" shoes. They are marked- if I read correctly 41148475/39. Then on the inside of the right shoes is sewed a tag reading "Carl Dektor's

Extra Special
\$4.00 - Shoe"

Please tell him to put in a pair of rubbers to fit the shoes and an extra pair of laces. I think he will know the shoe all right. -Blucher's- vice'prdt with padded sole. I have already bought three pairs of this kind of him- worn out and

throw away 1 pair, have another pair almost ready to discard and have another pair good yet. Please take the money to pay Dektor from my next interest.

Tomorrow I am to perform a wedding ceremony for the head Chinese doctor of our Hospital. He has done the business of getting engaged and preparing for the wedding in about three weeks. He wants all the foreigners to attend and they are all away still at the shore or the mountain.

The war is making itself felt in various ways here. Prices of all commodities that come from abroad are soaring and such articles as cloth that is also made here are so influenced by the foreign market that they are running up. Rice is also trying to feel war prices, - for we import rice from the British possessions to the South and they are holding on to their food now. War news is scarce. I expect both England and Germany are strict in their censorship. A month ago \$41 gold was worth \$1.00 in silver. Now it takes \$54 to buy \$1.00 in silver and you cannot buy a draft on New York. The tea merchants here are caught with their store houses full of tea and the home offices will not advance money. The merchants have promised the Chinese the money at a fixed date. One man will borrow \$80,000 to make good his promise and he has no prospect of getting rid of his tea. One man has his room full of tea that was intended for the German market. What a Hell war is!! I can't help praying that God will make this one so bloody and terrific that men will stop plowing to war and devote themselves to peace.

I think of Flora and Mary as nearing Yokohama now and I keep wondering if I shall go to Shanghai to meet them. It is 9:30 p.m. I was up to attend a musical last night at Ruth Beach Wards and got to bed at 11:30- up at 6:30 this a.m. and have worked steadily all day so I'll say good night and turn in.

At Kuliang, Sat. 29, - I married the couple on Thurs. and came up the mt. in the p.m. and found letters from Mother. Ruth and Ellen and Geraldine. I was glad to hear that all were well. I learned from these also that Flora and Mary were going via Korea- I shall look for a letter from them from Yokohama.

Exchange has gotten about normal again. 44 ³/₄ cents in gold buys \$1.00 silver and tea is moving.

My family is now reduced to five. Tell Gould I am proud of his letter- Oh no, he'll be in Putnam before this gets to you.

With Love and pleasant thoughts of you all.

Will.

*[This letter dated **Aug. 28, 1914** was written from Kobe, Japan by Flora to the folks at home. She and Mary just arrived there and are headed next for Shanghai after a quick visit to Kyoto. She talks about the continual observation of a German officer on board ship by the Japanese while in Yokohama. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*



T. GOTO, Proprietor.

Kobe, *Aug. 28* 1914

Dear folks at home: - We arrived in Kobe last evening. We got on to land about 4:45 P.M. and it took from

The Mikado Hotel.
Kobe, Aug. 28, 1914.

Dear folks at home:-

We arrived in Kobe last evening. We got on to land about 4:45 P.M. and it took from then to 7 P.M. to get our baggage landed and through the customs, so that we could go to our hotel. It was hot and close but we had comfortable rooms and slept well. This morning we have been out and secured passage on the Japanese S.S. Takeshiwa of the N.Y.K. line. It is one of the largest 2665 tonnage. It sails Sept. 2nd and reaches Tientsin Sept. 6th. Yesterday, about two dozen seikhs came in and occupied a lot of the benches. They were a part of that ship load which Canada refused to land. They have gotten this far back and there is some difficulty about their passage further so they are getting free 'keeps' while waiting. They certainly looked contented. Evidently, they were having some fun at our expense, but it did not trouble us. So far our journey has been without any anxiety but with much to conjecture about how the rest of our journeys are to be accomplished. This A.M. when we went to get our transshipping done we found all the Shanghai passengers successfully rebooking themselves. There is only the uncertainty of getting berth room as this is the time when people are returning from the summer resorts here to China.



Written in album: "Goodby Mongolia Kobe Aug. 27, 1914"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Did we tell you that we traveled across the Pacific with two Connecticut men-Mr. Wood from Somerville, and Capt. Averill (from Woodbury) and his family? They were very good ship friends.

This afternoon we are going up to Kyoto to stay until our ship sails- or rather until the night before for we have to be here to see about getting our trunks on to the ship. As it takes full two hours to come back from Kyoto and our steamer sails at 10 A.M. we can't very well do it from Kyoto in the morning of the 2nd. While in Kyoto we shall try to find Ruth's S.S. class gifts and send them at once on the way home. She should be receive them within two weeks after this. To-day the Manchuria sails from here so you will probably get all our Japan mail together. The Manchuria has been delayed by quarantine in Nagasaki.-The most interesting excitements that the war has given us on board has been the Japanese supervisor of a young German officer on his way to the German cession in China. A Japanese officer was on the Mongolia during its entire stay in Yokohama, and never let this officer get out of his sight once. He was searched and all his stateroom. This morning he came into the S.S. Co.'s office so evidently he is free to get on board and also feels safe to travel in a Japanese ship. All the Germans were anxious about further travel for them but evidently there is no trouble.- I wonder just how much you people are worrying about us, and I wish I could assure you at this moment how unnecessary it is, for we are getting on all right.

We shall be interested to hear of Dr. and Mrs. Lathrop's experiences when you hear about them, for I imagine they will have some to tell.- We are getting odors from the kitchen and I with I could say that they are appetizing. We have pretty good food though.

Lovingly, Flora Beard.

*[This letter dated **August 28, 1914** was written from Kobe, Japan by Mary to the folks at home. She describes her room in the hotel and tells about her trips to Kamakura and Tokyo. She mentioned the Japanese socks or stockings like mittens with the space between the big toe and the next to allow for sandals. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

The Mikado Hotel.
Kobe, August 28 1914

Dear Folks at Home.

I am sitting on my own private porch to my room, overlooking the garden. The garden contains Japanese pine trees, fan palms, one rubber plant and three or four other varieties which I do not know. The English Sparrow help to show that this is the same old world. Just beneath my window is a curious old well under a quaint arbor. There are several bronze figures, a fountain and something that looks like a sundial- and another like a place for worship. Privacy is an unknown term apparently. Our rooms all open by big doors onto a common porch. The porch is divided off by slat doors unprovided with keys. There are six of us from the Mongolia in a room. Eight others were here last night but left at 7:00 by train for Korea. There was considerable excitement about getting steamers across to China but everyone seems to be getting accommodations. Some are having to transfer here instead of going on to Nagasaki.

The Manchuria was held up at Nagasaki in quarantine so is here today and leaves tonight. The extreme courtesy of these Jap boys is interesting. Each gives a low bow every time we pass.

I had my first jinricksha ride in Yokohama. Miss Crane said she had to smile to see me sit on the edge of the seat. I had the feeling that I should not move but have gotten more so I feel quite at home.



Written in album: "In our rickshaws at Miss Sowter's"
[Flora and Mary. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We went to Kamakura and saw the Daihatsu temple and famous statue of Buddha. We went into the Buddha and saw the shrines. From there the coolies took us to the Hotel where we had afternoon tea in lieu of a supper. In the evening we took a rickshaw ride around town. We went through the Benton Dorie one of the shopping streets. The stores were closed but the boys opened them for us so we could see the goods. We did not even price much as we prefer to wait and shop in Kyoto. We also rode through Theater Street where are the cheap shops, moving pictures (all foreign in films) tea houses, and crowds. It was like the foreign quarter of New York a settling mass of humanity. On Wednesday we got an early start and went to Tokyo. We went out to Shiba Park and visited the shrine and tomb of the 6th Shogun. In the temple we had to wear "cover-ups" over our shoes. The carvings were wonderful; some bronze, some in wood and some in stone. Birds, lotus flowers and leaves stood out sometimes, a foot or more. We climbed the 86 steps to Atago Park climbed four short flights, - more in the tower and got a fine view of the city and park and harbor. We were about to walk up to the entrance of the first bridge over the mote surrounding the Royal Palace. In returning to the station we passed shops. The ones for foreign trade are not so unusual as those for native trade. Every thing is open front on the streets and many of the streets are extremely narrow. The sewers which border the narrowest street are not always pleasant to the nose. We bought some native fruit which is a pear but looks much like a large russet apple. It is hard, quite tasteless but very juicy.

A man has been cutting the grass in the garden with a pair of long handled shears. Now he is sweeping up the grass with a broom made of twigs, similar to those father's men make.

At Yokohama we had to wait over an hour for the Japanese doctors to let us through quarantine. There was a scare of chicken pox in the Chinese steerage. At Kobe we were passed without even counting the cabin passengers, but the crew had to come on deck.

On the steamer we got our money changed 2 yen for 1 dollar. Here we have to give 50 7/8 cents for one yen. Of \$90 we got \$176.90 yen. At the bank they said it was the war that put up the value.

How would you like to wear stockings like mittens with a big toe separate? Every one does here so as to be able to hold the shoes on. The clothes are varied from none at all on young children, or full oriental to full occidental the mixtures are funny. Western hats are much in vogue for children and aprons seem very popular.

We are going to Kyoto this afternoon and return Tuesday evening so as to be ready to sail at 10:00 or Wednesday morning.

The short sprinklers are of two kinds; one is a boy plus a pail of water and a dipper. The other is a cart something like candy cars one occasionally sees at home about 4 ft. long, two or 2 ½ wide and 2 high. It's pulled by

a coolie and sprinkles a strip about five feet wide. Yesterday I saw a very heavy bulky lead marked gas engine pulled by about 20 coolies. They had bars across the chest and over the arm and pushed against them.

I am getting the money straight now. We had to give 50 7/8 gold for 1 yen instead of 50 as on the steamer.

With love to all

Mary Beard.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 2, 1914** was written from Kobe, Japan by Mary to the folks. She tells about her visit to Kyoto, Japan. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

The Mikado Hotel.

Kobe, Sept. 2, 1914

Dear Folks,

We went up to Kyoto as planned and went out to Miss Sowter's to stay. She has one lady staying there all the time and a friend from the Manchuria came for that first night so we were asked to take a room together. We kept the room so our expenses were 3 yen each a day (\$1.50). Here in Kobe it was 5 yen.

The Brown's came up on Saturday and we visited the East and West Hangwangi's and the Daibutsu in the morning. We went to Miss Sowters for lunch and then to the hotel. In the afternoon we rode to the Palace grounds but the buildings are all closed for repairs and our passes had not arrived so we visited the China shops. We saw them make Satsuma, Cloisonné, and Damascene ware. I will write about the provinces when I have more time. Now we must pack to be off for the steamer. I am all ready but Flora still is unpacked. On Sunday we wrote a few letters, rested and called on Flora's friend Miss Denton at the University. We met Dr. Harrader the president. On Monday we dropped. We got our travelling at a wholesale place and Ruth's card case at a shop on Theater Street. We looked at fans but could get only paper ones for the price. [Unreadable word] one [unreadable word] card case as we could get is all in the money. There will be a few sen over when postage is paid. We'll see.

The war has not affected us so far except that my camera is forbidden so I am getting no pictures.

Off to breakfast-

With love

Mary and F.



Nishi Hongwanji, Kyoto (Main Temple and headquarters for Buddhists in Japan and the world.)

[Postcard in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

*[This letter dated **Sept. 5, 1914** was written from the Nippon Dusen Kaisha near Tientsin, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have been to Kobe and Moji. While in Moji they anchored near a Japanese war vessel and were able to watch the drill on board. They saw a torpedo boat following them, but it was harmless. Other than that, she sees little signs of war. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Nippon Dusen Kaisha

Sept. 5, 1914

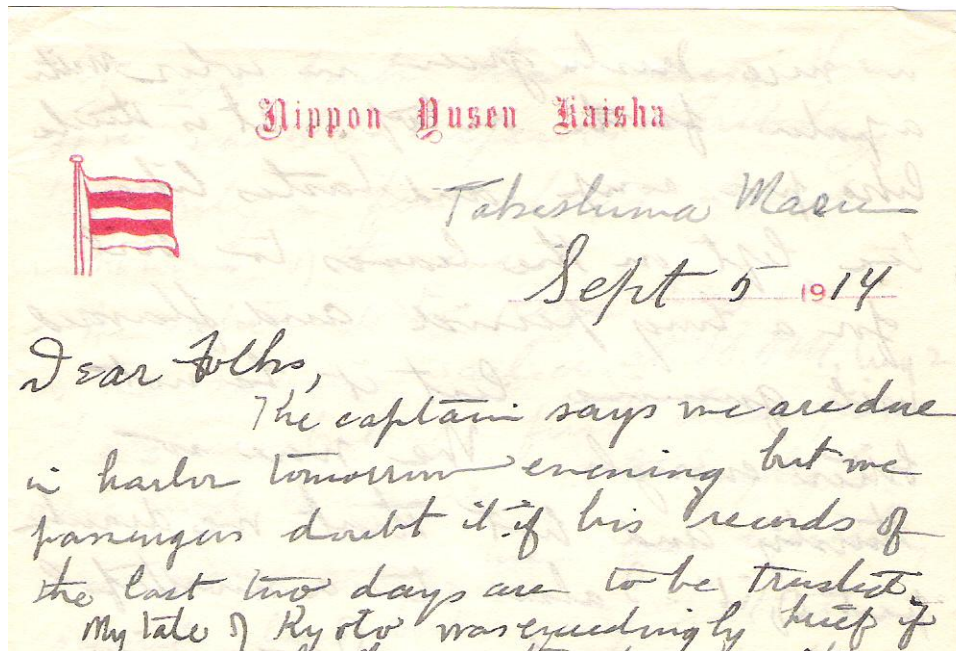
Dear folks at home:-

Since Mary's letter from Kobe life has run along very uneventful lines. The hotel boy got our six pieces (or rather seven for me bought enough in Kyoto to make another parcel) out onto the steamer so that we had nothing to do but to get on to the steamer ourselves. It would be very hard for us to do this as the baggage has to be taken out by sampan by the passenger to the steamer which lies some distance out from the wharf. We started quite promptly at 10 A.M. and had a perfectly smooth sea through the Inland Sea. The islands make it very beautiful for we have to be continually turning and there are so many of them that we seem to be land locked most of the time. The weather was so warm that we stayed on deck until late enjoying the scenery in the beautiful moon light. I awoke in a dripping perspiration, so I put on my Kimono took my bed and went out on to the deck and slept the rest of the night in one of the long chairs. This is one of the trips when we do not have to pay for a steamer chair. We reached Moji about 9 A.M. the next day and stayed in port until 3 P.M. There is so little of interest to be seen in Moji or Shimoniseki (opposite) that we did not go ashore. Several Japanese came on board, eyed our one German passenger, and asked some of the American men (whose names were suspiciously German) where they were born, what they were doing here in the Orient and why they had been in Japan. It so happens that they men they asked are teachers in the Indemnity School in Peking the head master of which has so spoken of the Japanese that he dares not go to Japan. After the first conversation on board our steamer, the Japanese man came back with two more Japanese men and went through with the same conversations again. Just what they wanted to do with the information we did not know- perhaps it was just their native curiosity. While we were in Moji we were anchored near enough to a Japanese war vessel to watch the drill on board. One of the Japanese men informed us there were 500 soldiers on it. They must have been rather crowded below decks for there were never more than sixty men at drill on deck. Just before we started a torpedo boat glided out the same way we were going. Later in the day we met one which our passengers thought might have been the same one. Yesterday we were nearly the whole day among the island at the southern end of Corea [*Korea*]. The scenery was beautiful and the moonlight superb on the quiet sea. We had a bit of excitement (to some of the passengers) when it was discovered just in the late twilight that we were being followed by a torpedo boat. It was evidently one of the Japanese fleet looking out for traffic in these seas. Very soon it turned about evidently satisfied that we were harmless. This morning we are out of sight of land again. In about an hour we met five squall steamers and since we saluted none of them they must have belonged to other lines than this, which must mean that traffic is still open. The passengers on board think we have passed much nearer to Corea than usual, probably to avoid the German port in China, where the Japanese are landing. For such a serious situation we have seen very few signs of war. We have heard nothing about the progress of the war since we left Kobe, since we have no wireless on board. We are to arrive in Tientsin to-morrow, but the passengers think it may be too late to leave the steamer. We have to leave this steamer out side the bar since the water is too shallow for the boat to get over. We may be taken in to land by a launch and then go by train from Taku to Tientsin.

Will write you next from our destination which should be in a few days from now.

Lovingly- Flora Beard.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 5, 1914** was written from the Nippon Dusen Kaisha between Japan and China by Mary to the folks. She describes her visit to a temple in Kyoto and talks about ship life. She finds the Japanese suspicious of cameras so doesn't carry it sightseeing. They reached China and expect to meet their school board in Peking. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*



Nippon Dusen Kaisha

Takeshima Maru
Sept 5 1914

Dear Folks,

The captain says we are due in harbor tomorrow evening but we passengers doubt it if his records of the last two days are to be trusted.

My tale of Kyoto was exceedingly brief if I recollect. The Chion-in temple we visited one afternoon. There we went through the apartments. All were lined with paintings and each room was done in a subject; there were two snow rooms, a swallow room, a stork room, a pine room, a cherry blossom room, a wisteria room. The kinkabyi rooms were not so numerous but the gardens were very beautiful. We went in the Gold Temple and fed the carp as prescribed, then we climbed to the tea house. They gave us ceremonial tea which is a most sickening concoction. It is a nice Irish green in color with a paler froth on top. It is thick like pea soup and tasted like tea left on the leaves to boil for a long period and flavored with quinine lest it be not bitter enough. We were so thirsty and hot that we drank part of it. I also ate a mouthful of the rice cake. I was sick in the night and laid it to the tea.

We took the train to Lake Biwa. Mrs. Sowter wrote out the terms we were to use to tell rickshaw men or conductors where to take us. The view of the Lake from Maderia is beautiful. We could see the start of the canal which supplies Kyoto with water. As it was a holiday no boats were running on the canal so we could not come back that way. The 31st was the Emperor's birthday but only a few shops closed in honor of the event.

We returned to Kobe Aug 1st as our steamer sailed at 10 A.M., Aug 2. There are but 17 first class passengers and two are not English. Two American men are travelling second class but having first class meals sent downstairs. We have a Doctor and wife with a 7 month old baby. She is homely but as dear as can be. The wife of the business manager for the A.B.C.F.M. at Tientsin is here with her four sons. Two are young men, one a perspective pupil of ours and the other only five. Another couple have two baby boys under three. A German and a Japanese finish the list. The two men below are teachers in the Indemnity School at Peking and quite interesting. I played deck gold, ring toss and gazed last evening at the moon with Mr. Bruce. The islands and the moon were very beautiful. He went in to play 500 with the other men and I went to bath with Flora and Mrs. Shoemaker. We retired about 9:30. This morning the moon woke me and I stayed awake to see it sink into the water. Alas a hazy horizon swallowed it before the water had a chance. Then I ordered toast and tea and took another nap. As we do not breakfast until 8:30, there is time for quite a nap after 6:00.

This morning there was a fire drill. All of the crew rushed to the upper deck and swung one of the life boats out then the recall blew and it was over.



Written in album: "Firedrill on the Mongolia- Lowering the boats"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Such wonderful placid waters as we are having. The motion of this little boat is not much more than that of the big one. The Inland Sea is wonderful. The islands are legion and no two alike in size or shape. We passed one in the evening which evidently was inhabited clear to the peak as it was most beautifully illuminated. Electric lights seem to be much used here in the east. We have met them everywhere so far. A torpedo boat preceded us from Moji and we met it returning the next afternoon. When it was nearly dark we saw it again steaming up behind us but it soon turned back. Whence it came no one knew but the islands were so thick it could easily dodge between them.

Sunday A.M. - This morning I awoke with the rain coming in on me. We were rolling a little but the sea did not look rough. The wind has subsided and the rain is over. We have several swallows and grasshoppers to show us it has existed. The swallow just flew within a few inches of my hand. I have just picked up three moths. This looks like land ahead sometime soon.

We sent Ruth's card case from Kobe- 8 in number. All told they cost 2 yen and 7 sen including postage. The individual cases varied in price from 29 sen to 412 sen. I couldn't tell when we got home which cost the most. We are 13 sen or ½ cents you debtor.

Our cabins on here are very tiny. The arrangement is most peculiar. The upper berth is delightful being right under the port holes. The lower berth is below it and very low. Air is an unknown quantity down there. We have twisted the mattress so Flora has her head out on the couch and her feet under the berth. She slept in the upper on the Mongolia but could not get into it here as the bars are too small to use to pull one up.

I wrote the Literary Digest to send my copy to Tungchow and if extra postage was necessary to send the bill to father. I do not anticipate the same form as shown by the Geographic.

Last night we had beautiful sunset and I exposed one film to it. It is the first picture I have taken since leaving the Mongolia and the Japanese are very suspicious of cameras. I did not even carry it sightseeing for fear lest I lose it.

Aug. 8- We reached the bar at 6:00 Sunday evening, but our boat was too big to go over the bar so we had to be taken off in a tender. We were to take the train at Taian but were too late. We left Taian at 9:00 P.M. to come up in the launch and arrived at the Bund at 1:30 A.M. It was two nights after full moon so a glorious night. Our only seats were canvas stools without backs. The views were glorious- we could see the mud [?] villages, the huge piles of government salt, etc. It was interesting to see sampans rock in our wake. The men were on hand to keep them from going over. Mr. Guinness, the agent for looking after missionaries, met us down the river and helped us get our baggage off. He took the trunks to his go-down but we went out to Mrs. Gordon's. It was 3:00 when we got there so we had a time waking them. Mr. G. followed us out lest we get lost so you see we were well looked after. Yesterday we saw our trunks off by freight and to day we go to Peking for the first meeting of our school board.

Write me

Mary

*[This letter dated **Sept. 10, 1914** was written from Tungchou, Peking, China by Mary to the folks at home. She and Flora arrived safely in Peking and met with their school board and looked over plans for a new school building. They were glad to unpack and wash everything after their trip. They visited the girl's boarding school and gave a description of it. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou, Peking, China
Thursday Sept 10 [1914]

Dear folks at Home,

Dr. Ingram posted a letter for us in Peking so you know we arrived there safely. Miss Crane, Mr. Corbett and Mrs. Stelle met us at the train. Miss Crane took an extra rickshaw and piloted our boys to Mrs. Stelle's home, while Mrs. S. took us to the Methodist compound for our first school committee meeting. We were the first to arrive but soon the others came. Mr. Corbett is President and Mr. Galt is secretary. There are three other men and two ladies. Two of the committee had been to look at locations for the school in Peking this winter. They reported that two seemed available and votes were cast for 1st and 2nd choice. We saw the plans for the building and they are quite complete. As most of the children are in Peking this winter, as those in Tungchou are old enough with two exceptions, to go to Peking to board and two new babies arrive here this winter, we are to be located in Peking. Where we live we are not certain, either with Mrs. Stelle or Mrs. Burgess. The foundation of the building is nearly complete and we have visited it twice. It is to be a four story building. In the basement are two dining rooms, kitchen, store room, furnace room, boys and girls dressing rooms and toilets. On the first floor are a hall and four rooms. The second floor is nearly like the first. The third has four rooms with slanting ceilings and dormer windows. The building stands in a large open space and faces the semicircle of seven homes in the compound. It faces north but the rooms planned for assembly and main class rooms at the start are south and east. The building is larger than our present need but of course we hope there is a future.



Written in album: "First view of our school Sept. 16, 1914"
[Flora at far right. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We had a most cordial reception here in Tungchou. Of course we had two husbands in our party and their wives were at the station with a number of small children. Miss Leavens with whom we were to stay was there also and on the way up we met the older children, so before reaching the compound we had met all of the people here. Our trunks fortunately came on the train with us so they were delivered at once. As this is a temporary stopping place we are not unroping our big trunks. Miss Leavens boy is doing our much needed laundry work. It seemed good to empty my trunk of soiled garments. The last time I was all clean was in Berkeley.



Written in album: "Yours truly [Mary] on Miss Leaven's steps"
[Photo from collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We unpacked the first morning and took a nap after lunch. About four Mable Galt came over to escort us around the compound. We are six homes in a curved row with the College buildings at the east end. Ours is the house farthest west. The church is inside the city wall while we are just outside. We have only a wire fence to separate us from the wicked world; but that wicked world is at some little distance. (A donkey just brayed and I

heard the first one after retiring the first evening.) There is lots of space here for athletic fields and three good tennis courts all ready laid out.

Yesterday we washed gloves and silk stockings and did some mending in the morning. In the afternoon we rested an hour then went over to Mr. Galt's for a committee meeting. We went over the plans of the building very carefully then visited the building. We made a few changes of a minor sort.

Today we matched silks to the ties we got in Kyoto and started to make tassels. We shall have a Chinese woman make the others from our samples. I have partially cut out the Philippine waist I brought along, and shall give it to a Chinese woman to sew up.

We are seriously considering taking a few lessons in Chinese to help in the managing of servants in the future. Already I can say yes, no, good, and count to five.

We finished making out our accounts today and find it cost \$179.64 to get us here besides the tickets we had sent us from Chicago to Kobe.

When we go to bed we hear frequent shots in the direction of the city and a few from the country. Miss Leavens says they are fired at thieves which are especially numerous now as it is harvest time.

Saturday Sept 12. - Yesterday I had a nice hot bath. Alas, I fear I have rolled over in a tub for the last time for awhile at least. It was hot, pleasant and cleansing, nevertheless.

Yesterday afternoon we walked over to the boarding school for girls of which Miss Leavens was charge. The grounds are surrounded by a wall. One building is for school purposes only. The dining room has square tables and benches about six inches wide to sit on. The benches are quite high and I doubt if the children can touch their feet at all if they really sit.

We went into some of the girls rooms. They are almost 12 feet square. One half of the room is the kahn (my spelling as it really is shuan) where four girls sleep with feet under the window and heads in the center of the room. The bedding was folded and piled in one corner. The bed was covered with two very thin grass mats, over brick. In cold weather the beds are warmed by fires under the brick. Outside the building were the openings from which the fires are fed.

We are trying to find out our Chinese name and whether we can take the same one Will has or not. The only character Flora has here is the seal one which differs from the written one and there is some difficulty about getting it recognized.

Mr. and Mrs. Frame (Alice Brown) were here for breakfast this morning, having arrived from Pei Tai Ho (Be-da-ho is the pronunciation) on the early train. We expect them for luncheon also. Pei Tai Ho is the summer resort for North China foreigners. By tonight it is expected that the compound will be filled. Each day so far has brought one or two so we did not have to meet them all at once.

We look each day for a home letter as it is already two weeks since we left the steamer at Kobe. It seems longer because of the much we have seen.

Mr. Corbett read a letter written in English by a Chinese for us last evening. He ended by saying "I will talk to you about it until we meet."

With lots of love
Mary.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 12, 1914** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. She and Mary arrived safely in Tungchou and are ready to begin work. Until their new school is finished they will teach in Peking. They are not much affected by the war. Some missionaries who vacationed in Europe have to come back to China via the U.S. so will be delayed about a month. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Sept 12, 1914 from Flora]

Dear folks at home:-

We arrived in Tungchou safely and are feeling quite rested and are looking forward to really getting to work. It will probably take two weeks more to get our building ready for us in Peking, so we shall be out here in this delightful country air while we wait. Our permanent building is up to the ground floor in its process of erection and we have been over the plans with the building committee and suggested some changes which should not make expenses more and still give us more conveniences.

We dined last evening with Mr. and Mrs. Corbett. Mr. Corbett is the chairman of our trustees. They are acquainted with Orange, N.J., and are very delightful young people. They have three little children from 8 yrs. down, so are personally interested in the school problem. This year we shall have only a day school but being in

Peking, I think we shall have an opportunity of interesting the business and legation families and so have a better number for next year's boarding school. I think it is going to be fine for us for we can use our spare time sight seeing and there is so much to see. Also we shall be able to have a taste of the social life in the Chinese capital. I am glad that the real school is to be out here for it is most ideal. There is a campus here of more than 10 acres, which is at present producing several crops of alfalfa for the dairy. There are walks both in and out of the compound, and tennis courts and possibilities for other athletics here. The dairy is owned and supervised by the mission so we are sure of good pure milk. There is an artesian well so we do not have to boil the water. They put up ice in the winter so we can have ice boxes and ice cream, and the gardens are full of the most delectable vegetables. So you see there are so many favorable conditions that we must be very contented. It seems as though prospects could not be more promising for our school.

I am sending for two magazines which I meant to have subscribed for before I left home but am able to save \$.40 by taking them together which may pay the extra postage on one of them. I did not know how much the two would be- with the foreign postage so have told the "School Arts Magazine" to send the bill to you. The other to be included in the "Primary Education." The club price is \$2.85. I imagine the extra may be a dollar.

I am wondering how the war is affecting you at home and how Dr. and Mrs. Lathrop got home. We have felt absolutely no effects from it here- nor on our way. The Mission buyer has taken the precaution to get extra supplies so that if ships are taken off the people may still have provisions. The war has struck the German missionaries very hard- they had to be helped by contributions from the other missionaries; and the English missionaries have been asked to stop all building; but so far the Americans are not hampered. Several of the people who went from here to spend the summer in Europe have had to return via U.S. and so are to be about a month late in arriving.

We are to be out here for about two weeks and then we go back to Peking. We are to board either with Mrs. Stelle or Mrs. Burgess (nei Stella Fischer of Karuizawa, Japan). It is not yet decided which, and I do not care.

We have decided to do a bit of language study so is to be able to take care of ourselves and already we know about a dozen words. Next week we will begin with a teacher. I think just to get the tones- there are only four up here.

Will write more later, for we want to get this letter started home to-day.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Tungchow, Peking

Sept. 12, 1914.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 19, 1914** was written on a sampan on the Min River near Pagoda Anchorage, Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Elizabeth. A typhoon hit the area and a window was blown in on Willard's Foochow house. After wading through water on the plain, Willard found his women boarders on Kuliang safe but a little scared. There was much damage elsewhere. Willard heard through one of Flora and Mary's fellow passengers on the Mongolia that they plan to spend next summer with Willard on Kuliang. He tells of a little unconscious Chinese boy who came to consciousness after a prayer was said. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

On the Min just above Pagoda Anchorage

Sampan No. 103. Captain Lo Cu = Rat

Foochow- China 4:45 p.m. Sept. 19th 1914

Dear Elizabeth:-

Your good letter came yesterday. It was most welcome for this Summer most of my home correspondents have been treating me as I treat them and letters have not been numerous. I'm afraid I've not written home since the last typhoon-(if I have, please forgive the repetition) A week ago last Sunday, Sept. 6th I was in Foochow to conduct communion and receive five to membership. The wind had been strong all day. About 8:30 p.m. it grew stronger. I had finished my Putnam letter and was reading a few minutes, planning to write my Shelton letter, when the electricity suddenly went out. I knew then that the storm was serious. The north window had blown in and water seemed to be dripping from the whole ceiling. The wind blew out my light. There chanced to be one old wickless lantern in the house. I fortunately found a wick and some oil and with this old lantern went into the study. The wind had blown leaves and dirt thru the blind slats, across the room and had stuck them on the opposite wall. All books not in cases or protected were wet, so I at once removed them all, and with Mrs. Christian's table leaves braced the

window shut. Other windows continually blew in and I was kept busy for an hour, until the house seemed fairly secure. It is an old house and things are not strong. I watched till midnight. Every gust sent tiles off the roof of my study. But at midnight the wind was much quieter and the tiles had stopped flying. I went to bed and slept till 7 a.m. The rain had then ceased and after breakfast of a dish of Wheatcane[?] with no salt or sugar and only a little condensed milk. I looked over the buildings to see what damage had been done. It was slight, the new school building, blown down in July, and rebuilt was not scratched. The roof over my study was the most seriously injured. I then went out to Ponasang and found little damage. From there I started for Kuliang wondering how I would find things there. Half way across the plain I came to water too deep for my coolies to carry me and I took off shoes and stockings and waded for over two hours in water from six inches to sixteen deep, reaching my mountain cottage at 2:30- hungry. It had stood the storm well. Mrs. and Miss Pitcher, Misses Billing and van der Linden were there. Miss Billing got some scared and none of them slept much. The storm did much damage everywhere. A fire burned up some 100 houses in Foochow in July. These were partly rebuilt. Some 15 or 20 had the roof on posts, and were lying flat in the morning with every tile broken, - one man killed and two injured. I passed several old houses on the plain that had been blown flat. The family were picking their dishes, bedding, clothing, furniture etc. out of the ruins and then sorting out the posts, beams of the house. It was a pitiable spectacle. But this people possess unlimited recuperative powers and they are building before the ashes are cold after a fire.

I moved down from Kuliang a week ago today. Mrs. and Miss Pitcher came to my Foochow house for lunch. Mrs. Pitcher took the steamer that night for Amoy. Miss Pitcher remained with us till Tues. evening and took the steamer for Shanghai where she is to teach in a school similar to the one Flora and Mary are starting in Tung Chow. When I said good bye to her it was the completion of my boarding house venture this Summer which as far as I know has been successful and pleasant. I fully expect Flora and Mary to be with me next Summer. My two other rooms are already promised to a lady from Canton who has been here this summer. She expects her Father next Summer and they will occupy the two rooms.

College opened Thursday with everything promising well. Over 230 students have joined - up to last night. This does not include some 30 who ask to come into the new building. We are to have two new American teachers this term- Mr. Urch who has been teaching in Japan Gov't schools for three years and Ray Gardner born in Foochow graduated from Pomona, Cal. last June.

A week ago on the mountain I met Mrs. Bankhardt who was on the "Mongolia" for about two minutes. She told me the girls were well and that they departed themselves with credit to the family while on board and that they had gone via Korea to Peking. And that they had decided to come to Kuliang next Summer. Then a few days ago I received a letter from each of the girls and last evening I had a good talk with Mr. and Mrs. Ford who were on the same steamer with them. All these talks make me proud to be a brother of them.

Last night after attending a reception to several new and returning Foochowites on South Side, I took berth no. 1. on Sampan #103 went to sleep and woke up near Diong Loh- got up and showered and dressed under the critical eyes of the two women on the boat and took breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Beach and Frances. I went down to meet the Committee on the new residence for Dr. and Mrs. Gillette. The work was finished before dinner and I started after dinner. The wind was good for me. I had about 3 or 4 miles with the pulling tide out of the creek. Then when I struck the river Min I had the tide against. We came up all right till the river turned. This cut off the wind and I am hung up at the Foochow Arsenal until the tide turns up-before long now. I wanted very much to reach Foochow for a big Chinese feast under the Auspices of the Evangelistic Campaign Comm. of which I am Chairman- to the Chinese Educational Board and the Presidents of the Gov't Colleges in Foochow. But this comes at 7 p.m. It is six now and I shall reach home about 10. So there!!

Here's a good story. It occurred at the Foochow City Church the day I was there Sept. 6th.

Mr. Chai an earnest Christian member came in just before service began and looking all about the church asked, "Hasn't she come yet? Where is she? Have you seen her? She was leading a little boy." Some one asked him, "Where did you see her last?" "I left her at the corner South and East Streets. She was coming straight to this church." Out he rushed to find her." I asked preacher Li, what it all meant and this is what he told me. "Several days ago this woman, a relative of Mr. Chai, came to him with her little boy six years old in an unconscious state. She said her other little boy had died of the same disease a few days before. This one acted just the same. She had employed all the charms, and devices that Chinese doctors and geomancers and idolators knew of with effect "Do you Christians have any methods of driving out these devils from little boys?" "We have only one method" said Mr. Chai. "We pray for them. Will you kneel with us and pray?" "Yes." They knelt and as they were praying the child opened his eye and said "I na" (ee ma) {a as in bad}= mama. From that the child got well". In a few minutes Mr. Chai came in with her and she was leading the little boy. Elisha and John and Peter and Paul did things like this. Lots of love Will

*[This letter dated **Sept. 22, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. Willard has received photos of his family back in the U.S. and is amazed how the children have changed. In addition to having Flora and Mary with him at Kuliang next summer, he has rented out two rooms to others. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Sept. 22, 1914.

Dear Flora and Mary:-

Your good letters came a week ago. Ray Gardner arrived last Friday. I suppose nothing has affected me just the same as have those photos of the people at Putnam. It has been a year since I have had words in pictures from the family. All but Ellen have changed. I do not know who has changed most, - possible Geraldine- for she still wore her hair as a little girl. Now she has a RAT. I felt like tearing it off. Dorothy's and Kathleen's faces have changed also. This was the first picture of Gould in long trousers that I have seen. My! will I know them then I see them in 1916? I guess so.

I saw Mrs. Bankhardt 2 minutes and I had a good long talk with Mr. and Mrs. Ford last Friday evening and the talk all centered about two girls on the Mongolia and the babies that one of them had captivated. They all said we knew we liked your older sister and we found the younger equally lovable. The one regret is that you were not coming to Foochow instead of Tung Chow.

I have rented two rooms in my Kuliang house for next Summer already. This comes from my expn. as a Hotel keeper this past summer. But I have reserved the room we used to use as a dining room for you sisters. This past summer the house was disposed as on the plan enclosed. Mrs. Bankhardt said you had decided to come down and stay with me next summer. We are due to have a very pleasant summer for we have had seven typhoons this summer. But from July 16-Aug 30 the weather was well nigh perfect. It cut up at the beginning and at the end of the season.

College is running nicely again and we are in full swing. I am sending this letter at a venture. Thinking there will not be so many foreigners in Tung Chow that they will not be able to find you. I am enclosing my letter to Elizabeth. Will you forward it as soon as possible. She wrote me a dandy letter- while she and Father and Mother were at home alone. Will you keep the photo or send it home as you choose. If you do not send it home let me know or if you care for one to keep let me know and I'll send you one.

Write me all about your work and situation and Peking and everything. With my very best and most loving wishes for a pleasant time in getting settled and into the work. I am very Lovingly Will.

Did you get my letters and postals at Honolulu and Yokohama?

*[This letter dated **Sept. 27, 1914** was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. The first week of school has finished. They are currently in the basement of the Y.M.C.A. building and will have to find some Chinese houses because of a change in plans. The new building in Tungchow will not be finished until next year. Flora describes visiting the gardens that the late empress established. She discusses the supply of medicines which because of the war will now have to come from Japan rather than Europe. And, another result of the war is the German missionaries are penniless. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Peking, Sept. 27, 1914.

Dear folks at home:-

We have finished our first week of school and have enrolled twenty-four scholars. At present we are occupying three recitation rooms in the basement of the Y.M.C.A. building. We have desks and black boards with an eraser and a box of crayon- all of which we are truly thankful for. The change of plan for our school necessitated finding a house for our day's work here among the Chinese houses. One was found centrally located but is not to be vacated until some time in October, so with our present conveniences we are provided with a place until we can have our permanent house. Then the Kindergarten (which has a teacher and assistant) there will be six of our faculty, for one of the mothers is to assist me with my little first grade pupils. I wish I could adequately describe our students for they certainly are about the most interesting group of children I ever worked with. Mary has nine

students in her room and the grading of them has kept her busy all the week. I have the rest and they are by no means settled yet.

We spent nearly two weeks out at Tungchou where our school is to be as soon as the new building is finished, which now will not be until next year. The basement was completed while we were out there and the first story started. It is to be built of gray brick a little darker than this paper. It is placed out across a large lawn but in full sight of all the houses in the compound. As the compound is composed of nearly 40 acres of land you can imagine the size of the lawn when I tell you that fully a fourth of it is about our building and now is covered with a fine crop of alfalfa which is raised to feed the dairy of over fifty cows. About ten of the cows have been brought from foreign lands and the stables for them are the latest most approved steel stanchions and cement floors, with an attendant who removes all debris. It is quite safe to drink this milk without boiling, since the whole dairy is owned by a responsible Chinese, and personally advised and supervised by Dr. Ingram of the A.B.C.F.M. The compound is a beautiful spot for our school for it is so large, open, and safe with possibilities for long walks in the country.

We are to board this winter with Mr. and Mrs. Burgess of the Y.M.C.A. so you can address our letters in care of the Y.M.C.A., Peking, China. Will you tell every one of our change of address? At present we are in the A.B.C.F.M. compound with Mrs. Stelle, but probably we shall move before another week. We have a sleeping porch so we have been investing in clothes for keeping warm at night. We have each given an order for a Chinese wadded garment to wear over our nightgowns which I am sure with all the rest of our blankets should keep us comfortable. I am going to knit a pair of long bed stockings for my feet- as soon as I can get the worsted.

On Friday we were invited to the Friday Club which is wholly Literary and interested this year in poetry. You can imagine the quality of culture we are enjoying when you read the subject of the meeting- "Wordsworth and Coleridge as Exponents of the Romantic Movement. There were two quite lengthy papers, two songs, and a reading all of which filled up nearly two hours. There were nearly fifty women present. I certainly enjoyed the occasion. The October meeting is to be - "Later Romanticism, illustrated from Byron, Shelley, and Keats." Most of the American women here are College women and so we get rather interesting and mature thoughts on the subjects.

Yesterday, we visited the zoo and botanical gardens which the late empress dowager established, but since the revolution they have fallen somewhat from their pristine beauty and wonder. We saw a zebra, an elephant, a lioness, several smaller animals of the feline tribe, a number of species of birds, and some monkeys. The gardens covered a large tract of land where we saw orchards of mulberry trees, peaches and pears (where the trees were trained flat against upright arbors), dates, pomegranates, and persimmons. There were fields of rice, corn, cotton, and cabbage, and lakes full of lotus-flowers, which were all gone to seed now. In the green houses we saw orchids, a night-blooming cereus, several kinds of ferns, begonias, geraniums, asters, and a telegraph plant, which grows such long aerial roots that they had extended the whole length of the green-house and were nearly a yard on their return trip. The whole place was not without its real beauty though the past-maturity of its sights made it look somewhat somber. We walked on and on until we came to the Empress's garden house, where we took down one of the window guards and looked through the glass into the rooms where she evidently took her tea, when she visited the grounds. Not the least remarkable was the giant who took our tickets at the gate. He is seven feet (and a large number of inches) tall and the size of his feet and hands was most impressive. He has a twin brother just as mammoth.

To-day is Sunday, and we are spending the morning quietly in our room trying to get caught up in rest and letter writing.

You will probably be asked how the war is affecting us. So far not at all. The Americans are living and doing the same as usual, but it will affect the medical department seriously as they have bought their medicines and supplies largely from Germany and other countries of Europe. America will not get the orders as American drugs cost more to buy and to transport. Japan will probably get the orders. The German missionaries are actually penniless and everywhere the other missionaries are giving money or trying to care for their work. They are in a most pitiable state. So far the English missionaries are proceeding as usual, but they expect to get word any day that their salaries and supplies are to be cut. We have a daily paper here and are interestidly following the course of the war. The taking of Tsingtao is a tragedy which everyone is dreading. Our own American Consul is remaining there, though just why no one here seems to understand- except that he considers it his duty. His wife is in Tientsin. Our American Minister and his wife are expected to return this week. They spent the summer in Switzerland and had to return via U.S. Their little daughter teased her grandmother so hard to come to the American school that she had to let her come. She attended school in the British Legation last year and did not like it.

Will let Mary tell you her story.

Lovingly - Flora Beard.



Written in album: "Our school Sept. 30, 1914"

[Mary is at far back right. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Sept. 27, 1914** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of the various people they are visiting with and their children, who are their students. The Eddy Evangelistic meetings were all absorbing that week and there were varied opinions about them. She describes a funeral procession she came upon one day. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Peking, China.
Sept 27, 1914.

Dear Ones at Home,

We have had three home letters since last we wrote. The Lathrops were expected this next week according to last reports so by now you have heard all of their thrilling experiences. At Tung chou we were two lazy people. Breakfast at 7.30, a morning sewing or writing or reading, lunch at 12.30, a nap, a walk, dinner at 7.00 or 6.30 and to bed at 9.00 on the sleeping porch. I nearly finished my Philippine waist, mended everything I had with me and had a sewing woman make a silk petticoat besides darn stockings and put tassels on some Japanese ties I got for Xmas presents. We came up to Peking one day for a school committee meeting. Mrs. Ingram came with us and we had two hours for shopping. The silk shops are fascinating in the gorgeous display of color. I got the silk for my skirt. We took lunch that day with Mrs. Lowery [Lowry] of the Methodist Mission. She has eight children, five of whom are in our school. She planned to send the twins, aged 8 and Irma, aged 11, and possibly Margaret aged 12 for English. Then four came the first day for everything except Margaret's for everything except her Latin. That is a feather in my cap which I hope I can retain. The three older girls are all in my room and are most eager workers. While at Tungchou we had dinner with the Corbetts. Mr. Corbett is the Chairman of our School Board. They have three children, all too young to send up here. The Ingram's entertained us next. Mrs. Ingram is on the committee for school curriculum and furniture. The Galt's next had us for dinner. Mr. Galt is secretary of the committee also treasurer. He forwarded \$50 for us so we could leave Tungchou free from debt. Mrs. Shephard, the senior missionary at Tungchou now, entertained us the last Sunday evening. She is the mother of Mrs. Stelle with whom we are now staying. At our meeting for which we came up, we learned that Mrs. Fenn of the Presbyterian Mission was personally offended so refused to attend. I think her objections are over come now. She sent Williams the first day. She also invited us up for the week but we were otherwise disposed of. We did go up Friday afternoon and stay until Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Fenn is a fascinating woman and exceedingly brilliant and wide awake. Just now she is tired from nursing Wilson-through Typhoid this summer. That with a lack of information regarding our plans were the cause of the unpleasant situation. We finally opened school rather precipitately on a five days notice. Everyone anticipates that we will have more community children later. I hope so as their tuition will help greatly to

finance the school. Our new building was growing apace while we were at Tungchou and we went out to see it every day.

The last Sunday afternoon I went with Miss Leaven across the city to a little Sunday School. The walk through the city was intensely interesting. We saw everything in operation as on any other day. The carpenters were at work sawing out logs. The little stalls for selling various articles were all set up. We saw some very interesting pottery and brass on some of the places. Miss Leaven was going to send the work out the next day to price them. A foreigner does not stop to shop here because it carries such a crowd and the prices soar so high.

A most interesting shop keeper brought his goods down to us from Peking. We looked them over in the evening then took a second look in the morning before purchasing. I got two fox skins, of a lovely gray color and shall have a muff and stoll made. [See photo with letter dated January 5, 1915.] My old muff is in my boxes, so will not be of much use this winter. Every one cautions us about a trying to go thinly clad. A cold this week, which nearly stopped my talking for two days, makes me feel that it is wise to heed the words of caution. Dr. Loring gave me some tablets last evening that are already proving effective in relieving the hoarseness and stopping the strangled feeling.

Our first four days of school gave a chance to get things to running well. I succeeded in getting in all of my classes on Friday. I have one Arithmetic class in denominate numbers, two Algebra classes, one beginning and one in quadratics; three in History, one Elementary United States, one in the advance book and one in Ancient History; two Latin classes, one just starting Caesar on and one just starting the subject; one Geography class just finishing this year; and three English classes, one in the lost Mother Tongue and one starting Rhetoric. Besides these I plan for a Physiology class twice a week and spelling once or twice. These will alternate with the Geography and Elementary History. Mrs. Malcolm has agreed to take the class in end year German; much to my relief. I dreaded that after one year's preparation twelve years ago.

The Eddy meetings are the all absorbing theme here this week. The different views of them were interesting. Mr. Bryson from down in the country finds each one very inspiring and is in hearty sympathy with it all. Mr. Otello seems to agree perfectly. Mr. Fenn and Mr. Goforth feel that the series is not adequate that the transition from patriotism to the religious side is too sudden. They also shake their heads over the wisdom of the lunch and dinner for those who have decided to take up Bible Study. Both are today, Sunday, hence the question.

Yesterday on our return from Mrs. Fenn's we found a funeral. The funeral chair was borne by thirty or more men and was most gorgeously red. Preceding it were two groups of mourners all in white. They were not mourning very loudly but were beating their musical(?) instruments hard enough to wake up. In the lead were several bearers of black banners and one man bearing an image of a man dressed in black held aloft on a long pole.



This photo may be similar to the Chinese funeral that Mary came upon.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We hear that no missionaries are being sent out now lest money gets tied up so salaries can not be gotten out. The members of the London Mission are expecting word every day that no funds are forth coming. German missionaries already have the word. The Medical school is terribly short of workers as none of the recruits have been allowed to come out. We will probably feel it if things get any worse. It was with some relief that we heard of the English landing near Tsing Tau because no one here has any faith in the Japanese.

We had three hours with a Chinese teacher in Tungchou and there are a dozen or two words which I now recognize when I hear them and a few I can use when needed. I wonder if our attempts at Chinese are as funny to the Chinese as theirs are to us! A student was reading an English Bible down at the Y.M.C.A. one morning and not one word was intelligible. I could tell that it was not Chinese. He tried to use his tones in English and the result was quite unfamiliar.

It is time for a Sunday nap. At Tungchou it was the daily nap, but not so here.

With lots of love-

Mary.

Ruth:-

Will you get me a pair of long silk gloves white, ordinarily long- number 7. Get a good quality. I pay \$1 usually. You may have to give more now. Flora.

*[This typewritten letter dated **Sept. 29, 1914** was written from Fukien Province, China by Willard to the folks at home. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. It is a request for prayers for the Fukien Provincial Evangelistic Campaign.]*

[Sept. 29, 1914]

Dear Folks at Home

The enclosed leaflet tells you about a special united undertaking of all the missions and churches of our great province. We have been thinking planning and praying about it for nearly a year now. Our city about which possibly you know from my other letters and from general missionary literature is one of the thirteen centers. Plans have been thoroughly made, and the outlook is very heartening.

What I very much desire, my one purpose in sending you this letter, is to have your prayers with ours behind this undertaking. From the day you receive this letter, especially during the days listed for our city and FOR THREE MONTHS afterward, will you not pray daily and specifically for us in this one thing?

I emphasize the three months for the follow up work as the most critical and searching part of the enterprise. We are making special and careful preparation for it. All the men and women engaged in this undertaking, Chinese and foreign, must succeed if there is a great united volume of prayer constantly made in their behalf and for those whom they would help into the way of life.

There is a feeling rising almost to conviction that we are on the eve of a tremendous awakening and advance in this the most Christian province of the land. Our great need is spiritual power, towards this your special prayers would contribute much.

With cordial personal greetings,

Faithfully yours,
Will.

Fukien, China; Sept. 29, '14
1914.

Call to Prayer

in Behalf of the

Fukien Provincial Evangelistic Campaign

October 22—December 1st, 1914.

Statement:

The marked success which attended the Eddy evangelistic meetings in Foochow during the spring of 1913 led Christian leaders of Fukien to feel that the time was ripe for a great advance on the part of the church among the higher classes. For five days an average of 5,000 men, students, officials, business men and gentry, attended the meetings addressed by Prof. Robertson—scientific lecturer—and Mr. G. Sherwood Eddy, evangelist from New York. Over fifteen hundred men became "inquirers" promising to read the Bible daily, investigate the teachings of Christianity and if they found them true, to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. All six Missions at work in Fukien, together with the Young Men's Christian Association, have now united in an effort to reach directly the men of the thirteen largest cities and indirectly to extend an influence to all parts of this vast Province. The Mission will be held during October and November of this year. Mr. Eddy will lead the campaign in Foochow and Amoy and conduct Personal Workers Training Conferences in these cities, attended by the leading native Christians of all thirteen cities. Several of the most successful evangelists of China together with scientific lecturers will form teams and visit the other eleven centers. Each of these cities will in turn be a county or prefectural center from which the evangelistic spirit will spread to the most distant towns and villages of the Province. Success in this great undertaking is assured only through intercession. To this task of interceding in behalf of the young men of Fukien that the dynamic of God may rule their lives—to such a task you are called throughout the coming months.

Fukien Provincial Evangelistic Committee.

Meditation

The very substantial results which followed the meetings of a year ago, and the experience which has been gained in the various cities gives ground for the belief that still larger results can be secured in the meetings to be held during the present year. They will have their greatest fruitage in proportion as Missionaries and clergy and Church members are united in sympathetic and prayerful effort. Dr. Mott has laid emphasis on this need of prayer in his recent book entitled "Intercessors—the Primary Need."

"Notwithstanding the great encouragements, the primary need of this vast, potent, and hopeful field is that of more intercessors. Why is it of transcendent importance that more prayer be enlisted on behalf of the work of evangelization in China? Because the most remarkable spiritual achievements in this field have taken place as a result of sincere and faithful intercession. Because the key to the solution of other problems related to the evangelization of all classes and the releasing of their spiritual energies lies in the manifestation of the power of God in answer to prayer. Because those who have devoted themselves most to true intercession are most emphatic in their expression of conviction that the possibilities of such intercession are simply boundless. Because there are so many Christians who know that they should be intercessors, but have failed to master their circumstances and to devote themselves to this most important ministry. There is need of fresh emphasis also on the fact that one of the most Christlike forms of work is that of intercession, for He not only taught and commanded His followers to pray for others, but Himself likewise prayed for others and ever liveth to make intercession. Whatever can be done, therefore, to set forth the urgent need of prayer will be the most highly multiplying service which can be rendered at the present time in the interest of the Christian conquest of China."

Special Subjects for Prayer.

- For those students, teachers and leaders in our province who are Christians in deed and in truth, and to whom comes the call of the great opportunity which these months are to bring: That when the hour of opportunity arrives, they may have courage to venture and grace to fulfil whatever their Lord may then require of them. That they may be endowed with sympathy, wisdom, patience, humility, untiring hope and courage. That the native church in these centers may realize the opportunity presented to it in this campaign and give itself to intercessory prayer as never before.
- For the members of the various Committees and Secretaries arranging the Evangelistic meetings: That they may take time to learn, and may be enabled to know, the will of God regarding all plans and arrangements.
- For Mr. Eddy, Prof. Robertson and those who are to share with them in the labours of this itinerary: That they may be granted a living vision and experience of those aspects of the Gospel which are most fitted to influence their hearers; that word may be given them in that hour, and that they may be clothed with power from on high.
- For all non-Christian Government School Students, Officials, Business Men and Gentry: That their attitude may be favorable and their hearts prepared to receive the message of salvation as given by His servants. That they may decide to thoroughly investigate the claims of Jesus Christ and as they continue in Bible study and engage in forms of personal service for their fellow men they may have grace to accept Him, whom they find true, as their personal Lord and Saviour.
- For ourselves: That the meaning of what we are asking may be made plain to us—its meaning for ourselves and our future duty, for the Church or the Missionary Society with which we may be connected, for the city or district in which we live, and for the land of China which we love.

Itineraries

Mr. G. S. Eddy and Prof. C. H. Robertson.

North Fukien Personal Workers Training Conference—
Foochow—Oct. 22-25

Foochow Evangelistic Meetings—Oct. 26-30

South Fukien Personal Workers Training Conference—
Amoy—Oct. 31-Nov. 2

Amoy Evangelistic Meetings—Nov. 2-6

Five Teams of Speakers.

Team No. 1, Speakers—Mr. David Yui and
Prof. G. H. Cole

Yenping—November 11th.—15th.

Kienning—,, 18th.—22nd.

Shaowu—,, 26th.—30th.

Team No. 2, Speakers—Mr. Uong Gang Huo and
Mr. C. R. Kellogg

Iughok—November 6th.—10th.

Mingchiang—,, 12th.—16th.

Team No. 3, Speakers—Pastor Uong De Gi and
Rev. J. Hind

Kucheng—November 6th.—11th.

Fuhning—,, 15th.—19th.

Team No. 4, Speakers—Mr. F. S. Brockman and
Mr. G. M. Newell

Hokchiang—October 28th.—Nov. 2nd.

Hinghwa—November 3rd.—8th.

Team No. 5, Speakers—Pastor Ding Li Mei and
Rev. A. L. Warnshuis

Changchow—November 13th.—17th.

Chinchew—,, 20th.—24th.

[This letter dated Sept. 30, 1914 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his siblings, Phebe and Stanley. Willard took many letters up to Kuliang to answer but ended up resting and reading 3 novels. He attended the funeral of a Chinese pastor with a wealthy family. The war continues and Willard finds it hard to find authentic news. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
Sept. 30th 1914

Dear Phebe and Stanley:-

Don't stop to think when I wrote you last. I've written some of the folks most every week, and altho people say that we have a vacation during the summer months, yet the vacation with me consists in a change of dwelling and of work rather than in cessation of activities. I've had a very pleasant summer. The one thing that I regret is that I have not written more letters. I took about forty up to my mountain cottage and they rested placidly in my desk drawer and came back to Foochow three weeks ago unanswered and with some new ones added to their number. I did one thing that I never did before in my life. I have not yet confessed it very broadly either. I read three novels—"The Inside of the Cup"—"The Goodly Fellowship"—"The Winning of Barbara Worth." I wonder if my time would have been more profitably spent in writing letters.

I am now out in the country about twelve miles from Foochow attending a funeral. The funeral of one of the ordained pastors of the Congregational Church in Foochow. He was something over seventy years of age. His four sons and three daughters have married men who have good positions or who are already wealthy. One son has

been in business in the Philippines and is wealthy. Another is there now getting wealthy. The other two are in Szechuen province as Salt inspectors. The better one has a salary of \$5,000.00 a year. I am glad that the Christians here are paying more attention to show in their funerals. It seems as we think of it superficially a waste of time and money. But this family for instance are able- well able to do it. They hired three house boats for three days each, and took 40 of the College students and other men and about 20 women from Foochow over. In all there were about 400 at the funeral. All these were given two good meals today and some of them were given two or three days board. The coffin cost \$54.00. Well say the expenses were all total \$500.00.

All the people in all the county round about here knew of the funeral- they knew who it was- that he was a pastor of the Am. B'd mission- an old man and an earnest Christian. They knew also that the people who came to the funeral were Christians.

Sunday Oct. 4th

We had a great day that Wed. The big procession reached the little country wayside house which pastor Lan had built for his old age about 11:30. There was great shooting of firecrackers and of a kind of cannon something like an anvil and then the people seated themselves and there was a long program of addresses. Hodous and I had to say a word. Then the friends and relatives carried the coffin up the hill to the grave. It is the first time I ever saw this done in China. They always hire coolies to do this. The coolies usually put the coffin down before they get to the grave and demand extra money. This time there was none of that.

After the burial we went to the house again where 250 sat down to dinner. It was 2:30 p.m. - How they did eat!! At 4 we started for our boat. An hour's brisk walk- 2 hrs in a boat, 2 hours more on foot, - an hour in a sedan and we were home. The next day Thursday was Oct. 1 and a double amount of work any way for me. In the evening I ran away to the reception given the new Y.M.C.A. Secretary who has just come back from Nanking where he has been for his bride. She was a daughter of Dr. Beebe of the M.E. Mission there. I remained with the Macs and bride and groom for supper. This was playing.

The Y.M. and Y.W.C.A.'s are feeling the effect of the war keenly. As a means of reducing expenses they are asking the Secretaries to give up part of their salaries.

The weather is delightful now. But with it all the people- both Chinese and foreigners are effected with colds more than at any other season of the year. The Community Doctor says "Every body has a cold. This may be because the nights are quite cool and the days warm. People -foreigners generally dress much the same as in the Summer months. It feels good to be cool they say, and they have to pay for it.

I had a good letter from Flora a week ago after the girls had been in Tung Chou about two weeks. The letter had a happy tone to it as if all was going well and they were looking forward to a year of pleasant work. Who would have dreamed twenty years ago that three of us would be in China in 1914?

I suppose the Big Bug [*maybe a harvesting machine*] makes its semi monthly journey to Century Farm and the people there are as happy to see its occupants as ever.

The mails I think must be a little upset or else the Summer is a poor time for the people to write letters as well as for me because letters are few the past two months, - from home.

The war drags on and authentic news is as hard to get as ever. Few individuals in the world are not affected [*by*] it. The world has already become one big commonwealth and what one nation does effects all other nations. The world will doubtless be better for the war. Men realize already the utter folly of such a war, and altho there are still plenty of men to volunteer- even run from the U.S. to Canada to get to go- yet level heads are more and more convinced of the folly and the crime of the hellish business. God will use men to stop it in His own time.

With Love to both you and Stanley
Will

Tell Ruth her chain came back all right the other day and I'll send it soon.

[This letter dated Oct. 4, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. Mary and Flora will be staying with the Burgess family of the Y.M.C.A. Because of the war, everyone is economizing and eating the native produce. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Address- Care of Mrs. J.S. Burgess, Y.M.C.A.

[Oct. 4, 1914]

Dear folks at home:-

We are at last in the home that is to be ours for the rest of this winter- with Mr. and Mrs. J.S. Burgess of the Y.M.C.A. The compound is just back of the big Y.M.C.A. building and the house is very comfortable. We have a room with a private sleeping porch so we have been getting ready for cold weather. We are each having Chinese wadded garments made and the ladies have had two cotton wadded comforters made which besides double woolen blankets and our steamer rugs should make us comfortable. I am going to knit myself some bed socks then I think c-o-m-f-o-r-t should spell my name.

We have finished our second week of school with our two dozen children and are to have our number increased as soon as three sick children get well. We shall be in the Y.M.C.A. building for some time yet as our real destination is still occupied by a Chinese family. It will have to be cleaned and remodeled to fit our needs before we can move in.

Yesterday, Mary and I settled our room somewhat, then went to deposit our gold. We had just \$100 left and we got \$235 silver for it. Had it been checks we could have gotten four dollars more for it, since there is not call for gold money just now. Tourists are of some use after all. That gold and our first month's salary have enabled each of us to start a bank account with the International Bank, which is really a U.S. bank. After depositing our money, we went shopping and Mary bought silk for a petticoat and thread to embroider it.

I am going to send home in a few days a registered package containing two Chinese woven pictures. They are quite old and are some made to adorn the palace. The costumes in the picture represent the Sung dynasty- I do not know how long ago that was. The pictures cost me \$2.50 gold each and I want to get \$5 gold for each. If you want one at home you may have it for cost price, but for others \$5 is cheap enough. I wish you would let Dr. Shelton see them and if no one at home wants them please send to Mrs. Benbrook, and ask her to let the S.A. people see them. The exquisite coloring is the result of blending with the real gold thread. Few of the people here have seen such things so I am sure it is a real curio. I have two more pictures that I can send if there should be a demand- which I am not expecting as conditions are in the universe just now.

Every thing is going well with us and I hope the war is not affecting home affairs any more. Every one here is economizing for future possibilities. There is so much of the native products here in the north that can be used by the foreigners that I cannot see how there is a possibility of very great privation, since there has been a wonderful harvest this year. We are eating bread made of the native wheat and millet makes one of the nicest cereals for breakfast. I think if some one at home were to parch millet and grind it through a coarse mill and put it on the market with a bit of advertising about its nutritive values it would be a great success as puffed rice was. The fruit up here is lovely. We have grapes that out do our malagas and even the pears and apples are good. The markets are full of good fruits and vegetables all the year around and things are cheap.

What money (if any) that you get from the pictures please put to my account in paying what I owe you.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Peking, China,
Oct. 4, 1914.



Burgess house- Peking X=Our sleeping porch.

Mary put a white "X" over the top window where her she and Flora slept on the sleeping porch.

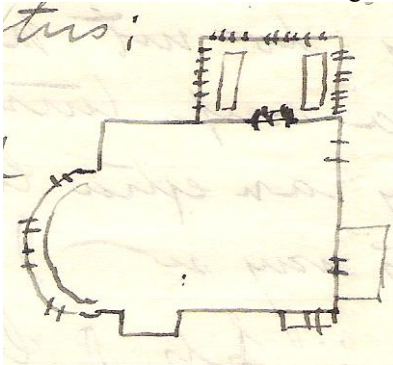
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **early Oct. 1914** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. She gives an example of their schedule and how busy they are. The includes a sketch of their room and sleeping porch at the Burgess house where they are staying for the winter. There is concern over the situation at Tsing Tao. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Early Oct 1914]

Dear Ones at Home,

The letter and photo came from Will two days ago. We are very busy people these days. It has been rise at 6.30, breakfast at 7.16; to school by 9.00, teach every moment until 12.15; Lunch and back to reopen at 1.45; Close at 3.15, home, dress, have tea at 4.00 and dinner at 7.00. The spare time we spent talking, walking or studying. The short evening left little time for study as we were ready for bed by 9.30 or 10.00. Today we moved up to Mrs. Burgess's where we expect to remain for the winter. We have a nice large room and a sleeping porch like this:



Just at present our furniture is reposing where it was left on delivery and on two big trunks occupy the seats of honor. Our steamer trunks have not come up from Mrs. Stelle's but we go down for them tomorrow or Saturday.

Tomorrow we have a committee meeting to talk over books. We are having no afternoon session. My boys are beginning to show that they are boys. They have obtained bamboo sticks about 6 inches long and are shooting little hard seeds through them.

I have asked them to leave sticks and seeds at home.

The situation at Tsing Tao is growing more serious. To the people here it is most vital as so many of the Germans there are civilians – and are known to the older inhabitants here. Our consul, Mr. Peets, is down there. His instructions were to remain as long as he could and so he is staying on. His poor wife is nearly frantic. The Minister, Mr. Reinsch, arrived yesterday. He had gone for the Peace conference and had to return via America. His German name caused him some annoyance but he was able to prove his identity.

We are to dine with three soldiers tonight. They say they do not know a bread and butter plate from a soup tureen. We will see.

This is only an extra letter to hasten Willard's on its way so I will say

Lots of love

Mary.

*[This letter dated **Oct. 4, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 18 year old son, Gould. Willard tells more about his trip to and of the funeral of Pastor Lan Maing Sik. It is Autumn Festival and there are festivities at the White Pagoda in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China

Oct. 4, 1914

Dear Gould:-

I guess it must be nearly your turn to have the letter this week. My ruse of writing of Artyn's accomplishments in electricity worked well. It brought from you the longest and best letter yet. Did I write you that Artyn wired Dr. Lyon's Hospital- the new one this Summer? He came down from Kuliang and spent some two weeks or more at it. The question then was, whether the Company would connect for they have depended quite a bit

on the big charges for putting in the lights for big profits. The charges are \$3.00 for each light and \$1.40 for each switch.

Friday night I had a most pleasant dream. I had just come home and found you all. Oh it was a delightful experience, -too good for a dream, so after I had kissed dear Mama and was going the rounds of you children I awoke before I had finished. Dorothy seemed to me to have changed most. She was very plump and soft- I imagine she is plump but I do not think of her as soft. I think of her rather as having pretty hard flesh.

Last Tuesday at 3 p.m. I started for a brief country trip, - took a wild[?] chair over S. Side and picked up Mr. Hodous at the Theological Seminary, and we walked over to Uang Bieng, took a small boat for Nang Seu, had supper on the boat, arriving at Nang Seu about 8:00 p.m. It was a beautiful night with a good moon. We made our beds on the outside of the boat with only the mosquito curtain for our cover between us and the sky. Three house boats full of pastors, preachers, teachers, students and one of them of women were already there. The occasion was the funeral of pastor Lan Maing Sik. A few years ago he went over near Nang Seu- off in the country about 2 ½ miles and built a house. There he died about two months ago. He leaves a widow, four sons and four daughters all married- and all rich or well to do-except one daughter – the wife of the Diong Loh pastor. One son is Salt Inspector in Szechuen province. He has a salary of \$5,000 a year. The funeral was grand. 400 attended. There was a procession nearly half a mile long as they walked from Nang Seu out to the house. At the house there was a long service as several told of the different phases of his life. Then the relatives and friends carried the coffin up the hill to the grave. This was to me a new custom. Always before there have been coolies. But this time there was no haggling over prices-no yelling-all was orderly and quiet- comparatively.

At 2:30 two hundred and fifty sat down to the feast. How they /we did eat!! At 4 we walked back to Nang Seu- took our boat and at 7 p.m. we were back at Uang Bieng, and at 10 p.m. home. - It was a big and expensive funeral-It may have cost \$500. But I think it was worth it. I used to deplore the expenditure of so much money of funerals. But the family was well able to do it. And it made a big impression of thousands of people. There are many things that are of greater value than money. This is one of them.

To night is the 15th of the 8th moon and Autumn festival. The White Pagoda has been lit with red paper lanterns for several nights. Tonight there are large crowds all over it. I can hear them as I write in my study. Last night a man tried to go up the stone pagoda- near Black Rock Hill and fell and killed himself.

Thursday I went to Mrs. Macs to meet Mr. and Mrs. Dennis. He is the latest arrival for the Y.M.C.A. here, - was with the Macs this Summer, - went to Nanking about Sept 1st. There he married a daughter of Dr. Beebe of the M.E. Mission. Mrs. Mac gave them a reception and I also staid to supper.

We expect Mr. and Mrs. Belcher- business agent any day now.

A missionary in Africa had a long wait for mail. At last it came- a big mail. He went until he came to a little letter- opened it and, "My dear Father, God bless you." That was all from his little child. But it was enough to give him strength for his work. You cannot realize how much your letters assuring me that you are praying for me help me. I pray God to keep each of you pure and good. Very Lovingly your Father Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Oct. 25, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. Flora and Mary went to visit the Forbidden City and Flora describes some of the sites there. They now have 27 pupils in their school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Peking, Oct. 25, 1914.

Dear folks at home:-

It is Sunday again after a very busy week.-Monday afternoon we had a meeting with the book committee in order to decide on what particular shall be used in our school. Tuesday was our 'at home' day and about twenty people called. Wednesday there was on exhibition several thousand dollars worth of Amoy and Swatow drawn work- here in the city, so Mary and I went to see it. I found the drawn work insertion that Miss Brewster has been wanting so much so have purchased a piece for her. I can get almost anything in the line of drawn work that any body wants and of excellent quality and workmanship. I have not yet sent the pictures I mentioned in my last letter but hope to get them off this week.- On Thursday Mary and I were invited to dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Fenn to meet some fellow passengers of the 'Mongolia' who have gotten this far on their way around the world(?). The "Friday Club" met this week so that used Friday afternoon and yesterday morning we tried to see the collection of antiques in the "Forbidden City" but found they were not to be open until afternoon so instead we visited a curio shop and then went out to the 'Temple to Heaven.' It was a fine walk through the groves of trees and I was glad to see the place again, but was disappointed that we could not see the interiors of the building. All furnishings have been removed to the museum in the 'Temple to Agriculture', but there is some fine inside decorations to see. The

buildings in the court of the 'Temple to Heaven' were used by the bureau which wrote the constitution, so for a time people could not even get inside the gates of that court. A few weeks ago an athletic meet was held in the first court of this extensive place, so you can see how times are changing some of the old historical spots. When I was there in 1909 there was a bunch of brambles occupying the center round stone of the 'Altar to Heaven' but now there was nothing to prevent any one's stepping into the sacred circle – unless it was the broken piece of marble which some one had rolled there.

This week we are arranging for some Hallow e'en fun on Friday afternoon for the school children and we are to go out to tiffin on Saturday. We must get in a call at the American Embassy if we can arrange it with Mrs. Reinsch. We had planned to call on the day which has been her 'at home' day but heard that noon that none of the Embassies are having any stated 'at home' days and that we will need to make arrangements for any calls we wish to make. I expect this is directly the result of the war.

This last week we added three more scholars to our school and in a week or two we shall have two more- who are almost well now. Two of the three we received this week are the sons of the new advisor to the Chinese Government and the third is a little Australian girl. Our number now stands at 27. There is still one little girl very ill with a fever which is starting on its sixth week and shows no signs of abating. The doctors are puzzled and her mother is used up so that she has a trained nurse now. Her fever stays up above 100 degrees all the time.

To-day we have received an invitation to spend on Xmas vacation with the American Boarders up in Shansi. It sounds most alluring, and we shall think about it. To-day the 'Sentinel' came from Will-telling of Dr. Lathrop's experiences in getting home.-This is nearly my last sheet of writing paper and I fear my boxes were on that German ship which got laid off in Italian waters so I'll have to replenish my stock from out here. Lovingly-
Flora.

[This letter dated Oct. 25, 1914 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. Mr. Eddy of the Eddy Evangelistic Campaign spoke at Willard's church that morning. He adds a little to each of his children. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

Foochow, China,
Oct. 25, 1914

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

It is a very very pleasant task to sit down to answer your good letter that came this morning. The Training Conference for the Evangelistic Campaign began Thursday evening last. Our Annual Meeting closed last Tuesday evening. You know I am Moderator of that and chairman of the Fukien Evangelistic Campaign Comm. Thurs. evening I lead the opening of the Training Conference with a prayer meeting. I have been present at every meeting except the one this morning. Mr. Eddy spoke in our church this morning 88 signed cards expressing a desire to become Christians. This afternoon I had our address in the Che Giang Club before the Training conference on "Power for Service" Huk o gi guong-lik. Does that mean any thing to you or to mama or to Gould?

I was too busy to get at your letter till after supper this evening. I planned to go to the meeting this evening, but I'm too tired. I've your letter- all about the Chataugua, the visit to B-port and Shelton, the moving, and this is the only word I've had about that, and the opening of school and the Tank Home letter and the new white satine (?) skirt. I'm greatly interested and pleased to hear that Gould has taken a S.S. class. I was Superintendent of the Huntington S.S. when I was twenty. I shall pray for you Gould and shall be much with you in spirit in helpful sympathy. How did you come out in Latin last term? Phebe says you are pessimistic about your S.S. class. Better let other people to the pessimising- if there's such a word. Save all your strength for good hard aggressive work on the road to success.

Is that weenty, teenty little girl almost too little to go to Kindergarten two years ago when I left home, already in the 2nd grade? Good for you Kathleen. And Dorothy in the eighth grade- that means High next year does it not? I must close now at 9:30 and get to rest. I'll finish this and mail it for the next steamer. Dear Mama's good letter came last Tuesday or Wed. and I answered it at once- partly because I feared today might be too busy to get it all in, and partly because I was so overjoyed to hear that you were all well after such along gap in news. It seems to me a very long time since either Miss Marjorie or Miss Kathleen have written me. I'll not say "Babies" and see if that will bring a letter. One of our teachers last year told his students (who were his fellow students only a few years before) that they must not call him by his given name, and if they said "Mister" his name must have the Mandarin pronunciation- if they gave it the Foochow pronunciation they must not say "Mister" but must add Sing Sung. So I'll have to try Miss Marjorie and Miss Kathleen.

Prof. Robertson gave his first lecture in the Campaign this morning before some 2000 Mission school students and Christians. He repeats the lecture this afternoon and again this evening for non-Christians and officials.

Yesterday morning Mr. Eddy spoke to the Foochow College boys. At the after meeting 88 signed cards to become Christians. The best teacher of English which we have in the College is a fine Christian man- graduated four years ago from this College- but his father is an official's secretary in Amoy,-an earnest Confucionist and commands his son here not to unite with the church. I have written the people in Amoy and they are working with him. I am asking God every day to remove this hindrance so this teacher may unite with the church. His influence will be so much better, - and he will be so much happier himself.

It gives me courage and strength to know that over in Putnam I have a dear, sweet wife and five dear loving daughters and a dear loving son who are praying for me. It helps me to keep near to God and near to them, to commit them by name- each one to His loving care each morning and evening. I am trying to make it possible for God to answer your prayers for me and I know each of you is doing all possible to help God answer my prayers for you.

Most lovingly your father Willard L. Beard

[This typewritten letter dated Oct. 29, 1914 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and the rest of the Shelton home folks. Evangelist Sherwood Eddy was in Foochow for the Evangelistic Campaign. They are signing up men from all over the province who want to study the Bible. Willard had a case of the grippe (flu). He reminisces about the old school house behind the farm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Oct. 29th. 1914.

Dear Mother and all the rest of the Shelton Home Folks:-

My letters have been sent to so many different places during the past few weeks that I wonder how many finally fetch up at the Century Farm.

Nov. 1st. This is the way with my letter writing. I begin and am called of and it is days before I can get at it again. The last three weeks have been specially strenuous with the Annual Meeting of the mission and then the Evangelistic Campaign coming right on top, each with three meetings a day. These are now over and the out of port men gone leaving a lot of extra work for those of us who are to conserve the results. Sherwood Eddy has done good work here. Last Wed. 1600 plus men signed cards saying that they wished to study the Bible to learn what Christianity was and who Christ was and is. Yesterday most of these came again and were organized into Classes. I have the names of 164 students from one college. We shall divide these into four or more classes. The classes will meet in the Government College where the students are. This is a great advance step. It is surprising that the government authorities will allow Christian men to come into their schools and teach the Bible to their students. *[handwritten later]* This has now been vetoed (Nov. 16)

It is a tremendous task as you can easily see to provide instructors for 2000 men who know almost nothing about the Bible. And this work must be done by men who have their time full already, beside the students there are 140 business men who have asked to be taught the Bible. The Governor and all the highest officials listened to Eddy as he told them that the only help for China was the unconditional surrender of the individual to Jesus Christ.

Nov. 16th. There is no use in trying any excuse. The dates on this tell the whole story. And I do not even have the excuse of too many apples to pick or to eat or to market.

Last week Ruth's good letter on the typewriter came and I sent it right on after reading it twice to Flora and Mary. It made me proud of your attainments as a Typist, if this was really your first attempt with the machine, and it almost discouraged me, for when I think of my work and put it beside your first trial I am put completely to shame.

The Evangelist work goes on in the province. The last we have heard there were 5700 men who had definitely asked to join Bible classes. The real hard work now begins. I am meeting one class once a week. Each week for the last two months I have met the Bible class leaders for a talk on principles or methods. This has been very pleasant but it has been very hard work, much like getting up a sermon a week.

Nov. 18th Results are coming in all the time and from different parts of the province now. Today the figures amount to over 6000. In one city the highest official, the one next to the highest and three Buddhist priests are in a Bible class. The Salt Commissioner for the province, who is one of the highest officials in the province, has let it be known that he is a Christian and that he intends to unite with the church. The head of the river police for the province, another high official, was at a dinner in a missionary's home last evening and for three hours kept the conversation on the line of Christianity, declaring that China's only hope was in the Christian religion. The whole province is agitated as never before by this campaign.

Last Sunday twenty eight united with the church here. One was a man 72 years old. He has been in connection with the church for nearly twenty years, but it took this time of special interest to bring him over the line and into the church. Another was a student in a government school. He was brought into a Bible class at the time of the meetings last year and has stuck to it until this year he joins the church. The others were students of this college. It is not necessary to add that it was a happy day for me and for many others. The only member of the senior class not a church member joined, and one other from the higher classes. Several more are holding back until next time.

The grippe has been going its rounds for a month or more. It gripped me last week Monday. I kept up and did my work until Thursday. I kept quiet until supper time, then got up. Friday I was up for dinner and taught in the afternoon. Saturday I was able to do my work as usual. Sunday I preached and conducted Communion and baptized the 28 who were received into the church. It was a two hours service and was some tiring. I have been at work even since but its no fun. Yet I am getting a little better each day. The Chinese have also had it and they fare worse than we. Three schools have lost two boys each. My college has thus far come off easy. We have had a few boys unwell but only a few and nothing serious yet.

Thanksgiving is almost here. I shall think of you and of the dinner and shall see the table full and shall long to be there. Your thoughts well be very broad that day. Even as they fly toward the far east the angle will be of many degrees. It would be exceeding pleasant to all be together each year once, but I doubt very much if in real satisfaction we would be the gainers. We must realize that whatever success any one member of the family has is the success of all. And I sometimes think the biggest share should go to those of you at the center - in the home at Long Hill.

Do you know it gave me a homesick feeling to hear that the old school house had been moved and put to other purposes. There was always a soft spot in my heart for the old building where I set bent pins, and flirled water from a wet sponge over the slates of the other scholars and got the girls to eat flag root just as they were going in from recess and stole the notes that Ginnie Booth wrote to Fred Ellis and then had my hair nearly pulled out of my head by him to pay for the fun, and played "Keelie Over" etc. etc.

I sent Ruth's neckless some time ago. I trust it reached you all right. The cost to me was 70 cents silver, 35 cents gold. But don't mind about that. I tell you only that you may collect it from the jeweler. One of the jewelers in Putnam ruined Ellen's four metal chain and did not have the grace to even remit his charge for his blunder.

I am afraid this will compare with Ruth's attempt so favorably for HER that she will write all the time on the machine just to show off. I hope so, and please forgive my long silence. I will try to never do it again. I'll send a short letter if I cannot get off a long one.

Very much love to all. And I may as well say a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, for these dates will be along before we know it. With half the human family tearing each other in pieces it will be a serious Christmas. But Christ reigns and God is working out His purposes even in this seemingly unholy war.

Lovingly,
Will

[This letter dated Nov. 1, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about a school party they planned and held for the children. They visit other families and shop for embroidery and drawn work. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Nov 1, 1914

Dear Ones at Home,

We have had four rainy days this week and only one really clear one. On Monday we walked down in Teng Shih Kou to complete arrangements for our Friday party. It rained hard Tuesday so we rested at home. On Wednesday it was partly clear so we went for a brief stroll, but I was in school until nearly 6.30 as I had the children make invitations for their mothers for the party. Thursday was very rainy but it cleared almost 6.00 on Friday morning. As it stayed clear and the sun came out, we were able to have our party out of doors as planned. We had a luncheon here that noon with Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard, the pastor of the Union church, and two Chinese couples as

guests. All of the four Chinese were American educated and both wives were American born. Mrs. See is here as guest and is a most fascinating little woman. These women who have studied at our home colleges are most delightful. Mrs. See is almost a stranger in her own land and was telling of a wedding which to her was a great novelty. At our party we first had children exchange coats and put on paper faces then march around the compound and come back to pin the tail on a black cat or hit a bag of peanuts blindfolded. Then they went across the compound to play a game while some of the ladies and I hid peanuts in the grass, trees, ferns etc. The children in Flora's room had learned some songs so they sang some of them. In one a brownie and some witches were mentioned so my children were dressed to play those parts. After the songs we served sandwiches and cookies which Mrs. Burgess's cook had made for us- and Mrs. Stelle furnished tea. Then we turned the children loose to hunt peanuts.



Written in album: "Party at Teng Shih Kou Halloween 1914"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

That evening we all went over to the Y.M.C.A. to a juggler show. The juggler is quite a famous one and he certainly was good. He had three little boys who helped him.

Yesterday I washed my small pieces to save laundry bills. At eleven Mrs. Grant's carriage called to take us out to West City for tiffin. It is a most interesting ride and most of it was through new territory for us. On one street there was a county fair to which all of the country people had brought their produce. There were baskets, chickens, ducks, old iron, fruit, Chinese food etc., etc. We did not at first recognize the street on our return because it was so deserted. Mr. Grant is engraver for the government Bureau of Engraving and designed the stamp which carries this letter. Also the paper money. The compound is a lovely large one but most unkempt looking. Now the only other foreign family is the Wilders who rent one of the houses. The Grants have some wonderful curios; one handsome carved table, several chairs, fine coats, embroidered pictures, rugs, etc.

Today we went for dinner to the Lowry's at the Methodist Compound. It has rained all day steadily and is still at it. One keeps dry though in a rickshaw with the top up and a rubber sheet in front over our feet and legs. Mrs. Lowry has seven children here and one at home. Five of them are in our school. They are a unique family. Mrs. Lowry makes quite a business of selling the Chefoo drawn work and handles from \$6000 to \$10000 worth each year. Some of it is grand indeed. I want one of her embroidered crepe-de chine dresses. One was \$45 Mexican and contained enough for a dress and a waist if not for two dresses. The others were higher priced but not more handsome. Tomorrow we plan to go up to [unreadable word] (the Presbyterian Compound) to see a sale of embroideries. The Manchu ladies were left penniless and unable to earn anything so the Pres. ladies started this embroidery work and every year they sell it. We will buy something as it is beautiful and is a good cause besides.

We are still keeping warm by grate fires. This morning Mr. B went down to start the furnace and the grate broke when he shook it. He is going to start the fire there as soon as it is fixed.

Mr. Hall next door had an operation on his throat yesterday. The hospital was so cold and damp, that they brought him home today. There is so much sickness about now and all of the people with nose or throat trouble are being operated on as a fine specialist has just come out. We are glad not to be of the number.

We both send love

Mary.

[This letter dated Nov. 11, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. She talks of shopping for embroideries and other items. Tsing Tao has fallen to the Germans but with little bloodshed. The German gun boat Emden has been sunk. She tells of an incident with Pres. Yuan Shi Kai where a friend of his was sentenced and executed. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Nov. 11, 1914]

Dear folks at home:-

This week is half done before I get to our home letter- for it is Wednesday, Nov. 11, as I write this. To-day I have started home two pictures of the gold brocade and I find that I cannot afford to sell them at \$5 for it will cost all that by the time the duty is paid at your end. Please charge \$7.50 each at least and if you can get it \$10 is not too much. They are rare curios for they have been known here for only since the Revolution. If no one wants the pictures pin them up in the parlor or pack them away where they will not get harmed until I get home. I am going to send to Miss Brewster some of the drawn work insertion she has so long wanted to get, and she may pay you. I have her letter and tell her I'll answer it soon, but if she wants me to get things for her I shall be glad to do so and have her pay you for it is getting pretty nearly time for me to be getting some money into the opposite side of my account with you people at home. I wish you would send me an account of my debits (and credits if any) at the first on Jan. 1915.

The weeks go by with just as great a rapidity as they do at home and it seems to me that I leave undone about as many things as ever but I am not so completely 'squeezed dry' when Friday night comes, I find.

Last Saturday Mary and I went to a mission sale of embroideries and then we went to a Chinese fair where all sorts of curios were for sale. We purchased two saucers of blue and white china- the design a five toed dragon. This week on Monday after school we attended the Mothers Club meeting and heard some interesting papers and discussions on how to treat the subject of 'Fear' with children. Afterwards we called on a lady whom we met in Kyoto, who has come over here for a trip. Yesterday we dined with Dr. and Mrs. Ingram and then went to the A.B.C.F.M. prayer-meeting. To-day we called on Mrs. Reinsch (the wife of the U.S. Minister) and Mrs. Willoughby (the wife of the U.S. Advisor to the Chinese Government). Both families have children in our school. The Willoughbys are still living at the hotel but the Reinschs have a whole house at the Legation. The reception hall would hold the whole of Ben's house and the state drawing room must be nearly as large as our whole house. Mrs. Reinsch was not at home so we had a call with her mother who speaks English with a very decided German accent. She showed us the suite of state rooms and some of the wonderful rugs and statuary. Most of the furnishings are provided for by the U.S. government, as they would have to be when the salary is as usual as it is. To-morrow we go to see our real school for the rest of this year. We are to be in a Chinese house which has been used as a club house by the International Tennis Club. This means that we are to have a good play ground too. The tennis club now occupies other quarters. We hope to be in our new compound after Thanksgiving. On Saturday we are to have tiffin with Dr. and Mrs. Dilley of the Pres. Mission, after which we are to visit the Lama Temple near by. Mr. and Mrs. McCann of Paoting-fu have invited us to spend Thanksgiving with them so we have accepted. It will be a fine trip and a welcome break in our work, as well as an opportunity to see some American Board mission work. Paoting-fu is a great place for brass so I expect to bring some back with me.

We are feeling very relieved that Tsing-tao has fallen with so little bloodshed for all sorts of rumors have been flying about that the Germans were going to blow up their houses and were to resist to the last man. The war news here consists of an equal number of telegrams from each side of the conflict and so arranged that each time is either refuted or checkmated. The papers from home-though a month old are the most satisfying to read.

Yesterday's paper told of the sinking of the 'Emden' a little German gun boat that has sunk over twenty merchantmen of the Allies. It has been very daring in its attacks. It went into Penang flying a Russian flag. Its crew boarded a Russian steamer lying at the dock, blew her up and got out of the harbor before she could be chased. Sometimes she had four funnels and sometimes less, and her color was never two times alike so that she did a lot of damage. It is said that she always allowed the conquered crew to land taking them herself if necessary. There were

seventy ships hunting for her so the Germans have lost one good fighter. I have been wondering if my boxes are on any of the sunken merchantmen but some one here has said that the June shipment is on a German boat now in Italy waiting for the war to end. We are wondering when we may see our belongings. It was a fortunate day for Mary that her boxes did not get to Boston in time to go with mine.

If any one is thinking of Xmas presents for us tell them that such needful things as tooth brushes, whisk brooms, pins, etc., will be much the best kind to send to us.

Here is an incident in the annals of Pres. Yuan, which has deepened the confidence of the foreigners here in Peking. There is a law on the Chinese statutes that any official who has been found guilty of receiving bribes over \$500 shall suffer for the crime by the loss of his head. There was an official here, who was caught at the deed, and owned that he had done things worthy of the punishments. He was tried, but the judge in speaking the judgment said it so low that the prisoner did not hear it. He expected to be deported. He was invited to a dinner, was taken to it in a carriage by the judge, and after the dinner was invited to ride during which he was to know his fate. The judge took him to the execution ground, Pres. Yuan sent the family \$1,000 to defray the funeral expenses. To the foreigners this seems to prove that the head of this republic wishes to destroy the evil of his country even if it is deservingly found in his friends. He has depended on this man, but did not excuse him- though he may have been doing it until he was thoroughly convinced- in the final punishment. He has showed his friendship not only by the gift but by going no farther in his punishment than the culprit. The family feared the extinction of itself. I'm at the end of my second sheet so-with love to you all- I am- yours- Flora Beard.

In 1914, the German cruiser Emden tricked her victims. Most German cruisers of its type had three funnels. Because British cruisers had four, the Emden's Kommandant von Muller had a fake funnel made of wood and canvas. In this way, the potential victim would think they were being approached by a friendly British ship.

Yancey, Arthur. "World War I- The War to end All Wars". September 6, 2009
<<http://computasaur.tripod.com/ww1/index.html>>.

[This letter dated Nov. 15, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. The Emden is sunk and Tsing Tao has fallen. She tells of various meetings and clubs they attended and visiting the Confucian and Flame Temples. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Peking, China
Y.M.C.A.
Nov 15, 1914.

Dear Ones at home,-

We have no type writer but we can have type writing paper, and it is the cheapest kind we can get too. Ruth's letter was a puzzler until we opened it as I knew I had no correspondent who used a type writer. We are glad you have it and here is the best of success to it and the genealogy. Bessie's engagement was a joy and surprise. I shall write Bess to come out here on her wedding trip once the beaten path for honeymooners (Europe) is cleared. The Pacific is safe now that the Emden is sunk and Tsing Tao has fallen. I am glad that the School home is moved also that it is being useful once more.

We have our building for our school rented at last and now expect to move in the Monday after Thanksgiving if not before. It is a Chinese home of five gen (rooms). They will take out partitions and make ten large rooms for school rooms, one small one for a dining room and another for a toilet. Formally the Tennis Club had the grounds and had three courts there. We plan to have one Tennis Court, a Basket Ball court and plenty of play room besides. On Monday after school we went to the Mother's Club at Mrs. Fall's. The subject was The Fears of Childhood and there were two very good papers and some interesting discussion also. Afterwards we went to call on Miss Wakefield when we had met in Kyoto Japan at Miss Smith's. She had been in Peking a week when we first saw her at church last Sunday. She was leaving Monday evening for Hankou.

On Tuesday we worked after school until 5.30 then had a caller and afterward had to hurry to dress to go out to dinner. We went to Mrs. Ingram's and afterward to Prayer Meeting there at Teng Shih Kou. The subject was Sabbath keeping and the necessity of changing from the old strict laws to something in keeping with the times. For instance, one man spoke of a Chinese merchant who became a Christian. The Christian thought he ought to close his place of business on Sunday and did so. As a result, the employees had no where to go on Sunday (they were non-Christians and very unready to hear Christ preached) except the drinking houses, gambling houses, etc. That Christian considered his subject well and finally reopened his establishment to protect his men from the snares of an

evil life. Several similar instances were cited and plenty of food for thought was given us but no decision as to exact methods by which all should keep the Sabbath.

On Wednesday we went out debt paying and book collecting once more. On Thursday we dressed in our best and made two calls, one at the American Minister's house and another on the wife of the American Advisor to President Yuan. We have children of [*unreadable word*] in school. On Friday we made one more attempt to exhaust the calling list at the Methodist Compound. We were late in starting so made only three calls. I got dressed first so walked down and Flora came later in a rickshaw and arrived just after I did. I love to walk and Flora dislikes it, so I shall try that method again. It serves two purposes with me, saves my coppers and gives me the much needed exercise.

Yesterday was cloudy and very windy. But for the wind I should have walked to Erteow where we went for tiffin with Mrs. Gilly (Presbyterian). We found a party of eight of us and had a most enjoyable visit. Mrs. Gilly has four lovely children and I held the baby of eight months for a long time after lunch. He is good as can be and loves to play. Muriel aged 2 1/2 loves to march and keeps step beautifully. She raises both arms high and waves them so she looks as though she were trying to fly. From Mrs. Gilly's five of us ladies went to the Flame temple and Confucian Temple, then down to Teng Shih Kou where Mrs. Stelle served tea. Then we walked home. Last evening I trimmed my brown velvet hat and I think it quite a success. I will take a picture of it on me someday. After that we played 500 with Mrs. Burgess for awhile. The Hama temples and grounds seem depressing and unkempt. The entering court was hung with long strings of rags to ward off the evil spirits. The priests were chanting and some of the tones are very deep and musical. They keep it up two or more times. The faces were expressionless and the men and boys all fat and flabby looking. The Buddah is a huge figure seventy five feet high and correspondingly big every way. He holds a lotus in his left hand and there are carved wooden lotus plants on the altar. They chant in Tibetan and the barrel prayers are in Tibetan. They are a round barrel of brass or caned wood with the characters of the prayer on them. Instead of saying the prayer they rotate the barrel. The whole place is of ill repute and a man or a gray haired lady is necessary to assure[*assurance?*] unpleasant remarks and treatment. The Confucian Temple is definitely beautiful and quiet. The feeling of antiquity is there. There are tablets for each year's student who took the brightest examinations. Tablets for all of the 400 books of Confucius and Temples for the worship of Confucius. The old Confucian tablet had Chinese on one side and Manchu on the other so now that has been destroyed and a new one with only Chinese on it erected. The apparatus in the temples for Confucius have the center of the steps on incline because the spirits can not climb steps. At the main Confucian temple yesterday that incline was one solid block of marble about 6 X 20 feet and deeply carved with the dragon. There were similar blocks (not one piece) at the Temple of Heaven.

Yesterday we had a sewing woman who darned our stockings to date and did a lot of other sewing and mending. She was Mrs. Burgesses amah for Junior during his short little life. Mrs. Burgess says the woman always speaks of Junior as "our Baby." Mrs. Burgess has had a severe cold this week and finally gave up and went to bed for a day. Now she is much better. Mr. Burgess went to Tientsin to speak last night and returned this morning to look after his Bible Classes. [*See note after letter dated May 15, 1915 regarding the Burgess baby.*]

We are both all O.K. I wonder if your mail comes any where near regularly. We try to write every week, taking turns. As boats from Japan are most irregular now we find our mail delayed often and I suppose yours is too.

With lots of love from us both,

Mary.



Stella and John Burgess about 1914-1915
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Nov. 22, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. They did some shopping and visiting and touring of the Forbidden City. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Nov. 22, 1914]

Dear folks at home:-

The weeks go by as rapidly as even at home. Sunday is our quietest day and that is seldom long enough. Last Monday we walked to a place where every tenth day there is a Chinese "fair"- a place where all the shopkeepers and curio venders come and display their goods on the ground. I purchased a pair of those carved brass bars that are used for paper weights. They have a beautiful bamboo design on them. Tuesday was our day "at home" and only a few callers came so we had a nice visit among ourselves. Mrs. Reinsch (the American Minister's wife) returned our call, which we had made about a week before. On Wednesday I went with a friend outside the city wall, where all the shops are, - to accompany her for some Christmas shopping. Just at sundown all the shopkeepers spread their wares on the walks in front of the shops, so we spent some time looking at the display, but we couldn't find anything we wanted to buy and we had to ride home after dark to pay for our stay. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Burgess had a number of ladies in to make garments to send to the Belgian refugees. We sewed until 6 P.M., and then went out to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Aiken. Mr. Aiken is one of the Bible translators- I think the American Board member. There is a group of men, one from each mission, which has been at work now for more than a year at the translation. Mr. and Mrs. Aiken live in a Chinese house, and we enjoyed seeing it. These Chinese houses are arranged around three sides of square courts (usually stone paved). The fourth side is a stone wall separating the courts but connected by a doorway. The drawing room and dining-room are facing the wall and the sleeping rooms are in the side wings. One has to go out of doors always to go to bed. A guest often has to go into the adjoining court to go to the spare room. On Friday afternoon we went calling down at the M.E. Compound. There are sixty people living there so we usually owe some one a call.

The crowning even of the week was Saturday's visit to the Forbidden City. We evidently could have visited more courts than we did for the guards told us when we could go. We went through several gates and saw at

least four courts. There were several beautiful huge jardinière-shaped bronze or brass caldrons- for they were large enough to hold at least two barrels of water- standing about, and there was a white marble sun dial still doing duty. We felt the stillness and desolation so strongly that almost simultaneously we mentioned it to each other. In some of the courts there was only the guard in view. One of the palaces was evidently the store house for the treasures that are being brought and put on view, for there were a dozen or more men busy with dozens of packing boxes- taking things out. We could see the wrappings only. We shall go again when we can spend some time in roaming about through the further courts. The buildings are arranged in exact balance. The same number and the same sized on each side. Our real destination was the museum of treasures that have been brought down from the late Empress's palace in the Western Province- where she fled in 1900.

I never expect to see more beautiful or wonderful treasures. The stories of Marco Polo, or even Aladdin's Lamp could not exceed what these exemplified. There must have been more than a hundred pots of flowers. The pots were of rare cloisonné, of jade, or old gold lacquer, or remarkable china. Some of them had a row of jewels around the top. The flowers or fruit were made of jade, and other semi-precious stones. The designs and colorings are worthy [of] everything the English language can produce to describe, unique, rare, and exquisite taste and workmanship. In another hall were wonderful old Kakemonos [*a banner or wall-picture*] of great beauty and interesting scenes. I cannot describe them to you for I have never seen any such things before and of course these cannot be found in any catalogues. We saw whole cases of the most wonderfully carved jade house ornaments, several different kinds of celadon ware, and wonderfully designed both in shape and decorations. We saw a little dish of grapes made perfect in color by means of the different colored crystals and jade for the leaves. There were vases set in rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and turquoise, with the most exquisite miniatures painted on medallions set in on the sides. There were small ornaments carved out most delicately of ivory and painted so that they were really pictures. This will be as long a description as I am sure you will care to read, but I can't do the subject justice anyway.

Mary and I are arranging to have the American Board at Boston send father a check of \$50 to reimburse him for the many expenses we have each been to him- or are going to be. (I will not arrive before Feb.)

I have not yet heard anything authentic about my boxes, but feel rather dubious about ever seeing them again. A gentleman who was having some things shipped out at the same time by the American Board says they were sent by a German vessel and that vessel is now lying in an Italian port, where it will stay until the end of the war. If, possibly, they had been sent by an English S.S., it would be a miracle to have it escape the little 'Emden', which sunk so many merchantmen in these Eastern waters. I need my books so much, and our bedding. We are using Mrs. Stelle's bed linen and we have bought a few towels. I hate to give a whole dollar for a bath towel that can be bought for a quarter in America.

I am enclosing some Chinese quince seeds for you to plant. The fruit here is about four times as large as the home ones and more delicate in taste, but is very easily made into preserves and jelly. The Chinese scorn them and do not like to cook them for the foreigners. The shape does not suggest quince at home for it is long and about the same size all the way down. Will Ruth please send me a copy of that hand lotion made from quince seeds? Mine is in the box we sent to Boston in August. The weather, the water, and the chalk dust plays havoc with skin out here.

We are to receive our thirtieth pupil on Monday and there are still two more on the horizon.

Mary and I go to Paoting-fu to spend Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. McCann. We hope on our return to move our school into the quarters we are to occupy for the rest of the year. We have a fine large play ground for the International Tennis Club formerly had their courts there. We are to have the courts rolled and use one for our own tennis or basketball.

With love to all-
Flora Beard.

Peking, China,
Nov. 22, 1914.

[This letter dated **Dec. 13, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his siblings, Phebe and Stanley. The Bible classes are well attended and he keeps very busy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China. December 13, 1914.

Dear Phebe and Stanley:-

This is just to begin a letter to you tonight the last thing before going to bed- to say that a mysterious package came in the mail a few days ago. I did not think that it might be a kind of busting machine, but I did have to taste before I could tell what it was and no one else has been able to tell the name of the queer black substance. We had a pie this noon, so it is going the way of all good dried pumpkin.

Your last good letter came Dec. 7th= no I mistook Phebe K. for Phebe M. That makes the date of the arrival of your letter Mon. 28th= Sat. after Thanksgiving. I ate Thanksgiving dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Cooper and played Bunco after dinner which was in the evening. We had school the same as other days. I shall be as interested as ever to hear about the Thanksgiving at home- With Fords (long distance) and Buicks and Mitchells etc I'm afraid the trolleys and R.R.s will not get much this year. Your trip to Pearle River from Shelton in the Ford was most interesting. No tell Edith [*probably 3 year old Edith Louise Beard, niece of Willard and daughter of Willard's brother, Bennett Nichols Beard*] I wouldn't like to drink the soap [*or soup?*]. Good night.

Dec 21- 14-

Tempus fugits [*Time flies*] worse this year than ever before. This letter has been on my desk since a week ago yesterday. I've seen it everyday. But "nothin' doin'" in the line of letter writing. The Evangelistic campaign keeps up in fine shape. Over 1000 men have been in Bible classes and the weekly average is about 600. All goes well in College- enough evil in some of the boys to enable one to trace their ancestry to Adam, and keep some of us in the science of patience, tact and firmness to straighten out their quarrels. Christmas is in the air and the ten and over churches in this vicinage are after all the foreigners to attend all the different church exercises. There are to be about five meetings of various kinds here in connection with the College and church and we foreigners are to have a tree I believe. We had to put our mission dinner on Wed. to get in without conflict. I know you will be well taken care of in Peking- or will it be Tungchow.-I'm writing to Flora and Mary. How is a man with five sisters, five daughters, five nieces all Beards beside a lot on the other side of the house to be expected to keep them all distinct in his mind? That is complimentary isn't it- after messing you up with my daughter and then with other sisters. The fact is my mind or conscience bothers me for I've also had on my desk a letter addressed to Flora. It's staring at me now.

Another good interesting letter came from you Dec. 11th. I'm very sorry to hear about Olive. You do not hint at the cause or the name of her trouble.

I am looking any day for a letter that will tell me about the Thanksgiving at home.

Saturday I had a great day. In the morning all went much as usual, - except that a lot of orders for printing came in and of course each wanted his done first and I had to just lay them on my desk and go to dinner at 11:30 a.m. (I have printed over 2000000 pages this year.) At 12 pm Hodous, Neff and I started for Cieng Bang, five miles N.E. of the city. The day was a perfect one- bright, cool and the air bracing. At 1:45 we reached the church, found it full, and found three other foreigners there. It was a kind of joke on us all for we had thought each that he was to be the only foreigner there. When I was invited I received the thought that no one else could go. But we had a good time- a good audience of the best men in the place, a good bowl of vermicelli apiece and then a good walk home. I reached home at 5:30 wet with sweat and had just an hour for a bath and supper. Then in my chair for an hour's ride and a staff committee meeting from 7:30- 10:00. Then another hours ride and in my little bed. - Then up at 7:00 yesterday a.m. Prepare a S.S. lesson for a normal class at 9:00. Just as I was to start up I found I had prepared the wrong lesson. They had "The Ascension." I had prepared "The Reign of Peace" but the boys were none the wiser. At 9:45 I started for Ha Puo Ga. Mr. Ding's father's church- where he used to be- 3 miles, preached, conducted communion, and walked home, ate dinner 11:00 p.m.- got a nap, taught a class of 3rd yr boys in S.S.- then in to talk of plans for next years union work. He left at 6 P.M. - supper- C.E. at 7-8- E.E. Comm. meeting 8-8:30. Letters to wife and children and to bed.

Where I must go now- With lots of love to you both
Will.

[This letter, dated **Dec. 17, 1914**, was written from Peking, China by Mary to the Dear Ones at Home. They are beginning to move into their new school quarters. She reviews each day's activities throughout the week. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Ande..]

[Dec. 17, 1914]

Dear Ones at Home,-

I will begin with events of last Sunday even though Flora did write so late as to include some of them. We were at Tungchow last week and with Mrs. Sheffield. Mr. Smith (Dr. Arthur Smith author of several books on China) is certainly unique. He has a story for every occasion. Mrs. Smith is away in the country on a tour down near Paotingfu. We called on nearly every family in the line and visited specially with those left out after service. We saw both the new babies; the Love baby is a big, fat, jolly girl but Frances Frame is a wee little mite who has not yet gotten a good start in life. On Monday Flora and I went to our new school quarters to see about the possibility of moving up. We found sufficient furniture to accommodate my pupils but very little for the little mites. As a consequence we opened session on Tuesday afternoon by going bag and baggage up to the new room. It took over half an hour to get us moved but our new quarters were quite inspiring with the newness and sunshine and airiness. The big playground is a joy and the children run there to their hearts content.

On Monday evening three soldiers appeared to play Base Ball. Miss Haas, a YWCA Secretary, just arrived to study the language, came up also. We played until 9.30 when the soldiers had to leave. We gave them the chance of coming often and not having leave to stay out late, or coming less often and staying late. As they arrive at 7.30 we have two full hours for play.

On Thursday we made two calls, then I went to a committee meeting while Flora made another call. Miss Vandershire, Miss Crane and I were chosen to decorate the Christmas table and plan the games afterward. We are going to have some music as several of the party are thus gifted; then we have the company (32 or 34) divided into from groups and each is to give a charade. We end with a Virginia Reel as that has been the custom for several years. We have another meeting to decide the decorations.

On Wednesday Mable Galt came in and cooked till nearly six. I was just going out with her when Mrs. Burgess reminded me of the Chinese dinner at 6.15. I sent Mable home in a ricksha and hastened back to dress. There were 28 of us and we had one good time. The food was good and it was fun to eat with chop sticks. If we keep on, we will become adepts in the art. I can even eat rice if I stick it together a little with some thick soup on some of the strange but good mixtures of meats, vegetables, greens, etc. They had some most delicious walnuts and peanut candies; in which the nut was rolled in sugar (probably a thick sugary syrup.)

On Thursday I rode home with the Lowry girls to play Volley Ball with them. First I had a cup of tea with Mrs. Lowry and Mrs. Grant, then went out to play. Everyone comes out and sides are chosen with an attempt to divide men and ladies evenly. That night the older ones had to leave early for a five o'clock Prayer Meeting but there were ten of us who stayed on. It was a sight worth seeing to watch the students march through from the college grounds in the rear to the chapel at the front. There are over a thousand of them counting big and little.

On Friday the furniture for Flora's kiddies arrived from Tungchow about noon so work was interrupted. We stayed to straighten things out at noon. After school we had to stay because the library of the Mother's Club was being moved up and the carpenters were there to replace the doors of the bookcase. Some of the volumes will prove useful to us I am sure. It was 4.45 before we got home but we dressed and started calling about 5.30. We owed Mrs. Lowry a dinner call so went there first. Then we started for the Legation and stopped at Hartungs for some films I had left on Monday morning. We were told that Mrs. Reinsch was out but met her as we went back to our rickshas so returned with her. We had tea and Mrs. Mosher came in before we left, also two legation men. A wind had arisen while we were at Mrs. Lowry's and the dust was very bad indeed. Everyone tells us that this is only a promise of what is to come.

Yesterday we put up the Christmas decorations at school. Flora had two rolls of Christmas crepe paper, one a series of fireplaces with a little tot in front the other a series of reindeer sledges and steeples. One is in each room. The children made yards of festoons of green and red circles which we have fastened along the side where the windows are. Then the Teng Shih Ku'er[?] children who were helping us, made more and festooned the beams.

This morning I sat perusing my Nov. 2 Digest when a note arrived asking me to assist Mrs. Hall in entertaining four men at dinner this noon. I accepted and quite enjoyed the fun.

By the way, will father please send \$4.50 to the Literary Digest for me. My subscription runs out in February. Let it continue to come to Tungchow, Peking China as now, after August 1, 1915 but change the address to Peking China, YMCA until Aug. 1. I have not had the address changed as I thought I would wait until my subscription was due.

My subscription to the National Geographical Magazine, Hubbard Memorial Hall, Washington, D.C. is also due (this Nov. I fear). That will be \$3.00 as I am a member of the Association.

Flora and I purchased the luncheon set for Bessie yesterday. We could get only two sizes in doilies but think the whole thing quite well matched and pretty. It cost \$10.60 silver and we recurred[?] that at a tentative rate it would be \$4.50 gold. Gold vacillates from \$2.30- \$2.45 these days with an occasional \$2.50 or \$2.60. We think that

(\$1) one gold dollar is about our share so please credit me on father's account with \$3.50. If ever exchange goes down, I shall send father some more but with the present rate it would be better to draw on my account at home. If father wishes that please write.

I was ever so glad to get the memorandum books. It was like a long lost friend come to light. This week I received two Christmas remembrances. Will's was the first, ten days ago. That was a box of tea.

Look for the luncheon set soon after this letter but not with it. That must be registered and I shall needs send for blanks as we used all we had.

We are looking for your Thanksgiving accounts. What is Olive's trouble? Your accounts sound more like tubercular trouble than anything else. Is it that?

We are both very well. I feel O.K. when I take my daily walk. Flora does not need the walking, so I generally start ahead and she follows in a ricksha. But we arrive together. With lots of love for the new year.

Mary Beard.

Dec. 17, [1914]

*[This letter, dated **Dec. 20, 1914**, was written from Peking, China by Flora to the dear folks at home. Flora tells about their visits and events of the week. Seven U.S. soldiers visit them weekly. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Dec. 20, 1914]

Dear folks at home:-

It seems as though it were one week instead of two since I wrote- the days go by so fast. This week we began by going to the monthly meeting of the 'Mother's Club', which this time was held at the home of a young English woman. These meetings are half formal and the other half a tea and discussion. The mothers are quite free in the discussion and sometimes very good points come out. They also have an 'exchange' at each meeting when people have an opportunity to buy clothing or anything some one has which they wish to turn into cash. Last week a chiffon waist and a winter coat were sold.

Tuesday was our day 'at home' and we had a busy time this week for there were nearly two dozen callers. It was nearly seven o'clock when the last one went.

Wednesday was a red letter day for me for my Arithmetic arrived from United States which means that the drudgery of copying is over.

Thursday evening we entertained seven U.S. soldiers. It has come to be a weekly visit by them and I believe it is time well spent. They certainly do have a good time and we know that one evening has been with right influences. Next week they are going to play for us - for most of these men belong to the band.

On Friday evening was the event of the season- so far. The Friday Club had an evening meeting with Dr. and Mrs. Reinsch at the American Legation. It certainly was a brilliant affair in every way. The gowns were as gorgeous and some of them as low as the most fastidious could wish, but when it came to the display of mental gems, I never witnessed one greater. Brains are the only aristocracy here. We had most delicious refreshments and reached home at 11.45 P.M. tired but content. Yesterday, I was too tired to do much so we just planned out some future work, and spent the afternoon calling.

This last week I started home some drawn-work. The two narrow pieces are each 30 cents per yd. and the other 50 cents per yard. Miss Brewster was trying to get some a year or so ago so she may still be wanting some. I think there are ten yards in all.- This week the cards came- for which you paid 80 cents. I do not think I need to ask for any favors this letter. We are living in hopes of seeing our boxes soon.

This morning we went up to the American Board Church to see the little Chinese children in their Xmas festivities. This coming week is to be full of doings for every one so that we grown-ups will hardly breathe until after the 20th.

We are to begin our Xmas vacation the 24th and it will last until the Monday after New Year's. During that time I must get out the prospectus for our next year's school plans, for people are already enquiring about admittance. There is a censoring committee whose unanimous vote is needed to get into the school, so that proceedings must follow the proscribed plan in order to make no complications. I am finding out the number of approved possible applicants from each mission, and then shall know about the number to prepare for. Next summer I am going to get out a course of study so arranged as to train all children in the primary studies so that they will naturally fit into our school when they are old enough to come.

Yesterday I sent off the patches (mother cut and gave me) to Mrs. Hubbard at Paoting-fu. She would like more if you have them, so save your pieces.

I am enclosing some pictures of our school with Mary in the group. I have written on the back for whom I have sent them. Mary will send you a whole bunch of pictures in a few days.

With love-

Flora Beard

Peking, China

Dec. 20, 1914.



The first schoolhouse of the North China American School (N.C.A.S.) 1914- 1915

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **Late December 1914**, was written from Peking, China by Mary to the Dear Ones at Home. They were busy for Christmas with treats, decorations and entertainment. They had an enjoyable Christmas day in the compound and at the orphanage. They are expecting seven men for lunch on New Year's Day. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Late December 1914]

Dear Ones at Home,

Such a busy week! On Monday and Tuesday after school I had my older children stay and we made candy to serve on Wednesday. We had two chafing dishes and one dish to hold over the coals in a big stove like our dining room stove. We got ten ?? jars worth of peanuts, shelled and salted them. For the children, both those in the school and the visitors, we made little packages containing, animal crackers, fudge and peppermints. The one large lot of pull candy was the most popular of all the kinds we made. The children had songs and recitations which lasted about 45 minutes. Flora has trained her little people to do some fine singing. My children do not get much of that but they sang very well just the same.

On Thursday we did our Christmas shopping after first getting from our trunks such things as we already had on hand. Mr. Burgess let the boy go out to deliver packages on Thursday afternoon and again on Christmas morning for us.

Before coming to "the day" of the week, Mrs. Burgess decided last Sunday night to go with a party into Shansi for the holidays. Mr. Burgess goes on in two weeks to get her and will be gone one week. Mable Galt is coming to stay with us and act as interpreter if we need one. The soldiers had asked to bring a stringed quartet up to play for us on Tuesday so Mr. and Mrs. Guttery (YMCA) came for chaperone [Mr. and Mrs. Guttery became the parents of Jean Guttery in November of 1915. Jean Guttery Fritz is an author of many children's books. She wrote two books about living in China – *Homesick; My Own Story* and *China Homecoming*.]. They all came for dinner. One man played a zither such as Mr. Phenberg used to play; another had a guitar; a third a mandolin and the fourth a banjo. The zither player was ill so went home early, having played only once. The banjo man sang all sorts of songs with piano or stringed instruments for accompaniment but did not touch his banjo. Altogether it was a very enjoyable evening. Several Ching Hua people came in late in the evening and added their share to the entertainment.



Written in album: "Shansi, Peking carts, Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. Wolff, Mr. Price, Mr. Gilchrist"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On Christmas Day we did up packages first. Then I went to the "Market" at the end of our sidestreet or "Hutung" to get some Chinese candy for the servants, gateman here and at school. We did that up then went over to the Y.M.C.A. to see their exercises and tree for the children of the secretaries and servants. We did not stay until the end because I had to get home to make candy for dinner and Flora had to go up to school to get some decorations and put them up here. We had invited three guests for a 1.00 o'clock dinner. The dinner was quite a success. We had bean soup, bustard, potatoes, peas, cauliflower, corn, tea, ice cream and cookies, and candy.

The guests left at 3.00 and at 3.38 we were off for the orphanage. The YMCA was giving a gift to each child and Mr. and Mrs. Burgess had charge of it. It was a long ride and the homes were all open and the only heat a brazier brought in after we arrived. We were served with hot tea which helped some. We had to wait about half an hour before the children could be assembled as they were at supper. A band greeted us with much noise in perfect time but not tune. There were ten or twelve boys with two drums, fifes, flutes and accordions. The boys were lined up in two rows and soon the girls filed in and lined up opposite them. Each sang for us and sang well. Then Mr. Burgess spoke to them, telling the story of the Christ child and Mr. Cl?? (B's secretary) talked a few minutes. The giving of the gifts was the best for the children were so please and made such dear little bows as they came forward.

It was after six when we got back so we started at once to dress for our second Christmas dinner. I wore my grey silk and Flora her lace waist and white skirt. We all had dinner at Mrs. Stelle's (A.B.C.F.M.). There were 37 and we were at three tables; Mr. and Mrs. Stelle presided at one, Mr. and Mrs. Martin at a second and Mr. and Mrs. Ingram at the third. We had oyster soup from fresh oysters carried from Pei Tai Ho on Thursday. Then a huge Bustard was brought to each table and carved. The vegetables were mashed potatoe, onions, corn. Next came a fruit salad, most delectable; then a plum pudding with hard sauce. We topped off with pineapple ice, cookies and coffee. I had made little nut boxes of red paper in a five pointed star shape; Miss Mishe[?] had made green paper candle shades decorated with poinsettias and then with little Christmas trees made the decorations.

Our fun was at the "Ladies House" so we all got into our wraps and went over there. Miss Crane sang then the party divided into four groups and each gave one charade. According to the custom of several years we had a Virginia Reel and wound up with college songs. It was 11.30 when we said goodnight, but we got in a little before Mr. Burgess who was elsewhere for dinner.

Yesterday was "the day after" and we did precious little. In the afternoon we walked down Morrison Street and visited the Chinese shops. Flora got one small dish but I got nothing. I did up a box of clay images which represent familiar street scenes which I hope to get off this week for Mother's birthday. I will enumerate the contents as far as I can remember it:

- + A Peking cart
- + Two men playing chess

- + A man wheeling a cart with four baskets of water
- + A man wheeling a cart with two flower pots
- + A man carrying two bundles of straw
- A man carrying a small red box (probably food)
- A man riding a camel
- A man leading a horse across a bridge (not a Peking scene)
- A man rowing a boat
- A summer house
- A tiger
- An elephant
- A man carrying an animal home from a hunt

The ones with a cross are every day sights. The whole cost me about 50 cents silver but I am very fond of buying them. I got a new lot yesterday because I had packed all I had.

Last night Mr. and Mrs. Wickes came for the night. Today Mr. and Mrs. Stafford of Shanghai arrived for several days sight seeing. Tomorrow evening we go to Tungchou for two days with the Galt family. We come back Thursday to get ready for Friday. On New Years Day all ladies receive and all men call on all the ladies. We have seven men invited to lunch. As Mrs. Burgess is away we are all going to lunch at Mrs. Halls and receive over here. We receive from 8 AM till everyone has called.

It is time for church and my news is running out so I will close.

The collar and cuff set arrived all O.K. It is a beauty and I do thank you very much. The people here treated us while on Christmas. Nearly every pupil sent a gift or greeting. We gave to the parents little pasteboard cases containing prints from pictures of the children at school. It was taken the first week so several were not in it but a later one was not possible on account of absences for chicken pox or scarlet fever.

With lots of love

Mary.

P.S. This is to tell Mother to pull the cotton out of the package with care so as to save whole such images as have withstood the journey.



Stanley - 1914.

Willard, Mary and Flora's brother - Stanley Beard- 1914
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

1915

- Lusitania torpedoed and sunk May 9, 1915
- WWI continues
- Albert Einstein's General Theory of Relativity
- Willard remains in China while Ellen and the children are in the U.S.
- Flora and Mary open the North China American School. Flora is 46 and Mary is 33.
- Willard is 50, Ellen- 47, Phebe- 20, Gould- 19, Geraldine- 17, Dorothy- 14, Marjorie- 9, Kathleen- 7.



Written on back "China New Year 1915"
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

[This letter, dated **Jan. 3, 1915**, was written from Peking, China by Flora to the dear folks at home. She is working on the NCAS prospectus for the next school term. They took a tour of their new school building in Tungchou. The men went on their traditional calling of the women for New Year's Day. Flora and Mary are concerned about the health of their niece, Olive Beard. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Peking, Jan. 3, 1915

Dear folks at home:-

A great deal has been taking place each day of this past week. Last Sunday we wrote letters and visited with Mr. Burgess's guests. Mr. and Mrs. Wickes had come up from Tungchou the day before for Mrs. Wickes to give a lecture on some social problem to the Chinese Y.M.C.A. She had written out her lecture in English, translated it into Chinese, had it corrected by her teacher, and then read it over in the Chinese until she nearly knew it by heart. I did not hear it but, if no one else was benefited, she certainly had learned a fine lesson in the language. She has been studying for two years only, so it was something of an undertaking to talk to a Chinese audience of students – in their own language.

Monday we just spent the day getting ready to go down to Tungchou for a few days. As usual, we got to Tungchou and had left behind us some of the articles that we wanted, but we got along without them. In the evening, Mr. Corbett, the chairman of our school committee came in to talk over our 'prospectus' for next year's work, and we talked until after 10 o'clock, but it was a time of accomplishment for we planned the whole thing.

The next day, Mr. Galt, our host, took us all over our new building- clear to the attic. We had to go up and down chicken ladders, which are not the most ideal kind for dismounting. The floors are being laid and the baths are

nearly all on, but the stairways must wait as they are being made of concrete, so as to have them fire proof. As long as they can have no fires in the building the cold weather will keep them from laying the concrete.



Written in album: "Our schoolhouse Dec. 6, 1914"

[Tungchou schoolhouse. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

In the afternoon Mrs. Galt invited in all the ladies, so we served and drank tea, and had a good visit. The next morning Mary and I finished up the conference (begun with Mr. Corbett) with Mrs. Corbett, when we went over the list of needs for furnishings our school. It took nearly two hours. Then it was time to go to a Chinese meal with Mr. and Mrs. Porter. We had 'spring cakes' which are really pancakes arranged thus [*her sketch shows one overlapping the other*], filled down through the middle rolled up, with the bottom turned up to keep any juices from running out, and then eaten from the fingers. The filling is composed of many delectable vegetables, meats, nuts, etc., - a little of each, with a spread of Worcestershire sauce over the cakes, inside. They were really very tasty. One desert has rice (glutinous) balls fried in deep fat, with strawberry jam over them. It makes a very hearty meal and we were not a bit sorry to take a long walk out to the pagoda at the opposite side of the city. After walking nearly half the distance we climbed the city wall and had a fine view of the surrounding country- now all planted with wheat. It is planted in rows so it gives a corrugated appearance to the different patches as far as the eye can see. The wind had risen so that we had to hold on to our hats. We could see a dust storm away off, and when we reached the pagoda its bells were arraying and tinkling most musically. There are 176 bells on each story of the pagoda and there are 13 stories. When you multiply those two numbers you will know how many bells there should be on the pagoda [2,288]. There were many vacant places especially on the lower stories but we enjoyed the music of those left just the same.



Written in album: "Tungchou Pagoda" and "A Sunday morning walk"
[Photos actually from 1919. From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On our way home we stopped to get a dollar's worth of the famous Tungchou malt candy. It took two baskets to hold our purchase and we are still eating on it. It looks like molasses candy but is wholly the product of millet. It is not only pleasant to eat but is really good for one.

That evening (Wed.) we spent with Mr. and Mrs. Galt, talking over plans for next year, so that it was after ten when we went to bed. We had to be up early for our train left at 7.30 A.M. We were on time and left Tungchou before the sun got above the horizon. We reached home before Mr. Burgess was up, but I don't blame him for sleeping late, both because it was vacation and because the furnace was broken, and the house was as cold as a barn. It got mended before noon so that with the grate fires we were comfortable.

Mary was busy making candy for New Year's and I made place cards and little boxes for salted nuts, to be used at our luncheon the next day. It took all day but we were ready for the day of the year. It is an old custom here for all the ladies to be at home all day, and for all the men to call on all the ladies. Our first callers came at 9.30 A.M. and they kept coming until nearly 1 P.M., when a few specially invited men went with us next door where we had a very lovely luncheon. The menu may interest you. It began with tomato bisque, then fish, followed by quail, then asparagus salad, ending with ice cream, coffee, nuts, and candy. We all came back to our house for receiving, and at 7.30 P.M. when our last guest departed we had received sixty men. One of the callers, Mr. Martin, brought us the good news that our boxes were here in Peking. They came up yesterday about 4 P.M. It does seem so good to have some belongings again. This morning we made up our beds with our own coverings, and I am sure they will sleep better, although I have no grumbles to make about my sleeping for it is years since I have slept as well as I have since I came to Peking. We are sleeping on our porch and it takes three nightgowns to keep me warm but I am sure it is a good thing to do.

I have never heard any thing from the one box we sent off to Boston, when we left. Have you had any word that it had been received? I am hoping to hear soon that you got the two silk pictures all right. You may sell them at any price over \$5.50 each that people will give you.

We anxiously wait for further news of Olive. Annie Gilbert has written to each of us but not a word about Olive. Her illness is still a mystery to us.

To-morrow we begin our work again and the children really want to go to school again.- Love to all
 Flora Beard.

[This letter dated Jan. 5, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. He attended many Christmas celebrations held at the various churches and schools and also had a very busy New Years. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Jan 5th 1915.

Dear Flora and Mary:-

Yesterday's mail brought your good letters telling about Christmas and plans for New Years. Our mission dinner for Christmas was eaten on Wed. before Christmas at 5:30 p.m. at Miss Dornblaser's at Ponasang. Thirty of us present, four turkeys etc. After that we attended the Xmas exercises of the Girl's School- then daily for over two weeks. There were exercises in the various churches and schools. Christmas was never to my knowledge so much in the air as this year. We dedicated three new churches that have been purchased or built this past year, and ordained two men to the ministry during the Christmas season. I could not attend all the exercises in the various churches but every one I did attend was packed full and every one was unusually happy.

New Years was strenuous. Mr. and Mrs. Christian had invited friends in to watch the old year out. On that Thursday afternoon I had two strenuous Committee meetings, a hasty super, Rhetoricals at the College, social, prayermeeting, oversee the College Brass Band announce the beginning of the New Year, And Then! a home mail to which I sat down at 12:30 a.m. Jan. 1. I finished about 1:30 and got to bed to hear the clock strike 2:00. - Up at 7:00 a.m. and breakfasted with thirty boys waiting to give their New Year's greeting, in the parlor. This kept up till 11:00 a.m. - the boys and teachers coming in groups. They ate up about \$10.00 of cakes and oranges. - At 11:00 a Committee meeting on Coll. Catalog. Dinner at 12:30. Over to Ponasang to a Reception to new and returned members of the mission- Mr. and Mrs. Belcher, Misses Ward (Ruth Ward Beach's sister) Cook and Miss Perkins.- Then over the river to dinner with Mr. Jones with a Committee and sat in Committee till 11:00 p.m. home at 12 midnight. And that's about the way it has been - not quite so late at night.

Rev. Cheng Ch'ing Yi Secretary of the China Continuation Committee took supper with me tonight. He lives in Peking, was a pastor of the London Mission. I gave him my card with your names on it. You will likely meet him some time.

You will have received papers re Ben's little pastime. I enclose now his letter and one from Kathleen. Do not return them. I pray for Olive [*Willard's niece - his brother, Oliver Gould Beard Jr. 's daughter*] and for her mother. It seems so far outside of human reason!! God keep, bless and use you.

I cannot thus far find out any thing about your goods.

Lovingly Will.

Flora do you remember giving me a pair of bed socks? They are perfectly "comfy". I gain many hours of sleep thru them. The photos of Peking came by last mail and I thank you Mary. That book is opened next frequently to my Bible. It is a source of never failing pleasure to me. Lovingly Will.

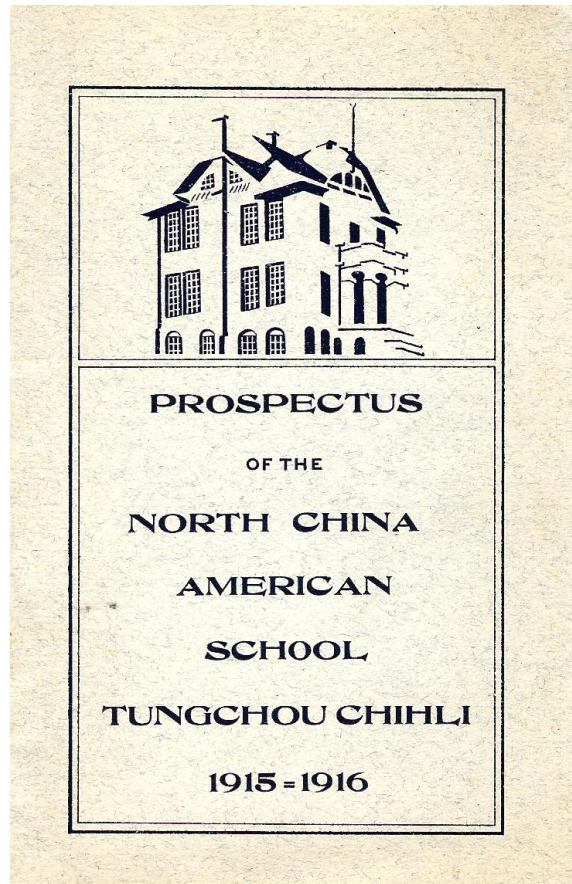


The Misses Beard

Mary (L) and Flora (R) Beard

From the Prospectus of the North China American School Tungchou Chihli 1915-1916

[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



About the North China American School from the 1915-1916 Prospectus
[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The North China American School is a union institution founded by the American Board, the Methodist Episcopal Board, and the Presbyterian Board for the Children of their missionaries in the provinces of Chihli, Shantung and Shansi. It offers its facilities also to other American and European children under conditions noted on another page.

The school aims to prepare pupils to enter schools and colleges in America, and hopes to render unnecessary the early separation of children from their parents. The school will be Christian but non-sectarian.

The school is located at Tungchou, about twelve miles east of Peking, with which it is connected by three trains each way per day. It is thus conveniently near the railroad center of North China, while it avoids the noise and dirt of a large city. It is situated in the compound of the American Board with its beautiful and spacious grounds seventy acres in extent. A perpetually flowing artesian well three hundred feet deep provides a copious supply of pure water. A dairy conducted in the most approved style under foreign inspection, supplies milk and cream of an excellent quality. A good-sized pond serves as a skating rink in winter and yields an abundant supply of ice. A resident American physician cares for the health of the community and the large staff of instructors of the Union Medical College Peking, can be called upon at short notice for consultation and assistance in case of emergency. There is abundant room for tennis, foot ball, basket ball, base-ball, hand ball, field sports, gardening and other outdoor activities.

A substantial building has been erected on a plan that allows for enlargement as conditions may demand. It is well located as regards to light and drainage, provides several pleasant class rooms of various sizes, as well as bedrooms and dining rooms, and the stairway is fireproof from top to bottom.

Faculty

The Principal and Matron of the School is Miss Flora Beard who came to North China after several years of successful work as teacher and principal in the public schools of South Orange, New Jersey. Miss Beard also

conducted a school for English-speaking children in Foochow between the years 1906 and 1909. The associate teacher is Miss Mary L. Beard who spent three years in the Blanchard-Gamble School, Santa Barbara, California, teaching science and mathematics, and four years in the Monticello Seminary [*Godfrey, Ill.*] where she taught physics, botany, chemistry, zoology and astronomy. The Misses Beard took up their duties in China in September 1914, in the temporary school quarters in Peking, and have won the confidence of a wide circle of friends. The American community in Tungchou stands ready to assist in the instruction of the school as may be necessary.

The school is planned to embrace the upper grammar grades and the complete high school work as soon as practicable, including manual training for the boys and domestic science for the girls. A course of study is being made out for children in the primary grades to pursue in their homes before coming to the school. It is hoped thereby to lighten the duties of mothers and to unify the work in the school and the homes. A list of text-books chosen by the school's committee will be included. It will aid much in arranging for supplies if parents will write early about their school plans for next year.

Admission

For admission to the school, children must be at least eight years of age. They must be of American or European parentage, and of good moral character. In case of inadequate accommodations, preference will be given to the children of the Missions maintaining the school. Applications should be addressed to Charles H. Corbett, Tungchou, Chihli.

Rates

For children of the contributing missions no charge will be made for tuition. For all other children, the tuition fee will be \$100.00 Mex. a year. As the Boarding Department has not yet been established, the rates have not been fixed, but board, rooms and washing will be charged at cost, probably not exceeding , \$1.00 Mex. per day.

Outfit

Each child entering the school should be provided with the following list of furnishings:- 4 sheets for single bed, 3 pillow cases, 1 pillow, 1 pair of blankets, 2 comfortables or quilts, 6 fruit napkins, 1 table knife, 1 fruit knife, 1 fork, 1 table spoon, 2 counterpane, 6 hand towels, 3 bath towels, 1 napkin ring, 6 napkins, 1 tea spoon, toilet soap, nail file, nail brush, tooth brush. All articles as far as possible should be plainly marked with the FULL name of the owner. It is requested that children come provided with sufficient clothing so that their wardrobes will not require care other than mending during the term.

The Management has made arrangements with Mr. A.C. Grimes of the Union Business Agency, 38 Rue d'Amiraute, Tientsin to look after pupils passing through that city, so parents will please notify him in advance if they wish his assistance. The school will undertake to arrange for pupils when they arrive in Peking and assist them in changing to the Tungchou train, if work is sent in time.

Board of Managers The American Board Mission

Rev. Howard S. Galt, Tungchou, Chihli

Mrs. James H. Ingram, Peking

Rev. Charles A. Stanley, Techow, Shantung

The Methodist Episcopal Mission

Rev. Carl A. Felt, Peking

Prof. John McGregor Gibb, Peking

George D. Lowry, M.D., Peking

The Presbyterian Mission

Rev. Charles H. Corbett, Tungchou, Chihli

Rev. J. P. Irwin, Tengchowfu, Shantung

Rev. H. G. Romig, Tenghsien, Shantung



Anniversary
OF
Foochow College

A. B. C. F. M.

Peace Street, Foochow City.

1915

SIXTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY

*The President and Faculty of Foochow College
cordially invite you to be present at the exercises
of Commencement Week, from the twenty-fourth to
the twenty-seventh of January, nineteen hundred
and fifteen.*

Commencement Week		Alumni Meeting	Baldwin Library.
		Alumni Banquet	Smith Hall.
			Graduates
Baccalaureate Sermon		Ding Ging Ang	
SUNDAY, JAN. 24th, 10:30 A. M. REV. W. L. BEARD.		Ding Nieng Oi	
President's Reception		Hu Nguk Sing	
MONDAY, JAN. 25th		Lai Hung Giong	
		Lau Bek Kie	
Class Day Exercises		Liu Ting Seng	
TUESDAY, JAN. 26th		Sing Co Dung	
Commencement Exercises			
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 27th			

[This letter dated **Jan. 10, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and all the others. Now that the year has changed, Will can now say that Ellen will be coming back to China "next year". He describes a humorous Christmas program with young children portraying shepherds searching for the Christ Child. Ellen's Chinese name is Sing Sang Niong. He expresses sorrow for his niece, Olive's illness. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Jan 10 1915.

Dear Mother and all the others:-

It is 9:40 p.m. Sunday night and I have [been] steadily at work since 7:30 this morning. But I must get this letter started to you, and hope to finish in a day or two. Tell Ruth the Bank receipt for \$30.00 came by last mail. This credit for six months interest on note for second half of 1914, with many thanks. I am beginning to tell people when they ask about "Mrs. Beard's coming back to Foochow", next year. This makes it seem nearer. The weeks rush by like telegraph poles when you are on the R.R. train.

All goes nicely here, - not just as I would have it- for I could not then say "nicely". I should be afraid that something was not right- It would be like the condition when all men speak well of you. But the College is prosperous- with enough bad boys to be disciplined to make it normal and enough flunkers to make it normal.
Good night.

Monday evening: - Yesterday we held communion at the city church and I baptized and received nine- five women and four young men, and also baptized two children. At the service I noticed two strangers and upon enquiring I found both were there as a result of the recent evangelistic meetings. Last Thursday with the preacher of the church here and three others I went to the home of a poor sick man who has been in the Hospital and is past help. He was taken home a week ago to die. But while in the Hospital he had heard the Gospel and wanted to be baptized. I baptized him and we received him to the church, administering the communion in his little dark bed room- no window- we took out two boards and let in a little light. But altho we could not then see to read we could pray with him and talk with him.

I went over to Sang Gaing to the exercises of the school for Christmas. Mr. Hodous was there also. We were both very much pleased with all we saw and heard. If you and the young ladies who are helping this school could have been there you would have burst laughing. Three shepherds came into the church on their way to find

the Christ Child. They had on farmers clothes and the bamboo hats of the farmers and one of them lead a real live black goat. The goat did not always follow exactly the boy who lead him and he sometimes got tangled up, but the pageant went off very nicely as did all the exercises. The only mishap was my own fault. As I was speaking I knocked over a vase of flowers. The vase went slam bong onto the floor, but fortunately did not break. There are about a dozen very bright boys in this school. The teacher is a young man who has studied seven years in Foochow College. Mr. Hodous remarked as we sat there- "There is not a more promising school in our whole field." A student from the Theological School comes over on Sundays and helps the teacher Ging Ding hold service and Sunday School. It is to this church our washerman belongs- I mean the man who washed for Ellen when we were in Y.M.C.A. work here. He calls on me frequently and always enquires most solicitously about Sing Sang Niong= Ellen. Some time ago he said as he went out "I do not have much time to write her. Please you write for me. Here's ten cents for the stamp." And he laid a ten cent piece on my desk.

I had several Christmas dinners this year- so many that they interfered with my writing you about them. The churches took advantage of the season to ordain pastors and dedicate new buildings. We had three dedications and two ordinations, churches full everywhere. Our mission Christmas dinner was with Miss Dornblaser in the Wed. evening previous. On Christmas evening I went to North Gate for dinner with Miss Massey and Miss Baldwin of the Eng. Mission- a swell party.

I am sorry to hear of Olive's illness and hope to hear better things soon. Every day I remember her at God's throne. That is all one so far away can do.

Flora and Mary in Peking seem to be happy and successful.

I start for Diong Loh tonight- or plan to- to be away four days.

Hope you all escape the foot and mouth disease. I never heard of any thing so serious in that part of the country.

Ruth's good letter of Dec. 6 came today. You are all so good to write.

God grant you all health, peace and success. Remember I want a Genealogy when it is printed. Ruth has had lots of experience.

Lovingly,
Will

[This letter, dated Jan. 10, 1915, was written from Peking, China by Mary to the Dear Ones at Home. Mary and Flora are concerned over Olive Beard's health back in the U.S. They sleep bundled up in the cold on a porch. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Jan. 10, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

My turn to write again- and what a full week to write about. Mother's and Elizabeth's letters came and were most welcome. Olive's condition quite worries us. Perhaps Grace would feel that our worry is hindering her recovery, if so let her do something and perhaps we will stop. My gloves, whiskbroom and silver polisher came last night, two days after the letter so they got the same steamer.

After school on Monday we went to Teng Shih Kou to pay our bills at the book store, also to settle for the carrying of our boxes the Saturday before. That evening we went to a Chinese Theater of the YMCA for which Mr. Burgess had given us tickets. The acting was quite good and it was given old style without any setting except a table and chairs. In the home scenes people sat on chairs, in the woods chairs were trees and ??? and travelers sat on their baggage true Chinese style. The play lasted till 11.30 so there was not much studying after that.

Tuesday was our day at home but no one called so soon after the holidays. We had a quiet two hours with Mrs. Hall and Mr. Hall and Mr. Howell each partook of a cup of ?va with us. Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. Porter from Tungchow, were here for the night. Their husbands were elsewhere and called to take them to "La Boheme" given by an Italian Opera Co. I had taken a picture of our old peanut man on the corner before Christmas and on Tuesday I took him a print. He was immensely pleased.



Written in album: "Our peanut and fruit vender"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On Wednesday Mrs. Burgess got home about six o'clock. She and Mr. Burgess are so happy to be together again it is a pleasure to watch them. We all went to Othello by the ?? Opera Co. that night. Our seats were with the Halls and Mr. Howell of next door. The Burgesses were up stairs. The play was well acted and the leading voices were good. The stage setting was some what incongruous because all of the baggage of the company had been confiscated in crossing Russia. Some costumes were quite Chinese like; the chairs were decidedly Chinese and the bed in the last act was draped with a mosquito net. The play began at 9.15 and it was after 1.00 when we got in.

On Thursday I went down town to pay last months bills while Flora went to see Mr. Gibb on school business. I went to bed early but Flora got there half an hour earlier. On Friday I had a visitor- at school all the morning. It was Mrs. McCann whom we visited in Paotingfu at Thanksgiving time.

Yesterday morning I reattacked my books and things that came a week ago. All books not needed this year I packed away in the window seat. Mrs. Stelle came to call about 11.30 and stayed till 12.10. We were invited out to a 12.30 tiffin so we hustled and got there at 1.00. Our letter never arrived as we found our hostess unprepared but we had a good time just the same. It was at Mr. and Mrs. Drew[?] Brown's (Mary Chisolm Brown). Chisolm was shy at first but soon reversed and we had a jolly good time. We all walked up to 3.30 Prayer Meeting together. It was the last one of the Week of Prayer and the subject was Home Missions.

Our bookcases were here when we returned from the meeting so after dinner we had the boys move our furniture around and we put the books in place. I got my things all put away but Flora still has piles and piles around. I just long for a tidy room once more. This muss makes me feel like shrieking sometimes. Tomorrow we get rid of the borrowed bedding which now cumpers the room in three large newspaper bundles.

You should see us when ready for bed. We each wear two gowns under our wadded garments, also nightcaps and robes. I have folded the blanket Mother gave me to take to Monticello double. It does not tuck in anywhere but the one Ben gave me tucks in well all around so holds it in place. Over this is my thick cotton comforter and at night I take out my steamer rug and put that on double. Our porch even then is out like real out-of-doors because it is plastered up just above the beds and enclosed at the top. I open four or five windows around my bed and Flora opens one or two. You are almost as much out of doors in your room, Elizabeth. So far we have not used hot water bottles (or pigs as they call them here). Today the snow of Wednesday is melting. There is still some of a week ago Monday left. This week I mailed some packages of the clay images; one to Olive, one to Edith Louise and one to Edith's Dorothy.

Christmas cards are still coming. Yesterday came one from Miss Lathrop and a calendar from Dr. and Mrs. Lathrop also the New Year's cards from Ruth in the package. I think our friends were like us, waited until the Christmas season before sending. I like the continuation of the season's greetings. We were too busy during vacation to have half appreciated them. This way each greeting gets a warm welcome.

If at anytime during the year you get a chance to get Christmas or New Years cards or little things like memorandum pads, papers of pins, hair pins, etc that are not heavy or ruchings either wide or narrow, white or cream, you can spend from \$3 to \$5 for me. We had to buy Christmas cards and the cheapest were 45 cents. From that prices soared all the way to \$1.75. Some were worth the price since this was silver but some were the 5 cent variety at home.

This letter has rambled on long enough. I hope 1915 is bringing you good health, good spirits and not too much hard work.

With lots of love

Mary.

Jan 10, 1915

[This letter dated Jan. 15, 1915 was written from Brooklyn, NY by Willard's 2nd cousin once removed Mary Gleason Stark to Willard. She thanks him for some tea from China and for a pamphlet and remembrance. She talks about her family and other relatives of theirs. She asks how the war is affecting them in China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

1160- Gates Ave.
Brooklyn New York

Jan 15"- 1915

Mr. W.L. Beard

Dear Cousin,

I have been promising myself- each week- since receiving your "Messenger"-that I surely would get my thanks for the Pamphlet, and the remembrance. I find it is a little more difficult to get settled down to any thing like writing- away from home, than where I regularly belong- and can do things more regular and methodically.-And I have word from my daughter- from Niles of the gift- of some tea- from you- I want to thank you for that also. It is the genuine article, and coming from its Native ground, and from your thoughtful self- makes it all the more precious- I want both of my homes to enjoy it with me- Mollie will take some out and send the rest to me here- I am here in Brooklyn for a time. My son Wm. J. Stark, married last June- and is housekeeping here in B- His business is Telegraphy in Western Union Tel. Office in New York. He prefers B- to live in. Has boarded in B- for some time. They wanted me to come and be with them for a time. I came in October- and shall be here this winter- if all keep well at home- in Niles, and if I am not called back to N- will be here until spring- and hope to take a run into Conn. and see the Cousins. I had a delightful time with them last year and then never dreamed I'd be so near them again- or that it would be possible for me ever to go to Conn. I was remembered by your Mother at Christmas time with a card, also cards from the New Haven cousins Elizabeth and Mary Andrew- and a letter from Cousin Martha Beard Clark. Shall try and peep in on them all if I carry out my plans.

Are your sisters with you or near you? It would be pleasant indeed if they could be- and for them, too, to be near you. Does the war, this cruel, terrible war-disturb China at all- It is so terrible, and I hope peace may soon come- It looks as if the prophecy were being fulfilled- and the whole world be at war with each other.

I have enjoyed your magazine very much and again I thank you for it and your remembrance.

Sincerely you

Cousin

Mary G. Stark.
1160 Gates Ave.

Brooklyn
N.Y.

[This letter dated Jan. 16, 1915 was written from the from China by Mary to the ones at home. She thanks them for various gifts they sent and asks to have some magazine subscriptions renewed. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[January 16, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

I am going to put in a note even if it is not my regular work to nite. A package from home came this week. The towel is beautiful and I do thank you all as much. I shall feel very swell and grand with such towels to decorate my rack. The thread, both [unreadable word] and hair pins that Abbie [Abbie Jane Hubbell Beard, wife of Mary's brother, Bennett Nichols Beard] sent are just the thing too. I was almost out of 60 white and shall open a new spool almost at once.

I have forgotten to ask you to renew my subscriptions. Please send \$3.00 to the National Geographic and ask that they surely renew from January. The Digest does not expire until February so the subscription will probably be on time.

Many thanks and a great deal of love from

Your loving

Mary.

January 16, 1915.

[This letter, dated **Jan. 18, 1915**, was written from Peking, China by Flora to the dear folks at home. It is very cold and blowing dust instead of snow. They sleep bundled up on the sleeping porch. They took a tour of the Union Medical College and were impressed. Flora describes their trip to the Forbidden City. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Jan. 18, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

It is past the middle of January- so does time fly. Mary and I are alone in the house with the three servants and it certainly is a care free kind of living. Both Mr. and Mrs. Burgess are off taking a vacation in the Shantung province. I think they must be good sports at travelling for the weather has not been exactly like June. A week ago to-night the weather blew up very cold so that when night came we put on everything we owned and then slept cold. The weather was like the great blizzard only that it blew dust instead of snow. When we wakened in the morning the only white places in our beds were where our bodies had lain. Every one says that it is the worst weather that has been experienced here for many years. The paper next day reported the thermometer 17 degrees below zero. There are tales of hundreds of beggars and more than a score of the president's guards being frozen to death. I do not see how people could escape with the lack of fire in their houses. At school I had just four of my fourteen children- those who lived nearest. At noon we sent all the children home to stay, for the wind was still high and the dust clouds too dense for endurance. It gave me a whole half day in which to get some long delayed writing done.

The next day the men came to set the basket ball posts- even if the thermometer was below zero. I wish you could have seen the neat holes they dug, hardly taking out a needless spoonful. Mary said there was two feet of frost in the ground. There is a little snow on the ground but you would hardly know it because it is so dirty. Where it has melted there is a thin layer of dirt.

It has been so cold that we have not been out much and others have been tied at home also- hugging the fire in the attempt to keep warm.

The weather had begun to moderate when Mr. and Mrs. Burgess started on Thursday, and it is very much warmer now. To-night when we came home from school, the jinricksha stand was full of jinrickshas, where there has been either one or two or none. We can't walk anywhere without being importuned to ride and one almost hates to say no, but it is so cold that it is hardly safe to ride without extra wraps and covers.

On Saturday, Miss Leavens, our Tungchou hostess of last September, came up for the week end with us. We went out in the afternoon to visit the Union Medical College and hospital. Fortunately we found Dr. Young at the college, so that he piloted us about showing us the laboratories, museum, dissecting room, etc., then he took us to the fine new men's hospital. It is built as near to being fire proof as any building can be, and everything was as nearly perfect and clean as it could be. I was especially attracted to the operating room. It was well equipped with modern apparatus and Peking is noted for its remarkable surgeons. There are specialists here for nearly every thing and the foreigners prefer to have an operation here rather than to go home. We certainly hear of remarkable cures among the foreigners. We called to-day on Mrs. Aiken (the mother of one of our pupils) who is just recovering from an operation for acute appendicitis, who is making a remarkable recovery. She is in the London mission women's hospital. She has a very comfortable room and has had a night and a day nurse- each are English women. So you see the people have the proper care.

Yesterday (Sunday) was a beautiful day. We began it by sleeping until after 9 A.M. It was after 10 when we were getting up from the breakfast table. We rode over to the entrance of the Forbidden City and then spent two

hours roaming through the different courts. The yellow roofs, the large brass caldrons, and the bronze lions and phoenixes were worth the time we had to see them. We found the guards courteous and helpful where they could be. After we had passed through the first huge gate we came into the most impressive court, facing what must have been the "Audience Hall". This is a huge double roofed building standing on the third terrace. Each terrace is reached by a flight of marble steps and there are marble retaining walls, with marble railings above each. The carving on all these is beautiful in design and workmanship. The gargoyles were numerous and beautifully carved. We had to go down all these steps and through a side gate into the court of the three throne rooms. These rooms have been denuded of nearly every bit of their natural furniture and are now used as stone rooms for the treasures that are being brought down from Jehol (the late Empress's western capitol). The guards invited us to peek through the cracks into the inside. In the largest room we saw the whole space taken up with boxes waiting to be emptied of their treasures. The small middle building had still more boxes, and the third one was the most interesting for here the treasures had been taken out and were standing on the floor or on shelves that were placed about. We could see all sorts of vessels made of cloisonné and other remarkable materials, and there was an image of Buddha- probably of gold. We could see a wonderful throne screen of a peacock-blue-green embroidered in gold, and there were huge wall hangings of royal yellow colors. I am beginning to believe more and more of Marco Polo's tales of his visits to ancient Peking. We saw nearly as many treasures there waiting for a place of exhibit as are already on exhibit. There were huge outside curtains to these buildings which were originally yellow and the ropes in the pulleys were made of yellow silk as thick as a woman's finger. This gives you a bit of an idea of China's past glory. On our way back we had to cross two bridges the posts of which were adorned by carvings of lions. On one (farther inside the city) the lions were playful- each one expressing some human fun, but the other bridge (near the outside gate) had lions looking very rigid and fierce- evidently on guard. There are wonderful moats with carved marble railings adorned with conventionalized flames on each post top. It is hard to describe the place adequately. I shall hope to go again in the spring.

After we had our tiffin we all went to bed and slept, getting up in time to go to church. We were all so sleepy that we did not sit up very late. I think Mary calculated that we had been out of bed about ten hours of the day. Anyway I think Miss Leavens went back to her work with something to think about- and rested also.

I am sending an order for seeds to Vicks Sons of Rochester, N.Y. I think it will be in the neighborhood of \$1.50. I am asking him to send the bill to father. I wish father would donate to the Tungchow American School about a half pint of Evergreen corn, for planting this spring. It will be ready for us in the fall. Please send it to me in Peking as early as you can get it off!

Ruth, I have been reading in Bushell's 'Chinese Art' of the woven pictures, which I sent in December (and which I shall hope soon to hear have reached you). He describes exactly the same thing and says that they belong to the middle of the 18th century, and they were used to adorn the walls of the palaces. So they are of real value. If no one at home wishes them, will you send one to Miss Mable J. Chase, Nutley, New Jersey. She thinks the Newark, N.J. library would like one. I hope you can get at least \$7.50 for each for they are really worth double that. Perhaps the Shelton, Derby, Ansonia or New Haven libraries would like one. You are welcome to keep all that you can get above \$7 for each. I have one more here that I will part with if any one wants it. I had eight in all but wish to keep one. Mary has purchased a beautiful Mandarin coat for about \$5 gold. We see for sale beautiful coats like those pictured in Bushell's 'Chinese Art'. They have not been obtainable until late years- since the revolution. If you wish us to get one for you we can. It is a very inexpensive dressy coat suitable for summer wear. Mary's comes to the bottom of her skirts. It is a beautiful dark grayish blue, with embroidered edgings and cuffs- in different shades of blue.

We saw Mr. Ding to-day. He has left Tokyo and is here in Peking- looking for a government job- so reports say. He has tried to call on us several times but we have been out. Mrs. Burgess says he always calls on her when she is out. She knew him in Tokyo.

It is getting late and my letter is already too long, so will keep what has been left out till the next fortnightly letter.

Love to all-
Flora Beard.

Peking,
Jan. 18, 1915.

[This letter dated Jan. 24, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to daughter, Phebe Kinney Beard. He talks about the Che Kiang Club meeting in the largest hall in Foochow and there are electric lights and a telephone there. He discusses how his family looks in photos that he has received. He gives Phebe a little advice

and talks about when he comes back to the U.S. for ten weeks and then takes wife, Ellen and youngest daughters, Marjorie and Kathleen back to China with him. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China, Jan. 24th, 1915.

Dear Phebe:-

Your last good letter came a week ago, - too late for me to get in the reply with my last one to Kathleen. The Che Kiang [*spelled Kiang in Oct 25, 1914 letter*] Club is the largest hall in Foochow available for such meetings as we held in October. It is situated almost in the very center of the city. It is fitted with electric lights and telephone and has room for 2000 seats. It is owned by business men from the province of Che Kiang [*here Willard spells it with a K*] just north of Fukien. You will not find the language difficult. Do you remember when you came back in 1905 you could not speak a word but within two months you were saying anything and correcting your parents. The vocabulary you will forget to a considerable extent but you can make the sounds and the idiom is natural to you. The vocabulary will come back fast.

I did not tell Kathleen that I received two dolls for Christmas presents. One a little maid from some very cold country with thick hood and cloak on- the other a little one about 2 ½ in. high that always stands on its round base. I hope some of you whom I can recognize will be around when I get home. Mama does not seem to grow very much as far as I can judge from the letters, and from the photos she does her hair about as she used to, but the rest of you are much changed. I wrote you perhaps that every time I look at Geraldine's RATS I feel like getting my fingers into them and tearing them out- do they bite? And now Dorothy has them. Better get some cats. Gould has on long trousers and wears a hat. And the babies are "developing fast". Yes Mr. Eddy was in Foochow in March 1914 and 1911.

Your sentence "As soon as I overcome one fault there is sure to be another to take its place." This ought to be true and is the surest sign of growth in character. If I find in myself this year faults that I did not realize last year, I am sure that I am growing for this thing did not trouble me last year. I did not recognize it as a sin. I see now that it is not pleasing to God and I must get rid of it. Next year there ought to [*be*] another one to overcome. I pity the person who does not recognize new faults in himself, and who does not have to keep continually fighting against them. This is our salvation, - only instead of fighting to drive out faults, it is much better to keep ones self so full of doing good deeds, saying good words and thinking true, pure, lovely thoughts that the fault is crowded out. I rather think that debate of the fairy tale question came out right. You used to like them and they helped your imagination. Most or many children's imaginations are dwarfed. They should be trained- all inventors and scientists start with the imagination. If you were as excitable as May Fuller I should hope you would have character enough to keep away from games that took away your power of self control.

College goes better thus far than last year. We had a very interesting and successful meeting of the Board of Directors last Wed. evening. The new Board with the Chinese. This week comes graduation. How I do miss mama at times like this! I have to ask some one to tie the diplomas and invite foreign guests etc. etc. But the time is fast running away and before I know it I shall be home with you all for ten weeks and be bringing mama and Marjorie and Kathleen back away from you four. Then it will be you who are lonely.

Again commending you all to God's tender loving care and sending to each one a lot of love. I am your loving Father

Willard L. Beard.

*[This letter, dated **January 28, 1915**, was written from Peking, China by Mary to the dear ones at home. Mary describes visiting the Summer Palace and the Tsing Hua College. They had a Foochow meal with Mr. Ding. Flora and Mary hope that niece, Olive, is feeling better. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[January 28, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

Flora's letter left so late last week and we were away for the week end so here goes my Sunday letter on Thursday. We were alone again last week until Wednesday. Mable Galt came and stayed with us two nights but went home Friday. Friday afternoon was the Friday Club. This time the subject was Tennyson and Miss Crane and

Miss Craig gave excellent papers on "In Memoriam" and "The Idyls of the King." Mr. Gibb sang a long selection from the Cantata "The Lady of Shalot" and a short song "The Swallow Song" from "The Princess." As usual, we were late but we arrived in time for a cup of tea which is unusual.

As we were at dinner, Dr. Shoemaker from Tsing Hua College came in and asked if we could go out to keep his wife company on Sunday. We said yes and went next morning. We left here at 9.30 for the Tsichichmen (East Gate). It is an hours ride and it was snowing a little. I took my steamer rug and Flora took both our ricksha rugs so we kept warm. We waited 1 ½ hours at the station for a 15 minute train ride. If it has been less cold and windy we should have gotten rickshas and gone all the way. Mrs. Shoemaker had sent her card down by a ricksha man so we were carried first back up to the college. We were not starved, because we had had tea and cookies at the station while waiting. Ann had grown a lot and now walks all around if she has hold of some one; but she makes no attempt at going alone. She has walked this way since December some time. We stayed in all afternoon and talked because the snow continued. We had several callers and Ann was a constant amusement after she wakened from her nap.

On Sunday we lay in bed till 9.00. After breakfast we walked over to the old Summer Palace which was destroyed by the foreigners in 1861 because the Chinese tortured some prisoners they had taken. The destruction took 40 days. There are 4 courts and we visited part of one. The palaces were immense and mostly made of marble. Hardly one stone is left on another in some of them. The carvings even broken as they are, are wonderful. One large screen like structure is intact. There are five tablets each carved with different forms of armour. Opposite was a palace with a large fountain in front. Around the pool on the palace side is a railing with fishes heads for gargoyles. The different colored tiles were many; a dark blue, a light blue, a dark purple, a lavender, two shades of green, a pink, a royal yellow and a flesh color.

Now the place is open to the public. In places the Chinese have small groups of huts and the very courts of the palaces are under cultivation.

The whole place was originally level but now is covered with artificial hills and lakes so it is very natural. It covers miles. The palace we visited showed the influence of early Greek architecture in the mixture of Doric to Corinthian columns with Doric bases.

In the afternoon we walked around the college campus. It is the college founded by the Indemnity fund returned by America after 1900- and occupies an old Prince's palace grounds. In one corner is the palace. The main buildings are used for social functions. One is fitted up Chinese style the other semi-foreign for receptions. Another is a public dining room. The buildings in the side courts are the living rooms of the Chinese teachers. The foreign teachers all live in the farther corner in foreign houses each precisely like the others. Even though alike they are delightfully cozy and homelike inside. The President and his Secretary also have foreign homes which cost more than those of the teachers.

The students live in Chinese style but the dormitories are built of the gray bricks so commonly used here by foreigners.

The athletic field is a fine one. There are 20 tennis courts, Basket ball fields, a foot ball field, an Archery range, a base ball diamond. The 500 students have each one to get out for one hour each day and do something. It can not be the same thing every day.

They have just enlarged their campus to twice its size and next year erect five new buildings besides moving the dormitories of the middle school across the street. (The first students sent home by that Indemnity Fund returned this Fall and the YMCA are trying to look after them.) The course is 8 years and students are admitted only at the beginning of the first year unless there are variances. Just now the Sophomore class of the upper school is small so a few can enter that next Fall. Entrance is by competitive examination and boys come from all over the country. Mr. Ding's brother is going to try I understand. We came back Sunday night and arrived about 6.45. It had been a glorious day, but snowed as we rode in.

On Monday we found Laurence Galt the first to arrive and swelled nearly twice his size because he had a small brother born the Saturday before. Mable did not come up until Tuesday because Mr. Galt had business in town Monday.

Yesterday morning Mr. Ding called at school and invited us to dine with him at noon at a Foochow restaurant. We accepted- and had a most delicious feast. We started with four dishes (1) chicken gizzards, (2) tongue, (3) cabbage and (4) pork and bean sprouts and onions. Of course they were in four dishes in the center of the table and we each fell too with our chop sticks. Next came a piping hot dish of bean sprouts swimming in a blood red mixture. I did not like the red much but the other was fine. That was pushed one side and a dish of cauliflower put on. Next came hot fish dumplings on which we ate a thick dark brown sauce, which did not improve them any. Next a whole fish beautifully garnished and swimming in delicious brown gravy. The next we thought must be last; a hot orange juice thickened with a flour made from some plant. It was food fit for "the Gods" it was

so luscious. Lastly, we had a rice dish. The rice was ground and made in long strings like spaghetti. It was served with some ground meat. All the time as we ate, we drank a watery fluid, flavored with fine spices and sweetened, from tiny little handleless cups. Between courses we had two kinds of seeds to eat, both melon seeds. Once was black and spiced, the other light colored and not so highly flavored. We left the table and had a cup of tea and more melon seeds. It took 1 ½ hours so we were late for school. As we left they gave us a chunk of something that looked like a piece of a broken nutmeg and I chewed mine all afternoon. Mr. Fay, a returned student, and Mr. Ding were the only other ones. The table was set for eight but either the others couldn't come or were too late to eat with us who had to be prompt.

These last two days have been less cold so we have played basket ball after school. The children carted sand and covered the snow in order that they might play. The game is getting better all the time and the children are growing more enthusiastic.

This is examination week so I have spent my evenings making out test questions. The correction of papers is waiting for Saturday since a cold has kept us from sitting up too late. Said cold is better.

We expect the Burgesses tonight. It is after seven and we can not eat until they come. I am getting hungry so I hope it is soon.

Mr. Ding enquired for you all and wished to be remembered when we next wrote. He is quite about now, not much like the men who first visited us.

We are hoping for better news of Olive but it does not come yet. I hope the rest of you are keeping well and that you are not having an extra severe winter. Everyone says we are having less sunshine than usual and more snow squalls and gray days. If it would only snow enough to amount to something; but it takes 36 hours for two inches of snow to fall.

With lots of love

Mary

January 28, 1915

*[This letter, dated **February 3, 1915**, was written from Pearl River, N.Y by Stanley Beard to Ellen. He tells her that he and Myra Palmer will be married. Letter from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

Pearl River, N.Y.

Feb. 3, 1915.

Dear Ellen:-

There is a bit of news that is almost out. It is too important to let you have through accidental ways so I will interrupt you with this note. It has come to be a fact that Myra Palmer and I have agreed to be married. We don't know when as yet, but hope it will be enough for now just to let you know that you are to have a very dear sister and also that Phebe, Gould, Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen will some day have a new and very lovely aunt.

With love and best wishes to you all

Stanley

*[This typewritten letter written **Feb. 6, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. Commencement exercises were held the last week of January. They are working on improving the Foochow missionary compound. Willard tells what his children are doing back in the states. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners

For

Foreign Missions

Foochow College

President's Office

Foochow, China Feb. 6th. 1915.

Dear Girls [*Flora and Mary*]:-

One way to get your friends to accept typewritten letters and not squeal is to write so infrequently that they will accept anything and be grateful. That is my stunt I am afraid this past few months. (It is so cold that my fingers ache as I strike the machine.)

The commencement exercises of the College were held on the 25th of Jan. This is called vacation. But the only thing that I have vacated is my class room. The exercises passed off nicely. The day was fine. It rained the night before and it rained the night after but just during the half day of our Commencement it was delightful. Instead of having the set essays and orations and an address this year we had three of the graduates give experiments in Chemistry - -Oxygen. The other four had English orations. No officials were invited, only friends of the students and those we really wished to come. We had the church full of these.

Have I written you that Mr. and Mrs. Newell have a little girl? Her two brothers think she is the stuff. My fire is doing well. I have my overcoat off. You would laugh I suppose if you were to come into my study just now. I have washed my own flannels since I came out this time. Yesterday I did a washing- did it at 4 standings between callers etc. I always hang them in the house out of the sun to dry. They are not yet dry so I have a unionsuit hanging over the stove which is a cook stove. Right in the middle of the room stands a big box of books just from Boston. How is your shipment? I hear that that ship is still in Massena and likely to stay there. I hope it is not true. That half day of shopping in St. Louis, Mary was a most profitable one for me. Every article that I bought was just what I wanted and the quality was all right.

Many people inquire after you continually. The Mains are home by this time I expect. I shall be interested to see what Flora thinks of our new compound in the city. We are improving it all the time. Only this week we have become the happy owners of a little temple that stood right in the center of the compound, near a huge rock as big as a small house. This temple is now removed and we are straightening the walk and doing other things to make things look right.

All letters from Putnam are good. I had a nice long one from Geraldine in the last mail. She is manager of the girl's basket ball team and Gould of the boy's. She is carrying a heavy load of studies this term. Gould does not look favorably on the proposition of going to Oberlin to College. He NOW seems to think a course in Engineering is what he wants. Dorothy they say is very fat. Phebe seems to have about given up growing.

Do you take it that Stanley is looking to the lower end of Long Hill with the view of getting some one to take Phebe's place as housekeeper? She, Phebe seems to enjoy her life and the new auto all right. Mother was seventy two years old last Saturday. And I am trying to make it seem true that I was fifty. And I almost jumped to think that I was old enough to be her father. Geraldine speaks of receiving spoons from China. She evidently had not received the letter yet for she was wondering if I had sent them.

Mrs. Jewett of Mount Vernon has a little boy born the day before Christmas. Her Dorothy was a year old in November. Her photo looks as if she was a buxom lass all right. I see the boy Roger Wallace was born Dec. 14th, not the day before Xmas.

With lots of love,
Will



About 1915 in front of the Century Farm farmhouse. This is probably the automobile that Willard is referring to. Oliver Gould Beard Sr. and Ellen are standing at the back. Marjorie is standing in the car behind the lady in the passenger seat and Kathleen may be between that lady and the driver. The ladies near the front of the car are Elizabeth, Nancy Maria Nichols Beard, Ruth and Phebe and possibly Stanley. Oliver Wells may be the boy sitting on the running board.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **Feb. 7, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He talks about making an English Catalogue for the college. Shaowu has a stock disease among their cattle. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
Feb 7th 1915

Dear Mother:-

Your good letter written about Christmas came last evening. This past week two events have taken place or rather two mileposts in the family have been passed. One was your birthday – the seventy second I think, on January 30th. The other my fiftieth. It does not make one feel any different tho. I'm getting young I think- still growing any way. I was weighing a keg of printing ink which I had bought for the Press one day last week and got [on] the scales myself. I pushed the weight up to 180 and on to 181, 182-183-184-185, and still the beam went up, and [I] stopped looking. I had not realized that I was so heavy. I have had a good appetite and have slept well for the past three months and have work enough to give me good exercise. These are conducive to good health.

The past week is called vacation but it means only a change of work. I have one big job on for this vacation, namely to get out an English Catalogue for the College. I have most of the material but it must be arranged and audited. Then I want very much to get in the country for a week. This is going to be difficult to arrange. I am booked for four days in the country not far from Foochow- ten miles out, but I want to get down in the Diong Loh field. Mr. Smith urged me to go to Ing Hok, but that was out of the question.

To day a letter came to me from Ellen's Aunt Ann of Geneseo, Ill. She writes that the foot and mouth disease attacked the cattle on the farm next them. The man had driven the stock along the road that runs within twenty rods of their house and farm. This road was closed. There is now a stock disease in Shaowu. Mr. Kellogg two years ago went up into North China and bought a foreign cow and bull. The bull has just died, and some of the half breeds. But here there is no quarantine and cattle are liable to die any time. Of course the disease is worse

some years than others. The farmers sell the cattle as soon as they can after the disease is contracted. The meat is eaten by the people.

We are having the coldest winter in a long time. Bananas are all black from the frost of two weeks ago. And the past week has been very cold, and damp and at night I have to pile on all the clothes I can find and then shiver. Flora gave me a pair of bed socks just as I started for China and they are a great comfort. I wash my own flannels- did a washing Friday and am wearing the union suit today- it is just as soft as new and not shrunk in the least- the first water is a good strong soap suds with a little ammonia in it. The next is clear water with a little ammonia in it and the third is the same. The water is only warm not hot, and I do not rub the flannels only pound or squeeze them and then I do not wring them very hard and hang them in my bath room- not out of doors to dry- of course they drip a lot- but they come out sweet, soft and as large as when they went in.

Mrs. Gillette of Diong Loh is here with her three months old boy, and Mrs. Newell in the next house has a two months girl so we have babies here just now. Did you know that Mrs. Jewett of Mt. Vernon had a little boy born Dec. 14. Dorothy was born in Nov 1910.

How is the big lawsuit coming on? I shrink from writing a word of the war. The English missionaries here are as rabid as any of the combatants. I pray God to stop it as soon as all have had enough of it to be willing to cease from war. The advances of Prohibition in Armenia are most encouraging. Best wishes to all whose birthdays are about now and love to all Will

[This letter dated Feb. 8, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to 17 year old daughter, Geraldine. Geraldine sent Willard a small diary book and he thanks her for it. He details a typical day of his work. Remainder of letter missing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Feb. 8th 1915.

Dear Geraldine:-

Your good letter came by the last mail. This is the first Christmas letter I have had- I mean letter telling about Christmas. It seems to me so far back now- but your letter is by no means a back number- Since I wrote last I have received a nice little vest pocket diary that is just what I wanted. I am proud of it. I look eagerly in every mail for an account of how my Bible and my other memorandum look- the loose leaved one came to be found. I hope some of you will tell me some time.

I hoped to write this letter this morning and mail it to you today but there seems no use in my trying to do any thing for myself in the day time or evening till after 9:30. All sorts of people are calling on all sorts of business. I have not had one minute today until I began this letter after 9:30. But work is what I'm here for. I wanted to go to Kuliang tomorrow but it is raining now and I am not going to try it.

Mr. Lathrop of Shelton has once or twice said he wished me to write out in detail one day's work. Last Wed. might be an interesting one- only I could not make it all appear.- It would be something like this- rise at 6:45 a.m. breakfast at 7:30. From 8:30-9:30 correspondence and Press business. 9:45 start for South Side to audit the books of the treasurer of the Union Theological Schools. At noon take dinner with Rev. Long Iu Cu at his home on South Side. This dinner lasts till 2 p.m. At 2:15 perform the wedding ceremony for his sister and Mr. Saeng Cieng Li. At 3:00 p.m. be at the Monthly Concert of prayer at Mr. Walsh's -Trinity College. After that go to tea at his house then go to Mr. Hind's house for a meeting of the Executive Committee of the North Fukien Tract Society. This lasted till 6:15. I was due in the city to a wedding feast at 5 p.m. It was 7:45 when I reached the house and the guests were just leaving. But a special table was set for me and the groom and his father ate with me. Home at 9:30. Now that's not very interesting but it's an ordinary day's work.

Yes you improve as you write- did the Parker do it all? Aunt Mollie sent me by last mail a good photo of Dorothy. Isn't it nice that Dorothy Jewett has a little brother. It will help her not be selfish and will help her parents in bringing her up.

[remaining page missing]

*[This letter dated **Feb. 14, 1915** was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. Her school has been making valentines and Mary has been ice skating. It is Chinese New Year so businesses are closed. She feels it is a wonderful time to be in China and watching it facing adversity. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Feb. 14, 1915.]

Dear folks at home:-

We are now on our last half of the school year. We began with our new scholar so that our number now is 31- going on to forty, though we do not expect to reach that this year. This week has been a busy one in school for we were making valentines and the children got very much interested. We had a little exhibit on Friday and several mothers came in to see the results. Two days I had a visitation of Chinese teachers with some of the American Board ladies to see our primary work. The children were quite unconcerned about being watched so everything went naturally.

Mary has been skating with the Lowries (two of her students) at the International Tennis Club. They flood a part of the tennis courts, cover the rink with these straw mats and when it is lighted with electricity it makes an ideal place for skating. The mat coverings are necessary to keep out the sand that these horrid dust storms blow into every crack and crevice. Mary went just after school and she said it got so warm that they had to open some of the mats.

To-day is Chinese New Years so everything is very quiet and there will be very little business going on anywhere for a few days. Yesterday we went shopping for curios and we had to be careful about bidding for purchases as we got taken up very quickly. I got four little amethyst pendants that have jade calyxes and about that is a pearl as large as this O. I think the pearls are genuine, too. I got the four pieces for \$2.00 silver. They asked me \$4.00 to begin with. I came very near getting four jade buttons but did not satisfy the dealer with my price. We got silk for a waist, a petticoat, and a scarf- in all we did a big bit of shopping.

I am enclosing some newspaper clippings which speak for them selves. I am especially interested in the "Blind School" editorial, for the school is in the same hutung [*alley or passageway*] that our school is and I intend to visit it some day soon.

Every one is feeling very anxious for the welfare of China these days, and hoping that 'might' will not prevail. It is very wonderful to be here on the spot at this time, and see how China is being knit to-gether, by this apparent adversity. It is a deep laid scheme and one that the world may never know the whole truth about. I am wondering what the papers at home have been saying about China's affairs. We have a daily paper now, behind which we can drink our morning cup of coffee, just as the people of New York do. It is not full enough of the world's news but I guess gets as near to the real truth as many of the papers do.

Our mails are coming so seldom now and have so little in them that we just, spend most of our time 'hoping.' I have not yet received the first magazine of the "Story Teller's Magazine." It may be a little late in getting the first one to me, so I am hopefully waiting. I have never received any number of the "Primary Education", so I am wondering if the subscription ever got to them. I do wish they would send the subscription from last September, for those numbers would be just as useful to me next year- since I never get my magazines until they are a month old.

I am waiting to hear that you got the woven gold thread pictures, for I feel anxious about them. It is such uncertain business mailing articles home that I am going to wait before sending anything more. There are several parcels that were mailed to me for Xmas which have not arrived, so I think I'll not send any more than is necessary.

Who would have thought a year ago that the present world state was possible! It is kind of a comfort to realize that there are some good things resulting from it and I hope the end will bring about more – and that right speedily.-

Lovingly-
Flora Beard.

Peking,
Feb. 14, 1915.

We received to-day Bert Beard's announcement. Quite surprised but glad. F.B.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 17, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his Father and Mother. He and Mr. Neff took a trip to Ku Seu. He refers to foot and mouth disease in the states and hopes it does not affect them in Connecticut. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Feb 17th 1915.

Dear Father and Mother:-

I am home for this evening only between two trips in different directions into the country. A week after Mother's birthday I got a letter off to her. To morrow is Father's birthday and I want to tell him I'm glad he has given so good an account of himself for another year. I'm coming after you Father pretty fast. It was only a very few years ago that you were where I am now- at fifty. Last Saturday I opened my eyes at 7 a.m. to see the mountains for the first morning since vacation began. Rain and fog have been holding sway daily for most a month. I got up quickly, ate breakfast and started on foot to Kuliang- to walk both ways. I was off a little after 8:30 and got back at 4:30 p.m. and have felt the effects only slightly. This was a walk of nearly 20 miles and a climb of 2500 ft.

Yesterday morning I was off at 7 a.m. for the launch to go down the river 12 miles and in 6 miles thro a creek to a place called Ku Seu. You couldn't pronounce it if you were given \$100. Mr. Neff and I went together. We reached the launch at 8 o'clock and sat patiently until 10:00 when the launch started. We got down about a mile and stuck on a sand bar. One hour more to rest and we reached our destination at 2:30 p.m. We had a good dinner of rice vermicelli and oysters. In the evening they gave us a Chinese feast, after which we had a good long rainy evening with the preacher and six or seven Christians. This morning we planned to visit Christians in their homes till 11:30 then take dinner with one of the leading families and get the launch for Foochow at 2 p.m., the advertised time. At 11:30 we were a mile from the launch, and heard it whistle. Then we started as fast as possible and just made it in time. We had planned to get our dinner with these friends and had given all our bread and cake to the preacher. So I stopped as I went along and rescued what was not eaten for our lunch. We reached home at 5 p.m. and tomorrow morning at 7. I am off again for a flare up in the hills to hold evangelistic services, and back again Friday and Saturday, and Sunday off for another place on the plain for the same work.

Elizabeth's good letter came in the last mail from Pearl River. Let me congratulate you on the engagement of your youngest son to Myra Palmer. I am glad that Stanley has made up his mind and hope that they will have a long, useful, happy life together.

The beautiful tie also came in the last mail. My Christmas this year lengthened out into my birthday so it was a long one and I hardly realized which was Christmas and which was birthday.

I hope the foot and mouth disease has not reached you. Aunt Ann of Geneseo wrote that it was next to them- on the next farm.

I am pleased much with the progress of prohibition in the States. Russia has done nobly in putting away intoxicants.

I have an invitation to- no it is an announcement for or of the marriage of Minnie Vera Hubbard to Albertus Newton Beard [*Willard's third cousin*]. Is Mr. Bert Beard of Milford?

I must say good night with best wishes for another successful year of life to you.

Lovingly
Will.

[This letter dated Feb. 21, 1915 was written from Peking, China by Mary to the folks. They are happy that their brother Stanley has gotten engaged to Myra. She talks about her busy week and shopping. They had a bad dust storm that week. Sister, Ruth Beard is getting the Beard Genealogy book ready. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Feb 21 [1915]

Dear Folks,

This has been an exceptional week for to us came the great and wonderful news. Stanley withdrew his attention but not his mind for Myra for a season and we rejoice to think he has done the deed. [*Stanley became engaged to Myra and eventually had three children.*]

To us here it has been a busy week. On Monday I went after school up to Mrs. Hubbards. She took me to call on Mrs. Wang, a German woman married to a Chinese. We had a most enjoyable time. I am going up once a week after school to talk German with Mrs. Wang so as to have a little start in case I have to teach it next winter.

Tuesday was our at home day. We had six or seven callers. Mrs. Stanley of Tientsin came and brought her 18 months old boy. I played nurse and had a fine time. He is absolutely fearless- and has not yet confidence to walk alone so has to be watched every minute.

On Wednesday Mrs. Wang called on me and it was decided that I go up on Wednesday to her for one hour after school. It will give me a fine walk as she lives about a mile out toward the north west city.

On Thursday we were invited to tea at Mrs. Stelles (ABCFM) in honor of her mother. About fifteen ladies were there all much older than I, but it was a pleasant afternoon. They were mostly mothers of my older pupils or mothers of children too old to be in school; yes, two were grandmothers of our children. I had a good time talking to one mother who is planning to send her daughter to Mount Holyoke next year. She expects to enter as a Sophomore.

On Friday we went up in Teng Shih Kou again to see and help at a birthday party for Helen Martin aged six. She is the baby of Flora's school. There were twenty children and a fine healthy, happy lot they were. After dinner that evening we went back to Mrs. Ingrams for Flora to go over the order for furnishing the school with Mrs. I. It took two hours then the food received only a glance.

Yesterday morning I worked steadily from 9.00 till 12.30 on papers, getting work ready etc. and again from 2-3. Then we dressed etc. and again from 2-3. Then we dressed and went out. We walked down the Hatamen and visited Viccagee's, Wanieck's, Talaiti's and Kieroff's to look for dinner sets, beds, toilet sets, kitchen articles, etc; so as to get local prices then compare and find out if anything will be saved by sending to America. It looks as though we would send for some foods and but little else. We stopped and called on Mrs. Drew Brown. All three had just gotten up from the Grippe. Chisholm is as darling as ever and does not forget me now. We tried to call informally a few weeks ago but found Mrs. Brown going out.

We came home via the Chinese Post Office to get a package for Mrs. Burgess. First we were told that the parcel office closed at 5.00. It was then 5.45. Flora begged then we were told to go to the back door. The Post Office was originally an old palace. We were guided out through the court yard, under a very gay pilo, through a circular arch to the parcel room. The man there kindly gave us the parcel because today was Sunday and the office would be closed. We were glad we were late. Evidently in warm weather they have plants in that court yard because one of the side houses was stored with palms, ferns etc.

A week ago was Chinese New Years but it was officially celebrated on Monday because it fell on a Sunday. From Sunday until Friday there were no trains except the early morning ones and the banks of all nations were closed. The streets are still filled with people in holiday attire and I have never seen so many women and children out.

My shoes came -all O.K. They will not be amiss because I walk so much that my shoes are wearing already. Please charge Mrs. Burgess's shoes to me as well as my own and let me know the cost. I was hard up for winter union suits that were warm enough. Mrs. Burgess had Flora write to Leolyn for some medium weight woolen suits. Leolyn sent some too. Mrs. B. already had heavy cotton ones so was saving the ones Leolyn sent to sell next year. I have taken them and will let the shoes help pay the bill.

This week has been like Spring except Friday when a dust storm was coming up. It struck us that evening and I never faced a nose load of dust than the one we met as we turned into our hutung [*a narrow lane or alley*] when returning from Mrs. Ingram's. Yesterday morning it blew horribly but the wind had changed so the dust was not so bad.

How did you like the names of the stores to which we went? We can have our choice of nationalities when we go trading. There are Germans, Indian, Parsee, Japanese, Chinese all on the lower Hatamen.

I hope Father's boil got well in time for him to celebrate his birthday.

We had the announcement of Bert Beard's wedding this week. How much of a wedding did they have? Enough of one for any of you to be invited?

Tomorrow is a holiday and I am duly thankful. Work has been piling up so these last weeks that papers get way ahead of me. As I have all of the older children's work I have themes etc. galore and even my morning's work yesterday did not see the bottom of the pile.

Ruth's letter sounds as though we might begin to look for a Beard genealogy before many months. I hope so. I wish I could come in and help correct-proof with you.

With lots of love to you all,

Mary L. Beard.

P.S. I had just gotten some rather pretty Chinese things so am sending Myra one of my purchases for an engagement present. Flora is giving Stanley her rug and feels that is enough for both wedding and engagement.

[This letter dated Feb. 25, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. Rumors are flying about relations between China and Japan. He advises Flora and Mary of what items they will need for the summer on Kuliang. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Feb. 25th 1915

Dear Sisters [*Flora and Mary*]:-

It was very good of you to send me the letters from Putnam. I am enclosing one that came in the last mail from Cousin Stark and I am also sending a Sentinel that came in last mail. Letters speak as if Olive was about the same.

Rumors are flying fast about the relations between China and Japan. I only know how to listen and keep on the same course. You write that you suppose we are all anxiety in Foochow and in innocence of any trouble we read of what is said to be going on in Peking and wonder how you up there are faring. All of which is to say that I spend most of the time between 10:30 p.m. and 6:30 a.m. sleeping.

As to plans for the Summer- your times will fall in with mine beautifully. As far as a man is supposed to know how to plan I think I have every thing you will need except sheets and pillow cases and a mosquito net. If you have these and can bring them as well as not all right- if you do not have them just say so and I will get them. The net I would just as soon get as not for we must have it when Ellen and the babies come. I have two extra sheets- if you brought two it would be sufficient. The furniture that you used to have is all there I believe and you can have one broad bed or two narrow ones as you like. If you can let me know a month or so in advance about - sheets-pillow cases and one or two nets I'll feel as if all was planned. - unless you think of something that I have forgotten. I'm more glad than any if my letters can intimate that we can be together this summer.

To day we are holding exams for students who wish to enter the College. I have not even asked after the prospects until I just now went into the room where the boys are being examined and learned that there were over 70 who had registered for the entrance exams. This is more than formerly.

Lovingly yours
Will.

[This letter dated Feb. 28, 1915 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. A Gobi dust storm is making everything gritty. They heard that Rockefeller is to finance the Union Medical work in Peking. She talks about Christian Science affecting her nieces, Olive and Gracie. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Feb. 28, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

It is the last day of February and I think the March lion has been getting in an extra roar of noise and cold for we have had a fearful Gobi dust storm with a great drop of the thermometer. Yesterday the wind blew so hard that we could keep warm only when setting on the radiator and our house was grit from top to bottom while the front vestibule was a drift of yellow dirt. In spite of all this inclemency only one of the guests Mrs. Burgess had invited to luncheon failed to come. I do not blame her for it was a ride of nearly forty minutes in this terrible gale of dust. One lady who had as far to ride wore two fur coats, and tied her veil over her face. She arrived warm and clean. It has been just such a dirty wind storm when we lunched with her a few months ago and not knowing what we were getting out into we had taken no precautions, so the first thing we did was to repair to the bathroom and wash up. The occasion for all this festivity was the anniversary of my birthday a couple of days ago. The celebration had to wait until Saturday when we could be free.

This week has been rather full of work for we have been getting out the budget for furnishing our school. Mary and I went down to Tung-cho [*Tungchow*] on Monday and went over the list with the committee there, then I made a revision out to send back, all of which consumed the better part of our one holiday- Feb. 22nd. The next afternoon we call on the people receiving at the American Board as it was their day at home and we were owing every one calls there. It was then (and next day) that we heard the welcome news that Rockefeller is to finance the Union Medical work here in Peking. This means every thing to the College of Medicine for it is in need of equipment and men; and money is necessary for both. The next thing is to find the kind of men needed for the work. It has been suggested that some one of the American doctors be deported to go home in search of the men.

On Friday the 'Friday Club' met in our compound- at the other house. For once we arrived in time to have tea with the others and it was quite enjoyable. The topic under discussion was Browning- the Poet of Action. Both papers were read by English women and were both interesting and able. The discussion was so interesting that it

was too bad to have to cut it short because of the lateness of the hour. It was nearly seven o'clock when we came home and the meeting is suppose to close at 6 P.M.

Ruth's letter came with the type-written statements of our debts- for which please accept our thanks. I hope Miss Brewster and Miss Chase have wanted the pictures enough to take them and so cancel my debt.

I have enclosed a letter which I wish you would finish by enclosing twenty-eight cents in stamps and one more stamp on the outside and send it on. I hope the pencils will get here in time for Mary's birthday. Will you also please send me one of the 97 cent two sent stamp books. It is very handy to have U.S. stamps out here. One more request- and I am done. I want a good plain one-piece dress pattern, 40 in. bust measure and 28 in. waist measure. I want it for thin summer wash dresses. I want something that I can use and make little changes. I think the sizes I have given will make the pattern adaptable to both Mary and me.

I expect the news from China and Japan has been quite exciting to you people at home. I'd like very much to hear what the home papers say about it. Our daily papers here are writing some fine editorials, full of feeling and yet with wise admonitions. I sent some to you a week or so ago and wonder if they will ever reach you. Last week we sent over a dozen letters to America, since Mr. Burgess was going to Shanghai, where he could Mail them in the U.S.P.O.

Ruth, you may take down my rug anytime that Stanley says so. I am glad that it is to find its useful spot at last. I think it will have to be my only gift as it is not an inexpensive one. If we can get anything out here for you, we shall be glad to do it. - A letter from Phebe yesterday described 'the ring' very acceptably. We are waiting now to hear when the wedding is to be, - and all its plans.

Phebe also wrote about her visit (or call) at Oliver's. It does seem as if Olive's case is nothingless than a crime. I think Oliver is a marvel- a veritable Job. For Olive herself it seems as though this were the crowing injury to have so brought up the child rather to have let her so grow up that her decision about herself should be paramount in such a time. It is throwing away a great opportunity. No doubt she is being spared many sorrows but no one knows what good such a life rightly lived would have accomplished. At any rate she has been a joy to us these few years she has lived. What about Gracie? Is she looking any better than she was when we left last summer? It will take more than Christian Science to keep her well these next few years, I think. She has lived so closely with Olive and has been so frail.

I cannot help thinking of Oliver and would write to him, but am afraid of saying the wrong thing, and that it might never get to him. Did I tell you about our getting letters from Annie Gilbert at Xmas time with never a mention of Olive in there. It is needless to say that those letters will not be answered in a hurry.

Hoping father's carbuncle is quite healed by this time,

I am,

Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Peking, China,
Feb. 28, 1915.

*[This letter dated **early March 1915** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. They are still busy teaching every day. More dust storms hit and the children had to be sent home except for those who lived at the school. Mary describes a bazaar that they went to at the Forbidden City. She is wondering if her niece, Olive, is still alive. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Early March, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,-

The weeks fly by so fast these days! This was a busy week as usual. We teach every day of course, the same subjects (not) in the same old way (I hope).

On Monday we dressed and called on the Gatrell's. Lillian is in our school and she and her mother had called on us, as their at home day is the same as ours, we had put off the call. Mrs. G. was not at home but we saw Lillian. Tuesday was our at home day and we had a steady lot of callers from five till six-thirty. Both of the Legation families called and two of the Student Interpreters besides representatives from Missionaries, Community people etc. It was as cosmopolitan a group as we have entertained.

I began last week to go up to Mrs. Wang (a German woman married to a Chinese man.) to read German one hour a week. We are reading a little book called "Wilkommen im Knutpflound[?]" by W.E. Mosher. This last

lesson I tried to write German and had forgotten nearly all of my alphabet. Don't you think I have reclaimed it well? Mrs. Wang is very charming and I enjoy the hour very much. I go to her and it is about a mile from school so I get a nice walk.

This Wednesday I hurried home that we might call on Mrs. Murray who has charge of the Blind School. Her husband started it and she is holding on to it until her oldest son finished his preparation and comes out to take it. She is Scotch and most charming to meet.

Thursday was another dust storm and a very bad one. The wind was stronger than on the Saturday previous but it was not so cold. We sent the children home at noon to stay. We had just 15 of our 31 present.

Friday was a glorious day after the scouring of the day before. After school we started to walk out to the big side gate of the city. We got as far as Lun Fu Ssl and found it was fair day so we went to the fair instead. We spent all of our change then came home. I got some carved ivory beads and some "white jade" (?) buttons. We hurried home for a six o'clock supper. Just as we were dressing a caller arrived. She stayed until 6.40. It was Mrs. Goodrich, wife of one of the senior missionaries who has the same "at home" day as we, hence the out of season call. That evening Mr. Yelton came over to play games from 9-10 PM so we went down and played too. He is a young fellow, only 19, with fiery red hair, who teaches in night school every night until 9.00 besides considerable day work.

Mrs. Goodrich had invited us up to teach her Camp Fire Girls some of the Minuet steps and to stay for dinner yesterday afternoon. I awfully wanted to go to the Bazaar and so did Flora after she saw the extra notices in the morning paper. Mrs. Goodrich sent us a note offering to let us withdraw and I received it just after Flora had gone out to do errands and stop to see her.

We left here about three for the Bazaar. It is held in a corner of the Forbidden City which the papers have been calling "Central Park." Flora is sending a guide map to show where we went. One tent had this sign on it- "American Band, Conjination [?] and Company, Tientsin. Come and see but no ensnare." In the course of the afternoon we had tea and cake served in very good foreign style. The Wagon Lits, the best hotel here, did the catering. The Park takes in one of the most sacred parts of the old Forbidden City. It is the altar with the five kinds of earth. The altar is square with a yellow square in the center, blue on the east, black on the north, white on the west and red on the south. The larger enclosing square is surrounded by a tile wall, the tiles matching the earth in color. One tale states that this spot was where the Emperors worshipped privately the Unknown God of Heaven just as he worshiped him publicly at the Temple of Heaven. That this spot was the center from which fire works were to be put off in the evening shows the lack of reverence that New China has for Old China. The way was opened so we could go up onto the big front gate of the Forbidden City. First we ascended a long incline then climbed 75 steps. That brought us well up above the trees and we had a fine view of the city. I went out on the little balcony where President Yuan stood to review his troops. The gate where we were looked very far away.

This morning we waked up to find the north all yellow again and by ten o'clock the wind was blowing a gale again. Three dust storms in one week is more than enough to suit me. It seems to be growing colder today too and the boy has gone out so the fire is down.

Mr. Burgess got back from Shanghai Wednesday night. The old cook had done some crooked business at the settling up in January and was to make it right at the next settling. He was impudent, bossy, etc. and so got his walking papers Thursday. We went to the Y.M.C.A. and got a foreign dinner that noon. They have been serving them only this week. We had soup with rice, fish, croquettes, roast beef, fruit fritters and tea. Each was a different course so it was well we had the half holiday. Our boy got the meals until Friday night when a new cook came on trial. He does very well so far, and has most excellent recommendations.

Last night I received the Sentinel with the [unreadable word] and Science article enclosed. I was interested in the note that Japan's demands "in no way threatened the integrity of China." I knew before looking, that it was dated at "Tokio." There seems to be good faith here that America and the European powers, if they can get the truth, will see to it that the integrity of China is not disturbed.

I am sorry to hear that Aunt Ella has a new trouble. I do hope father's boil stops running so he can get well soon.

Today I have written Oliver a long letter. I can't help wondering if Olive is still with us, the last letters were so hopeless. I am waiting to hear of the arrival of the linen for Bessie and of Mother's little mud [?] images. If they get through safely, I will send some more.

Lots of love to you all
Mary Beard.

P.S. The high shoes Mr. Dektor sent fit all right in the foot but the leg is altogether too small. They measure 10 ½ inches from edge to edge outside measure and my leg at my shoe top is 10 ½ inches. I can button one button only

and that is tight. My old ones are 39-5-24631. The new ones are 39-5 also. If he can send me another pair larger in the leg I should like it. If necessary he can make them a half size wider as the climate here makes ones feet swell rather than shrink.

I shall try to sell the shoes at Mothers Club tomorrow as they conduct an exchange bureau for just such emergencies. They may be a bonanza to some one.

Hope you got the order for the low shoes and that Mr. Dektor can duplicate mine exactly.

Lots of love

Mary.

A day like this makes me wish I were home.

*[This typewritten letter dated **March 9, 1914 (should be 1915)** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister Ruth. They have 340 boys enrolled in the College this term. They are considering combining the three colleges in efforts to create a University of Foochow. A road is going to be built to the South side of the river and Willard feels it will first be used by rickshas and then eventually trolleys. He refers to his brother Oliver, Oliver's wife Grace and their ill daughter, Olive. Willard and Flora are making plans for summer and are looking forward to a vacation all together on Kuliang. He is happy over the engagement of his brother Stanley and fiancé, Myra. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners

for

Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China March 9th 1914 [*should be 1915**]

Dear Ruth:-

It is the typewriter this time for you. I like the typewriter letters because they are longer than your autograph letters. I may not use the same argument of using the machine myself. Your last letter was specially newsy. I hope before this that Father has forgotten all about his boil. You probably know more about boils and the care of them than you ever did before. So it has not been without its benefit. I'm most interested in all you say about the Genealogy. I suppose you can never really finish it. For information will inevitably keep coming in. But it is better to stop and print it now. I sent boxes of tea to some of the friends whose names I found among those you sent me and the replies have been interesting and pleasant to receive. Among them was a nice note from Dan Beard.

College opened last week with full attendance. I asked the Monitor a day or two if he could tuck in a boy who was asking to join. His reply literally translated was "If we tamp hard we can get him in." This is just the phrase we use in tamping earth about a post. We have 260 in the old buildings, 63 in the new building and 17 in the Dudley Memorial church. All these would have come here in former years if we had had room for them, so they should be counted as our boys and they make the number 340. The boys we have in the old plant are much larger than in former years because we send the little fellows to the other places.

We are seriously considering the union of the three Colleges in Foochow. We plan to take the two upper years of each and unite them in a union Arts course. As we teach now in the three Colleges, foreigners are giving about 160 hours a week to the teaching of these three sets of boys. If we unite we can do the same work better if anything, with about 50 hours. There are other considerations. We shall plan to make this the starting of the University in Foochow. We hope to start this union Arts course in September of this year.

The weather is a most peculiar product here these days. Sunday I preached and conducted communion in the College church. I never perspired more than when I was speaking that day. Now as I write my fingers are so stiff with the cold that I can scarcely make them mind me. We have had much cold weather during the winter and much rain. The rain has come in spots- not as much at a time as in some years.

I wonder what you are thinking about the reports of the demands of Japan on China. The girls in Peking think we must be living in terror and we here think that they in Peking must be living on a crater. And neither of us sleep with our clothes on or eats in the door way with our eyes on the gate. Work goes on just as usual - - or a little more so.

You have heard us speak of the long journey by chair to the South side of the river. A road thru the fields has already been surveyed, which is sure of going thru. The money is in one of the banks here now for the job. I have seen the stakes all thru the fields. This will at first be a road for rickshas, but in time it will surely sport a

trolley. We are also building a large park. And when there is a fire the street is always widened. So things do move with us.

I am enclosing a story of conditions that may seem to belie the last statement but you must remember that a man the age of China rolls over rather slowly.

Who is now preaching at Huntington? I have not heard a word since last fall when Miss Ella Wooster wrote. What is Stiles Nichol's son now doing – he must be out of the Dental College by this time? Mrs. Stark wrote me that she might favor you with another visit. I do not know how to write about Olive and Oliver and Grace. I just pray that God will give to each of them as He sees best under the conditions, and as He in his great mercy sees to be right.

Flora and I are now writing to arrange the details of our summer which we are planning to spend together. The anticipation is great. It is almost too good to come true- if you will allow me to use an expression that I do not like to hear. For to one who believes in God and in His loving kindness nothing is too good to come true for His children. It is pretty lonely for a fellow here after he has been used to being with a large family all his life not to have any of them with him for four years. But I am looking forward with very great pleasure to the company of the sisters for six weeks in the summer.

Did I thank you for the tie that came for my birthday? If not here is the THANK YOU in the largest letters the machine will make. I am also sending under another cover a photo of the gathering in front of the church at Au Ciu on the day of the dedication of the new church. In the afternoon we ordained the preacher Ling Seng Gang, who stands just in front of me, a little to the right as you face the picture, wearing glasses. You will note Mr. Newell and Mr. Hodous in the door, one on one side one on the other. You will also make out Mrs. Hubbard peeking out from under Miss Garretson's chin and Mrs. Hodous and Ray Gardner standing near each other. Mr. Hubbard is sitting a little below and to the right of me. You must not overlook the band. O yes! There is Miss Dornblaser in the right at the back up against the wall. This is a fair sample of the churches we dedicated last Dec. and of which I wrote you.

I must not write more now. I am due on South Side in an hour to attend a committee meeting. Every day I ask God to keep you all and to give each what He in his infinite wisdom and love sees is best and most needed. I ask Him to bless Stanley and Myra in their love and to help them to so plan that their lives may be full of usefulness and then they will be full of joy. I am very happy over the engagement.

With lots of love to all,

Will.

*[*I believe that Willard made a typographical error when he typed the year 1914. It should be 1915 because he refers to "the girls in Peking". From many of his other letters, I know he means his sisters, Flora and Mary. Flora and Mary were not in Peking until 1915. He also refers to the demands of Japan on China. This too, fits better in 1915. Lastly, Willard refers to a letter from his cousin Mrs. Stark. This letter is dated January 15, 1915 and is in the Yale archives.]*

*[This letter dated **Mar. 15, 1915** was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. She expresses sadness in the death of her brother's daughter and also in the death of their Aunt Mary. School will end in June and then they will leave for Foochow for the summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Peking, Mar. 15, 1915.

Dear folks at home:-

The news of Olive's going came one day this last week [*Olive Beard, daughter of Oliver Gould Beard, Jr. b. 25 July 1898, d. 4 Feb 1915. The death certificate states the cause of death as "not determined- probably Valvular Disease of Heart."*]. Someday it is so hard to realize it and to reconcile one's self to it that writing anything has been out of the question. We kept the letter only about an hour before we remailed it to Will. The same day came the 'Sentinel' telling of Aunt Mary's death which must have been the same day as Olive's. What a contrast one's feeling are toward each! After all my thinking about Olive, I come back to the same conclusion, that I'd rather have the heart ache now than never to have had Olive. The memory of her will always be of sunshine in spite of everything. [*"Aunt Mary" is Mary E. Tomlinson Drew, wife of Wright Drew who is the brother of Nancy Maria Nichols Beard's mother, Phebe Ann Drew Nichols. This Aunt Mary Drew died on February 5, 1915. She was 94 years old, and according to her obituary in the Evening Sentinel, "She had been ill for some time and for a greater part of the thirty-one years in which she made her home with Mrs. Glover (her daughter) she had been confined to her bed."*]

The days are flying by here with the usual rapidity. School goes quietly along and plans for next year are maturing. We are now busy with plans for the closing of this year's sessions. We shall give some public exercises probably March 21st, but school will not finish until June 11th. Then we shall have to pack and move our goods and chattels to Tung-chou, and then get off for Foochow.- Mr. Ding is here in Peking taking the examinations for a government position. He is just about now taking the third examination. We have not found this out through him. He has been very reticent about telling his business.

Last week our last box from Boston arrived so that we unpacked it on Saturday. We were glad to get some of its contents.

The weather still stays cold so that we are glad of our heavy covers for the night. I have shed two night gowns but we need all our bed covers. We have had some fierce dust storms. They were really too bad to be out in them. It is remarkable to see how they cleanse the air. The sunshine is as clear and the air as fresh as after a thunderstorm in the summer at home. Mrs. Ingram (of the A.B.C.F.M.) says that the cleaning of the street smells is decidedly a great blessing to the city. Some missionaries here for a few days told of seeing a drift of this Gobi dust high enough to reach the tops of one of the city walls, which they saw on their way to Peking. Tons of this dust fall like snow- or like the ashes from a volcano- covering everything with a yellow dirt quite different from anything here. Lovingly- Flora.

*[This letter dated **Mar. 22, 1915** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. Today is the equinox and the day President Yuan Shih Kai goes to worship at the Confucious Temple. They had a raining of sand for an hour that cleaned the air. They have not had good luck with their servants lately. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

March 22, 1915

Dear Ones at Home,

As I write at Monday a Chinese band reminds me that today is the equinox. Sometime today Pres. Yuan goes to the Confucious temple to worship. We went up there last Sunday and saw it in it's gala dress; brilliant red silk hangings on every side, marble newly white washed, floor newly carpeted with heavy matting, building newly painted in bright green, blue, red and yellow.

Mar 26- somehow this week has sped by on wings. Last week the Postways[?] were here until Thursday and we had great fun playing with the seven months old baby boy. He was dear.

We have had the girls up three times to sew and already have runners enough hemstitched for four tables besides several seams partly done on the tablecloths. The girls loved the hemstitching but are not so eager over the seaming. We are using the Japanese toweling which we got en-route out.

Mrs. Galt has been in Peking all the week to be with Mable who had to go for another operation. She of course has Baby Wendell with her. We called at Teng Shih Kou Tuesday to see Wendell. They brought him down and he showed off beautifully.

On Wednesday we had a queer day. The air was very yellow but there was no wind. About ten the sand began to settle and it literally rained sand for about an hour. It has been almost too dark to study but the settling of the sand cleared the air. There was a little wind in the afternoon but not much.

I went to Mrs. Wang for my lesson as usual in spite of the weather. It was cold but walking warmed us up.

Today we went to the Friday Club. The subject was Mrs. Browning, and we had two fine papers. We evidently got two rickshaw men who did not know the way and my man got nervous lest he get lost. About half way up my man stopped and motioned for me to change rickshaws. When I refused to pay him off he decided to take me on and got me there safely.

Last Saturday we had a jolly good time. We left here at 3.30 and went down to Mrs. Drew Brown's (Miss Chisholm) for tea. Other friends came in so we were quite long at tea. After that Mrs. Brown and we two walked along the wall to the corner. Mrs. B. turned back but we went on as we were to meet Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. Howells and Mr. Dean near the Astronomical instruments [*at the Imperial Observatory, Peking*] for a picnic supper. We formed a secluded spot and built a jolly fire. Mrs. Hall had brought her boy and cooked bacon and sausages and coffee. We also had chicken, pickles, bread and butter, deviled eggs, cookies and fruit. Mr. Dean had to leave in a hurry as he teaches in night school. The rest of us walked on the wall back to the Hatamen and took rickshaws home from there. The moon was small and we got off the wall just in time because a bank of sand or water obscured it very soon after we got onto the Hatamen.

There has been in the home a German who claims American citizenship, for over a week. It is interesting to hear him be neutral. Perhaps it is more so as personally I am inclined to favor the other side. In our questions we five are in perfect accordance. You can guess it I think.

The last letter from home was the one telling of Olive's death and funeral. A mail last Saturday brought us nothing. I should think you would be too exhausted physically and spiritually to write or do anything. I can not make it seem real yet and my heart goes out to you all especially to Oliver. Ruth is right when she says he is a saint.

We have had great times with the servants. The cook was ousted and in two days a new one installed. He is proving good. The boy went home for a visit, the first in several years, and left us with a mediocre or poor substitute. Last week Mr. Burgess was called down about 5.00 A.M. to care for the coolie who had had a very bad hemorrhage. "Oneshe" [?] had to be shipped to the hills and we have a very poor coolie in his place. It makes it very hard for Mrs. Burgess because we have had company every meal but two since the boy left.

Flora was yesterday appointed chairman of the committee for topics in the Friday Club's next year program. We are to study "Women in the History of the World".

I have to write a German letter to Mrs. Wang today. That is part of my German work, to write a letter between each two lessons. She corrects it at the next lesson with me.

Mr. Van Wederkend helped me prepare my German lesson this week and it was fun to surprise Mrs. Wang by a perfect lesson. It is snowing for a change, although it has been cool for several days.

Flora is going out soon to the bank so I hope this delayed letter can start off at once.

With lots of love

Mary Beard.





Written in album: "Flora's kiddies [previous photo], My Class [Mary's class in this photo] – April 1915"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **April 2, 1915** was written from Ding Loh near Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Ruth. He describes the scene to her as he is waiting at a launch that has been delayed. Willard has been there to see about a house the Building Committee is constructing. He tells her about an athletic meet in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow China

April 2- 1915

Dear Ruth:-

You would be interested to sit with me as I write here. The scene would interest you. I am on the river bank waiting for the launch to take me to Diong Loh. The first thing of interest is the times of this launch. The last time I tried to take it I missed it by about 30 minutes. I was told today that it would start at 11 a.m. - possibly a little later, at the latest 12 p.m. I left a class to come on time. It is now 11:30 and no launch- It stays over night and comes up to Foochow and returns each day. The time depends much on the time of the tide as Diong Loh is about five miles in from the main river and at low water there is no water in the creek. People tell me that I will need to wait another hour. How is that? So I'll get as much pleasure as possible by visiting with you. The second interesting thing would be our near companions. One stands so close to my side that I could not put up my pen when it went dry. There are eight in all. They are now pulling up my trouser legs to see what holds up my socks. It is raining and I am wearing my overshoes that Karl Decktor sent me. The men are much interested in them.-What did they cost? How long can you wear them? Will they crack? What did your shoes cost? He has 2 pairs on, one over the other.

Then we look down at the river. Little boats are waiting to take us almost anywhere,-to the launch- or across the river or up or down. They are as thick as they can stick. Then farther out are groups of little boats at anchor. And here and there a house boat and then the launches for different places, and out in the deepest water the big junks that go to Shanghai, Trenku, Ning Po etc. Every one is talking- many are splitting their throats in the effort to sell sugar cane or candy to get passengers.

In the distance on the opposite bank is the hill on which are the buildings of the English Consulate and Meth. Mission. We see also about half of the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages.

I have with me my little bag that Stanley bought for me in New York and which I believe all the brothers and sisters had a share in. It has been one of the best companions I have ever had. It is dependable and very handy. Then I have a cloth flour bag with various articles in it to take to D. Loh. Among them a lunch. This will undergo a metamorphosis on the way down.

We expect Mr. and Mrs. Peet any day now. Mrs. Hubbard says they are in Shanghai now. They should bring a big American mail for we have had none for more than a week- two weeks papers are due. - Now a fellow has just sat down in front of me and is smoking a cigarette. I am smoking the same cigarette by proxy, and pay no money for it.

Yesterday and today the Governments Schools in Foochow have had a big athletic meet. I had to close school yesterday to allow the boys to go. I went a little while in the afternoon and saw a good sack race, and a fair Indian club drill, and a sham battle. The Red Cross staff were present and attended a wounded soldier. One of the nurses was a Chinese young woman in a foreign white dress. Her hair was very heavy and she had it done with a big rat and evidently she had not caught on to the latest style of garter for those of her vocation, for when she tried to run her hose and her skirts failed to make connection and with one hand on her hair and the other holding her skirt and her hose down on her shoes. She produced sensations in a foreigner that if unrestrained would tend to lead to a smile. The crowds were immense and the boys had a good time. I had a day off and was able to do some things that have been put off too long already.

I addressed the envelope to you a week ago and put with it a letter I received from the teacher of De Sang Gaing School. He is a student of Foochow College and taught there last year. You will be interested in the letter itself and in the translation which I will make and send with it.

Things look as if we should have a Union Arts Course started this Fall in Foochow. I am not sure that I have written you since I went to Amoy three weeks ago tomorrow. Bishop Price Church Missionary Society of England [*unreadable word*] and I went to see the Amoy Missionaries about joining with us in this course and we found them most cordial to us. I was "actively" seasick on the way down and not "actively" sea sick on the way home- I wish that launch would come.-

I have bought a drawn work grass linen table cover about 3 ft. square for Myra. I wonder how I shall send it. I think it is a beauty. There is to be a wedding here of a young business man and a missionary of the Meth Mission- Miss Hall- She has been here about a year. He is English- She American. For them I have bought 12 doilies of drawn work. In this work of selecting wedding presents I miss Ellen awfully- if a man is privileged to use that much abused adjective.

College kept filling up till a week ago. We now register 280 in the building called Foochow College. In the new building erected last year we have 70 and at the Dudley Memorial Church 15. So we say Foochow College has 365 this year.

I have written a literal translation of the letter between the lines. This will tell you that the school has this year already 50 pupils with more to come. I purchased some Sunday picture cards for them the other day and the teacher Mr. Hu says the pupils are so many that the cards do not go round. The school is doing very well indeed this year.

At Diong Loh I found all well. We are building a new house there. I am Chairman of the Building Comm. I found all the tiles up in the roof but not tard [*tarred*]. They should weigh 2 lb. 4 oz. They do weigh 1 lb. 9 oz. I told the contractor we would wait for the proper tiles. He will have to change them.

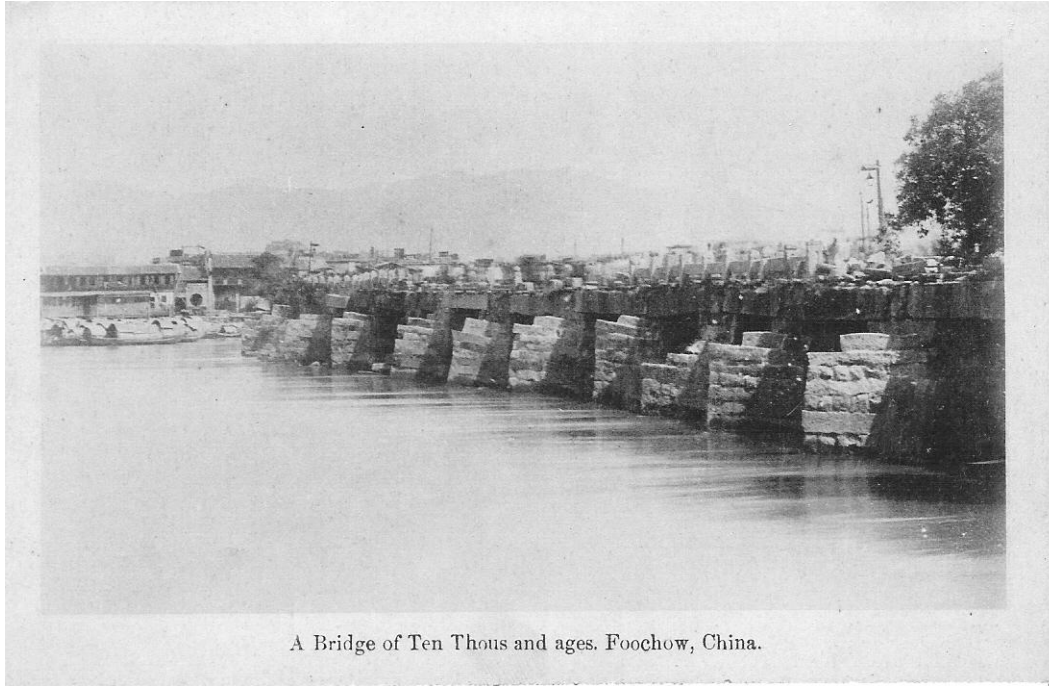
Spring has come with you and ploughing is begun- spraying will be in progress soon. My how I wish it could be made right for me to be there for it all.

I am making all plans to come home next year- that sounds near.

Give my love to all. It was good to receive Elizabeth's letter a few days ago. Hope fathers boil is all gone.

Very Lovingly

Will



A Bridge of Ten Thous and ages. Foochow, China.

Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages, Foochow, China
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

An article by Neil H. Lewis in the Foochow Messenger April 1930, page 3 (American Board Mission, Foochow, China) tells about a new bridge planned. "A new steel bridge is being planned to replace the famous old stone Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages, and motor roads up river, down river, south and north are being planned."
[Foochow Messenger from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

In the book, Family Letters from China, 1901-1950 by Eunice Smith Bishop, a letter written on March 26, 1931 refers to the Big Bridge in Foochow being torn down and the funds for the new bridge misappropriated.
Bishop, Eunice Smith. Family Letters from China 1901-1950. Brookfield, CT: DTP&M Services, 1991.



Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages in 1988 when Kathleen visited China
 [Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

*[This letter dated **about April 1915** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the folks. She requests various items that she would like to have sent to her. Mary tells about two Chinese men who are visiting them. She tells about her experience of being thrown from her ricksha. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About April 1915]

Dear folks-

If Dektor has not already sent my shoes will you ask him to put rubber heels on them, please. I have put on my high shoes with rubber heels and like them so much I want some more. If you can without too much trouble, will you get me two pair of kid gloves, size 7 1/2, one white and one black with white backs if you can get them; If not all black. You had best get \$1.50 value as they are heavier and near better than a cheaper glove. We also wish two whisk brooms or clothes brushes. We can get nothing of the sort here except a very coarse short bristled affair for 85 cents Mexican. I had no brush to start with and Flora lost hers somewhere en route.

We have met this week two Chinese men who have a wide reputation. One, a Mr. John Bo Sing, (I do not vouch for spelling, but it sounds this way) who is a fine scholar and head of the Sunday School work with head quarters at Tientsin. He and Mr. Burgess went to the Western tombs together for three days. The other is General John who is of the Imperial army. He is a small man and very lame because of being dragged by a horse, but withal very keen minded. He had a Bible Class of officials here this afternoon.

A Mr. Wolff from Shansi is here for a few days and most cordially invites Flora and me to visit them up in Shansi. It takes 23 hours travelling steadily but is an easy trip in two days. The trip is over the mountains must be beautiful and I hope we can go.

Flora probably told of our calls, on receiving day, our dinner at the Fenn's to meet the four Mongolia friends, our trip to the Temple of Heaven etc. I had the experience of being thrown from my ricksha but jumped over the ricksha man and landed in softish dust so did not get hurt. My arm which I used to save my head is lame but that is all. Poor Miss Andrews got thrown last week and cut her head badly. She was unconscious for some time and the policeman had to have her brought to the A.B.C.F.M. as that was the nearest foreign compound. My man shattered his toe on a root of a tree which was hidden under the dust.

I wrote Miss Costikyan today. I know she will understand. It was alright to send Mrs. E the film. I shall write her that she may keep it if she wishes. I intended sending her that one anyway as I shall never need it.

With love

Mary.

[This letter dated **about April 11, 1915** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. Schools were closed one week for Easter. They visited the Great Wall and the Ming Tombs. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[About April 11, 1915]

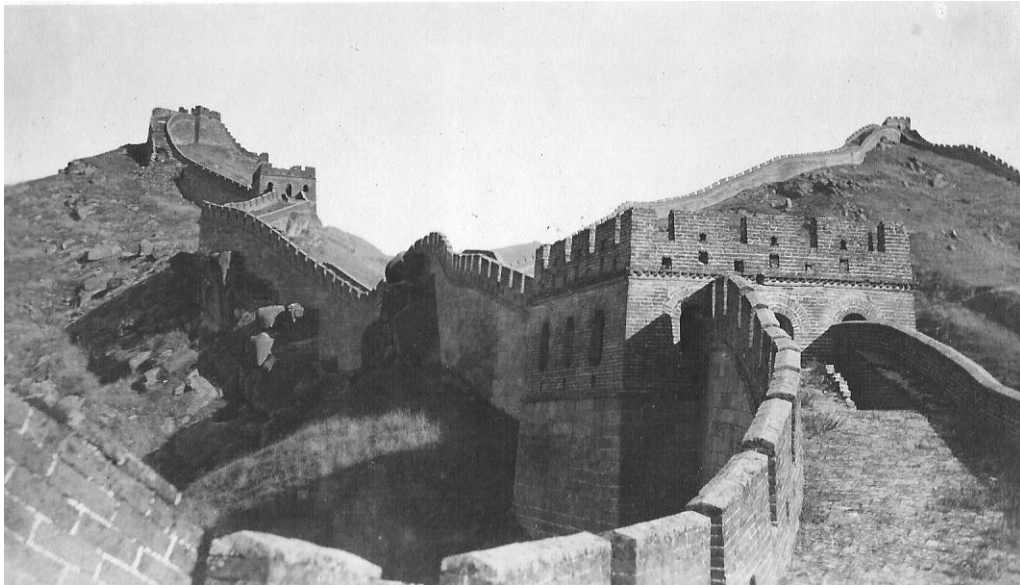
Dear Ones at Home,

You have missed out on one letter because I felt so mean on the Sunday when it was my turn write and it took me until Friday to get the energy. The cold has entirely departed long ere since and this vacation has been a grand one.

School closed March 31 for just one week. We had no celebration except the reading of the first issue of our school paper. That took about half an hour.

On Thursday we served all day. I cut and fitted a green striped seersucker dress which I bought at a Chinese store outside the Tsien Men [*probably Chien Men*]. Flora made a dress partway and cut a shirtwaist. In the afternoon I took time to go to the Post Office for my Japanese crepe which Mrs. Burgess' mother had purchased for me. It is a beauty, with the chrysanthemum pattern embroidered on both waist and skirt. It cost less than \$15.00 silver after postage and city duty were paid. That is about \$6.00 gold.

On Friday we suddenly decided to go to the Great Wall and Ming tomb on the 11.15 train so had to hustle. There were seven of us; Mr. and Mrs. Hayes of Evanston, Ill., and Mrs. Harrison of Portland, Oregon who were tourists; then Mr. Price a student interpreter and Mr. Gilchrist who was in Foochow last year working and who returns to American this coming summer.



Written in album: "Great Wall"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "The Great Wall April 1915"
[Flora. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We gave the hotel porter our baggage when we passed through Nankou and went on up to the Great Wall. The three men and I went to the top of the first spur of the Wall. Flora and Mrs. H. dropped out way down on the wall and Mrs. H. just at the foot of the last long climb. When we got back to the station the train had waited for us twenty minutes. Only Flora and Mrs. H. rode down as the rest of us thought we preferred to spend the afternoon walking in the mountains instead of in Nankou where there is nothing to see. It took us just four hours to reach the hotel. The railroad is entirely Chinese, Chinese construction and Chinese management but done on foreign plans. It is a wonderful piece of engineering and the masonry itself is worth close study. The Great Wall is hardly out of sight all of the way but appears most unexpectedly on a mountain top. I had on an old pair of shoes and wore some bad blisters on my feet. On Saturday we were off on donkey back for the Ming tomb. Our donkeys were as slow as slow can be but we had fun nevertheless trying to walk a race. It was a great effort to make them change the original order but much kicking and much urging could accomplish it. We all got off at the Great Marble Pilo and walked the two or more miles to the tomb.



Written on back of photo: "5 arched Pillou at Western tombs west of Peking"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We counted eleven tombs nestled in the mountain sides. The hotel had put up our lunch and sent a coolie to carry it so we ate in front of the tomb under the trees. The gatekeeper was cranky and would not let us in but we scared him so that a friend of his followed us for a long distance begging us to return. The friend would pay for us and we could pay him half; no, we needn't pay anything; no he would pay us to return only please do so to save the face of the keeper. Mr. Price told him the keeper's face was not worth saving and we went on.

We reached the hotel and had only fifteen minutes till train time. We were home by 6.30 that evening after two fine days. I was so foot sore I could hardly hobble and Flora had fallen from her donkey and hurt her side so we were a sorry spectacle as we came up the walk.

On Sunday we were refreshed and went to the Methodist Church at 11.00 for the Easter Service. Twenty-eight babies were baptized and six men taken into the church. After service we met Mr. Ding and five young men from Foochow. In the afternoon we took naps and almost missed foreign service. At the regular service the choir gave two anthems and after the benediction a short song service.

On Monday I delivered my Easter baskets because my long nap had taken the time meant for that on Sunday. I got a dear little letter from Baby Wang thanking me for her eggs and telling me she had eaten them all.

Monday was so windy that the trip to the Western Hills was doubtful. When I awoke at 5.30 Tuesday it was calm and clear so I arose and dressed. Flora's side still troubled so she stayed here. At Mrs. Ingrams I found they too had decided to go and at 6.15 we were off to catch a 7.15 train at the farther corner of the city. Others met us at the station and 15 of us had a fine day. We had to walk about 2 ½ miles to the hill top where Dr. Ingram has a summer cottage and where we were to picnic. Most of the party took a long walk down to a little village but I dared not lest I disturb my blisters again. The wind came up and blew a gale so we came down to a different station to have the wind at our backs. It was a little farther but much more pleasant.

Today I began by taking two hours to read German with Mr. von Wedeking, then I called on Mable Galt who is still in the hospital. This afternoon I go to Mrs. Wang for a German lesson and back to call on some ladies with Flora about 5.30.

Tomorrow school reopens. I have had such a good time I do not like to have it end, but it means summer is so much the nearer.

When I got home I found Flora had gone out the Chinese Theater with Mr. Burgess, Mrs. Wo and Dr. Lincoln (a lady Dr.). We were relieved to get Ruth's letter and hope she is much better. I am glad the doctors feel that they know what causes the trouble and hope the medicine does dissolve the stones [*Ruth suffered from gall stones for 10 years according to her death certificate.*]. How are all of the rest of you? We are O.K.

Lots of love

Mary Beard.

P.S. I am sending a gold draft to Father for (\$25) twenty five dollars. I do not want to get so badly in debt that I feel oppressed and I know the other life insurance comes due now soon. I will send the duplicate some time later so as to make sure you get one at least.

Lots of love

Mary.

[This letter dated Apr. 12, 1915 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. Flora tells how the Japanese forces are gradually increasing in China and hopes the U.S. can do something about it. She has great confidence in President Yuan Shih Kai. She will mail this letter via Siberia to avoid censors opening it. She describes her group visit to the Great Wall and Ming Tombs. They are concerned about student, Mable Galt, who has had several operations on her nose and is fighting infection. Flora and Mary went with some American Board people to a Chinese Theater and watched an interesting performance. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Apr. 12, 1915.

Dear folks at home:-

It is three weeks since I have written home, but you will have received letters from Mary and some parcels from both of us. I sent a bundle of silk scraps which I thought mother might like for her patchwork or for silk bags. Two of the pieces are long enough for neckties if they are suitable in coloring. I found the bunch in a curio place. The designs in the brocade are quite unusual and not to be had in the silks made now. I also sent to you some editorials cut from our morning paper which will give you the Peking side of the Chino-Japanese question. I certainly hope the government of U.S. can do something to prevent this atrocity. It is the old story of the 'Wolf and the Lamb' being acted over again. The overbearing conduct of the Japanese everywhere through China is the common topic of discussion. They are evidently bent on making the Chinese angry so that something may happen so the Japanese can say they have a cause for fighting. The Chinese have done everything in their power to prevent any trouble, but it is also the old story of "The Arab and His Camel" being lived over again. It is exasperating to us foreigners to have to sit calmly by and see the gradual reinforcement of the Japanese forces. They are brought over with very plausible reasons, but when once here, the real reason carries out. It does not seem as though such things could take place in this era of civilization. It seems as if a century of medievalism had cropped out and taken us all by surprise. My faith in Pres. Yuan is just as strong as ever. I believe if any man can steer this huge country through these tortuous rapids he can do it. He has been very wise and dignified so far in the negotiations, tho we hear all kinds of rumors about the results of the conferences. How I'd like to tell you a lot more, but I wish you would be sure to let me know if this letter reaches you! All letters coming from India are opened and read by a censor but are so marked. The Japanese do not take this open way but are so skillful at opening a letter that even a seal does not show it. Consequently, I am mailing this at the Russian P.O. to go via Siberia. I believe letters travelling that way are respected at least. Please let me know.

Since I wrote my last letter we have had a vacation. Two days of it we spent in going up to the "Great Wall" and the "Ming Tombs." They were perfect days and we had a congenial party numbering seven in all. The trip to the tomb is quite a long one and over dried up rocky river beds. It took us four hours to travel it by extremely slow donkeys. The trip back is somewhat shorter since we did not go all the way back through the arches. We saw twelve of the thirteen tombs, though we did not get inside of the one which every one goes to see- Yung Lo's tomb. For some reason the gatemen balked and after he had once taken a stand he would not change, for it would mean loss of "face." When he found that we really were not going to go in, then his "friend" began to intercede and finally offered to pay out of his own pocket the full price which the gate keeper was asking of us. It was then too late for us to go as we had to meet a certain train, so this is twice I have made the trip and not see the real goal. I shall never try it again. I am still somewhat hampered by the fall I got from my donkey, - and that is another thing I shall never do again- ride a donkey. The saddle consists of several layers of wadded pads and there is nothing to hold them on except the one clear underneath which has a narrow strap loosely buckled around the little donkey's body. The others are thrown over and, I suppose, they do make the sitting a little softer. My donkey did not behave very well and I think his master was disciplining him just as I was readjusting myself in the saddle(?) where I slipped right over his head. It was not far to fall, so I was not much hurt.



Written in album: "The Ming Tombs - Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Gilchrist, Mr. Price, Flora"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We are feeling very anxious for one of our scholars. Several weeks ago she had a slight operation on her nose. The doctor had said it would lay her up for four or five days, but it has been at least five weeks and yesterday she had her ninth operation. Mary and I have just been to see her this morning and she is a sorry sight. I do hope this may conquer the trouble. I can't help feeling that it was most unwise doing the first operation during one of our fiercest dust storms. At any rate there is serious infection and it looks as if they are racing with it now. We feel all the more concerned because about three months ago [*one*] of the doctors succumbed to a like cause. Mable Galt is a girl whose character and gifts make her stand out distinctly beyond any of the other pupils of our school. She has such a mature way of doing everything that comes into her way that she is beloved by the grown people as well as by the children. I do hope this operation yesterday is going to head off all need of any more.

Last Sunday was Easter and Mary and I went down to the Methodist Chinese Church. It is the largest one in Peking probably seating a full thousand. Every seat was full, also the chairs in the aisles. The music is led by two violins, and two brass horns lead by the organ, so the audience kept together pretty well. We saw twenty-eight little Chinese babies baptized. It was most interesting to see these mothers coming up the aisles as their names were called. The little infants behaved remarkable well for most of them just cooed, and only one lifted up his voice to weep. - In our Union Church we had a special song service after the regular church service which we all stayed to enjoy.

On Tuesday Mary took a trip with a lot of the American Board people out to the Western Hills, where they have a summer resort of several cottages. It is a fine place for an Easter rest so she went with several of the people who spent the day with the people out there. I did not go, but spent most of the day sewing. Just about 6 P.M. Mr. Burgess asked if I did not want to go to a Chinese Theater- so quite a party of us went. It was a well built house with a balcony for the women while the men sat in the 'pit'. The stage was a large square with a railing around three sides, and the two entrances at the rear. It is impossible to tell you much about it for I could not understand a thing and the whole performance was so different from anything I had ever seen. The first part was opera and the singers when through simply turned their backs and had tea brought them between the solos. The audience

applauded, by means of a shout instead of by hands. The end was a regular melee of clanging cymbals, brandishing weapons, turning somersaults, and shouting. It was interesting to me that many of the audience left before this demonstration they evidently preferred the singing. - Lovingly- Flora.

[This letter dated April 17, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his almost 20 year old daughter, Phebe. He tells of the wedding of Mr. Skeats and Miss Hall. Miss Lulu Frances will be renting a room in Willard's Kuliang house this summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China April 17th 1915

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

An envelope has been in my desk addressed to you for some time. I cannot afford to look up in my correspondence register to see to whom I really ought to write so I'll just use this envelope this week.

The big event of the week was the wedding of Mr. Skeats to Miss Hall. You know Mr. Skeats. Miss Hall is from the U.S. altho she lived in Canada till a very short time ago. She came to Foochow a year ago last Fall to teach in the Methodist Woman's College. The wedding was booked for 11 a.m. It came off at about 11:30, was held in the chapel of this new building. Mr. Ward- Mildred Worley's husband did the act. The bride wore a white dress and an interminably long veil, I stepped on it but got off before I held her up. That's about all I can write about her. The prettiest part of the wedding were the little flower girls, - Helen McLachlin and Imogene Grace Ward. They were dressed in delicate pink dresses, and preceded the bride, who was led in by Mrs. Trimble, with a large basket of rose leaves. These they strewed over the floor as they went for the bride to walk on. The bridesmaids were Miss Wallace and Miss Hurlburt (new) the best man Dr. Moorehead, others just for looks I suppose, Mr. Hook- in Dodwells with Mr. Skeats, and Mr. Conlin (C.M.S.). The flowers were all Marguerites. When I got home I looked up Marjorie sitting among the Marguerites in our yard on South Side. It was as pretty as any thing I saw Wed. Mrs. Mac sang before the party came in and Ruby Sia played the wedding march.

A Miss Lulu A. Frances -Presbyterian from Soochow wants my rooms on Kuliang this Summer. A letter from her yesterday asked if I could possibly take in two gentlemen or if they could find rooms near. - Wonder what I am getting into. I judge Kuliang will be full all right this year.

This noon there was a Chinese dinner with the Collectors for the City Church and then a committee meeting which lasted till 3 p.m.= S.S. time I was congratulating myself this morning that I could have a good long time to write you today, but it turned out after all that I could not begin. The letter till after the days work was over at 8 p.m. You do not know how hungry I am for news of what you are doing and how you are.

I can only commit you each morning and evening to God and ask Him to help you each so to live each day that at its close you may think over its deeds and words and thoughts after Him. My finite mind may have in it the same thoughts that God's infinite mind has.

For several weeks I have been studying in my morning Bible Study the trial of Jesus. This morning I realized as never before how clearly both Pilate and Herod pronounced him absolute innocent of any political crime and how this threw the Jesus who wished his death back on their own envy and jealousy solely, and made them responsible for his death. Last Monday night the Life of Christ was given in five moving picture films to Foochow City Christians. I am glad to have seen it once- but once is enough.

May God bless you all in the life of the home, of the school, of the church of the playground and at all times.

Very Lovingly
Your Father Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated April 17, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary and Flora. He expresses concern for his sister, Ruth's gall stone problems. Mr. Ritter of the YMCA told Willard what good work Flora and Mary are doing in Peking. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Apr 17 1915

Dear Mary and Flora:-

A letter came from Phebe M. last evening enclosing others from Shelton all of which I am sending on to you. For two weeks my mails have been very precious if scarcity alone makes for that quality. But I have heard directly and indirectly from or of all the friends. I do not like the reports about Ruth altho I do not know the outcome or the cause of these gall stones.

I have bought a table cover-grass linen-drawn work for Stanley and Myra. Have you sent such things home? I have also bought a silk, embroidered waist and a linen dress pattern- drawn and embroidered. I may keep them till I go home- unless I find a good way to send them. I also have 4 mandarin robes that I paid \$14 for and 4 or 5 things of beads.

A Miss Lulu A. Francis of Soochow is thinking of taking my other rooms on Kuliang with friends.

Mr. Ritter of the Y.M.C.A. has been in Foochow for a week. It would make you girls blush if I should quote what he told me of your work in Peking. It made me tremble lest I should feel proud of being your brother.

Last week while Ritter and a Rev. Wang of the Volunteer movement were here 32 boys declared for Christ, - 8 volunteered for the ministry.

We are having abundance of rain and I'm still wearing my heaviest outer clothes.

Tell Mr. Burgess I'm working on that book of his but it will be slow. I cannot spend six or eight hours a day in committee meeting and two in class and also keep up all these other demands.

Did I tell you I have engaged my cook for the summer and his wife is to be with him. We'll have some one to darn stockings then.

The Japan scare seems to have either blown over or the people are used to it.

With Love to both

Will.

[This letter dated April 18, 1915 was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. She describes a funeral that she passed on her way home. Young Mable Galt has had eight operations on her nose and may face two more. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[April 18, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

The weeks are going with lightning speed. Lets hope the years go as fast. This last week brought letters from Ruth, Phebe and Mother all by one mail. Mails are very infrequent these days being from 10 days to 14 days apart. It makes nice fat mails when they do arrive.

On Monday was Mother's Club to which Flora went. I struck and went walking instead. I went to the Photographers for nine films I had left last week and came by the Hatamen. A polo game was in progress so I lined up with the Chinese by the fence and watched. It was quite exciting. When that was over I started home and heard the dismal drum and horn of a funeral. To one side was a red and yellow paper structure surrounded by a crowd of Chinese so again I joined the crowd. The group of mourners approached and spread down mats of various kinds. Then they knelt while two of their members carried forward a miniature pyre overlaid with a yellow cloth. This they laid before the paper altar and set fire to it. In about two minutes the whole was only a heap of ashes. Then the mourners gathered up their mats and went back up the street. A few nights later I saw preparations for another and rushed home to tell Flora so she could see it. The pyre was much larger and more elegant. I know because I saw it in pieces being carried to the spot.

On Tuesday we went to "Lin Fo Ssu", the periodic fair. Flora got her big brass tray for which she has been looking all winter. I got a small tray because my offer was taken up and I had to. I also got a "Miguiti" which is a tiny round image on a long wire. He has a "shoot the shoots" arrangement down which he goes bang. I squandered two cents on him. That is about one third of one of our home pennies. By the way, did the linen for Bessie ever arrive? You wrote that you had my letter saying it had been sent. How about the little images I sent Mother for her

birthday? Did they get there, and were they in good condition? I have some more to send as soon as I am assured that they are good [unreadable word]?

On Wednesday I did not go to Mrs. Wang's because Flora wanted to go to the meeting of the Old Ladies Home. We did not leave promptly from school so it was 4.38 when we left here. We got down the wrong HuTung and at last arrived just as the meeting was about to break up so did not go in. I have now a pair of new shoes and wore a blister on my left heel. Just as we were getting home I broke the blister. I had to ride to school the rest of the week and could wear no shoes except my pumps. The good care has paid for now it is not at all sore and it is only three days ago that I hurt it.

On Thursday I rode up to call on Mrs. Wang to find out how her little girl was. I found the child out in the court for the first time but quite happy. She had feared scarlet fever but the doctor said no.

Friday afternoon we went downtown. I got some fresh roses for my hat and shall wait for the fresh assignment of hats before purchasing a new one.

We had been invited to spend this Sunday at Ching Hua with Mrs. Pearley. The invitation was recalled because of the death of Mrs. Puckett one of the teachers out there. She had an operation less than three weeks ago and was recovering finely when she had a sudden attack; and finally, on Friday, as a last resort a second operation was done. She died that afternoon. The funeral is today and it is cold and dreary.

Yesterday I did little except keep a woman busy mending, work on some baby socks and go hat hunting again.

This morning I finished rereading "Ivanhoe." One of my classes is reading it and I had almost forgotten the story.

I am wondering how Mrs. Smith is. It sounds very serious when Leolyn is sent for from California. I have wished that she had taken little Leolyn east with her, because she too would be a good tonic for Mrs. Smith. [Fannie Harriet Seaver Smith, mother of Leolyn, died March 25, 1915.] Your letters seem to contain much of sickness. Hattie was better, Uncle Dan recovered, Aunt Ella the same [Uncle Dan and Ella Nichols-Dan is Nancy Nichols Beard's brother. According to Edith Beard Valentine, they lived in a house in the White Hills area of Shelton.]. Ruth writes of slow recovery for herself.

When I sent the shoe order I thought I ordered the size for Mrs. Burgess as the same as mine. She has had trouble with her feet so if you have not sent the shoes do not do so at all. She needs a special shoe and has ordered it elsewhere.

Flora says you did rightly in selling the picture to Miss Brewster. She says anything above \$5.00 will do as that gives her more than her money back in them.

Mr. Dailey, head of the Y.M.C.A. arrived yesterday morning and is here for supper this evening. He is a big man. His wife and family are in Switzerland for a year.

Mable Galt is still in the hospital. Altogether she has had 8 operations and probably has one or two ahead of her. Her nose must have been in a terribly bad state. Now they are taking out dead bone and removing the obstacles which cause pus to form.

I am enclosing the duplicate order for the \$25 I am sending father.

We send your letters on so quickly that I am afraid some questions may be left without response.

I do hope for better news of the health of friends and family in the next letter.

With much love

Mary.

April 18, 1915.

P.S. At dinner this evening one of the guests was a Mr. Knipp of Canton. Last summer he was at Kuliang and became acquainted with Willard whom he admires very greatly as a most capable man.

Mon. A.M.

I have just received notice from the Japanese Post Office that my shoes are there. I will go for them this afternoon.

With love

Mary



Written in album: "Picnic at the Temple of Heaven April 24, 1915"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **April 27, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 6 ½ year old daughter, Kathleen. He tells Kathleen what his typical Sundays are like. Willard talks about getting a Chinese doll for her. Remaining pages of letter are missing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
 For
 Foreign Missions

Foochow College
 President's Office

Foochow, China April 27th 1915

Dear Kathleen:-

How very pleased and at the same time proud I was to receive your good letter which came in the last home mail. I am sorry that I had so much work on Sunday that I could not answer it then and start the answer home at once. My Sunday work was like this: at 9 a.m. teach a Normal Class of boys in the Sunday School lesson for April 25th. At 10:30 be at Ciu Buo to preach and afterward conduct communion. At 2 p.m. after dinner, take a little nap- do you remember when you and I used to lie down together after dinner for a nap, and how you used to peek to see when I was asleep and then quietly slip off the bed and leave me asleep and run off to play? The Sunday School lasted till 4:30. Each class was allowed to ask a question of some other class and they got very much interested and held over time. I have for my class the third year boys who do not go out to teach in other Sunday Schools. There are about thirty five boys in the class. At 5 p.m. we had a Vesper service at Mrs. Cooper's. Supper after that and at 7:30 I preached at Iong Gio Haeng. Now do you think it was right for me to go to bed after I got home- instead of sitting up to write to you? And yesterday I had time only to write Mama. The foundation for the new Church is going in and the masons wanted to put in the concrete for the foundations of the eight large pillars that are to hold the roof. I had to show them how to mix the broken stone, sand and cement. Then came faculty meeting and at 6:30 a Chinese feast.

Mr. and Mrs. T.M. Wilkinson and the little five year old Chinese girl they have adopted spent Sunday with us. Her name is Dorothy. I let her take a little doll that I received at Christmas. It was one that has a round base and will always stands up- never lie down. I think she must have taken it home. I shall try to find a Chinese doll for you. Altho I do not know just what you want. The real Chinese doll- such as the little Chinese girls play with is made of clay and very fragile. But I think you want a doll dressed like a Chinese. This is what I'm going to try to get for you.

Friday afternoon I went over South Side to a meeting of the Kuliang Public Improvement Committee at Mr. Skerritt-Rogers and took supper with Mr. and Mrs. Mac.

I am enclosing a check that someone tried to forge on me in July 1913. You may like to look at it. I do not want it any more.

About thirty boys are planning to unite with the church next Sunday. This will be the largest number that ever joined this church at one time. One day last year 28 joined.

The weather continues very cool. I am wearing my winter clothes yet. I wonder if you are having a garden this year and if Grandpa's bees are still making honey and if anyone has any hens there still. I want to know all about your school, too. I have asked two or three times if Dorothy joined the church last July!! but no one has yet written about it.

When your letter came-this one is the first you have written all alone with no help at all,- I put it with two others of yours that I have kept= the one you wrote before you could write at all. It went like this [*scribbles*] all over the page, and the one you wrote with Mama telling you how to spell etc. So now I have three of your "first" letters.

I have so many things that I use every day that you dear people at home have given me that I am reminded of you all the time. I specially enjoy your wash cloths and Mama's rough towel. I expect you will laugh at me but I would not let the coolie wash that. I washed it myself. Then your powdered soap is a joy whenever my hands are specially dirty. I wore the beautiful white silk tie to Miss Hall's wedding.

Dr. and Mrs. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg and Mr. and Mrs. Beach are all in Foochow with their children and are all going to Shanghai and next steamer for America Miss Garretson goes with them.

I hope God is in reality a father to each one of you, and that you are His children, and that when people see you they can tell you are His children by your actions.- This is your very loving Father's prayer for you.

Willard L. Beard

*[This letter dated **May 2, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to daughters, Phebe and Kathleen. He tells them about the Consulate reception he attended on a rainy day. Dr. Bliss accompanied some missionaries including his wife and children to a steamer to Shanghai. Dr. Bliss will return to Shaowu by himself and the rest will go on to America. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
May 2- 1915

Dear Phebe and Kathleen:-

Your good letters came last evening. They were waiting for me as I came home from the reception given to Vice Consul and Mrs. Thompson on the eve of their departure from Foochow to enter the employ of the Standard Oil Co. Mrs. Consul Ponters gave the reception in the Consulate- the day had been very rainy and sour. Miss Perkins and I were the only Am B'd representatives. The affair was very pleasant- Mrs. Eyestone, Mrs. Lachlin=Daphne Remire= Mr. Jones. The new H. and S. Bank Sub. agent sang. Mr. Eyestone played the cornet. Mrs. Greigg played and a gentleman played the violin and I came away, stopping at Mrs. Walter Lacy's to buy some dishes for Kuliang.

The weather is sure strange this year. I sit in my study with winter outer clothes and an overcoat on. We have had a fire in the grate for each meal today. There has been no sun for about two weeks.

On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Beach and Frances, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg and two little girls and Dr. and Mrs. Bliss and two girls and little boy, and Miss Garretson went down to the Steamer for Shanghai. All but Dr. Bliss will go to Am. He will go to Shanghai with the party and from there up the Yangste to Kuliang and overland to Shaowu unless I can buy from the foreign dairy here a foreign bull for him. Then he will come back to Foochow and take it up to Shaowu. He plans to spend the Summer alone in Shaowu.

Yesterday I attended a unique funeral. The man who died was the one whom I received to the church last Winter- you remember I went to his house- a poor little two roomer affair- and received him. We all thought then that he would live only a very short time. He has something like dropsy. Dr. Cooper drew off the liquid for him some twelve times. Last Friday he took a sedan and went to the Hospital to be relieved again. He sat down on a bench to wait and just went to sleep apparently without a struggle. His faith was beautiful to behold. He has known for months that he had no hope of living long and has been looking with pleasure to the call to go home.

Another pleasing funeral comes tomorrow. This is of an old man. His son is a very earnest member of the Au Ciu Church. He has not himself confessed Jesus. But just before he died, he told his children and grand children that they must not allow any superstitious rites at his funeral. "My friends will surely send in idol paper. But you must not burn it. Just receive it, put it in a corner and afterward throw it away." All his instructions were carried out. To morrow we are asked to meet for his funeral service.

This morning I had the pleasant privilege of preaching and receiving to membership here 28- seven of them women. I also baptized four children. You would have been interested for two of the children were Dwight

Douglass and Marion Jean Newell. Marion is a wee route[?] of a girl, but here eyes are as bright as dollars and she sat up straight in her mother's arms and looked as if she understood it all.

Your marks Phebe are very interesting, and I greatly appreciate them. I wonder why none of the others send theirs.

Yes you will miss Mama when you get to College- but you will still have with you the training she has given you and you will find that your ideals-which are now of course several- will furnish rules that will guide you in specific cases. I have found that my safety in many cases of doubt during the past three years- for I have missed Dear Mama's counsel sadly- has been this maxim- "When I do not know what to do – do nothing."

I am still reading the Life of Christ. Just finishing it I mark my study book until it looks badly used. -Clock is striking 10. Let me hear about your Glee Club- Also will you all talk over the matter of the piano. Do you want to keep the piano. Shall I buy one here and have it ready for Mama and the little girls or shall we bring the one you have out here with us?

As to your loosing the debate to the Sophomores- We show the stuff of which we are made more surely in the manner we accept defeat than we do by success.

I wish I could hear Billy Sunday. He is certainly a rare man- a natural man- a man used of God.

Keep praying for me- I need it physically, mentally and spiritually. I talk with God about each of you by name every morning and night. He is very good to us- let us love so He can continue to be good to us.

Your loving Father

Willard L. Beard.

*[This typewritten letter dated **May 6, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister Ruth. He is glad to hear that she is feeling better. He talks about 6 ½ year old Kathleen's writing. The summer resorts are filling quickly as people are less inclined to go to Japan due to the strained relations between Japan and China. The missionaries are planning on using a lot of plague anti toxin in the city. Doctors in the Hing Hua region have found it to work well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China May 6 1915

Dear Ruth:-

Of course that means every body else too. For my letters are so rare and my relatives and friends so numerous that I do not even try to get all around with my replies. As soon as one of your letters reaches me I hustle to get it into the next mail for the north so that the girls will receive it the earliest date possible. The same is true of the papers.

I was much relieved that the last letters said so little of your illness. I took it as an indication that you were better and we all certainly hope you stay so. Kathleen had a writing fever strike her a month or so ago and I had two letters in successive mails from here. She is writing all her own self. "nobody helps me at all". And Ellen adds that the only help she asks is on spelling and not all the time on that I guess. "fore" for "for". And other peculiarities that make the letters valuable. I sent the last one to the girls today. I now have three of her "first" letters. The one she wrote like this - -

[scribbles across the page]

that had to be interpreted by a mind reading mother. The one she wrote standing by the desk and asking Mama each word to write and how to spell it and how to make the letters etc. And this one - - the first "all alone". Am I dreaming or is it true that father and mother have a granddaughter twenty years old about the time this reaches you? My, it does not seem more than a few weeks ago that I was throwing away ten dollars to telegraph the very humdrum fact that a daughter had arrived at our home here.

Last Sunday I received 28 into the church here. I did it last fall one Sunday also. All churches and schools are unusually full this year. I sent a letter from the teacher on Sang Gaing to you in my last letter. He has now over 50 pupils. One man cannot possibly teach that number. So after talking with Mr. Newell who has general charge of the day schools in this district, I have engaged an assistant for him at \$4.00 mex. per month for the rest of the year. Then the house is not calculated to accommodate that number and an extra teacher. It is large enough but it is not all usable as it is so I am going to put in another \$20.00 mex. to make it usable.

Day before yesterday I went to the mountain. It was the finest day this spring. We have had an unusually cold and wet spring. The sun came out Monday and on Tuesday it was still out and made all things most cheerful and bright. I am greatly anticipating the summer with the girls. It looks as if I were to have a house full of girls. The war and the relations between China and Japan are filling the summer resorts to overflowing this summer in China. I know of several who thought of summering in Japan, but they say, "It would not be pleasant there now. We would have to be so careful what we said, and we could not help thinking all the time." Then there are many who would not go to the mountain if they had business but the conditions have stopped business for a time and they will go to the mountain while they wait.

A good letter came from Phebe by the last mail I mean Phebe M. altho the same is true of Phebe K. Stanley seems to be in the swim all right just now. I mean businesswise. We are planning to use a lot of Plague antitoxin in Foochow this year. It has never been used in the city to any extent. The Doctors in the Hing Hua region- 50 miles to the south have used it with wonderful success. Not more than 4 or 5 out of a thousand who had been inoculated took the plague.

This is just the season of the year that I get the farm fever. How I should enjoy plowing for corn just now, with the trees coming into leaf and blossom and the grass getting green and the cows crazy for it and the peepers vying with one another to peep the most times a minute and the little chickens skulking in the green, tender grass, and Elizabeth talking to them like Hiawatha.

This is only one page but it is single space and there are a lot of words on it and a lot of love to each word for each one of you.

From Will.

*[This letter dated **May 9, 1915** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. They just heard that China granted Japan all that they asked in their ultimatum. Mrs. Burgess, the woman who Flora and Mary are boarding with, has recently been very ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

May 9 [1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

Hurrah for the new Ford!! Wish I were there to help run it, then Ruth wouldn't have to hurry up and start in ink again. Not that I don't want the pieces hurried- for the sooner the better. Will sent us a fine collection of letters too and a nice one from himself. I am glad everyone seems to be getting better- you have had such a hard winter! What was the trouble with Mrs. Smith? Neither letters nor papers suggest the nature of her illness. I am so glad Leolyn 1st was there and wish Leolyn 2nd were with her. But perhaps it is better not because she is such a passionate child the death and seemed parting from Connecticut friends might be too great a strain.

We have just heard that China has granted to Japan all she asked in her ultimatum. Some are glad because they feel that she gained much when she made Japan oust the fifth clause; others regret it lest Japan misuse her advantage to demand more when the other clauses are discussed later. I wish the foreign powers who must judge this could have a few real insight into conditions here. The Outlook would have many [*unreadable word*] unless people took it just to rile their feelings.

We had our first Spring rain on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. There was a thunder shower the first two nights. The days were comparatively clear but the nights were very strong. It has done everything a great deal of good and settled the dust quite effectually for a season.

On Thursday night we all retired as usual but about 2.30 AM Mrs. Burgess was taken very ill. We were up for much of the rest of the night while Mr. Burgess went first for the doctor then off for various other things needed. Now she has a night and a day nurse. Finally on Thursday they operated and she is now recovering from the effects of that. I shall hardly know how to talk out loud when I get another chance, nor how to walk except on tip toe. This will probably mean that the Burgesses go home this June. If they do I hope they come to see you. You will like them both I know. Their headquarters will be in Trenton, Mr. Burgess's home.

Yesterday Flora went with Mrs. Ingram to Tientsin shopping for the school. They got the dishes and some articles for the kitchen so felt prepared for the day. They left on the 5.40 AM train and got back about 7.30. I worked here all the morning at school work. In the afternoon I went with the people from one of the Presbyterian compounds for a picnic out at the Zoological Botanical Gardens. We called it a Wisteria picnic because we went especially to see the Wisteria arbor. There were six or eight arbors about the size of our large grape arbor south of the home, each one mass of blue. The sight and smell was worth while. The peonies were also in their prime. One large single pink one was different from any I had ever seen. They had a tea plant in bloom. The flower was like a

beautiful pink Azalea only larger. One of the sacred bamboos was also in bloom. In the Zoological part the most interesting thing was the family of baby foxes, four in all and about the size of kittens.

When I was up to Mrs. Wang's this Wednesday she asked a favor of me and I granted it although you will be the ones doing the favor not I. She had just received a letter from home, the first since January. Her mother was much worried about her because she had had no letter since September. Now both had written two or three times a week. Mrs. Wang asked the address of some friend in America to whom she could send her letters to be forwarded. I gave her Elizabeth's name and home address, and do hope it will not be too much better. She will send stamp orders for the postage so there will be no expense to you. I think though I will ask her to pay me here and let you put it on my account. If I do I will write you to that effect.

The low shoes are a perfect fit. I rather hope the countermand of Mrs. Burgess's order is delayed as I could use the two pair.

I have my green seersucker dress from the tailor and worn ready for the laundry. He has my white Japanese crepe. He was to bring it for a fitting Friday evening but the storm kept him away. That evening I took my sewing over to Mrs. Hall's for about two hours. It is the first time I have done that this year. It was very restful.

I am getting so sleepy I am going to try to get a nap before church. I also want to walk down to the Post office to mail these letters. This is my eighth today and I must write Willard before I stop.

With lots of love

Mary Beard

May 9

P.S. I am starting some little hand[?] images[?] for Ruth's birthday remembrance. They will be very late- but-

*[This letter dated **May 15, 1915** was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have just heard about Mrs. Smith's death (Leolyn Seaver Smith Beard's mother) and also, of Seaver's engagement (probably Seaver Smith, brother of Leolyn Seaver Smith Beard). They met Dean Fitch from Oberlin College who was there to visit the Shansi Mission. The Rockefeller Foundation is going to support the medical work in Peking. She talks about the Japanese/Chinese political situation. They just heard about the sinking of the Lusitania and said that when the Germans in Tientsin found out they celebrated. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[May 15, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

This week the letter came telling of Mrs. Smith's death. I cannot seem to think of her being gone. You said nothing about what the trouble was. I wonder what Mr. Smith will do. The news of Seaver's engagement was a surprise to us- and not a pleasant one either. It looks to me as though there had been a quarrel and each were trying to show the other how little each cared. I shall wait for further news. - We have received word that Mary's shoes are on their way and we hope the next mail brings them. I want my pattern very much for I want to get one or two dresses for hot weather done before we go South.

This is to be a very busy week for we have a big wedding to attend on Wednesday and our school entertains on Friday. There are about two hundred-fifty people invited. We have had a stage built out of doors, and we shall also have the tea served outside. The afternoon shadows are just right for us. The children are doing the work guided by us. We had a Chinese carpenter come to build the stage and his interpretation of what we wanted is certainly generous in proportions, for it looks huge.- A week ago I went down to Tientsin shopping for the school- with Mrs. Ingram. We bought a double set of dishes for \$49 silver. How is that? At the present rate of exchange that is less than \$20 gold. I can't say very much about the design and quality except that it seems like strong china and the decorations are in Delft blue and are Dutch scenes. I think the children will like them.

I presume Mary wrote you last week of Mrs. Burgess's serious illness.* She is well enough now so that the nurse has gone but she does not sit up yet. The doctor came this morning for the last time, so he evidently considers her beyond need of him. Mr. and Mrs. Burgess hope now to start for home the latter part of June. I hope they may visit you. If it should be convenient for you, I think they might accept an invitation to spend a week with you. I shall say nothing to them about this so you will be under no obligation to invite them unless you wish.

Yesterday we were invited to an afternoon reception to meet Dean Fitch of the Women's part of Oberlin College. She is a charming young person. She is out here to visit the Shansi Mission which is supported by Oberlin College. I believe Shansi has just received quite a sum of money bequeathed by a wealthy Oberlin man, so people are interested in Shansi just now.-The Rockefeller Foundation is making quite an excitement here, for it means that

medical work here will be put on a basis for excellent work. If the right kind of men can be found to come out it will make Peking the center of a wonderful work. The idea is to use and work with the missionaries and their plants.-I wish you could have had the ride down to Tientsin with us. We got up for the 5.40 A.M. train. Mrs. Ingram and I had the women's compartment all to ourselves all the way down. The country was beautiful. It was really eighty miles of wheat fields. The economy of the Chinese farmer is worth observing. The wheat is sown in rows and just now can be seen in between the rows the tiny sprouts of galiang- a tall grain something like kaffir corn. In this way they get two crops a year from the same land.

I expect you have been interested in the accounts of the political situation here. I have just wished you could know the truth. Miss Brewster has sent me some "New York Suns" and then we have seen the "Outlook." The New York papers have told much nearer the truth. The Outlook is so far from the truth that it shows how biased its edition is. The events of the past three months have made China's friends very anxious for her. The immediate crisis is over but by no means has 'convalescence set in.' No one can quite see how Japan expects to succeed in the end, for 40 million can never expect to digest 400 million, and every enemy of China has been absorbed by the Chinese and it looks as if she wished to chose a like extraction of herself. Certainly the world will not be fooled much longer by Japan's lies.

The whole thing has been a piece of highway robbery. The Chinese have appointed May 7th as a holiday to commemorate the dishonor to their country imposed upon them by the Japanese in their weakness. There is no love between the two nations and the deeds done here by the alien people are such as to arouse serious indignation and hatred. The Chinese have done actually nothing to merit such treatment and when the personal insults are given they have been met with a civility that cannot be misconstrued. China's day is coming and it will be all the brighter for having to wait another generation.

The news of the Lusitania has come with a shock to us. If United States can keep out of the war, I am sure she will be a fit one to hope settle the snarl of questions that will have to be done where peace is thought of. Everyone out here thinks it such a 'stupid' war, -waged for such a trivial reason. The hatred between the Germans and the other nationalities is very strong. The German missionaries refused to accept a single cent from the English when a contribution was taken up for their benefit. When the news of the Lusitania came last week the Germans of Tientsin had celebrations in honor of their success, and when they were requested to be more quiet in their demonstrations there were street scenes between them and the English citizens. It seems to me that such "kultun" is not such as this world needs to make it better.

With love-

Flora Beard.

Peking,

May 15, 1915.

(You would better address your next letters to Foochow as we expect to be there by July 1.)

*[This letter dated **May 23, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sisters and all the people at home. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. It tells of an illiterate field woman who came to the church to have her two sons baptized after one of her sons recovered from a serious illness. He mentions being inoculated for the Bubonic Plague hoping the rest of the College Faculty would follow suit.]*

Foochow, China May 23rd 1915

Dear Sisters and all the Peoples at Home:-

We had a most unique service at Tai Bing Ga this morning. Mr. Lau Buo Ka united with the church and two little boys, brothers, were baptized. There is nothing startling about that bare fact but the circumstances make it the most unique service ever held in a Foochow church. The church is packed as usual. Among the women sits a field woman, with large pins in her hair, without stockings and illiterate. By her side are her two little boys aged six and eight years. The father has been in Formosa for two or more years. Last year the elder boy was taken very ill. They said he had a devil. For days he was unconscious, lying with his eyes closed and from time to time uttering incoherent sounds. The mother tried all the charms she knew of and heaped the votive offerings to the spirits very high but the little boy continued to lie in a stupor with eyes closed and mumbling incoherent sentences. Since the illness began he had neither taken food nor recognized anyone. In desperation she at last went to a relative who had been a Christian for many years. She said, "Can your religion do anything for my little boy?" "We Christians know of only one method. We pray to God."

"Will you pray for my little son?"

"Yes but you must pray with me. Will you do that?"

"Certainly I will."

The boy had been placed on the floor ready to die. As the two prayed he opened his eyes and for the first time since he was taken ill said, "Mother I want a drink of tea." From that moment he began to mend and is now a strong healthy boy. The mother is a regular attendant at church altho it requires a full hour's walk, and the two little boys aged six and eight years are always with her. Today she has brought these two little boys to be baptized. She pledges to teach them to love Jesus and grow up into Christian men.

While this is being done Mr. Lau is sitting in the seat of honor [*letter too long for copy page*] ..is great. Mr. Lau is the leading citizen of Foochow. He is the Salt Commissioner for Fukien Province. The Civil and Military Governors are higher positions but they must be held by men from outside the province, and Mr. Lau is independent of them. By his integrity and ability he has risen to the highest position possible for him in the province. He is also the commissioner of Finance for the province. He is the leading gentry of the province, - a leader in all the reforms now under way such as the new park, the new boulevard and the widening of the streets. President Yuan calls him to Peking for consultation.

Last fall when Mr. Sherwood Eddy was here this man announced publicly that he had decided to unite with the church. He has been constant in his purpose. Friends in other parts of China have written him bitterly denouncing his stand, other friends in Foochow have urged him to recant, not to go back on his ancestral religion and not to renounce Confucism. In talking with him regarding uniting with the church he made this noteworthy remark, "I hope by uniting with the church to lead the way for others of the official and gentry classes to also join. There are many of these who believe but they are afraid to take the stand,"

[*Handwritten until the end of the letter*]

It was my privilege and honor to baptize this man and receive him to the church last Sunday. He was the most earnest listener in the room. Tell Mr. Burgess of the fact of his joining the church.

I was inoculated last Monday for Plague (Beubonic). I did it to inure the Faculty of the College to follow suit. There is some in Foochow but it is not as bad as in previous years.

Talk about the fame of the boarding house keeper. The mail this evening brought a letter from Tourane, Annam, French Indo-China, asking if I take a gentleman as a boarder. I have already written "no" to nearly ten.

The weather continues delightfully cool-there is much rain.

Tomorrow evening if it is pleasant the sixth year class are to give the Comedy of Errors out of doors. - Tickets 50 cents 20 cents and 10 cents and also complimentary- 1200 tickets [*unreadable*].

I thought of you Mary day before yesterday and I hope you had a pleasant [*letter too long for copy paper*]

[*This letter dated **May 30, 1915** was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. A celebration was held for Mary's 33rd birthday. Flora talks about teaching in Tungchow next year and how their first year in Peking has been a success. They attended the annual missionary concert and discussed the evening attire and some of those who attended. Flora and Mary will be leaving for Foochow soon for the summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

May 30, 1915

Dear folks at home:-

Have we remembered to write you that the shoes, whisk brooms, tooth brushes, and stamps and pattern have come? All were most welcome. This past week Mary has been receiving several packages to help her to celebrate May 26th, though that is not the only way in which she celebrated. The children got up a surprise party for her and served a luncheon at the school- even to ice-cream. They enjoyed it- especially the hour of play that they had afterwards-staying until 7 P.M. The grounds are so large at school and play there does not disturb anyone so that the children often stay until 6 P.M. We do not leave boys and girls together unchaperoned but often the boys stay by themselves, and occasionally the girls ask to stay.

Mary probably told you all about our entertainment which was quite a success, both in regards to the pupils and the number of people who came I feel that our first year has been enough of a success to be a help for coming years. I am glad always when I think of this year in Peking for it certainly has counted for publicity and getting acquainted with the people. Next year will be much quieter from a social point of view, though we shall not be cut off from opportunities for all and more than we can do. The people in Tungchow are going to help us out- as some one will hear to do- for besides the housekeeping, to have to teach all grades from third primary through the third

high school, the task is too much for two people. We spent last Sunday in Tungchou, which is a treat from dusty, noisy Peking. The alfalfa was knee high, and the roses were in bloom so that the place was most attractive. The school building is proceeding slowly, but I think will be quite ready for us in September- although the heating apparatus may not reach here in time to be finished before we get settled. We plan to be in Tungchou by Sept. 1st so as to have the two weeks to get things settled by the 14th when we begin. Two of our scholars will not get back from U.S. before October, so I believe we shall manage without discomfort. The weather will be such that we can study out of doors if workmen have to be in the house.

Last Monday evening was held the annual missionary concert which is the one big social event of the year among the missionaries. It was just a recital by several of the best soloists and one pianist, but afterwards refreshments were served and there was a general good time. Evening gowns, and dress suits made the gathering very gay and the number of mandarin coats added most generously to the brilliant colors! It was a very pretty occasion, but was quite a surprise to us for we had not any idea of what we were going to- that is the social part. In between the two parts of the program, a little lady came to speak to me and you can guess how surprised I was when she told me her name- Helen Shulte Tenney. Mother may remember meeting her that year several of us took a furnished house on Ward Place, South Orange. It was her father's house that we had. She was about sixteen years old there. I knew that she left S. O. to be married to a doctor in the West. It seems he is the son of Dr. Tenney of the American Legation here in Peking. Her husband is employed by the Standard Oil Company to go up into Shansi to look after the oil wells and the Standard Oil people there. She (Helen) is staying with her father-in-law's people here in Peking with her two little children, a boy and a girl. They are fine looking children. It does one good to see her so domestic for that was the last thing in which she was interested in South Orange. She has never known the joys of a home until now. I am to go to dine with her to-night.

The weather has begun its heated term and there seems to be very little change - just hot every day. The Friday of our entertainment was the last decently cool day. The children at school act like a coming vacation. We are beginning school at 8.30 A.M. and closing at 12.30 M. so that I think we are getting as much work from the children as we can expect with such hot weather. We hope to go on till June 11th, but shall finish up all that must be done - this week.

Yesterday we began packing our clothes away for Tungchou, and soon as we get the time we shall continue until we get all our things into boxes again. I hope this will be the last time until we get ready to go home. It will not be long now before we leave for Foochow. We hope to get away by June 20th - in order to reach Foochow by July 1st. You would better address your next letters to Foochow and keep on until about Aug. 1st, when it will be time to reach us in Tungchou.

I am enclosing a sample of ribbons, which I need for my shoes. Will you get a yard and three-quarters (1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yds.) of each- both the width of the black. The brown is much too wide. Yesterday Mary and I went shopping outside of Chien Men (Front gate) where all the Chinese shops are. We found all that we went for so we begin to feel a bit independent. Fortunately we found an English speaking Chinese and with one of two samples we got the materials we went after. We found Chinese linens most reasonable- a bolt of about twenty yards for \$4 silver. I have gotten one dress out and have eight yards left.

Ruth, would you like to have me match that blue and white Chinese material of your dress when I go through Shanghai? I can do so and send a few yards to you if you wish? I may get some for myself for I have had an accident with my gown and gotten some kind of furniture stain on it, which can not be stirred. I am thinking, though, of taking off the trimming and wearing it out for I discovered that it is already going to pieces.

Mary had probably told you of the Burgess' home going. They are planning to leave, Yokohama July 10th. I think it is a wise thing to do for Mrs. Burgess is very very nervous and Mr. Burgess needs a rest. His work is so interesting and engrossing that he hardly knows how to stop, but the very man that he had wanted (but not dared to hope for) is coming to take up his work. He expects to be in New York studying at Columbia, so I hope you will see him- and his wife some time. A letter addressed to Mr. J.S. Burgess in care of the International Y.M.C.A. in New York City will reach him at anytime.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. Grant and daughter Delnoce, left for New York. They are to have just seven weeks in the States but I hope you can see them. I have given them your address, and Stanley's. Delnoce is one of our students. [*In Mary's photo albums, she prints the name as Delnose.*]

Lovingly- Flora Beard.

Peking
May 30, 1915.

*[This letter dated **May 30, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. He gives her some advice for college and being prepared in her schoolwork. Willard was just inoculated for the plague and tells her about the side effects from it. He relates a story about a Chinese man who had what we would call today an after life experience. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]*

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

President's Office

Foochow College

Foochow, China May 30th 1915

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]:-

The letter is yours again this week because I received during the past week your good letter written April 18. I am missing all the family councils on economy or perhaps better economizing. I hear so little from any of you about finance that I feel entirely out of it- to use slang. Dorothy and Marjorie have not yet written of receiving the checks for Feb.

Your account of the Easter service was interesting and vivid. Kiss Kathleen for me for being such a nice little seed and waking up so naturally. As I think of my own days in school and college I have to acknowledge that American boys and girls in school are as bad as Chinese students, - perhaps worse in some things. - Yes most of the boys who come to this college come either because they themselves want an education or because their parents or guardians want them to have one. But some who are sent by parents do not at all realize the value of an education and they have to be sent home for various reasons. You are at least having an interesting time with your advisory board. I used to envy a man in Hartford Seminary by the name of Hitchcock. He always had his thesis or sermon or other paper ready and laid up days and at times weeks before it was due. But I have ceased to envy him or such as he. His papers and sermons were like cold storage eggs- valued at about half price. On the other hand it is not well or safe to have the ink on ones essay too fresh or to put off preparation for the debate or address too long. There is a happy medium in this as in all things. Avoid by all means if possible coming to the delivery in a flurry.- Better less preparation and a calm heart and steady mind to deliver what you have. You will be all right in college. One great advantage in College life is that you have a time set apart for every thing. This helps you conserve your time. I await with interest to hear of Gould's debate.

Last Monday I was inoculated for plague, - with most of the other men of the compound and most of the Faculty and others to the number of about 60. That night my left arm into which the millions of dead bugs had been thrust was pretty tender and ached pretty hard. The next day I felt like lying still but that would set a bad example, so I kept up and went over S. Side in the afternoon to a meeting of the B'd of Managers of the Union Arts Course- was electric chairman and conducted the meeting for two hours. The next day I was nearly all right. The plague has begun but not very bad yet.

The 6th year had made all preparations to give to Comedy of Errors last evening. They had erected a stage on the tennis court and carried all the seats from church and chapel and class rooms- to seat about 800. Just as the show was to begin the rain came and it was pitable to see their disappointment. I had allowed them to do this on one condition- that all seats should be returned and every thing cleaned up for Sunday before they went to bed. Well it was done but I worked with them from 9-10.

This afternoon another very interesting service took place in a village not far from S. Gate. A poor man was dying of consunsion. He wanted to be baptized and unite with the church. So Miss Hartwell, myself, the preacher and several of the church members went to his home at 4:30 this afternoon to admit him. Two days ago he became unconscious for the space of two hours. They all thought him dead and began the wailing. But he came to life again and told his household and relatives that he had been to a very large and beautiful house, and they had told him that he was going back and would not leave the earth till the 17th= today 4th month 17th day. He also remembered that one bit of paper used in idol worship had not been destroyed. On regaining consciousness he at once looked on the wall and being too weak to get up himself called on a relative to tear the paper down. As this part of the story was told in the room where he lay this afternoon an old woman standing next to me said with pride, "Yes I tore it down." He has told his wife to become a Christian and three other men- relatives are pledged to become Christians.

The weather is still very cool. Today had been rather warm. The thermometer in my study is now 9 p.m. at 80 degrees. Mr. and Mrs. McGrasham Americans in the Baptist Mission in Swatau are planning to start day after tomorrow for Foochow to go to Kuliang, arrive here Thursday. Next week the Coopers and Belchers plan to go and Mrs. Newell I believe.

Kathleen, papa considers you a girlie of rare good judgment, when it comes to estimating mama's value-yes she's easily worth the "highest number in the world,"- and of course she is worth in addition to this all the love we all can give her. Now you give her a nice good hug and kiss from papa.

May our Father fill you all so full of loving thoughts and plans and words and deeds that you will not need to worry about temptations. May He give you success in this terms work at school. Gould will be at Century Farm before this reaches you.

Your very loving father

Willard L. Beard

*[This letter dated **June 6, 1915** was written from Peking, China from Mary to the ones at home. She tells about her 33rd birthday celebration. They attended a college commencement and a representative of President Yuan gave an address and picture. She tells of a party they attended and the games they played there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[June 6, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

How the time does fly- thanks to enough to do. Only one week more and school is over. We have not decided yet when or how to go south but for me the sooner the better after school is over.

Flora probably wrote you of my birthday celebration. I had literally armfuls of roses brought me in the morning. It was an awfully hot day so I gave up going to Mrs. Wangs for German. I had to go to Teng Shih Kou to telephone her and to see Mr. Martin about the German class. When I got back I found supper for twenty of us all laid out on the tables in our school yard. It was great fun, I knew that something was going but couldn't guess what. Their children had brought the things at noon and hidden them behind the staging which was still up.

This week we have had only one session and the relief has been very great. Last week it was so hot I was ready to stop them but this week I feel fine. I get a nap nearly every afternoon when it is hot and study in the evening when cool.

On Monday we went to Mrs. Kraus's at the Methodist Mission for dinner. It seems Mr. K. was college mate with Mr. Newell of Foochow. That was the evening of their college commencement and we had invitations so went. The exercises were most showy but very very interesting. The President's band played, the American Minister gave the address, a representative from Pres. Yuan gave a short address and presented the college with the President's picture is a token of regard. The seniors in cap and gown marched across the platform for their diplomas. All the faculty sat in state on the platform. It was good to see caps and gowns and boards once again. After the exercises we favored ones went to Dr. H.H. Lowry's for the reception. They shook hands with the 21 graduates and were served with tea or coffee and cake. It seemed almost like a home affair, except that Chinese faces were rather too numerous. Yet the Chinese faces seemed too few when one thought that it was a reception of a class of Chinese boys.

On Tuesday we went to Lun Fu Ssl, the periodic bazaar, and made a few minor purchases.

I forgot what we did on Wednesday but think we walked downtown and did some errands. Yes, I know, I went after my shoes and they were not ready. It was the second call. On Friday I made the third and they were still "not quite ready". I asked, "have you tendered them?" And found that they had not. I was wrathful and asked for the shoes. Yesterday I took them to another place and it remains to be seen whether the Chinese cobbler keeps his word better than the Japanese.

On Friday afternoon Miss Pike and Miss Seeley came in from Chin Hua for a party at Mrs. Edward's next door. We were invited also. It was great fun, there being about 16 couples of us. First we were given pieces of a post card puzzle. We fitted them together, six completing a card. Then the groups of six had to get up some means of entertaining the others. The first group gave a small farce in pantomime. Then our group put on paper masques which showed only nose and eyes and the company guessed who we were. The third group had a magician who read the mind of one of the party and guessed the party chosen when he was out of the room. The fourth had us each give a question to our right hand neighbor and an answer to the left. Then we could ask our question of whomever we pleased and they had to give the answer told them. The questions all had to be "What would you do if _____?" Try it if you get a chance for it is great fun.

Miss Seeley stayed over until this afternoon. Yesterday morning we all went shopping outside Tsien Men (Big Gate). Miss Seeley got several very fine things. Flora got a few and I looked on. In the afternoon we all lay down and slept about 2 1/2 hours. In the evening I corrected papers and wrote examinations until about 10.00.

This week I give the rest of my exams. Flora had hers last week. Already we have lost several Pupils. Two have gone to Pei Tai Ho and one had to leave for home Saturday or cause his parents to make a special journey in for him. This last week we had four pupils out with tonsillitis.

I am enclosing a clipping regarding our school play- also a message of Yuan Shih Kai's which appeared in the same issue, May 22.

We're hoping for at least one more letter before we leave for the south. The last mail brought papers only.

Lots of love

Mary.

June 6, 1915

P.S. If father will send a check for the \$3 as per enclosed slip I will be much obliged. If he sends the slip with the check it will identify it sufficiently- name and address are in the slip. I got it in February and have forgotten all about it.

Lovingly

Mary.

*[This letter dated **about June 1915** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. She describes a recent wedding and a school event with over 160 guests. Mary mentions the doctor operating on Mable Galt hopefully for the last time. She expresses happiness over the Beard Genealogy book completed by Ruth. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About June 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

Speaking of living in a busy world!! Last week we were head over heels in work for our entertainment. We practiced all or part everyday.

Wednesday was the wedding. As over half the school were invited we let out school in the morning and went. The church was decorated in pink and white. First in the procession was a lad of five as ring bearer; (then after the bridesmaid two little flower girls, one in white, the other in pink); then the brides maid in a Philippino grass skirt embroidered with pink rosebuds; then the bride in white soft gown and long lace veil. The last little flower girl stopped to smile at her friends in the audience so the bride had to push her. Going down the aisle Mrs. Edwards had to push Katherine again. It was the one thing that kept the event from being too solemn. Of course the ABCFM people felt very badly over loosing Miss Vandershire. This is the third wedding this spring and a fourth one in June. There are these other engagements but the wedding days are not set. Cupid was busy here this winter, but everyone says he gets in most of his work in the summer.

To return to our affair. We had the children send out the invitations and about 350 were invited. Over 160 came. First we served tea and punch (left from the wedding) with cookies of small cakes. We asked each mother to supply 3 dozen cookies. It seemed like a lot but when the children were turned loose after it was over never a cake was left. First we had a song, then a play "Hansel and Gretel" by the younger children, two songs by the little ones, our play "Little Men" and a final song by the whole school. We had a fine write up in the "Gazette."



Written in album: "Hansel and Gretel June 1915" Lower picture: "The audience"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On Saturday we had to go up to school to start the clearing up process. We had borrowed large bowls for serving punch, and many flowers from Teng Shi Kou (A.B.C.F.M.) and we saw them all safely off for home. Then we came back and dressed to go to Tungchou to stay with Miss Leavens. We had lunch then sewed and talked before going out for a few calls. We had to admire all the babies (3 under one year and 2 two years old) as we met them out for airings.

On Sunday morning we went over to see Francis Frame have her bath. She has grown so fat I did not know her.

Mable Galt had another (and last we hope) operation last Thursday. Dr. Thacker removed all the bone of the nose and part of the eye socket. It was all soft. He hurried the operation a few days as he is to go to England to enter a war hospital or go to the front. He had one brother killed last week and another is at the front.

The tie, Ruth is a dear. I wore it to Mother's Club the day it came and everyone exclaimed over it. If you could get three or four I think they would be dear for next Christmas. Any color velvet will do. This was my package week. First came a large bundle from Mrs. Mason containing ruchings[?], hair pins, needles etc.; then two pair of shoes, then a tiny package from Mrs. Mann with tooth brushes and invisible hairpins. The cards are beauties and will keep nicely.

Last week Flora got a package which she immediately handed over to me, it was three Faber pencils with my full name of them.

I had a long letter from Arousiag Costikyan [*concert pianist*] Saturday, the first this year. All were well but of course very busy. She is enjoying her school very much. Today came the Round Robin. It hurried around this time to compensate for the nine moths last trip.

The last letter tells of the arrival of Master Space [Robert]. I wonder what the twins [*one of these twins, Virginia, will grow up and become the wife of Gould Beard*] will say to a brother.

A Chinese of much wealth had become much roused over the sins of China and instigated a big parade to display the same for last Saturday and Sunday. I enclose one of the posters which he had distributed. Mr. Burgess says thousands of people were out. The Social Service Club boys spoke to the meetings.

Hurrah for the genealogy!!!!!! We will begin to save up for we each want one.

Tonight is the great event, the Missionary Association Concert. Every one goes and wears their best. Except me, I am wearing my old blue made overgown. Flora is putting on her all over lace waist and I suppose will wear the white wool skirt.

We got Bessie's wedding invitation just about a week after the wedding. She too was to have a pink and white wedding. I thought of her at the wedding here. Did I tell you that I served punch at the reception? Four of us served.

I have been asked to write a paper for the Friday Club next year- the thought of getting up before that company terrifies me but I can not refuse. I do not want to get the name of being unwilling to serve. A few weeks ago I had to refuse to be on the committee because the work must be done during the same period as the hard work on our entertainment.

Tues. A.M.

The concert last evening was excellent. I enclose a program. Miss Lowerly surprised us. We do not know her well. Her voice is much fuller and richer than I thought. Miss Tenney is only 19 but she has a wonderful voice and one excellently under control. That "Vissarelle" I heard Galski sing once and she did it no better. It is full of hard trills and runs.

Flora met a Miss Sholte of South Orange, (Now Mrs. Tenney) last night. It was a surprise meeting to both.

I hope to get this letter off today. Delnoce Grant and her mother and father start this morning for Shanghai to take the steamer for America. They will be in New York and I should like to have you meet them if possible. I am sure you would all enjoy the meeting. He is engraver at the Chinese Bureau of Engraving and designed the stamps and bank notes now in use.

I hope you mean every word when you say you enjoy all of our letters. I seem to ramble on without any trouble because friends and events are so numerous out here.

Lots of love

Mary.

P.S. Ruth's box started last Wednesday. It contains a little package for Abbie too. I hope Ruth can use the [unreadable word] the Missionary [unreadable word]. M.B.

*[This letter dated **about June 13, 1915** was written by Flora to the folks at home. She tells about a trip to the Summer Palace that she and Mary took. They expect that Mr. John R. Mott of the Y.M.C.A. to be asked to become Secretary of State but feel he would turn the opportunity down. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About June 13, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

This may be a short letter for it is hot, we are in the midst of packing and inspiration is lacking.

Friday school closed and I believe every one was glad by [*but?*] Claire Reinsch. She is not expecting to go down to Tungchou with us and wants to go so much. She was waiting on Friday for her boy to come for her and she said "I wonder how long it will be before I come up here (to the school) again." I said I should like to have her go to Tungchou, and she replied, "That's the only school I care anything about going to." Her father and mother do not wish to have her go away from home. She is only nine years old, though she is ahead of those years in her school work.

Yesterday Mary and I arose at 5 A.M. to go out to the Summer Palace. We started at 6.30 in rickshas and at 8.30 were at the gates buying our tickets for entrance. The place is a huge park surrounding a long artificial lake with an island reached by a most picturesque many arched bridge. The island has a dragon temple on it. We did not go there since the distance was so much and our time and inclinations did not allow. Instead we climbed the hundreds of stairs up into the palace of the Empress, which commands a view of the whole place. We passed through a small summer house built entirely of bell metal, and we looked into the room where the three "great ones" in gold were standing, having descended from heaven. They are made of gold. We descended to the lake's edge

after enjoying the view and then walked along through a covered passage which was most wonderfully decorated by paintings- much more beautiful than the famous bridge at Lucerne. Everywhere the woodwork supporting the roofs was finished by paintings, either scenes of some conventionalized flowers. The ceilings of the rooms and the porticos were very gaily coffered. We had to pay 50 cents to see the palace but we have decided it was worth it though it was so quickly seen. There was a most interesting grotto stairway leading up to the lookout.

(To go back to the covered passage). We walked to the farther end there to the right was a fine broad stone walk leading up the hillside. We took it and found another palace, but much smaller in size. It was near the end of the hill so that it gave us a fine view of the surrounding country and the Western Hills. We sat on the seat of a summer house and ate our lunch and then we followed the stone walk on to the very top of the hill. There we found an enclosure with a porcelain temple within. The gate was ajar so we walked in. The whole façade and roof as well as the sides were made of royal yellow porcelain, each tile having a Buddha in the center. We estimated there must have been at least 600 buddhas on the outside of the temple. After resting there and drinking some tea to please the keeper we started down the other side of the hill. There were all sorts of little garden houses and spots where one could stop to enjoy the beautiful scenery and with all the stopping to investigate we used up our two hours. At 11 A.M. we started for home. I was thankful that I was not my ricksha coolie, it was so hot. He ran easily and without too great perspiration. We reached home at 12.35 and were in time for a 1 o'clock lunch with guests. The afternoon was hot but we did some packing. I am glad to have a rest to-day for we shall feel all the more like the big day's work of to-morrow. This week we expect to get moved down to Tungchou on Wednesday. We shall spend a few days there working on plans which need the summer for finishing and then we shall be off for Foochow. I hope we may start by Saturday- at least by Monday.

We are much interested in the news from U.S., which we get each morning at breakfast from our morning paper. The resignation of Sec. Bryan is another of the surprises that we get every few days now. One of the guests at tiffin yesterday is the head of the Y.M.C.A. in China. He has been called home by cable and we are conjecturing whether he is not to be asked to take Mr. John R. Mott's place so that Mr. Mott may be the next Sec. of State. The Y.M.C.A. people out here think Mr. Mott will not accept. He certainly is fitted for the place if he will only take it. [Willard worked with Mr. Mott when he was with the Y.M.C.A.] Lovingly- Flora

*[This typewritten letter dated **June 17, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister Elizabeth. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. He tells her of the Y.M.C.A membership drive and of all the important people who attended the feast. He is expecting to hear soon from the girls (Mary and Flora) that they will be on the way from Shanghai to Foochow for the summer. He has heard about the sinking of the Lusitania and although there are concerns about the Japanese demands, he doesn't get excited about it.]*

Foochow, China June 17th 1915

Dear Elizabeth:-

The reason I am addressing this to you is that I have not sent you a letter in such a long time. In fact it can not be said that I have surfeited any one in the States with my letters during the past year. I get one off to Putnam sure every week and other people get theirs when I can put them in. I sent one to Peking to you home folks two weeks ago. This was the one about the Salt Commissioner joining the church.

Last Saturday evening I attended a very interesting feast. The Y.M.C.A. is in the midst of a membership campaign and I am on the team of which Mr. Lau Buo Ka is the leader. (he is the Salt Commissioner). This team had a feast last Sat. evening. Bankers, ex-officials, lawyers, college Presidents, gentry and men from foreign parts were present. The President of the Fukien Agricultural College was there and I had a long talk with him. He said he saw me in Tokio, Japan eight years ago. He was a student there and I was attending the World's Christian Student Conference. Then he said he met me again at the banquet given to Prof. Paul Monroe last year here. He of his own accord introduced the subject of Christianity. I told him I had heard he was intending to unite with the church. He very humbly said he thought he ought to study the Bible more before he became a church member. Mr. Lau Buo Ka's eldest son was there also and I had a long talk with him. He is a fine clean man and is on the way to become a Christian. It is hard to realize the difference that has taken place in these men and others of their standing in the community, in regard to Christianity in the past five years. On June 27th a young man, a graduate of the University of Idaho, now in the Foochow Electric Light Co., is definitely planning to unite with the church here.



Willard can be seen second from the right. This may be the feast that Willard refers to.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Before this reaches you Gould will be out of school and on the farm. Our reviews in the College close tomorrow and on Saturday the Examinations begin. College closes on June 30th and the boys go home July 1st. No boy will be half as happy as I to see school close.

Here it is June 22nd. I wonder if you believe in telepathy. Only a day or two after I wrote the first page of this letter your good letter of May 16th came. Often a day or so before Ellen's letters arrive I have a feeling that a mail is about to arrive that will bring news from her.

Any day now I am expecting a telegram from the girls telling me that they are starting from Shanghai for Foochow. When I realize how much I am anticipating their visit this summer it makes me feel almost kiddish.

Examinations are in full swing. Nearly every term someone is caught with a pony. And it is strange that the boy is as often as not from the Christian constituency. Yesterday one such boy was caught and sent home at once. This is an advance for the Chinese teachers, for in Chinese school this is not looked on as very bad. In fact most of the teachers in the Chinese schools that have examinations are guilty of telling the students the questions beforehand.

We have just received the papers from home that speak of the sinking of the Lusitania. For over a week now we have had no telegrams. What it means no one can tell. Some say it means German victories. A letter came from the Board the other day asking about the Japanese demands. The papers did make the outlook rather serious. But I have been thru the Japanese scare so many times that it is hard to get excited. All seems perfectly quiet now. In fact it has not been otherwise. The students got a little frisky once or twice but other classes were not effected. Japanese goods are hard to buy, but there is no excitement. All improvements such as the widening of the streets, the making of the new park and the new boulevard are going on as if there was no Japanese or other important question of danger.

I think of you as up to your ears in strawberries, now that the weddings are over. How I would enjoy the next two months at home, - eating venison and all. You will have a comparatively quiet summer with the oldest and youngest sisters away.

The weather is not bad thus far. The ther. says 83 degrees as I write. Tell Ruth I'm ready for the Genealogy any time. And here are my congratulations on having got it into the printers hands. I hope father has picked himself up from where the gun laid him and that *[letter too long for the copy paper]*

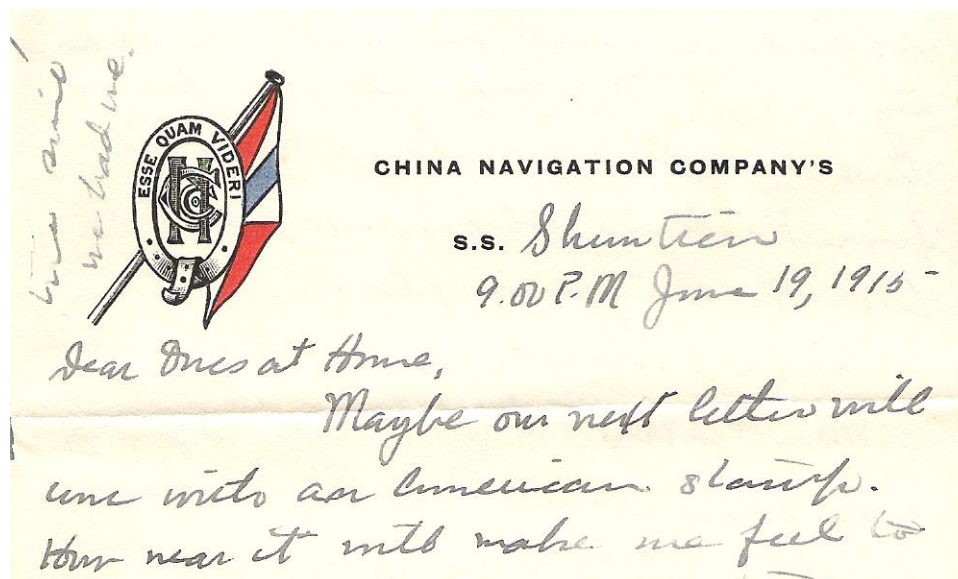
[in margin he writes]

..up over work the muzzle end of the gun did.

With love to you all,

[no signature]

[This letter dated **June 19, 1915** was written from the S.S. Shuntien leaving Peking by Mary to the ones at home. They packed their boxes and left for Tungchou for a night and then back to Peking to head for the ship for Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



China Navigation Company's
S.S. Shuntien
9.00 P.M. June 19, 1915

Dear Ones at Home,

Maybe our next letter will come with an American stamp. How near it will make me feel to drop an American 2-cent stamped letter in a box!! To review the week. On Monday it rained so we packed our four trunks and left the boxes till the next day. Fortunately it cleared so we could pack in the back court nicely. Wednesday we had our boxes mailed, did last errands and left for Tungchou. Yes, on Monday night we went to dinner with Mr. Spencer-Lewis who had been giving unsuccessful invitations since Christmas time. We had a most delightful evening. We had at the home time days two guests, a Mr. Mills from Nanking who comes north to take Mr. Burgesses place while away on furlough. The other was a Mr. Bailey who has charge of an agricultural college near Nanking and who is a most interesting and delightful Irish man. He is very enthusiastic about his work and is a pioneer in the venture. He originally came out as a regular Methodist missionary, left the mission, and has returned to this new work.

At Tungchou we stayed with Mrs. Corbett. The Corbetts stay there all summer and have their home beautifully adapted to fit their needs with screens and lienzas[?]. We talked shop almost constantly and got the building mapped out for school rooms and dormitory rooms. We visited the carpenter and decided on school benches. We planned living room and sleeping room furniture. We got money to finance our trip this summer. We talked book and paper orders and got them ready to send off.

This morning we came up to Peking on the early train. By mistake some chairs had gone down so we brought them back. We rode third class in a seatless car and used our chairs.

The dresses which we had left to be ironed [were] all ready so [we] packed them. Then we went and did errands and to Mrs. Ingram's for lunch. Next we had to pack the returned laundry, feed the boys, finish paying bills,

get baggage to the station and be off. We felt poor so came down 3rd class. As it was only comfortably filled it was very pleasant indeed. Mr. Fairfield, a Shansi missionary, was with us and entertained us by his baby's pictures. Mr. Guinness met us and assisted our baggage across the city.

The boat is clean, fresh and most attractive; much better than the Japanese line we came from Kobe on. We start at 7.00 A.M. so will sleep on board tonight. I hope to be up for the sail down the river. We came up by moonlight you remember.

Lots of love

Mary.

We will be glad to get letters at Foochow as it is a long time since we had one.

*[This letter dated **June 30, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. They are in Foochow now after arriving the day before from Tientsin (Peking area). While on the steamer "Shuntien" in a port in Japan, a thief attempted to steal something out of Mary and Flora's room while they slept. They docked in Shanghai where they stayed a night in a German hotel and left for Foochow the next day. She talks about Seaver Smith's engagement and his previous change of heart with his long love. Flora and Mary leave for Kuliang soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[June 30, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

We are here in Foochow. Arrived yesterday afternoon (June 28th). Mary sent you a letter from Tientsin so I'll begin my narrative from there. We went on board our steamer Saturday night as she left too early on Sunday to wait until then. The river at Tientsin is so narrow that when the steamer turns around she has to turn from one end and it takes the whole width of the river to make the turn. Our steamer was the "Shuntien" and a very clean and comfortable one, too. Our berths were not under each other and we had a sofa as well with plenty of room in which to store our baggage and also room enough for us to dress at the same time without bumping into each other. Our steamer went to Shanghai via Dalny and Wei Hai Wei. At Dalney we took on over a thousand tons of bean cakes which must have been at least 5 in. thick and as large as a car wheel. Each weighed about 75 lbs. It took from 10 A.M. until 2 A.M. the next day to do the loading. We got off the steamer and took a long train ride to a seaside resort laid out and built by the Japanese (who now own Dalney and call it Dairen). It was beautiful as they make everything. There was one large hotel and several dozen cottages. I heard that foreigners from Shanghai like to spend their summers there. It was so cool that we needed our coats on the ride out and back.-That night for air (we were still in port loading) we left our window open without closing the blind. On this steamer we had small square windows opening on to the deck. We also left our door open just drawing the curtain for privacy. We got to sleep about 10.30 P.M. At 11.30 P.M. I awoke and saw some one sitting on our campstool and fumbling with the suit cases on the sofa. In my half awake state I tho't Mary was getting something, so I asked "What is the matter, Mary?" To my bewilderment she answered from her berth. It was a wonder that she heard me. I could not seem to comprehend and I actually touched the man on the stool at the same time asking Mary to turn on the light. There was but one button and that near her bed. While this was going on all the man did was to duck his head. He evidently did not understand English. The moment the light was on he slunk out of the room. We rang immediately for the "boy" who came at once. We told him what had happened and he went to find the quarter master, who said a Japanese had jumped off the steamer on to the dock and run off. We examined our luggage but found everything, so I must have heard him as soon as he came in. It gave us quite a fright, and we locked up everything carefully before we went back to bed. The next morning we were out to sea again and just stopped at Wei Hai Wei long enough to exchange mails. The place is practically deserted, for the English have taken everything away from the forts. We saw only two or three people stirring on the land. The next day the sea was a little rough and Mary did not feel very well. Afterwards we found that the weather was the edge of a typhoon in Japan. The morning we were arriving in Shanghai the clouds were pouring themselves out in a deluge. The steamer was ordered to the freight docks so we had to get off into a launch to cross the "bund" [*an embankment on the waterfront*] and there we had to run fifty or more feet to our rickshas. In spite of the terrific downpour our baggage and ourselves managed to reach the hotel not much wet. Fortunately the rain stopped the middle of the afternoon so I got our steamer sailing off my hands and we called on Mrs. Lacey. We had most comfortable accommodations at "The Kalee", evidently a German Hotel. We did not hear English in the dining room except when we spoke with the Chinese waiters. Some friends in Shanghai said that the beginning of the war took most of the Germans from the city and then it filled up

again with Germans from Hongkong and other places where they could no longer stay. We saw many German ships lying idle in the harbor. It took all the next day to get our errands done and after dinner we got on board our steamer for Foochow. It was so hot that we simply took off our shoes and dresses and slept in the long deck chairs. There was so much noise of loading that we did not sleep very well but we made it up next day. I don't believe I'll ever be able to make this trip between Shanghai and Foochow without contributing to the sea, for the coast is so stormy and the boats so small. It was hot most of the way and when we reached Foochow it was hot, hotter, hottest. Will met us at the wharf and took us up to the McLaughlin's [*McLachlin's*] for tiffin so I went to my old home. It is a lovely compound now. Later on in the afternoon we started for the city and arrived there hot, tired, and dirty. A good hot bath and fresh clothes revived us a lot. Mrs. Christian had dinner out of doors on the lawn so we had all the comfort that could be gotten down here in the city. We are going to start for the mountain early Thursday morning and will eat our tiffin in the Beard Bungalow.

Mary and I have just returned from a trip over at South Side and at Ponasang where we had dinner. There are several changes for improvement. The streets are much cleaner, they have been widened, and are lit by electricity at night. The city gate was open so we are free to come and go any hour of the day. The air is much cooler to-day so that one can live instead of struggling to exist as I did yesterday.

Did you never get my letter telling of the date arrival of the lovely towels embroidered? I'll tell you again that I am glad to have them and I am saving them for guests when we get into our school next year. Mary and I will have our own separate rooms then and I hope we can make some arrangement so we may have a friend once in a while for the weekend.

I hope you followed mother's plan of giving the Chinese picture to Elaine Foster for her wedding present.

The events of the Smith family are too frequent and decisive for real enjoyment. It seems as though Mrs. Smith had been entirely forgotten. I can't understand how Seaver so suddenly left his long love and married a woman so different. Did Mrs. Smith ever say anything about it? I can't help wondering if the affair had anything to do with her illness. It seems so mysterious, and I don't like the trend of affairs. I rather cared for Mrs. Smith and at least she deserves a decent mourning. I suppose Mary and I would better plan something for Seaver's wedding present. * We have been so busy travelling since the invitation came that we have not thought to discuss the subject.

I have tried to get the pictures Miss Brewster wished but have not yet succeeded. I shall try here and again when I go through Shanghai. I shall order the handkerchiefs as soon as I can see Miss Adams- in the next two or three weeks. I would like to have her see a long scroll picture I have of a hunting scene. It is fully ten feet long and about 1 ft. wide, painted very well indeed. It would make a fine frieze for any room. I showed it to Dr. Willoughby (the American advisor to the Chinese government) and he was most enthusiastic over it, wishing to own it himself. I am going out to hunt some more of its kind. It cost me less than \$3 gold. I think I shall put it up in my room when I get into it next year.

We have been much interested in father's deer hunt and are only sorry that we have to miss the venison. We have so many of such like delicacies so commonly out here, but have never had deer meat. We have pheasant, woodcock, squab, calves brains, and other similar dishes which cost fabulous prices at home, served up cheaper than ordinary home meats, here.

Bessie's wedding must have been a very pleasant affair and one in which most of her friends had a share. I shall be glad to hear more of Myra and Stanley's plans.

How is Ruth? Is she just better, or really where she feels sure of herself- that there will not be a return? I wish you would write more definitely.

We start to-morrow morning early for Kuliang and expect to eat tiffin in our own bungalow.

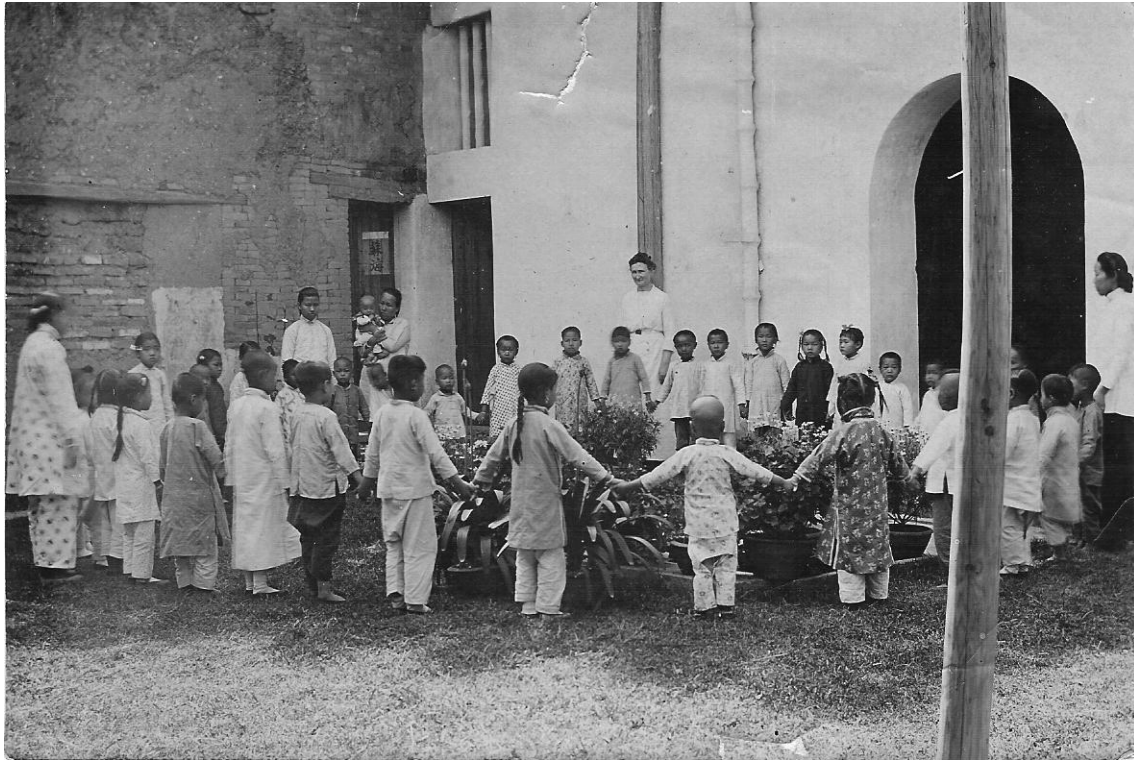
We have just been out to the first park of Foochow. It is just outside of the city walls and only in its first stages. They have about a dozen rickshas and it was a joy to see the satisfaction on the faces of some field women taking a ride. They are the burden carriers here, and so they know how to appreciate the ride. The cost of travelling here is almost prohibitive and I believe it will not be long before the streets will be so remade that rickshas can be used.

There is a mail out to Shanghai today, so I hope there will not be a longer interval than usual between our home letters. There are three steamers sailing the first week of July and this should reach one of them. Our next letters will be from Kuliang.

With love from us all-
Flora Beard.

Foochow,
June 30, 1915.

**[The 1920 Connecticut, New Haven census shows a Charles Seaver Smith married to a Vera B. Smith. The 1930 census shows a Seaver Smith married to Vera B. and they now have two sons and a daughter.]*



Manchu Church Kindergarten- June 30 – 1915, East St. Foochow
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **July 4, 1915** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Mary to the folks at home. She talks about the trip from Foochow to Kuliang and being carried by coolies in a chair. She describes some of the views. Life has been lazy on Kuliang so far. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[July 4, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

As Mr. Wilcox leaves tomorrow en route for home I hope this letter goes without much delay. We were in Foochow until Thursday morning. Will sent up here for coolies and they arrived about 8.00 A.M. We were already except pulling Flora's bed apart so were off about 8.30. My coolies turned to the left at the gate and Flora's turned to the right so we saw nothing at all of each other all across the plain. It was interesting to ride for miles between rice fields, over a path just wide enough to pass another chair. We had glorious views. I saw the women and children pumping water onto the rice field by the old style fort paddle wheel, and by a hand machine as well. I met several buffalo cows which snorted but were harmless. I was lifted over the stone partitions put up to keep the pigs from wandering.

At the rest house at the foot of the mountain I was put down beside Mrs. Bankhardt with whom we cruised on the Mongolia last Fall. After a 20 minute rest we started on and as I looked back I saw Flora just entering the ridge below me. My coolies had borrowed two short carrying poles. That lowered my chair so that when they lowered my chair on the steep places my feet hit the steps. I played man and extended my feet out on the poles. Fortunately the men decided at the next rest house that two at a time could carry me so that definitely was solved. I walked up much of the way because the views were so glorious I wanted to see them with my glasses. I got way ahead of all the others and finally caught up with and passed Mr. Hodous. I was just 3 ¾ hours coming up and had to wait here a full hour before Flora arrived. Her men made an awful fuss about carrying her.

Miss Francis and Miss Russell were here to greet us. About 3.00 our trunks and bags arrived. It started to rain soon after Flora arrived so the baggage was some wet. In the afternoon after it cleared we walked out and so missed several callers. Friday morning was delightfully clear. The univ men were waiting for us when we got up and we fled for a walk to escape them. Three were on the porch and I could count four more on the way. I got a brass bowl which we immediately put to use for flowers on the table. Yesterday I got some Mandarin squares so as to use one under the bowl by day when the table cloth is off.

We have to look after us three men and one woman. The cook's wife is the amah. The boys are students in the college whom Willard is helping by giving them the work.

These mountains are beautiful and the view from our cottage is one of the best I have seen. We see Foochow, the north end; the univ, the plains and mountains on all sides. We overlook several peaks dotted with homes and I amuse myself sitting on the porch and watching the traffic. Most of the roads(!) are stone paths just wide enough for two and paths on the side hills are steps. It is quite a steep climb up here but already I can take it without getting breathless. The first day Flora and I took a walk over the hills. Yesterday Flora had to go down to decorate the Club Home so I went with Will and again today we went out. Each time we made several calls so soon I shall locate all the people on this side of the hills.

We have had clear mornings but every afternoon has been rainy so far. Yesterday had been planned for the Fourth celebrations. We all had supper together at the club and patriotic songs and a speech by Mr. Hodous afterward. The fireworks are postponed until the first clear day.

Willard has a game left arm. He can not move it from the shoulder and it is painful most of the time especially at night. This morning we went to the doctor and he thinks it is trouble with the water sack between the bones of the joint. He attributes it largely to a tired condition.

So far we are leading a lazy life; breakfast at 8.00, walk, lunch at 12.30, nap, supper at 6.30 or 7.00. Reading, writing and talking fill the gaps. Will got up here Friday night. He had a great time getting the dentist up. He had 3 Chinese helpers, besides quantities of baggage and knew nothing about managing his own affairs. He delayed Will so he took dinner here for his first meal instead of breakfast as he had planned.

This afternoon we went to church for the foreign service at 5.00. It rained hard all the time but a goodly number were out.

It is near 9.30 P.M. - awfully late for us- and time to retire. The mail closes tomorrow and Will is going down to mail letters before breakfast.

Lots of love to all – we will cure Will soon.

Mary.

Kuliang

July 4, 1915.



[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

This woman is wearing a robe with a "Mandarin Square" on the front.



Written on back: "Road up mountain to Willard's cottage on Kuliang"

[Notice coolie carrying baskets hung from pole over shoulders.]

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel]

*[This letter dated **July 11, 1915** was written from Kuliang by Mary to siblings, Phebe and Stanley. Mary and Flora have just traveled from Peking to Foochow to Kuliang for summer. Flora tells of her trip up the mountain in a chair. It took Will a whole day to help the dentist up the mountain. She talks about life on Kuliang. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Kuliang
July 11, 1915

Dear Phebe and Stanley,

Yesterday brought a good letter and some pictures from Phebe and a letter from Ruth. Last week Willard had letters from Putnam so we feel well posted on home affairs. What gay times you are having with weddings. I am glad that Leolyn is to have one more summer in her beloved Connecticut.

Ruth's letter sounds as though she were not well inasmuch as she seems so very tired all the time. How about it? Does Stanley get any vacation this summer? Not a word of any in your letters, so far.

As to our history; we left Peking Saturday, reached Shanghai the next Thursday morning, left Saturday morning and were greeted by Willard at the dock on Monday. It was after 12 when we docked so we went to lunch with Mrs. MacLachlin who lives quite near. We visited with her until about 3.30 then took chairs over to the city compound where Will lives with Mr. and Mrs. Christian. Will had gone on ahead for a faculty meeting.

We went over and met the faculty, a nice looking lot of Chinese and three Americans. Then we bathed and dressed. Enroute I felt as one man has said that if we went through alley after alley we must come to a street by and by. The streets are not much narrower than in Pao Ting Fu or Tungchou but the people seem more numerous and the over hanging roofs give one a shut-in feeling. The continual going up or down steps and crossing of bridges is entirely new. Also, Foochow never knows what wind is because all the streets, little and less little have stone walls. We stayed in the city until Thursday morning. We left about 8.30 and I was here by 12.15. Flora was an hour later because she took a longer route out of the city and had slower men too. It was wonderful crossing the broad plains into rice field after rice field and the mountains rising behind them. When we had climbed part way up the mountain I got out and walked so that I might view the scenery with my glasses. My men followed with the chair.

Finally I got weary and wanted to ride. The men pointed to the next hill so I walked up one more stretch. Then they pointed ahead again. I just laughed and stood still so they put the chair down and next time all I had to do was to wait.

Miss Francis of Soochow and Miss Russell of Hangkow had already been up here a week and made us a welcome when we arrived. It began to rain just before I got here and rained quite hard before Flora got here. She had raincoat and umbrella so was not wet. Our trunks and bags got quite wet on the exterior.

Until yesterday we had continually rainy weather. For two days it was clear mornings then it rained all day. Willard came up Friday afternoon. He had planned for an early start so as to breakfast with us but Dr. Gatellins the dentist arrived and Will had to get him up and it took nearly a day. We had a fourth of July celebration on Saturday and it rained. We all took our suppers and ate picnic style at the Club House. Ice Cream and coffee were furnished at the club. The fire works were postponed until Monday evening when it was fairly clear. On Tuesday our sixth member arrived, Mr. Birckle of Annam, in French Indo-China.

Evidently Miss Francis and Mr. Birckle are engaged or near engaged.

On Monday Mrs. Hodous came down and asked me to help Jerome and Helen Smith with the arithmetic so I go up every morning at nine o'clock for one hour. Twice I have gotten caught in a rain and had to wait for a let up.

On Tuesday we three went to lunch at Mrs. Peets. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard are there too so we were quite a company. It was an awful day. I waited until 11.30 at Mr. Hodous's before a let up long enough to get off. I dressed and ran nearly all the way to Mr. Peet's so got the between showers. Flora and Willard were already there as they had gone for dentist appointments at 9.00 and 10.00.

Last night was the American Board picnic. We assembled at Mr. Peet's then walked around the hills to the rocks behind Miss Bement's. The view was wonderful, across the valley and over the mountains on one side and nearly all the city of Foochow on another. We could see the white pagoda near where Will lives in the city. [*Ink blob on page*] (This blot marks a session of talking during which my pen took upon itself to continue unguided.)

Mission meeting began on Thursday so we have really seen little of Will except at meals. He comes back for lunch when possible.

Twice we have had a nice long walk over the mountains. The bits of views under or through the clouds are enchanting. We looked down onto Sharp Peak once, again onto Pagoda Anchorage and often out to sea.

From Little Bellevue the villages and rice fields look very small. The fields look like mosaics.

My field glasses are very useful. I look at views, watch our neighbors who are not hidden by their typhoon walls, watch new arrivals etc. Mr. Hodous says I caught the "Kuliang habit" quickly.

Willard has had a stiff left arm for several weeks. Now the doctor is giving him iodine to paint it and some medicine to take as well. It has been better for the last few days, so he moves it a little and does not wince so hard if it is touched. The rest seems to be somewhat beneficial.

We went over and played tennis on Friday afternoon for a little but have not been swimming yet because the tank is not ready. The water is still dirty.

One of the most important events of each day is a nap from 2-4. Willard is having to omit his until Mission meeting is over.

I find only one Holyoke girl here beside the Peets and Hartwells, but Harriet Bontelle who I knew quite well is to arrive soon. Laura Ward is here but her sister Ruth Ward Beech is on her way home. Evelyn Worthley Sites was here until July 4 but I did not know where to find her so missed her.

Stanley almost three or four weeks ago I sent to you two Chinese lanterns. I hope they get through safely. The people here use them to put over the electric bulbs in hallways or parlors where they want the lights for conversation not for reading. Perhaps you and Phebe can use them until you and Myra are ready.

We have been buying lacquer these days. Flora is buying trays for the school and a set of tea tables like those Will sent to Elbert. I got a small tray because it was so pretty I couldn't resist it, also two boxes useful for gloves. Then we got some vases. We talked of some finger towels done on silk for Seaver but have not decided. We may just go in on the picture as today's letters suggested.

Many thanks for the pictures. Since Flora has started her home photo book we do count as two on pictures.

When in the city I put into Will's book the unwanted photos he has and labeled in my white ink photos already in.

You should have seen our lawns yesterday. It was the first clear day in a week. We had a wardrobe, our suit cases, our six beds, and most of our clothes out to sun. Some were already mildewed a little.

As for world news we are isolated. Willard did have a little printed slip of telegrams but the Germans have stopped that, so for four days we have heard nothing at all. The month old home papers that arrived last night were most eagerly read by all. There were Digests and [*unreadable word*], Missionary Heralds and Congregationalists.

Last night one of our boys spilled a dish of scalding milk over his foot. He burned the foot badly but we immediately wrapped it in a cloth saturated with olive oil.

What a ramble this is! It is 10.10 PM and time to retire. We have a delightful breeze up the valley tonight. So far we have slept under a blanket such as Ben gets. Last night it was a little warm but only a little.

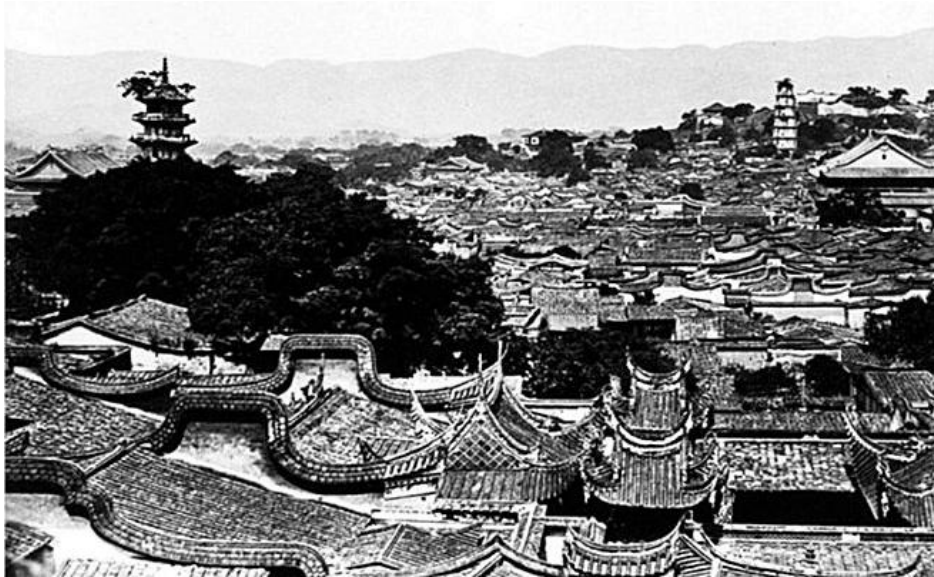
Lots of love to you both

Mary Beard.

Sunday P.M.

P.S. Willard and Flora join in sending much love.

Mary.



The two pagodas of Foochow From: <http://www.fohkien.cn/index.htm> June 7, 2007



Bai Ta-the White Pagoda -1988
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

*[This letter dated **July 14, 1915** was written from Kuliang by Flora to the folks at home. They are visited by curio venders and have purchased many items from them. She talks about a romance between a couple on the mountain. They heard about the attempt at J.P. Morgan's life. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[July 14, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

Two weeks go by so fast that my turn to write comes very quickly. We have been on Kuliang for two weeks and have done little but get settled and rest. For a week it rained hard and continuously, but now for several days the sun has been shining and the days are perfect. We have been busy this week on school affairs and Will has been in mission meeting. To-day finished that and to-morrow he goes down to Foochow and then I hope we shall have the chance to do some walking and visiting. So far I have read one book, "China Under the Empress Dowager", which is exciting as a novel. I have begun "The Eyes of the World". Mary read it and could hardly lay it down for anything else, so I am trying to get in some necessary letter writing first. To-day finished twenty-five done and mailed, but still there are more.

We are just swamped with curio venders every morning. They certainly have some lovely things and very cheap. We have invested many dollars already and expect many more temptations before the summer is over.

I think I wrote you of the thief in our cabin on our way down to Shanghai. Well, another thief was more fortunate here in Foochow City, for I am now minus my watch. I have not yet decided what I shall do for a watch, but must have one. Will advises a cheap watch which can be bought here but I think I shall probably write to you for one- later.

Do you remember Mary's episode with the woman book agent on our front porch several summers ago? We have met her daughter who married the Mr. Miner of Foochow – also her sister is here. They are those effusive, gushing, aggressive people who make me think of a tiger lily- very showy. The sister's engagement was announced a few days ago. Will's remark I think is expressive of the truth. When it was told at the time they were in mission meeting and his opinion was solicited he said, "She has accomplished just what she wanted to do." Mrs. Newell said, "She may improve, her sister did." We have said nothing to them about having met their mother and I presume we shall not be intimate enough to need to. The sister was on the same committee as my self during the Fourth of July celebration, and in some way found out that I had come from New Jersey. "New Jersey," she said, "why I taught in New Jersey in a chahming little village, suburb to New York- Hasbrouck Heights(!)." Phebe and Stanley will appreciate this. She is just the type who would be content with such "charms."

We are having some fun with two of Will's household. Miss Francis has come from Soochow and Mr. Birkel has come from Amman. Evidently they are engaged for she wanted a place for him near enough so they could see each other every day. Well, they certainly see each other very much of each day, and they can't see a joke when it is aimed at them. The boy who waits on the table gets their orders mixed up and Will said "He can't seem to tell you apart." Not a smile was cracked. We'll have to try again.

The papers (Shanghai) tell of attempting J. P. Morgan's life and of the explosion in the capitol. When will these horrors cease!

We have had the good news of \$400 gold to help in furnishing our school. The money comes from some New York City people. Also, Helen Myer wants to know how to send us money and Miss Crisman is seeing about a sewing machine and some maps. I wish we had the view of a good dictionary. I think now we are bound to have a comfortable house. Mr. Galt has written that we may have help in teaching, which we very much need.

With love-

Flora Beard.

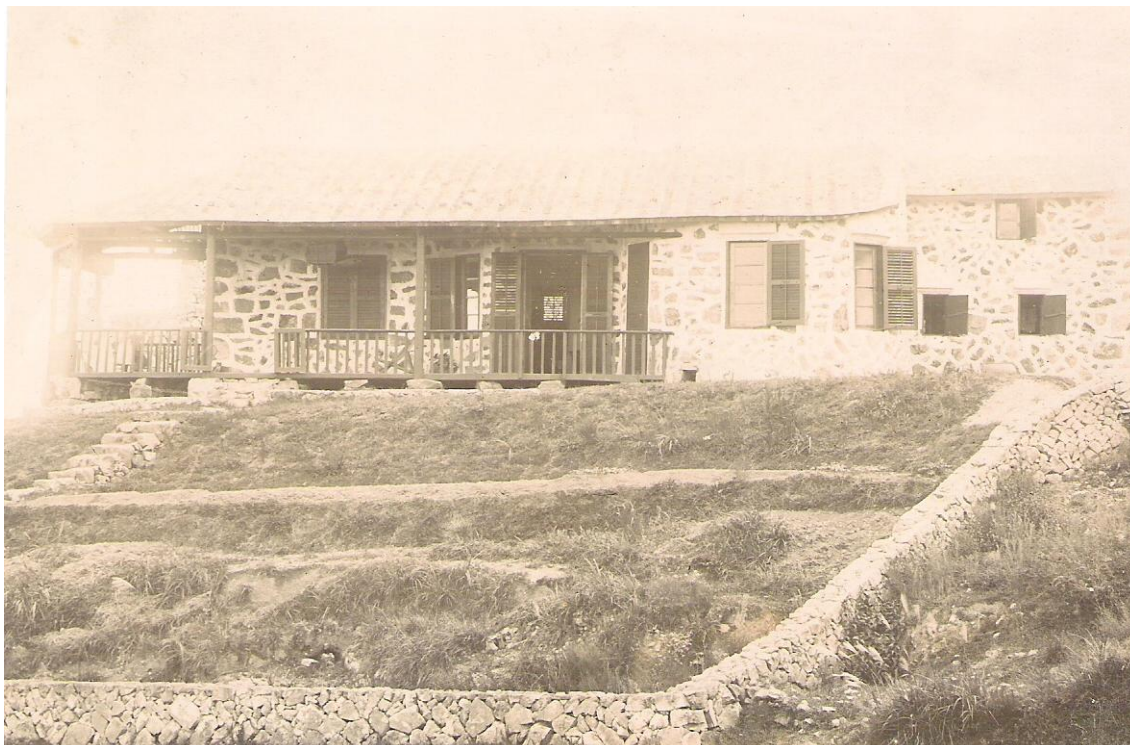
Kuliang, Foochow,
July 14, 1915.



"The way I travelled" according to Mary about this photo taken on Kuliang the summer of 1915.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Mary's trunk being carried on Kuliang summer 1915.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



[In a letter that Willard wrote from Kuliang in August 1915, he wrote from #74. It sounded like he, Mary and Flora were in his cottage however, which I believe is #316 in future letters. I wonder if they re-numbered all of the cottages on Kuliang at some point?]

[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson and another copy is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back: Flora, Willard, Mary Kuliang 1915

[Mary is on the left and Flora on the right in the lighter dress. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **July 18, 1915** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Mary to the ones at home. Tennis has been a popular past time on the mountain. The curio men come daily and they are buying lace, silver and lacquer from them. Willard and four helpers brought the dentist up the mountain with his 1500 pounds of baggage. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[July 18, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

Sundays seem to come much too often because each one marks a week more of our stay here as gone. This is our third Sunday up here already. Our days are full altho we have no set duties. I do have my arithmetic class at 9.00 every morning except Saturday. The children are doing finely and I enjoy the hour immensely. Tomorrow I go from class over to a meeting of the Science Club of Kuliang. I think I will take the study of birds. Three subjects are to be taken up, Botany, Ornithology and Entomology. I am torn between the first two. So far I have gotten over almost 25 chapters of my Beginner's Latin book, written one German letter, read "The Eyes of the World", "On and off Duty in Annam"- and started "Village Life in China". It is such fun to read all I want to and not feel that a duty is being neglected.

Willard was busy in Mission Meeting until Wednesday. On Tuesday- after 5 PM we walked around to Tipping Rock and climbed up the hill. It was hot and the climb was steep so we all had baths and clean clothes before supper. Except that one evening we have been over on the tennis courts for an hour or more. Thursday night I played 7 sets between 5 and 7 P.M so you see I played pretty steadily. Since then there have been so many people we each get two sets and an occasional third. On Thursday and again Saturday three of us were on the courts at 6.30 A.M. and stayed long enough for 2 sets. Since none of us are very good players we match up well and often have deuce games. In the evening the men are out and we have stiffer playing. Willard's arm is getting better so occasionally he uses it unconsciously. As yet he can not lift anything with it nor do any pushing. He says he uses it to help put his collar on and got it up to help with his coat collar before thinking of it. We now wonder if it is the Doctor or the rest that is doing it. I hope he can get in some tennis soon.

Yesterday the men had a swim in the tank. It is the first time it has been used. I hope for a swim soon.

We have in the house a couple either engaged before they arrived or soon after. They are courting morning noon and night. She seems to do her full share and sometimes to over do it. They sit on the porch and talk until 11.00 or 11.30 every night. I am getting so I sleep through it but Flora lets it bother her and never closes an eye until they have gone to bed. I am going to tell Miss Frances and hope they will retire at 10.00 or here after. Last night they sat in the dining room and read aloud or talked. When we had stood it about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour I called out "People, we're sleepy." They took the hint and went to bed.

Yesterday afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Whitney called and fortunately we had not yet left for the tennis- courts. She is very deaf but they are a dear old couple.

The curio men must think us good customers. The other two ladies spent about \$50 between them before we came up and we have spent about \$40 all told. Hardly a day goes by that we don't invest in something. I have some lacquer, silver, and lace.

Willard and Mr. Birkle went down to Foochow on Thursday, just for the day. They left here at 6.30 AM (just before we went for tennis) and returned about 7.30 PM. It certainly was a busy day for Willard because he had a long list of memoranda.

The last letter from home came with news of Leolyn being with you and going to school. I am so glad you are having this nice visit and wish I were with you. It is interesting to sit here and watch the church goers. When I first came out this morning I saw the 7.30 service people just coming away. After breakfast the people began to assemble for 9.30 Chinese service. They have just disappeared over the various hills when the bell rings for English Church at 11.00. Most of those are men in the church. Then there is a respite until 3.30. The last service is the Union one at 5.00. The foreign Sunday school is at 9.30 in the club so those numbers are added to the Chinese numbers.

11.00 AM.

We have just had great excitement. A Chinese wedding came up the mountain and right up past our home. I was out with my camera inspite of its being Sunday, so was Mr. Birkle. The bride was taken to the little village just above our home and I still hear the music.



Written in album: "A Chinese wedding"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Another example of a wedding chair.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

This noon we have Dr. Gatellins, the dentist up for dinner. He wrote for Will to take him in and we so planned. Then he arrived with four Chinese helpers and 1500 lbs. of baggage. Here he was to have shared a room with Will!! Fortunately there was an unrented home on another hill and Will succeeded in renting it on a few hours notice. Also Will has gotten a room elsewhere for a lady who was to be here later so he will have his room to himself all summer.

8.00 P.M.

We had a nice visit with the dentist and he left about 3.00. Immediately we scattered for our afternoon naps. It was 4.30 when I woke and Flora was just astir. We were too late for afternoon tea before church and were a little late as it was. After service we walked around the mountain and took a detour to visit Misses Perkins, Funk, Crane and Diehl. They are four fine women. We all got weighed. Will and Flora are twins at 175 ½ lbs. and "the little sister" weighs 171 ½. I think you will still be able to find us if we keep on, don't you?

We are planning for a walk to Kushan Monastery on Tuesday. The four ladies above and five others from another "ladies home" are to accompany us. Laura Ward of Holyoke is in the other home and a mighty fine girl. We will take one chair for each household in case anyone gets "done up" but plan to not use them.

Flora, Will and I are writing at the dining table while the other three are on the porch singing.

One day a linen and embroidery man came along and he had such pretty things we couldn't resist. I got two embroidered dresses, and Flora got one. They are not very fine but very firm lawn and the embroidery is good. He had embroidered sets of underwear. We got a combination and skirt flounce of three yards. I thought of Myra

when I got it but do not know whether she would care for it. If she does it is \$2.00 gold for the set. If she doesn't and any of the family want it it is \$2.00. If sold outside the family it is \$4.00. I gave \$4.00 silver and have planned to sell for the same gold to any except the chosen ones who get it for first half. I will send them some time and will send a card by the same mail. As yet they are not done up to mail.

Tomorrow I go to a Science Club meeting at 10.30. We have decided to stay in on Monday's for friends to call so I fear no tennis until Thursday. Wednesday is prayer meeting and children's day at the court. We made a mistake and went over this week but will not repeat the error again.

I know the others would send love but they are busy.

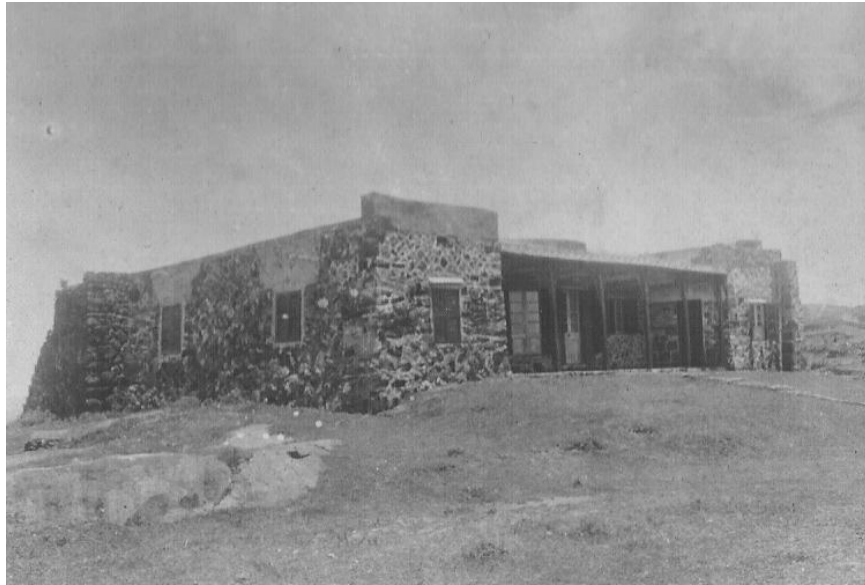
Lots of love

Mary

P.S. About 3.30 the musicians of the wedding all stopped on the porch and demanded the pictures we had taken.

Kuliang

July 18, 1915

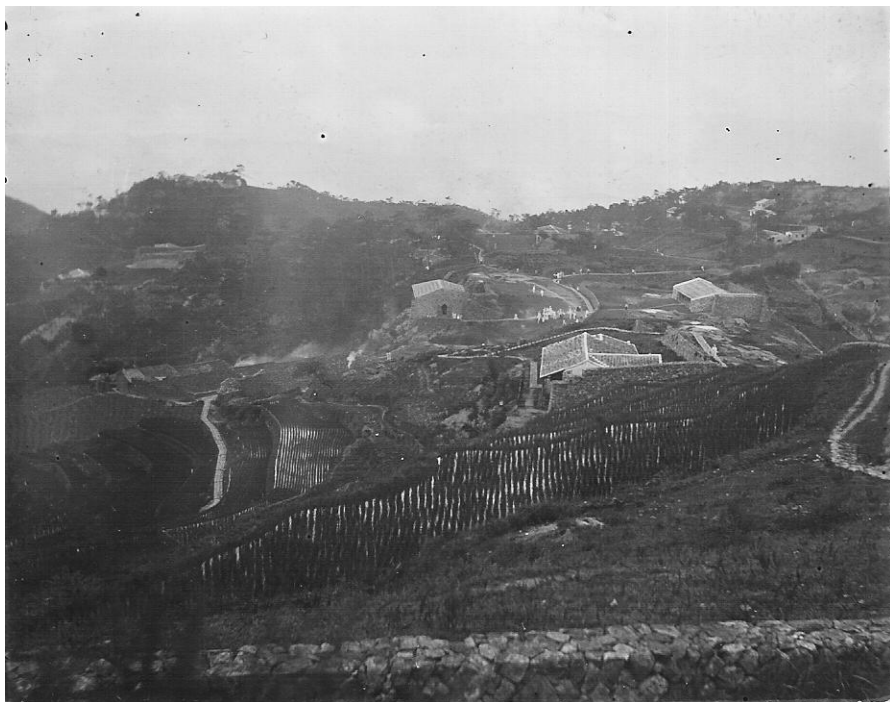


Written in album: "Kuliang - 1915- Summer. The Clubhouse"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "Kuliang – 1915- Summer. The Church."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Kuliang – view of stone church with people around it
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Top photo magnified following page. The church is at the left.



Side view of Kuliang stone church close up. Church is at the left.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **July 25, 1915** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She tells about a walk to Moon Temple and a walk across some rice paddy fields. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[July 25, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

It is the time for the midday siesta and every one of the household is observing it excepting myself. I am trying to get some of my long suffering correspondence answered. I have just answered a letter dated June 16, 1913. I am afraid she'll almost get a shock when she reads it to think I am really writing again.

This past week I have written over two dozen letters besides a lot of other things. We were missing so many of our callers that we made up our minds to let people know they could find us at home on Monday afternoons. Last week we had eight callers so we felt paid for staying at home. On Tuesday we walked over to Moon Temple- about an hour and a half's walk. We had quite an exciting (and highly amusing time for the rest of the party) when we started across lots over the paddy-fields. I had always wanted to cross on the little paths which

bound the terraces here, never realizing that it was only six inches wide- one side sloping down into the watery rice fields the other covering the eight foot retaining wall of the terrace. It was narrow and slippery, and I got dizzy just as we reached the middle where a long step was needed to step over a muddy place. Miss Russell just behind me had grabbed the stalks of the rice and there we were-with Will and Mary enjoying themselves to their utmost on the farther side hill. Presently he came to my rescue and Mr. Birkel helped Miss Russell over and all we had to show for our discomfort were some muddy shoes- which when dry came back to their usual color. We had a fine walk, found the monk at the temple willing to heat some water for us so that our lunch was enhanced by instantaneous cocoa and we got home a little before eight o'clock. There was hardly a dry thread on me- from perspiration. I have lost enough so that Will can notice it since I came to the mountain. It must be perspiration for it seems to me I must have lost pounds in that way. There is so much of our walking taken up in climbing- often a step being a full foot. I am delighted though and am glad for every ounce lost in this way.

On Wednesday we went to Prayermeeting and then called on the Pitchers who were with Will last year. They had only just arrived the Saturday before. Mr. Pitcher was down at the tennis courts watching the games when we met him at 7 P.M. on our return from his house. We had a little chat with him and then went on home to dinner. The next morning we had planned to start for Kushan monastery. Will came to my door about 6 A.M. and said he would have to let us start on without him as Mr. Pitcher had died at 11.30 the night before and they wanted Will to come at 7.30 A.M. for the funeral service. Since one other of our party could not go we decided to stay home. Mr. Pitcher had died of some heart trouble. You can see how quickly things transpire when he died at 11.30 P.M. and at 8 A.M. in the morning they were starting down the mountain with the body. They telegraphed to Amoy- his home- and a gentleman came back on a steamer and will take the body back there for burial. Such events give one rather a shock.

We have been living rather quietly so far but we must begin soon to do some entertaining. This is to be a moonlight week and will be a good time. These nights are grand – almost as high as day.

I shall begin to-morrow on the definite work of my course of study, which I wish to get finished before we leave the mountain. Will gave me a lesson on his typewriter yesterday and I do wish I could get expert enough to use it for that course of study. It would save printing it. I do not suppose more than three dozen people will want it- but those who do, need it to prepare for our school.

I have decided that I must have a good watch. Could you get it for me? I want Waltham works- the best ones. I would like a silver case. If you can get a satin finished plain case and have my monogram carved on the back I should like that best of all. Of course I want an open faced watch. I should like a size small enough to wear with a chatelaine piece. If you can get a satin finished fleur-de-lis pin to match the watch I should like it. I should think the whole thing could be purchased for \$20 gold. Mr. Wilder is returning in the fall to Peking and I believe he would bring it to me. I think a letter to the American Board Rooms at Boston would get his address. Don't hurry to get it off by him, for there will be some one else. I would rather have some one bring it than trust it to the mails in this uncertain time. I think the people in Boston will help you.

We are feeling anxious for the people of United States in this war mix up and we hope you can keep out. It all seems like a bad night-mare from our distance. We get occasional telegrams but they tell such fragmentary news that they leave too much to our imagination.

Yesterday we had a letter from Phebe so we had some news from you home folks.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Kuliang, Foochow,
July 25, 1915.



"Near a cave, en route for Moon Temple" Kuliang 1915 - L to R: Flora, Willard, Mary 2 unknown women
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This partial letter probably dated 1915 was written by Willard presumably to the folks at home. He describes an ongoing deadly conflict between two villages and how, although they would like to stay out of it, the Christians to whom they influence are forced to be involved. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Probably 1915]

...itself felt here, and the heathenism perceives it. There were no less than four cases brought up to be talked over, and the [unreadable word] of the missionary asked, in this three days meeting. I can not give any one of them in full, as it would be too long, and then I do not know all the details. One of the cases is something as follows: - It has been running for three or four years. It began in a quarrel between two villages at the mouth of the Min river near Sharp Peak. These villages each are the houses of many fishermen and fish dealers. Both of the villages send men with boats to the fishing grounds to buy fish of the men who catch them. The custom is for a boat from one of the villages to go out in the morning and attach itself to one of the fishing boats and agree to take all the fish caught that day. Then they sell the fish and in this make their living. One day the men from one village were more than those from the other and when a boat from this village bargained for fish with a fishing boat the stronger party shoved them away. So at night they had to go home empty and with no business. To get revenge these men gathered their fellow villagers and in a few days went out to the fishing grounds and surrounded the boats of the evening, captured about 37 of them, took them home and killed some and beat the others severely, and let them go after a ransom was paid. This made war between the two villages. There was [a] fight and some lives lost. This increased the animosity. So far it had not troubled the Christians. But now one of the leading men of one of the villages wants to lay a tax on all the men of his village to raise money to go and fight the other village, and the Christians tell him, this quarrel is not their business at all. They have had nothing to do with it. This of course stirred up a breeze. The streets near the church and near the Christian's shops were placarded with boycotts on the Christians. One man who had a fruit stand had to get his neighbors to help him take his fruit off to other places to sell it. Another owned goats but he was not allowed to pasture them and could not sell them, - all pasture is common property here- the village well where the Christians drew water was forbidden them, etc., etc. This brings the matter into conflict with missionary work. Then men from one village lay in wait and captured men from the other villages [as] they went out to other places. It made no difference who the men were- whether they were offenders personally or not- so long as they belonged to the other village. One of our bright young men was thus caught and taken to the enemy's village. Here were the wives and mothers of the men who had been killed previously. This young man with two or three others was delivered up to the mercy or rather passion of these infuriated women after the men had beaten them to their hearts content. The women took irons and clubs and beat them just as they pleased. The young man was in a very critical condition last week. I have not heard from him since. One of the 12 chief men of one of these villages- the one which instituted the boycott is said to have boasted

that he could kill off a few of the Christians and by paying \$300.00 could get off without harm. And if a foreigner came to interfere it would cost only \$5000.00 to kill him. This man is now thoroughly scared and was at Foochow to beg Mr. Hubbard and Hartwell to settle up the matter as soon as possible. He was willing to say he was sorry and to fire off some crackers if the missionaries and Christians would forgive him. But he has been the leader in all the persecution and it is thought best to let him be anxious for a little while. We hope to get from the Viceroy of the province a special proclamation giving the Christians freedom of worship and exemption from idolatrous fees. Of course the Christians in these two villages are anxious to have the missionaries help and protect them. The less we as missionaries have to do with the magistrate and ruling classes in these quarrels the better. And yet we cannot sit still and see the men who are following our teaching persecuted and killed for no other reason than that they are worshippers of Jehovah God.

Another case was in connection with my Ha puo church. A woman had become interested in the Truth and had given up her idols and idol worship. The Priest or his runner was collecting fees for an idol ceremony. He came to her and she refused to pay. He became angry but she remained firm. She owned a sow. The man found the sow in the fields a few days after his interview with the woman and beat it severely. Soon after coming home the sow had 12 dead pigs. The woman had positive proof that this man did the mischief, and took 4 of the pigs to him and demanded 12000 cash = about \$11.00. He only cursed her. She called the neighbors and the petty official and the man promised to pay 300 or 40 cash. But the last I heard had paid nothing. These cases are very aggravating but they are at the same time signs that the Gospel is working, and these cases only help to spread the knowledge of the truth. They also help to give strength and fortitude to the native Christians. I wonder how near thro haying you are. That new barn will hold a large amount. Are you getting along without oxen? How many and what horses have you? etc. etc. With love to all Will.

[This letter dated Aug. 1, 1915 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of all the social events and people they have been visiting with. She talks of Willard's popularity and of all the responsibilities he has. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang
Aug 1, 1915

Dear Ones at Home,

Another two weeks gone by- how time flies when one is busy doing nothing in particular! Last Sunday night I had a treat sitting here on the porch and writing letters while the rest of the family and other Kuliangites sang hymns from the rocks just above us. It was a clear calm night and the harmony of the voices added much to the beauty of the evening.

11.00 AM

Miss Russell and I have just been to Chinese church. The place was filled even to the front seats. We had a piece [or "phase"...it appears that she wrote one or the other word on top of the other] of New China illustrated when a Chinese girl and man sang a duet. They sang in English and even though the song was unfamiliar I could understand every word. It was the only thing I could understand except the expressions in the faces. Everyone seemed much interested in the sermon.

On Monday evening we all went for a walk part way down the mountain. The moon was just past full and it was like day without the intense heat. The city was not as beautiful to look upon as it would be on a dark night but we could see the whole of it from our stopping point.

On Tuesday evening we had Dr. and Mrs. Gillette and Mr. and Mrs. Dennis for dinner. We had to do up the table cloth because we have but one long one and had been using it. I think all enjoyed the dinner and evening. The first couple had to leave almost at once because they were invited to a musical for the evening.

On Wednesday we attended prayermeeting. Harriet Bontelle (Mt. Holyoke '08) is arrived at last and was there. We all went over to the Public courts and visited with the spectators for while. We had to come around by the house on the way out to dinner and got detained by callers. I was glad not to miss Miss Lambert and Miss Robertson. As soon as they were around the bend we hastened up the hill and over to the Newell's where we were to enjoy a 'weenie roast.' We did enjoy it to the full extent. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson of Canton were there also. They know Harriet Allen a college classmate of mine. He was a Hartford and Oberlin man so he and Will had to reminisce. It was moonlight when we came home.

That was the hottest night we have had this summer- no wind at all.

Willard went to the city on Thursday so we all got up for a 6.00 breakfast with him. Then we went over to play tennis until 8.00. In the afternoon Flora and I made some calls. Willard was already here when we returned. It was a terribly hot day here until after 4.00 when a breeze came up. Willard said he did not find it so very bad in the city and he evidently was not as weary as after the last day down there.

We had planned to go to Ku Shan on Friday. It was very cloudy at 5.30 and more so at 6.30 and occasionally there were dashes of rain. The coolies finally came up about 9.00 and announced that they did not wish to go as there was to be a typhoon. The gusts of rain and wind continued all morning while we sat on the porch and embroidered or read. It was a most mild form of typhoon, surely, and not recognized by many as such at all.

In the afternoon it cleared beautifully. Flora had a headache so Miss Russell and I went to call at Miss Adam's home where the Y.W.C.A. contingents are staying. Harriet Bontelle is of the number. All the ladies are most pleasant and we had a fine call. We came home via the brownstone bend and found the home deserted. Flora and Will had gone over the hill, Mr. Birkle was off somewhere and Miss Francis was in her room.

Saturday was a full day. I had put the long tablecloth carefully under the short one we were using but on Friday we discovered that it was on the table and had gotten several spots on it. Also we were not sure of the laundry coming up from the city, so we had to do up both napkins and cloth.

Flora and I had invited fifteen children and their parents for the afternoon from 4-6. We played games then served cocoa with sweet crackers and little cakes. I had brought down a lot of those mud[?] images like those I sent home and we gave them to the children as favors to take home. We ended by lining up and playing "I put my right foot in, etc."

There was just time to clear away one party and get ready for dinner guests at 7.00, but we were all dressed and waiting when they arrived. This time it was Mr. and Mrs. Hodous and Dr. and Mrs. Montgomery of Amoy.

Willard's arm is better so he plays tennis with full enjoyment. He has used it almost without thinking for sometime the only thing I have heard him say he couldn't do is carry a baby with it. Mr. Munson (YMCA) brought Eleanor Claire (aged 1 yr) over to call on Tuesday and Willard carried her home. She is a darling sunny little girl. Her baby brother is nearly four weeks old. She likes the dog better because he is more responsive to her advances. We called there one morning and saw both children.

The American mail closes tomorrow so this ought to make a quick passage.

We are planning on our trip to Ku Shan for Wednesday. I say we go the first clear day even if it rains so we have to go Sunday. Mr. Johnson said he hoped it rained the four days so he could see if I would go. I told him he was as wicked as I, to have such hopes.

My field glasses are very useful. I look at views, watch our neighbors who are not hidden by their typhoon walls, watch new arrivals etc. Mr. Hodous says I caught the "Kuliang habit" quickly.

The dentist left on Thursday afternoon and had to leave a lot of work undone at that. Willard has several temporary fillings. In October the dentist returns to Foochow for several weeks and hopes to get through them. One thing he has proved and that is that there is work enough here to warrant the missions supporting a Missionary Dentist. The home Boards refused to help the venture until it was tried out. Dr. Getallins is ready to hand in his statement any time, he says. The people are all well pleased with his work.

I must close and wish you all success and happiness. We are looking for letters tomorrow as a boat was in last night.

Lots of love
Mary Beard.

[This letter dated Aug. 1, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard is contemplating hiring a stenographer to help him with his correspondence. He discusses his plans for coming back to the U.S. for his 25th Oberlin College reunion, Stanley and Myra's wedding and Gould and Geraldine's graduation from Putnam High School. Willard thinks his father must be happy about the cause of prohibition. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Aug 1st 1915

Dear Folks at Home:-

My letter writing has been sadly neglected for a whole month. My register tells of only four letters written for the U.S. These were one a week to Putnam. I felt somewhat easy about you for Flora and Mary were writing and I told them to always send my love and tell you I was here all right. This year more of many kinds of work of a public nature has been put on me by circumstances beyond my control than every before. I am planning to hire a stenographer who is available here now and get off some twenty letters that I must write.

I cannot tell you how much I enjoy the girls. It is the first time I have felt that I could put my feet on the dining table and tilt back in my chair since Sept. 1912. - Which is another way of saying that it feels like home with them here, and that expresses more than pages of adjectives and nice phrases. Both seem quite well and to enjoy the mountain. We have in the house this summer a young man and a young woman who are trying to court specially the young woman and this makes life for the rest of us interesting- specially for the girls when the couple sit up late and talk just outside their window.

The past week we have been rather gay altho I did not think of it at the time. Tuesday evening we had Mr. and Mrs. Dennis of the Y.M.C.A. and Dr. and Mrs. Gillette of our mission here for dinner, and Wed. evening we went to Mrs. Newell's for dinner and Thursday I went to Foochow and Friday evening read China Under the Empress Dowager and Sat p.m. the girls invited some dozen children and their mothers here and in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous and Dr. and Mrs. Montgomery of Amoy were here for dinner. The mountain is full this year and we have had to put extra chairs in the church today. The weather has been fine- too fine for the farmers- we should have rain. Telegrams report a very disastrous typhoon in Shanghai last Thursday.

This next week is full of meetings daily. 9:30 - 10:30 the "conventions" with a sermon each day. 10:45 - 12:00 a Conference on Evangelism. 4 or 5 Chinese Conventions. Then the week after came lots of other things- Associations and meetings etc.

I think of you as just thru haying- perhaps the road still to mow- If all goes well I'll be there for a few days of it next year- the mission has noted to let me go home a little after May 1- 1916 and get back Sept. 1st. I shall plan my stay to get to Oberlin for my 25th reunion. This will be about June 11-20.

Then I must see Gould and Geraldine graduate about June 23 or 24. I must write Stanley and Myra that they must not wait for me to marry them. I might get it in June 20-22, - between Oberlin and Putnam- but they will want it in May and I am afraid that is out of the question for me.

Father must rejoice greatly over the victory of the cause of prohibition. It is interesting to see the growing dry territory in the U.S. The wave seems to be world wide- France and Russian too are influence. England is having a harder time.

War telegrams do not create much excitement here. Wilson seems to be the man for the place- calm, cool, safe, dependable. He has the position of the world today most strategic. I pray that God will keep him cool and clear of brain and free from all selfishness and use him to help bring justice among the nations- this must come first-then world peace.

I have been thinking of Gould as at the farm this past month. I hope to hear from him while he is there and send love to him now.

With love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Aug. 8, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. He talks about graduations and reminisces on his own. He gives Phebe advice on receiving honors. He and some of the other men worked out a five year campaign of evangelism for the province. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Aug 8th 1915

Dear Phebe:-

This is the last letter I shall address to you at Putnam for a long time-possibly until I see you in Oberlin next June if God lets us carry out our plans. Since last Sunday your good letter just after graduation has come and the last mail brought Kathleen's letter and an envelope containing your graduation program etc. and also Dorothy's graduation program. Your letter is very interesting with its whirl of dizzy rushing just before graduation to get

ready in breathless haste for the occasion. I suppose half the spice would be left out of these occasions tho if there was not the hurrying. - You give a good picture of Christine. I am glad she is developing so nicely and I hope she may continue to grow to give her parents joy. Your account of the High School graduation with its picnic, reception, dance, class day, etc. etc. takes me back to 1887 in what was then Birmingham [*in Connecticut I believe it is now called Derby.*]. We had one evening when each one of us read an essay or delivered an oration, - and it was all over, - but it was a great occasion- the greatest graduation I ever had. College did not compare with it and Seminary graduation was tame. I am glad so many from Shelton and B-port could come. Auth Ruth's letter adds some touches to your account,- auto rides notable, and Leolyn's episode. I shall look longingly for that picture of the family with Gould waiting anxiously to get to the farm.

But the most interesting part of your letter is the philosophical part, which is perfectly natural. Not to desire honors is to be unnatural, and I think to say one does not desire them is in many instances dishonest. Yet most people place a too-high and often a false value on them. You will take away from your work of the past three years in the Putnam High School just what you have put into it, and honors could not have added to or subtracted from its value to you. You have much more than the marks you have received in your different studies. In each of these you have creditable record- more than that- a good record and in addition you have a knowledge of home keeping, cooking, piano, violin, C.E. work and S.S. work, and letter writing. In this letter I should be tempted in marking to give 100+. What shall I do to learn during this next year what is going on at home. Perhaps they will write you and you will send the letters on to me. In college I suggest that you do not take on such work as C.E. and S.S. work the first year. Get well started in the College life first. Keep up your music, but outside of that devote yourself pretty rigidly to the regular college studies. I think you will spend less time in going to lectures and entertainments than you have in Putnam. Above all keep yourself feeling fresh. Don't allow yourself to get all tired out, so your knees shake and you feel nervous. A person cannot be said to be educated if he does not know how to take care of himself so that he has all his powers at his command all the time. Enter the Gymnasium at once and when you go to Gym, have a good time- forget that there is a book in the world and make play of your exercise, play tennis- basketball. Go to bed at 10 p.m. or earlier. Have a definite time for the preparation of each lesson and let nothing steal that time from you- and let nobody steal it from you. Cultivate happy and hopeful thoughts. Don't think of honors, but do each hour's duties to the best of your ability, honestly, - and honors will come to you- not possibly those for which you have worked, but they will come as surprise and be of real value. Then there are honors beside high marks. In my own experience I stood highest of 80 pupils in the first year of high school when I was 16 years old. I was the most astonished lad on earth when I went to school that morning and learned the fact. I did not even know that a prize was offered. But for the other honors- I mean like your Ivy Oration etc. you may have heard me say that I have been chosen as President of my class in every institution I have attended, in my senior year, - High school, College and Seminary. Honors of some kind are sure to come to the person who is faithful in his daily work and who tries to be helpful as he goes thru life, - I must go to church now.

9:30 p.m.

This afternoon we had the communion at the close of the Convention week, - a long service. It has been a full week with the two meetings, each morning and several committee meetings thrown in. Wednesday we of #74 all went to Kushan Monastery. Miss Ward, Miss Blanchard, a Miss Bontell of the Holyoke College and Mr. Storrs went with us. Just as I was out of my bath after getting home a committee meeting was announced at 8 pm at Mr. McLachlins. In the Conference of Evangelism the day before I had suggested a province-wide evangelistic campaign to cover a period of years- say five. And several of the men were meeting that evening consider asking Mr. Munson to be the Secretary for such a plan. He had been to Foochow that day. Mac had just come up with a hard cold. Dr. Turner came in a chair in his Kimono and half sick and I had been to Kushan. But we worked out a plan and it went thru yesterday morning at the closing meeting. This is the largest thing we have ever had before us.

Mon evening Mr. and Mrs. Christian, Miss VanderLinden and Mr. Carpenter were for dinner. Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Munson and Mr. and Mrs. Newell were here.

I am much grateful that you are anticipating College- enjoy it, in fact try to enjoy all life, then each year will be better than its predecessor.

I have not written any thing about your studies and I cannot in detail. I would suggest that you plan for the Kindergarten course- unless you have changed your mind. I shall ask God to direct you. May He keep you all

Very Lovingly Your Father Willard L Beard

[This letter dated **Aug. 15, 1915** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Mary to the ones at home. They received a letter from their brother Oliver who recently lost his daughter, Olive. She tells of various social events they have had and attended. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang

Aug 15, 1915

Dear Ones at Home,

This week brought two letters from home and two for Willard from Putnam, and one from Oliver. It is the first one from Oliver since Olive left him- and we were all so glad to get it. Phebe and Geraldine both write of your visit, Ruth and Leolyn, and of that of the Bridgeport girls. Geraldine evidently missed Olive keenly and both girls write that Gracie seems to feel the loss very much.

Monday began the week with a swimming party of ladies at 3.30. Eleven of us went in. Mrs. Hodous let her home be dressing room and ours was tea home. It was nearly 5.00 when we finally arrived for tea. Others came in so we served 28 ladies and children and 4 men. Several invited guests were kept away by a rehearsal for "The Holy City." That night it was so calm that we brought our ordinary lamp outside and read on the porch.



Written in album: "In the swimming pool"

[Kuliang 1915 Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Kuliang swimming pool

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Tuesday afternoon we went swimming again. Then we went over to the courts to watch the tennis tournament. We could not stay long because Mr. Jones had invited us over to the bachelor's mess for dinner at 7.00 o'clock. For once men were more numerous than ladies, two to one.

On Wednesday we had swimming before breakfast. After the 4.30 Prayer Meeting we came directly home to dress for the "Immigration Party." Flora and I went as Egyptians and dressed in sheets. Willard was an Indian returning from a trip abroad. The star of the evening was Mr. Jones as a French general. He wore white trousers, black coat and white three cornered hat. His epaulets were bedroom slippers attached by large safety pins. He wore several round marking tags as badges, one curtain panel and one wooden pulley holder. He had a wooden leg and arm as results of bullets so was very stiff and angular. As he is tall and slender and wears a pointed beard anyway he was fine.

Mr. Newell was a Dutch boy and carried off his part well. Mrs. Perkins as a Belgian refugee was a beauty.

Over the door of the porch was a sign "Ellis Isle"- and just inside, at a table, sat the "Inspector." We were motioned to seats and soon the roll was called. After roll call we went out for "eats." Each took a dish of soup and some zwieback as we went to our places. Then we got up and got into line. First we took plate etc.; then we came to a table containing, "Indian corn", "Psaltries", "Macaroni a la' Italian next "Salade a la' France"; then "Weenies", "Sauerkraut" and "Brot". The weenies were roasted for us by the two boys. They also served the cocoa and cake later.

When we returned the "Inspector" examined some of the party and found several ineligible.

Lastly we each wrote a line of a letter to Miss Bosworth and answered a few questions using our initials as those[?] of the answers.

It was 11.30 when we got in. The joke was on us because we could not make out from the invitation whether it was for dinner or not. We ate lightly but some of the guests had eaten a hearty dinner before over.

Willard was off at 6.30 the next morning for Foochow. I was up in time to eat with him and everyone was out to see him off. That afternoon we went over to watch the tournament after stopping at Miss Lambert's sale. We saw some awfully good tennis. I stayed late because I was to eat at home. Flora returned early because she and Will were to dine with the Nightingales.

Friday we again watched tennis but all had to leave at 6.00 because we had guests invited for 7.00. Dr. and Mrs. Lacy came although they had had a granddaughter born at their home that afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Smith were the other guests.

Yesterday afternoon Willard and I walked over for him to do some business with Mr. Belcher. I visited with Mr. B. and Charles Francis, aged 5 weeks. Later I went in to see Mrs. Cooper a minute. She has been ill for a month and has only just begun to see people. Later we all dressed and went out to super with 5 A.B.C.F.M. ladies. We arose from the table and all hastened our steps to the Club for the "Heathen[?] Concert." There are some fine voices here and the people are most delightful about using them. Yesterday morning we breakfasted with the Ford's on the other side of the hill. Willard had business so Flora and I came home and made calls along the way. Mrs. MacLachlin was out but we sat on her porch and watched a party of transfers[?] make the last stretch up Ku Shan mountain. Then we called at Mrs. Munson's and played with Eleanor Claire and Dora.

Miss Strang was here for a short stay this morning waiting for Willard to return from Chinese church.

Our family begins to scatter this week. The three "not Beards" all leave before another Sunday but Flora and I leave on the first boat after another Sunday. Our "couple" hardly can spare time to sleep now that the time is so short. They take no day nap and sit up until 11.00 or later every night.

Willard thinks he is writing a home letter but his position and snore signify that he is mistaken.

We have clever children here too. Niel Newell put Dwight up to throwing the bucket down the well as a joke on the boy. His parents were remonstrating with them about that and also about a habit of pulling plaster off the walls just as the ice cream man came along. "No ice cream," says mother, "and we will use our money to fix the home where you have harmed it." So Neil says, "I don't like ice cream. Mother didn't you think it would be a good punishment to make us eat some?"

On Saturday began my "sure nuff" vacation because I stopped my class the day before. I had been up 28 times. That means I am in a few dollars to help pay for all the curios I have purchased this summer.

The Educational Convention was held this week. Willard had to preside as Chairman. Flora went down all one morning. I went for part of the time. They met in the club which is small and not well ventilated. We had the best seats, there on the veranda. A Chinese girl gave one of the papers and it was most scholarly.

Tomorrow evening we give a party and have about 28 people in all. We three are out every evening but one. On Friday we go to dinner and there with our host and hostess to an evening party. This is getting to be the gay life!!

I shall mail the suit of underwear from Shanghai as we go thru. I have put in a caned chair which you can keep or give for Christmas, just as you like. It is very cheap out here 50 cents silver, but rather pretty and odd. We leave on the first boat after next Sunday.

Lots of love

Mary Beard.

*[This partial letter dated **about Aug. 23, 1915** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. All summer everyone thought Miss Francis and Mr. Birkel were either or would become engaged. Both left Kuliang without an announcement of any kind. There has been much tennis playing on Kuliang this summer. Mary and Flora plan to leave for Shanghai within a couple of days. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About Aug 23, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

Mother's letter with the shoe ribbons came a week ago. I am very glad to have them for mine have given out and I've had to use what I could get which weren't much.

I am enclosing the memorandum which I kept for our use during the last two weeks here on Kuliang. This by no means fills in the entire day for we did a lot of work besides this.

On Friday Miss Russell and Miss Francis left for their steamer to Shanghai. Miss Francis, who has been spending all her spare moments with Mr. Birkel all the summer, would not acknowledge their engagement. We're all feeling somewhat disgusted with their performances. Mary played a few pranks on them but never the crack of a smile or any recognition could be gotten out of them. Perhaps she has told you so I'll not repeat.

We have had a fine summer. After the first week of rain we had no more except a few showers a week or two ago. It has been a record summer for heat but it has never been unbearable as long as we stayed at home. After 4 o'clock it cools off so that the tennis courts have been very popular. There has been an unusual amount of tennis ability here this summer, and the men's doubles have spent two afternoons from 4.30 to 6.30 trying to win on one side and each afternoon had to stop because of the dark, and each time it was a tie. Some of the playing has been fine. There must have been over a hundred watching and the nice thing about the crowd has been the applause for a fine play on either side. It happened that the sides are divided—two English men against a French man and an American.

There has been a remarkable amount of ability in music here also, and the work done in giving "The Holy City" was wonderful when one knows that the time of preparation was only four weeks. There was a chorus of about thirty voices.

Yesterday Mr. Birkel left. Such luke warmness in a man I've seldom seen. He was perfectly willing to let his lady love precede him by a few hours down the mountain!

We have quite enjoyed to-day by ourselves. We wrote letters all the morning and the two brothers- Neff- came over for tiffin. We heard a lot of very interesting news about Hainan and the neighboring islands, where one of the 'Neffs' has been teaching in an agricultural college. He is going back to U.S. to take up law in Ohio somewhere.

Mary wants you to send to her a pair of soles for her be slippers- No. [# or size not filled in].

I will write some more in Shanghai as we expect to leave in a day or two.

[Any remaining pages are missing.]

*[This 2 ½"X3" note dated **Aug. 26, 1915** was written from Shanghai, China by Flora to her family in Shelton. She is just letting them know that she and Mary made it safely from Foochow to Shanghai and will be leaving for Tientsin within a couple of days. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Aug, 26, 1915]

Shanghai: Aug. 26:- We have had a fine trip up from Foochow and have two days here before we start on for Tientsin. So far we have dodged typhoons and we hope to be as fortunate the rest of the way.

We left Will well.

Lovingly- F. Beard.

I am sending by this same mail a sealed letter containing six handkerchiefs to Miss Brewster. – F.B.

[This letter dated Aug. 29, 1915 was written from the China Navigation Company's S.S. Tungchow by Mary to the ones at home. They are on their way from Shanghai to Tientsin a day later than originally planned. While waiting to leave they visited St. John's college. She talks about the trip on the steamer, a stop in Pei Ho and Mr. Mills inviting her out to sleep on the rear deck much to Flora's dismay. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

China Navigation Company's
S.S. Tungchow, Aug. 29.- 1915

Dear Ones at Home,

We are on the second stretch of our journey at last. The steamer finally sailed just 24 hours later than first scheduled but we were comfortable at Mrs. Lacy's with Miss Oldroid as hostess. When we sent our heavy baggage, two trunks, two boxes and four chairs, to the steamer the boy brought back word of the postponement. Flora and I then ordered a carriage- and took a drive out to St. John's college. The driver did not know the way or misunderstood, - and gave us a mile or two extra trip by beautiful homes and two large Chinese Colleges to a French Institution. The St. John's buildings were nearly all closed and we could get into none, but the grounds were beautiful. It was like a bit of home with its green campus laid out with clumps of bushes to divide it off.

The buildings are red brick trimmed with gray and all strutting foreign style on the exterior at least. They look like college buildings. Last evening we went down to the "Gardens" to hear the Shanghai Band play. They gave a concert two hours long and mighty good. The band plays in the garden every evening from 9-11 except Tuesday and Friday. Then it plays in the afternoon, once in the gardens and once out at Recreation Park. We heard it on Friday afternoon at the Park. Both the Parks and Gardens are run by the Shanghai Municipality Council and are strictly for foreigners.

We left the Bund [*an embankment on the waterfront*] this morning at 10.00 and are now nearing the mouth of the river (4.30 P.M.) The water is just as rough as it was coming from Foochow but the Tungchow is several times larger than the Haeen. Our Stateroom is a regular palace. Instead of bunks we have two iron beds fast to the walls. Each of us has a wash stand with mirror, a special seat for our suitcase, two racks for bundles and a large hook to hang things on. There are two windows and plenty of space.

The boat is full. Children are legion and of all ages. Most of them are going to Cheefoo or Wei Hai Wei for the month of September. All of the little ones have Amahs so are not underfoot of we passengers.

I have been watching our cocoa sea. It looks nice and rich and as we plough through it we make it look as though it was coated with whipped cream. We will hardly get into clear water tonight because the current carries the mud so far out.

We are very swell with our own chairs. We chose the two easiest that we are taking for the school and had the other two tied securely together.

The Saturday night before we left the mountain Laura Ward gave a Holyoke spread. Mrs. Peet, Laura, Harriet Bontelle and I were the only graduates. Mrs. Thompson was there one year and Helen Smith is planning to go. The other guests were Mr. Peet, Mr. Thomson and the four ladies with whom Laura lives. We tried to have a college table- Mrs. Peet was faculty, I was senior opposite, Laura and Harriet were freshmen and waited on table. The boys were relegated to the pantry or kitchen. Helen Smith was interested as could be but very quiet. After supper we played games or talked for awhile. Willard and Flora called for me and Mr. Smith for Helen. They came in and waited while we sang our songs and then some popular ones for them to join with us. Flora and Will feasted out on the rocks that night.

Sept. 2- We are in the Pei Ho and will reach Tientsin in about two hours. We did not even see Wei Hai Wei as we came through because we stopped from 5.30-7.30 A.M. There was great hurrying and scurrying to get the passengers off and new ones on. It was 11.30 when we reach Cheefoo. We staid on the steamer until after lunch then went ashore for two hours. We took a rickshaw ride out past the C.I.M. school for foreign children. It is a very large establishment. Then we went up the hill and home by the upper road past the large vineyards. We stopped at McMullans and I got a silk collar and some lace.

On the way to the jetty we bought a basket of fruit because in Cheefoo they raise fine foreign apples, pears, peaches and grapes. These with the pomolos we bought in Shanghai we shall portion out to our various friends in Peking and Tungchow.

At Cheefoo Mr. Mills and two trained nurses whom he knew got me so we have had company. Fortunately the sea smoothed down so we had energy to do more than hold down a long chair. It was awfully choppy up to there. We were delayed at Cheefoo by the amount of cargo we had to discharge so were too late for the early tide yesterday. We had to anchor outside the Taiku [*pronounced tie 'goo according to the ABCFM*] bar for about four hours then we came in to Tang Ku and tied up at the wharf until six this morning. We arrived before dark so took a walk out toward the point. It is always a great relief to me to set foot on terra firma. Poor Flora, I do shock her so!! Last night Mr. Mills said there was a cool spot on the rear deck and proposed that we occupy it. We did. Flora was so shocked that soon she sent out a note asking me to come to bed. I am being well looked after you see!! I did not see anything either improper or shocking in my conduct and laughed as did Mr. Mills when I told him the contents of the note.

As we came across the bar yesterday we passed a steamer stuck there. They would have to wait until the tide floated them off.

We had on board a Mr. Odell, U.S. Commissioner of Commerce and his sister and husband. They were so all important that they amused me greatly. They got off at Tang Ku and took the evening train to Tientsin. It made quite a cavalcade as they went off with their baggage.

This will show our safe arrival at Tientsin. Next we will write from Tungchow. Train service is such that we must spend tonight in Peking.

Lots of love. We did have such a good summer with Will. The best part is that he professes just as much enjoyment as we do.

Lovingly, Mary Beard.

7.35 A.M.



Flora and Mary (in the light colored suits) on board the "Tungchow" 1915
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **Aug. 29, 1915**, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Gould. Mary and Flora were on Kuliang with Willard for the summer. He talks about a the Lacy missionary family. Willard's daughter, Phebe, is beginning college. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

#74 Kuliang.

Foochow, China

Aug 29 – 1915

Dear Gould:-

The longer I am away from you all the harder it is for me to wait patiently for your letters. The last two mails brought me nothing from either Putnam or Shelton, and it seems a month since I have a letter from home, when in reality it has been only 17 days since Geraldine's nice, long, interesting letter arrived. The last news from

Shelton spoke of you as cultivating corn and of all as just getting ready for strawberries. Then would come haying and then odds and ends of work. The month after haying was to me always the least interesting of the whole year on the farm,- largely I think because I was tired from the unusually hard work of haying, and partly because there was the time to do many little [*words missing because of some substance*] not show much, and then this I think is the most enervating [*words missing*] of the year. You are right in it now as I write. I wonder what you are doing. You must have had an interesting time this summer with Frederick. You also knew his older brothers. How does he compare with them? Where is he in school? The last mail brought a good letter from his father who was spending a month at Lake Mohawk I believe.

The summer on Kuliang has been a very full one for me.- But I have gotten a good rest out of it and already feel like a new man. I'm certainly getting rest now- if being quiet is rest. Aunt Flora and Mary left last Monday. I went down with them, saw them on the launch at 10 p.m. Monday. Then went to my house in the city arriving at 11:30. Slept well until 8 a.m. Tuesday, worked till 11, took a nap, ate lunch, started at 2 p.m., called on Ding Ming Uong until 3, then started for the mountain.

My whole force of servants is still here.- But I am taking lunch each day with Mr. and Mrs. Hodous- breakfast at home and supper at home- unless someone asks me out,- which is half the time. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous go down next Wed. Then I shall take lunch with Mrs. Munson in Dr. Bliss' cottage, and I shall plan to go down about a week from tomorrow or next day Sept. 6 or 7.

The Bath has been most popular this year. I had it thoroughly repaired at the beginning of the season and it has been full of water all the time. The ladies have two mornings in the week before breakfast and they say there are 10 or more in frequently. Some mornings there are 12 of us men in, and often there are 10 or 15 in during the day. Tennis has been most interesting. The weather has been perfect for this. As it is well written up in the Register I'll not speak of it in detail here. Harry Worley has surprised all by his good playing. I never saw better singles than when he beat Dr. Montgomery and when he and a Mr. Rentoul of [*words missing*] Montgomery and Pakenhou-Walsh twice. Henry Lacy is also [*words missing*] good tennis.

Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Lacy are here. All their sons are in China and Alice plans to come. She is in college now. Walter the eldest is teaching in the Anglo-Chinese College. Henry is in charge of a High School in Ngu Cheng. Carleton is the only minister. He is likely to be somewhere in central China. He was here for a few weeks, preached one of the best sermons we have heard this summer two weeks ago. Did you ever notice that one hears a great many addresses, sermons etc and he really assimilates a very, very small part of them? Think over the addresses you have heard during the past year and tell just what in any of them impressed you so as to make you think. At the time you were listening it may have seemed interesting and pleasing, but did it so take hold of you that it stuck and became a part of you. In the addresses I have heard during the past year two stand out in this way. Mr. Neff preached last summer and I got this to me a great big thought out of his sermon. I must have as my principle business in life- to express Jesus Christ to men,- that as I must be such a man as shall make people think of Him when they meet me- The coolies must think of such a man as Jesus - if they do not know Him when they meet me, and I must be a friend- brother, father and husband of such a kind as to make all think of Jesus, or see something about me that leads them to think of Him- I wrote of this a year ago. It has stuck. Carleton Lacy said that people remember two things about a man, his name and his message. It is not a great thing to leave a big name,- A man may build a college or a library or a tennis court or a swimming pool or even a church or may start a piece of work, that will cause men to remember his name, but that is very different from the message Washington [*words missing*] all men are born free and equal. I shall [*words missing*] Lyman Abbott for teaching me that the Life of God is in the Soul of Man. I shall remember the message of Pres. James H. Fairchild of Oberlin during my student days there- Benevolence is the great virtue, and my responsibility is only as great as my ability. I can then always do what is required of me, and if any one tries to make me think I ought to do what is beyond my power to do, he is overreaching his authority. I shall never forget what satisfaction this truth gave me as I realized it. I can always do as much and that which I ought to do- any thing beyond this is not my duty.

Irving Lacy is in Shanghai in charge of the Meth. Book Careers[?] there.

The drought has been pretty bad in the plain. But last Wed. a good shower came and every day since there have been showers on different sides of us and today again we have had a nice shower. This means no typhoon just now.

I am sending mama the printed minutes from our Annual Meeting of the Mission and some of the papers discussed at our Conference on Evangelism and the program of the Holy City and an invitation.

I pray especially that Phebe may be guided by God in beginning College and that you may be given light as you think of your life vocation,- whatever you choose, have a message to give to the world and live that message out as well [*words missing*] look forward to seeing you next summer when [*words missing*] talk this over- not necessarily to settle it, that only one person can do- yourself but get all light possible and then go ahead as far as the

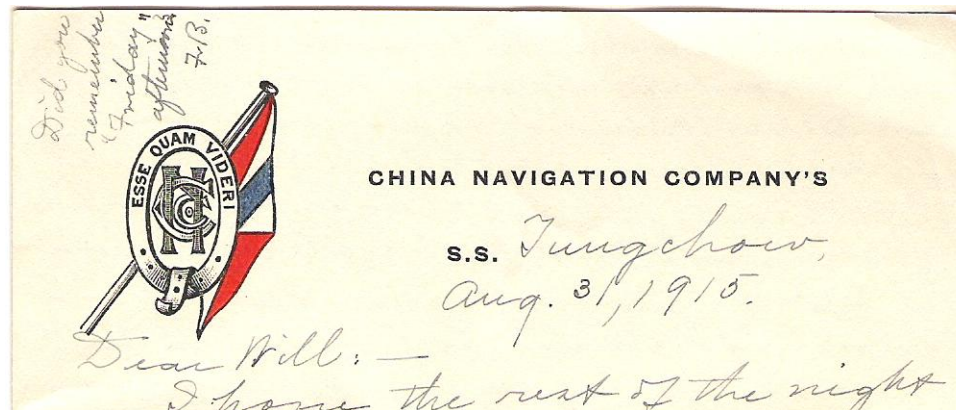
light shines. More will then be shed. Be perfectly honest with yourself with other men and with God. Follow what you feel you ought to do rather than what you want to do.

May God keep, bless, guide and use each of you to help men and glorify Him.

Your loving Father

Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated **Aug. 31, 1915** was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to Willard. She tells of the noisy first night aboard the steamer at Foochow and getting to know the kind captain. From Shanghai they were on the finest boat on the coast and she describes it and the passengers. The sea has been a little rough at times. They will be about three days late getting to Tungchow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Did you remember "Friday afternoons"? F.B.

China Navigation Company's
Tungchow,
Aug. 31, 1915.

Dear Will:-

I hope the rest of the night (after we left you) was as comfortable for you as it was for us. The moonlight and the breeze made our trip down river quite delightful. We reached the steamer about midnight and went right to bed to perspire and to sleep (?). They were loading coffin boards- most of the night- boards which weighed nearly a half ton. In my sleep it seemed as if the whole crew were having a regular war dance, when they worked themselves up to a climax and with one concerted shout jumped and landed like a ton of lead. That must have been the thud of the huge board on the floor of the hold. There was no use trying to sleep late so about 6 A.M. I arose and dressed, and went on deck. The steamer was still surrounded by dozens of junks- full. I saw the captain looking over the rail so I ventured (!) to speak to him. He was most civil in answering me, and we talked for a few minutes about the time of sailing, then I left him. He apologized for his costume (I had not noticed he was in his pajamas) - and said, "It's before 8 o'clock." Later on in the morning he came of his own free will and talked a long time with me, got a huge book of England pictures and stood by my side while I looked at them. He untied the chairs (had one of the deck hands do it) that are always roped together on the front of the deck, and they were left free for the rest of the trip! He lent me his copy of the Bryce report on conditions in Belgium and then told me all about his family and showed me the pictures of his daughters! He spent a lot of time on us all and quite redeemed his former reputation. There was a peculiar phenomenon on the water and he came down from the bridge to show it to us, saying, "You have heard of 'painting the town red', well, I'll show you the sea painted red." Sure enough, there was a long irregular stretch of vermillion sea, which we presently sailed right through. He said he thought it was a kind of fish spawn and it looked quite like it. He said whales fed on it. [Crill?]

We enjoyed Dr. Turner very much. He was suffering all the way but was up and around all the time. He helped see that our things were on to the steamer and also to get them off. Our steamer had to anchor out in midstream at Shanghai, so it was a great kindness to be helped on to shore. It was very early in the morning when we anchored and Mary and I got to the Lacy's before they were up. They did not think we would arrive so soon. We left our big baggage for the man to get later.

We had plenty of time to get all our shopping done and to spend all our money (!). When the sailing of the steamer was put off for twenty four hours we did not know what to do with ourselves so we took a carriage and drove out to St. John's College. Our mafu evidently did not understand our wishes for he landed us at the French orphanage much farther on. There we met a 'Father' and he directed the mafu so that we did get to the college. We walked about a little and then returned home- glad that we got to see more than we had intended. In the evening we went to the park to hear the band concert. Each had a chair (like your canvas one at the mountain) and listened to the music while we reclined.

We finally sailed from Shanghai on Sunday at 10 A.M. and we are on the finest boat on the coast. It is only a year old and it has all the improvements. The cabins are large enough so that the berths N.B-6 ft. 6 in. long are on each side of the door and no uppers. We have two windows 18 in. X 24 in. each so there is plenty of air- especially as we are on the windy side. It was all I could do to get on this steamer for every cabin was taken, but they put two men into one cabin so we got ours. There are more than a dozen children on board- fine looking ones. About eight of them are on their way to school either in Chefoo or Tientsin. It seems there is a large Catholic school in Tientsin. One of the teachers of the Kuliang school is here taking four of the Kuliang students to Chefoo. That school was an overflow of the Chefoo school and they have decided to add to Chefoo rather than to rebuild at Kuliang.

This has been a fine trip so far. The ocean was like a "mill pond" much of the way up to Shanghai, but it has been a little rough this way. Mary has not felt happy much of the way- just enough to keep her sleepy. She has eaten all her meals, but has not felt like exercising. The cuisine of this boat is fine. We are having pomelos and Chefoo apples which are quite a little similar to our red astrakans at home. The meats and pastries are very appetizing.

After leaving Chefoo. - We had quite a few hours at Chefoo so we went on land, rode out to the School and back by the vineyards, of which there are acres and acres over the mountain sides. Mr. Mills, whose mother is a Pres. Missionary at Chefoo, was sailing with us, so we have an acquaintance on board now. There is also a Methodist lady from Soochow here who knows Miss Francis. We met Mr. Mills last winter when he visited Peking and stayed in our compound. He is 6 ft. 4 in. tall and has one eye that looks in the wrong direction. He says it has been most useful in discipline for the boys never can tell whether or not he is looking at them.

Since we left Chefoo the sea is as calm as can be and Mary is feeling tip top again. We had to stay so long at Chefoo that we have lost our tide at Taku so must wait twenty-four hours at Tongku before we can go up the river- by daylight. The result for us is that we shall be two days late. We could go on by rail if it were not for our baggage; but as it does not add to our expense to stay we shall not hasten on. I am sorry not to be back when I said I would but it cannot be helped.

It is delightfully cool- almost too cold. We wore our jackets on land yesterday and were not too warm even when walking.

Thurs. 7.30 A.M. - We are nearing Tientsin- will be there in two hours. It is cold this morning, so my thin banana jacket seems hardly enough. We shall get only as far as Peking to-night, and go on to Tungchou to-morrow- three days late- but not our fault.

Mary sends love with me-

Yours lovingly-
Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chili [*Chih-li Province*], China

[This letter dated Sept. 5, 1915 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to daughter Kathleen. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. Ellen and the children are in Connecticut while Willard is in China. He is looking forward to seeing the family picture. He talks of the other various missionary families there.]

#74 Kuliang

Foochow, China

Sept. 5th 1915

Dear Kathleen:-

It was very nice last evening to receive your letter telling me that the twins [*Aunt Etta's children, Millicent and Harry Stewart Hume, b. 3/16/1911*]. *Etta is Ellen Kinney Beard's sister.*] had come to Putnam. I had been told that Aunt Etta and the children were coming but Mama forgot to write in her letter and I should not have known that

they had arrived if you had not written. I wonder also about Geraldine going to Columbia [*Columbia, CT*]. Did she go? And did she enjoy it? I suppose you will be in school third grade when this reaches you. What are you studying? We thought of you on August 10th when you were seven years old. I am trying to wait patiently until the family picture arrives. Some of you have written two or three times about it and the Shelton people have written about it. All say it is very good except Mama. And she always sees the bad things about a photograph. As she mentioned only a few about this one I concluded it must be a very good one.



This is probably the photo that Willard was referring to.
[*Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard.*]



Probably Aunt Etta Kinney Hume's fraternal twins - Harry and Millicent Hume (born 1911)
[Photo in the Oberlin archives]

This last week I went to Foochow twice. On Tuesday, to see the new church and to do other things that are always coming up. Then Mrs. Dr. Cooper died on Wed. evening and I went down for the funeral on Thursday. This going down twice in one week spoils the whole week. I get tired enough so I want to rest the remainder of the time. And Wed. night I was running all over the mountain from 9:30 till 1 a.m. Thursday morning and up again at 5:30 Thursday a.m.

Mrs. Bankhard's little girl about eighteen months old is very ill here on the mountain with a fever.

I have my house full again. Mrs. Belcher has a little baby about seven weeks old and she was living with Dr. and Mrs. Cooper. The house they were living in is very much shut in and she was lonely over there. So I asked them to move over here. They all came over yesterday. Baby Charles is a fine boy.- sleeps all the time,- This evening his mother and father and I tried to waken him in vain at 6:45 to eat. Now at 8:30 he is still asleep. You will enjoy him and Marion Jean Newell and Dom Munson (and there will be more by the time you get here) when you come out next summer.

Kuliang is getting quite thinly peopled. The church was only about half full this afternoon. And many are going down this week. Every house has been full this summer except the one where Dr. Gracey used to stay way over near Mr. Siemssens. I must go down Tuesday afternoon or Wednesday morning to be ready for the Girl's Student Conference. I am the only man among the leaders and there are about a dozen ladies.

The new church is most ready for the roof timbers. I shall be glad to be in Foochow to see about it for the supporting of the roof is a very important part of the building, and this is supported in a new way. As soon as the Conference closes College opens- Sept. 15.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Bidwell of Kansas City saying that he was sending me a suit of clothes!! and a notice from the Japanese P.O. informs me that they have for me a parcel containing "1 vest 1 coat 1 pant." I shall be greatly interested to see what the clothes will be like - color- quality -size etc. I see they are worth \$15.00.

Letters from Aunt Mary say they were leaving Shanghai last Sunday at 11:30 am. All has gone very pleasantly thus far with them. They were staying in Mrs. Lacy's house in Shanghai- only Irving and Dr. Lacy's Secretary were there. They had all business done and expected to start north Sat. But the boat was delayed a day, so they took a carriage and went out to St. John's University. The driver got lost and gave them a nice long ride - without extra cost.

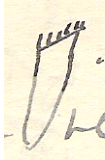
Lovingly your Father
 Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Sept. 10, 1915 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of all the work that is being done in the house/school. They are purchasing items for the school and talks about the others who will help with the teaching. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Sept 10th [1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

We began the week with a home full of workmen. Some started to fill the cracks in the paint with a peculiar pink putty which has a horrid smell like decayed fish or eggs. The next set of men started about 12-24 hours later and washed woodwork, then when that was dry another set started to apply oil and at another interval came a fourth set with varnish. I just wish you could see the oiling done. Each man has a minute rag which he saturates with oil, then they rub over the surface with their hands. The cracks are done by one special man who has a native brush with very short bristles. For applying the varnish they have a brush one degree better than ours.



They are shaped thus. The slant makes it possible to get into small places quite easily. So far two floors are all done, the third nearly oiled and the fourth ready to be washed.

On Monday night four of us went swimming in the fish pond. The moon was glorious and the night was warm and quiet. Mrs. Galt and Mrs. Porter sat in the boat and held a rope which could be used to rescue us but we did not need it.

The water looks clear but I think looks are deceiving because my bathing suit was awfully dirty, so was I. It was good fun anyway. On Wednesday evening we had a special compound meeting to see what aid the members could give in teaching in case we obtained no assistance. I auctioned off a German class which has since returned, a Latin class (in case Mrs. Porter does not also get a request to teach English in the girl's school); a History class and two English classes. Today we heard of one new possibility for assistant so again live in hopes. This lady is in Peking so we will not be long in suspense.

Yesterday Flora spent the day in Peking buying crockery. She did not get much because the stock is so depleted and the storekeepers are getting in nothing new. In Tientsin we found much American stock and at fairly reasonable prices. I got Colgate's tooth paste and could have gotten anything in Colgate's list. Flora got Queen Quality shoes.

Both Mr. Beers and Mr. Gordon appeared on the noon train yesterday. I spent my afternoon settling furniture over at the Corbett home and so was caught unawares in an awfully dirty middy. I never let on that I felt dirty and hope they did not notice too carefully. Mr. Gordon seems very interesting and as though he would be good ballast for our boys. He suggests the position of older brother rather than one of supreme authority. I like it for two reasons, one it will produce a feeling of good fellowship, and second that Flora returns the position of highest authority anyway and doesn't yield even the small details easily. Mr. G. said that he heard that one of the boys was boasting that he was going to keep the men at the dormitory interested. Both men began boarding with us last night but Mr. Beers is ill today so we have seen but little of him.

We had our first regular church service this afternoon. Mr. W?? read a sermon that he had chosen to read last Spring. Illness prevented his using it. It was good but brief.

I am finding Mrs. Porter most interesting on better acquaintance. She "nears" to be better every day. She is going to take a Latin class if her other work will permit. Unfortunately her two children are too young for our school and not near enough together to put into the same work. Hence she must teach the whole gamut of both first and second grade.

We had a letter from Will this week. He was just at Shanghai. The strict quarantine on all steamers from Japan had delayed them in landing. The paper says that Japan will no longer publish the number of cases because it is unduly alarming other nations and hurting her trade.

Mrs. Sweeny is going to be a pleasant addition to our numbers. She is jolly and not overworked. It looks good to see someone who has time to stroll just to stroll, not to get as much exercise into as short a time as possible. She has time to top for a social chat at any home and is interested in us all equally.

Tomorrow we have a compound dinner in Honor of Dr. Smith (A.B.C.F.M.) and his party who are seeing the American Board work here. We are to be quite swell.

I must go to bed. Flora has already gone and we are to begin 7.15 breakfast tomorrow.

With lots of love

Mary.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 12, 1915** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have been busy getting the school ready and will have eighteen year old Mr. Johnston help with the older boys. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Sept. 12, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

It is Wednesday of the week. I should have written to you. We found some magazines here when we arrived on Friday and Sunday was the first opportunity I had to read- doing of which prevented letter writing.

Probably Mary told you of our trip up the coast- free from typhoons. We managed to slip in between storms. I enjoyed the trip all the way but Mary felt uncomfortable much of the time. If she could have had a good upheaval I believe she would have felt much better.

Mr. Grimes (the business agent in Tientsin) met us and attended to moving our seven big pieces of baggage and getting us off on the train to Peking. We did a lot of shopping between 11 A.M. and 3:45 P.M. when our train left. We reached Peking at 7 P.M. and spent the night at Mrs. Ingram's, coming down here (Tungchou) the next morning.

Sunday, Sept. 12.- (To go on where I left off on Wednesday)- As soon as we arrived in Tungchou we visited our school building and have spent all our time there since. This week has been one of tremendous accomplishments. The way in which things have slopped into place is a compliment to the ones who have been planning the whole thing. Now the rooms are all furnished, our store room full of things to be made to eat our ice box equipped and filled, and to-morrow will probably see the last curtain in place, the lamps, filled and trimmed and we shall take our first meal at tiffin time in our dining -room. Mr. Johnston our eighteen year old teacher is already here. He is just a big fine high school boy but will be a great help to us and our older boys. He is ready to enter college but is waiting a year to go home with his parents on their furlough, when he will stay for his college work. There are two young men here (for the Chinese college) who have just arrived from U.S. who will keep him company, so he will not be lonely, I think.

I don't believe you caught the Wilders for my watch as they are arriving this week. If you have not bought it, do not hurry as I have purchased a cheap one here, which I think will do for a year, if necessary. Either the Methodists, Presbyterians, or American Boarders will have people returning sometime during the year, so you can send it by them.- I bought a rain coat here of Mrs. Burgess and I can't find out the exact price-whether it is \$10 or \$11. I am writing to Mrs. Burgess (in U.S.) and telling her to send word to you so that father can send her a check for the amount.- Will you please watch the time when the Xmas cards come out and send me 18 or 20 of them- suitable to send to children? If they can get here by the middle of December (at the latest) they will be here in time for me to use them.

Well, this week introduces us to the real work we came to do, and I believe all will go well. I shall write about it next week.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Sept. 12, 1915.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 12, 1915** was written from Tungchou, Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of all the things they have been doing to get the school ready. She includes sketches of the floor plans of the school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou, Peking
Sept 12, 1915

Dear Ones at Home,

I just wish you could see the results of our labors this week. Few weeks of my life have had as much outward show as results of labors as this. We started into an empty, dirty building and now every window pane, every bit of woodwork, floors, stairs, etc. have had one scrubbing and all of the furniture is in place. Curtains hang at many of the windows and a pile of curtains returned from the laundry last evening. Curtains hide the open ducts and fill the spaces between dining room and hall. Gen the cook has gotten busy and there are several loaves of bread, a jar of cookies, fruit and vegetables ready for us to start on tomorrow. Poor man he is worried about the bread for such a company. He has worked for a family of three elderly people where one loaf a week was enough! We have given him a foreign stove instead of a Chinese range because it is in the main building and we were afraid of gas at night. The stove is not quite as large as our kitchen range so it is some proposition. He has discouraged

moments but is willing to try it. There are several other cooks looking for the job so we do not worry. His last qualification is perfect trust worthiness as well as good cooking so we are not desirous of changing.

The week started with the arrival of a new baby at 4.00 A.M. Monday. We saw him the first afternoon and he is a fine looking little chap. Dr. Tolman who came over on the Mongolia with us was here to receive him because Dr. Love did not arrive until Thursday noon.

Here are a few details of one week's work. On Monday we made five sash curtains and eleven splashers. The cloth-man came and we bought cloth for portiers and curtains and screens and towels. On Tuesday I got my room partly together, then came home and made curtains, then went over and helped put them up. Dr. Smith called to give Flora the list of some 300 books he is giving to the school. The two boys and I covered half of a screen. The coolies placed all the furniture which had been delivered and put up some of the beds. On Wednesday I got my big trunk in my room and partly unpacked. Flora and I unpacked our boxes of books and I got mine all upstairs. Mrs. Edwards was down for tiffin and a nurse who was visiting Miss Leavens was in for dinner. We had a Chinese dinner.

On Thursday we started the coolies on the floors of the top floor. We worked on curtains and many little puttering things that day. Dr. and Mrs. Love and Junior arrived on the noon train and were here for tiffin and dinner. Mrs. Sheffield and Mrs. Andrews left that evening so we went to the station to see them off. We had visited Mrs. S.'s attic and chosen some pictures, cushions etc., that she was willing to let us use.

On Friday Flora and Mrs. Corbett went to Peking with a shopping list nearly a page long. I was over to school all day. The furniture for Mrs. Sheffield's came over. I had books put in cabinets, shelves completed etc. in the morning. In the afternoon Mrs. Galt came over and we had the dining room put in order, Flora's bed put up, the sitting room arranged, shades unwrapped at the windows and strings put in for pulling them down. Every floor was done by night. Yesterday we put hooks on to hold some doors open, having mirrors cleaned the office etc.

I forgot the unpacking of the diner, the food stuffs, the lamp and school books which was scattered along on several days.

On Friday Mr. Beers arrived. He is Mr. Galt's new assistant who takes Mr. Shaw's place. He is just out of Harvard, a great talker, quite a dude and much interested in everything. Yesterday Mr. Johnson, our assistant at school, arrived by the noon train. He is a fine looking lad, very young but so clean and wholesome looking that I know he will be a great help. These three young men should have some good times together this winter. Mr. Woodall, stays at the Galt's, and is some older. As a guess at ages I should call Mr. Beers about 22, Mr. Woodall about 30 and Mr. Johnson I know is 18.

Tomorrow we move over to school and we three faculty eat our tiffin over there. Perhaps some children arrive on the noon train but we hope not. Already we have headed off three people who wanted to arrive early.

As Flora is writing too I think I had best close. Our mail is still returning from Foochow. We have had one nice home letter via Willard since we got back. What busy summer you people did have.

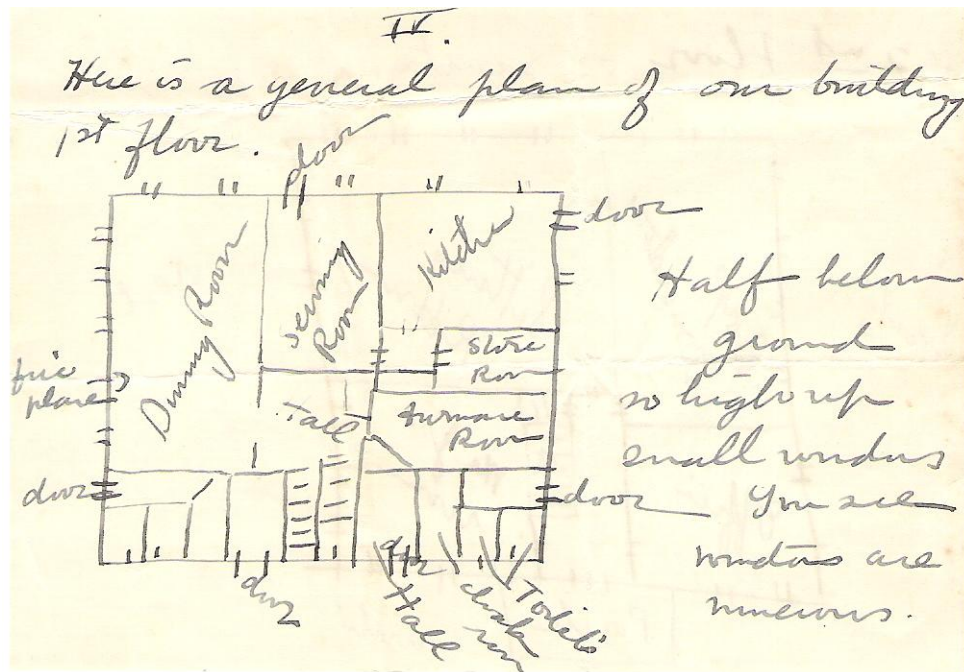
Lots of love

Mary.

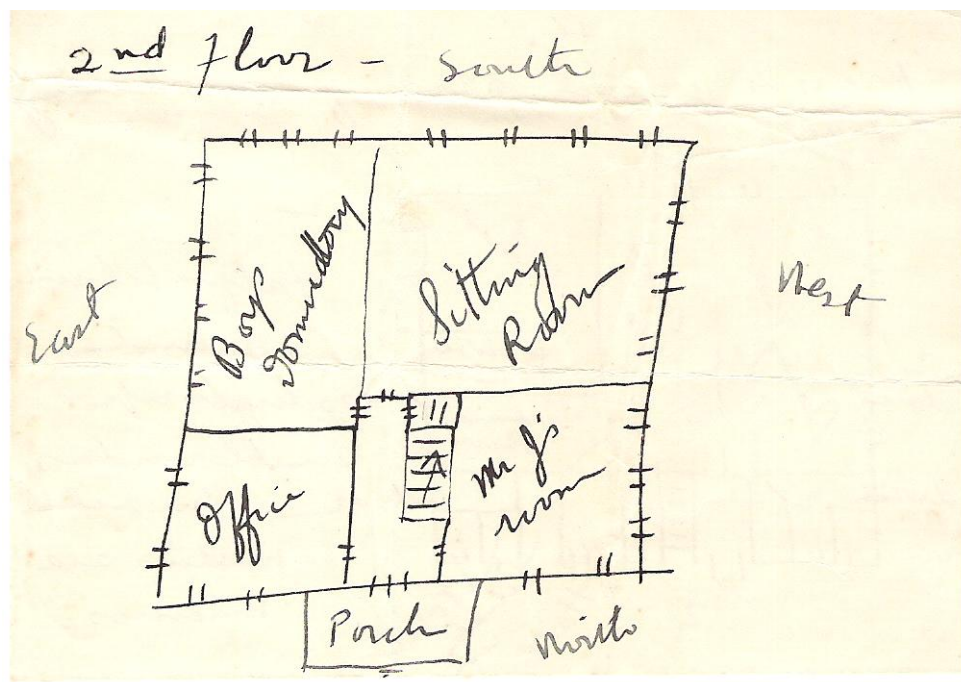


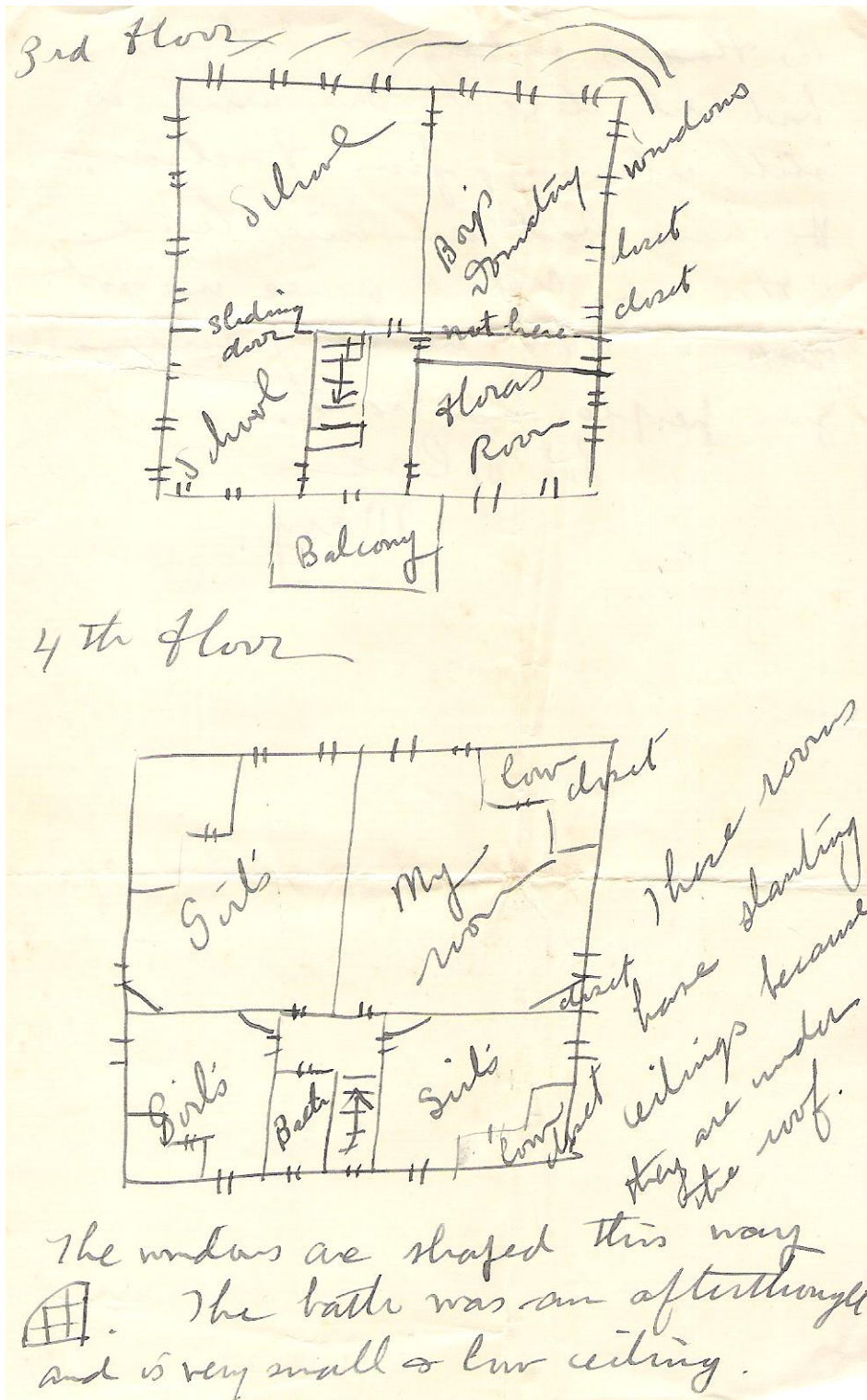
Written on photo: "NCAS"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Here is a general plan of our building. Half below ground so high up small windows You see windows are numerous.





These rooms have slanting ceilings because they are under the roof. The windows are shaped this way. The bath was an afterthought and is very small and low ceiling.

[This letter dated Sept. 12, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to sister Elizabeth. He tells her what a pleasant time he, Flora and Mary had on Kuliang this summer. He is teaching a Bible class at the YWCA and is the only male. There has been no plague or cholera in Foochow this summer. Noisy idol processions have been going down streets in the evenings. War telegrams makes Willard feel that Germany is doomed. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Sept 12 1915

Dear Elizabeth:-

It was a great pleasure to receive your letter by the last mail. The girls as you have already heard left Foochow Aug. 23. I am enclosing letters that will tell you of their pleasant and safe journey to Peking. It has been very pleasant for us all to be together this Summer. Of course Flora and I could not help wondering if a typhoon or two would come to upset any of our plans and detract from the pleasure of our summer, and Mary may have had a wee secret longing for a little typhoon just to see what it was like and to add variety- but we have not had anything that even resembled a typhoon. Shanghai got all this year thus far. And we had almost no rain. Since July 10th we could play tennis every day but me on Kuliang. Mary enjoyed this and the Bathing Pool. She easily outswam all the others. The summer leaves a very sweet memory. I have written the girls of events since they left and will not repeat here. They will forward my letter.

I came down from the mountain last Wed. morning to teach a Bible Class in connection with the Y.W.C.A. Conference now in session here. It began Wed. evening. I was the only male representative. In saying a word about my Bible Study course I told them that I had not been given a badge, but that I had two distinguishing characteristics 1. a mustache 2. short hair. There are 104 students at the Conference. There are five Bible Classes and I have 30 in mine.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodous, Frederic and Rachel and myself are the only foreigners in the compound. I am taking meals with them. They came down from the mountain earlier than usual to get Jerome their eldest off to Shanghai to school. He is twelve years old past. The weather is not at all bad now. But it frequently is the case that the first week in Sept is cool and the second and third very hot and muggy.

I wish we could have exchanged some of our sunshine for some of your rain this summer. The farmers must have been much bothered by the excess of rain and I gathered that the rain rather injured the profits on your strawberries. The drought here will destroy some rice. But the rain has fallen all around us, and the first crop of rice reaped about the middle of July was almost a bumper crop so the drought is not serious. We have had some showers so grass and sweet potatoes are all right.

Foochow has had no epidemic this summer. Seldom does a year go by when we do not have either plague or cholera or both. The weather has been excessively hot and many people have had boils. For some time now idol processions have been numerous and have used great crowds and drawn great crowds. I came into the city from Ponasang Friday night a little after nine- just the time when the processions are getting under way. And the whole street for two miles was full of idols in pairs, one tall one- so tall that an ordinary man, on whom the frame was placed, just looked out of a hole in the breast of the idol. He is draped with silk and his face is about 13 in. long. Then walking just ahead of him is a little black idol with as large a face but inside is a 12 year old boy. The superstition and real idolatrous spirit of former years is to quite an extent lacking. The real motive is 2-fold. They do it because their fathers did it and because it is about the only way they have of getting a good time. To them their idol processions with their clanging of cymbals and beating of drums and blowing of horns and torches and gaudy colored figures etc supply what a circus supplies to the small boy and the crowds at home. As I write the air is confused with the sounds of getting ready for the processions for this evening. One street has them one night and another street the next night.

Time flies and the faster it flies during the next eight months the happier I shall be. I feel as I used to feel when a boy and looked forward to Christmas or Thanksgiving- only a few months off, but those few months as I looked ahead seemed ages. I must start from here about May 1st and start back about Aug. 1st. I shall want time to go slowly during the six weeks in the States. I am thinking now of going to Formosa, thence to Kobe, Japan and thence to Seattle and over the Canadian Pacific.

Tell Mother thank you for forwarding Gould's letter and for the lines she added. The newspaper clippings relieve me of all anxiety over Ben's lawsuit. I do not hear whether the boys have much work now. Evidently Ben is going into the Buick business.

The war telegrams are of much the same tenor as ever. I can not help feeling tho that Germany is doomed- that her policy of militarism is against the well being of humanity, and that God is allowing men to overthrow it as an ideal. Might does not make it right and God did not intend one man to rule another.

The cause of Prohibition goes marching on- not in just the was some would have it- but is growing fast, and the U.S. seems to be in the lead among the nations.

May God bless and keep you all.

Lovingly

Will.

[This letter dated Sept. 12, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. Dr. Cooper's wife died shortly after Flora and Mary left Foochow. College opens this week and Mr. Ding Ming Uong will be on the faculty for the term. Daughter, Phebe should be ready to leave for Oberlin for college. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, Sept 12- 1915

Dear Sisters [*Flora and Mary*]: - Last evening the mail brought Flora's letter mailed at Peking I guess, telling all about the trip up. I am gladder than the mere words indicate to know that you reached home with no typhoon.

I am sending an envelope full of letters and clippings from home that have come in during the week past. Please send Gould's letter back when you write sometime. I was much interested to read his characteristic observation about Ruth.

After you left I planned to take breakfast and supper at my own table and lunch with Mrs. Hodous. I thought not to come to Foochow again until about Sept 6 or 7th and then come down for good. But Wed. evening Sept. 1st at 9:30 Mr. Belcher sent a note saying that Mrs. Cooper was almost gone and asking me to come over at once. I went and she passed away after I had been there about 15 minutes. Dr. Cooper did not want to have anything to do with any arrangements, so I stayed and planned all out with Mr. Belcher and Mr. Christian. Then I went at once to the club for the coffin that I had fortunately bought for Mr. Pitcher in July, and wrote Mr. Mac to get the grave ready for now on Thursday and engaged coolies for all. Then went back to the house with the coffin and stayed till all was done and the coffin sealed. Mr. Christian took Dr. Cooper to my house where I found them when I returned at 1 a.m. Two sisters living at Dr. Taylors next to Dr. Coopers were there at the time. They are nurses and knew just what to do and how to do it.

Dr. Cooper stayed with me and is still at my house. I got to bed a little after 1 a.m. But it was hard work to go to sleep. You see I had had a lot of running about to do and a lot of business to transact. About 1:45 there came a knock at my door and the head of the coolie stand asked if I wanted to go and catch some gamblers. I declined. At 5:30 I was up. At 7:45 Mr. Hodous conducted the service at the house. Only members of the Am. Board and a few intimate friends had been notified. The veranda was well filled. At 8:30 we started, -Dr. Cooper, Dr. Gillette, Messers Christian and Hodous and myself. We reached the cemetery in Foochow at 11:30. Mac had the grave almost ready, and at 12 I conducted the short service with those mentioned above and Messers Fern and Munson and Dr. Moorhead present. We all went to Macs for lunch. And we five went back up the mountain. It was a very hot day. For the first time in my life I took four coolies up and down. But after lunch before starting I went up stairs in Macs hall, lay down on the floor and had a dandy nap. This did not keep me from putting in nine hours that night.

On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Belcher and the baby moved over to my house. You see she has been pretty well shut in all summer. Mrs. Cooper's illness has kept callers away and Mrs. Belcher has had to watch her fade slowly away and it was a great relief to get new surroundings. Then their house has no view. When she got over she stood looking off the veranda and actually forgot to unpack. They have a fine baby that should make any Father and Mother proud. I plan to go up Thursday and close up the house and come down Friday. They all plan to move down Thursday. The weather here now is quite comfortable. I have had a blanket on me every night. - came down Wed. Sept 8- and have been over South Side to the Conference- Y.W.C.A. students each day from 8:30-9:30 a.m.

College opens this week Wednesday. Mr. Ding Ming Uong is to join the Faculty for this term. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous and children came down Friday Sept. 3. Jerome started for Shanghai on the next steamer via Formosa with Mr. Sam Neff. I am mealing with the Hodouses.

The Conference has 104 student delegates beside leaders I believe. I have 30 in my Bible class.

Mary's \$3.00 reached me all right. If you are willing we will call all accounts to date settled. I shall have to write Misses Tramis and Russell that they forgot to pay for the laundry they had done in Foochow before going up. I will do my best to get Mary's futon [*futon*]. It ought to be all right- no you got it but did not settle-that's the rub isn't it?

I see Oberlin opens Sept. 14, so I suppose Phebe is almost ready to take the train by now. Etta and her children were in Putnam. I do not know whether Phebe would go as far as Buffalo with them.

May you have God's guidance in opening and in carrying on the school, - may all be prosperous. The memory of our summer together will always be sweet to me.

Lovingly
Will.

You might send this home then
I need not write just this to them.
I have one of these photos in my album.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 28, 1915** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She recently received the Beard Genealogy from sister Ruth. School has started and there have already been some illnesses. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Sept. 28, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

The Genealogy came today and I have just glanced through it. I am proud of my authoress sister and shall scan thoroughly the whole work as soon as I can get time. I went to Peking last Monday for the first time since Sept. 3, and was busy every minute of the three hours I was there; then did not do anything but school business.

School is at last assuming a school like atmosphere. Flora wanted to let the children run wild for a season and they did. Now at last we are corralling them and can get a breathing spell of quiet once in a while.

The servants are all getting into line except the coolie. He is green and a little stupid. At the end of the month he is to get his walking papers and we take on Mrs. Porter's coolie.

I am trying to learn how to play a good game of tennis. I thought I could play a little when on Kuliang but cannot beat anyone here. I knew the players there were not very good except Mrs. Hodous and Mrs. Smith but did not realize how poor some of the others were. Mrs. Peters was so funny. I liked to play with her and could win three out of four sets in an average.

Last week we had a great time with colds and indigestion. I trotted to the Doctor several times with the different girls. Dr. Love takes an interest in us all and follows up each patient until a cure is effected.

Dr. Spear was in Peking last week and came down here for Thursday night. We all went over to Mrs. Corbett's to meet him. It was only an informal evening and we sat and talked.

There were two rainy days last week. I was glad indeed that Mr. Johnson is here to take care of the play. He really enjoys the home and makes his full share. It gets tiresome to me.

It is after the children's bed time, 8.30 and I have yet my two Caesar lessons to get before I can retire. Also I want to go to Mrs. Corbett's and mail this so it may get an early start tomorrow.

The bills came all O.K. Ruth and I think are all right. I will send a gold draft for \$25 soon as my next Life Insurance is about due.

You will have to send our parcels to Peking all the time as there is no parcel post service in Tungchou. It is quite the usual thing to have to call for parcels when one goes to Peking.

If you come across a dark wool dress, reasonable in price- and suitable for school wear you can get it. A dress that is a good size too large for either Ruth or Elizabeth ought to fit me. I generally get a 40 in a serge because it wears better if large. Blue serge wears about the best, but I would not mind a brown if you find a pretty one. As to style, get what you like and I will be satisfied. Another thing I want is a pair of soles for the slippers Ruth made me. The tops are still good but the third pair of soles is worn out. I get size 8.

I am eager to get the package you sent and see the things. Mrs. Burgess is also sending a package of things to sell and it sounds interesting.

If you are anywhere near Trenton, N.J. you would enjoy meeting Mr. and Mrs. Burgess. The address is Box 563, Trenton, N.J. I do hope you can see them for we had such a pleasant winter in their home. He is John Stewart Burgess.

Lots of love
Mary.

Tues P.M. Sept 28.

*[This letter dated **Oct. 3, 1915** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. Their school has finally been finished and opened with twenty scholars. The school dedication is planned for Oct. 12th. The students study, play and eat hard and they have had to make adjustments in the food. They are happy with their faculty. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Oct. 3, 1915.]

Dear folks at home:-

We have finished three weeks of school and they have been the most strenuous weeks I ever lived, but they have turned out all right so I am living to tell the tale. We have twenty scholars- seventeen of them boarders. Tomorrow, we expect Delnoce Grant, who has just returned from a summer in America. I expect that will complete our list for the present.

Just now, we are interested in our "Dedication", which is to take place on Oct. 12th in the afternoon. Dr. Reinsch, the U.S. Minister is to give the address and probably Bishop Bashford will give the dedicatory prayer. We had hoped to have Dr. Arthur H. Smith do this, but he has arranged to go South for several weeks and leaves tomorrow, Oct. 4th, so we cannot have him.

Our new building seems to be a very useful place for there is literally not a spot in it which is not in use. The most noticeable inconvenience is the lack of closets. There is no place to put away things that are usually put out of sight, so that we have had to manage several ways. There were too many windows planned for so several were recovered and that space made into cupboards. They are placed above the floor the height of the others so that we have to step up onto something in order to get to the hooks on the shelves. I believe the radiators are to be placed right in front of them, so I am wondering how we are to manage when the heat is on. I think we'll have to make a little stile over them. They are low- only about a foot or fifteen inches tall. The installation of our heating plants is going to be a long slow process and I only hope the weather will be clement so that we may not suffer. A part of the boiler is in place and that is all. These Chinese here in Tungchou are the slowest ones I've met yet, and I know it will be Thanksgiving before we shall be rid of the workmen. It will be cold by that time- about as it is at home.

These children are adorable even if they do do everything superlatively. The first week, I thought they would be the end of me for they were simply irrepressible. They were wild with the joy of being here, and being with each other. They studied hard, played hard, and eat hard. There wasn't a scrap left of anything on the table at the end of the meal and the way these boys ate reminded me of the "Ruggle's party" in Bird's Christmas Carol. They were exactly as hungry at the next meal. The cook at least had the satisfaction of having all his labor count. After a few adjustments we have gotten the food so arranged that I think the children get the proper amount of good nourishing food with some less expense. We are making a pound of butter do double duty by beating (folding) into it the yolk of 1 egg, and a pint of lukewarm fresh milk. The butter needs to be warmed a little, too. Just try it and see how good it is. Nearly every one out here is doing this to save butter bills, which are some of our largest- at over a dollar a pound.

I have written to Mrs. Burgess so father should get a request for \$10 or \$11 soon. In a month or two I shall be sending home some money, if I do not hear that some has been sent you from the people in U.S. Helen Myer wanted to know how she could send money to me and I told her to send any sum under \$25 to father and I would pay its equivalent here and so save the risk in sending it out here.

I was glad to hear of the purchase of my watch and wished Ruth had gotten the pin she liked. I wrote for the other pin simply because I thought it would save the trouble of deciding on one. - I wonder if you are thinking of Xmas presents yet? If so just write for us to send you anything you may think that properly may want from out here. I'll tell you what I'd like for my present. That is- a loose leaved note book, long and narrow, that can be carried in the pocket, somewhere about the size of this upper part of this sheet that I have marked off. I would like some extra leaves for it. I need something constantly to keep notes in for there are so many things to keep track of. Stanley has one the right size.

I am still waiting for the pencils and hope the next mail may bring them. We need them sadly. I think the trouble with the sending of parcels is that Tungchou is not a parcels-post office. You will have to send parcels to us in care of the American Board, Peking. They send them to us, by some one coming down. The U.S. postmasters should be willing to send parcels to us in care of A.B.C.F.M. Peking, China. We shall get the parcels through the Y.M.C.A. all right, but now the more direct way is by the American Board.

I wish you could step in and see how comfortable we are- and are going to be. It is a lovely spot and we are fortunate to have such companionable people to work with us. Mrs. Galt, Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. Wickes, and Mr. Frame are helping. The first two help in the primary and grammar grades, Mrs. Wickes has the French, and Mr. Frame, the German. I think we have a splendid faculty, equal to any anywhere.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou

Oct. 3, 1915.

[This letter dated Oct. 7, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary and Flora. There are 307 students enrolled this term in Foochow. Willard attends the Irish-Folensbee wedding. He received the Beard Genealogy and is pleased with it. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow Oct 7th 1915

Dear Sisters [*Mary and Flora*]:-

The last mail brought the enclosed postal from Phebe.

The opening of school I expect has brought to you very busy days. It has brought to me the usual amount of work and an unusual number of new students. In former years if we had ten or fifteen new students we considered it a large number. We have twenty four this term. The total number for the year will thus be 307.

I think I have written you that Ding Ming Uong was teaching here this term. It is doubtful if he will stay longer than this term- unless his mother should live longer. There has been some kind of trouble in the family between him and a nephew who has money, and he is obliged to stay at home now to take care of his mother while she lives.

The weather has been unusually hot since Sept 15th. Night and mornings are fairly cool but everyone wears the thinnest clothing all the time.

Last evening I attended the Irish-Folensbee wedding. What did the bride wear? I declare I do not know. She had a veil and a tram and the color of the dress was white or cream, and she looked very happy. James Ford was ring bearer. Helen McLachlin and Imogene Grace Ward were flower girls. Wallace Miner married Rev. Harry Worley and Dr. Gowdy offered prayers. Mr. Skeats, Mr. Jones, Mr. Gardner and a new man Torrey were helping around as usher and best man etc. Mrs. Skeats, Miss Clark and Mrs. Miner were also in it somewhere. Dr. Sites gave her away. They started for Hing Hua after the reception about 10 p.m.

I suppose Miss Waddell and Miss Nash will arrive for work in Ing Hok and Ponasang to day.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith and family are still in Dr. Coopers house- getting rid of boils. Foreigners and Chinese are much afflicted by these this fall in Foochow.

The drought is getting pretty bad. No rain to mention as yet and the sun shines brightly every day.

I plan to go to Ding Loh this week Saturday and return Monday. I'll try to get Dr. Gillette's house fixed up at that time. I mean get all the accounts connected with it settled. Mrs. Gillette writes that they are planning a house warming and have a little pig ready to roast.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Billing and Mr. and Mrs. Ward are having a union celebration of their tenth wedding anniversary next Tues. evening.

Well this is a lot of gossip for an old man like me.

I trust all is well with you and that God becomes nearer to you each day.

Lovingly
Will.

Genealogy came in the last mail. Great.

How about the pictures that the old man was to send- did they come all right?

[This letter dated Oct. 10, 1915 was written from Diong Loh, Foochow, China by Willard to his 19 year old son, Gould. Willard mentions that he will see him in eight months. He discusses the choices ahead for Gould. Willard attended a tin wedding for the Wilkinson's and the Irish-Folensbee wedding. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Diong Loh
Foochow, China.
Oct. 10- 1915

Dear Gould:-

Your nineteenth birthday comes Nov. 13th- about the time this will reach you so I address it to you. It seems incredible that if our plans carry I shall be with you all in about eight months. As I have written I hope that dates of Oberlin commencement and your High School Commencement will make it possible for me to attend both. And I hope the Steamship Co.'s will get adjusted to new conditions by that time so we can depend on them.

Yesterday I started at 10:30 from home got to the launch just in good time and was down here at 2:30. The special business is to see the new residence just completed by Dr. and Mrs. Gillette. I am on the committee that built the house. They have a number of western innovations. A real bath room just like a city bath room at home- tub,

wash stand and commode. The water is pumped from the cistern into the tank just under the roof. Then they are going to try a furnace, and that with the registers is all here ready to be set up. The windows are on weights and slide up and down. One room has a double floor, the top boards are hard wood. The front veranda is one story, so the secured story windows open over the veranda roof.

The weather continues very dry and very hot. Yesterday morning was one of the hottest mornings of this year. Coming down on the launch I was just nice and comfortable with thinnest clothes- no sun and a good breeze.

The Beard Genealogy came a week ago. Perhaps I wrote of it last week. Aunt Ruth must feel a satisfaction in having completed it, for it is a nice looking book and well arranged.

Every day I think of you in relation to the problems that are before you- 1. The choice of a College which must be decided very soon and 2. The choice of a vacation. The first does not necessarily depend on the second altho it would be affected by it if your choice of a life work were made along very technical lines. The second choice can wait until I get home and we can see each other and have a good talk. It can wait even longer if you are not then sure of the calling God wants you to choose. It would be better for you in many ways if your choice of a College could be decided soon. As I wrote your mind during this year would have one less subject to carry and so much more strength to put into the school studies. Until I hear from you and know your mind better I cannot write more. I talk with God about it every day and I trust you are doing the same. It is not the College that makes the man. It is the way in which the man uses the college that makes the man who is useful to God and a blessing to his fellows. God will help you in thinking on this problem and He will give you the power to get wisdom as you talk with others on the problem and He will give you light in ways that you never before dreamed of and at times that you did not anticipate. Of course you will make a confidant of Mama in this matter.

I have brought the family picture down with me. I am proud of it- not of the picture but of the subjects of the picture, and I ask God more than once daily to help each of you pure and worth being proud of. A mail has just reached Diong Loh from the U.S. so I shall hope to find a letter from Putnam tomorrow when I get back to the city.

The time. - This was as far as I got on this letter in Diong Loh and it is Sunday again and Oct. 17, - and a whole week gone.

Monday evening I was at a big feast given by Mr. and Mrs. Peet to Foochow College faculty and graduates. Tues. evening I went to the Tin wedding of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Wilkinson [*a tenth wedding anniversary- the aluminum or tin anniversary*]. Mr. and Mrs. Billing and I met Mrs. Ward (Mildred Worley). Friday evening I went to Anti-Cobweb [*This is a group of persons, American and British, who reside in Foochow, and gather every couple of weeks during the winter months for literary and social purposes, their primary aim being to 'clear away the cobwebs which, in theory, gather in their minds.'*] I do not at all like to spend so much time at such gatherings, but in each of these there were special reasons why I should go. Tuesday evening the men of the City Compound played the piece Johnny Smoker. Newell had an oil tin made into a bread box as "gleide drumma". I came next with "Meine fifa"- three toy trumpets that I found on the street. I really brought down the house each time I played. Ray Gardner had three large tin spoons fixed into a triangle and a fourth spoon for the stick to strike the triangle with. Ned Smith had an oil pump for his trombone. Belcher had two tin pot lids for cymbals and Christian had three wire toasters for his bag pipe.

A week ago last Wed. Oct. 6th I attended the wedding of Mr. John Irish, Meth of Hung Hua and Miss Folensbee. She is a sister of Mrs. Wallace Miner who came a year ago to teach a year in the Anglo Chinese College. The wedding was given by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Miner at their home.

I hope to get a letter from you soon with more information about your studies and letting me more into your own personal desires and preferences to the choice of a College and of a life work. It is difficult for you to realize how little I know of your mind. The only means of knowing that I have is your letters. Of course you are thinking and talking all the time and it is potent to you but I am all the dark as to what you are thinking until you write.

I am sending an order on the A.B.C.F.M. in Boston for \$19. I do not yet know what you have done with these checks that I am sending yearly but I have faith that you are all using them wisely.

Asking God to guide you each day in all life's details and to make you wise beyond human wisdom in the important choices of life. I am

Your loving Father
Willard L. Beard



Written on back: "Diong Loh Boy's School"
 [Undated. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Oct. 12, 1915 was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. They had the dedication of the building of the North China American School that day. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Oct. 12, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home:-

This is the end of a busy day. It was one dedication day. This morning we had no school but fixed the rooms in "apple pie" order, decorated and arranged chairs for seating the guests. Then all dressed and went to the train to meet the guests. Some 20 arrived and we divided them up for lunch. We had three children- and three adults. Then the boys carried the chairs we had used up to the sittingroom.

The service was not long. The children marched in to "Onward Christian Soldiers" and gave the flag salute. Then Dr. Hubbard read the scripture and Dr. Galt a prayer. Then we sang a hymn before Dr. Hubbard gave the address. After that Mr. Corbett gave a word of thanks and gratitude to the donors of building, library, etc. We sang America and had a Benediction.

It was - a tired lot of little girls that I put to bed tonight. One confided that it was much harder work to "just do things" than to study and she did not like it.

Last week we had considerable upset here and a wholesale giving out of Castor Oil. Both of us had our dues. I took mine to forestall and was too late because I had to get Dr. Love to help me recover. Flora took hers as a sanative after several days of bad feeling.

Dr. Reinsch was so pleased with our location that he says he will bring Claire down when she is able. She had an attack of appendicitis similar to Dorothy's this August. Since coming to Peking from Pei Tai Ho she has had a set back but is no [not] riding out.

The Monarchy of China is still much heard of. Today's paper gives the description of the new flag and also inquires as to the position the United States will take if the change is made. I do not feel as lonely in touch with the world here as I did in Peking. We get the paper late in the evening and I do not see it every day. My Digest brings me up to date (1 month old) once a week anyway.

One warm evening I came upstairs when the children were nearly dressed for dinner. Pauline Ramsay was putting on her woolen sailor suit and I remonstrated. "But Miss Beard, we're going to have ice cream, and it is cold", she answered. I let her wear the warm dress.

Do you see the Century? There is a delightful serial story "Dear Enemy" by Jean Webster just started in August. (Excuse the just but it almost "just" to us here). She speaks of not having arms or laps enough to love her

kiddies and sometimes I have a little of that feeling. Yesterday my girlies were awfully tired and a wee bit homesick because some bodies mama came and theirs couldn't. I had to have four girls walk with me at one time. A mathematical puzzle!!

I am asked to give a paper on Harriet Beecher Stowe this February. If you know of any good book on her life and could send along soon I should peruse it greedily. I also should like to peruse some of her stories again.

I must off and mail this so it can depart on the early mail and I hope get a steamer soon.

With lots of love

Mary Beard.



Written in album: "Faculty – 1915-1916."

[Mary is the woman to the far left and Flora is to the far right with her hand to her cheek. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

You are cordially invited
to attend

THE DEDICATION OF THE BUILDING

of the

NORTH CHINA AMERICAN SCHOOL,

TUNGCHOU

on Tuesday, October twelfth,
at half past two o'clock.



Written in album: "Guests at Dedication Oct. 1915"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Program as follows:]

Chairman – Mr. Corbett.

Song- Onward Christian Soldiers
 School.

Flag Salute and Song
 School.

Scripture Reading – Dr. Hubbard

Dedicatory Prayer – Dr. Galt

Song – Angel Voices

Address – Dr. Reinsch

Thanks to "Our Donors" – Mr. Corbett

Song – America

Benediction – Dr. Hubbard

*[This letter dated **Oct. 17, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Ruth. At the beginning of the letter he is in Ponasang for a Special Evangelistic meeting. He thanks Ruth for the Beard Genealogy. He ponders if the next fifty years will yield as much in invention and discovery as the past fifty. He talks about a tin wedding he went to. Attendance at the evangelistic services is high. A seaman's law has caused the Pacific Mail to sell off all their ships and docks, therefore giving all business to the Japanese. Willard has a paper for their Literary Society called the Anti Cobweb Society. He hopes to leave for a brief trip to the U.S. on May 1st of 1916. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow China
 Oct 17- 1915

Dear Ruth:-

Half an hour lies before me in which to write you- unless someone comes to interrupt.

I came from the city out to Ponasang at 4 P.M. to lead a meeting for the men and women who are to work in the Special Evangelistic meetings to be held in our Gen Cio Dong Church this week. There is another meeting at 7 P.M. and 9 am to take supper with Misses Perkins, Crane, Brown, Nash and Dornblaser. I am now on their veranda writing. They do not know that I have come. I am doing it purposely for if they knew it one or more would think they must sit down to talk with me and that would defeat my purpose of writing. Do you think I am doing right? If a man should treat you so- I mean an old gray haired man like me, married etc. - would you think he was doing right?

I get so little time alone to write that I am almost desperate sometimes. Any Putnam letter has been the most conspicuous object on my desk for a whole week, and each day I have pushed it aside and done the work that had to be done- at least I thought so- and today I finished it and it is ready to send tomorrow.

Flora and Mary I judge have had their hands full getting started in Tungchou. But I judge also that they are successful and that's the goal. Our summer together was full of joy and a joy that lasts long in memory. It did me a lot of real good- made me feel new all through.

The Genealogy came mail before last. Your letter about it came last mail from Peking. I thank you for the copy. It is all I could desire. I am glad you used the good paper and binding. This I had decided in my own mind while I fully expected to pay for my copy. You have done a work that brings credit not only to you but to the Beard name.

Oct 19 Your last letter was a most newsy one. How you people do go galavanting over the country- so do others. I was thinking how life had changed in fifty years. When father and mother married, one horse and a business wagon were good enough for a wedding trip. There was no dictionary with the word Automobile in it. And "Darius Green and his flying machine" was the phrase used if one wanted to express the most foolish scheme imaginable. It is quite possible that some of father's and mother's grandchildren may want to take a wedding trip in a flying machine, and that it will be as easy as inexpensive as natural as it was for them to go way out to "York State" in a horse and wagon. Did you ever wonder if as much progress in invention and discovery will be made during the next fifty years as has been made during the past fifty?

We have had a wedding and a triple tin wedding during the past two weeks. At the tin wedding we had to triplicate our presents. Wilkinson, War and Billing were the parties. The men from the City compound got articles of tin and played Little Johnny Smoker, - only we sang City Compound, City Compound it can speil a, it can speil a, it can speil a glide drumma. Newell had an oil tin with a lid for a bread box and it made a good drum. Mine fifa was three little toy tin trumpets that I chanced to find on the street in a shop. I am afraid I took the prize- for I had to blow three times every time a verse was sung. The triangle was three large spoons fastened together and a fourth spoon to strike them. The trombone was an oil pump a necessary kitchen utensil here. The cymbals were pot lids and the bagpipe was three toaster of wire fastened together- one across the back and one under each arm.

Special evangelistic services are just beginning. Last night about 500 were present at the first meeting. In opposition there were three theaters and an idol procession. It was fortunate for these kept the crowds from us.

The weather is very dry and continues very hot. I am writing in my very thinnest clothes and still I perspire. The mercury in my study now at 2:30 p.m. registers 80 degrees. We have had practically no rain since July 10th. The second crop of rice is light and much will not be cut at all. Wells are going dry in many places. We have one well for the college that has never gone dry. This furnishes water for over 300 persons, and the houses in the compound here all use it.

Have I written that Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear failed to get on the S.S. "Mongolia" in August? That seaman's law is upsetting shipping on the Pacific in great shape. The Pacific Mail has sold all its ships and its docks and offices in Hong Kong, and this virtually gives the Pacific freight and passenger traffic to the Japanese Companies. It also makes our mails irregular and far between.

We welcomed two new ladies ten days ago. A Miss Waddell for Ing Hok and Miss Nash on a two years term for Ponasang Girls College.

Two weeks from this week Friday I have a paper before a Literary Society here called the Anti Cobweb on Pan Americanism or the Latin American Situation. It is most interesting as it must have been for you to work up the Genealogy. Only I can never get fifteen minutes consecutively to work on it in my study. All the work I have done has been when I am traveling - on a boat or in a chair. And my only material is papers and magazines.

Oct. 20th and you are having frosts nightly I suppose. Elizabeth is thinking of how much her roosters will bring. And you have a fire night and morning. Housecleaning is over. Apples coming on- most done by this time I expect. And such days as these must before auto rides! I'm more glad than I can tell that the Putnam folks got down for a look see.

Your words about little Leolyn are pathetic. I had hoped that in the new home she would find conditions so changed that she would find the new environment a healthy one for herself and develop normally.

If all goes well and no more Pacific S.S. companies sell out, I hope to start for the U.S. about May 1st, go as soon as possible to Oberlin for the 25th Anniversary of my class- then get to Putnam for Gould's and Geraldine's graduation- spend a month seeing you folks and others and settling our household furniture in Putnam to etc. and start back for Foochow about Aug. 1st so as to get back here about Sept. 1st.

With Love to All

Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 21, 1915 was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have had intestinal troubles in their school and thousands of flies and lady-bugs. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[October 21, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

Last week was a blue one for nearly half of our school had intestinal troubles just enough to keep us all on the anxious seat. We all recovered without any thing at all serious and we seem to have reached the end of that scare. There were many people in Peking likewise affected so I think it could not have been any local condition that caused it. Our building is in that condition that a dress is in when it is all done but finishing. The weather was balmy so that the flies walked in by the thousands and lady-bugs likewise. It was the flies that scared us but fortunately our Montgomery Ward boxes arrived that week and we had ordered six fly swatters. The boys and Mr. Johnson went to work and literally killed thousands of them. When the screens were put on the windows there were no doors made so when the flies once in they stayed. At last we got our screen doors on and since the weather has grown colder we are not so bothered. It was not all the fault of the doors for the workmen are here putting in the furnace and with doors swinging and all sorts of holes cut in the walls we must expect more or less discomfort. We hope in another week to be rid of the workmen but I expect it will string out a week longer. It seems to me I never saw slower workmen. They certainly are making the most of 'work by the day.'



Written in album: "Montgomery Ward boxes"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

In my last letter I asked you to send us some darning cotton and I wish you would send me some white flannel for short skirts. I want it rather heavy and enough for two skirts. I want to make them 27. in. long. I want

them to come below my knees for the weather here seems to penetrate through all the wool one can put on. My skirts seem to have washed thin and they feel like nothing. Mother used to get a flannel that was warm and would wear. Was it Shaker flannel?

Your stories of the summer gatherings sound like old times and make good reading. You must have had a fine celebration of Will's and Ellen's wedding-day.

It was a relief to hear of Ella Wooster's going, but it seems to me she never had half a chance in this world. I hope it will be made up to her now.

I am going to send home to you a draft for \$25 gold as soon as I can to pay for the numbers of things I have been ordering- and my watch. I shall be glad to get it when it comes for my new one has seemed to be fated. First I dropped it into a pail of water then it fell to the floor, so it has been back to the store twice for repairs- All of which helps me to appreciate the value of a good Waltham watch.

With love-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chili [*Chih-li Province*], China,
Oct. 21, 1915.

[This letter dated Oct. 24, 1915 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. They planned and decorated for a Halloween celebration for 23. The heating system in the school is taking a long time to be installed. Mary described all the clothing she had on to keep warm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Oct. 24 [1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

Mother's letter and Ruth's came this morning. They are nice- and newsy. What a good time you must have had when the Putnam people came down.

We have thought of a few things to help on the Christmas list and will send them along very soon; just as soon as we can get to Peking to purchase them and again to mail them.

It seems to have turned definitely cold but we are fairly comfortable with two stoves. The stove is in the dining room and the other in the school room.

I enclose list as thought out so far. I have put on the silver prices so please divide everything by two. After each item I have put one of our initials to show you who to credit for each. The articles starred we will send at our earliest opportunity the articles without prices we have yet to purchase so can not give prices.

We may have to send material for the two bags but if so it will be complete except for cords. Monday: - I have put in some Chinese rings which can be used in the bags instead of cords.

Oct 31- This letter got waylaid that I might take the children for a walk and then I was so busy with regular work, helping children make up work missed when ill and working for our Halloween entertainment that I never got back to it.

There were four of us on the committee and we made place cards, a big paper lantern to cover the lamp, fans to put into the windows, two sets of four witches for the table. On the place cards we put two names of foods each beginning with the initials of the people, Flora was Fruit Bread I was Mutton Bananas, etc.

We worked two evenings getting things ready and one to get them up. Others helped us. The "waisas" a kind of dry swamp grass with big fuzzy tops and the walls were practically covered. We put the tables in one long row and each one was called to the dining room and escorted to his place by a ghost. We had the four compound children over so there were 23 of us.

Little Helen Corbett has been ill with dysentery for two weeks now but this morning word comes that she is really better.

My little girls have been having a turn at "getting mad" this last week or more and I have had to sooth, scold, cajole them one after the other. I had my first case of rebellion over a dose of castor oil. It took me nearly fifteen minutes but I got it swallowed at last. Both of us were tired after it.

Our heating apparatus is getting in surely but slowly. All but one corner of the building is done so we hope to be really comfortable this time next week. I am writing in my own room and am a little cool with my woolen union suit, my wool dress and a heavy coat. By the way, if you find a light weight wool dress of my size (large 38 or 40) cheap, when the mark down sales come, get me one. My blue one is already beginning to be the worse for wear and I could use another next year very well.

Last night I got the third installment of "Dear Enemy" by Jean Webster and it was so interesting that I finished it before going to bed.

Flora is supposedly writing today so I must close before I one up all her news.

Lots of love

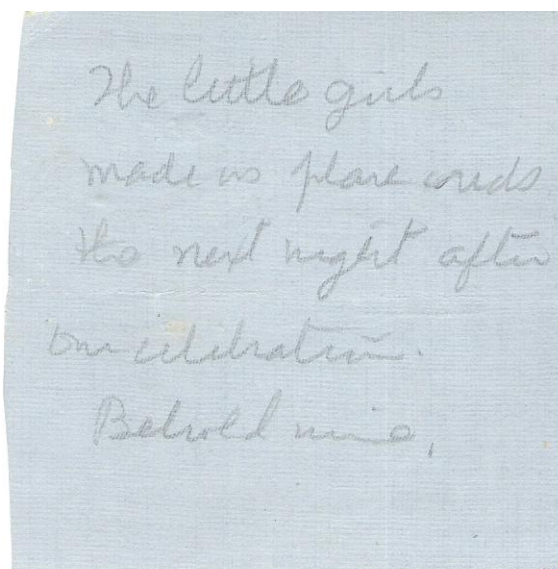
Mary.

P.S. I neglected to ask for a gold draft this month until too late also will have to send one next month as my life insurance comes due now soon.

Mary

Christmas suggestion

Father -	silk muffler	
Oliver	" "	
Ben and Abbie	lantern	
Uncle Ian	"	
Aunt Ella	"	
Helen	doilies (1/2 doz)	75 cents (M)
Bessie	place cards	70 cents (M)
Ruth	silk coat and lace	3.00 (F)
Phebe	" " "	
Elizabeth	" " "	
Emma Kinney	bag	(70 cents) F.
May Palmer	bag	75 cents (F)
Mill	Mandarin squares	(2) \$1.00 (F)
Nellie and Frank	" " "	(1) 50 cents



The little girls made us place cards the next night after our celebration. Behold mine.

[This letter dated **Oct. 31, 1915** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. Mr. Galt raised the wages of the men who are installing the furnace and they are working faster now. They have had to hold school working around the messes and workmen. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou, Oct. 31, 1915.

Dear Folks at home:-

We are spending another Sunday in our school-room or in the dining-room for those are the only rooms that are heated. I think before another weekend we should be warm for there is just one end of the building to be done. These workmen are so slow, but Mr. Galt has raised the wages and it seems to have hastened them a bit. You would smile at some of the lines these pipes make against the walls and the crooks they take right in front of a window, but these are small matters out here. Fortunately in our living room the pipes go straight up- and we have to have our walls paneled whether we like it or not. We have lived in heaps and piles even since they started to put the heating system in and it is a relief to think that there is going to be an end of the muss. I think when we clean up this time it will be for the rest of the year. The decorating of the walls and the woodwork will be done during some vacation.

This last week has been a busy one for several reasons. The work in our school room made us vacate it one day so we took a walk and drew pictures. When we came back we finished them up and wrote a story of the walk, which the children made into a book. This spent the equilibrium of the school day for two or three days but I believe paid in the end. We did it partly because Mrs. Corbett has not been able to take her classes so I had to see that the time was used valuably. Mrs. Corbett has had a very sick little girl for more than a week. Her little daughter Helen- aged 3 years – has had a serious and persistent attack of dysentery. Although she had several inoculations of the serum to kill the germs there was no perceptible change in the progress of the disease, until yesterday. To-day they think they have the trouble checked. It will probably be another week before Mrs. Corbett should think of leaving Helen, so in the meantime we are doing some doubling up here. This is the time for sending out our first reports of the year, so the grass will not grow under our feet just at present.

The papers say this is the rainiest October for 12 years- in Shanghai. Here we have had very little rain, but we have had several dull days, so that it has not been all sunshine as October is supposed to be. We have had several frosts which have killed most of the flowers and vegetables but the leaves are still on the trees. These willows never turn in color but the vines on the houses and walls are brilliant.

This has been Hallowe'en week which we celebrated on Friday evening. We had a committee headed by Mary and Mr. Johnson who had prepared the fun. We had all the children – day pupils also- at supper and it was like a Thanksgiving table- twenty-three of us. There were several games and the supper which lasted from 5.45 to 7.45 P.M. the children had a fine frolic, and were none the worse for it the next day. Everyone now seems to be quite well and I hope we continue to have good health.

In a few days we shall mail the parcels for Christmas, which Mary mentioned in her letter last week. It is not so easy to mail parcels from here for we are not a parcels post office, so we have to go to Peking.

With love- Flora Beard.

[This letter dated Oct. 31, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 9 ½ year old daughter, Marjorie. Smooth, hard roads are being made in Foochow. Willard is writing an article on Latin America for the Anti Cobweb meeting. Daughter Phebe sounds happy in Oberlin. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Oct. 31st 1915

Dear Marjorie:-

It seems a long time since I have had a letter from you. I suppose the mail is somewhere in or near Foochow now. A steamer started Friday morning from Shanghai. During the past week we have had very high winds from the north which ought to make the steamer hurry up unless the sea was too rough. Since the Pacific Mail Steamers were taken off our home mails have been less frequent. And they say we should get our Christmas presents off on the Steamer when she goes to Shanghai next Wed. or Thursday.

The streets of Foochow city are being torn up and widened and nice smooth hard roads made, - not all the streets. Two that run cross wise the city are now torn up and the houses are being taken down to widen the streets and good drains and gutters are now being made. You will not know the place. You may be able to ride into the city in a ricksha when you come next Sept.

The Y.M.C.A. have a new Secretary and his wife- both from Oberlin College Mr. and Mrs. McConnell. They were here for supper last Wednesday evening and after supper Mrs. McConnell played the piano for us. It was a rare treat. She plays something like Mrs. Vincer used to. Mama and perhaps Phebe will remember her playing.

I am writing my article or address for the Anti Cobweb next Friday evening on "The Latin American Situation." It is very interesting work but rather hard to find time to be at my desk long enough at one time to write more than one hundred words. I hope it will not sound as choppy when I read it as the writing of it has been.

The city compound is very lively with children just now. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are still here with three, two Hodouses, three Newells, one Belcher, -nine in all. But you see we have all the children in the mission right here, except Edward Gillette in Diong Loh.

The weather has changed to cool at last. I can now wear a coat and trousers of wool, and feel comfortable. This morning the subject of the sermon was "Hope." For one illustration the preacher said that "Hope" was the cause of our getting changes for the better. As for example man first used three leaves for clothes. These were cold and really made his body shrink up to keep warm. But hope sent him out hunting and he found animal skins warm. Then he kept hoping for a better material and found cotton, but look at Mr. Beard he has something better still-woolen cloth. Again he was using the progress in beds- from stone to bed boards then to rattan beds then to springs and he pointed to me and said do you suppose Mr. Beard is satisfied with those? No he is hoping for something softer!!! He did not know that I sleep on a rattan bed about three months in the year.

I am going to stop writing this now and hope to get a letter in this mail from some of you and I will try to send just a word before mailing this and after your letter comes.

I am all the time committing portions of the Bible. During the summer I committed PS. 34. This Fall I have committed Isa. 12 and now I am working on PS. 19. I find verses 7, 8, and 9 very difficult- to get the right words in the right place. Possibly I have been too tired to retain in my memory what I try to learn. Of course I do not get down to work on it. I just keep my Bible on my desk open to that place and night and morning get a verse.

May God be very good to you all and give you health, and the ability to do good work in school and the ability to discern very keenly between right and wrong and not only the desire but the power to always choose the right. How I do long to hear from Phebe and know how she is settled in Oberlin- what she is studying etc.

Very lovingly your Father,
Willard L. Beard

Tuesday 11/2

The mail yesterday brought me a letter from Phebe and one from Gould. I am much pleased to see how happy Phebe seems in Oberlin.

Lovingly
Papa

[This letter dated Oct. 31, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. The missionaries are seeing results from the Evangelistic Campaign. People have signed up for Bible classes. Daughter Phebe is happy at Oberlin and reports that the Kinnear children are there, also. Willard is having problems with his teeth and the discusses the charges of dentists. He tells of what must be done for Yuan Shi Kai to become Emperor. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Oct 31st 1915

Dear Mother:-

From the home letters I judge rain, sunshine and heat have had conferences this year so as to follow the same rules in China and New England. We had a very wet early summer- a very dry latter summer and a very hot latter summer. The fall has been unusually hot till last Wednesday. I wore thinnest white clothes, and could hardly endure a collar. Last week Friday Oct. 22 I went into the country 15 miles with Mr. Hodous, and wore banana cloth clothes. This is the thinnest, lightest material we have. But now the weather is more civilized and I can wear a woolen coat.

I am trying to be patient while the mail arrives. It is about ten days since we have had an American mail. This is a result of the New Seaman's Bill. And it is said we must get all Christmas presents off on this steamer- to go Wednesday or Thursday, for the next one will be too late for Christmas.

The girls have had their hands full this fall opening a big housekeeping establishment for those children. But their last letters sounded as if the worst was over. They had just held the opening.

Next Friday evening I am to read a paper of the Latin American Situation. It is most interesting preparing. I am writing it out- the first address I have written in a long time. My great grievance is that I cannot get more than fifteen minutes at a time to write. All the reading for the paper I have done in my sedan chair or on a boat while I was travelling.

I think I have written of the evangelistic meetings which have been planned in six centers in Foochow- two centers of each of the three missions. The first series of meetings were held last week in our Geu Cio Dong church. Mr. Newell gave one lecture with demonstrations on oxygen for women with over six hundred in attendance and two for men, with one audience of 400 and one of 600. Then Mr. Cio Lik Daik of the Y.M.C.A. spoke once to women and 74 signed cards desiring to join Bible classes, and he also spoke twice to men after which 100 were asking to join Bible classes. If one half this number actually get into Bible classes it will be a grand result and the workers will have all they can do for the rest of the year.

Nov 9th Tuesday: The mail came at last and brought your letter to the girls in Tungchou and one from Phebe M. The same mail brought letters from Phebe K. and from Gould. - The first from Phebe in Oberlin and the first from Putnam since she left. She seems to be very happy at her prospects- and with her surroundings and thinks she is going to enjoy her work. Eunice, Morris and Gerald Kinnear are with her. She knew all three in Foochow. Gould thinks it is lonely without Phebe. I judge she must have made just a call on her way, at Century Farm, coming up from Bridgeport, altho her most vivid impressions of her Bridgeport visit were shopping all alone. She has never done much of that. Geraldine is the business woman of the family.

I have just sent off 50- boxes of jasmine flower tea as Christmas presents. You will get one or two boxes in time for Christmas I hope. This year I am afraid the Christmas things may be a long time on the way, and some of yours will be late. A lady in the Flatbush, Brooklyn church ordered 50 boxes. They use them there for Christmas presents.

I am having a time with my teeth this year. I have never had much trouble with them before, - compared with other people. But this Spring I realized that there was trouble, that altho they were not aching yet they were not right. A dentist by the name of Gutelius [*or Gatellins?*] is trying to see what he can do for missionaries in the line of his business. Ten cities in China put up a guarantee fund of \$3000 mex. for him to make an experiment. He was on Kuliang a month in July, - is in Foochow now, goes to Amoy and other places. He charges \$4.50 per hour for work and extra for gold or expensive materials. Ordinary materials are thrown in with the \$4.50. I had about 17 hours in July and will have about 5 more now. But my general health has been much better since his work on me in July. He hopes to be able to guarantee to each missionary all work on the care of their teeth for \$10 mex a year and .50 an hour for work. This will be cheap enough. The regular price for dentists in China is \$10 mex. per hour.

The last mail brought a letter from Fred Beach. He said he saw Ruth at Broadway Tabernacle, - is now with the Missionary Campaigners and hope to be at Andover Seminary next Spring. Reports of the Armenian Massacres are just getting to us. It seems as if the Devil were let loose in many parts of the world. I cannot help thinking that the world will be better after the greatest war in history is over. As the air is always clearer and purer here in Foochow after a good typhoon and also in Connecticut after a good old nor' Easter so men will be better after this great cataclysm. There was a lot of badness in men's minds- specially all thru Europe. False conceptions of the designs of other nations largely - but it was getting worse with each year and it is coming out now. I fully believe that freedom and democracy will have advance greatly.

Yuan Shi Kai will probably be crowned Emperor before this reaches you. The report is that he has sent to the Governors of all provinces to find out the "will of the people." The "will of the people" every where is that Yuan should be Emperor. It is done in this way, the Governors are to find out whether the people wish a Republic or a Monarchy, and to suggest the best way of selecting the Emperor. There is not a suggestion that the Republican form will be chosen. Yuan has given one of his daughters to the little boy Emperor to wife. The only hard problem for Yuan is [*he*] has to get the imperial seal, now in possession of the former boy Emperor, without using force. We of the west would make a new seal, and from preference. But it seems from the Chinese point of view that this seal in use for thousands of years and handed down from generation to generation and from dynasty to dynasty must be gotten and gotten without force before the new dynasty is founded. It would be an intricate maze for a westerner to follow all the plans to get the matter done in the right way. The little Emperor will be offered the crown, will refuse. The "people"= a few leading men, friends of Yuan=will then demand Yuan for Emperor and after sufficient refusals he will accept. - Well as long as Yuan lives he is likely to be at the head of things in China and whether as President or Emperor. The government is likely to be stable. He has every thing all in hand here in Fukien. I never knew Foochow so quiet in my 21 years here as it has been during the past year. And more improvements have been made during the past nine months than during they past 100 years. - Streets widened, made smooth, and some troughs and conductors put up. - A Public Park made and a new road built between the city and the river- 8 miles, with the old city streets in some places doubled in width by the tearing down of shops and houses. Soon we will be riding in rickshaws instead of sedans.

Meantime Education has gone backward, but that will come up in time.

You are wondering why I write so long. We have a vacation today- and I'm a man of leisure. But I do not do it often and shall not likely do it again for sometime. The months until I plan to start for home are diminishing in number very fast- less than six months. May God keep us all to see each other then.

Very lovingly your son Will

[This letter dated Nov. 10, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. The Chinese people seem resigned that the Monarchy is returning. Willard has sent 100 boxes of jasmine tea back to the states for Christmas gifts. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Nov. 10th. 1915

Dear Sisters [*Flora and Mary*]:-

The last mail brought your letter with those of Mother's and Phebe M.'s. It also brought letters from Phebe K. and from Gould. Phebe is much pleased with all that she has thus far seen at Oberlin. Her letter was written after she had joined but before she had begun classes so she had not actually got into the work. She had met Eunice and Morris and Gerald Kinnear. The boys she recognized, but she had been too long away from Eunice.

I have kept my eye on little cups for you but have not yet bought for I hope to find some one size smaller than those now in stock. As to the gong I am not so successful. The best I can do is more than \$2. I am not sure that you want to go as high as that. This will be a new one. I have not given it up but the way looks dark for a 40 cent one. If you will write me as soon as this reaches you about the gong I will know what to do. The cups I will plan to send by Dr. Wherry. And gong too if you want me to buy at the price.

All goes well here. The people with whom I associate are resigned to what they consider a bad fate i.e. the return of the Empire. The other day in Ethics we were speaking of the Providence of God, and I asked the boys to tell me of some men who seemed to be specially provided by God for some special work. They mentioned Washington, Lincoln and at the other end one said Sun Yat Sen. I asked - - Yuan Shi Kai? "No, no." Last evening the boys had what they termed a Memorial meeting, to commemorate the battle of Foochow in 1911. It was as much to lament the prospect of a return to the Monarchy as it was to remember the past.

At the same time the work of reform goes on continually. The Park is getting to be pretty with trees and grass and flowers and the picturesque little summer houses all about. They want our band to come out and play for them to make things lively. On several streets the houses are being torn down and the street widened. This is a wonderful thing in Foochow. One gate is taken away and the stone and brick are used in the construction of the road.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis have a fine boy about two weeks old. The Belcher and the Munson babies are doing finely. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are still here. Mr. Smith and Mr. Belcher started this morning for a short visit to Ing Hok. They will be back in a week. The Smiths are much better but not entirely out of the woods yet as far as boils are concerned.

There is lots more to write but it is time to start for prayer meeting which this week is at Mrs. Peet's out at Gek Siong Sang. So good bye. I sent off on yesterday's mail 50 boxes of jasmine tea as Christmas present, and 50 more to a lady in Flatbush for her and others to use as Christmas presents.

Lovingly your brother.
Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 14, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his son, Gould. He is encouraging Gould to go on to college and not be concerned about finances. Yuan Shi Kai has not become Emperor yet. The new church is slowly being built. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Nov. 14th 1915

Dear Gould:-

The letter last week I addressed to you and again this week I'm doing the same thing. A good long letter right out of her warm heart came from Phebe a few days ago. It is not hard to see how Oberlin strikes her. I am very glad she likes her surroundings.

In your last letter you make the suggestion that you should wait a year before going to College on account of finances. I do not like to have you do this. I started for Oberlin in 1887 with less than \$300 to my name. I was twenty two years old. I did not know how money enough was coming to get thru College nor where it was coming from. But I went on one step at a time and my father helped me a little and I worked as I could and I got thru. I think that is a very good motto for one's life, i.e. If you cannot see all the way do not wait but go as far as you can see and God will open the way when you have gone as far as He shows you now. I am quite certain it would be better for you to go to College next year than to wait. If God gives me health I can reasonably hope to help you and the girls some, and you will find chances to earn some, and I should not hesitate to borrow some.

Last Friday evening I was at the Consulate for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Pontius are both very pleasant. They are young people with two small children. Mrs. Pontius is from the Isle of Jersey in England and so is English. I had met her several times before and always supposed her to be an American, so you see she is not very Englishy. I was the only guest from this side the river. They wanted me to spend the night, but as I have classes beginning at 8 a.m. I much prefer to go home at night. I had to honor of taking Mrs. Pontius to dinner, and on the way out she asked me to "offer Thanks." It was a very pleasant occasion- nothing startling except Mr. Pontius' new Pionola. — The only one in port as far as I know.

The great question in every one's mind now is the change in the government. Just now it looks as if Yuan would wait a while. Next week we may hear that he has been crowned.

Miss Perkins has a relative teaching in the Girl's College- just out Miss Nash from Maine. She plays the violin beautifully. Last Friday evening we had the first Rhetoricals of the term by the senior class. Miss Nash came out and played. You should have seen the boys with mouths wide open standing on their toes listening. It was a rare treat. And the applause was spontaneous and the encore positive.

The weather has cooled off a little. I have put on a vest this past week with comfort, but I still wear my thinnest sleeveless underwear.

Annual Meeting with the Chinese begins next Tuesday evening and classes one week later. This will mean not much work in College for me, and I am afraid not much for the College anyway.

The new church is going up nicely but too slowly. There are really two roofs as in the rough sketch. The lower one had the rafters all on and they are beginning to put the roof boards on. The upper one has only two timbers in place. It is slow working so high up. The timbers are made and I hope they will get it closed in two weeks more.

I suppose you send my letters to Phebe .

May God give you all a Merry Merry Christmas and a Happy Happy New Year and keep you all well and good and helpful. Your loving Father

Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Nov. 16, 1915 was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. The school building heater system is in. They sent some presents for Christmas and are still waiting for some pencils that were ordered for school. Flora has noticed that the U.S. newspapers are becoming more interested in Chinese affairs. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[November 16, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

My how the wind is blowing to-day! It comes right off the icebergs nearest the Pole I am sure and is blowing into our house through every crack and crevice. We are going to see if we can get along without storm windows this year since glass is so expensive out here. It means that there will be days when we shall not be especially warm. We were fortunate to get our heating system finished so that we were ready just the very day that the weather changed. In ordinary weather we are most comfortable on a very low temperature of the radiators. There are still several leaks but we hope they will rust up and save us the trouble of undoing the joints again. Mr. Galt, who has been the master plumber, says the water usually oxidizes the inside of the pipes enough to close up these spots. We are waiting until the Christmas vacation to paint the pipes and radiators. There will be two weeks then when the scholars will be away. I hope the material will arrive from U.S. so that we can have our blackboards done then, also. Affairs seem to be running along smoothly, although we did not escape the usual amount of dissatisfaction about marks in our first reports, which went out the first of November. One mother thinks it is an

encouragement to the children to give them a little higher estimate than they have attained. We have decided to continue along the lines of truth, and hope for a change of ideas in the mother.

Last Monday I went to town (Peking) and bought the last of the things we are sending for Xmas- two scarfs and two lanterns. I am afraid they may not reach you until after Xmas as the boats across the Pacific are so few now. The Japanese P.O. clerk said the things we sent last Monday should reach you two weeks before Xmas. I took up a suit case full of mail, which took over an hour to get properly stamped and registered. I hope everything reaches its destination. I have not yet received the pencils and hope you have already started out the tracer. Please don't destroy the vouchers for the parcels until you hear from me that they have arrived here for now that there are no American boats running I think we need to take more precaution than ever.

Your papers from home are getting quite interested in affairs in China, for nearly every one has an article from the Associated Press representative in Peking. He is a Mr. More and Mr. Burgess though he tried to tell the truth about the affairs here. He seemed to be quite pro-Japanese but I think he wishes to know the truth from both points of view. I wonder sometimes if Pres. Yuan is not allowing this question of a monarchy to be agitated simply because the growth of a national spirit depends on something to keep the minds of his people awake. The menace of the Japanese seems to have lost its effect and here is something else to stir the land. Things look as if there would be a monarchy, but about the only change there will be is in words. It will have to be a limited monarchy for the day has passed when these people will be content to let the government lie entirely in the hands of one man.

I am having my first dress made at a dressmaker here. It is a very soft gray green brocaded silk, I am going to let the dressmaker use her own judgment on making it up. It may be a disappointment but I have no time nor fashion books to help me. She has made such a pretty gown for Mrs. Galt that I hope she will be as successful with mine.

I am still having experiences with my little watch. By the time the year of guarantee is up it will have been made completely over. First I broke the crystal, then it was the pivot, now the stem winder has come out. In between times I have a watch. There should be some one coming to North China soon who would bring my new one, so I am living in hopes.

To-night our box of pads and other school papers arrived, for which we are duly thankful. I hope also the materials for our school blackboards came in the same shipment. Little by little we are getting into order and we should look quite ship-shape. Please tell Miss Brewster that her letter is here and that I will get her one of the Mandarin squares just as soon as a good one comes along. There are very beautiful ones to be had here for about \$2 gold- or less. There are the old "Kossu" or woven in figures, with all sorts of emblems in them, each with a meaning.

With love-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chili [*Chih-li*], China,
November 16, 1915.

Please pay these renewals and charge to my account. Mary and I are to send a draft home to you next month.

F.B.

[This letter dated Nov. 22, 1915 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She talks about a nice walk through a graveyard and hopes that the fish pond will freeze for ice skating. She talks about the weather affecting her camera. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Nov. 22, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

My Sunday letter has again become a Monday one. This last week I had an attack of Laryngitis and yesterday morning I took a nap instead of writing letters. In the afternoon it was glorious so I went for a walk with the children. Just east of the compound is a very interesting old Chinese grave yard with several trees and many sunken roads passing through it. We walked down through there then out to the railroad back and home. We came across a flock of goats being herded in the graveyard and in it were two baby goats just big enough to be thoroughly firm on their legs.

The fish pond has ice on it about one half inch thick and already the children are counting the days until skating may begin. I too am already for it because I took my one pair of low heeled high shoes up and had them resoled when I went to visit the Lowry family.

The children have finished their weekly home letters and have now gone out for some field sports. They have gone wild over field sports since the day when we went to the field sports of the college.

This last week Monday we had a regular shampoo parlor here. I washed the heads of all four little girls and one small boy. Then Miss Meade came over with Mrs. Galt and accepted my offer to wash her head. My own was the last. While that was being done Mrs. Galt washed Dorothy Galt's. It was cute enough to watch Dorothy. She flatly refused to go home to have her shampoo but was highly delighted to have it here.

Last week Flora mailed several packages home. I sent an extra package addressed to Elizabeth of things that may be useful as gifts sometime. None are expensive. The little cups and tea pot belong with the tray and the little shovel like toys with the round brass dish. The doily I got in the south. The price on the outside covers all. The doily was .75 cents, the top .20 cents and for the two and the carved things only a little. Do what you like with any of it. I sent Ruth a box of images. I could not get many of the little men such as I got last year so substituted the various birds. The large cart with the flags I should like you to keep if you care to as it is quite unique. The st?? I can duplicate at any time.

I enclose some prints of pictures I took this summer. Unfortunately the hot weather was not good for films or camera and many of the best films are spoiled because the film softened. Mr. Birkle sent us some prints of pictures he took and reports a like condition. My poor camera has had to go to be fixed because it has rusted so the spring does not work but one way.

This may be a New Year's letter but I doubt it. Any way I wish you all a happy entrance into the New Year and that God will bless you all through this year.

By the way, if perchance Ruth has some images that she needs, wouldn't the twins like some as a remembrance from China. I fear Master Space [*probably brother of Virginia Space. Virginia will become the wife of Willard's son, Myron Gould Beard*] is too young to appreciate them, is he not?

Lots of love
Mary

Nov 22, 1915.

P.S. What about being in the suburb of a city? Does it feel any different than to be next to a borough?

[This letter dated Nov. 30, 1915 was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She spent Thanksgiving doing more work getting the school in better shape. They will travel seven hours to go to Shuite Fu where they will spend Christmas. In Peking it is a custom on New Year's Day for men to call on ladies at their home. They are still waiting for their pencils to arrive. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Nov. 30, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

Thanksgiving is over and we are now looking forward to Christmas. School closes the 17th so for once in my life there will be time to plan my personal gifts here after school is out for Christmas Day itself. Thanksgiving Day was not so very exciting to me for we had several children here as usual. The morning was taken up in hanging pictures in the living-room and re-arranging the furniture. The children and Mr. Johnson set the football posts and walked out the court so that now they have a change in their sports if they wish it. The Peking children returned from Peking on the afternoon train and we all went to church here at 5 o'clock. Then came the usual study hour and we all went to bed. Mary and Mr. Johnson went to the Compound supper at Mr. and Mrs. France's and had a jolly time.

Saturday the children went home again so it seemed as though the week had been spent mostly "coming and going." Mary and I went to supper at Mrs. France's fully ready for the longer sleep that we get on Sunday mornings. We had three callers on Sunday and went to church which was enough to keep us stirring. On Monday morning I went to Peking for the first fitting of my new dress- a very soft crepe Chinese silk- gray green and figured. It is to be done for our Xmas festivities. I did a lot of shopping and just caught the noon train back home. The weather these days feels like working or playing. Our heater is all that we can ask for so far. It is not very beautiful, but is economical and sanitary which should go a long way toward producing beauty. I hope we may have a more temperate winter this year for the one last season brought with it so much suffering.

Today, I purchased a perfectly beautiful white lamb skin fur coat. It reaches to the floor and has long sleeves, besides a double lap in the front all the way down. I am going to have it as a lining in a winter coat. It looks like a fine astrakhan. It is not quite as short and curled as a Persian lamb. I think it should make me a good evening coat.

Mary and I are going to be quite gay for Xmas. We are going down to Shunte Fu to spend Christmas Day and over Sunday. It is about a seven hour ride from Peking toward Hankow. We have just received an invitation from Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard of Peking to spend New Years with them and receive with Mrs. Hubbard. You remember that last year Mary and I received at the Burgesses' and over sixty gentlemen called. It is the old Peking custom for the men to call at all the ladies houses that day and there they lunch at other houses than their own, so Mary and I have to invite three men to have lunch with us at Mrs. Hubbard's.

During the vacation we are to have the pipes and radiators gilded (or silvered) and I hope a lot of cleaning done. I think we can probably get the kitchen walls and wood work done, also the storeroom. We have two and a half weeks vacation so we ought to accomplish something.

We are expecting Mrs. Reinsch (the American Minister's wife) and Claire down some afternoon this week or next. Claire has been very very ill with appendicitis, and had a very serious operation which she is just recovered from. She is very anxious to come down here to school but her parents have not thought best to let her. Of course she could not have come this fall anyway but I hope this visit may let her mother see that conditions are suitable for her to come here.

Last Monday I sent off home a package containing a lace collar and a little knife for some one. The week before the two lanterns and two scarfs started for America so I hope you get most of the things before Xmas this year.

There is no sign of the pencils yet but hope soon to hear that they are being traced.

The next three weeks are going to be very busy ones.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
Nov. 30, 1915.

[This letter dated Dec. 6, 1915 was written while going down the rapids of the Ing Hok by Willard to daughter Phebe. He has been busy with the Annual Meeting and giving addresses for the Union Evangelistic work. Then he took a trip to Ing Hok. He talks about her experiences at Oberlin. Willard is planning his trip to the states in May of 1916. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

On the Ing Hok river- going down the Rapids
Dec 6th 1915

Dear Phebe:-

Your interesting letter arrived last week. The weeks since Nov. 16th have been specially busy for me. Week before last I did not get a letter off even to Mama. That was the week of our Annual Meeting, and just as that closed I began a series of four addresses for special evangelistic meetings in connection with the Union Evangelistic work in Foochow. Last Friday I started for Ing Hok to look into the school with a view to coordinating all our educational work. - We have just gone down the steepest rapid on the river below Ing Hok- the one down which Miss Jean Brown went and at once said to me "Oh tell the boatman to pull us up again and let us go down again."

Your letter was most interesting to me for I was so glad to see how pleased you were with all your surroundings, - specially with the teachers, and it pleased me greatly to hear from you yourself that you did not find the work burdensome. I hope you will be able to take piano next term. You should be pretty well prepared for your freshman work. You are fairly mature in years and in experience with the world and this term will have sufficed to make you feel at home in Oberlin and to have dispelled any thing that may seem like nervousness due to the newness of things. I did not know until your letter came that Mr. Ireland's son was in Oberlin. I wonder if he is a freshman. I am greatly pleased that you go to the old First Church. That was my church for four years. I took my letter there. Dr. Brand was my pastor. I think Mrs. Brand is still there. The practice in that choir is a very valuable addition to ones education. I never felt equal to ever trying to get in and then most of the time I was doing so much work that I felt I had not the time. I shall be interested to hear which Literary Society you join and the reason why you chose that one. I was a member of Phi Delta.

While there I lived all the time on N. Prof. St. The first 4 terms way up at 60 I think it was- most out to the old ball ground. The second 4 terms at a house only 2 or 3 doors below where Deacon West lived. #39 I think, and the last 4 terms at Mrs. Stiles- it must have been about #35 I should think. My room mate these last four years was Mr. Addison Lawrence. Mrs. Lawrence is now matron of Talcott. She is also a classmate of mine, and she will be glad to meet you. It was good to read of your having enough to eat. I wonder how you like early suppers and early

breakfasts, and regular hours for meals and going to bed and doing every thing. Have you got used to the Library yet?

I am sorry this will not reach you in time for Christmas or even New Years but you will have lots of things from Putnam and possibly other places at that season and this will come to you just as you are starting the second term, and all the others have gotten them with the Holidays. I shall think of you during the Holidays and wonder if you are in Oberlin or somewhere else. The year Mama was in Oberlin she went out to Aunt Ann's for the Holidays.

I expect to find Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear in Foochow when I get there tomorrow. They have been gone almost two years.

I am looking up steamers for going home next May. The permission has not yet come from Boston. But I have corresponded with Dr. Bactorn and he thought there would be no trouble. It is hard to believe that only six months lie between now and the time when I hope to see all my loved ones. Uncle Stanley wants me to go straight thru to Shelton and attend his wedding and come back to Oberlin for the anniversary. I want very much to attend the wedding, and I shall try to arrange to do as he suggests.

God has been very good to us all during these more than three years but I have been away from each other. May He keep us all to see and enjoy and profit by seeing each other next year. Your accounts of class and Volunteer prayer meetings touch me deeply. May God keep and bless you

Lovingly your Father Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Dec. 13, 1915 was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home and siblings, Phebe and Stanley. Mary and Flora were initiated into the Past Time Club of Tungchow, a group that meets for entertainment. Several of the school children have been ill and Mary has had to tend to them one after another. When not busy with the children they have guests and visit with others. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dec. 13 [1915]

Dear Ones at Home, Phebe and Stanley,

I am going to send this via Phebe and Stanley because it is a long time since I have written them. As to the lanterns they were a combination engagement and birthday gift. It will not hurt them to use them if you want to. The last two of Phebe's letters have contained pictures from which I extend thanks for my share. That camping trip must have been great. Your tales and the pictures made me quite envious for I do love camping. Yes, even the snake and dirt are attractive when out under the open sky for twenty four hours a day!

The vacation is almost here- only three and a half days of school left. There are just six of us here this weekend. Delnoce Grant was having a fancy dress party Saturday evening so all but the little tots went to Peking. They were one excited bunch of children. Delnoce brought out some pictures the other day, picture taken in New York and Phebe was in one of them. It was only fair of Phebe.

Elizabeth I am glad you happened to meet the Porters. They are a fine couple and I wish you might have seen more of them.

Last week we were all formally initiated as member of the "Past Time Club" of Tungchow. It meets irregularly, whenever any one has an inspiration as to form of entertainment. On Thursday there were seven new members to initiate so we were made to do the entertaining. Flora had to deliver a scolding to Mrs. Hubbard who was to represent a naughty little girl. I had to recite poetry while holding the goat's tail for inspiration. We had to crawl under two tables and play cuckoo clocks just at the hour of twelve. Some of the men had to roll peanuts with their noses, play cock fight, debate on "why is a chicken", play a tune on a bicycle pump etc. It was a restful fun evening.

I have been having great times with my girlies; first one sick, then another. Last week I kept Pauline in bed two days and this week I had Muriel there one day. We sent Isabel home with a severe cold and Bethine stayed up two days because of her rheumatism. I am rather relieved when it is the Peking children who are ill so we can ship them home; for, I do not like taking care of sick children all night and then having to rise at 6.45 and work all day. It makes one a-weary.

I have taken Flora's play off her hands so am busy coaching play every night for from ½ to 1 hour. We made candy on Friday night and make some more on Tuesday.

Jan. 28.

Even though this beginning is near five weeks old I am going to send it along as proof of my good intentions. We are having another touch of winter after some very spring like weather. On Tuesday I played tennis and was too warm with a middy and no sweater. The skating was soft and wet but the children went out just the

same. Now as late as Thursday we went walking in our thin coats or sweaters only. But Thursday night the weather began to change. It was cloudy and gloomy all morning and the wind began to rise in the afternoon. That night the water in our room froze solid. Again Saturday night – and again last night everything froze stiff. I had several bottles of grape juice in my closet and have removed it to safer more protected quarters, lest it freeze.

We had Dr. and Mrs. Galt over for supper on Thursday evening. They were our first real guests except Dr. Smith and guest for luncheon from Peking. On Friday night Mrs. Sheffield was here for supper. This week we entertain Mr. and Mrs. Corbett and shall go on until we have had all of the Tungchow people in.

On Wednesday I had a card from Mrs. Hubbard saying that she and three others were coming down to Tungchow via the canal that afternoon. I had given them up and was out playing bean bags with the children when one couple appeared. It was already 4.45 so there was no time for afternoon tea. We took a hasty walk to the top of the building- and back and started at once for the station.

Yesterday Mrs. Galt and Mrs. Sheffield received us all at tea. It is fun to get together once in a while for a social chat. We all miss Miss Leavens from the circle but she is still retired from all intercourse with the world. She has seen no one, except the doctor and his wife, since just after Christmas and any little effort exhausts her. I do hope that the Board can send a helper for the woman's work because Miss Leavens is not strong enough to carry the burden of it. Of course all of the matrons help but Miss Leavens has the sole responsibility.

I almost forgot our turmoil here last Monday. Our two girls who were living with Miss Leavens are turned out by her illness as they can not live alone in a home. Mrs. Wickes took them in temporarily but it was a big question as to what we should do permanently. Finally Flora offered to give up her study. That meant moving the study furniture into the parlor; moving Mr. Johnson into the study since it is a very small room; and letting the two girls have Mr. Johnson's room, since it is a good sized room. On Monday morning we did it and now feel quite at home with our new arrangement. Our living room, which was at the start a very barren room, is almost overcrowded with furniture. The change necessitates using the dining room as recitation room for Mrs. Galt and Mrs. Corbett because they used to use the study.

On Friday we had a wedding in the family; the coolie took unto himself- a wife. Last Tuesday he came to Mrs. Galt and asked for a day off on Friday because there was to be some sort of funtime or celebration in the family. He didn't say what it was definitely and she could not make out. She spoke to Flora and they decided to give him the day since he had been so faithful; but they accepted his offer to come early and fix the furnace and again late to bank it for the night. On Thursday, again Mrs. Galt tried to find out what the celebration was to be and got so far as to make sure it was a wedding. But the bride was no relation and he did not know her. "Some one on the other side of the city had spoken for her" said he. Later we found out that Dr. Galt was to marry them. He is about forty and she is at least as old if not older. Imagine such a mix up in America over a wedding.

A big funeral passed on the sunken road on Tuesday. The deceased was the father of Mrs. Corbett's boy. They are desperately poor and let the old man suffer many days before calling Dr. Love because they had heard that he charged fifty cents for a village call. Yet for his coffin they paid \$65 and the line of banner carriers stretched about as far as from our house to the end of Donovan's land on the south. The mistaken ideas of values is one of the saddest things we see! That family will struggle under that debt for years to come and yet feel repaid because of the much talk about the beauty of the funeral.

I do hope you are all still keeping well at home. Our vacation set us both up so things run much more smoothly.

With much love to you both and all the home people I am
Mary Beard

P.S. Yes Phebe you sent pictures of Myra's shower, and of Elbert and Will's family. That book cover evidently got lost in the mail together with Flora's pencils.

Mary updated the Alumni records at Mount Holyoke College. In April of 1917 the records show thus:

Miss Beard's heart and interests were with the class of 1905 to which she really belonged. Because she did not have hours of credit, she went to Woods Hole for six weeks and then returned in the spring of 1906 for her diploma. In her sophomore year she began her work in biology and from that time on she became an ardent member of that department, taking everything in that line that Dr. Clapp would permit. "I am not sorry for any of the work I did take but I wish I had been able to add more history and English. I wonder what Miss Hoag would say if she knew that the freshman who was such a terrible poor Latin scholar, is now teaching all four years of high school Latin with keen interest in the subject." A year of teaching in the New Haven grade schools showed Mary that she

wouldn't care for any more of that. For the next three years she taught science and mathematics in a girl's boarding school in Santa Barbara, California. After a year at home, she took a summer course at Columbia to brush up on her science teaching. From 1910 to 1914, she taught science at Monticello Seminary, an old institution which celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary the year after Mount Holyoke did. In the summer of 1912, she took more science courses at Columbia, - not for a degree but to better herself for her work at Monticello.

Early in 1914, I began a correspondence about this opportunity in China. My sister Flora was coming out as the representative of the American Board. An Assistant was wanted and the Methodist and Presbyterian Boards sent me as their representative to assist her in developing a school for missionaries' children. We started with a day school in Peking because our new building in Tungchow was incomplete. That year gave us an excellent opportunity to get acquainted with the people for whom our work was to be done.

Writing at the close of the second year in the real school home, Miss Beard says, "We had only fourteen pupils last year and have grown to twenty-four this. The prospect is good for a similar increase another year. This is the time when I am glad for all the minor committees on which I worked at college and wish they had been major ones so that the experience would have been wider. I wonder if such a specialization in science was wise for I have taught every high school subject except science; for the last three years. At last I have a chemistry class and hope to have one in biology next year."

"If you want a class of students who are an inspiration in themselves just send out and gather in the children of these specially trained missionaries. We have enough proofs of the laws of heredity in our school to offset any number of theories. The children are not only naturally bright but generally have the power of concentration, that makes them work with a will, play with a will and never do anything half-way.



Rickshaws in China

Undated photo from the Burgess Goodman website with permission from Doug Burgess.

Burgess, Doug. "Artist Doug Burgess". PBase. June 22, 2007 <<http://www.pbase.com/balldee/burgess>>.



GROUP OF AMERICAN MISSIONARIES PRESENT DURING THE SIEGE

This photo and a group of others showing the destruction during the Boxer Rebellion was probably given to Mary Beard by her friend, Rev. Arthur H. Smith, survivor of the siege and author of China In Convulsion. The same group of photos are included in his book. Arthur H. Smith lived in the same Tungchou compound where Flora and Mary's school was located. Flora and Mary associated with many of the people in this photo.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Index to above photo:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Rev. G. W. Verky | 26. Mrs. J.H. Ingram |
| 2. Miss Amy Brown | 27. Rev. F.M. Chapin |
| 3. Mrs. Arthur H. Smith | 28. Miss Janet McKillican |
| 4. Rev. W. T. Hobart | 29. Mrs. Gilbert Reid and child |
| 5. Rev. John Wherry, D.D. | 30. Miss Eliza Leonard, M.D. |
| 6. Rev. W.F. Walker, D.D. | 31. Mrs. C.A. Killie |
| 7. J.H. Ingram, M.D. | 32. Miss Alice Terrell |
| 8. Rev. H. E. King | 33. Miss Jane Evans |
| 9. Rev. G.R. Davis | 34. Mrs. C. Goodrich |
| 10. Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D.D. | 35. Mrs. W. F. Walker |
| 11. Rev. C.A. Killie | 36. Miss Emma E. Martin, M.D. |
| 12. Rev. W.B. Stelle | 37. Mrs. C.E. Ewing and child |
| 13. Rev. Gilbert Reid, D.D. | 38. Mrs. F.M. Chapin |
| 14. Miss Grace Newton | 39. Miss Mary Andrews |
| 15. Miss Luella Miner | 40. Mrs. J. L. Mateer |
| 16. Miss Nellie Russell | 41. Rev. C. Goodrich, M.D. |
| 17. Miss Maud Mackey, M.D. | 42. Miss D. M. Douw |
| 18. Miss Elizabeth Martin | 43. Miss Ruth Ingram and sister |
| 19. Mrs. F.D. Gamewell | 44. Miss Grace Goodrich |
| 20. Miss Gertrude Gilman | 45. Miss Esther Walker |
| 21. Miss Anna Gloss, M.D. | 46. Miss Marion Ewing |
| 22. Mrs. C.M. Jewell | 47. Miss Dorothea Goodrich |
| 23. Miss Gertrude Wyckoff | 48. Master Carrington Goodrich |
| 24. Miss Ada Haven | 49. Master Ernest Chapin |
| 25. Mrs. Howard Galt | 50. Master Ralph Chapin |

The following American Missionaries were not on hand when the picture was taken: Rev. F.D. Gamewell, Dr. G.D. Lowry, Rev. C.E. Ewing, Rev. W.S. Ament, D.D., Rev. and Mrs C.H. Fenn and family, Rev. J.L. Whiting, Dr. and Mrs. J. Inglis, Rev. Howard Galt, Miss Bessie McCoy, Miss Abbie Chapin, Miss A.H. Gowans, Miss H.E. Rutherford and Miss Grace Wyckoff.

1916

- Willard leaves China April 27, 1916 to get his family from the US. Willard and Ellen return to China leaving the oldest 3 girls in Oberlin's Tank Home except Gould who lives in the men's building. They arrive back in China September 9, 1916.
- Gould and Geraldine graduate from Putnam High School on June 22, 1916.
- Willard L. Beard awarded honorary Doctor of Divinity Degree from Oberlin in July 1916
- Yuan Shi Kai dies. Flora and Mary attend the funeral procession in Peking.
- Flora is 47 and Willard is 34 and teaching at the North China American School.
- Woodrow Wilson elected US President
- Willard is 51, Ellen- 48, Phebe- 21, Gould- 20, Geraldine- 18, Dorothy- 15, Marjorie, 10, Kathleen- 8.

*[This letter dated **Jan. 3, 1916** was written from Te Chou, Shantung, China by Rev. Arthur H. Smith to Flora and Mary. He thanks them for a silk tie that they gave him for Christmas and offers to give them a book for their school library. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Rev. Arthur H. Smith
American Board Mission
T'ung Chow, Peking

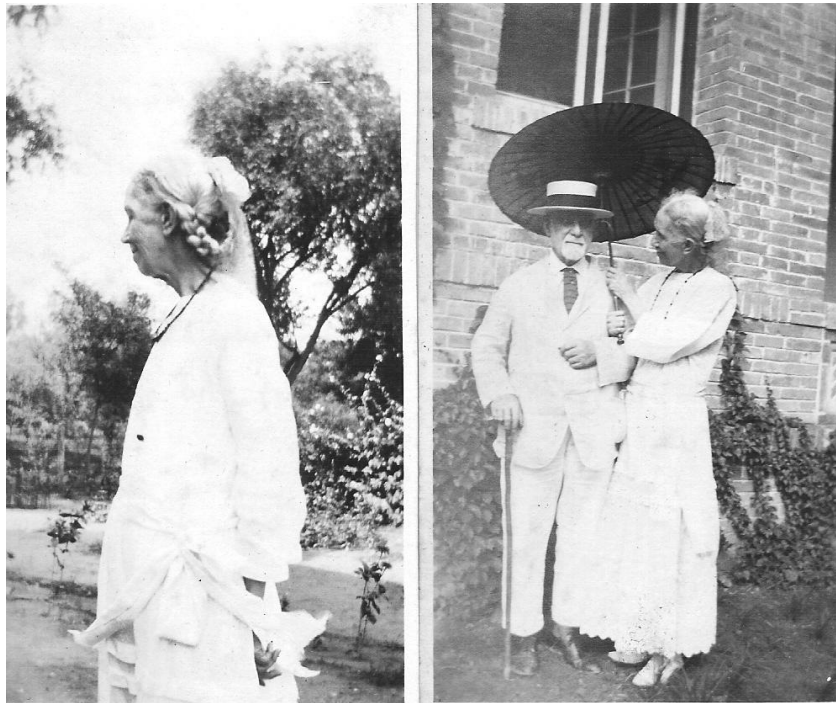
Te Chou, Shantung, Jan. 3rd 1916

Dear Miss Flora and Miss Mary Beard:

I found among my letters at Christmas time a fat envelope the legend of which certified that it came for you (Ye) and the contents was a very pretty silk scarf, such as is adapted to seize a gentleman by the throat, and keep him from the Wintry Blast. Very many thanks, dear Friends, for your kindness to me unworthy. I shall cherish this pretty and timely gift for itself and for the Givers. And this reminds me all too late that I have at T'ung Chou a volume which is intended for you, and which shall go into your hands as soon as I can return. I am unable to give as yet any forecast as to when that will be, but it may be within two weeks or more. I am sure not only that you (Ye) had a good time wherever you were, but that by a gentle compulsion you made everyone else have a good time too! Mrs. Tucker is about writing you in regard to some of the studies for the coming year, and I think they want to know whether there is (or is not) a copy of Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare in the School Library (there being duplicates here). I seem to remember that this was one of the books that you took over.

With kind regards to all the members of the Station, and in the hope of seeing you before very many days,
I remain cordially yours,

Arthur H. Smith.



Dr. Arthur H. Smith and wife. This was actually taken on June 18, 1924 for Dr. Smith's 79th birthday. According to the writing on the back of the photo, she put her hair in braids in the same style she wore it 57 years before for their wedding. *[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

*[This letter dated **Jan. 5, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. The students have gone home for break and Mary and Flora have been cleaning and fixing up the school for the next term. They spent a day travelling to a Presbyterian mission between Peking and Hankow where they spent Christmas. Flora tells a little about their time spent there and described some of the foods available on the train. She mentions meeting Mrs. Howard Gould of the noted New York Gould family. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Jan. 5, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

Christmas is over and to-morrow we go to Peking to receive on New Year's Day with Mrs. Hubbard the wife of the pastor of Union Church. We are to return on Monday and that evening all the children return and we shall be off on the next term's work.

Mary and I have been as busy as two bees ever since the children departed for their houses. We have had the building cleaned from top to bottom and I hope now there will be no more tearing up of the walls, so that we may at least be spared the lime dust anymore. We can't escape the dust that every wind brings in from out of doors but it will be a relief if we may be spared the dust raised by workmen inside. We have had all the pipes and radiators silvered and the little circles placed around the pipes on the ceilings and floors. We have had all the counterpanes washed, and our blackboards are being put in place, so that when the children return they will find a much more attractive school.

Mary and I spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Miller [*possibly Mr. and Mrs. James Albert Miller according to the Presbyterian Historical Society of Philadelphia*] of Shuntehfu [*Schunte-fu*]- about a third of the way from Peking to Hankow. It is a Presbyterian Mission and there are four houses representing five families. It is rather a new station so that the work is still in its beginnings, though there is plenty to do in each line of work. The evangelistic side is more prominent there than in most other places I have visited. Shuntehfu is a walled city but like most such cities, there are more people living outside than in. The houses in the city are all huddled into the southern half and the rest is just beautifully tilled fields. We walked all around the city wall on Sunday afternoon and it was a fine, clean walk. The wall is in a fine state of preservation and we could see both the city inside and the country round about.

The journey from Tungchou to Shuntehfu took us from 7.30 A.M. till 7.30 P.M., though we had nearly three hours between trains in Peking. We had a good lunch along with us and "T. Tenchbaron" (which Miss Brewster sent me) to read, so with having to satisfy our curiosity about some of our fellow travelers we did not find the ride very irksome. There was a diner on the train from which we saw heaping dishes of rice and eggs appear and disappear. We indulged in several delectable loose skinned oranges which tasted just as they did in Foochow. At one of the stations they bring onto the train chickens cooked to a beautiful shiny brown so that we foreigners call them "varnished" chickens. We saw four Chinese fellow passengers eat three of these chickens after having patronized the diner sumptuously and eaten quantities of chestnuts and peanuts from their own packages. It secured to me a feat for a gormandizer, but on my way back home, when Mr. Miller and I ate two thirds of a chicken between us, I did not feel quite so critical. The chickens are cooked in some way so that they are quickly browned on the outside and then they are steamed until well cooked.

At Shuntehfu we had Xmas dinner with the Millers, then we went to Dr. Hamilton's (where there are two of the smallest children) for the tree. After that several of the people took a walk out to two groups of pagodas- about seventy in all- monuments to deceased Buddhists. I should think the tallest ones must have been about twenty-five feet high. In the late afternoon we went to the ladies' house and had a "Compound" supper, served in a cafeteria style. It was most informal and social- and just the kind of a meal to serve to stuffed- Christmas- dined people.

Later: - It is now a week since we returned from our Christmas trip. We have been to Peking and have helped to receive seventy gentlemen who called on New Year's Day. I'll not describe it in detail as it is Mary's week to write. I can't help adding though, that we had the help of one of New York's most noted families- the Goulds. Would you ever expect one of them to turn up here to try the New York style of philanthropy? She (Mrs. Gould) wishes to start a Montessori School. She has been here for about two weeks and Mrs. Hubbard thought she might like the fun of receiving. She was very glad to come. It was my closest contact to one of the great moneyed people of New York and I must say that she behaved very modestly. She is the wife of Mr. Howard Gould and having wearied of his gay and wild life she has a legal separation from him and is now doing some of the things she has always wanted to. She is a very different type of woman from those one meets out here and I think she must realize it.

I am enclosing in this letter a gold draft for fifty dollars to father. Please let me know if it reaches you. Someway, I feel that mail is not so sure these days, or else it is slow in getting here. I am relieved to hear that the Empress S.S. are again to sail the Pacific. We shall all feel surer about the mail.

This is Wednesday evening and all our flock are back excepting one. We hope to-morrow will bring her.

With all love-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chili [*Chih-li Province*], China,
Jan. 5, 1916.

Am not sending the draft now but in Mary's letter on Sunday next. F. Beard-

*[This brief note dated **about January 1916** was written from Tungchou by Flora. She is sending money for a subscription and requests a special folding bed to be sent to her. Note donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About January 1916]

Will you please send the money for the enclosed subscription? Did I write you that I have asked the School Arts Magazine to send its bill to father? Those are the only ones that I have contracted so far. I wish Phebe would find out if it is possible to have one of those Pick-up your-bed –and –walk cots like the one you sent out by Parcel Post. If it is not too expensive I would like one. F.B. Wannamaker has them- \$3 with the cover. We want the cover.

*[This letter dated **Jan. 9, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She talks about a luncheon party that they had and the variety of people present. School has resumed and the students have been arriving. Mary tells of a report of brewing political unrest. There are rumors of trouble in various places and a report said that 78 people were beheaded in Nanking. The Chinese Christians are more concerned of having to suffer than the foreigners. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou
Jan. 9, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

Last Sunday we were in Peking with Mrs. Fenn. We went up Friday noon and shopped until about 5.00 P.M. Then we went to Mrs. Hubbard's because we were to receive callers with her on New Year's Day. We spent the evening talking over plans for the next day but retired about 10.30 because we had need of arising early to get breakfast over before callers should arrive.

What do you think of the swellness of receiving with Mrs. Howard Gould, sister-in-law-of Helen Gould?!! She brought with her her little Chinese girl whom she adopted in San Francisco enroute out. Mrs. Gould is here to start a Montessori school among the Chinese children and her own sister who has married a Chinese, follows soon to assist. She is a very unassuming woman, rather stately in bearing but an excellent "mixer" and nothing of a snob.

Our luncheon party was one of the most cosmopolitan possible; the wife of the pastor of the Union church was hostess; receiving her guests were the wife of a Tsung Hua professor and one of the lady teachers besides Mrs. Gould and ourselves; the men were, the president of the Union Theological Seminary, an advisor to Yuan Shih Kai, three Y.M.C.A. men, two teachers in government schools, one member of the Bible Translation committee, two Salvation Army Men, one English business man, one man just out who are in Peking for language study and whose occupation I am not sure of. How was that for a predominance of men! All we ladies had to do was start a topic of conversation and let it go. Flora had a great time at her table when Mrs. Gould, who is out here for reforms and is especially interested in Agriculture as well as Montessori, and Mr. Thinning, of the Bible translation committee and also a very great reformer, began on reforms. Mrs. Gould suggested that the Chinese were raising a very inferior brand of tobacco and could gather much more valuable crops if they improved the brand. You can picture the rest and the difficulties of getting the topic changed. Mrs. Gould is having the little Chinese girl (who speaks English perfectly and Cantonese but not Mandarin) study German with Mrs. Wang with whom I studied last year. Mrs. Wang is a red hot little German woman and one day Mrs. Gould asked her little Chinese girl to sing Tiparary for Mrs. W. Mrs. Wang was quick enough to remark "that is an American song I believe; yes, let's hear it."

We stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard for supper then went to Mrs. Fenn's for over Sunday. On Sunday afternoon two Hankow missionaries (both English) arrived to spend several days. One was an excellent story teller and kept us in gales of laughter all the time. We went down to the Union church service at 5.30 and it seemed quite like old times to see all the people once more.

We came down on the noon train in order to put the last touches on the home before having to greet the children on the evening train. Mrs. Lane, wife of the architect just out for Tsing Hua, came on the train to bring her small son Charles as a pupil. She came only part way up to the home then hurried back to take the same train back

to Peking. Charles is 7 ½ years old but a bright little fellow. He goes home only every other week so we had a family of twelve this week end.

It was Thursday night before we got all of the children back. I met the train every night up to then and again last night I went to see the children off. The weather has been cold and the skating good all the week. We have the use of the pond until 4.30 so there is a grand rush to get off soon and improve every minute. Last night the pond was horribly slushy and now it is frozen hard again. I wonder if we can use it at all after this.

The little girls have all brought their dolls back so we have these dolls and a teddy bear for play house besides the abundance of easels, paper dolls, etc. that Christmas brought. The dolls are proving a great help in entertaining.

This week we had two callers in school. Mrs. McCann came in on Friday to visit classes and on that same afternoon Mr. Hunter came down to see how Charlie Childress is progressing. Both happened into my English III class at the same time and soon Mrs. Corbett came to do a bit of adjusting in a far corner. It seemed as though we were holding a reception!

President Yuan issued invitations to the Legation quarters for his New Years Reception but Emperor Yuan issued invitations to his own court. There are rumors of troubles in various places. Last Sunday the report had 78 beheaded at Nanking. There is a feeling of unrest in many places. We feel quite secure here because we are too near the capital for Yuan to risk any kind of uprising. Rumor has it that the soldiers who are against the empire threaten to attack the foreigner as they would get Yuan into the greatest possible trouble. The Chinese are more scared than the foreigners in most places as they feel that the Chinese Christians would be called on to suffer too.

Last night we had a high north west wind so the water in our pitchers and bottles was frozen. I was cold under three woolen blankets and a thick comforter. The wind still blows a good gale but I am going to have everyone put on their coats and accompany me on a walk around the compound. This rogue unrest throughout the countryside makes us feel it unwise to go far into the country with a bunch of children but every day helps to relieve the feeling so I hope we can get our ice boat ride to the old bridge this coming week.

Thanks for the card from the Thanksgiving party. The ties and thimble case and slippers came but no other packages. The initial book is interesting and useful. The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe came this week just as I was getting in despair because of lack of material. I have read about half of it and it is just the thing. The other packages are not yet here but once again I hope because a home mail was in yesterday.

The children are either too busy to desire the interruption I am planning or weary waiting for the walk so I think I must needs close and get ready to start and so close

With lots of love from

Mary.

Monday A.M.

P.S. Will Father please send a check for \$2.00 with the enclosed bill to this address.

Miss Ella E. Smith,
391 Winthrop Ave.,
New Haven,
Conn.

I will enclose a draft for \$50 gold, half of which is to be credited to my account, and half to Flora's. I will send another like one soon or have Mrs. Maron pay you as I intended. Lovingly yours Mary.

*[This letter dated **Jan. 9, 1916** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to daughter, Kathleen. He thanks her for the soap and washcloth and a tie. He talks about some men coming to examine how things are in Foochow in hopes of getting funds from large foundations such as the Rockefeller Foundation. He also mentions the new Emperor and Dynasty. Letter from the collection of Jill Jackson.]*

Foochow, China

Jan. 9th, 1916

Dear Kathleen-

I am free to write you and thank you for the box of soap. I have been so careful of the box you sent last year that there is still some left. I have used it only to take into the country- it is very handy for that- and when my hands specially needed it. But now I am getting extravagant and using every day. The washcloth will keep me all right till I get home. You have been my good angel to keep me in washcloths ever since I came to China. I wonder

who will do it when you come out here- or will Mama just order them out from some store. It is very pleasing to think of you every morning as I use the soap and cloth you so lovingly sent, and then I like to take that rough towel that Mama sent and scratch myself well to finish off with. I wonder who put in the pretty blue tie with white dots. No more pulling to get the four-in-hand in the right flare- I just fix this one right front on the collar, slip up the loop and it's all right for the day. Thank you and whoever else should have a share for all. I do miss my vest pocket diary and do hope it will come soon.

This past week Dr. Sailer of Columbia N.Y. with his wife and 19 year old daughter have been in Foochow. Dr. Sailer with Dr. Chamberlain who was here two weeks ago and Dr. Gaucher who was here a year ago are a committee of three to investigate the condition of educational conditions in China and report to the Continuation Committee- on their report depends the help Foochow will get from large funds and foundations like the Rockefeller Foundation. These three men seem very favorably impressed with conditions in Foochow. Dr. Sailer had a very wet disagreeable day to see Foochow city, but morning dawned clear and he left in good spirits with a dozen or more pictures.

A good letter came from Uncle Raymond Jewett of Mt. Vernon yesterday. With it also came some photographs of the whole family. It does me good to look at them. Uncle Raymond holds Dorothy and Aunt Mollie [*"Mary" according to the 1930 New York census*] holds Roger. All look specially well. The children are an honor to their parents. I shall not even hope to go to many places next summer but I do want to get to Mt. Vernon. I had a good letter from "Mother" Bean a short time ago but have not heard from Mr. Ide for a long time.

Yuan Shi Kai is Emperor. The new Dynasty is called Hung Hiong. I cannot now write the characters. All is quiet here- it cannot be otherwise for all is under the soldiers.- They are everywhere and carry fixed bayonets some of the time.

Next Sunday I preach the Baccalaureate sermon for the College. We plan to use the new church altho it is not completed and also to hold the Graduating exercises in it.

Dr. Sailer told us the other evening that he told his daughter that he wanted to have her fitted to pull her weight in the social boat when she graduated from College. This is the same idea that I have tried to express as my ideal for each one of us = live so as to make the world better. This does not mean a large salary or a big reputation. It means being a helper in the place where we are at any given time.- Not merely a hanger on. May God help each of you from Kathleen to Mama to be helpers in the daily prayer of your loving Father. Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Jan. 9, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He tells her about the Christmas and New Years activities. Yuan Shi Kai is now Emperor but Willard doubts that a coronation has taken place yet. The Foochow roads are almost completed and he imagines that he may be able to bring Ellen and the girls home in an automobile rather than a ricksha. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Jan. 9th 1916

Dear Mother:-

This means and all the rest, as I have written before, when I have written a letter to Ellen and one to some one of the children each week, the time is about us and I realize that my reputation among others is damaged. Last night a good letter came from Phebe M. enclosing one from Phebe K. and mentioning the Thanksgiving party. The mail before brought photos so I feel pretty well up to date on home affairs. Whenever Gould gets down to the farm he is sure to write all the farm news- all about the horses and cows and calves and crops whether he mentions the folks or not. Phebe is sure happy in Oberlin. I hope it will continue. Good letters come from Mt. Vernon. Mr. Jewett wrote last. In his letter received last evening he enclosed photographs of the family. They have a Dorothy 2 years old in Nov. last and Roger one year old about the same time. If the photos are an indication of the real thing the children have come to stay, as Oliver said when he first saw Marjorie and Kathleen.

Christmas and New Years passed off very pleasantly here. As a sign that the church grows, this year each church and each division of the school held its own exercises and mostly on Christmas day. They used to try to spread Christmas over about two weeks and try to get to foreigners to attend each one. When I was talking over the program with the Committee of this city church they feared lest there would not be a mau iek= big time, for said they, before we have had the Hospital, the High Primary, the Kindergarten and the Lower Primary. This year each of these has its own Christmas celebration and we haven't much left to do with. But on that afternoon nearly all the church members had to get up and go out doors to allow the visitors to find seats. It seemed as if the people sat on each other up to the ceiling, this people are born actors. That day the scene in the temple when Simeon and Anna receive the Christ Child was enacted. Of course they had to have a donkey. This was made by going out to a shop

and renting a head and neck of a horse life size. One boy put his head into the neck and worked the under jaw with a string while another boy stooped behind the first boy and by throwing a blanket over both boys they made a fairly good donkey. Mary with the baby were put on this donkey and thus they rode in to the temple and after the presentation thus they rode out. Whatever else one may say about it, the whole thing held the attention of the big crowd from beginning to the close. And I was interested.

On New Year's afternoon the College boys hired a troupe- if you think this word troupe is not in the Dictionary, look under troop and you'll find it if your Dictionary is up to date- to play fight the lion. Two little boys 11 and 14 years of age did some good tumbling but the lion show and the grown men's feats were tame. I wanted to give them a ticket to Madison Square Garden when Forepaugh was there. But in the evening the boys themselves gave a Chinese Historical scene which was well selected and admirably well acted- 2,000 people sat in the open air under the stars in the mild evening from 7- 11 p.m. and enjoyed it all. Mr. Ding Ming Uong's mother was the very last person to leave- after 11 p.m. She is mother's age. She was also at the afternoon performance.

Week before last we ordained two pastors. At the first ordination I have the charge to the new pastor. At the second I preached the sermon. A new and unique and very encouraging feature of the second ordination was the presence and active participation of about twelve young men from the highest families in that section of Foochow. The young men are not Christians, but the young pastor has won them for his friends which is the first step in winning them to Christ. Each of these young men had written a complimentary poem for and fitting the occasion. And he sang it himself at the service. Such a thing as this would have been outside the dream world's horizon five years ago. But now the very highest classes associate with the church almost naturally.

Just this past week I have spoken four times in a series of evangelistic services. At the last meeting on Thursday evening, 75 men and boys signed cards signifying their willingness to join classes for the study of the Bible. This past week we also kept as the week of prayer. I was able to attend only three of eight meetings.

Yuan Shi Kai is Emperor altho I suppose the coronation has not yet taken place. The new dynasty is called in the Foochow dialect Hung Hiong. It will be spelled differently in the papers- for they will give the Mandarin. All is perfectly quiet here. No one dare say anything. And I judge this is true of most of China. Of course only a few people in Foochow and in some of the larger centers know or care anything about it anyway.

New roads are being rushed to get them completed before China New Years Feb. 3rd. I expect to ride to the launch, when I start for home next May 1st in a ricksha and an automobile may bring Ellen and the babies in next Sept.

I remember your wedding anniversary Jan. 20th and your birthday Jan. 30th and then in Feb a veritable deluge of birthdays. The Genealogy is a big help to me here. I could never keep up with Cousin Charles Beard of Milford in remembering dates. Then in telling your ages here I must add a year to make them true to Chinese reckoning and I need something to keep on straight which the Genealogy does. By the way as I sat looking at this Genealogy now I notice that Marjorie's birth is down for 1905. It must be 1906.

I sent my heartiest good wishes for a happy birthday to you and all the others whose mile posts come at this season. God has dealt very lovingly with you and with us all. You and father and all your children and grand children have pulled their weight in the social boat. That is they are helpers of men. This is much to be able to say. I pray that He will give us all the pleasure of seeing each other next June and July. Lovingly

Will

Graduation comes Jan. 19

[This letter dated Jan. 16, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. She received a can of dried pumpkin from her sister, Phebe, and she plans to tell her cook how to make a pumpkin pie. She goes on to tell of previous culinary bumbles by her cook. Flora and Mary have not been receiving some parcels sent to them and she states that it is now not as easy to mail out parcels. Flora and Mary hope to make a trip to Mongolia in July and plan to spend August at the missionary resort, Pei Tai Ho. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou, Chili [*Chih-li*], China,
Jan. 16, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

Last night a can of dried pumpkin came from Phebe. It smelled so good that we ate some tiny pieces of it. Mary and I were invited over to the Galts for supper to meet Miss Mead who had come down from Peking to spend Sunday. She had brought the package. It must sometime have been in a warm place for every bit of the paraffine had been dislodged from its original place. I am going to see about having some pumpkin pies sometime. I have

had such delicious results from trying to instruct my cook in the culinary art that I wonder how he would bungle a pumpkin pie. We bought some canned salmon and he never served it, so I tried to explain salmon loaf to him – through Mrs. Galt as interpreter. The dish that came on the table was a platter swimming in a cream gravy with projections of toasted bread occasionally in sight, and right in the middle of it the salmon reposing on its side- in perfect shape removed from the tin. The other day we had an opportunity to get some honey which had been made in the little square frames such as we have in America. I bought six of them. I told the cook to have hot biscuits and honey for desert some day. One day we went down to tiffin and here were the boxes of honey stood up on their sides, each on a separate plate and disposed about the tables according to the “boy’s” idea of beauty. When I asked the cook about it, he simply asked if they could not stay on the table. That noon he served nothing but hot muffins for bread and I wondered what the desert would be. Mary and I had removed the four superfluous boxes of honey, and when the time for desert arrived- it was just some more hot muffins. The children seemed to enjoy the joke so there was no harm done. I wish I had the time to really direct our eating for we could really have some delectable things, like home. We have two excellent cooks, though, and the children have to have their appetites curbed rather than encouraged, so I am not grumbling.

This last week the parcel came which contained my flannel, the hairpins, thread, tooth brush, and Mary’s towel. The towel is a beauty. I wish that you would be on the look out for some great toweling of huckaback and get us a whole bolt if it is not over twenty yards. I want to have the girls do some work next fall which they can use for Xmas gifts and I think this is a practical and interesting way in which to do it. They may darn, crochet, hemstitch, or anything they choose, but it must be something worth while. Do not get too expensive a quality- something about medium, or a little better.

I am afraid the pencils are lost, since I have heard nothing about them. Will wrote that he had sent us a box of tea but it has never reached us. Mr. McCann the A.B.C.F.M. treasurer has lost several important letters so that it is evident that the mails are sometimes molested. We are registering most of our things home now. It is getting to be such a nuisance to mail packages home now. The Japanese P.O. used to do it for us and save us all the trouble of going to the Chinese customs. For some reason they have stopped and so now we have to go ourselves and since the customs are open only between 1 and 3 P.M. it is not always convenient. However, I have some parcels to mail to Miss Brewster the first opportunity I have.

Last week we mailed (registered) the draft for \$25 gold, which I hope reaches you safely. I hope also that it will put me at least even with that side of the world. I may want some more things sometime if there is anything to my credit. I wish now that I had a folding cot bed, for if we go camping up in Mongolia next July I shall have to have something of the sort. I think it will be fine fun to spend a few weeks so far away from the railroad that it takes three days to reach the spot- by horse. We shall spend August in Pei Tai Ho for the sake of meeting the people of North China, whose children we shall have some time or other.

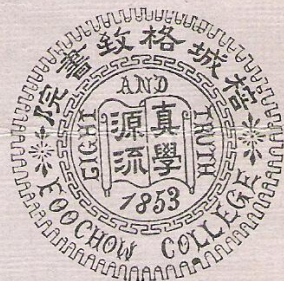
I have just received a news paper from Mrs. Burbank, telling of the terrible snowstorm of Dec. 13th- 32 in. in North Jersey. A week or so ago I received Christine’s announcement, and I can’t yet make myself realize that she has married that old man. It is probably the happiest thing for her, and he is perfectly able to give her every thing she needs. Miss Clarkson wrote me that Christine had a serious illness just before her marriage- a hemorrhage. I know that her lungs have not been sound for several years, and she had a slight hemorrhage three years ago. I shall hope to hear from her mother soon.

Miss Simmons wrote last week saying that she had subscribed to the Atlantic Monthly for me. Will you write to them (the At. Month. Publishers) and ask to have the subscription put on to next year (that is if you had already sent my subscription)? I do enjoy having the magazine very much.

We are having such mild weather that there is some concern about getting ice enough for next summer. Last year the crop was more than a foot thick and this year it is not over six inches. Since the holidays the skating has been fine until yesterday when the ice was badly softened by the sun. The wind has several times blown the dust on to the ice badly, but the sun melts the top of the ice just enough to let the dirt sink in so that the skating stays fairly good. We want some way to flood the pond but as nothing but a bucket brigade seems to be handy, the pond has to be endured as the wind and sun permit.

With love to all-
Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chili [*Chih-li*], China,
Jan. 16, 1916.



Anniversary

OF

Foochow College

A. B. C. F. M.

Peace Street, Foochow City

1916

SIXTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY

*The President and Faculty of Foochow College
cordially invite you to be present at the exercises
of Commencement Week, from the sixteenth to the
nineteenth of January, nineteen hundred and sixteen.*

Commencement Week		Alumni Meeting	Cowan Hall.
Baccalaureate Sermon		Wednesday 4 P. M.	
SUNDAY, JAN. 16th, 10:30 a. m. REV. W. L. BEARD.		Alumni Banquet	Smith Hall.
		Wednesday 6 P. M.	
President's Reception		Graduates	
MONDAY, JAN. 17th	7—9 P. M.	Lee Sin Ch'ing	
Class Day Exercises		Kh'ew Ta Twan	
TUESDAY, JAN. 18th	10:30 A. M.	Lin Wen Pin	
Commencement Exercises		Chen Nien Yuen	
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 19th	P. M.	Wang Hoo Ts'ang	

[This letter dated **Jan. 23, 1916** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He has been busy with Commencement. China is no longer a Republic but Yuan Shi Kai has not yet been crowned. Willard is still looking for a steamer to go back to the states on. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
Jan 23rd 1916

Dear Mother:-

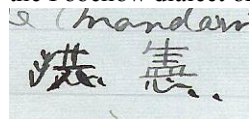
Every mail brings a letter or letters from some of the Shelton family. The last mail brought a number, some direct to me and some thru Peking. Elizabeth wrote of father's acrobatic feat. I was glad that he had the forethought to prepare a nice soft spot to land on, and I trust that no serious results follow. But tell him to wait before he does it next time. It would be worth seeing.

We have had perfect weather here for six months. Only a very few days of rain. And for the past two months almost steady bright clear days and nights. The air too has been specially dry for Foochow. Last night rain fell in showers. We have had two cold spells with white frosts. But since Wednesday the weather has been so warm that we did not want fires. The wind blows hard from the West to day and it is cold and damp.

The past week has been rather strenuous. Last Sunday I preached the Bacchalaureate before the graduates of the College, Union Normal School and Nurse's Course in our Hospital. The new church had the roof on, so we leveled off the earth inside, had the pulpit floor put in and then took the seats from the old church and College Chapel and held the service in the new building. The windows were holes in the walls. But the day was bright so we got along all right. That evening we held C.E. at 5 o'clock instead of 7, because there was no way of lighting the building. On that afternoon we had a business meeting of the church from 2-5 o'clock, and in the evening there was special foreign music at Mr. and Mrs. Newell's. I did not get a moment to put pen to paper that day, and had to wait till Wednesday morning. Then when every body else was scurrying round getting ready for the College Graduation I found half an hour to send a few words to Ellen. The Graduation passed off very nicely. I'll send a program.

On Thursday we had the big Committee meeting of the year, Chinese and foreign- 16 in all to make the apportionment of money to the different centers of work. This means really fixing the salary of every man who received help from foreign funds. We held three sessions 9 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. 2 p.m. - 6:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Friday. After doing all the cutting we could we tried to get the Chinese members of the Committee to go surety for \$600 of the \$1800 deficit. But they would not agree so at last we all agreed on a cut of 10% in all the appropriations. If this can be raised among the Chinese the cut will be made up. In all we appropriated about \$10000 mex.

The government is no longer a Republic and no one seems to know just what to call it. Yuan Shi Kai has not yet been crowned if we can believe the reports but the name of the new dynasty is decided on= Hung Hiong in the Foochow dialect or Hung Hsien in the Mandarin. If you are interested in the Chinese characters they are



It is good to feel free from daily tasks that must be done between 6:30 a.m. and 10:30 p.m. It was kind 'o good to lie in bed this morning till 8 o'clock and not have to lead a single service during the day. I do not know what I shall do during the vacation. I want to get away from Foochow for a few days somewhere. But there are odds and ends of College work and the details of opening next year, and details about the new church and a lot of other things- among them a nice fat pile of letters to answer, - all of which will keep me from too much mischief for a few days, - O yes I came near forgetting that I have three union suits to wash. Since I came out three years ago I have always washed my own woolen clothes.

Your card with the autographs of the Thanksgiving party came in good time. I was very glad the Putnam people could be present. I am wondering if it will be possible for them to get down again for Christmas. I'm afraid not.

I am doing my best these days to find a steamer to go home on. Thus far I have not made out. I thought the Empress of Asia was the one but she was suddenly taken off to carry Germans from Hong Kong to Australia. Now I'm looking up the Tenyo Maru. I shall make every effort to get to Shelton the first week in June for Stanley's wedding.

May our Father keep us all and bring us together in the Summer and make our meeting help each of us to be more useful to Him as we become more helpful to each other and to others.

With love to all

Will.

I am sending this via Peking.

[This letter dated Jan. 23, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. Phebe is attending Oberlin College now and Willard gives her a bit of advice and mentions some of the professors there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
Jan 23- 1916

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

It is most interesting to receive letters from you from all parts of the Globe. Mama sends them, aunts Flora and Mary send them and Aunt Phebe sends them. I do not see how you find time to write so much and do your college work. Yes I do too. For I know you do not during this first year in College have so many outside duties of things to take your time and you are perfectly safe in giving so much time to relatives and friends.

Be a little careful about attending too many services on Sunday. Do not lay yourself open to the charge of religious dissatisfaction. I am pleased with the emphasis you put on the class that tells you how to get the most out of your course and on Pres. King's class. I hope you will get much out of him. I crave for Gould the privilege of knowing Pres. King and Prof. Bosworth and Prof. Hutchins, and Lyman and one other I have heard much of. I do not remember his name. An education does not consist as much as knowing so many books as in having known men of large hearts and broad minds, and having caught their ideals.

Today is very cold only 40 degrees above, which is most as cold here as zero at home.

Please send mama's and Dorothy's letters on as soon as possible.

Your loving father

Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Jan. 30, 1916 was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She discusses the parcel delivery to China and feels there is some censoring and theft occurring. They received the can of pumpkin from Phebe and hope to have pumpkin pie as soon as they can get an interpreter to explain the recipe to the cook. They now have cows from Russia to supply milk. Flora mentions hearing that her father, Oliver Gould Beard, fell

through the barn floor. She mentions various items that the school could use in hopes that some people in the U.S. might want to donate. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Jan. 30, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

The box with Mary's things and my note book arrived this last week. Thank you for my little note book. It is much handsomer than I had anticipated. I am looking for the pencils to arrive soon. Things are much longer on the way these days than formerly. I imagine the first package of pencils were too much of a temptation to some one on the way. I rather wonder if this package gets through safely. Mary's last "Digest" was soaking wet so I imagine one bag of mail got a bath some where on the way. It is a great relief to us to know that there is to be a line of American steamers across the Pacific again. I am sure mail will go more promptly and safely. The mails are not as efficient or trusty as usual here. "Censoring" is the tactful word, I supposed, to explain the situation.

About two weeks ago a can of pumpkin arrived from Phebe. It smells so deliciously of the homeland that we all had a bit to taste. We were out to dinner, the night that it came with the Galts and they were so interested in it. They had never thought of doing such a thing. It really tasted to me more like Hubbard squash. As soon as I can get the time to talk (through one of the children as interpreter) to the cook, I am going to have some pumpkin pies. They will have to be made when some of the children are absent for it is only then that we have a plenty of milk. We have eight quarts a day for our family of twenty children and it all gets used every day. Our dairy man has just purchased eight Russian cows. He gave \$600 (silver) for one which is guaranteed to give thirty quarts a day. I wish father could see his herd of cows. He has good cement floors in all his stalls and steel stanchions in the one for the foreign cows. He has two or three men who spend their whole time grooming the cows and cleaning the stables. The cows are tied to individual stakes, for a time each day, out of doors, but otherwise they are kept in the stables. We pay 20 cents a quart for the milk and the people in Peking pay 25 cents a quart, so you see we have to pay for all these improvements. The cattle have their udders washed before milking and every cow's milk is weighed at each milking. In the summer when the people are away for their summer vacations, he makes butter and sells it at \$1.00 a pound. Doesn't father want to come over here and set up business?

I am going to try to get some Chinese cabbage and onion seeds to send you. Both vegetables are far more delicate than ours in taste. I believe even father would like their onions. I am also to have some vegetable marrow seeds, which I will send to father.

You spoke of father's having had a fall through the barn floor. The letter telling of it has not reached us- or you sent it to Will. We are interested to know more about the accident. Please write us.

This is mother's birthday and please accept my hearty congratulations and wishes for many, many more returns of the day. I am beginning to think of the time when I shall be back in American again. I hope two years more at most will see this work done here. Things are moving on in the right direction slowly but surely-which is the way I would rather have things go. We are weekly receiving inquiries about next year's students. One family is thinking of putting in five children. We now have all the children under one roof. Miss Leavens has been ill now for over a month- just given out nervously- so that the girls had no one to stay with them. They are delighted to be here with us, and I like it much better so. Next year we shall probably have to use a part of Mr. Corbett's house. They will be at home in America, so their house here will be empty. They're going to lend us their piano so we are to have some thing to help us in music. The Galts go home the following year and will lend us their piano. By the time they return we hope to have one of our own. Do you think Dr. Shelton would listen to a request for some money for our school? If he could only see the kind of children we have - be with them for half a day- he would feel that any money put into their education would be a good investment. We want a piano first of all. We need rugs for our sitting -room floor. We shall get native rugs and when once placed here we will not have to get any more for many years. We can get them in shades of brown and gray - made of camel's hair. I have two rugs on my bedroom floor about 3 ft. X 6 ft. for which I paid \$4 each- silver, so you see they are not exorbitantly expensive. They last a life time. You wanted to know about some small needs of ours so Mary and I have been thinking of the things we most want. We have no U.S. flag of our own. We have a flag pole on our building and we want a big wool bunting flag (an 8 ft. flag) and a silk flag (a yard long) for use in the school room- to salute; we want a good pencil sharpener (like the one I had in my office in S.O. [*South Orange, N.J.*]; we also are in need of some silver for the table. The children bring their own sets of silver but I have been supplying the silver for the teachers- which I do not wish to do another year. We want to get a half dozen each of forks, knives, soup spoons, teaspoons, and fruit knives. We want the fruit knives very much for we have fruit here so much. We want very plain silver and each piece marked N.C.A.S. If some one wishes to give the fruit knives we shall be glad to have them as soon as they can get here. If any one of these three things appeal to you we'll be very grateful to get it.

With love to all-

Flora.

Tungchou, Chihli, China.
Jan. 30, 1916.

P.S.

Will you please send me 2 98 cent books of 2 cent stamps. I discovered I had used all mine up. They are most handy for getting small articles from America. F.B.

[This letter dated Jan. 30, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He has found a couple of steamers that he might be able to go back to the states on. The new road opened in Foochow and he was invited to the official opening ceremonies. Yuan Shi Kai may be crowned Emperor that week. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
January 30th 1916

Dear Mother:-

The last mail brought your good letter of Dec. 19, 1915. It is quite a stretch of the imagination for us here to picture you in snow drifts. We had a few flakes a week ago but only those who were out knew of it. I felt a few strike my face, but they were so fine I did not see them. We have had exquisite weather ever since it cooled off about last Nov. 1st. The time is here for the rainy season to begin. I want a few more pleasant days for I would like to get to Kuliang for a bit of a rest from the endless stream of callers. My College Monitor is leaving to become a minister in a church that now has no pastor and it is up to me to find a man to take his place.

I have written Thom. Cook and Son, Shanghai to engage passage for me on the N.Y.K. Steamer Shidzuoka Maru Shanghai May 1, arrive Seattle May 26. If this is full to get me on the T.K.K. Steamer Tenyo Maru Shanghai May 6 arrive San Francisco May 29. This at the latest should bring me into Shelton by June 6. I want to be in Oberlin June 13 and 14. I am writing this to Stanley. If the wedding could be any day June 6-11 or 16 to the time of the graduation in Putnam I could take it in. As soon as Cook replies I'll write again.

Yesterday the new road was opened. One hundred and eighty rickshas and three horse carriages. All are fitted with pneumatic tires and are all right. There are some six miles of good macadamized road and more in the making. At each end of the road is a nice little park with a pond and boats and little oriental summer houses and restaurants. I was pleased to see how democratic the highest government officials were. I went on the invitation of the Municipal Council. There were only the officials and the leading gentry present. I was taken at once to the General of all the troops in Fukien and Che Giang provinces. He asked me to accompany him on a tour of inspection. As we passed along we soon met the Governor who shook hands cordially and joined us. Photographers were ready for good pictures and both the Governor and General seemed to enjoy the experience. I hope to get some of the results.

It is good to learn from your letter that Father is none the worse for his circus performance. Elizabeth wrote so soon after he fell that I did not know how it would come out.

Some time ago I received the announcement of the marriage of Florence Urania Wells to Ralph W. Beardslee. I do not know who they are and do not find their names in the Genealogy. - Oh! it may be a Miss Wells that we know in Mt. Vernon. I guess that's it.

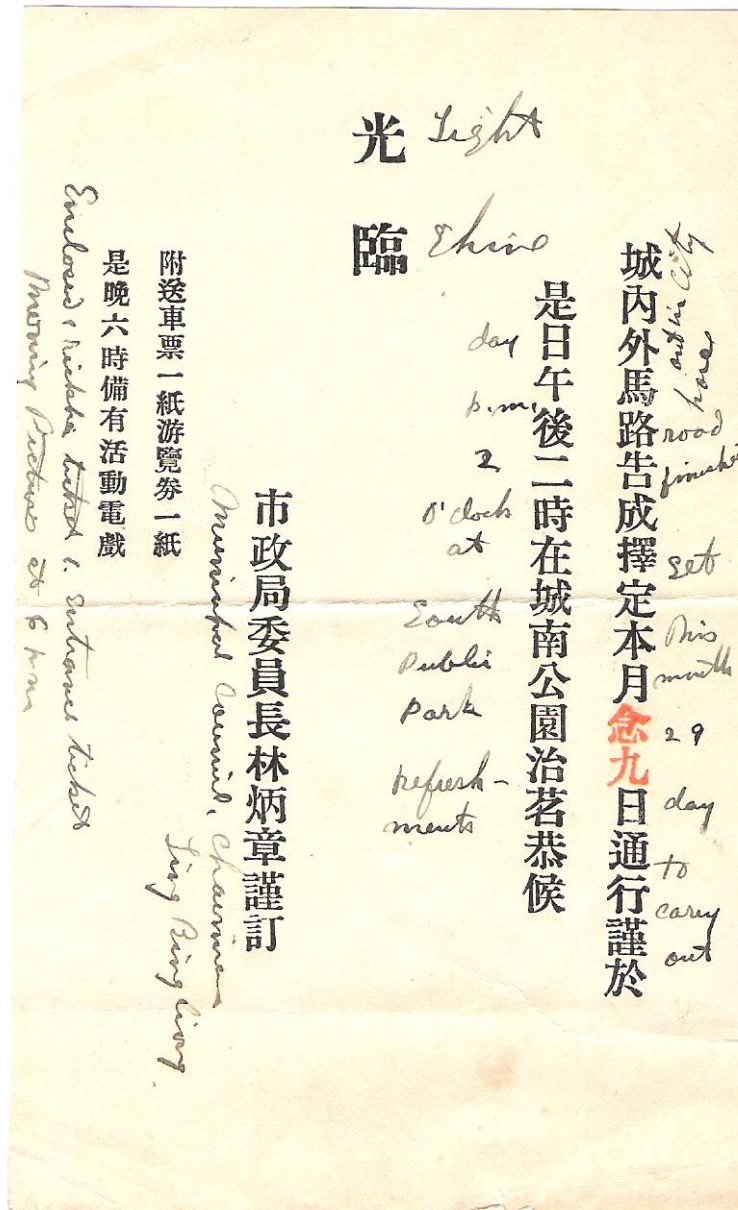
Yuan Shi Kai may be crowned before another Sunday. It makes little difference here. All goes on as before.

This last mail brought me photos of Dr. Ozora Davis of Chicago my Seminary classmate and Etta Hume and the children. Did I write that Mr. Goddard, Dr. Davis, Mr. Sumner and Frank Brewer plan to visit Foochow in 1917?

May God keep us all to see each other in June. Lovingly Will

I wrote this to you today to tell you I had been thinking much of you on your birthday. 1843- 1916. With very sincere congratulations.

Will.



English interpretation written on side:
 Enclosed 1 ricksha ticket 1 Entrance ticket
 Morning pictures at 6 a.m.
 Municipal Council, Chairman Ling Bing Ciong
 Light shine day p.m. 2 o'clock at South Public Park refreshments
 Out in city horse road finished set this month 29 day to carry out

[This letter dated **Jan. 31, 1916** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sisters, Mary and Flora. Willard tells of his plans to travel back to the U.S. for Stanley and Myra's wedding and for the Putnam High School Graduation. (According to the program for the Putnam High School Graduation Exercises dated June 22, 1916, which is included in this collection, siblings Gould and Geraldine Beard are in the same graduating class.) Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow

Jan. 31st 1916

Dear Sisters [*Mary and Flora*]:-

Another good letter from mother. The last mail brought three fat envelopes from 100 E. College St. Oberlin. Two of them were letters received by her [*Willard's daughter, Phebe*] and forwarded to me. She is greatly enjoying college. And just as she was writing last word had reached her that Stanley was bringing her home for Christmas which was most pleasant to her heart.

I am asking Cook in Shanghai to book me on the N.Y.K. Shidzuoka Maru. Shanghai May 1, Seattle May 26 or if she is full on the Tenyo Maru T.K.K. Shanghai May 6, San F. May 29. This will bring me home for the wedding July 6-12 or if they decide to let me stop in Oberlin first June 16 to time of Putnam High graduation- I wish you were coming too.- Miss Strang is asking for passage on the same steamer and yesterday Miss VanderLinden of Amoy wrote asking if I knew of any one going in May. Do you suppose I could advertise a "Personally Conducted Tour of the Pacific" and make my passage? Only young single ladies need apply of course.

Did I write that we held Baccalaureate and graduation in new church? College is out but work goes on just the same. I want to get away to Kuliang for two or three days- this week- I'll find it quick up there anyway.

We have had perfect weather the past fall and winter. Only a very few rainy days and for a month nice and crisp cold.

The new road was formally opened Saturday. You should have seen me strutting round with the Governor and General and the photographer after us all the time.

Your term is begun and you are already looking to the next vacation I suppose. May God always find you useful.

Lovingly
Will

*[This letter dated **Feb. 2, 1916** was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She is sending along a letter from Willard and includes this note briefly telling of some items she received in parcels. The students have been playing volley ball and she has been playing tennis. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Feb 2, 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

This letter came from Willard this morning- and I do not want to keep it until Sunday lest it thereby lose a steamer.

Examinations are safely over and all my grades in. Everybody passed but that is not credit to me because I have not the few who are somewhat stupid this year.

My dress came a week ago last Monday and I like it immensely. I have not yet gotten it fixed altho it needs but little. I shall shorten it and the sleeves are tighter at the top of the long niff[?]. The towel enclosed is a beauty. I have not yet decided which towel I like best; both are beauties. The other things for gifts I shall store safely for another year.

The pencils and birthday candles are here. Already the children are buying the pencils and are delighted to get such bargains.

We are talking of a trip into Mongolia next summer. I have already purchased khaki for bloomers and short skirt. If you find cotton crepe or seersucker suitable for waists or under clothing fairly reasonable you can send me enough for three waists and three union suits. I shall not mind how much of the material for underclothes you send because I shall need night gowns by another summer.

By the way, duties at this end seem to be levied according to the value of a package not according to the contents. Anything under \$5.00 is fine and anything over is taxed, at about 15% Mexican.

The boys got the Volley Ball and court into working order last Wednesday. Now the children are getting proficient enough to thoroughly enjoy it and we play nearly every afternoon as well as at recess and at noon. It gets ones hands very dirty.

Yesterday I played tennis with Mrs. Corbett for an hour. I am hoping to get to play a good game someday. I can keep Mrs. Corbett from getting a love set now, which is more than I could do last fall.

I must get to my Virgil lesson or I will have to sit up late.

With much love

Mary Beard.

Feb 2, 1916.

Tomorrow is Chinese New Year's and guns and fire crackers are going off all around us.

[This letter dated Feb. 6, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. The new school session has begun. Chinese New Year was that week and the businesses were closed causing the school to have to stock up ahead of time with food. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Feb. 6, 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

I wrote a note in the middle of the week so news is rather scarce. I think you have not had one of our school pictures so I enclose one which was taken on our Dedication Day last October. I have made out a partial list of the people in it. We are just starting on our new Semester. The children got their reports yesterday. All were happy except three. They had fallen below B for an average; and B is necessary before pupils can participate in any match games on the athletic field. The Tungchou American Athletic Association (12 members) had already voted to challenge the compound people to a game of Volley Ball. It was a disappointment to some that they can not play in the game when it comes off.

Chinese New Years was this last Thursday. The natives began shooting fire crackers early Wednesday afternoon and kept it up until Friday afternoon. All business stopped so our cook had to stock up for eatables two or three days ahead. He brought nearly a bushel of eggs to last up until business starts up again.

Yesterday I received two Sentinels. One containing the news of Mr. Peck's death. The writer gave him a very pretty tribute.

Just here I was interrupted by great wails. One little girl had stumbled on the steps and had broken the heads of two big dolls into small bits. The breaker and one owner were feeling very badly. The other owner didn't care much because she "has one she loves better at home. It is older but lots nicer." I stopped forthwith and went for a walk. We went outside the compound and followed the wall nearly to the next corner and back by the same route. The children amused themselves counting the kites we could see in the air at different times; nine was the biggest number. The walk has not cured the hurt but it has solved the first ache so the girls can play and not lie on the bed and give way to their grief.

I must go call the girls and start the process of getting ready for church. Last Sunday we had "just half an hour to dress and were just saved from being late to church.

Mother's birthday has passed since last I wrote and fathers will come before this reaches you. Willard's was yesterday. I celebrate Flora's by reading a paper on Harriet-Beecher Stowe before the Friday Club.

I must call the children. These blue-gray days produce a like color in ones soul anyway. I would like to break my doll for an excuse to loose my self control.

With lots of love to you all

Mary Beard

Feb 6, 1916.

[This letter dated Feb. 13, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Elizabeth. The stationary is stained, fragile, torn and has pieces missing. Letter has a scanned version. Willard tells of helping with two conferences that week and relates his upcoming travel plans to the U.S. in May. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

February, 13th 1916

Dear Elizabeth:-

Your good letter written last year came all right. It seems as if I had answered it but my correspondence register does not so record, therefore here goes.

First I want to say a great big "Thank You" to you and Ruth for the Literary Digest. It is still the first paper to come out of its wrapper. I can tell in a very few minutes the main thoughts of the world on the great matters that are engaging the ?? of the world. The cartoons are always not merely good but they *[are]* newsy, - often telling more news than some of the paragraphs.

This past week I have been helping in two conferences ?? Student's Conference of the Y.M.C.A. - taking a Bible Class ?? each day and at 11; taking a class in Personal Work in ?? Study Conference here in the city. The

Student's Conference is ?? I have to tear myself away from the bed at 6 a.m. ?? breakfast and an hour's ride in before 8:10 when the Leader ?? comes. Then another hour's ride brings me back here for the ?? Conference. This Bible Study conference closed for me yesterday ??? Student conference closes Tues.

These Conferences are a new thing in Foochow ?? work. I started the first one in Sept. 1905. Now there are a??? do not know how many each year. I recall just now thr?? ??? helped in since last September. Committee ??? are another flock of birds hungry for time and they ?? a lot of it.

Since Thursday morning I have been all alone in the house. Mr. and Mrs. Christian are in Ing Hok. I take breakfast at 6:30 alone at home and dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Belcher and supper ??Here. I'm sitting now at 9:10 alone by an open grate fire with a big knot too large for the fire place. I'm trying to turn it so it would burn better. I took hold of a live part and burnt the middle finger of my right hand- but you see I can still hold a pen.

My passage home is engaged. I leave Shanghai May 26th on the "Shidzuoka Maru" due Seattle May 26. Since I wrote Stanley Jan 30th I received a letter from Gould in which there was a sentence that hinted that Stanley and Myra might [*be*] planning to be married about Easter. If they are so planning ?? Hope they will not under any circumstances let my letter ?? them to delay the wedding for me. I should feel very [*badly*] to be in any way the cause of influencing them to put ?? later than they had planned. I shall try to put in ?? a schedule of my steamer. You must not address any letters ?? at Foochow after receiving this. Letters addressed to me at Shanghai Care Mr. Edward Evans, can be mailed up to April ?? May God keep us all to see each other in May.

With ?? see

Will.

[This letter dated Feb. 17, 1916 was written from Putnam, CT by Ellen presumably to her daughter, Phebe, who is attending Oberlin College. She refers to an eye ache that Phebe had. Ellen tells of a mishap that she had while taking Marjorie, Kathleen and a friend on a sleigh ride. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

36 Center St.
Putnam, Conn.
Feb. 17", '16.

My dear, dear, darling Daughter [*probably Phebe*],

You have been left an unpardonable long time without a letter and now I am going to write you a long one (for me).

I do hope you are back to your normal health again after that day in bed of sick eyeache. That was not only because of eyestrain but because you were anxious about your exams. It seems as tho they do not mark very high or you would surely have gotten more A-'s and B+'s than you did. I should hardly expect you to get A's or A+'s. But I guess you'll come out in that highest 1/10 just the same. Did anyone get sent home because of falling too low?

I wonder if you have as much snow as we have here, or more. The paper gives the official measurement as 17 inches and I guess it is about that here but it is well trodden down in roads and shoveled from side walks so we do not notice it as being so deep. Sleighing is good now and people are making good use of it. The schools are having rides some, - Marjorie's class went this afternoon with Miss Hall as a chaperone. They started about 3 o'clock and returned at 5:30. It was Marjorie's only celebration of her birthday. The two little girls are going to have a party later. I tried the sleighing yesterday taking Mar, Kath and Edith Pease with me. When we turned to the Woodstock road on Elm St. in front of C. Russell's house our sleigh runner got caught in the trolley track and we tipped over and all spilled out right in the street the sleigh broke, the horse turned around and ran for home and we picked ourselves up unhurt but somewhat scared. Two men caught the horse and picked up the robes and examined the sleigh and tho't I could get back to Elbert's office with it if the children walked; so ended our first sleigh-ride. Now Marjorie will not get into the sleigh; says she does not want to be tipped over again.

I sent your brown waist last week; we could not seem to get it done before. Your green stripe one is fixed as much as Miss Jordan thought she could fix it. If I had time, I could fix it better I am sure but do not dare attempt it with so little time. I think you can wear these a month more but it is a pity you did not have them in Jan and Feb.- Yes, we are sending your letters to Papa. I sent one today and am going to send the rest during the next two weeks. You see I found the letter I had started and have finished it and here it is. I think your green striped waist looks as well on your worn open at the neck as it does worn high closed collar. I am very glad you went to Ethel's. It was just the right thing to do I tho't. I made that plain in my answer to your first inquiry before vacation. You did not write of Gladys or Roy. Lovingly, Mother

[This letter dated Feb. 20, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She has had some stomach trouble and the students helped take care of her. Mary tells about some of the school activities and Valentine's Day. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

N.C.A.S. [North China American School], Tungchou
Feb 20, 1916

Dear Ones at Home.

Edith Louise's [*Edith Louise Beard, b. Feb. 16, 1911 to Bennett Nichols Beard, brother of Mary, Flora and Willard*] birthday - and father's both went by with this last week. I hope each enjoyed them and will live to enjoy many others. Today is a cold gray day thus far but we are having such queer changes that it may turn out beautifully before night. Yesterday morning we had a heavy snow squall in the morning, then a taste of sunshine, delightfully warm, then some cold raw wind and a final clear in the late afternoon. It is almost as good as New England weather.

I have made quite a study of weather this week because I have been taking a week's rest in bed. On Saturday last Flora and I went to Mrs. Corbett's for the evening. I had some indigestion before starting but a sip of soda water seemed to settle it. We had chocolate, and cookies to eat and I partook sparingly because of my early ill feeling. Almost 10.30 I withdrew hastily and then came home. As I got thoroughly empty before morning I stayed in bed for breakfast and indulged in a dose of Castor Oil as a curative. Well my stomach didn't seem to like anything and kept sending back everything I sent down. Dr. Love has fixed me now though so I shall be all right. Mr. Johnson put up this sign downstairs "Miss Beard is doing her part resting; Dr. Love is doing his part with pills; You do yours, keeping quiet."

The girls were most useful in bringing things up to me, for it is a long way to the fourth floor of a building if one person has to do the trotting. When five or six divide the duties they are not very arduous for any one. My most advanced class of four took my other classes and helped in explaining and correcting papers so the week was not entirely lost for them. I heard the Virgil two days because there are only girls in the class. The English took charge of itself but the Geometry just had to go. I tell the Doctor that I do not see as I am needed except for the Geometry and Virgil!!

Flora finally closed school on Friday night instead of Saturday because of a lot of reasons. My chief reason for advocating it was that I was afraid she would get tired of trying to carry the strain of the whole school and wait on me too. She got two good nights sleep as soon as the children were off and is looking more rested. Since Washington's Birthday is Tuesday we do not reopen until Wednesday. It is almost as good as a vacation.

Last Sunday brought two home letters, one from Mother and one from Ruth. Another letter came from Ruth in the middle of the week. It was good to hear that Mother was better of her rheumatism, Elizabeth of her bronchitis, father of his bruises and that Ruth had no special ailment of which to be better just then.

Several weeks ago our children sent a challenge to the adult members of the compound to play them in Volley Ball. Since then the practice has been most interesting. I used to play every afternoon. On Wednesday they had the first match game. They have two more on the next two Wednesdays. They play three games and the team that wins two out of three, gains the point. It was one noisy, enthusiastic game on Wednesday. The children won the two games and are quite jubilant but not over confident because they had to play all three games and the opposing team ran up quite a score each time.

Ruth we are thinking about your dress but have not decided whether to get it here or in Foochow. The project is entirely feasible and I am sure you will like the dress because the silks here are so soft and pretty. They have good wearing qualities too so it will be practical.

Yesterday I received a cute valentine from Mrs. Burgess. It is a paper doll. When I opened it, it had a long neck, was looking down coyly and hiding both hands behind its back. The arms pull out and shorten the neck and make her look straight at me. She has been a source of much amusement to all of my visitors, especially the little girls.

I have on my calendar a note reminding me that neither you nor I have mentioned the payment of my Life Insurance last November. It will be almost time for the payment on the other Policy in April before you get this.

I plan to try another draft for you next time I get to Peking because my last one would not quite meet my indebtedness without these two items.

The pencils etc. will be almost worth keeping- as souvenirs of much travel when they do arrive. That tale reads like a piece of fiction not like reality.

The church bell has just rung. Tomorrow I too shall have to obey it's summons but since it is Sunday and there are two vacation days ahead, I am being lazy one more day.

There comes Sing Tie with my lunch. I wonder what it is? 3.00 P.M. It was good, a tomatoe bisque (very little tomatoe) toast, chuki[?] jelly, tea- and later a waffle. I chewed it well father, and it tasted all the better for the chewing.

I am afraid once more you have been two weeks without a letter unless Flora was able to get hers off late in the week.

I almost forgot St. Valentine's Day. The children returned on the evening train. At 5.00 Flora called them in to dress, and at 5.30 they had their little party. We had drawn names the week before so it to be sure that each one received at least one valentine.

They guessed who made them and played games until 6.15 which is the dinner hour. They sounded as though they were having a good time. That evening Mrs. Corbett had a valentine party. Flora brought me a little white heart with white feathers pasted on it as a souvenir. It came off a St. Valentine's tree I believe.

Well, this has developed into a long letter without saying much.

With best love to you all

From

Mary.

[This letter dated Feb. 20, 1916 was written from Diong Loh and Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. He was glad to hear that Phebe got to go home for Christmas and enjoys reading about her thoughts on Oberlin. He advises her not to judge people too quickly. Willard relates his travel plans back to the U.S. in May. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Diong Loh- Foochow, China
Feb. 20-1916

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

Your good, long interesting letter telling all about your Christmas vacation came by the last mail. I am very glad you had this unexpected privilege of going home for this visit. It was all the more pleasure because it was a surprise and I am glad that you see the value of having friends who can give you not only such pleasures as this visit but such advantages as a College course. I am more and more interested to read your estimates of Oberlin as a College-. I always knew its ideals and agreed with them. Its products also are proof of its good work, - not only in training ministers and missionaries but also business men and scientists and discerners. We have just heard of the \$100,000 recently given for the new Seminary, and of the decision to discontinue the Academy. I should much enjoy meeting Mr. Spence but there will be some one to take his place, if not this June, by next fall. I suppose it is almost a selfish gratification to me to read your conclusions on the relative merits of first and second churches of Oberlin. They are my own conclusions, and I judge the churches are going on much the same lines as twenty five years ago. The first church to me, stood for solidarity, - the true, lasting inner life, that would stand all tests and all changes of temperament or of fashion. The second church has more of fashion and there was more about it to draw those who could be drawn by attractive externalities.

Your characterization of Mrs. Ireland was interesting - shall I say amusing. But, dear, you need to be a little careful about deciding on the mental workings of people from their words or even actions. Be with a person a good long time before judging them too decidedly. It will save you much mental strength and sometimes will keep you from embarrassment. All of us are at times misjudged and accused of thoughts and motives that we are not in the least to blame for, and of course at times given credit for good thoughts and motives that we were not to "blame" for either.

My passage is booked on the N.Y.K.S.S. "Shidzuoka Maru", Shanghai May 1. I will enclose a schedule of the itinerary. If Uncle Stanley is married in April, I shall plan to get to Oberlin about June 10th. This will bring me to the Baccalaureate sermon and all the commencement exercises. Can you engage a room for mama and me in Tank Cottage, for the days we plan to be there? If Uncle Stanley waits till June to be married I shall go to N.Y. as soon as possible. Mama will come down to the wedding, and we will come right on to Oberlin as soon as the wedding is over. I have to exert myself not to act like a 17 year old who has just bought her ticket from Oberlin to go home for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Lathrop of Shelton sent me a very helpful calendar of great thoughts. I turned it to a new week this morning and the words that met me were "Capacity never lacks opportunity. It cannot remain undiscovered." This helps me not to feel sore because I think I am not given full value for my ability or because I think others do not hold me in high enough esteem.

God keep you in health and happiness and usefulness- and grant you a happy and profitable semester.

Lovingly your father Willard L. Beard

*[This letter dated **Feb. 22, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. Mary has just spent a week in bed because of indigestion troubles. Some of the students have had various illnesses including a case of tuberculosis. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Feb. 22, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

This is Valentine's Day and I am writing this in between times. Mary has spent the day in bed- some indigestion, - but feels much better tonight, so we hope she will be up again to-morrow. It is a little like grippe but without the cold. Several others have had a like attack. A day in bed usually fixes the trouble.

The last few days have been bringing us lots of letters from home- and Will. All seem to have good news in them, for which I am thankful. - A week later. - Mary spent nearly the whole week in bed but is downstairs again. She is busy finishing up her paper which is to be read before the Friday Club in Peking next Friday P.M. We have had two holidays- Saturday because of Mary's illness and to-day because of its being Feb. 22nd. Mr. Johnson and I have been at work on the library books and have two-thirds of them in the Accession Book. We have gotten the fiction all together and the others placed in groups so that I know pretty well what we now have on hand. We need the latest books now, especially on science and art.

To-day the package of pencils came- even to the beans. Everything was in good order but we couldn't find the book cover. My nightgown is a beauty and just what I am glad to get. Up in Mongolia we shall want non-ironable clothes, though I doubt if this one goes.

Miss Leavens has just had the sad news of her mother's death and of her father's and sister's illnesses. The Board at Boston has cabled for her to go home immediately so she is to leave in about three weeks. She has been ill herself now for ever since before Christmas, so it seems as if calamities had poured in upon her. Her home is in Norwich, Conn., and I hope you may see her sometime. She is planning for an indefinite stay at home. There is no one to take her work here, and I don't know what arrangements will be made.

I am soaking out some of Phebe's pumpkin and we expect to have pumpkin pie to-morrow noon. It is sort of a guess as to the quantity to use.

To-day we have one of the little girls sick in bed isolated from the others because we fear tonsillitis. Scarlet fever is raging in the country, but the doctor hopes this is not anything more than tonsillitis. So far there has been no alarming illnesses among the children and I hope we may get through the year without any. In the physical examinations Dr. Love discovered a case of tuberculosis in its first stages. Fortunately his home is right here so that we do not have the responsibility of the case. I have gotten his parents to consent to the dropping of our study so that he may have more time for out of doors. The doctor hopes to conquer the trouble by changing his diet. He has been humored in his dislikes and has not had enough of the carbohydrates in his food. Now he must eat meat, eggs, etc., or there will be little chance of his getting well. I am anxious to get the other physical examinations done for there are one or two cases which puzzle me and I wish to know if there is any physical reason for their peculiar state of mind.

Yours lovingly-
Flora Beard.

Feb. 22, 1916.

Tungchou.

*[This letter dated **March 3, 1916** was written from Shelton, Conn. by Ruth Beard to siblings, Phebe and Stanley. She writes a brief note with some letters from China that she is sending to brother Stanley. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Shelton, Conn.
Mar. 3, 1916.

Dear Phebe and Stanley,-

Enclosed are some letters from China which may be of vital interest to Stanley. Will has written Stanley but I thought he might like to re-read the news.

I kept them a little longer than I planned for I wanted to read them again in preparing for a meeting this afternoon.

We are all well as usual. To-morrow Mother and I are invited down to Miss Clark's recit. in Hotel Stratfield and will hear Anna read. We are to dress up in our best "bib and tucker."

Mother and I went to New Haven to hear Dean Brown on Wednesday. Mrs. Palmer also went and we had a very pleasant day.

Yesterday was King's Daughter's so we are on the go every day this week.

Edith is really getting better now they say. When we came out from N.H. the other night Daniel appeared to help me go after the horse up at Allen's stable.

Lots of love to you from all and from

Ruth

*[This letter dated **March 5, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. It is still cold in Tungchou and there is Gobi dust on the ice pond so no one cares to skate. Dr. Arthur Smith (survivor of the Boxer Rebellion) gave a talk to the students on George Washington's life. One of the teachers, Miss Leavens has been called back to the U.S. to take care of her family. They have just had a Gobi dust storm and Flora says she will include some of the dust with the letter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[March 5, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

This is nearly the end of winter, and the cold still hangs on. Generally the ice is all out of the pond by the first of March, but it is [*not*] strong enough for skating yet, if the boys chose to go. There is so much dust on it that they do not care to skate and then the edges are unsafe.

Mary is all O.K. again. She read her paper before the Friday Club last week, and we are going to give a tea and ask the compound people in to hear it some afternoon, here, since no one has heard it in Tungchou.

Did I write you about Dr. Arthur H. Smith [*survivor of the siege of Peking during the Boxer Rebellion in the summer of 1900*] giving us a fine talk on George Washington's life, - to help us celebrate the patriotic birthdays in February? The children are certainly fortunate to have him interested in them.

We are all feeling very sorry to lose Miss Leavens, who is to go home now in three or four weeks. She has been an invalid from nervous exhaustion ever since before Christmas. Now she has had cablegrams from the Board telling her to go home as soon as possible to care for her father, since her mother has just died and a sister is in a sanitarium for a year to see if she can recover her health. Mrs. Corbett and Miss Love are disposing of her household effects and packing her trunks and boxes. It keeps them pretty busy.

Fri. P.M. - This letter ought to have been off days ago but some way the multitudinous details of each day's duties have taken all inspiration for letter writing out of my mind. To-day we are having a Gobi Desert dust storm. I am enclosing some of the dust that I took off the inside part of my window sill. It fell so gently that it was in a little drift like yellow snow all over the window sill. All out of doors was covered with a coat of this yellow dust. About nine o'clock a high wind came up and the air has been full of this dust all day- and is yet at 8:30 P.M. It is strange, but these storms seem to clear the atmosphere just as a thunder storm does in summer. Wouldn't you call it being dry cleaned?

We are very busy planning for our garden, the day of closing, getting out our prospectus for next year, and hunting for a matron. All of these are things that take time, patience and thought.

Some of the details of to-day have been to send eight pounds of butter to Mrs. Galt and seven to Mrs. Frame- and of course the coolie got the orders mixed, which will have to be straightened out to-morrow. -Again interrupted, so will not finish out the "details" as they might be wearying, besides this letter is late already.

With love,

Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chihli, China.

Mar. 5, 1916.

*[This letter, dated **March 5, 1916**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the dear ones at home. She read her paper on Harriet Beecher Stowe and led a church service. She tells about one of their student's toothaches and refers to different epidemics suffered in the U.S. and China. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

March 5- [1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

Just guess what I have to do in half an hour from now! I have to take charge of the church service. In an unguarded moment, some months ago, I told Mr. Beers that I would take a service in March. Behold he does not forget it and I must fulfill my promise. Two of the matrons in the compound do it quite frequently but I feel awfully queer before entering on the ordeal. I am going to read a little article I have on "What is Worth While."

Well I went to Peking on Feb 25, and read my paper on Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stelle read selections from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Minister's Wrong[?]" for me so the whole thing was nearly an hour long. The ladies all said they enjoyed it very much and Mrs. Goodrich, whose husband was a student at Andover under Prof. Stone, at once wanted to borrow the paper to read to Goodrich's. Now I have to read it again to the people here sometime. Mr. Beers wants me to read it to the Missionary Association and I at first said I would. After I had consented Flora was so scornful of the people enjoying it that I have withdrawn my consent without giving any reason. I shall however read it at an afternoon tea for the ladies as they whole heartedly requested it.

Last time I wrote I had been ill. I started school that Tuesday and have been a regular attendant since then. I tried to help the children get what we missed during that week and I feel that my classes are very nearly where they would be had I never been out at all.

This week I have played Volley Ball with the children two afternoons, walked with Mrs. Frame one afternoon, helped the girls with their bloomers one day, played Shadow Tag etc. as you see my activities are up to the usual mark. We had a sand storm of a mild sort on Thursday night. It is the first this year. Just a year ago we had three in rapid succession, February 27, March 4, and March 7. The middle one was the worst.

This week has brought no home mail of any sort. I look for letters on every train but evidently there is no steamer.

We have a guest in the home today, little Margaret McCann. She will probably be a pupil next year. She would like to be here this year but she was very ill two years ago and her mother felt that she needed one more year at home. Mr. McCann is staying at the Galt home. I was over for dinner with Mrs. Galt last evening. Miss Wicke is also a guest. And we had a very pleasant evening after dinner.

March 7. Well I got through the Sunday service all right and am glad it is over. Two or three spoke a word of appreciation. One of our little girls gave me a hint in her ingenious remark, "I didn't listen all the time for your voice was too monotonous." I evidently need to strew my arms around and shout occasionally to keep her attention.

March 8. Pauline had an awful tooth ache last week. It swelled and started to come out on the outside so I finally took her to the doctor to have her gum painted with iodine. Now the swelling is all gone and we are waiting for the doctor to return home to pull the tooth. I wonder how our physicians at home could take to being dentist, physician, surgeon, teacher all in one! Dr. Love has all that to do and some of his patients are widely scattered; for instance he had a telegram to come to Tientsin this morning. He left here at 7.30 and will reach Tientsin about 12.00. The Rockefeller College has annexed all of the A.B.C.F.M. doctors in Peking so Dr. Love has to care for the health of that station as well as look after us here and run the hospital here and teach three afternoons a week at the Medical College.

School is just dismissed and I have pledged myself to myself to spend the time until 4.15 (from 3.30) getting tomorrow's work done. If I do that I can easily finish up in the evening after reading to the children and putting them to bed.

I hope our next letter will bring news of complete restoration to health on the part of you all. No rheumatism, bronchitis, lame hands, colds, etc! What an awful epidemic the United State has suffered from this winter! Letters from Connecticut, Illinois, Colorado, Michigan all contain the same note. Just now the Chinese around us are suffering from an epidemic of scarlet fever and diphtheria. One Chinese doctor said he had seen forty children die and his practice was not exceptionally large. We are on the look out for sore throats, headaches or cold these days, I tell you!

The curio man or "silk man" was around last week and I invested in another picture, some squares and bits of embroidery. I just cannot resist if the men come to any reasonable price and I always feel that it is not money wasted as I could easily get it back or more when I get to America. I got a beautiful black satin coat, exquisitely embroidered, thinking to send it to Mrs. Mason, but I can not bear to part with it. The designs are Mohammedan and all done in what is called the Peking stitch. I never saw anything like it before.

Last week Isabel brought me the first hot home lilacs of the season. I have worn them one sprig at a time and shall wear the last tonight. This week Mrs. Fenn sent Flora and me a bunch of sweet notets[?]. They scent the whole living room. I pull out one to wear occasionally for I love to wear flowers.

I must close or I will not get time for Volley Ball.

With lots of love

Mary.

P.S. We are waiting to hear what day Myra and Stanley decide on. Is it to be Easter? If I had an air ship I should come. Nothing could hold me back.

Mary

*[This letter dated **March 12, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. She talks about the weather and some of the vegetables available. Flora and Mary are making plans for the next school year and expect to have a third teacher. They see in the Oberlin College paper that their niece, Phebe Kinney Beard, won the Freshman Prize for her theme. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou, Mar. 12, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

It is a brilliant, windy, March day with a promise of spring in both sunshine and wind. Yesterday we awoke in a typical New England spring snow storm- with snow three inches deep on the level and coming down thick and fast- and quiet. It was more snow than we have seen at any time here in North China. By noon most of it was gone and at 3.30 P.M. there wasn't enough left to make a good snow ball. It is surprising how this dry climate can evaporate every drop of moisture available. To-day there is no snow in sight-excepting when the sun has not been able to reach it. Moreover, there is no mud. Just think of having the frost leave the ground without a bit of mud! It is wonderful how the maru spring sunshine makes everything start into growth even though there is no rain. We have very little rain excepting in the rainy season which there is during the latter part of June and the month of July. Then the country gets its fill of water, floods, and mud. Our cistern was pretty well filled last summer and the water lasted until into February. We used it only for baths, but there are twenty of us to be bathed each week. Now the coolie has to bring all the water we use from the artesian well. It keeps our path free from grass- with his frequent trips.

There are some things you would be interested in- in the line of "eats." The Chinese make a most tasty salad from small radish sprouts. I should think they might be about a week old. They have only the two baby leaves. They are served much as we use water cress and taste about like it- only milder. I should think they would make a delicious sandwich filling. I wish you would just try it - when you wish to thin your radishes. I am going to send home some seeds of the Chinese cabbage and onions. Both are so much sweeter than ours that I am sure you will be interested to try them. The Chinese cabbage grows tall and slim instead of round like a ball and the onions do not grow into a bulb but are like our onions in their early stage- only that the stalk is much larger and you can use perhaps six inches up. They bleach like celery, by being hilled up. The cabbages grow as they do at home.

I wish you could see a bit of one of our window gardens. It is a huge flat round turnip tied up by the tail. All around the base of the tail has been cut a ditch as deep as possible (and not cut down to the underskin) and about 1 ½ in. wide. That was filled with water and then hung in the sunshine. The tops began to grow and curl up the sides of the turnip. In the ditch we put beans, wheat, and garlic. They are all growing and blossoming there together- even the turnip- and is quite a pretty sight. We have had peach blossoms for some time from twigs the girls got for us, and by another week, our lilacs will be out.

Dr. Arthur Smith is going down to Shanghai this week and I am sending by him my new watch to be left at Mrs. Lacy's until Will comes up on his way home. There has always been a little catch in it when I had to turn it for setting it which has not been many times, but now it refuses to go. I took it to the most reliable jeweler here to see what was the matter and he says one wheel is out of order. I do not want to put so good a watch into the hands of any one here-for I cannot find that there is any watch fixer here who can be recommended. I shall be interested to know if it has not been tampered with, as it is. All the workmen here are Chinese in all the shops- even the foreign ones. If Will will take it home and have Taylor and Gregory fix it, and bring it back with him to Shanghai, I can get it up from there by some of the Peking people. It may be that some of the Peking people will be coming out on the same steamer as he.

We are busy with plans for next year- trying to adapt ourselves to the resources of Tungchou and our slim finances. We shall have a third teacher, but whom we can find is yet a question. We shall have to use one of the houses and which one is another question. There are fifteen possible extra students enquiring about coming, five of there from our family.

I had a long letter from Christine Benbrook Blakeslee full of good cheer and happiness about herself. She said her father and mother are living about two blocks from herself. She likes Florida so well that she wants to stay on as long as possible. She is doing her own housekeeping in their five room cottage. She wrote that Mr. Foster had been very seriously ill jaundice, grip, pleurisy, and stomach trouble. Had a trained nurse for several weeks and though better was still running a temperature. Perhaps you know all this.

Your letter came yesterday telling of Aunt Julia's going. [*Probably Julia Ann Wheeler Beard, wife of Oliver Gould's Beard's brother, Theodore Edward Beard. She was born July 23, 1833.*] It will be rather a cheerless home for those two girls now [*probably their daughters, Lavinia Maria and Anna Smedley Beard*]. I wonder what they will do. It is such a lonely spot for them to stay in. I wish they would go somewhere else to live- a little nearer other people.

An Oberlin college paper came this A.M. with Phebe K's prize theme in it and it is fully worthy of the "Freshman prize." It has always seemed to me that she has a gift of description beyond the ordinary. You perhaps have had the opportunity to read it. Mrs. Burgess sent us the copy.

Lovingly- Flora B.

[*This letter dated **March 12, 1916** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister Ruth. Willard will be leaving for the U.S. soon. The YMCA opened their new building. Willard attended a lecture on education and China's illiteracy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Foochow, China.

March 12th 1916.

Dear Ruth:-

Your letters have come with frequency both thru Peking and direct to me and from here they go on to Peking. But I shall not get many more. Some time ago I wrote home knowing I should receive no reply before starting for home. I do not know yet what my plans will be after reaching Seattle. I shall come direct to New York or go to Oberlin according as Stanley and Myra are married in June or before. It adds interest to the trip to have this element of a possible choice in it. I am anticipating the northern route as I have been over the other routes once and twice.

The girls forwarded a card from you on which you ask for some work that needs \$2.00 or \$3.00. All my money this year is going into help to boys who could not study if I did not help them a little. There are two or three boys that I am helping about \$3.50 gold each this term. They could almost make it, but lacked just this little. This is one use for the money. One of the boys is preparing for the nurses course in the Hospital. He plans to enter in the Fall. Another use for the money is to buy picture cards for the Sunday School on Sang Gaing, where your day school is. Last year I bought 50 sets for them, paying about \$3.50 gold for the year. The cards are printed in England- only the pictures, with the back blank. Here the scripture and lesson is printed in Chinese on the backs. I was astounded the other day when the teacher came in to learn that he has 72 pupils this year. Last year I paid an assistant for him during the last half of the year. This year I am looking for one but have not yet found one.

During the past ten days the Y.M.C.A. Secretaries have been "opening" their large new building. A week ago yesterday they invited the officials and gentry and some of the big business men. About one hundred and fifty came. A Christian dedicatory service with greetings from the U.S.= from the National Y.M.C.A. in China, from Pres. Yuan Shi Kai and many other places and groups were read. The governor general and Salt Commissioner- whom I baptized last June were there. The Salt Commissioner outranked the other officials that day for he was Pres. Yuan's specially commissioned representative. Prayer was offered by David Yu- a Chinese Y.M.C.A. Secretary in Mandarin so all those present could hear and understand. I pronounced the benediction. All the officials have strictest attention to all the service which lasted from 3:30 to 5:00 p.m. They then sat on in the same room until 6 p.m. and listened to a most enlightening lecture on education in six countries- Ger., Eng, Fr., U.S., Jap., China. The ribbons used to express illiteracy in the other countries were from 6 inches to two feet long. That used to show China's illiteracy was nearly forty feet long. This lecture given by a Chinese to a Chinese audience was powerful in its application.

College is running full blast again. More old students are back than every before, for the first time in the history of the College the fifth year class has had to be divided. Last week I turned away seven students for lack of room.

I have written the girls to know whether I shall buy the dress for you or whether they will do it. They know what can be done in both places- Peking and Foochow.

Your letters are most interesting and I have in mind many of the changes I shall see when I get home- May God bless and keep you all- us all for a reunion next Summer that will be both pleasant and profitable - With love to all

Will.

*[This letter dated **March 15, 1916** was written presumably from Putnam, CT by Ellen to her daughter, Phebe. Ellen asks Phebe if her eye aches and headaches have gotten better. She tells Phebe the latest events in Putnam, including a long 22 mile sleigh ride she took with her brother, Elbert Kinney. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]*

Mar. 15th. [Probably 1916]

Dear Phebe [*daughter*],

I began a letter to you days ago and thought to finish it this morning but cannot find it so must scratch off a hasty note to go with these checks. I hope you have not gone in debt because of my not sending them but I send them both now for you to cash and you may send me \$5. in a letter when convenient.

Yes we received the \$20. you sent all right but don't ever risk so much again at one time. Not over \$5. should be sent in a letter at one time.

Have you had any more headaches or eye-aches since your osteopathic treatment? I do hope she found the cause and has successfully removed it. Are you perfectly well now? Have you suffered for want of your blankets? Shall I have them sent and store them there for next winter?

I suppose you have had as much snow as we have yesterday and previously. I never saw a winter with so much snow I think. We have had so many storms. One fall does not get trodden down to good sliding before another comes so the children have hardly touched their sled for two or three weeks. And no skating at all.- You know Deacon's store sold out their goods and moved to Danielson; now Champean has moved into Deacon's store and will open next week. Did you know Mr. Wright died two weeks ago, and Eugene King father of the nurse who took care of Dorothy at Pleasure Beach died a week ago? He was thought to have appendicitis and when they operated found a cancer and the operation hastened his death. Mrs. Backus of So. Manchester your former principal's wife died last week. Appendicitis followed by grip, pneumonia, and blood poisoning from the kidneys was the cause of death. She was in the hospital three of four weeks and a report gained circulation here that she had died a week before it occurred.- Uncle Elbert went to his wood-lot which he is cutting off Tuesday last in a sleigh and Emma and I went with him to May's. Had the longest sleigh ride I remember ever to have taken 22 miles there and back. Took dinner with her and returned at 8:13. They have a Victrola which is lots of company for her.

With very warmest love and frequent prayer for you.

Your mother

Ellen B.

*[This letter dated **March 19, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to her mother. Mary has had some health problems and confides in her mother privately about them. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

For Mother

March 19, 1916

Dear Mother,

I write this separately because you may not want to read it aloud as I know is the custom with our letters. My monthly period has been most irregular this fall, running over from four to twelve days. When my stomach gave out on Saturday night it was already five days past the day. Doctor Love tried to settle my stomach and still it refused one or two meals each day- and still I was having to get up several times in the night as well as by day. On Tuesday he prescribed mustard footbaths and gave me some pills. The pills made me sicker yet and nothing happened. On Wednesday I took a sitz bath and did not get once feeling scalded for a long time. It just about used me up but it did the business or, finished it up, at least. Then Doctor made me stay in bed two days because of my new troubles. Yesterday I sat up and read nearly all day. (I have read all I wanted to in bed all the time. Doctor only demanded quiet and to keep off my feet.) Today I am all dressed. Doctor has discharged me as a patient with the injunction "to go slow." That last is Doctor's "by word" and one he intends to have obeyed. I remember a scolding I got last fall for going to church one Sunday when he did not intend me too!!

I am all right now, only I need a little more strength to run up and down stairs with. I will look out that this doesn't happen again if anything I can do will prevent it.

Lots of love

Mary.

*[This letter dated **March 19, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China from Mary to the ones at home. She mentions the death of their Aunt Julia and of the gripple and pneumonia mentioned in the U.S. newspapers. The school*

entertained the Tungchow "Pastime Club" and the children took care of entertainment, decorations and refreshments. Mary and Flora plan to take a trip to Confucius' grave over Easter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[March 19, 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

Last week brought us a goodly number of foreign letters, including one from home. It was good to get news but the news was sad because it contained word of Aunt Julia's death and of Mrs. Peck's serious illness. The Sentinels contained news of gripe and pneumonia in alarming numbers. I guess China is as healthy a place as the United States after all. One thing we all know of everybody's illnesses here for we are few and far from home; both conditions tend to make us intensely interested in each other.

This was a gala week for us because we, the N.C.A.S., gave a party. We entertained the "Pastime Club" of Tungchow on Friday evening. The children were divided into committees for entertainment, decoration and refreshments. I was supposed to and the first but all I did was make sure that the games were suitable and not too many for the time allotted. Mr. Johnson took the decoration committee in charge and worked as hard as any of them. Flora helped the refreshment end. Everyone came except Dr. Smith who had a severe cold and Mr. Frame who had to go to Pei Tai Ho. The fifth grade children sat up until 8.30 then slipped out, those below that went to bed before the guests arrived and all older stayed up until the end. The room was very pretty. The hot water pipes were wound with narrow strips of green paper and finished at the top with bows. There were green bows in the corner of the pictures. Little potatoe dolls dressed in green paper hung from various convenient spots. Potatoes lay suggestively in the flower pots. Over the Chinese what-not were an American flag and an Irish flag. For refreshments we had pistachio ice cream, orange ice, cookies cut in the shape of shamrocks, macaroons, and cake with each piece decorated with a tiny green shamrock of icing.

On Thursday afternoon Miss Leavens asked Flora and me to come over to call. It was the first time either of us had seen her since before we went to Shunte Fu at Christmas time. She looked thin but better than I expected. She left on the early train on Friday, and already has telegraphed that she reached Hankow safely. Her brother meets her there and goes to Shanghai to see her off.

I am enclosing Dr. Smith's [Arthur H. Smith] acknowledgement of the Christmas gift Flora and I sent him. It is a characteristic note. I am getting very fond of the man who is always ready with a joke. He and his wife are a strange couple. She has been off doing country touring for some location far south since November. She returns now sometime soon and he is just about to start for Shanghai for several weeks. Once in a great while they are here together for a short while. She is not quite right in her mind part of the time but not much more than queer and does excellent work when off touring by herself.

We have decided to take the Shantung trip to Confucius grave during Easter vacation. What is left of us will get back here to open school on Monday April the tenth. Flora wants to stop and see everyone along the way so we will not spend two nights in the same place all the week. It is good business to visit all the people because they have prospective pupils for the school.

Tomorrow we have breakfast early. I am to take Pauline to the dentist to have her tooth filled if he thinks best. Dr. Love advises it because she is so young and needs the tooth for a few years yet before its successor is due.

Here is love for you all and hopes that you may escape the epidemic [Polio epidemic of 1916] and that God will keep you safe.

With much love

Mary.

March 19, 1916.

*[This typewritten letter dated **March 23, 1916** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. Willard sends information about his coat since the folks back home want to buy him a new Prince Albert coat. Many people are looking for rooms on Kuliang for the coming summer. They now have 375 boys enrolled in the city schools.]*

American Board of Commissioners

For

Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China March 23rd. 1916

Dear Father:-

I have just had to put on spectacles and therefore I have a kind of new sense of the value of a man's eyes, so I am using the machine for the sake of your eyes. I like to see a typewritten letter come from Ruth for it usually means a good long one. She almost always writes more when she uses the machine. A good long letter came from her last night.

The particular business of this letter is to say that if it is so desired I can get a new prince albert coat when I reach home. Ellen in her last letter wrote of your desire to this effect. My coat is only four years old. I bought it in the fall of 1911 or spring of 1912. Allis and Redshaw got it for me. The mark is as follows:-

A. Shurman & Co. Boston

Mr. _____

Date C9030 I am not sure of the last figure

No. 39

I have changed only in my girth. I usually wear the coat now without buttoning it. I suppose it ought to be about 1 ½ inches larger in the place where it girdles the dinner basket. It is possible some are made a little longer than this now.

I wonder if Elizabeth and Ruth will accept my thanks in this letter for the Literary Digest. It seems as if I had said Thank You once this year but possibly my memory is so good that I am thinking of last year so I will make sure.

Did I write that I was to have the company of a young lady home? Well Sunday a telegram came saying her future husband was coming out as a missionary and coming right off. So I shall have to go alone. The steamer is full however. We are all very glad for we can keep her and gain another man for the work. It is as most amusing how many letters come to me from young ladies asking if I know of any one going home and if such ones would be willing to have company on the boat, and also asking if I know of any rooms and board on Kuliang. I have just written "NO" to two such, this early.

I suppose you are reading great headlines about the Rebellion in the southwest of China and wondering about us in Foochow, so far we hear only reports of the trouble. Foochow never was quieter than it is now. The Governor is as progressive as ever. He has just commenced to make over the main street of the city and right in the middle of the city. He is also dredging for a bund. This is river front street. Ellen will not recognize the Foochow she left seven years ago.

I was a little anxious during last vacation lest we should not have our full quota of students this term. There were so many influences at work that were new. But I have just told the tenth boy that there was no room for him. We have in the two school here in the city 375 boys.

A large Sunday School Conference is now in session here with some 75 delegates. They are living together in the same place and taking good stiff courses in Pedagogy and other subjects. The work is not merely sitting and listening to addresses, it is taking notes on lectures and then taking an examination. I have given two lectures and one address.

I hope our plans to see each other in June are in accord with God's plan for us, and that He will prosper those plans and make the reunion profitable for us all.

With love to all,

Will.

The paper telling of Fred Bennett's marriage got here before the letter telling that it so upset the girls, Elizabeth and Ruth that they forgot or rather did not have courage to ask him about it. The same paper also told me of Aunt Julia's death and of the death of Mr. Higgins.

[The following is handwritten.]

I am in a delightful state of expectancy as to the date of the wedding. I may have to wait till I reach Seattle or some port between here and there to find out whether I am to go from Seattle straight to New York or whether I go first to Oberlin.

[This letter dated **March 26, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. Flora and Mary dressed in their best dinner gowns for a dinner for a newly engaged couple. Spring vacation begins soon for the school and the students will be headed home. Mary and Flora will be leaving for Tai Shan (the sacred mountain) and the Tomb of Confucius in a party of ten. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[March 26, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

We had a good home mail this last week. It had been over a week since the last one. Will sent up some newspapers telling of Aunt Julia's death and Mr. Higgin's, also Fred Bennett's marriage. We are interested to hear more of the last. It seemed from the newspaper notice to be rather one sided.

These weeks go very rapidly and are full to the brim. Yesterday besides our regular work we had five guests at dinner- Dr. Wilder (Will's college chum) and Mrs. Larson with her three daughters (prospective scholars for our school). Dr. Wilder is quite a bird student and came down to give a talk (and a walk) to the children. I had intended to go also but Mrs. Larson's coming prevented. After getting the children off on the train for their week end at home, Mrs. Galt came in to take accounts with the cook. Then there was the last installment of clean clothes to be put away, a bath to take, and don my "very best" for a 7.30 P.M. dinner party at Mrs. Corbett's. We dress for dinner- the gentle men in their evening suits and the ladies in their dinner gowns- as in New York and it really lends quite a festive air to the occasion. We had a fine time. A newly engaged couple were the center of the attraction.

This is the last week of school before our spring vacation, and it is to be rather strenuous. We shall do the ordinary school work for there are no examinations at this time, but we have to get the children packed off home, finish plans for our own trip, and get the building cleaned and shut up. We start next Monday for Techow (pronounced (Deh jow) where we spend Monday night with the Stanley's and Tuckers of the A.B., going on to Tsinan (pronounced Chenan) to Mr. Johnson's home. We spend that night with his people and in company with ten others we start out the next day to climb TaiShan (the sacred mountain). We are taking our beds and bedding with us so that we may spend the night at the top. Won't that be romantic? We come down in time to make the trip out to a famous temple and the Tomb of Confucius. Then we go back to Tsinan and the next day on to Peking.

Please give Helen my congratulations. I know she is happy and I suppose no words can express Drs. happiness. I am glad to hear of Mrs. Peck's recovery.

I am going to write to Vinnie and Anna in a day or two.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,

Mar. 26, 1916.

*[This letter dated **March 26, 1916** was written from Putnam, CT by 7 ½ year old Kathleen to her sister, Phebe. It includes a drawing of a bird. Letter is in the collection of Jill Jackson.]*

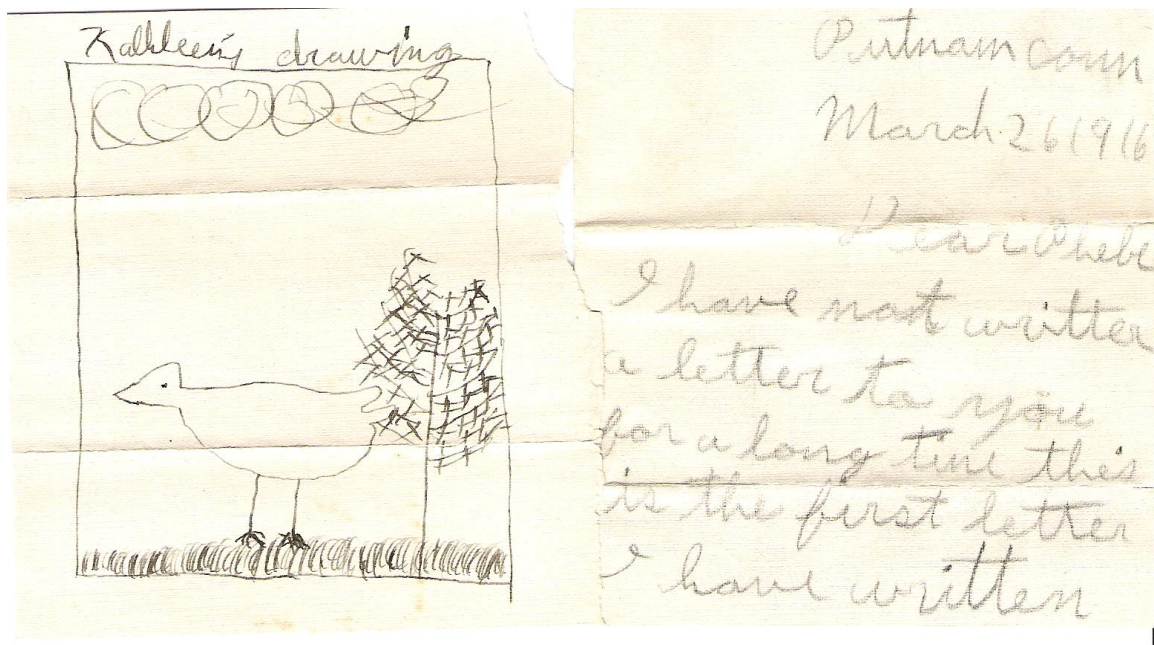
Putnam Conn
March 26 1916

Dear Phebe

I have not written a letter to you for a long time this is the first letter I have written in a long time the last letter I wrote was about Feb 26. as I wrote you this March 26 just the same only the month. Last Sunday Mamma thought I had the Mesotes [*Mesoles?* *Measles?*] but I only had a cold.

I have got all the links but had to make up two memory vearses but now I have all the links.

I got my lesson every Sunday and when Mamma thought I had the Mebites Marjorie got my papers. I will close now with lots of love from Kathleen



[This typewritten letter dated **March 27, 1916** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. After it appeared that China was going to become a Monarchy again it has switched back to a Republic since the people of southern China did not support the idea of a Monarchy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China March 27th. 1916

Dear Mother:-

I am sending you a copy of my annual report in which you may find some things of interest. I wrote father last week to the effect that if it was considered best I could get a new Prince Albert when I reach home. My steamer is due in Seattle May 26th. This should give me time to reach Shelton in time to get a new coat. Of course I am in thus writing taking a lot of things for granted. I have not yet heard when the wedding is to be, and a lot of other details. I may have to wait until I reach Shanghai or even Seattle before I get this information. Time runs by very fast. The weeks come round before I am ready for them and it seems only a day or two ago that I turned the last leaf of the weekly Calendar.

A few weeks ago the Sentinel came to me with a long letter from me. The main item of interest was the news of the change in the Republic to a Monarchy. Saturday morning a telegram came to the Customs telling them to go back to the old nomenclature. So we are again reading The Republic of China Fifth Year. It looks very much as if Yuan Shi Kai had gotten cold feet. The provinces in the south west are not at all loyal to the monarchical idea. And within a few days it looks as if Hunan was causing the central government some anxiety.

Two years ago last summer a man named Hu tried to start a second revolution in Foochow. He did not succeed and he got away. Later he became a Japanese citizen. He was back in Foochow last week and called on the Governor. He proposed to him that Fukien at once declare her independence. The Governor told him that things were quiet in the province and he did not see the use in making the change. Think how humiliating it must be to the officials of this country to be obliged to receive such men who are no better than traitors.

Spring is here with its warm balmy days and bright sunshine. Until Friday we have had rain and cold weather since January. The farmers are preparing the rice fields and sowing the rice in the beds from which they will transplant. May God give us the pleasure and profit of soon seeing each soon. Lovingly Will

[This letter dated about **April 2, 1916** was written from the Shantung, China area by Mary to the ones at home. Mary and Flora are on their way to see the Tai Shan mountain and Confucius' grave for a week long trip, then will return back to Tungchou. She describes travelling in a third class train car. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[About April 2, 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

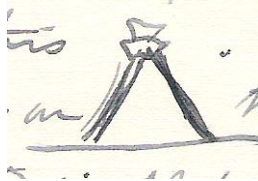
We are en route for Te Chan (De Joe) and Tsi Nan (Ge an). We spend tonight at Te Chan and go on on the afternoon train tomorrow to Tsi Nan. Mable Galt is with us but she stays at Te Chan all the week and joins us on the return trip unless she can find company to return sooner [*Mable Galt is the girl who had so many operations on her nose*]. We came up from Tung Chou this morning in a third class car which had no seats. Fortunately we are travelling with much baggage so provided seats for ourselves. I just wish you could see our baggage. We each have a folding cot, a rontan and a suitcase besides a canvas bag containing lunch boxes and thermos bottles. The rontan is a large canvas case, boxes at the corners and one side open through the middle. We have in them pads for our cots, blankets and other things we are likely to need for a night in a Chinese Inn. We will be with Mr. Johnson's people Tuesday night, then we start in early Wednesday morning and climb the mountain (Tai Yan) [*Tai Shan*] sacred to Confucius. We spend the night up there and descend Thursday morning. From there we go to Confucius grave and temple. Then back to Tsi Nan Friday morning after spending the night until 3.00 A.M. in a Chinese Inn. We see Tsi Nan Friday and leave early Saturday for home. Flora and I plan to stop off in Tientsin to shop Saturday P.M. and go up early Sunday morning. We would have to head to Tungchou Sunday anyway because we reach Peking too late for the evening train. There is a party of eight or ten coming down tomorrow to join us on the trip to the mountain and grave. It is going to be jolly for all eight.

I wish you could see our travelling companions and this car. Less than half of the people have seats; many are reclining on their rontans on the floor. One family have spread blankets and quilts on the floor, barricaded themselves with baggage, and take turns sitting or reclining in the enclosure. At every station there is a great clamor of the natives to buy food from the vendors. There are many kinds of eggs; goose eggs, hard boiled eggs, eggs cracked and boiled in tea. When food or eggs are bought the shells and skins are thrown on the few clear spots of the floor.

The dentist was ill so I had the whole morning to shop. Kieroff is selling out so I went and looked over his shoulder and made several purchases.

Saturday afternoon and part of Sunday were spent packing. On Sunday evening we went to supper with Mrs. Love. Doctor Love was away and we went to keep her company.

The day which is like a Memorial Day [*for*] the Chinese is approaching and on all sides we see the men out fixing up the graves of their ancestors. They heap them up and put blocks of mud on top like this.



There are one to four blocks on the graves.

This Shantung country is flat, flat, flat. I expect it will be flat for sometime to come as the map shows mountains farther south but not here.

The train is getting more gigly so I guess I had better close.

With lots of love

Mary.

[This partial letter dated **April 6, 1916** was written from Putnam, CT by Ellen to her daughter Phebe. Ellen tells Phebe of Willard's travel dates from China for his brother's wedding. She and the two youngest daughters will be travelling back with him to China in August. Ellen inquires about Phebe's eye aches and of her latest letter in which she sounded depressed. She tells about some fires in Putnam and of going to a librarian's lecture at a "Daughter's meeting." Ellen discusses clothing that is needed for various family members for the upcoming events. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

36 Center St.
Putnam, Ct.

Apr. 6", '16.

My dear darling daughter [*Phebe*],

Let me first answer Mr. Beach's question which I fear I have not answered yet. Papa writes we are to sail for China about Aug. first; i.e. start back to C. at that time from here. He will reach home about the 3-6 of June. He will probably go straight to Shelton and not stop here or at Oberlin till after the wedding. I am so sorry that they could not wait till the 16 to 20th of June for the wedding so you could be there too! It is too bad for you to miss it but I don't see how we can help it. If we had only known, you would have preferred to come then rather than Christmas wouldn't you? We do enjoy your letters so much and only wish we were all as voluminous writers to keep you in touch with things at home as well as you do us with things that are your interests.

Now darling daughter, what made you blue and discouraged when you wrote one of your last letters? Was it that the work went so hard or that you are not well; or are you trying to do too much, or was it because we did not send you any letters from home. Do tell me. It made my head ache for you to think of you off there alone from the family so discouraged. I hope you are feeling better now. Do you feel that your osteopathic Dr. has really found the cause of your eye-aches and has she fully set the bone right and cured the trouble? Have you had any eye-aches since your treatment and did you have more than one treatment? How much did she charge you for the treatment. She should have given you the minister's discount as most Dr.'s do to minister's families.

Yesterday it is said we had 5 fires in town. The first was about 5:30 a.m. and burned the inside of Mr. W. S. Johnson's house over near the library. It caught from the heater and was quite as much injured by water as by fire. Partitions had to be chopped into to reach the fire so the house is spoiled inside as well as furniture. The second was Ballard and Clark's store at 6:45 a.m. also caught from stove. More damage done there by water than by fire. Mr. Ballard had been ill almost a week at home in bed and cannot go out now for three days.

You would not know outside that there had been a fire but Uncle Elbert says it was a sight inside from water damage. The third was said to be on Canal St. but don't know what. The fourth was a fire in the woods over by Howard Bradford's house. And when I was coming out of Daughter's Meeting [*probably King's Daughters*] the engine was coming home up Pomfret St. Some said one of the fires was in a cotton mill. But we'll get the facts from the papers. We heard none of the alarms and only one of the "all outs."

At Daughter's meeting yesterday we had a lecture on books by a North Attleboro Librarian, (Mass.) Very good. Miss Keith enjoyed it hugely. Among other things she said that Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. H.B. Stowe's remains lie in a hillside in Andover, Mass. almost forgotten but her greatest book will never be forgotten. Another thing she said was that "The Winning of Barbara Worth" by Harold Bell Wright had the largest first edition of any book ever printed, - any novel at least. The publishers decided to make 175,000 copies as the first edition but orders came in so fast that they decided to make the first editions 500,000 copies. This required two presses running day and night from June to Nov. and required 265 tons of paper. Had they all been shipped at one time it would have required 31 cars carrying 20,000 tons each. 40 people worked for the same amount of time= (day and night from June to Nov.) putting the gold lettering on the covers of the books. "And all this", said she, "from the one brain of one man."! Other points of interest in her lecture were:-

Daniel DeFoe gave the world the first novel of adventure: = "Robinson Crusoe."

Samuel Richardson gave world first novel of sentiment.

Jane Austen first gave the world home pictures i.e. intimate home life. Her home life pictures are very prominent in her works. She is one of the best humorists of today.

The lecturer said she wondered if we knew how many books were published in U.S. each year. Henry Van Dyke gave these figures 3 years ago. There are about 5000 different books published each year. And counting the whole edition of each different book about 5 millions of books are printed each year in the U.S. alone.

Thackeray knew all the dignitaries and crowned heads of his time.

Dicken's characters show all sorts of people. The psychology of the child was never known till Dicken's time. Earlier novels showed children, but they were manikins= (little men). One critic says of Dicken's works, that, there is not a page of all Dicken's writings that a mother need keep from her growing daughter.

She spoke of another book whose title I am not certain I have right but think I have - "The Man Who Was Thursday". She said this book contains the greatest picture of God that there is in literature. A remarkable book. Fiction, of course.

This closed the lecture very appropriately. But I recall one more thing she said which I will add. Margaret Deland is the greatest artist for telling a story without telling it. Helena Richie the character in the "Awakening of Helena Richie" has done more for social purity than any other character in Literature. "The Iron Woman" by same author, M. Deland, she spoke of as being the finest gem of American fiction. Must stop now and get dinner, for children. That reminds me to tell you what we had for refreshments yesterday. Pineapple salad, 2 whole slices, on

lettuce with dressing, a little ball of cottage cheese on the plate beside it with chopped parsley pressed in on top, and nut bread sandwiches, very good. - Well, the dinner is served, Marjorie has been to Ina Aldrich's birthday party. I have been overtown to buy the present, Geraldine has taken her Cello lesson, we have all eaten supper, I have presided at the parent-teacher's meeting all have had a night's sleep, all have gotten up and dressed, some of us have breakfasted, most of us have gone to school and now here I am again to talk to you till the mail man comes. Telephone rings. Short session there, this time.

You asked if it would be proper for you to offer to help Mrs. Beach with sewing for the new baby. Yes, it will be perfectly proper if there is already an understanding that it is generally known that one = baby, is expected, or if she has told you or said anything to you which presupposes that you know it. Probably however, it is self-evident by this time. She probably would not feel selfish about the privilege of outfitting it all with her own hands, especially as it is the second one. That feeling sometimes does possess the mother heart with the first one. As to hemming napkins, as you suggested, I presume she like most women think machine sewing good enough for those and are not as fastidious as your own mama is about those things; in which case she would make short work of hemming 4 or 5 dozen. If however, you see any good opportunity to help, it will be very nice to do so provided you have time. But don't try to do it at the expense of your studies or health. Better buy a little dress or something for a gift, than do that. Is she going to stay at Tank Home for the birth?! She told me about the new comer when I saw her last fall in New Haven as a reason why she would not be ready to go back with us in August which she really wanted to do. I guess that was about as soon as they knew it for sure. She said I was the first one they had told. How do you like Mr. Beach?

Please remember me to them if they are still there and kiss the little girl for me. Also please give Mrs. Garland my very kindest regards and my sincere appreciation of her kind motherly care of you. Assure her I have not forgotten my obligation in correspondence to her and look for an opportunity soon.

What a mountain of work confronts me between now and Aug. 1"! Will you not want your white dress from the aunts made up for Commencement week? If so, send us the fashion sheet with the style marked which one you would like and we'll have it made up. How did your waist fit? Tell me frankly all the misfits about it and we will know then how to use Geraldine as a model for you. If you select a style for your embroidered dress send us also your waist and bust measure. We had your green strip gray flannel waist fixed but the dress maker declared she could not improve it as I wanted her to do altho I know I could have done it had I had time. Geraldine said she knew it would still be too large for you so she said she would wear it and we made up the brown one to send to you. I am sending another thin waist soon which we bought at Providence last week. Geraldine tho't she must have a suit and Dot a coat so we three went. Got a very pretty coat for Dot and Ger. selected a suit at last, - the very last of our time but so late we could not get it fitted so had to leave it and think we will probably go again before Easter. The little girls must have new white dresses. Have you got your new spring hat yet? Tell me what color sweater to get for you? If you see just exactly what suits you there you may get it. If their assortment is small or you want something not seen there I will get it here and send it. Have you been cold this winter without those blankets? Perhaps I had better get them in M. Ward's Spring sale and have them sent direct to Oberlin to be stored for the Summer. - We staid over night at Ella's and went to a Chinese restaurant next noon for lunch. Geraldine and I each bought a new waist. I got Gould's picture of "Lions" framed which Papa sent him from Japan; bought Marj. and Kath. each a school dress; and some "soy" and Chinese candy for our Chinese feast next week to Ger. and Gould's S.S. class. My second cousin, Sumner Kinney [*Sumner Parker Kinney, born July 13, 1880*], died last week in Albany. Uncle Milton [*Milton Horace Kinney, born July 9, 1837*] is reported seriously ill. Did we tell you Mr. Packard had left and Mr. Penny had taken his place?

There is to be a Shakespeare night in the High school Apr. 23" and Geraldine has taken an essay to write which she took at my urging which nearly floors her. But I tho't it would help her so much in her College English essay writing and she would have the honor thrown in. - I tho't the other day it would be nice if you could have your violin out there to practice on for the next 8 weeks so you could get up a little something to play to Papa when he comes. If I send it by parcel post can you get time to practice some? Could you get through Eunice or otherwise the names of some very pretty pieces for Violin and Cello about your grade and practice them sending Ger. her part to practice too?

[*Remaining pages of letter missing.*]

[This letter dated April 9, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. She talks in detail of their trip to the grave of Confucius. They rode in unusual looking chairs, saw beggars, picnicked, and when at the top of the mountain, saw the Mother Temple. She refers to Mary's letter which tells about the Grave of Confucius. On Sunday they returned back to Tungchou to begin school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[April 9, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

Since last Sunday Mary and I have "been, gone, and done it"- a trip down into Shantung to the grave of Confucius. The children went home either on Friday night or the early train on Saturday so that we had the full day for cleaning house. We made good use of the time and got all the rooms, we wished to lock up, in good order. Mary and I got ready to leave early Monday morning. Sunday was a quiet but rather busy day and in the evening we had supper with Mrs. Love (our doctor's wife). Dr. Love had gone to Pei Tai Ho to see about his house up there and his wife was rather lonesome. We left on the 7.30 A.M. train Monday for Techow where the Stanleys and Tuckers of the A.B.C.F.M. are stationed. Mable Galt went with us. We had just time enough both at Peking and Tientsin to catch the train that we had to and it was 7.30 P.M. when we arrived at Techow. We found that Bettine Stille (one of our scholars) and Mr. Evans (a very kind man of Tientsin) were also on the train. He was taking Bettine back with him to his home in Tientsin, where he has a wife and baby. All of us with all our extensive baggage got into a huge two-wheeled cart which had a big straw covering like an old fashioned prairie schooner. It was drawn by two big mules- Tandem. It was rather a jiggly ride since the roads out here are full of ruts and there are no springs to the carts. We got out to the Stanley's so that we had to hurry into our best dresses for a dinner at the Tucker's. There we met a lot of the American Boarders- for it was the time for the "District Meeting" and each station had some of its members present. Out here at such occasions the gentlemen were [wear] their dress suits, or tuxedos and the ladies have on their low necked dresses so that with the pretty colored gowns we look quite festive. It was a lap supper and we had a very good time. I met again several whom I had met just once last year in Peking and it was altogether a most enjoyable occasion. The next morning we had time to talk over school plans for the children there and to see the fine new hospital and schools. The houses are most attractive and when all the buildings are finished they will have quite an imposing compound. We hope two of the children from there will be in our school next year. Mary Helen has been through a very serious illness which will probably mean that she will always be a little lame. She had something the matter with her ankle last year and finally an operation was imperative. They took out some of the bone and since then when she has walked it has been with a brace. She seems perfectly well now and has begun to bear a little weight on that foot.

In the afternoon of Tuesday we took the train at Techow and arrived at Tsinan about 6 P.M. and went directly out to Dr. Johnson's house. It was an hour's ride right through the city. The first part of the way was through the foreignized section, where the buildings were of German architecture and the streets broad and smooth. Then we entered the city gate and rode for more than a half hour over clean streets paved in huge stones probably 15 in. by 18 in. The city impressed every one with its cleanliness. We had to hurry into our evening gowns to be ready for supper. Dr. Johnson about two weeks ago had a slight stroke of paralysis and the family are trying to keep him quiet in order that there may be no return of the trouble. So he [was] off to bed early and the rest of us made sandwiches until nearly 11 o'clock. We had a good half bushel of them when we were finished. Besides these there were three chickens, about fifty crullers, seven or eight thermos bottles of coffee, and a lot of other things in the eating line- enough for sixteen people who expected to be quite famished by noon the next day. We arose rather early Wednesday as we had to dress, eat breakfast and ride for an hour to get a 7.30 A.M. train for Taianfu where we were to climb the sacred mountain. We got off the train about 10.30 A.M. and found Mr. and Mrs. Hanson there to meet us with chairs for climbing the mountain. Mr. Hanson belongs to the Methodist Mission, and being interested, he arranges for the climbing of the mountain. There are no hotels there for foreigners, so he keeps tourists and puts the money he gets into his work. He did not take any money from us for we were a bunch of missionaries- and allies. We started off for the mountain as soon as possible for it is a climb of nearly 6000 ft. We had the funniest looking chairs to travel in but the most commodious and comfortable I ever rode in. They looked like so many crabs as they rested on the ground. The poles were quite short and the seats broad, thereby making the plies far apart. The bottom of the seat was just a netted rope and there was only a serving board for the feet. One is just comfortably doubled up when sitting in the chair. We put cushions and blankets in ad libitum so that we were just as comfortable as we could have been at home by the fireside. As our party marched along it looked like a parade of crabs, for we were carried side ways. As the coolies got weary carrying us on one shoulder they would swing us around so that we faced in exactly the opposite direction. It gave us the chance to view the landscape in all directions and there never was any time lost in making the change- as there always is in the south of China. I never was more pleasantly carried in my life and two men did it except in some of the very steepest places. They certainly

have their work down to the finest science for whenever there was a change in the ascent of the road they fitted themselves to that particular spot- slow if steep, faster if level, going tandem if narrow. The road most of the way is a broad flight of stone steps, with narrow treads and of about seven inches rise. This makes much of the way a steep flight of stairs. Shortly after we got to climbing we went into a temple where we view the leg and arm bones of a mummy who sat for so many years with his legs crossed and his head bowed in contemplation that he died in that posture. He is shown to tourists for a few tinzers. I forgot to tell you that we had not gone more than a five minutes' walk from the station before we met beggars and all the way to the top they were swarming about us. We walked over them (they would duck their heads under our chairs) and at the top of every single flight of steps there was a huge basket hoping for some money. Every little child had been taught his "Cashie, cashie-ba, cashie-ba", so that the wee-est toddlers would hold out their hands and try to say it too. Many of the mothers had their little children quite naked but their plump little bodies belied their words. There were a few old women, and several dressed up as old women. We could easily tell the shams from their agile movements while bumping their heads- kowtowing. One bent over heap of gray hair and rags was a dummy.



Written in album: "A dummy beggar"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Farther up we hear a monotonous rapping off on the mountain side and there peeping out of one of the beggar huts apparently in an inaccessible part of the mountain was a man peering over his stone wall and watching to see if any of his baskets was getting any cash. The whole mountain side was covered with beggar huts and there seemed to be just as many children swarming there as in the streets of any city. The ingenuity of these beggars showed that they had brains if they wished to use them. The children had many attractive faces among them and the women had some good looking faces. - We climbed steadily until after 1 P.M. when we halted about half the way up for lunch. I had had to ride for an hour because I was too hungry to walk. That basket of sandwiches was reduced to its lowest terms when we were through with it and our coffee was gone. We started on and it was after four o'clock when we passed through the middle gate of Heaven and were on the top of the mountain. The last stretch of 800 steps right straight up to the gate. It is dizzying to look down and much too hard to walk up – for some hearts. There are chairs all the way for the last stretch to help weary pilgrims who go up on their knees. We met many coming down, one man carrying his old mother. Dr. Brown (of the New York Union Seminary) and his son were on their way down. It was so cold on the way and up on the top of the mountain that we were glad of all of our extra wraps. The top of the mountain has many temples. We went into only one- called the Mother temple- for that is where the mothers go to pray for children. Farther on we could see a red wall which had been built where there was a precipice, over which devotees had been want to throw themselves. This wall had to be built to stop that. On the very top was a huge boulder that has a reputation of having fallen from heaven. It looks as though it might have fallen from some place and since there is nothing higher that is the Chinese conclusion. There was ice and a little snow on the top of the mountain. On the way up we picked dandelions and I found something that looks a great deal like the Swiss edelweiss. That is found here on some mountains- up in Shansi and up in Mongolia. - Well, we started on and it was just about 7 P.M. when we arrived at Mr. Hanson's, where we were to spend the night. I

dreaded going down those 800 steps for when the plunge was made it was like looking down a precipice. But the coolies are very careful and take no risks. A third coolie walked under my chair and steadied it, and we went down much faster than we could have walked ourselves. The men (of our party) who walked, had actually to run to keep up with the chair bearers and they got pretty tired. When we arrived at Mr. Hanson's we were surprised to find an invitation out to supper with the Browns – a young couple who were on the "S.S. Mongolia" with us. We had a good visit with them and then got back to the Hanson's to get to bed shortly after 10 P.M. The next morning we were to have breakfast at 8 A.M., but it was fully 8.30 before the people got assembled. After breakfast I talked with Mrs. Hanson about school – for she is planning to send three children here for next year. Mary and several others went over to see the Buddhist Hell a Chinese Eden Musee. We reached the station in time to meet the 9.30 A.M. train to go to Chufu where there is a famous Confucian temple and the grave of Confucius. I am going to let Mary in her next letter tell you about the rest of the trip for it makes such a long letter to write- and for you to read- at one time. We have had one of the rare times of our lives and we are both glad that we went even if we are as tired as we can be. For a week we have slept each night in a different bed and not once did we have the proper amount of sleep. The morning we had to get up at 4.30 the coolie made a mistake and woke us at 3.30- and this on top of not having gone to bed until after 11 P.M.

We arrived in Tungchou this noon (Sunday) in a howling dust storm. Now the wind has dropped and I hope we may have a quiet night. My room is nearly buried in Gobi dust.

The Galts went down to Pao-ting-fu for a few days and took all their children except Mable. They had been there but a few days when Dorothy came down with scarlet fever. She is having it very easily but it means quarantine away from home for weeks. Mr. Galt, Lawrence, and the baby came home and Lawrence has it here. It is going to be very hard for them for a month to be so separated. Mable could not go home when she reached here this noon- which was a great disappointment to her. Lawrence is not very sick either.

Well, to-morrow we jump into the traces again by beginning with a big luncheon here for the Mother's Club of Peking which is to have its April meeting here. The children arrive on the afternoon train and then work begins. There will be probably four or five absences and we shall not have Mrs. Galt to help out in the school which will be a big miss for me. She is much needed in helping to run the housekeeping part of the school.

It is two weeks since I've heard from you and I would welcome a letter. We found letters from Miss Palen, and Phebe Kinney here when we arrived to-day.

With all love

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
April 9, 1916.

*[This letter dated **about April 15, 1916** was written by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of riding on a Chinese wheel barrow, visiting the tomb and temple of Confucius and travelling back to Tungchou. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About April 15, 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

When Flora said she had left half of last of week for me to tell about, I resolved to do it at once but I did not you see. We left Tai Yan about 10.00 AM for Chu Fou. The third class car was one with side seats so we spread out our rontans and cots and made ourselves comfortable for the two and one half hour's ride. At Chu Fu Mr. Scott Corbett's man met us- and he arrived in person when we had lunch ready- at the Inn. The Inn was a single large room opening into a court filled with a crowd of curious Chinese. We had two tables and several Chinese stools. We called for hot water and made coffee from the can of "George Washington" Coffee which needs no boiling.

After lunch we chose our vehicles, either a Chinese cart or a wheel barrow, for the four miles across the plain to the city. Mrs. Wolfe and I balanced each other on a wheel barrow and found it very comfortable. We untied the rontans and spread them over the rope bottom then used rugs and pillows to make the bars soft or for backs. Instead of going to a regular Chinese Inn, Mr. Scott piloted us to a private house which was empty- and which he had rented for our use. We entered the gate and passed through a small servant's court into the larger court. At the left was a large building and straight ahead a somewhat smaller one. The large one had three rooms. The middle one contained a long table spread with a white table cloth and spread with afternoon tea. The ones at either side were for the accommodation of the ladies. The other building was for the men. Mr. Corbett had brought

his own three servants and the windows were pasted with fresh paper and the floors were swept clean as a dirt floor can be. It was a hot day and bade fair to be a warm night so Mrs. Wolfe and I decided to sleep in the court. At once all but three of the eight ladies asked to join us and soon the men were putting up cots outside likewise. We ladies, five of us, put our cots rather close together near the home; the men scattered themselves all over the court. Everyone predicted a cold night but I was so warm I had to remove one covering. Certainly, it was a good place to sleep. We were all going to sing after getting into bed but he had one short solo and then a gradual silence.



Written in album: "Miss May Craig and I [*Mary-left*] in wheelbarrow at Tai An station."
[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

The next morning Mrs. Corbett disturbed our slumbers by calling out, "Six o'clock, and time to be astir." I forgot to mention that we had a four course dinner the night before. We had first, cereal, eggs, ham, toast and coffee for breakfast. We put beds together, packed rontans and were off for the tomb of Confucius. The entrance is very impressive with its avenue of cypresses. The grave is very like all other graves of importance, a conical mound some twenty feet high with a tablet and table for sacrifices in front of it. The mound was covered with Dog-toothed Violets all in bloom.

The evening before after tea we went to the temple of Confucius in the city of Chu Fu (the tomb is just outside the walls.) The grave was beautiful. The temples are all attractive. The first one has a row of ten carved marble columns in front of it. The raised court is surrounded by a stone fencing with rounded top posts. Two of the posts near the temple give a ringing sound when struck with the palm of the hand. The guide book says the art of making them do so is a lost one or well kept secret.



Written in album: "At Grave of Confucius"
[Flora is standing, 2nd from right. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The images of Confucius and several of his most noted followers are within with altars for worship. The carvings about the statue of Confucius are wonderful. Each figure holds a plain jade septer in his hands. The story is that it is to hold before his mouth in the presence of a greater God. The head dress is flat with about ten dangles in front and back. They are like strings of beads about half an inch in diameter.

Just as we were leaving the temple we saw a pair of herons building their nest in the top of an old tree. The violets and wild radishes were thick everywhere.

When we left the tomb on Friday we went directly to the station. There was only half an hour before train time so we ate our lunch on the station platform. We called for tea so had the much desired drink.

It was six o'clock when we reached Tsi Nan. Mrs. Ruth Johnson and Mr. Clarke were at the station. Our party of fifteen all got into rickshaws and we went out to the East Suburb via the outside of the city so as to see more of the city. We saw the site of the new Medical College, and of the new University of Shan Tung. We stopped at the Whitenight Institute which is unique out there. Mr. Whitenight has had the Chinese make models of model streets side by side with those of the dirty ones often seen; models of a deforested region and one not deforested; models of street vendors who keep flies off their fruits and foot with a feather duster and one who screens his wares; a model of the long bridge across the Yellow River which had to have it's piles driven into shifting sands; a model of our Capitol at Washington and beneath it one of the Institute for compassion, etc. We saw the work room and a model in the making to show how other trees should be planted when a tree has to be cut. There is a large lecture hall and talks on country and city improvement are given daily from 9-4. Monday is Women's day and no men are allowed in the building. The list of visitors sometimes runs up to 1500 or 2000 a day. The city is the cleanest one I have ridden through and the institute is partly responsible for the part.

Five of us stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Torrance. After dinner the Johnsons and their guests all came over. Mr. Clarke read us a telegram announcing the engagement of Miss Margaret Johnson and Mr. Scott Corbett. It was a happy ending to a happy time but not a surprise to us who had been in the party with them for two days. Mr. J. says it is an "awful disgrace to have two sisters get engaged in leap year."

On Saturday morning the boy made a mistake and called us at 3.30 instead of 4.30. Flora got up and lit the lamp and we had to leave it lit because we had only one match. We were up at 4.30 and breakfasted at 5.00. At 5.30 we were off for the station to catch a 6.30 train. The train pulled in at 7.35 so we left at 8.00. How we wished we had known in time to sleep the extra hour! There was no open third class car so we had to sit in proper seats. Even there we were crowded. One old Chinese had sprawled out over a whole seat. Mr. Spiker asked for half of the seat and the fellow wouldn't move. Finally Mr. S. just pushed aside his things and took the seat after asking him if he had two tickets. The fellow said he had the two tickets and lost face terribly when later the conductor came along and assured us that he did not. We talked, ate fruit, read O'Henry stories and took cat naps all the way up to Tientsin. Mabel Galt rejoined us at TeChu and Mrs. Wolfe left us.

Mable, Flora, and I got off at Tienstin and went out to spend the night with Mr. and Mrs. Chandler. Mrs. C. has been ill all winter and was down to dinner for the first time since before Christmas. On Sunday morning we were up and off for an 8.00 o'clock train to Peking. Mr. Hunter and Mr. Bier had stayed at the Y.M.C.A. so we had them for company also Bettine Stille who had been visiting at the Evan's and took that opportunity to be chaperoned home. We were late reaching Peking so had just time to cross the tracks to our Tungchou train.

On Sunday afternoon Flora wrote to you while I went and had a bath and a three hour nap. My but I felt better after a little sleep!

Monday we were up at 6.45 and busy all morning getting the house cleaned. The Mother's Club was coming down and the lunch and meeting were to be here. The dust storm that had begun on Sunday was still on so a floor was yellow soon after it was mopped. Nevertheless we removed the old dust and dirt and had the satisfaction of knowing that the house had been clean. Only seven of the club came, but we had a good lunch and an interesting meeting.

The children came back on the train that the club ladies had to take back. We began school on Tuesday with seven absent members. The two younger Galt children have scarlet fever. The McCann children and Ursula Wilder were exposed. One boy was out at the Hills and another afraid of the scarlet fever. This week we expect to have back all but the two sick children.

On Friday Flora and I went to Peking to hear the Choral Club render the "Messiah". Mrs. Grant had invited us to attend as her guests. They met us at the train with the automobile and we went out to their home for dinner. We had time for one or two records on the Victrola before dinner and one by Melba afterward. The Messiah was very well done unto a chorus of about 45 voices. The solos and everything were by local talent and except for Miss Tenny of the Legation, and two community people the soloists were from the missionary body. That leaves four missionaries. We got out home at 12.10 and retired hurriedly so as not to have to get undressed in the dark. The alarm went off at 4.45 Saturday morning and we breakfasted at 5.15. At 5.50 we were off for the station to get a 6.20 train back to duties.

Mr. Torrance of Tsi-Nan was up for the concert and came down here for lunch yesterday. He is a very young man but very interesting and much devoted to his work.

I had had word that the Symmond's whom we met at Honolulu would arrive in Peking Thursday evening and had written them. Since I had received no word, I telephoned last night only to find that they had not yet arrived. (Do not we sound grand with a telephone!!!) Major Symmonds has been stationed at Manila for the last eighteen months and is now enroute back to the states. The Army sends a body of inspectors every three months to look over the marine station at Peking and he is one of the body at time. I shall call at the hotel tomorrow, hoping that they arrived last evening.

It is nearly three weeks since we have had a home letter. Since you write of our letters being so irregular, whereas we have written every week; I know it is probably due in part at least to irregular steamers. I long for the old days when the Pacific service had at least a semblance of regularity. Now I get two or three Literary Digests in a bunch after a long season of no papers.

Yesterday I mailed to the Natsmail Cloak and Suit Co. an order for two middys, a waist and a skirt for ordinary wear. The bill was \$6.18 gold and I asked that it be sent to father.

This compound is beautiful these days with a carpet of violets. The children pick them by the dozen bunches and keep all of our shallow dishes filled. The orchard of natural peaches, apricots and cherries is also very gay in white and pink. We have branches of those about also.

Already the time of Will's going home is too near for us to write him again at Foochow. But we will send him letters care of Mrs. Lacy at Shanghai or direct to the steamer as I have saved that date on my calendar.

It is getting nearly nine and tomorrow I have to go to Peking on the early train to do some shopping, meet a lunch engagement, a dentist appointment at 2.00 and look for the Symmond's. Each week seems to bring it's quota of festivities in spite of the regular school life here.

This will reach you just about the date of Ruth's birthday. Many happy returns.

With lots of love
Mary.

[This letter, dated **April 22, 1916**, was written from Foochow, China by Kathleen to her Grandma. She and Marjorie Billing had a flower show for four adults and six children. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
April 22, 1916

Dear Grandma,

April 41 Marjorie Billing and I had a flower show. We put up sings for it. The stage was made of one of Marjories table boards with a rug on it. There was a dolls arch and two still chairs on each side. There was some stairs with a pink ribbon covering them At the head of the stairs there was an arch and at the foot a path of bridle wreath and two arches of the same flower. There were six chairs for the children and four for the grown people. First came the violet with a blue dress and a violet at the back of her head. Then came nasturtian with a pink skrt and nasturtian wrapped around her so you could hardly see her at all. Then came snap-dragon with a pink skrt and a snap dragon skrt and wast. They all spoke pieces and the curtain was closed after every one. After that one daisy then guraniam and then sweed. Then we had tea and went out to play. With love from Kathleen Beard

[This letter dated **April 23, 1916** was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She speaks of finally receiving letters after a three week interval. She expresses concern that Germany is making war inevitable and Yuan Shi Kai's recent deeds. Their trip to Mongolia has been postponed due to rumors of bandits. Instead they will go to Pei Tai Ho and Flora requests that the home folks send her a bathing suit. Willard will be leaving China for the U.S. soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[April 23, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

At last we have received home letters again. It has been more than three weeks between letters- an unusual length of time. You speak of having to wait a long time for some of our letters. We have written every week, so some letters must have been lost or boats must have been few, crossing the Pacific about that time. It has been a winter of waiting and uncertainty and the coming months do not promise anything much better. Yesterday's paper had over a column on the serious situation of U.S. in regard to the war. It looks as if Germany is making it inevitable. I do hope, though, that she will change her mind-even though it is "hoping against hope." This poor old country is certainly in some kind of a struggle, and it is a true Chinese puzzle to us foreigners. Whether it is caused by internal disturbances or whether the Japanese are to blame. Certainly they want to get their hands onto the natural wealth of this great land, and are doing everything they can diplomatically, by force and individually that they can. My faith in Yuan Shih Kai has been seriously shaken by his deeds of the last few months, but since the papers are hinting very broadly of Japanese pressure, I am wondering if Yuan Shih Kai has not done this for the purpose of keeping China in the lime light in order to make the sinister desires of its neighbor harder of achievement and perhaps a failure by prolonging the time until the war is over and then she will no longer dare to do these things. Whatever takes place my faith in the Chinese as a nation is such that I believe they will come out of all this and be one of the greatest nations this world has ever known.

Ruth speaks of asking Phebe to see about a cot bed for me. Please don't bother about it further as I have already purchased a second hand one here. If you have sent it don't worry as there will be plenty of opportunities to sell it. Our trip into Mongolia is off as rumors of bandits have frightened the leaders of the party. It is just put off for a year. We shall go to Pei Tai Ho and have a quiet (?) summer living with Dr. George H. Lowry's people. You should address our letters after the first of June in care of Dr. George H. Lowry, East Cliff, Pei Tai Ho, China. We shall probably be there until the first of September. This will give me time to get our Course of Study finished – which is the next piece of work to be done. Will you get me a bathing-suit, preferable a dark blue. Please get a plain one and not too expensive. I think I would better have one size 44 bust. Send it directly to my Pei Tai Ho address-parcels post. In a few days – when our next check comes, I will send you a draft for fifteen or twenty dollars. It is now a fine time to turn our silver into gold for exchange is away down (or up) and we pay about two for one. It is very bad for our checks in silver since it makes a difference of forty-five dollars a month, on one hundred gold dollars.

Our school is going on as usual, since all the children who got caught in quarantine are back quite well, and the two who have been sick are really well although they have to be isolated for a few weeks yet. We are busy now with preparations for closing the year's work, and planning for next year's increased numbers. We shall probably be half as many more next year. The greatest problem is to get some one to help in the teaching- to take Mr. Johnson's place- as he goes to America for his college course.

To-day is Easter Sunday and it is a truly beautiful day. Yesterday we had a gentle rain all day- the first rain for months- and all nature has taken a bound. The birds are giving us a truly Easter Anthem. Mary has a new Easter bonnet but I don't believe she will wear it to-day as we shall have no opportunity for such a thing. I tried to get one but couldn't find anything to fit, so am going to stick to my old blue one that was never becoming and ought now to be in the scrap heap. It will soon be late enough to wear my white one.

Stanley's note telling of the day came yesterday. It was the only letter in the noon mail- as if its news should be enough to fill the usual mail bag. It did for us.

In a week Will will be leaving Shanghai. I rather expect that he is on the way up from Foochow now, and his last letter said he might leave as early as the 21st. I think he will be glad to have until the 10th to get across the states. Phebe K. is hoping he can stop to see her on his way East. I suppose you have seen her prize "theme." Mrs. Burgess sent us a copy of the Oberlin magazine which had it, and it certainly is fine. Will had not heard of it until we told him. Phebe seems to be supremely happy in her college work.

I am enclosing a subscription blank which I wish you would send on with the price mentioned.

With love-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
Easter Day.

*[This letter dated **April 30, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the Ones at Home. Mary came up with the idea to have a track meet for the students. She is looking forward to playing tennis soon. She and Flora are going to Pei Tai Ho this summer. Willard leaves for the U.S. the next day. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

N.C.A.S.

April 30, 1916.

Dear Ones at Home,

The latest and most exciting event of the week was the arrival of Murray Scott Frame, Jr. last evening at 11:00 P.M. Francis sent around word that she has a little brother this morning before breakfast. He is an 8 pounder and both Mr. and Mrs. Frame are delighted.

On Monday and Tuesday the children played Prisoner's P?? and were getting very tired of it. On Tuesday evening I conceived the idea of an informal Track Meet so wrote off all the interesting events I could think of. Then Mr. Johnson added some more and on Wednesday we began. Our thirteen events lasted until last night and the children were thoroughly interested all the way through. Nearly every child entered every event so we had wide variation in results due to wide differences of age and size. The sack-race, wheelbarrow-race, cracker-race and obstacle race were the most fun. Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Corbett and I were judges and time keepers and scorekeepers. The children played so hard that last night they were more than willing to play quiet games or read by themselves.

The girls have been all winter trying to get some bloomers ready for sports and these events added such zest that all were completed and now before the events closed. Jumping was out of the question without them so they had to get busy or lose the fun.

At last the Tennis courts are ready for use again. The men finished rolling them on Wednesday morning. In the afternoon we ceased our sports that our boys might assist in remarking them for play. Not yet, have I had a game because I could not leave the meet since I was the instigator and wished to inspire the children into a real "sport enthusiasm."

I think I hear Miss Chandler coming in and as she is our guest for lunch I must go down and help play hostess. Miss C. is from India.

6:00 P.M. I did find Mrs. Galt and Miss Chandler downstairs. We had a thoroughly pleasant luncheon hour and then took a trip over our building. Miss C. left soon after 2:30 and I took a nap. I pined so sleepy that I did not get up to finish this letter before service.

Mr. Galt read us some articles by Pres. King of Oberlin on Prayer which were very good. One thing that impressed us was the statement that from both spiritual good it is essential that we have an invisible Father to whom

to pray; that prayer is a state of feeling not the outward expression only. Mr. Frame was at church and just bubbles with joy over his son. Francis cries over him if he moves or utters a sound.

Flora and I do not want any cot beds as we have found one already out here. The crepe came and I do like it very much. Her waist is a beauty. Since we are to be at Pei Tai Ho I'm planning to make by hand there. The nightgowns I shall have the amah make as she has time. Flora and I have had our last year's tailor down. He made me a khaki walking skirt and a white dress which I bought last year besides fixing a linen skirt which Mrs. Burgess sent out last winter. Flora had a white linen dress and that lavender one you gave her, Mother made up.

I think the bill Ruth sent is all right and enclose a draft for \$40 gold which I purchased two weeks ago. This is a good time to buy gold because exchange is so very low- only \$80.77 for a \$40 draft. It means too that our monthly check is \$100 now where it used to be \$120 or \$125. My bank account grows fat more slowly.

I certainly do not like to think of our Shelton church without Dr. Lathrop as pastor. We of the N.C.A.S. will always have occasion to think of them as we use our tea spoons.- Your "Family" are good to send us so much of the silver. We need it and will be most grateful for the gift. The patterns are most pleasing. Flora has chosen the ones we like best and will send the order soon.

Flora says send the linen if you have purchased it. If not purchased, she will send direct to Ireland as she finds she can get linen toweling there.

Don't worry about my health. I am all O.K. now and have been ever since I took a week off to get rested. Tomorrow I go to the dentist for the last time. He has filled five teeth and tomorrow cleans my teeth and polished the new fillings.

We have decided to give parts from Hiawatha for our closing day. Flora is dramatizing it. The little children take the first scenes and the big ones the later years. We have planned to use every child. Three leave before the end of the term so do not count. The little ones have two songs and the older ones one then there is a song for the whole school.

Tomorrow Will sails for America. The wedding is only a little over a month off. I want to be there. Phebe writes that the dress was to be started and that the shopping had begun in real earnest.

The Sentinels came, telling of Dr. Lathrop's resignation etc. Has any one been taken to find a successor? There is but little time to do anything before he has to go to his new parish.

Today Mr. Biggin (Eng. Pres.) said that one of the country pastors in his prayer reminded the Lord that he had already prayed three times for rain and that it has not come yet. We had our hopes high yesterday but got a dust storm instead, with just a few dashes of rain. The sky is still overcast so it may some yet.

Remember we want to know just what each of you wear at the wedding and all details of every sort.

Lots of love

Mary Beard.

*[This letter probably dated **May 1916** was written by Ellen from Putnam, CT to her daughter, Phebe Kinney Beard. Phebe has been depressed and Ellen is trying to help her and gives her some advice. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Probably May 1916]

[Beginning of letter missing.]

Yes it was Mary Wright's father who died. He has been failing for a year and more. Kidney trouble. Knew he could not get better for 3 mos. before he died. Confined to bed at least 3 ½ weeks. Don't worry about visiting much for me to answer for I shall not be able to write advice on immediate doings much longer so give me the privilege as long as I can.

And what shall I say if your letter of Mar 26 – Apr. 30? I am so glad you wrote me so fully all about your feelings and experiences. And how I wish I could have been there to put my arms about you and comfort you in your time of depression. But some how I feel that the awakening experience was away beyond human touch or power of sympathy, even a mother's and in your soul was then working a power that is closer than a mother mightier than a father, "nearer to us than breathing, closer than hands and feet. What you strove with only One could know; what you needed only that One could give. I rejoice that you feel so free and can rest nights after your "awakening" and I hope you will never get into so depressed a state again. Do you not think it was slightly homesickness? Do you think it would have come on if you had staid on there rather than coming home at Christmas time? Do you feel that you fully understand the causes of it? Well you need not answer these questions till I see you but they come to my mind as I contemplate it. But this one thing dismiss from your mind,- that "nobody really likes to have you around." That I am sure is all imagination which can run wild when you are tired and nervous and

are taking notice of slights or harbor jealousy in your breast. I do hope you will not do too much through the rest of the term and get nervous again. I think you were trying to attend too many meetings etc. But we will have a good talk with you this summer and try to help you straighten out anything that still is not all right in your mind. I think your experience will help the other children in their new experience next year altho none of them are of your sensitive, ultra –conscientious type or temperament and might never have such an experience. However it is a lesson to me as to how better to fortify them against the temptations they must meet and least suspect now. I hope you are well, contented, peaceful, restful day and night and confident in your power through the Holy Spirits influence.

With the warmest most sympathetic love of a mother heart, to a good and noble and loyal daughter, affectionately, Mother.

*[This letter dated **May 8 and 12, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. In the past week they have had deaths and illnesses while at the same time entertain foreigners coming to Tungchou for the sports meet of the Chinese Colleges in Peking. Flora thanks them for wanting to purchase silverware for the school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[May 8 and 12, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

This past week has been one of lights and shadows following each other so fast that it has left us just used up. A week ago Sunday every one was rejoicing with the Frames over the advent of their little son, a fine 8 lb. baby. At the same time we were extremely anxious for little Helen Martin of Peking who had scarlet fever with a temperature of over 105 degrees and a pulse of over 140. That fever raged at that rate for four days before it could be lowered then it developed into diphtheria. The antitoxin brought it down and we began to hope. By that time the little Frame boy developed trouble and on Thursday night his heart stopped. It has not been strong enough to keep him here. The funeral was Friday afternoon. Here the people have to attend to the making and covering the coffins and it has to be done quickly. The next day was the “Triangular Meet” of the three Chinese Colleges of Peking. This meant that about sixty people (foreigners) would have to be entertained here by the foreign community. The train comes so early that it means a breakfast and a tiffin. We had to have all preparations made the day before. We had Mr. and Mrs. Pierle of Ching Hua College (The Indemnity College). They brought their little daughters one of three years and the other two and a half months old. The baby is a darling. - The morning started for a beautiful day with the sun not shining with full intensity but as the day wore on a dust storm (the worst of the season) developed, which whipped our vines and other vegetation terribly and made some of the sports next to impossible. They were so much delayed that the managers of the event telegraphed to Peking and had the evening train held for half an hour. There were over a hundred people (Chinese) here so it payed well. Even there the sports were not finished, so that the teams had to stay here over night. We had two stormstayed foreigners spending the night with us. We got up early that morning and had school begin at 8 A.M. in order that the children might see the “Meet.” They enjoyed it – but you should have seen people’s faces! They were so dirty that it took at least three washings to get them clean. - That day word was brought from Peking by Dr. Wilder that Miss Reed (the young lady who was planning our trip into Mongolia) could not live, since she had *erysipelas* [erysipelas?] and it had developed into Cerebro [Cerebral?] spinal- meningitis. On Sunday we heard of her death. On Monday morning came word of Helen Martins departure too. The two funerals were held on Monday. The Martins I think have been so terribly afflicted. Mrs. Martin has a little two months old baby boy who has been the one bright part of the house. A little over a month ago Helen took the measles though she had had them once, then Lyman came down with the scarlet fever and he has had a stiff case of it, then little Gertrude Rose was taken with swollen glands, and last Saturday she had an operation for them. Helen has been such a terrible little sufferer that it has taken her father and two trained nurses all the time and Dr. Ingram had to quarantine himself from his family and two or three nights spent the whole time at her bedside. Mr. Martin collapsed from exhaustion and the whole family are simply worn out. Mrs. Martin could not go near Helen because of her little nursing baby and the anxiety has been almost beyond endurance. Right in the midst of all this came the college sports and since Tungchou carried off both cups we had to return from the funerals and rejoice with them. To-day we are back in our natural places but we have not yet gotten to feeling natural.

Yesterday word came from Mrs. Selah Blakeman that the Kellogg Relief Corps was sending us two flags for which we are duly thankful and will write as soon as they get here.

I think it is a lovely gift for you people to give the silver for the school. The illustrated cataloge came a few days ago and I looked over the cuts you had given the prices to. I did not know whether you intended me to

make a choice or not but I have made out a list of the ones which seem to fit best with the heterogenous lot of table silver that the children bring. My own silver has been in this year for use because I did not wish to get things in a hurry. You will notice that I have added to the list two butter knives and two carving sets. Please charge the amount of these to me and I will let the house here pay for them- unless you find some one else wanting to help us out. I thought one steel would be enough but if they insist upon not breaking the set let the two be included.

I am also including the little tag from my summer underwear that I have ever had- thin and good fit. If I can get them duplicated I should be very happy. I think the union suits were \$1.25 or \$1.50 each. I want four new union suits.

Mary and I are planning to send a money order to you as soon as possible-especially while exchange is as it is. It is very bad for us since it is \$40 a month less than it was in the winter. We are getting just \$2 for \$1, but it is just the time to be sending money home.

We have only a month more of school and we shall both be glad to have this first year done. It has been a very strenuous one but has been so full of so many unexpected helps that it is closing successfully and with a brighter outlook for next year.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Monday and Friday,
May 8 and 12, 1916
Congratulations to Ruth.

*[This letter dated **May 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the Ones at Home. The students will be performing Hiawatha for closing services. Flora and Mary are feeling the slump in the value of gold. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[May 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

We have had a real summer week with the temperature way up in the 90's. The dryness of the atmosphere makes it possible to keep fairly comfortable by drinking lots of water. Yesterday it cooled off beautifully and we got a little shower. We all keep perfectly well so have no complaint even against weather.

Already I have started my children on practice for our Hiawatha play the last day of school. The girls are having a tennis tournament while the boys are practicing for an athletic meet with the academy boys on the 25th and 26th. This will be an eventful month because the children are working on their first debate, to be given May 24th. They are intensely interested in it and we are giving them part of the English time for preparation.

The goods for the other two shirtwaists came last Monday- also- a pencil sharpener from Stanley. I hope that the children will bring the birthday presents tomorrow. When there is no duty packages are generally delivered to the American Board Compound and we get them much more quickly than by waiting to call for them. I am saving my waists to make this summer. At Pei Tai Ho I shall want some task to do regularly and I do not suppose that Mrs. Lowry will let me look after fruit as Willard did last summer. It was enough to feel the weight of. I can not imagine two whole months without a single really useful thing to do.

Already we are having radishes from our own garden in such abundance that we are giving to the other families. We have eaten much from their lettuce and it is nice to have a chance to return a little of the favor.

Monday A.M. Last night we had Mrs. McCann and the two children and Mr. Woodall over for supper. Ruth McCann went over to the Galt's and put the children to bed and we talked and visited until nearly ten. The slump in the value of gold is so great that we may not get the third McCann child next year. Twenty to thirty dollars on every hundred certainly makes a hole in ones spending funds.

I have just been cutting out some nightgowns from the crepe you sent me. The amah will make them as she has opportunity. I plan to save washing bills by wearing ripe[?]over at the shore. Please do not worry about me. My letters surely have shown a good amount of health and energy. I weigh more than I usually do at this season (I have not lost at all) and thoroughly enjoy an hour of tennis or a walk of two or three miles nearly every afternoon.

An embroidery and drawn work man was along this morning. His linen was all so coarse or spotted that I did not indulge. Would you people use a pongee or old embroidered silk cover for your dining table when unset? I will get one and send it if you will put it into use. They are not expensive. The man had a very good pongee cover about 7 feet square for only \$6.80. The children play near the mote. They went bare legged but wore shoes. Now they are washing their feet to redress them for lunch. They are great youngsters! As usual, Muriel returns spotless; Pauline splashed with mud from head to foot and underclothes too; Adelaide and Ruth mussed and disheveled but

not very muddy. The children are quite won on the play thing question. One little girl broke the two dolls of the other two some months ago. Yesterday one of the latter two left the teddy bear of the first at the mote. It was tragic to have them return from their search with only a torn ear of teddy.

We are having regular white snow storms of the seeds from the Wilton trees or brown ones from the elm seeds. The former fly in the windows and roll about the floor in soft balls in a most interesting manner. Just try blowing the enclosed fuzz and see!

Please tell Phebe that I brought Will's photo book at Seeley's Book Store, Alton, Illinois. I tried to get another like it and they had it not but could have gotten me the extra leaves. Will can tell her probably what stamp is in the book and the leaves can be gotten direct from the firm.

Flora is still waiting to hear from Dr. Porter. There has been no word since Honolulu.

Tell Willard that we received his letters from Shanghai also from Nagasaki. I hope he got time at Yokahama. I sent it as a ?? to him at the steamer.

With lots of love,

Mary.

*[This letter dated **May 22, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. Two of their students had to live in a tent for three weeks because of being quarantined for scarlet fever. They had a visit from Dr. and Mrs. Reinsch and daughter, Claire and they invited the rest of the compound in to meet them and have tea. Dr. Arthur Smith came to the tea, also. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[May 22, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

The events of the week have been few for Tungchou. We have again our full number of children in school, for the Galts got out of quarantine for scarlet fever- on Thursday. The two children have been living in a tent for nearly three weeks and have been perfectly well so that we have seen them- at a proper distance-every day. Every one was glad to have them back again.

On Saturday we had a long promised visit from Mrs. Reinsch and Claire, and we were most agreeably surprised to have Dr. Reinsch come, too. I had not thought that he would wish to take the time to come, but he seemed to enjoy the afternoon as much as any one. Our cook gave us the ordinary lunch- which he had already begun before the telephone message reached me. We had soup, beef loaf, browned potatoes (baked with the beef), new peas, our own lettuce, fresh white and fresh graham bread, and cherry pie. I did not change his plans, for it was as good as we could do. In the afternoon, we invited in the compound to meet Dr. and Mrs. Reinsch, and to have tea with us. The High School girls took the viands into their hands and served tea daintily enough for any one. They even went downstairs and cut and put together the sandwiches. One girl poured coffee and another took care of the tea-ball and every body had a good time. Dr. Arthur Smith came, too, and was full of his fun as usual. When he is in the spirit for it he can give others about as much fun to the square minute as I ever heard any one do. His wit is spontaneous and volumes of it, or else he is as quiet as a mouse.

To-day I received a letter from Dr. Katherine Porter, who Phebe and Ruth will remember in Orange, saying she is in Shanghai and will be here sometime early in June. She is going to spend the summer at Pei Tai Ho with us at Dr. Lowry's. She is looking for some work to do here in Peking and he hope she may find her wished-for-spot in the American Board work in Peking.

Your letter came telling of the silver already purchased, so do not pay any attention to my little slip except to include the butter knives and the carving sets if it is possible. I think the plan to send them out by Will is a good one for he most likely will meet some one coming to North China who would be glad to bring everything right here. With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou
May 22, 1916.

Will you please put into the parcel you are sending by Will some lettuce and radish seeds. If you can get the curly brown lettuce I'd like it and please send a lot of radish seeds for we are to have a cold frame for the winter and we want to have lettuce and radishes all winter. - F.B.

Put the bill of these seed on my account, F.B.

*[This letter dated **May 25, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the folks at home. She tells of the college bowl that was held that week and a boys track meet. Mary is looking forward to hearing about brother, Stanley's wedding. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

N.C.A.S.
May 25, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

This has been a full week. On Monday the children arrived as usual and went to the college bowl for practice enroute from the station. On Tuesday and Wednesday Mr. Johnson and I watched the debating teams. On Wednesday afternoon at 5.30 we all went, arrayed in clean apparel, over to the college for a musical. The college glee club sang also a college chorus; the boy's school, the girl's school and our children also sang. The glee club sang very well, the chorus were discordantly funny, the boy's school bellowed, the girl's school did nicely and our children sang sweetly a tune. As 5.30 means anytime before six we began some after 5.45, so it was after 6.30 when we reached home and dinner was late. Our debate was to be at 7.30 but we were late too. The children did very well. Mable Galt was the star both in the delivery of her prepared speech and in her rebuttal- and to her is the glory that her side won. The boys, her team, did very well. Paul forgot and knew enough to omit the *[unreadable word]* and take the next point. Then he started at lightning speed and made up time.

On Thursday afternoon the boys started the track meet with the boy's school. The events began at 4.00 and we were home by six. The Chinese boys had 21 points and our boys 15. Not a bad record when one considers that they had eleven boys and we only four. The sports were to continue on Friday but a bad dust storm blew up in the forenoon and one of our boys developed a light case of grippe so we asked for a postponement. The Committees met yesterday and agreed on this Thursday afternoon.

Since we could not have a meet on Friday we had a meeting of the Athletic Association and elected officers for next year and finished up the business of this year.

I ran over to call on Mrs. Frame for a few minutes and had to rush back to dress. We got down to the dining room and lo!! empty tables and no food in sight. We retired to the sitting room for our picnic supper in honor of another milestone for me *[Mary's 34th birthday- May 26th]*. We had a good time.

We had invited Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard and Mrs. Gould down for Saturday afternoon. Flora has all the children for music the last half hour so Mr. Johnson and I went to the station to meet our guests. The Corbett's had guests arriving by the same train so Mr. Corbett and Hunter were down at the station too. We were late in having lunch and it was nearly two when we reopened school. We closed at the usual time nevertheless because we had invited the adults to the station in to meet our guests and had to get ready. The girls are our hostesses and prepare the sandwiches, cut the cake, make and pour tea and coffee and pass everything. This time I sat and had a fine visit with Mr. Gliystone who was guest of the Corbetts. We shall probably see Mrs. Gliystone and the children at Pei Tai Ho this summer as they will be there all summer. We came out on the steamer with them two years ago. At five we all went to the station and bade goodby to guests and Peking children.

The roses are getting beautiful. The girls gathered pink and yellow ones for the tables yesterday and our dining room looked very well indeed.

The flags came last Saturday night and we had great fun opening them up over at Mrs. Wickes! On Tuesday we saluted the small one. On this Tuesday we celebrate a regular Memorial Day and dedicate both flags to the use of the school. Dr. Smith, and Dr. Galt are to assist and we invite all of the compound over. In the afternoon we are going in a body over to place flowers on Dr. Sheffield's grave and perhaps on the others there too.

The names of our cook and the substitute boy his brother show a very peculiar Chinese custom. The cook is "son-two" because he is the second son. When we asked the name of his brother he gave "son-three". Apparently these are the only names they have.

The wind is still raging. It died for awhile yesterday morning then came up strong about ten and blew furiously all day. Last night it blew our windows shut (they open outward on hinges) and I could feel my bed rock. It seemed as though the whole house rocked. It has blown all day today. There seems to be no dust from Gobi today but yesterday afternoon the upper air was yellow.

It will not be long before we will be getting letters telling of the final preparations for the wedding and then about the wedding itself. Two weeks from yesterday! If my air ship comes along, I will not wait for even a clean handkerchief but I will start at once. That reminds me of Mrs. Gould who was of a mind to motor down here yesterday. How we laughed at her! Flora and I are planning to go to Peking tomorrow morning and back at noon for a farewell luncheon to Mrs. Sheffield, Mrs. Stille and Mrs. Corbett.

Lots of love

Mary.

*[This letter dated **June 6, 1916** was written from Putnam, Conn. by Willard to his mother and the Ones at Century Farm. Willard is in the U.S. and writes of his plans to travel to Shelton for brother Stanley's wedding. Ellen and the children will ride to Shelton in Ellen's brother's car. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

36 Center Street, Putnam, Conn.
Foochow, China June 6 1916

Dear Mother and all the dear Ones at Century Farm:-

It looks now as if the whole family would come down for the wedding. I plan to reach New Haven at 1:32 p.m. Thursday. This is starting on the 10:33 a.m. from Putnam and going via Willimantic and Middletown. Then I shall likely take the trolley to Shelton and go to Ben's office, and telephone you unless Ben brings me down. I want to get down in time to feel at ease about making all the arrangements for the wedding. I hope Dektor will have a pair of shoes for me. I plan to go to Boston tomorrow and among other things or errands get a Prince Albert coat.

To day I have been down to Norwich to speak at the Eastern Com. Woman's For. Miss'y. Branch meeting. Mr. Kenneston was at the station and as I had to go in the morning and arrive at 10:30 and as my part did not come till 2 p.m. he drove me way over to Willimantic between 10:30 and 12:30. I saw many acquaintances. Mr. K told me the people of Shelton wanted me to occupy the pulpit two Sundays- possibly in July. I shall try to do this.

From the wedding Ellen and I go to Oberlin. We want to be there Tuesday morning and come away Wed. evening.

Elbert will bring Ellen and the children down in the Auto. I am not sure yet whether they will come Fri. p.m. or Sat. a.m. I will let you know when I come. We can also plan about where Ellen and I will spend Sunday so as to be handiest to start for Oberlin- whether at Shelton or Bridgeport. I have no engagement for Sunday the 11th.

This is I see a business letter, but I can tell the other things when I see you face to face.

With love
Will.

*[This letter dated **June 8, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. The week has been very hot but rain finally came and has cooled the air. They are hoping for good weather to perform Hiawatha on their outdoor stage. China's president, Yuan Shi Kai has died and she relates the events in China to a Shakespearean tragedy. Flora feels that China will come out of the current political and financial chaos closer to its ideal of government. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou, Jun. 8, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

Last week was so terrifically hot that about all we did was to "keep" school. It seemed to me that it would be impossible to get ready for our "closing day" on the 15th, or that anyone would want to come. The thermometer stood 100 degrees in the house and some said it was 130 in the sun. It was so dry that it seemed as if we should parch. Then, too, there are no screens on two of the floors of our building and the flies were beyond endurance. On Sunday I tried to write and gave it up. For the first time in weeks clouds appeared in the sky on Sunday afternoon and just as we were ready to go to church at five minutes to five great drops began to fall and a deluge was upon us. We had to stay at home but we were sincerely grateful for the rain. It broke the heat and the drouth so that since then we have been having as delightful June weather as we ever experience in America. We have our stage up out of doors and are practicing each day on our Hiawatha. A week from to-day we give it. We hope this beautiful weather will last till after school is closed, especially since Dr. Love goes to Pei Tai Ho this week and we shall be in the care of his Chinese doctor.

I am expecting Dr. Katherine Porter to arrive sometime this week or next. She is in Nanking now and I am wondering if affairs in Peking are being so reported down there that she will not dare to come further. She said reports in Japan of the state of this country were so serious that her traveling companion did not dare to come to China.

Yesterday's papers were full of Yuan Shih Kai's death- and life. It certainly is most interesting to be here on the spot and live through these tremendously grave events and see how this people come out of such impossible (for any other country) situations, and go on with their life and government again. It is more like a Shakespearian tragedy than real life, though, for the events are too appropriately placed to make one confident that they are natural.

I wonder what reports you are reading about these days. Everything is very quiet, though there has been a tense atmosphere for some days. Money matters have been almost at a collapse, but Yuan Shi Kai's death on the last day of the truce between the South and the North has cleared the atmosphere remarkable. We hope exchange will right itself now and the financial status get to a state to be trusted again.

Mrs. Corbett was in Peking yesterday and spoke of the extra amount of soldiers patrolling the city- all with black bands on their coat sleeves. All were disarmed. This was to prevent looting. Everything otherwise was as usual. The Legations sent word to their nationals of the death of Yuan Shih Kai, but Dr. Reinsch said he was not expecting any trouble. This did not prevent him from supplying Tungchou with rockets and a code of signals. We have slept soundly these two nights and pursued our daily tasks as usual, besides been busily planning for the future. Rumors keep our eyes open but do not stop our plans or work. Every one thinks now that Yuan Shih Kai's death will relieve the situation and unite China again for each province has been careful in wording its declaration of independence to say freedom from Yuan Shih Kai's government and not the Chinese Republic. The South has declared itself loyal to the Vice President Li Yuan-hung, and now will come the test of their sincerity. I have confidence enough in this nation to believe it will emerge from this chaos nearer its ideal of government than it has been in the past. The Vice President is a man who has stood firmly for the republic and resigned rather than go in for the monarchical scheme, and, when Yuan Shih Kai tried to give him a title refused it. We are more hopeful than we have been for months, but the task is tremendous and the enemies, and intrigues un-countable.

I do hope you people can meet and know the Corbett's while they are at home. Mrs. Corbett's father is the Secretary of the society that publishes the Sailor's Magazine that we used to lend to Eugene Crofut. He is a retired New York minister. His name is Webster. The Corbett's are going to be in New York City for the winter. They are going straight to Cape Cod where the Webster's spend the summer. Mrs. Corbett is going to have a sale of Chinese Curios, the proceeds to go for our piano. If the receipts are not enough, do you think Dr. Shelton and some of the other people of Shelton and vicinity would be willing to add a few dollars?

Our flags came and we had a most interesting Memorial Day celebration and flag raising. Dr. A.H. Smith is a veteran and Dr. Sheffield's grave gave a veteran's grave to decorate. Dr. Smith gave us a most interesting and enlightening talk.
Lovingly- F. Beard.



Written in album: "May 30, 1916. Our new Flag."

[The lady in the white dress with her back to us is probably Flora. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Stanley Beard and Myra Palmer were married June 10, 1916.



Stanley Beard and Myra Palmer Beard

Written on back: "Aunt Myra and Uncle Stanley at 50th wedding anniversary celebration. 1966"
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **June 11, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. School is coming to an end for the year and they are having rehearsals for the play (Hiawatha). She feels that the government seems more stable now and since Yuan died and the new President installed, there has been no obvious problems. Many of the foreigners have started their summer trek for Pei Tai Ho. The Germans in Peking had a celebration over a naval victory and caused a fire. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

N.C.A.S.

June 11, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

This is our last Sunday of school. I gave my last examinations yesterday but I still have a few classes to meet to finish up translations, etc. Every afternoon we are having rehearsals and I have had special rehearsals with the ones who need extra drill. We plan for dress rehearsal on Tuesday, extra practice on Wednesday and the play [*Hiawatha*] on Thursday. The men came last Tuesday and put up the mat stage and dressing rooms, so we have had them for practicing. So far things have gone well.

The Presidency has changed hands without any outward disturbance. It is almost pathetic to hear the open expression of joy over the death of Pres. Yuan. At then the morning after he died the new President was formally installed. The soldiers in Peking had been disarmed even before Yuan was gone to forestall looting and none has been done. We were given rockets to send up if they were needed but we slept serenely through the night. One Legation started to sandbag the entrance but the act caused such excitement that they desisted. The others kept careful watch, and the French called their Tientsin troops to Peking. All of the anxiety was for naught. Instead of trouble anew, the old troubles vanished and the government seems more stable than at any time since Yuan accepted the name of Emperor.

This week started, or rather continued the summer exodus from Tungchou. Dr. Smith went two weeks ago to the Western Hills. This last Friday Dr. Love and family and the Frame family left for Pei Tai Ho. The rest of us will be here until near July first. The college and boy's schools do not close until next week.

The boys and Mr. Johnson went over to the mote last evening and went frogging. They caught eleven good sized ones and today thirteen of us feasted (?) off their twenty-two legs. Fortunately it is the day we have waffles for dessert so we do not mind if the meat course is a little scanty. Tonight we have one last birthday celebration. The youngest of the children is eight today.

On Wednesday evening we had a "Compound supper" on the Galt's lawn. It was in honor of the Corbett's who go home this summer for furlough. We had an awfully good supper and some good fun afterward. The children got holly hock blossoms, tore off the petals, split them at the base and stuck them on their faces. They made very grotesque figures into red pink and white appendages in such unusual places.

Yesterday we sent you a telegram. It was greetings to Myra and Stanley and I hope it arrived all safely before the appointed hour. We had a great time figuring out when best to send it so as to have it surely arrive on Saturday morning, not before or after.

On Thursday evening we had Mr. and Mrs. Frame over for super. It is the first time they have been over this year. We are going to be near the Loves and Frames this summer and I am glad for I like them both very much.

We hear that the Burgesses do not return until January instead of in the Fall as originally planned. The Porters return here, leaving San Francisco August 1st. Mrs. Wicke's mother is coming with them for a visit of a year probably. She has no father and her younger brother is just out of college and in business so does not especially need her now.

I have been trying to get to Peking to the bank for another draft now while exchange is so far down but Monday's all seem to be holidays. If you are seeking a snap job as far as holidays are concerned, go into the banking business out here. There being English, American, Japanese, Russian, Japanese, French, and Chinese banks; and all having to close as the same time. They get all the national holidays of all the nations.

The Germans in Peking had a big celebration over the naval victory last week and in the fray started a fire that destroyed the mess home, the barracks and got within a dangerously close distance of the powder magazine. Are all the late conflicting reports only an attempt to keep up courage, I wonder? There still seems to be some doubt as to whether Lord Ritchensen is dead or alive.

I did not realize until I looked on my calendar just now, how close Stanley's wedding day falls to Oliver's. I wonder if this letter will find Willard still with you. I have a feeling of a neglected letter occasionally when I think of him. But I know he gets ones from you. If he lets us know we can greet him along the return route with letters. The last word we had was from Yokahama.

Sunday PM Late this afternoon the man from the telegraph office came out for some further directions about our cablegram. We told him it was too late and to please bring back the money. I am awfully sorry because I wanted our little say at the wedding.

Today my Sunday School class finished to study of the Life of Christ. We have decided to take up the Life of Paul next year. I think we will find it interesting. I have to keep busy to keep up with these children who know their Bible like the A.B.C.s.

I think I wrote a thank you for the linens and the towelling. I do like them all.

With lots of love to every one of you.

Mary

Entertainment of the North China American School.
3:15 P.M., June 15, 1916.

Program

Hiawatha - - Cast.

Hiawatha's Childhood
Introducers Dorothy Galt
Lawrence Galt.
Gitchie Manito - Mable Galt.
Nokomis * Delnoce Grant.
Hiawatha - Alfred Corbett.
Iagoo - Ursula Wilder.
Robin - Pauline Ramsay.
Bluebird - Muriel Ramsay.
Squirrel - Adelaide Hemingway.
Rabbit - Charles Lane.
Deer - James Miller.

I. Songs - Bed in Summer Nevin.
The Woodpecker
Primary Class.

II. **Hiawatha's Childhood.**
Piano solo - To a Wild Rose-McDowell.
Mrs. C. H. Corbett.
Scene 1. Introduction and Peace Pipe.
Scene 2. Hiawatha's Childhood.
Piano Solo - Indian Lodge - McDowell.
Mrs. C. H. Corbett.

III. Song - Eventide- MSczkowski. North China American School.

Hiawath's Manhood
Hiawatha - William Fenn.
Mudjikeewis - Robert McCann.
Mondamin - Mr. Johnson.
Minnehaha * Isabel Ingham
Arrow Maker - Charles Childress.
Chi biabos - Paul Miller.
Ghosts Fever and Ruth McCann.
Famine Irma Lowry.
White Man - Robert McCann.

Hiawatha's Manhood.
Scene 1. Hiawatha and Mudjikeewis.
Scene 2. Hiawatha's Fasting.
Scene 3. Hiawatha's Wooing.
Scene 4. Hiawatha's Wedding-feast.
Song- from the Land of the Sky Blue
Water -- Cadman.
Scene 5. Picture Writing.
Scene 6. The Ghosts and the Famine.
Scene 7. The White Man's Foot and
Hiawatha's Departure.



Written in album: "Hiawatha - June 15, 1916."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **June 19, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They had their end of the year program of Hiawatha then all the children were packed up and their parents took them home for the

summer. Flora and Mary had a house party of fourteen for the weekend after school let out. Flora tells about a mix up with a telegram that they had sent to Stanley and Myra on their wedding day. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[June 19, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

This is in between things, on Monday – and I should have written yesterday. School is over and all the children have gone home- all went last Thursday right after the exercises.

We certainly had a most successful “wind up” of our school year. The children kept well to the very end and we sent every child home in better condition than they came to us. Our closing day was a beautiful June day- as fine as America could furnish. We had had a rain the day before so there was no dust, and earth and sky were as clean as bright as nature could make. Sixty people came down from Peking with their baskets for lunch and picnicked in the shade of the trees on Mrs. Wicke’s lawn. We furnished drinks and ice-cream for the crowd. At three o’clock we started with our program and were through at 4.20 P.M. That gave just time enough for the children to get their costumes changed for the 5.20 P.M. train. It was quite a sight getting the trunks and bundles off to the train. Most of the fathers and mothers were here to see to the final departure, so that burden was spared us. The children did well in their presentation of Hiawatha. Will will be interested to know that Dr. Cooper was one of the sixty from Peking. Dr. Porter surprised me by coming down with them, too. She had just arrived the night before. To-day, I got word that Miss Bement and Miss Funk are on their way to Japan via Peking and Pei Tai Ho. They are coming out here for the day next week. We hope to get off for Pei Tai Ho by the 1st of July.

This morning we went down to the train to see our dozen guests off to Peking. We had a house party of fourteen of us over the week end and I think every one had a good time- even if we were rather quiet- as Sunday should be observed. The nucleus of the party were the people who went down into Shantung with us at Easter time, but we added to it Mr. and Mrs. Price of the Legation and Dr. Porter.- At 4 o’clock this afternoon, I have invited in the ladies of the compound to tea with us to meet Dr. Porter. It is sort of getting the tables turned for I have just put her to bed with a mustard plaster over a sore spot in her back. She caught a bad cold in Shanghai and has a persistent cough with this queer place. I hope the plaster will ease the trouble. I think she has been travelling a little to strenuously. It will do her good to get to Pei Tai Ho where she can sleep in the same bed two continuous nights.

I shall have to write you of a great disappointment to Mary and me. We had planned to cable to Stanley and Myra on June 10th and send the message in plenty of time to reach them by noon. The next day after I had sent it, the man came back to ask in what state Derby was. All the data he could possibly need, I had taken the precaution to write on a separate paper and pinned the two to-gether. It was so late then that I recalled the message and so Mary and I will invest the amount into something and send it home later. Perhaps in the end they’ll be just as glad, though we meant to have been there at the time. We shall be so glad to hear all about it. The invitations arrived on Monday- only two days late. I call that pretty good time from America.

Applications are coming in for next year’s scholars so that we shall have nearly thirty boarders. Did I tell you that Leander Lovell is one of them? He is the son of the Lovell who is a relative of the Gilberts in Plainfield, New Jersey.

With love to all-
Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
June 19, 1916.

A program of the Class Day Exercises in the High School Hall and dated June 21, 1916, shows Gould Beard presenting the class gift. Following is the another program showing Geraldine Beard presenting an essay on the Relation of Latin to Practical Life.

PROGRAM

Music	Orchestra
March	Senior Class
Invocation	Rev. C. J. Hariman
Chorus	High School
	Verdi
	The Triumphal March
Essay	Gladys R. Bard
	The History of Stenography
Essay	Anna I. Furlong
	Chemistry and the War
Selection	Glee Club
	Humoreske

PROGRAM

Essay	Geraldine Beard
	Relation of Latin to Practical Life
Essay	Malcolm M. Willey
	How We Get the News
Chorus	High School
	Donizetti
	O. Italia, Beloved
Address	Hamilton Holt
	Editor of The Independent
Presentation of Diplomas	Superintendent H. W. Files
Music	Orchestra



Israel Putnam School, Putnam, CT – this is probably the school that Gould and Geraldine graduated from
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **June 23, 1916** was written from Putnam, Conn. by Willard to his father and mother. He is making plans to go back to China with Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen, leaving four of his six children behind. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

36 Center St. Putnam Conn.
Foochow, China June 23rd 1916

Dear Father and Mother:-

I am enclosing a general schedule of our plans- rather my plans. This will give you an idea of my whereabouts and the family will fit in somewhere.

This will fit your plans to come up to Putnam next Tuesday, but you are living too fast to come one day and return the next. You must plan to stay over Wed. and get rested to go back Thursday.

Gould plans to go down Monday and Phebe M. plans to go at the same time- so they will come together and you just give over the farm to them for three days.

Grace, Annie and Grace came yesterday. Grace plans to return tomorrow with us at 10:33 I believe. The girls will go Mon.

Commencement is over and things will settle down now- I am getting anxious to begin to get ready to leave- there will be much to do, beside getting rid of the stuff- we must plan for the four children we leave, between our departure and the opening of Oberlin.

With love,
Will.

Should you want to write
Address Care Dr. E.L. Smith
287 Fourth Ave.
New York City

I plan to stop there next Monday.

[This letter dated **June 25, 1916** from Tungchou, China from Mary to the ones at home. After the house/home party that Flora and Mary had, they went to Peking to do some shopping at the bazaar, silk shops and lantern shops near Chien Men. From the profits of the sale of Chinese curios back on Cape Cod, Mrs. Corbett plans to purchase a piano for the school. Flora and Mary attended college commencements and attended the President's reception and met a man who spoke very highly of their brother, Willard. They are preparing to leave for Pei Tai Ho. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou
June 25, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

We are enjoying a most delightful thunder shower; delightful for two reasons. One that it breaks the spell of very hot weather and the other that the crops need the rain very very much. The skimpy crop of wheat just harvested made one sorry for the farmers and one wondered what might happen to the next crop just going in unless rain came more frequently.

Flora wrote last week that we were having a home party. All of the guests except Dr. Porter, left on the early train Monday. We did little that day except pick up after the guests and rearrange the rooms. On Tuesday we were off for Peking on the early train for a two day's shopping and sight seeing tour. There were seven of us, Mrs. Galt, Mable and Lawrence, Mrs. Corbett and we three. We visited the foreign stores near the station then went out to the Chinese stores outside Chien Men (Big front gate). The Bazaar the silk shops and the lantern shop were our destinations. Mrs. Corbett is undertaking to get us a piano while home on furlough. She is going to get the money by sales of Chinese curios at her mother's summer cottage on Cape Cod. It is a popular resort where many wealthy people go. I got her some Chinese flower tea, some place cards like those I sent last Christmas, and Flora got several dollars worth of mud[?] images for a children's table. Many of our guests for the Hiawatha play brought [unreadable word]. The material for sale is varied enough to give a fair representation of what can be obtained here in the different shops. Some of the things are articles made in the Mission schools and items show the work done by foreign teachers.

On Tuesday we went by invitation to lunch with Mrs. Ament at the ladies home at Teng Shih Kou. The afternoon we spent at Lun Fo Ssu, the ten day fair of which we wrote last year. Then we went to tea with Mrs. Puie who had been one of our guests. Our packages were all at Dr. Porter's room but we left them and raced a thunderstorm up to Mrs. Lewis' where we were to spend the night. We won too, and the storm lasted just while we were dressing for dinner so we got the refreshing coolness without the wetness. We had a nice visit with Dr. and Mrs. Lewis. They are the Methodist representative on the Bible translation committee. They have been at work nearly 20 years. For 12 years they did station work in the winter and spent summers in it, then they gave full time to it the year round. Next year they hope to complete it when the Lowry's return to Szechuan and all the others to their respective stations. The pictures of Szechuan are beautiful and quite as wonderful as any mountainous country in America or Switzerland. On Wednesday we visited a few Chinese shops in the city and the foreign stores. In the afternoon I mailed two packages to Monticello friends and it cost me nearly two hours to do it. I almost missed my train but I got them off.

Thursday was college commencement here. Miss Minor [*Could this be Luella Miner mentioned in The Boxer Rebellion by Diana Preston?*] and Miss Mickie and Mr. Martin were our guests for breakfast and lunch. We all went to the exercises. Twenty one boys graduated. Dr. Jenks gave the address and Dr. Galt interpreted. It was an excellent and appropriate talk on preparation for citizenship.

In the afternoon we all went to the President's reception over on the Galt's lawn.

Friday and Saturday we looked over things, sewed, packed etc. preparatory to getting off for Pei Tai Ho this week end. I am getting eager for my first swim and all of the many then that will follow.

On Commencement Day there was a Mr. Luce from Wei Shih here. He introduced himself by saying that he had met Willard several times. I tell you that it is a good recommendation to be Willard's sister!! The report got circulated through Shantung that we had no high school work here so Mr. Luce and some others sent their children to Shanghai. We are sorry, for it means that they wish to complete the High School work there.

If we get all the promised children next year we will have 28 boarders besides the three day pupils from here. Mr. Beers and the Mr. Gordon, who takes Mr. Corbett's place, will take all the boys under their chaperonage over at the Corbett home. We will fill every room here with girls. We are still hunting a helper but have two in sight.

Mr. Biers is planning to go down to Kuliang for the summer. We expect Mrs. Bement and Miss Funk here tomorrow or next day. They are enroute for Japan for the summer. Dr. Cooper was here for our play. All of this brings Kuliang to mind again most pleasantly.

Did I leave my exercise music books home? I can not find it in my folder anywhere. If so could you put it with the things Willard is to bring. It is bulky to send by regular mail.

When we were at Teng Shih Kou this week we received the book covers, Phebe. They are beauties. Thank you so much for mine. I am eager to hear of your plans now that Myra has usurped your place. Do not forget to write every particular about the wedding. I know now something of how Willard got when we had fathers and mothers golden wedding.

Our rain is over and it is cool. It feels good to have a dry skin once more.

Please give love to every one of the Beards.

With lots of love

Mary.

P.S. Have I said thank you for the middy. It almost matches my khaki skirt in color. Just the thing!! M.

*[This letter dated **July 5, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Flora to the folks at home. Before leaving for Pei Tai Ho, Flora and Mary attended and observed the funeral procession on June 28th of Yuan Shih Kai. Flora goes into great detail about it and includes in the letter a piece of "funeral cash". The new president of China is Li Yuan Hung. Flora is enjoying Pei Tai Ho. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Pei Tai Ho, July 5, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

The weather is getting hotter and the sand flies are like so many hot needle points so between the two Tungchou is a warm place. We have been busy trying to get things ready to go away. On Sunday Jun. 25 we had a caller to show over our building- as we very often do have on Sunday. - On Monday the carpenter came to put in the doors, shelves and drawers we want in order to make use of unused places up under the roof and beneath our cupboards. - On Tuesday the three ladies from Foochow came to spend the afternoon. They had to see the school, and the Tungchou compound, so we did very little on our own affairs. Our own amah is ill so we had to call in outside amahs to finish the necessary sewing for getting away to Pei Tai Ho. - On Wednesday (June 28th) we took the morning train to Peking to witness the funeral of Yuan Shih Kai. We did a bit of shopping and even then (at 8 A.M.) there were hundreds of people on the top of Chien Men to see it. We found ever so many friends there and people of many other nationalities- German, English, Japanese, French, Chinese, Armanese, and others. The Armanese soldiers have just come to guard the French Legation since the French soldiers have gone to the front. They seem much like the Chinese and everyone seems to respect them as they are met in the streets and shops. Their costume is quite a bit different from any usually seen about here. It was an interesting crowd up on the city wall. Mary and I had a position where we could see the procession march down the paved way from the Forbidden City, through the gates which I had never before seen open, and we could also see the arrival at the mat-palace (a temporary structure erected for the final ceremony before the coffin was put into the car for going to Honan). The whole procession and all the trappings were wonderfully in keeping and good taste. There was no noise, and order in the streets was perfect, and there was no demonstration but that of sorrow and respect. The procession started with several mounted soldiers. The horses were beautifully groomed black ones and the soldiers were in full uniform. Then came a corp of soldier marching with guns reversed. They stepped so slowly, that it gave one the impression of great grief. I cannot remember the order of the different parts of the procession but there were three bands at different parts each playing foreign funeral music- but so far apart that the music of one did not interfere with the other. Then there were two Chinese bands each dressed in beautiful blue coats with gold embroidery. One of them wore the regulation funeral hat with one huge red feather standing erect right from the middle of the hat. The other wore mortar boards. When I suggested to Mrs. Mateer that they had copied from our university costume she replied that it was one of the ancient hats of this country. More likely we had gotten the idea from China. In the procession was Pres. Yuan's carriage which was a gorgeous dark red and much bedecked-with-gold affair. It was drawn by four of the glossiest-coated horses I ever saw. There were the offerings on especially made carriers. Later I looked at the contents (through glasses) and on one I saw a whole roasted pig. On another there were ten bowls (covered) and in each corner were symmetrical piles of foreign apples held in place by nets. His empty sedan chair carried his tablet and there was another chair which contained special incense to be used at the grave. It is

impossible to explain to you the beauty of coloring, for each part of the procession was of some special combination of colors. The Taoist priests were in several shades of rich yellows- lemon, orange, and vermillion red. Each band had a different uniform and the different squads of soldiers were in different shades- some gray, some in khaki, and some tan. There was quite occasionally the up-throw of the funeral cash (one of which I enclose). [*See note at end of letter.*] I could not understand how the men managed to throw it so high into the air-reaching close to twenty feet. It floated down like so many birds. Some of it blew up so high that it landed on the top of Chien Men where we were-which is probably fifty feet high. Then came all of Yuan Shi Kai's sons dressed in white robes, with white bands about their heads, marching under a large white canopy. There were many beautiful silk banners embroidered in suitable characters for the occasion. These were followed by the coffin hidden by a gorgeous red satin cover embroidered with the royal phoenix-and-dragon crest and other symbols all done in gold. This was carried by nearly a half hundred men all dressed in deep red coats so that it was a dazzling array of red. This was followed by more than a dozen pure white sedan chairs carried by coolies dressed in white. Probably those were the wives and female members of his immediate household. Then last of all were more than a dozen coupes each bordered by a wide band of white. They probably contained other members of the family. Yuan Shih Kai's band waited at the entrance of the mat-palace and played as the coffin was being carried in and later when the coffin was drawn into the car it played again. At that time one of the Chinese bands struck up, too, and the combinations must have been the very acme of music to the Chinese ear. When all the procession had passed (it took more than a half hour), we walked along the wall and looked down on to the railroad tracks and saw the trains (three of them) which were to take all of the people and trappings of the procession to his burial place. The funeral car was trimmed with rosettes of pale blue, violet, pink, and white. It was detached from the other cars and pushed up to the end of the track. The whole end of the car had to be removed so that the truck could be rolled out on which the catafalque was placed and very impressively rolled up into the car. It just filled the car so you can imagine the width and height of the bier. All the horses, soldiers, banners, etc. were being put on to the train. We stayed until the coffin was put into the car and then we left for our train to Tungchou. It had been a rare June morning, the sun only a little warmer than we have it in America, and our sight of the procession was as good as any one could have had, so we were so glad that we went. This is the end of ceremonial mourning in Peking, though the soldiers are yet wearing the band of black on their sleeves. It is said that the family have so stripped the palaces that it will take some time to put them into order for President Li Yuan Hung. Just at present he is living in a palace not far from where some of our friends are in Peking and one day Mrs. Lewis saw him ride out on one of his official calls. There were many soldiers, his body guard and his state coach followed by more of his body guard and more soldiers. Pres. Li seems to have the confidence of both the North and the South and now more than half the provinces have sworn allegiance to him. All that we hear and know of him confirms our belief that this country will be more at peace and more united than ever before. Pres. Li rides about in his coach or his automobile in quite an ordinary freedom, and several of my acquaintances have seen him on the street.-Thursday and Friday were full to the brim of getting final packing done in order to get away on Saturday morning for Pei Tai Ho. It is an all day railway journey to get here and a five mile trip by chair, cart, or donkey from the station over to the shore so that we were glad to reach Dr. Lowry's. It is delightful here. There has been a fine breeze night and day since we arrived, and the water reminds me of any sheltered cove of Long Island Sound. So far the water has given us only gently sleepy sounds as the waves lap on the sand, but they say that storms change the tone to quite a fierce roar. Perhaps later, we'll have the opportunity of telling you about it.

We are waiting to hear all about the wedding. Ruth's letter greeted us on our arrival here- the one telling about the bridesmaid dresses. How we should have enjoyed being there! Lovingly- Flora Beard.



*“Flora [right] and I [Mary] at Lowry Cottage 1916” PeiTaiHo
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*



[Funeral Cash – this is close to the actual size of the off white colored paper.]

[In an email to Peter MacInnis, son of the late missionary and author, Donald MacInnis, I asked if he had ever heard of “Funeral Cash”. His response on February 5, 2006 is as follows:

Dear Jana,

I was an occasional source of feedback to Dad while he was writing his book on missionaries along the Min River, so I got to read most of the material he included, which I found fascinating as you mention you have too. The paper circles with squares cut out of the middle sound very much like funeral cash. If you have any of the old Chinese coins themselves, you will see that they have a square hole in the middle. Funeral cash in China today can be something really simple, like coarse yellow squares of paper with a bit of gold or silver foil on them, or elaborately printed "hell bank notes" that look something like monopoly money, only more detailed. Whatever form, funeral cash is burned to provide for relatives that have died. Big funerals sometimes burn beautifully built model houses or cars made out of bamboo and paper, also to provide for relatives that have died. I've never seen any funeral cash like the off-white circle of paper you describe, but it's a pretty sure bet it was what they used at that time in China. Best wishes, Peter]



Photo of Chinese coin



The Funeral of Yuan Shih-kai: The Catafalque over the Coffin on its way to the Railway Station.



The Funeral of Yuan-Shih-kai: The Procession passing down the great Palace Approach with the famous Ch'ien Men (Gate) in the distance



The Funeral of Yuan Shih-kai: The Procession passing down the great Palace Approach with the famous Ch'ien Men (Gate) in the distance

The previous three photos are from:
 Weale, Bertram Lenox Putnam. *"The Project Gutenberg eBook, The Fight For The Republic in China, by Bertram Lenox Putnam Weale"*. Project Gutenberg ebook. January 29, 2006 <<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/14345/14345-h/14345-h.htm>>.



Mary and Flora's view of Yuan Shih Kai's funeral from Chien Men Gate, Peking 1916
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Pei Tai Ho, East Cliff, 1916

Mary wrote on back: "The Lowry cottage where we stayed. The Edward's cottage just beyond. Our room was in the corner nearest, under the cross."

[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

*[This letter dated **July 9, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about their daily schedule of rest and relaxation. They've been to the beach, watched a game of donkey polo, had picnics and hope to start playing tennis soon. They have received word that Willard made it to Vancouver and look forward to hearing about his arrival home and of Stanley's wedding. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

East Cliff
Pei Tai Ho
July 9, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

We have been here a week and one day- and already I feel like a new being. The days are so much alike that it is good someone remembers to count them and remind us when a Sunday is due. We have breakfast at 8.00, sew, read or talk until 12.00, swim at 12.00, dine at 1.00, rest from 2-4, call, receive calls, walk or stay quietly at home, have supper at 7.00 and go to bed between 9.30 and 10.30.

On Sunday last it was hot but Mary, Mable, Mr. Lietzel and I walked over to Rocky Point for church. There was a fine breeze so we really were very comfortable. Rocky Point has more people than East Cliff but less view. The houses are so thick they get in each other's way. We are as yet so scattered that most of the homes are in front lots so all have fine views. The beach is a nice sandy one and the slope is so gradual that it is an ideal spot for children. Not yet have I been far enough out to get over my depth but Mr. Chandler swam out yesterday to where he couldn't touch bottom. Each home has its own pet spot for bathing and it is quite customary to invite other households to come and bathe on the other's beach.

Thursday was the "glorious fourth". We had fire crackers going off at intervals all went over to Rocky Point to the celebration. The civilians played the marines in baseball and won 7-5. Then they had a game of "donkey polo." I laughed until my sides ached. The donkeys were terribly bewildered by the queer demands to stop short, turn quickly, gallop rapidly etc; and never did the right thing. If the ball got knocked out of the group it might be several minutes before the riders could get the donkeys started to chase it. If one started all started like a flock of sheep. Seldom were all of the players mounted at the same time. Several times saddles and all slid and the rider would have to stop to resaddle. They broke so many mallets that finally they had no more and began to use baseball bats instead. We had ice cream and cake and cold lemonade and tea for refreshments. Mrs. Lovell from Honan arrived that morning with her two children. The boy who is coming to us is a fine looking chap and was as eager to meet us as we to meet him. I wonder if ever a child in America anticipated school with the supreme joy that the children out here do?

On Thursday Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Poteet (both Y.M.C.A. wives), Miss Vance (Y.W.C.A.) and I left here at 6.00 A.M. and walked across the sand flats to the sand dunes some three miles north. We wore our bathing suits so as to be able to get home if the tide caught us. We found Dr. Cooper and Miss Brown waiting for us over on the shore near the dunes and stuck inland for the sand. At the foot of the dunes we stopped in the shade of some small trees and had breakfast. Never did hot coffee and sandwiches taste better. I'd hate to say how many hard boiled eggs and sandwiches I ate. Such luxury too! We had a donkey with baskets go along to carry our lunches, towels, extra shoes etc. We strolled along like ladies of leisure. The wind was blowing strongly and there was a drift of fine sand in the air for about two feet above the surface of the dunes. It cut one's face like a sleet storm when we sat down on the dunes at the summit. Dr. Cooper has already won the reputation of being a wife hunter. It was too bad to shatter the air castles of those who thought him a bachelor by telling that he had already buried two wives.

On Friday Mrs. Frame gave a house warming tea to meet Miss Vance. There were some thirty or more ladies present and we had an awfully good time. The Sites and Ravens arrived from Shanghai that evening and we had them over to an eight o'clock dinner.

Yesterday our neighbors came and swam with us so we had quite a party in the water. In the evening five of us and Miss Vance went over to Rocky Point to the first of the weekly concerts. We rode donkeys over but walked over. It is great fun to ride a donkey only I felt nearly as big as the donkey who carries me. The first time I tried to mount at the station I jumped as I used to to mount a horse and landed on the other side of the donkey. I tried side saddle last night but felt to insecure so threw my leg over and rode cross saddle in spite of my dress. The concert was very short and all of the performers were English because Mrs. Poteet was kept home by a sick husband.

Today has been a rainy day. We had time between showers to call at Dr. Love's and walk home by way of Eagle Rock and there have been frequent let ups of varying lengths.

Tomorrow we hope to start playing on the new tennis court back of the house if the rain stops and allows it to be completed in the morning.

Ruth's letter received this last week said that Willard was safe in Vancouver. Now we are eagerly awaiting news of his arrival home and of the wedding. How pretty the bridesmaid dresses would be! I do hope you got a lot of pictures for us.

This afternoon I got good exercise walking the porch with George and Kitty. We played we were walking to "London Town", then we took the steamer for New York and walked to Boston. How is that for an afternoon trip?

The Foochow ladies left early Tuesday morning for Korea. They were over here on Monday for tea at Mrs. Frames and Flora and I went over too. Miss Dorchlasen[?] looks and acts much better. Travelling seems to be good for her.

We have many teachers on the string for next year. First a young lady who has been in Tsing Tao for a year; second a sister of the wife of a young doctor put here; third a young lady, graduate of Wellesley who is on her way out with a new Y.W.C.A. secretary; fourth, a friend of Dr. Porters who lands in Shanghai this month; fifth, Mrs. Hall to whom the Board cabled. All sound attractive and useful and I do hope we get one or two from the list. So far we have 24 applications in which four more possibilities but only two are probabilities.

Please ask Howard and Barber to send me a pair of Warner corsets No. 250, size 25. The price is \$2.50 a pair if I remember rightly. (It may be \$3.00) They are laced in front.

Just before coming down here I mailed to Miss Mason a coat for which she was to send you a check for \$17. To Mrs. Whiteford I sent some tea for which she is to send \$1.25. Please credit me with them when they arrive. I had material for bags already but could not get into town to mail them. I'll get them off early after I get back.

I do hope you are all keeping well. Stanley and Myra are married nearly a month.

Lots of love

Mary.

Description of Peitaiho

Peitaiho is the name given to a group of settlements on the coast of the Gulf of Pechili not far from Shanhaikuan about 150 miles from Tientsin. The settlements were founded in 1896 by the Rev. C.A. Stanley, Rev. J.H. Pyke and others who decided upon the spot now called Rocky Point as that most suitable for summer residence for the missionaries in the American Board, Methodist, and London Missions. These gentlemen had investigated the whole coast from Lanchow to Shanhaikuan. They purchased in the name of the Methodist Mission the land which is now the nucleus of the Rocky Point association. At that time Peitaiho was not open officially to foreign settlement, and therefore all persons who bought land had to buy it in the name of some missionary organization.

The settlements of Peitaiho from west to east are as follows: West End, which is largely a German center; Lotus Hills, where are situated the property of the China Sunday School Union and the Lotus Hills Farms, established by the Reverend E.G. Tewksbury; Anchor Bay, established by Messrs. Walmsley, Turner, Summer, etc.; Rocky Point, including the property of the Rocky Point Association, the Assembly Hall, the tennis courts, etc. and also a few houses which are outside the association proper; Legation Bay, where are the premises of the British Legation; Lighthouse Point, where the Russian Orthodox Mission has an establishment and where the Russian Legation is situated; Far View, on the highest hill at East Cliff where there is a settlement established through the initiative of the Presbyterian Mission; East Cliff Land Co.; Eagle Rock, the extreme northeasterly settlement of Peitaiho.

There are altogether about 400 houses at Peitaiho. At East Cliff is Presbyterian Beach, perhaps the smoothest of all. At Eagle Rocks there are two excellent beaches, one very shallow, the other deep. Surf bathing is best at Rocky Point.

Peitaiho is connected by railroad with the main Pekin Moukden line of the Chinese Government Railways. The journey from Tientsin to Peitaiho Beach Station takes about 6 hours, from Peking 9 hours and through cars are run when the traffic warrants. The railroad station at Peitaiho Beach is situated at Rocky Point. Transportation to the various settlements is by donkey or chair as the roads are not sufficiently good for rickshas.

Water is obtainable from surface wells only. The surface water is of good quality, but of course has to be boiled.

Sanitation is under the control of the Sanitary Association in the crowded area at Rocky Point. The Sanitary association used a system of septic tanks. Elsewhere sanitation is left uncontrolled.

The Rocky Point Association maintains a field of 40 mou for tennis, baseball, cricket and other athletics. In the Assembly Hall there are Saturday evening amateur concerts through the season. There are regular Sunday services at five o'clock in the evening under the direction of the Committee on Religious services.

[From the Peitaiho Directory Season, 1918 which is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Photo postcard of PeiTaiHo
 [From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **July 16, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho from Flora to the folks at home. Even though they are on vacation, they are learning Chinese for an hour in the mornings and planning for the next school year. Flora heard from sister, Ruth that Willard received the Doctor of Divinity degree from Oberlin College. Dr. Porter removed a piece of needle that has been stuck in Flora's leg for fifteen years. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[July 16, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

Sunday again: - The days are full though we are having vacation. Dr. Porter and I are getting up each morning at 6 A.M. to be ready for our Chinese teachers at 6.30 A.M. We have them for an hour before breakfast, not because we are so enthusiastic over the study of Chinese but because that is the only hour in morning when we can have teachers. We have breakfast at 8 A.M. and about an hour later we sit down to language study together and it is usually noon by the time we finish. We are getting a good deal out of it and already sounds are becoming intelligible and yesterday I understood two men conversing with each other. It is my ambition to be able to manage the school servants when I get back. I am somewhat doubtful about results but at least I shall be nearer to it than ever before. I shall plan when I get back to school to spend some time each week on the study. - Even here school affairs engage much of my time. We are looking for teachers for next year and every day or two brings new enquirers. We already have twenty four boarders (against 17 of last year for sure and at least five grown ups- to be fed. We are putting the boys out into the Corbett house and they are to be chaperoned by Mr. Beers and Mr. Gordon who will eat with us. The smaller rates for table board will compensate them for their trouble. I am expecting that our number will run into the thirties before we get through. It is but a question of time when we get most of the American children here in North China- over ten years of age. Previous arrangements and, in the Shantung Province, a bit of disappointment, are really merciful providences in sparing us extra labor and equipment during these beginning years. Did I tell you that we had a clear thousand dollars (silver) left after the year's bills were paid? We sent no bills in June, and that made a net balance of over \$800. This has been at the rate of a dollar (silver) a day. Next year we are to start out with the charge of ninety cents per day. We buy everything by wholesale and we live largely "off the land." We have two excellent cooks. - Your letters came two days ago describing the wedding. The descriptions gave us the impressions of a beautiful wedding. You have before this gotten my letter telling how we had planned to be there- and were disappointed- I have sent up to Peking to see if

the parcels you have sent are there. I think I shall be glad to go into the water when my bathing suite arrives. The water and the beach here remind me much of "Coop Bar", where we used to go when I was a small girl. The shape of the bay and the shallow water with the soft lapping of the waves are much like the ocean. The sun here is very hot but we always have a breeze. To-day we are sitting in the shade of a huge rock down close to the water's edge. Mrs. Lowry has Chinese Church for the servants of East Cliff every Sunday morning from eleven to twelve, so we plan our walks or visits to occupy that time. A little later we shall stay just to see if we can understand anything that is being said. I think a foreigner always speaks and it is easier to understand them for they speak more slowly. - Mary and I are accumulating several small articles which I intend to mail home early in September so as to be in good time for the Christmas giving. If you could let us know what you would like I believe we could get the things to you even later. We have bought quite a lot of tatting and ten dozen little tatted medallions about the size of a nickel. This work wears so well and is so dainty that it is most popular out here. Last Friday there was held a bazaar of the different industries among the Mission schools and there must have been five hundred dollars worth of tatting sold. One lady bought more than \$50 worth. - The Oberlin program came which gave Will's name among the D.D's [*Doctor's of Divinity*]. Ruth's letter had already told us of it. Now I am curious to know the procedure of bestowing the degree. Did they notify Will some time before? I am rather glad that Oberlin did it, not only to save Will from having to deny the title, but because it means that his life has been a success in the judgment of his Alma Mater. Was Phebe Kinney there for the ceremony and did Will have or get a gown of his own for the occasion? This will be too late to get his answer, but you may know. - The other day I was dining with the Wilders. Mr. Wilder was given the same degree last year. I hope we may have Will, Ellen, and the two girls with us here at Pei Tai Ho two years from now. The Wilders will plan to be here then, too. I think we could have a good time if we had run our own house. We are glad to be spared the housekeeping this year, though it can hardly be said to be entirely restful in a house hold of a dozen people. Mrs. Lowry does keep her children quiet every afternoon so that the house is absolutely still from 2 to 4 P.M. Her house is large with spacious verandas and freshly painted and kalsomined [*a light colored liquid used to white wash walls*] throughout. We live on the very best cuts of meat, the finest fruit, and a home garden, so that we are getting our money's worth- even though we are paying top notch prices. I believe we shall go back to our work built up and refreshed.

One day this last week Dr. Porter pulled out of my leg the piece of needle that was broken off in it about 15 years ago. I am sending it to you so that you can realize how big it was. All these years I have never felt it. About three months ago I happened to notice that the spot where it went in was quite red and that it looked a little festered. It did not feel sore and soon the yellowish tinge went away. Then I could see a tiny black spot like a sliver end and could feel the end of the needle quite plainly. Dr. Porter had no trouble at all in getting hold of the needle as it was just under the skin, but it took all her strength to pull it out. It was so imbedded and rusted in. I kept and application of carbolized Vaseline on the spot for a day or two, but it had given me no trouble at all.

We are very grateful to father for canceling our bills for us but as you will see from one of the enclosures I am still needing more things. Word has come through the mission treasurer that Phebe Maria has paid \$2.00 gold for transportation of a cot bed to me. I shall be glad to have it, for I will sell the one that I now have and keep the new one for myself. Nearly every trip we make needs a cot bed and if we do really go up into Mongolia next summer, I shall need one for the time we camp out. Some people have just returned from there and report the weather so cold that they slept under all they owned. - I think our brothers have done a fine deed to make out the dozens in the silver. It will be much appreciated. Also I am glad to have the rug fund [*for the school floor*] really begun. We shall try to complete it this winter, so that our sitting- room may be more homelike- though, now every one exclaims over the pleasantness of it. We shall have Mrs. Corbett's piano this year, but I am already wondering how it is going to seem to hear the practicing for several hours a day.

With love- Flora Beard.

Pei Tai Ho, N. China, July 16, 1916.

*[This letter dated **July 17, 1916** was written from Putnam, Conn. by Willard to his mother and the rest. Willard writes a brief note and includes the wording from Oberlin College when he received his Doctor of Divinity degree. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

36 Center St.
Putnam Conn
July 17- 1916

Dear Mother and all the rest:-

We had a delightful ride into New Haven. Ellen and Dot came in at the time the train was to leave but Ellen could not give up shopping. Dorothy wanted to come home so I brought the six children home. It rained hard before we reached Willimantic and while we [were] there. But stopped when we reached Putnam.

I found mail here and among it the Oberlin Alumni Magazine. I am mailing it direct to you. If you would like to you may keep it, and I will get another. It has in it a verbatim copy of what was read (p. 305) for each of us who received degrees and also what Pres. King said (p. 308) as he conferred the degrees and gave diplomas.

Gould and I have put in a good two hours at the packing.

I ought to add that I am entirely satisfied with what Prof. Wager read as the ground on which the degree was conferred. It is a true characterization of the ideals toward which I have worked. It is not overstated and there is no flattery.

The pleasure of the gathering Saturday afternoon will remain green for a long time, and it was a very pleasant family gathering of being in the old home these various times during the past few weeks has been very deep and precious.

With love to all

Will.

The President and Faculty
Of OBERLIN COLLEGE
in the State of Ohio

To all whom these words concern. Greetings:

Be it known that
Willard Livingstone Beard

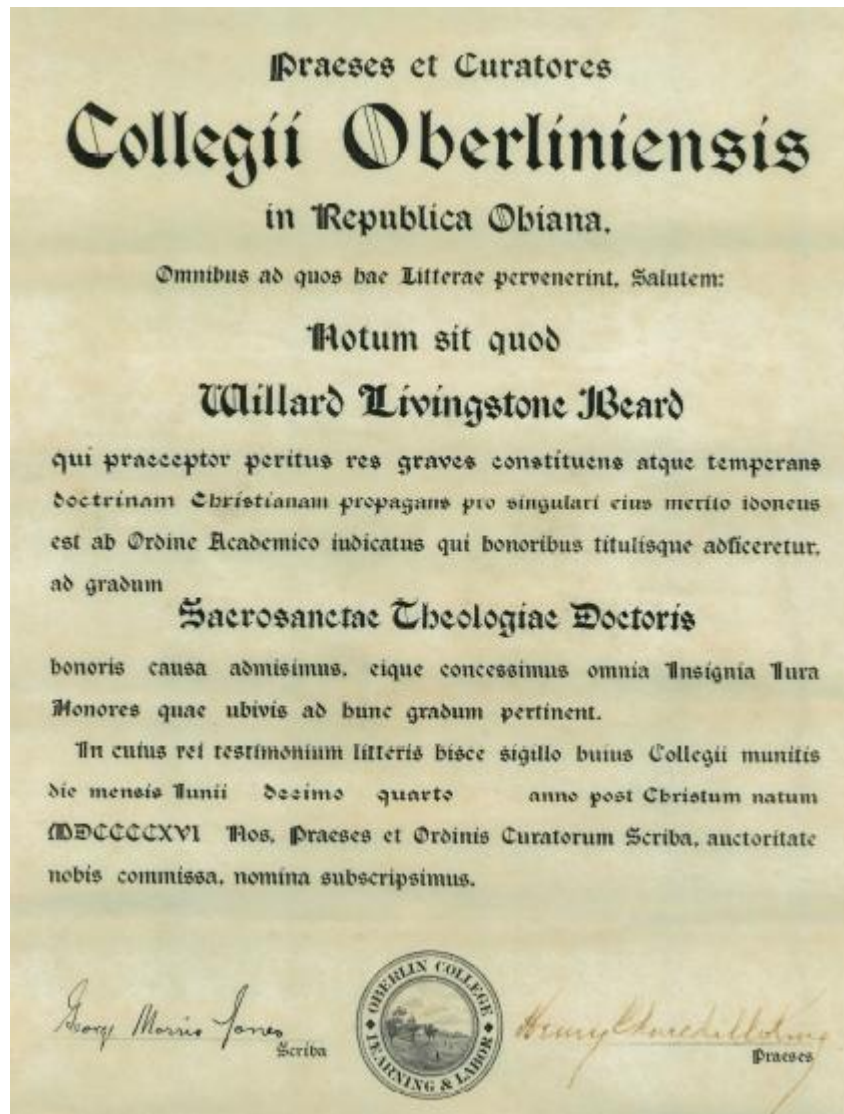
Who is a skillful administrator, guiding and directing important affairs, propagating the Christian doctrine, on account of his singular merit is fittingly designated by the Academic Order to be decorated with honors and privileges, we admit to the degree of

Sacred Theological Doctor.
(Doctor of Divinity)
With honor.

The President and Secretary of the Faculty of the authority vested in us and we give to him all the honors and privileges which pertain to this degree.

In testimony of this we have affixed to this diploma with the seal of this College our names, on this 14th day of June
1916,

George Morris Jones - Henry Churchill King



Willard's Diploma awarding him an Honorary Doctor of Divinity from Oberlin College, June 1916.
[Document from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[A handwritten paper from the collection of Virginia Van Andel stated the following:]

Words "Presented to President King, by Dr. Charles H.A. Wager for degree of Doctor of Divinity as able missionary, organizer, administrator and educator."

Willard Livingstone Beard.

"There are few, if any, posts, Mr. President, in which the sons of Oberlin are serving their generation and bringing honor to their College that are of higher significance, of more critical import for the future of civilization than an educational post in the republic of China. So fraught with possibility is that reticent and mysterious land, so pregnant in consequence are the results of her entrance into the life of the western world, that the man who, in any degree, directs the higher education of her citizens wields a far-reaching and incalculable influence. I have the honor to present to you such a man, a graduate of Oberlin, who for twenty years has been engaged in Christian work in China.

As evangelist and teacher, as a pioneer in the work of the Young Man's Christian Association in the province of Foochow, and as the president of Foochow College, a position which he has held for three years, he has given evidence of such administrative power and such evangelical consecration as have made him a marked man even in a field so rich in talent and devotion as the field of Chinese missions. I have the honor to present to you, for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, the Rev. Willard Livingstone Beard, of the class of 1891."

Katharine Lee Bates, author of the lyrics for “America the Beautiful” was also given an honorary degree at Oberlin College on June 14th, 1916 with Willard. She was given the Doctor of Letters.



This may be Willard in his Commencement robe in June of 1916 when he received his Honorary Doctor of Divinity from Oberlin College.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Willard Livingstone Beard – about 1916

[This photo was taken by T. J. Rice of Oberlin, Ohio. Maybe it was taken while he was in town to receive his honorary degree. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **July 23, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. She writes while sitting outside in the shade in view of the water. Mary tells of some of the activities at Pei Tai Ho along the shoreline. She is now studying Chinese 2 hours in the mornings. They were glad to hear from the newlyweds, Stanley and Myra Beard. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Pei Tai Ho.
July 23, 1916.

Dear Ones at Home,

Mother's letter telling of rain, rain, and yet more rain sounds like what we ought to be writing. Instead everything is dry and we are almost hoping for some wet for the sake of the crops. Perhaps the season is only delayed a month.

I am sitting on the ground out on the tennis court under the mat covering. The breeze is delightful and it is a most quiet spot except for a few flies. The sea is like a mill pond these days and full of jelly fish. They began last week with little ones one or two inches in diameter. Yesterday they were four or six inches big. We gather them and bring them on the sand but it is a hopeless task to try to get rid of them. They sting but the pain is like that of a nettle sting and is over in half an hour or so. Last week we went swimming in the morning as usual and then took a moonlight dip about 9.30 P.M. It was great fun and let us get into bed thoroughly cooled off.

Flora's union suits came this week and she was so low in that article that she was glad to see them. If you have not sent my corsets (or letter under another cover), please send me some stockings. I like the "Everwear" stockings with ribbed tops and $10\frac{1}{2}$ in size. I have been wearing the \$3.00 a half dozen light weight for summer and medium for winter. I should like a half dozen of each in black.

I got some Phoenix silk hose at 75 cents a pair a year before I came out and am still wearing them without a hole. If you can get me (2) two pair of white ones I should appreciate it. I have walked to Rocky Point four times. Twice I wore my silk stockings and twice not. The silk ones stood the test but both the others had to be darned. They have lisle feet and tops so are silk only where they show; but the silk is a heavy quality.

Church for the Chinese servants of East Cliff is just out and the hill side is dotted with figures in all directions. The attendance is getting larger every week and will probably reach its maximum about next Sunday.

On Tuesday we had a picnic supper on the beach under Eagle Rock. It was delightful down there. The cliff protected us from the cool wind that was blowing and the ocean was beautifully calm and near.

Yesterday about a dozen of us ladies went shell hunting over on the beach toward the sand dunes. We did not get any especially interesting ones but we had fun. We wore old shoes or none at all and paddled through the puddles on the flats to our hearts content.

Tomorrow I start in to study Chinese for two hours every morning. I shall not spend five hours a day as Doctor Porter and Flora are doing. Life is too short, and the swimming and tennis too attractive. Neither of them care especially for the physical exercise so use the mental instead.

I am so glad Dr. Porter is here. Flora has a companion for a quiet inactive life who is congenial and who likes the life. I should die to sit still all morning and take a stroll for an hour only in the late afternoon. Since she has company she is no longer scornful of my love of activity and we are both happier.

When we walk over to Rocky Point for Church service I think of home and how hard we would think it to walk to Shelton to service. To be sure our hour is better- 5.00 P.M. The walk over is hot but it is delightful coming back after six.

Both Flora and I have had letters from the bride and groom, mailed at Fairfield Inn. I wrote them a week ago and it was strange to write Mrs. Stanley Beard on an envelope. I wonder if Stanley is getting accustomed to saying it yet. Flora laughs at me because I want to buy everything I see to give to Stanley and Myra. There are so many interesting, useful and cheap things here to get for new housekeepers. I can't get used to the idea that Wells has graduated from Grammar School. How people do grow up!

We are having fresh vegetables from Mrs. Lowry's garden. The peas are gone. Lettuce, endive, potatoes, string beans, beets, corn (the first today) add much to the variety. The tomatoes look fine but last night I went to pick the first four of the season. Every one was wormy and then I investigated. We picked about fifty wormy ones and got enough from the pot for fried tomatoes for breakfast. The gardener was mad and was going to leave at once. Instead he completed my work of picking the bad ones. I only hope we get some good ones for they are badly infected. He is a lazy fellow and does as little work as he possibly can.

Tues. A.M. I stopped for dinner and did not take up my pen again. After dinner we talked for awhile then lay down for a rest. We were all lazy and did not go to church. About 5.30 we were just off for a walk when callers arrived. After they went we went out on the spur of sand to the north of us to hunt for a bird's nest. The pair of birds had made a terrible disturbance every time we walked out there. Five of us went and we were rewarded by finding three eggs half buried in the sand. They look like round sandstones and were very hard to see at first. The parent birds were greatly disturbed and swooped down within two or three feet of our heads. The sharp hissing noise they made frightened us a bit at first. Flora and Doctor retreated because of it the day before but we were so strong in numbers that we went on. The birds even defiled us in their distress. I hated to so alarm them but did want to see the nest. There was no nest, just three eggs in the sand. I think the birds are "Turns." Do you remember them on Penikese Island [*off of Cape Cod, MA*], Ruth?

Yesterday morning I started my Chinese lessons by studying with a teacher from 10-12. It was a short two hours because [*it was*] so interesting. I go at it every day now for a month.

The Lowry girls had over for lunch yesterday two girls who are students at the Shanghai American School. They are from Wa Hsien and would be in our school but for a report that got current in Shem Tung province that we had no high school work. I am sorry we lost them for they are charming girls.

We seem cut off from the world here without a daily paper and but little conversation on current topics. The war seems to be going on both in Europe and Mexico. Letters from here sound alarming on the Mexican question until we remember that they are a month old and the paper has already told us the particular crisis is passed.

I must stop for a review of my vocabulary before Chang Hesen (Mr.) Chin arrives.

With lots of love

Mary.

P.S. I enclose some prints. A few are new but most are old ones. If you have them, please, let Phebe have duplicates. I can not remember just what I have sent and find these duplicates in my collection.

With love Mary.

*[This letter dated **July 23, 1916** was written from Putnam, Conn. by Willard to his sister Phebe. He has been packing and shipping items to China. He includes his travel plans and expresses his joy of the last eight weeks in the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

36 Center St.

Putnam

Conn.

July 23- 1916

Dear Phebe [sister]:-

Your good letter came yesterday. "Hempfield" came early last week. Thank you for it. I have it in my suit case already.

This noon after church and before dinner Phebe and I sat down to the Diploma- and I am enclosing our product. Did you receive the Oberlin Alumni Magazine? I sent one to father last Monday. It had in it the exact words of Prof. Wager and of President King as they gave the degrees June 15th.

Last week was full of packing and shipping. Gould has told you that I sent off the main part of the shipment Wed. a.m. I have since packed a box and a barrel and have perhaps two barrels and two boxes more to pack. I am writing Gould of the furniture sale.

The girls want to stay to the Chatauqua July 24-31 and Emma and Elbert want them to stay. It looks as if they would come down Aug. 1st. Geraldine has a letter just come, asking her to go to Columbia, Conn. as she did last year. She wants to go and I/we all think it best. She will plan to join the others on the way to Oberlin, or it may seem wisest for her to go back to Shelton. This will depend on the route they take to go to Oberlin. I always went up the Berkshire Div'n. to State line and Albany-Buffalo, Cleveland. It may be just as cheap to go by New Haven, Hartford, Springfield. They will have to look it up.

Mrs. Raymond Jewett may ask Dorothy to come down to Mt. Vernon for a visit- if so we are quite willing she should go. I should think one week is quite long enough for her to stay.

We plan to leave here Thursday afternoon or Fri. morning at 7:30- spend Sunday July 30 with Aunt Ann Paul in Geneseo, Ill.- from there go to Spokane, Wash. For Sunday Aug 6th, - go on from there Monday morning and spend Monday night in Seattle, sailing Tuesday Aug 8th from Seattle, Wash. on the S.S. "Sado Maru" Nippon Yusen Kaisha. We are scheduled to reach Yokohama, Japan, Aug 24th. From there I shall push on by water or by rail as fast as possible to Shanghai and Foochow.

The last eight weeks have been full of deep pleasure for me. I can never think of repaying you all for what you have done for mine and for me. Of course it has been hard to say the good byes and more are to be said. It is hard to leave the children but I realize it is best for them and also for Ellen and myself. It is a great blessing that they have so many near relatives interested in them. I hope they may know how to appreciate and use all this interest. I am leaving them confident in their moral strength to do the right.

With love to all

Will



Probably about 1916

Front row L to R: Oliver Gould Beard Sr., with possibly Dan Beard at his feet and probably Leolyn Jr. on his lap, Nancy Maria Nichols Beard, Kathleen, Marjorie, Gould, probably Oliver Wells Beard.

Back row L to R: Probably Phebe M., Willard, Phebe, Ellen, probably Elizabeth, Oliver Gould Beard Jr., probably Gracie Beard, Dorothy, Grace Gilbert Beard, probably Anna Gilbert Beard, possibly Ruth Beard, Geraldine, possibly Myra Palmer Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard, Stanley, Bennett.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte. Another copy is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Aug. 3, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Flora to the folks at home. It has been very hot and all of North China has been in need of rain. They have had picnics including ice cream by the water. Flora tells about the birds and nest they found along the beach. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Aug. 3, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

We certainly have been having some hot weather. All North China is in desperate need of rain. The usual time for the rainy season has passed without a bit and the sun has been growing hotter and hotter. The result is that the morning and afternoon up to 4 o'clock have been spent strictly at home. I have been studying Chinese all the morning since July 5th and shall keep it up until about August 20th when my teacher goes back to Peking. This will give me a little over a week before we go back to Tungchou. I am learning a lot about the language and can understand a word or two- at times.

We have had several picnic suppers (in Chinese "wild eating") on the rocks or near the water, which have been very delightful affairs. When our family goes out we go near by and always the ice cream freezer is our companion. It goes home with an empty stomach while ours are full!

On the hottest day of the week we went over to Rocky Point (the larger part of the Pei Tai Ho foreign settlement, 3 miles away) to make calls. Dr. Porter had an invitation from Drs. Heath and [left blank], to talk over her plans- so Mary and I chose that day in order for us all to make some calls together. We walked back (we went over in chairs and Mary by donkey) and we were nearly melted to a grease spot though it was 8 P.M. when we reached home. Dr. Porter will be in the American Board Compound this winter and will have the care of the health of the girls in the Union College. She is also planning to do some teaching in the Women's Medical School and take some private cases, the last to help toward her own support. She is a very keen woman and I hope she fits in happily.

This last week we have been quite interested in a nest of eggs that we found in the sand of a beach some little distance from our houses. Because two terns were so agitated when we appeared, we thought it must be a tern's nest, but yesterday, Dr. Wilder (a bird lover) proved that it was a ploer's nest. We found one egg hatched

and it took quite a bit of careful scrutiny to find the little chick about 10 inches from the nest standing as still as a mouse. Dr. Wilder picked up the second egg and we heard the faint "peep, peep" of the little one within, but the third egg was silent. As soon as the little chick found himself discovered he ran as fast as he could away from us, but Dr. Wilder caught him, examined him so that by his bill he knew it to be a plover.

We were on our way (6 A.M.) to the sand dunes about four miles from here. On the return (9.30 A.M.) Mary and Dr. Wilder stopped and there was no sign of the birds- only the one had egg left. That Dr. W. blew and took home to add to his collection.

We are hoping for another home mail soon. The last one brought a letter from Will, Ruth's and Phebe's descriptions of the wedding, mother's newsy letter, and my four union suits. I am hoping my bathing suit may come in the next mail. I have not been in bathing yet but have not been particularly anxious to go because the water is nothing but a jelly fish soup. There are thousands of the jelly fish drying on the sands and are most disgusting. They sting the bathers if they happen to touch the skin- very much like a nettle sting. Mary goes in every day, regardless. With love- Flora.

Pei Tai Ho, Aug. 3, 1916.

TARIFF CHARGES.		
CONVEYANCES.		
Rocky Point to West End, Lotus Hills or East Cliff.		
Donkey and Driver (single fare)	0.20	
Donkey and Driver round trip not over 3 hours30	
Donkey and Driver for each additional hour10	
Donkey and Driver per day70	
Chair and four bearers, one way80	
Chair and four bearers, round trip 3 hours	1.20	
Chair and four bearers, for each additional hour50	
Chair and four bearers, per day (not of continuous carrying)	2.50	
Cart and Driver from Peitaiho Beach Station to either West End or East Cliff50	
To intermediate points40	
To Rocky Point, Anchor Bay, etc.30	
LABOR.		
Coolie Labor by the Day (small money)40	
Carpenter or mason labor (large money)50	
ASSOCIATION FIXTURES.		
SUNDAY.	Sunday School	9.15 a.m.
	Chinese Service	10.30 a.m.
	English Service	5.00 p.m.
TUESDAY.	Baseball	4.00 p.m.
THURSDAY.	English Prayer Meeting	4.30 p.m.
FRIDAY.	Baseball	4.00 p.m.
SATURDAY.	Concert	8.30 p.m.
TENNIS DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.		

[From the 1918 Peitaiho Directory which is from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **about Aug. 3, 1916** was written on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R.R. just out of Minneapolis by Willard to his mother. His handwriting is shaky because of the train movement. He tells about their trip so far and their visit with Aunt Ann Paul of Geneseo, Ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China [Aug. 3, 1916]

On the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R.R. just out of Minneapolis Thursday morning 11:00 o'clock.

Dear Mother:-

And "Mother" stands for all the loved ones. All has gone nicely thus far. Elbert took us to Worcester last Friday morning as the girls have told you. That night was very comfortable on the cars. Kathleen and I had a blanket over us all night. But Saturday was pretty hot all day, specially in the afternoon, and we found them complaining bitterly at Geneseo, Ill. 102 degrees in the shade. This continued till Monday night. Tues. night was comfortable and it has been very pleasant since. If we had gone right through without stopping it would have been well nigh unendurable, but we got cooler weather and we also got a good rest. The girlies are a great pleasure to me and they are taking to travelling all right. Ellen had made for them some very thin silk bloomers, in which they are cool. Dressed alike thus they pass for twins. At Aunt Ann's they had a lot of fun riding a gentle old white horse.

Yesterday a thresher threshed out 1200+ bushels of oats for Aunt Ann. It took ten spans of horses and some 20 men. They began at 7 a.m. and finished at 2 p.m. The oats were grown on 24 acres. Last year on the same acreage they had 1300+ bushels. Last winter the price was 48 cents. This year the drought is bad all thru this section. I saw a man in the station at St. Paul who said he had just come from the Dakotas. The winter wheat was much injured by drought and by the black rust, and 1000's of acres would not be cut at all.

Last night we took the 7:42 p.m. train on The Rock Island according to schedule- went to bed soon and woke up near St. Paul- got up in time to leave the train at 7:25- waited till 10:40 and are now off for Spokane,- only two days and two nights.

You will be able to tell when we are going and when we are at a station. I think the writing is a little worse when [we] are moving.

We found Aunt Ann and cousin Addie and cousin Carl as well as usual [*Ellen's relatives*]. Aunt Ann was 85 the first of last April. She has been in the hospital twice during the past two years. The trouble was an abscess. This still has to be dressed and the Doctor comes every other day now. Her daughter Addie is getting to be a good nurse. The abscess does not trouble her much, but it has to be dressed daily and it will not likely heal as long as she lives. She is remarkably well preserved for one of her years and altho she [*is*] quite deaf so that she hears only thru a trumpet or if you put your mouth close to her left ear, yet she finds so much pleasure in reading that she is not lonely. She takes much delight in church matters and particularly in missions and she is a constant giver to missions both home and foreign.

The farm on which they live has 80 acres in it and is only 1 mile from Geneseo City. They own another farm of 160 acres four miles from Geneseo City. A farm just across the road from the 80 acre homestead was sold last week for \$320 per acre and land near the 160 acre farm is selling for around \$200.

8 p.m. All the afternoon we have been riding over a rolling prairie. Oats and corn are everywhere. The big 2, 4, 5 and 6 horse binders are busy in the oat fields. It has been pretty hot, but we are in a Tourist Pullman with rattan covered seats which are much cooler than the wool upholstery. We have two whole sections to ourselves and so are quite comfortable.

The eight weeks which I have had with you all are full of the most pleasant memories. I feel almost selfish in having had so much pleasure- every day was full and nothing to mar it. I feel as if I had very inadequately expressed my thanks. I hope my manners and looks gave forth something of what I was enjoying. I feel also that the children are in the right place for the year and that they will be able to decide during the year the best course to pursue in the future.

May the Father keep us and find us each profitable to Him.

With love to all- Parents, children and sisters and brothers.

Will

*[This letter dated **about Aug. 7, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China from Mary to the ones at home. She shows off her ability in the letter to write Chinese characters. Forty-seven people went to Rocky Point for the American Board picnic and another time, twenty-seven went for a breakfast picnic to the sand dunes. Mary and Flora waded in the tide pools while there. Mary mentions some of the games they play to pass the time. It has been dry and the natives have been praying to their gods for rain. Willard should now be on his way back across the continental U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About Aug. 7, 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

Now, what do you say to me as a Chinese scholar! [See end of this letter for sample of Mary's Chinese writing.] I did them all myself and am sure of the order of strokes except in mein. I have been taking two hours a day with a teacher studying one to two by myself for just two weeks. I shall have but one hour a day for two weeks more then back to the study free life till we leave here.

The mails are most unsatisfactory these days. Never a home letter finds itself into our hands. Ching, ching, hsien!! This week I began on my third year in my diary. It certainly makes the five years seem nearer gone to see only two empty spaces on the page.

This has been a full week socially. On Tuesday we went over to Rocky Point for the American Board picnic out on the rocks. Flora went in a chair and early to do some business. Dr. Porter walked and I rode a donkey while the boy carried the lunch basket. There were forty seven of us and we had an excellent supper and a jolly good time. We had sandwiches, rolls, salad, fried chicken, baked beans, baked potatoes, olives, pickles, coffee, ice cream and cake. Then we went out on the point of rocks and sang. As there were several good voices in the company it sounded very fine.

There were eight or ten of us from this point – to walk home so we had a jolly time.

On Wednesday we were up at 4.45 for a picnic breakfast party to the sand dunes. It was an ideal morning. There were 27 of us, some on donkeys and some on foot. Two donkeys with panniers carried the lunch baskets and water melons.

The tide was so far out that we did not really need to get our feet wet. Since I had my bathing suit on I thought it a pity to stay too dry so waded the pools. I wish you could have seen Flora. She was a "plump little girl" with her skirt just below her knees. The hem was nearly a foot in depth. The rest of us had just as short skirts but did not look nearly so funny as she did in shortened skirts. We slid down the steep slopes and passed about an hour after breakfast before returning. Dr. Wilder came over and we visited our sea bird's nest. The eggs were Ringed Plover eggs not Terns eggs. One awkward, long-legged baby was running about when we went over and two had hatched and were gone before our return. The other egg showed no signs of hatching so Dr. Wilder picked it. It was bad so he took it for the college collection. The Terns surely had a nest near but the babies were off before we discovered our mistake. That afternoon Flora and I went to tea at Mrs. Edwards, our next door neighbor. I had a good time tending her four months old baby who is a dear. It had begun to rain about three so I think our hostess was a little surprised to see us.



Written on back in Mary's handwriting: A jolly swimming party PeiTaiHo 1916
[I believe Flora is 6th from the left. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



"On route for the sand dunes. Lunch on the dunes."
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On Friday we went calling on our other near neighbors.
 Yesterday we went to Rocky Point for supper with Mrs. Martin and stayed for the concert in the evening. There was a committee meeting in the afternoon so I played with the baby until that was over. There are three darling babies in that household. They do miss dear little Helen, especially Lyman does because those two were

near enough of an age to be always together. She was so keen that mentally she could keep up with Lyman in any play.

The concert was very good. There is quite a bit of talent here though nothing very extraordinary. The hall was full last evening although it had thundered nearly all afternoon and the heavens showed hardly a star.

On Friday when it stormed the surf was glorious over here. We could not go far out because of the strength of the waves, but I felt as though I had had a massage all over and not a very gentle one either.

I started this letter out under the rocks but the heavens got so black and the thunder so near that I came in. In about two minutes it began to rain and now it is pouring and the thunder is here too. Chinese church is in progress on the porch corner so I am sitting in the dining room door to see to write. My subconscious mind hears a Chinese sermon near by and occasionally my unconscious mind catches a familiar word. I hear the words for you, he, I, his friend, man, yours, this, that, want, have, are, big sister, Jesus, not, there, water, one-half, etc.

I started this week to collect a few specimens of the flora here. The wild flowers have been very beautiful all summer. Last Sunday I found a tiny orchid on the hillside.

Dr. Lowry is a great chess friend and I have played with him two evenings. The first evening he beat me two games. The next time he won two games then I won one. I had to fight the longest for my game. He played that famous trick of check-mating me in four moves. I had seen it but had forgotten it. He does not catch me again!! "108" is another favorite game here and many an evening we sped at that. We play it with real dominoes but often it is played with domino cards of the size of flinch cards or smaller. I am getting to understand the game so that I fully enjoy it.

One interesting thing to me is the game lovers we find in our missionary circles. Nearly every station has its pet game. At Pao Ting Fu, "Rook" was the rage. At the Methodist mission in Peking, "42" or "108" is all the rage. "Baseball" had its adherents in some places.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant arrived last evening so tomorrow we lose Delnoce from our circle and have a family of thirteen only. Does not that sound like the size family we used to have at home?

Tennis still holds popular since we have our two fine courts. I have played twice this week. The rains put the courts out of use and social duties demanded my attention.

This week we have had a boat out on our bathing beach from 10-1 every day except the stormy one. The children are quite thrilled over diving. I tried it a couple of times yesterday. Really I prefer swimming and am getting so I can swim on any one of my four sides equally well. By changing I can go almost any distance and not get especially tired.

The natives have been praying to their gods for rain all this week. Representatives from every family in every village hereabouts (12 I have heard) – are parading each day, beating tom-toms and holding some form of ceremony up at the temple of Lighthouse Point. Two of the girls were stopped one morning and told to remove shoes and hats before passing through the village. They got through without doing so finally. Each man, woman or child wears a wreath of willow branches and carries one in his hand. They have paraded through Rocky Point several times but have not been over here. The rains of this week are of course thought to be in answer to their prayers and no persuasion can convince them that there is a higher Creator who is looking after their needs.

I have just been reading the Life of John D. Paton and these heathen ceremonies with their superstitions remind me so much of some of his experiences in the New Hebrides. I have sent in my last letters for stockings and corsets. One more necessity confronts me. I need brassiers. I get size 36, preferably the net material so as to have them cool in summer. I should like three (3). I give all the way from 50 cents to \$1.25 for them so use your judgement.

Have I written that we pay import duty on all packages valued \$5.00 (five) or over, but nothing on anything of less value? So please send more parcels of less value rather than a few parcels of great value. We have tried to pack materials for home so as to save you paying duty. Have we succeeded?

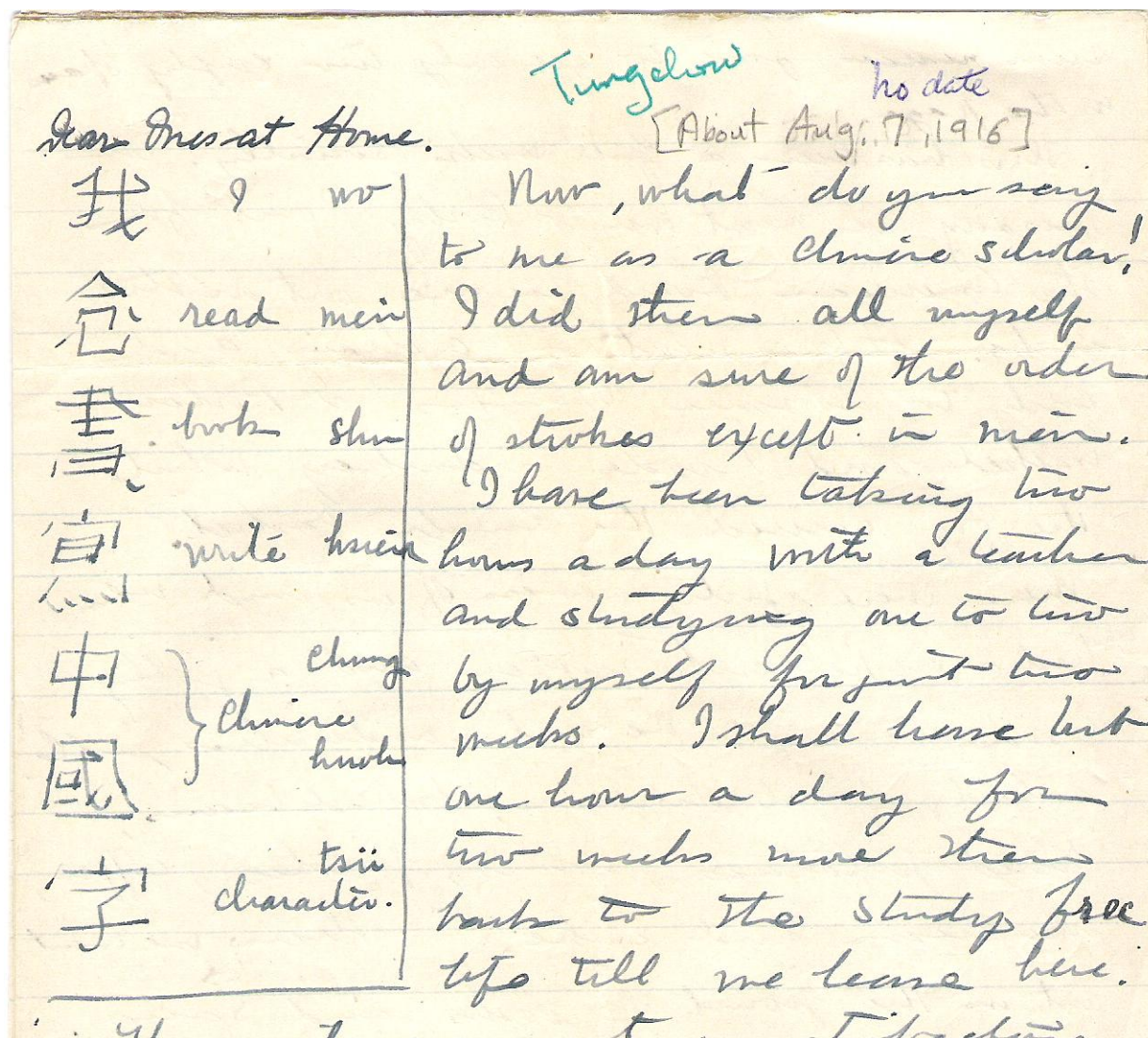
Willard must be already on his way across the continent. How short two months are after all? But how the anticipation and the after thoughts of the joys do seem to prolong them!

I must stop and take a nap for it was late ere I got to bed last night and I seem to be rambling on endlessly.

With lots of love
Mary

Aug

Say, Elizabeth, Phebe and Bennett. I have not forgotten your birthdays. I send most hearty congratulations to each and all of you.



[This letter dated Aug. 8, 1916 was written from the Busch Hotel, Seattle, Wash. By Willard to Geraldine, Phebe (daughter), Gould and Dorothy. He and the rest of the family visited Spokane and stayed with a lady whom Willard knew at Oberlin. They are leaving on the Awa Maru the next day. He enjoys travelling with Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Busch Hotel
Seattle

Tuesday a.m. 8 o'clock Aug. 8th 1916

Dear Geraldine, Phebe, Gould and Dorothy:-

We reached Seattle last evening at just 8 o'clock- right on schedule time. I wrote Grandma somewhere on the way between Geneseo and Spokane, so I'll just begin with our stop at Spokane.

First let me say I put Geraldine's name first because I find her letter among the great pile that I found at the office here last night.

We have had an exceptionally pleasant journey across the continent. All have been well all the time. Our schedule has been followed exactly, trains have been on time. Only day has been oppressive- Saturday July 29th. We were pretty hot on the train in the afternoon. But we were very fortunate in stopping at Geneseo at Aunt Ann's the next four days. It was warm there but we could dress as we chose and could find quiet and all the breeze that was going. Then too we got washed up-clothes and all- and such a rest!!! The journey to Spokane was comfortable. We needed blankets every night. At Spokane Mrs. E.C. Stillman R.F.D. #1 met us at the station at 7:50 a.m. We had already breakfasted. At 8:45 we started on an auto bus for Mrs. Stillmans (I knew her in Oberlin as Edith Cowley) and reached there in about half an hour. Every thing there was dry and dusty. Mr. and Mrs. Stillman have some 28 acres of land, a nice modern house, with all improvements, a barn, keep two horses and two cows, hens, ducks, geese, pigs!! They are trying the experiments of raising apples on worn out wheat land. Their trees are dying too rapidly to please them.

Mrs. Stillman's father came to Washington nearly 50 years ago when there was one log cabin where Spokane now stands. This cabin was owned by the Indians. He purchased land then for \$2.50 per acre. Spokane began to grow and so did the price of his land. The Great Northern R.R. depot stands on land purchased from him. So wealth came to the family. We had a quiet restful day there Saturday. Sunday we all attended church at the Westminster Congregational Church (Dr. Harper pastor) where I spoke. Then Ellen and the girlies went home with Mrs. Stillman. I went to Dr. Harper's for lunch, spoke at a meeting in one of the Parks there. As I looked out beyond the audience I could see the Merry-go-round, hear the rumble of the Shoot-the-shoots- and other like attractions. My audience however heard me thru. There was no liquor on the grounds and order prevailed everywhere. The object was to give some of the crowd who came there a chance to hear the Gospel. In the evening I spoke again to the united audience of six churches gathered in the open air. Speaking three times- twice in the open air was pretty trying on my voice and I speak in harsh tones yet. Then to add to the strain the man who took me home in the evening carelessly drove past the Stillman place, and found himself 12 miles, instead [of] six from Spokane. He turned round, his lights went out and he found the bulb on one light gone bad. With a copper wire he made the connection and then tried to start his machine. This took another 15 minutes. So when I got to Mrs. Stillmans it was 11 p.m. instead of 9:30 as it should have been. I wore full suit and had an overcoat on beside and was chilly. Yesterday morning we started at 6:45 from Mrs. Stillmans and took the 8:05 train from Spokane and rode 12 hours, arriving here at 8 p.m. Yesterday afternoon the scenery was beautiful thru the Cascade mountains. We were pretty tired when we reached here. You see we rose at 5:45 and it was go and look see for 12 steady hours on the train which is tiresome.

As soon as we reached the Hotel I went at once to the office of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, which chanced to be open and got my hands full of mail from lots of people. It is very good of you all and of all the others to remember us in this way.

Now I must close and write other important business letters. I cannot tell how much pleasure the girlies and mama are. The girlies are fine travelers and with their silk blue bloomers and blue hair ribbons they are very free and comfortable. Kathleen sleeps with me most of the time and Marjorie with Mama. They have gone shopping now.

The "Sado Maru" is held up by a strike of the Longshoremen. We are going by the "Awa Maru" tomorrow Aug. 9th. On my ticket I have four \$5.00 stamps. This is what we pay to help carry on the war. \$5.00 for every person, large or small who leaves the country.

With the European war, Mexican trouble, Strike of Longshoreman on the Pacific and threatened Railroad Strike we are fortunate in so little delay or discomfort.

I am sending in another envelope to Gould a check for \$50.00 on the First National Bank of Putnam. Use enough to buy your watch and the rest I send for emergencies. Let me know how you use it, who uses it etc.

May our Father bless and keep each of you

Love to you all and to all at Shelton Your Father
Willard L. Beard

I wish you would show this to all the people in Shelton, B-port and Pearl River- then send it to Putnam.

[This letter dated Aug. 13, 1916 from Pei Tai Ho from Flora to the folks at home. She has been studying Chinese in the mornings and finds it challenging. They have not had letters from home for a month. Flora feels that it will take two more years to get their school well established. She hopes to stay 5 more years in China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Pei Tai Ho, Aug. 13, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

We are again down by the waves and there is a stiff breeze blowing in from the sea which is most welcome for it [*is*] a hot day. I think we have had a hot summer; so many days would have been uncomfortable had we not had a big broad veranda. Even then some days were cooler inside the house than on the veranda. - I have been spending my mornings in studying Chinese, hoping to be able to understand some of what our servants will be saying. There is very little grammar- such as we know it- but the way things are twisted and the lot of-tone- useless, little added muhs, tehe, ti's, etc., make of the language a good stiff study. The tones are not so hard here in the North as there are but four tones, and if we only put an er on the end of a word we can generally be understood. My afternoons, I have spent sewing, reading, and writing, but soon may seem to have accomplished very little. We have less than three weeks before we go back to the strain and stress of life. It looks as if every place would be filled of those we planned to receive in our school. We are not doing a bit of advertising- except for teachers. I do not yet know what we are to do for help. It seems to me that the committee is very slow, and I think I shall offer a suggestion to sign up with some one of the available persons.

Yesterday I sent off a letter to meet Will at Yokohama, in which I have suggested that he be on the lookout for the "S.S. Empress of Russia" on which a lot of Peking people are returning. It sailed two days later than his, but I hope they may meet in some of the Japanese ports. The Porters are returning to Tungchou on it and could bring the package directly to us. If he does meet the steamer he could leave the package at the Kobe College and get some one there to take it to the "Russia". I think, though, that he will probably see the people on that steamer.

We are having a regular Sahara of letters- without a single oasis. It is a whole month now since we have had a letter from you. The last ones were written June 15th. I presume you have more than had your time "full" with Will's short visit. I am so glad that he really did go, and it seems to me that so many events got crowded into it that he must feel the same way.

I hope you people may find it possible to meet the Corbett's while they are at home for you will find Mrs. Corbett a charming little woman to know. Also it would be a pleasure to know Miss Leavens, in Norwich. She is much better in health, and it will be a good thing for her to get interested in the world again. She wrote that Will had spoken in her church but she did not hear him as she had not then been out to church since her return home.

This afternoon we are going to hear Dr. Coffin (of New York City) at the foreign service. We are looking forward to a treat. It is so far over to Rocky Point (over 3 miles) that I have been to but one church service. I think to-day will probably be the last, until the next time (if even) we come to Pei Tai Ho. If Will, Ellen, and the children will come up two years from this summer, we will take a house over at Rocky Point, and spend another summer here. Mary enjoys the bathing and is looking finely. She takes a nap nearly every afternoon, and she should feel ready for her year's work. I think it will take at least two years more to get our school established so that if we wished to go home then we could. I rather want to stay out the five years and spend about six months on the trip home- hoping that the war will have ended by then. We had some N.Y. papers from the Brubrooks and Miss Brewster a week ago with some details of the war but really the news is about the same kind of atrocity that we have been reading now for two years. We're glad to get the papers just the same for other bits of information is in them. Lovingly- F. Beard.

*[This letter dated **August 20, 1916** from East Cliff, Pei Tai Ho, China was written by Mary to the ones at home. She writes while listening in on Chinese Church and is trying to understand some of the words. Their Chinese teacher has left for Peking so lessons have ended. They have been visiting with many people. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

East Cliff
August 20, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

Phebe's letter which came this week was like an oasis in a desert and most interesting. What a busy time you did have with strawberries, receptions, etc! Our last letter told of the wedding.

I am not sure how coherent this letter will be because I am writing in our room which is on the corner with veranda on each side. Chinese Church is going on outside. The men sit in front and the women on the side veranda. Mr. Ogilvy is preaching and I am going to stay for awhile to see how much I can understand. I did not get enough of the prayer to know what he was talking about. I can understand the number of the hymns when he announces them.

On last Sunday we all went to lunch to hear Dr. Coffin. He gave a fine sermon. The children's talk was on the little red animal we each possess but keep behind white bars guarded further by red curtains. It runs, stings like

an asp and cuts our friends to pieces unless carefully guarded. A pretty good description of an unruly tongue, do not you think? It began to rain just as we started for home and we got soaked. It stormed all night and until Tuesday. The surf was glorious with waves that nearly upset us. The boat was useless as the ladder wouldn't stay attached and it rocked so it would have made us seasick.

On Monday after lunch there was a let up so Flora and I went out to the point to see the waves lash the rocks. Again we got caught and raced for the nearest home until the storm was over. We got wet the third time on Thursday when we went to call on the Grams who live on the top of the hill. We began to think we had a bad effect on the weather.

On Wednesday we had a large tea here with about fifteen guests. On Thursday we had callers again until nearly six then went for the call mentioned above. Friday was the second Bazaar so most of the family was at Rocky Point. I decided to keep my money so did not go over. I did play three stiff sets of tennis that evening.

Yesterday morning Flora finished the dress she has been making and wore it last evening. I worked on mine but still must work some more. We had morning callers. We all took our dip and again the sea was slightly ruffled by an east wind.

Yesterday afternoon Flora and I went to Rocky Point. We called on Mrs. Young where we met a Mrs. Latimore who is talking of sending her son to school. Then we called at the Hoagland's to talk over the care of Charles Childress with Mr. H. Then we stopped at Mrs. Aments and went to Mrs. Martins for supper and attended the concert. There were recitations and vocal music but no instrumental. Oh yes, there was! Mr. Hubbard played "Home Sweet Home" and "The Rosary" on a bicycle pump. Funny? I laughed until I cried. For an encore he sang through a megaphone. That was good but not so very good. Since we were without masculine escort we came home in chairs. It is my first ride here and I had a fine chair and bearers.

I gave up trying to think coherently and went over to the Frames. Francis was awake and in a most gracious mood so it was good fun.

Our Chinese teacher departed on Saturday so Friday was the last lesson. The days seem very much longer without the two hours of study. I hope to get my dress finished in short order now.

I wonder where Phebe will be next year and hope that the Agency succeeds in getting a good position. I am sending a few prints which I have just taken. The Chinese is our teacher, Mr. Yang, but a very poor picture of him. Flora and I are standing near a big rock just in front of our home. The view is of the group of homes on our porch. Our home is the big one just under the cross. The ruins are of a home destroyed in 1900. There are several such ruins here at East Cliff.

This is the view we get as we return from Rocky Point. I will get some more prints of Flora and me when I get back. They are a cent cheaper in Peking and on a large order it pays to wait. Also I like Hartwig's work a little better.

I had the slip for my goods from National Suit and Clark Co. on Tuesday and have sent for them to be remailed here. I want to get any necessary refitting done while here.

I must go out and greet Mr. Spiker as it is nearly dinner time and he is to be here this noon.

With lots of love

Mary



Written on back in Mary's handwriting: Children's Party PeiTaiHo 1916
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Aug. 27, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Flora to the Folks at Home. She and Mary will be at Pei Tai Ho for about one more week. Mr. and Mrs. Peet of Foochow will be moving to north China and will help Mary and Flora with their school. Flora would like to stay in China two more years before going back to the states. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Aug. 27, 1916]

Dear Folks at Home:-

This is our last Sunday at Pei Tai Ho and the wind is blowing a gale. There must be a typhoon around somewhere. It started about midnight and is increasing now at 11 A.M. The waves are wonderful and are making such a roar that one can't be heard out of doors. Chinese service for the servants had to be given up – and I doubt if they would come even if the preaching could be heard.

This last week has been a busy one with some duties some social doings and getting last things done- or planned for. Several of the teachers from the Shanghai American School have been summering here and at last we met them this week. Several dates had been set previously, but weather or appointments had each time interfered. That school is about four times as large as ours and some years older. If ours should grow as rapidly as that one I don't know how it would be taken care of. We have at last hired the teacher who is to be with us this year- and we hope for years to come. She is a New Jersey Normal School graduate and a chum of the young lady who was my assistant the last year in South Orange. A letter from Mr. Galt suggests that we may have Mrs. Peet (of Foochow) as a possible helper. I am glad for the Foochow people if Mr. and Mrs. Peet can be taken off their hands. Their (Mr. and Mrs. P's) experience and knowledge of Chinese affairs should make them good assistants- if they will try to see things in the right light. It seems to me that being new members and on a temporary arrangement their actual influence should be for good, rather than for trouble. I think four of the men from the mission here have asked me to tell them what I thought about the matter and I have said to each one that it seemed to me quite a possible thing that getting him out of the troublesome atmosphere, he could be of value- educationally. At least it would be worth trying.

This last week we had the lovely surprise of a gift of \$400 Mex. to be used for a Domestic Science outfit for our school. It is a course much to be desired out here and we shall begin at once to prepare for it. It will take some time to get it planned, for there is still a lot of organizing to be done this year. We begin the work of the Fourth Year of High School this fall, and that should mean the last "first" planning. This gift is a memorial for a little daughter of some Shantung missionaries, who are planning to send their other little girl to us a year from now.

Among the other excitements of the past week was the arrival of my new bathing suit- which is a perfect fit and quite becoming. I think it had been in Peking for two or three weeks but there was no one to get it until Dr. Lowry went back, and sent it on to me. You can give some information to the post offices at home by assuring them that there is a parcel post, post-office at Pei Tai Ho. The union suits came through quite promptly, arriving over a month ago. There is no post office at Pei Tai Ho except during June, July, August, and September, and then it is a full fledged affair. There are over a thousand foreigners here during the summer and they must receive car loads of stuff by mail, express, and freight. Many of them order their groceries from America to be shipped directly here so as to save bringing them from their stations in the different places about in China. - We probably will not be spending next summer here, but I have little idea where we shall be. Japan, Mongolia, Shansi, Foochow are some possibilities, or we might even be returning home- though that is hardly possible. I think it will need at least two years more to get the school in good running condition.

Our next letters will be sent from Tungchou. We have had just three letters from you this summer- two from Ruth and one from Phebe. We shall be glad to receive more, and are interested to know where Phebe will be.

With love - Flora. Pei Tai Ho,

Aug. 27, 1916

*[This letter dated **Sept. 3, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They are back in Tungchou at their boarding school getting it ready for 30 boarders and 3 day pupils. Flora and Mary camped at a Confucian temple and then went to see the Great Wall. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou, Sept. 3, '16 [1916]

Dear folks at home:-

We are again in Tungchou in our building, but not settled. Every room in the house is in a clutter, but, by a week from now, we should be in a presentable condition. The screens for the windows and doors are nearing completion and the men are to come in the morning to do the woodwork all over the building. We have a big force promised. We have one more servant to hire and then our force will be complete for the house. Our amah brought back sixty doilies she had been hemstitching for us during this summer and there will still be more than a dozen more for her to get finished before we can set our tables. We shall have a lot of curtains to make- all to be finished by a week from to-morrow. I think things will be ready. - I have just been counting up and if all turn up that are registered we shall have 30 pupils (boarders) and 3 day scholars. There will be five grownups to board, so that our cooks will have to feed 35 people every day. It is going to be some proposition for them, but they will be equal to the job, I think. - To get the duties of all these servants distributed equally, and to accommodate us and them, is not a small task, but that too, will be accomplished during this coming week.- We have not yet succeeded in getting our other teacher and I don't know just where she is to come from. We still have one loop hole and we are hoping we may get out all right.

This last week has been full of experiences. We had planned to start on a trip to the end of the Great Wall, where it goes down to the sea. We were to have started Monday morning, but there had been a violent wind for two days and on Monday it poured- just long enough to keep us home. In the afternoon we planned the trip over and arranged not to return to Peitaiho, but go right on home. So on Tuesday morning we packed our goods and chattels and left the seaside at 2 P.M. to catch a 4.45 P.M. train to Shan Hai Kuan. Everything went just as we desired and we got started (a little after 6 P.M.) for the top of the mountain where we were to camp out in one of the old Confucian temples. It was quite cloudy and there was no moon, and the trip was a two hour one. Fortunately it was a good road all the way and the Temple coolie piloted us. It was so dark that those riding donkeys dismissed their little beasts shortly after they began the climb, but the four loads went clear on to the top. It was so dark that we could hardly feel our way but we all arrived safe and sound, and as hungry as wolves- tired, too. The old keeper got us all the hot water we wanted and the cocoa went right to the spot. We put up our cot beds and tied our mosquito nets to the wide spreading branches of a beautiful old pine tree. The old keeper was sure it would rain before morning, but when I awoke in the night the stars were out in their full glory. We were cold although we were sleeping under two thick steamer rugs, and we had part of our clothes on. We got up, ate our breakfast and then climbed clear to the peak of the mountain, where there was a wonderful view of mountains on one side and a plain and the sea on the other side. We could see the Great Wall wiggling like a snake over the peaks of the mountains and down through the passes. We followed it by our field glasses, down across the plain, clear out to the water's edge. We preferred sitting up there among the views to taking the hot ride out across the plain to see the exact spot where the stones disappear in the water. We spent the day wandering about getting the many beautiful views and

ate our supper where we could watch the sun set. Later the young man of our party, who is a fine singer, went up on to the Great Wall. We were on another peak, but we could call back and forth to each other. Then he sang and we heard him perfectly. We went to bed rather early as we planned to get up to see the sunrise. We climbed up to the Wall at 5.15 A.M., and just at 5.25 A.M. the sun came out of the waters of the sea in his fullest splendor. We could not linger long for we must be all packed up and breakfast eaten by 6.45 A.M., for we were to catch a 9 A.M. train for home. We got back to the temple just as the blind priest was making his rounds to the different shrines. There were some in other courts but he did the worshipping, while a young boy made the trips to strike the bells and light the joss-sticks [*stick of incense*]. The blind priest had a really good face, about the first heathen priest that I have ever seen who looked as though he might be trying to live as he ought to. We went through to Tientsin that day and spent the night there in order to do some shopping. I bought a new hat and a pair of shoes for myself, besides doing a lot of buying for the school. We were impressed with the quantities of American goods displayed in the stores. I bought American shoes, a clock, and some Red Cross adhesive-plaster. The drug stores seemed to be full of American articles. The biggest English firm has advertised that they have positively the last shipment from England until the end of the war.-Willard has arrived in China, but not a word about the silver. I am wondering what has happened.

With love to all- Flora.



Written in album: "Valley from Shan Hai Gwan"

[This is probably a Mrs. Leitzel pictured looking at the view. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **Sept. 22, 1916** was written from Foochow, China by 8 year old Punk (Kathleen) to her sister Phebe. Some thieves took the Nightengale children's clothing in the middle of the night on Kuliang. She names all the babies born recently on Kuliang. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
Sep. 22 1916

Dear Phebe:

We had no Sunday School today because Mrs. Newell has not come down from the Mountain. Mr. Newell got a letter from Mrs. Newell that that there had been a thief on Kuliang and Mr. Smith told us that Mrs. Nightengale woke up one morning to find her children had hardly any cloths and no shoes. He had gone in behind the mesquite netting and stolen their cloth that they took off the night before. Then he pulled out the box from under their beds and stole the clothes in that all with out waking them up. Then Mrs. Huese had the same done to her and there was another too- but I can not rember their name. When papa came home from the North he brought us some Chinese paper dolls dressed in silk, a lot of shells, a pair of slippers for me and a dress for Monnie and some Chinese dolls for Edith Peace. There were some babies born on the mountain they are Clara Jean Worly, Ethel Vicers Turner, Gorge

Cuthburt Topping and then Frederick Donaldson born down here. We have seen them all except Frederick. I hope you are all well. With lots and lots of love Punk [Kathleen]

[This letter dated Sept. 24, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. They are working on starting a student government and have settled which teachers will teach what. Flora and Mary may go to Shansi for Christmas. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Sept 24th [1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

Our ranks are gradually being filled up. Yesterday the Ramsay children arrived and today we had word that the Nelsons are on the way. It takes them 21 days to get here. I imagine most of the way is by cart and that is a slow means of locomotion.

This week things have been going along at a reasonable rate. On Tuesday I met the school lady and we talked over first steps toward student government. The children are to take charge of inspection of rooms, flowers, mailing letters, school room blackboards, playground, arranging living room for chapel and perhaps more later. I have had to prod several committees to get the work done but still hope it will work out when well started. On Wednesday the High School met to consider starting again our school paper. We got out one number two years ago but did nothing with it last year. There was much enthusiasm until mention was made of writing for it. Then a great groan was given. Perhaps they thought Delnoce and I would write it!!

One afternoon I had a thoroughly enjoyable but unscientific game of tennis with three small children. The exercise wasn't much either but the fun compensated in part.

Yesterday I went to the station to see the children off for Peking. Five extra ones went to visit so we are reduced in numbers here.

This year I am taking charge of evening study hall and find that I get my own studying in much more easily and without sitting up so late. When the children have baths I have to leave several times to see about them as Flora never goes up with the children to bed, also I have to send someone to light lamps. Yet I have much more time. Flora says she likes it better too so I hope we continue the arrangement.

I have interesting work this year, even more to my taste than last year. Mr. Gordon has taken my 1st and 2nd year High School English classes. There were no other High School English classes. I omitted the 4th year and put the children in Chemistry instead. By giving Chemistry I was able to omit a History and French class too so it really is an economy of time. Mrs. Porter takes my Latin one class and I am so glad. She is an excellent Latin student and has taught it several years so I feel that the class is most fortunate to have her. Mrs. Wickes continues with the French class which she started last year. That leaves me with Chemistry, Caesar, Cicero, 1st Algebra and 2nd Algebra in the High School and the English and History of the 8th grade. I almost forgot that Mrs. Galt has taken the Ancient History class.

On Wednesday Miss Hill and Miss Knotts came down for the afternoon. They are just out from America to visit a cousin who lives in Peking and came that they might look us over and have Flora look them over. Miss Hill is a graduate of Boston Conservatory of Music and has had two years of university work. Her recommendation sounds most attractive. She will take the vocal music in the grades and high school both and the [unreadable words] pupils of both piano and violin. She will have to be here a day and a half. Miss Knotts is an art student and will come one half day a week for art and perhaps folk-dancing. She suggests the later but we have not yet felt the wishes of the parents to discern if they want it. Both are very young and attractive.

We are having grapes from our own vine. At least it is ours as long as the compound has no single ladies and we support the man who has charge of the garden where the vine grows. The girls and I went over and picked them on last Friday and Monday afternoons. There are a few more but they were not ripe. We had nearly a bushel in all. The bees had eaten many and so we dared not leave them to pick day by day as we used them.

I have at last gotten my school bookkeeping started. I got Robert McCann to help me. He helps his father in keeping the A.B.C.F.M. books when home of vacations. He gave me several pointers and I found on entering my Day Book items in the ledger that we had made only a few errors. Those I was able to rectify. If you hear of anyone coming to the foreign field tell them not to omit a study of bookkeeping in their course. Everyone comes to the necessity of using it sooner or later as every individual school or set of schools has a separate account. Generally the task of keeping them is portioned out so as to not overburden any one with too much mathematics. Mrs. Corbett kept ours last year and she is an expert. My book is most untidy beside hers but I shall strive to improve. I took accounts with the banker last Monday for the first time. Our accounts agreed exactly. He comes out to us about once a month to compare records and receive more money on account if needed. All of our street

supplies, wages and local accounts I pay through him. He charges 30 cents discount in \$100 for all checks deposited but the convenience is worth it. As treasurer I am doubly assured as the bookkeeping is less. How is that for laziness! Let the school pay to make work easier?

The Frames returned from Pei Tai Ho Friday so now our circle is complete. Francis is as friendly as before I left Pei Tai Ho and came to me at once. She patted my cheek and said "Ai" which is Chinese for love. She is a darling. The Love babies are both sick with colds so will not be at all friendly.

Our girls are not quite as numerous as we thought so we are going to have one of the little rooms here on the top floor vacant. We will let the amah sew there and keep one bed in it for Miss Hill on the night she has to stay. Then we may have week end guests who occupy it. Just now Mrs. Ramsay is using it. Dr. Porter has the room downstairs where the three girls not yet here will be.

Mr. Gordon is proving a good friend of the boys as is Mr. Beers. Flora objects a little (then only to me) because they do not feel it incumbent upon them to have at least one here over Saturday. Both had to be in Peking last night so the boys were alone.

There are two servants there so they are safe enough.

Dr. Hemingway was here this week and had supper with us Friday. He has invited us to spend Christmas in Shansi with them. We will chaperone the girls (Adelaide 11 yrs, and Isabel 9 yrs) both ways. I am going anyway. Flora says she does not know about her getting away except to be there over Sunday and Christmas. As usual she assures me I am not needed here so I am going to take her at her word and depart with the children on the first train.

I have always insisted on staying by and getting told that it is needless.

There goes the dinner bell.

With lots of love,

Mary.

[This letter dated Oct. 1, 1916 from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. There are 29 children in their boarding school. Flora talks about Mr. Larsen, father of some of her students. Once a missionary, he became an adviser to Pres. Yuan Shi Kai for a time. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchow, Oct. 1, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

It is four weeks since I have written you, for I skipped my turn two weeks ago- the first time I think since we came to North China. I was just too busy and weary to write.

We have opened school with twenty-nine boarding scholars and two young men who act as chaperones to the boys. We have cleaned and furnished Mrs. Corbett's house and have twelve boys over there. Our own building is full of girls. We have no teacher to help us and there is much to be done. We have added three members to our servant force- which does not lessen the number of things to be seen to. At present we have nine servants, and I don't believe they exactly idle away the whole day. It is taking some time and patience to get them contented and I am hoping that tomorrow may get everything settled, so that the household part may run automatically - or nearly so. I wish you could see our bunch of pupils for they are a keen lively lot, and inspiring. This year we are to have five Swedish children. Three of them have been students at Chefoo and they are only just now opening up, for at Chefoo they were hardly allowed to speak. These three children are a part of a large family whose father is just at present one of the firm engaged in exporting to U.S. all sorts of Chinese products. He has a large ranch three days journey into Mongolia, where he keeps hundreds of horses. It was there we had planned to go to give up the trip because of the threatened bandits- and also because the young lady planning the party died. Now one of the plans for next summer is to go, not only into Mongolia, but to take a trip on up to the border of the Desert of Gobi. Mr. Larson (the man whose children I am writing) was one of the party who took the Ford automobile up to the Living Buddha at Lhasa, which was pictured in the Geographical Magazine a few years ago. The most interesting thing about Mr. Larson is his relationship to the late Pres. Yuan Shih Kai. Mr. Larson came out to China as a missionary in Kalgan and Mongolia. He came to know affairs in that region very well and when Pres. Yuan needed an adviser for affairs in that vicinity he asked Mr. Larson to come to Peking at several thousands of dollars gold per year, which invitation was accepted. He advised the President so well for the Mongolians and told so many truths about the Russian nation Pres. Yuan retire Mr. Larson with the salary of all the term paid in full. Mr. Larson is a wealthy man and is very generous to his mission work. His wife is an American woman but the children I think have the larger sympathy for their father's country. - The other two Swedish children are two girls daughters of Swedish missionaries on the farther border of Shansi. The girls started for our school on Sept. 18th and it will take twenty-one

days for them to get here. We are looking for them at the end of this week or the beginning of next. One of the girls was born in America.

To-morrow we are to welcome our teacher of drawing and music. She is a Miss Hill from the State of Colorado. She has studied violin in Boston Conservatory of Music. She will teach violin, piano, vocal music, and drawing, spending a day and a half with us each week. She is just on a visit for this winter with her relations who represent this same company that Mr. Larson belongs to. She promises to be quite an addition to our school, and since we have no one else to help us out, we are glad to have this part of the work taken off our hands.

Last week I started to Mrs. Benbrook a Chinese coat, by way of you, since if there was any duty to pay I wanted it taken out of my own pocket book. I hope the coat reaches her in time to be of use as a wrap. I am anxious about Mrs. Benbrook's health, and am fearful that her usual December attack will prove too much for her strength. If she should not be living when it reaches you keep it yourselves. It cost me \$11, which now is nearly \$6 gold. When I bought this short coat I bought a perfectly beautiful long coat- a dark blue embroidered in shades of blue and green. I bought it simply as an investment. I am slowly getting together a number of beautiful things which I hope to turn into money when I get home.

Just a few days ago we got word from Will that he was mailing to us the silver he brought out with him. We had gotten the impression that he had not brought it, so are delighted that it is here. I am so sorry that he did not give it to Mr. Pitman who was on the same steamer with him. Mr. Pitman lives in Peking, and we have his brother and sister here in our school as students. Besides, Mr. Pitman came up on the same train with us from Tientsin, so we felt we had very direct and late news of Will and his family. Please have the silver marked in America as I had to pay 30 cents for each letter here, and then it wasn't anything pretty. This half dozen will fix us so that we can get along comfortably for this year, if there should be a delay in getting the rest started.

The other day, I sold my check for \$400 silver for \$212.30 gold, which means that we shall have \$12.30 for extra in fitting out our Household Science department. One of the ladies in the Pres. Miss. [*Presbyterian Mission*] in Peking has offered to take our work here and I think she will be just the one to help plan the equipment, too.

If you want a suggestion for Mary's Xmas present, I know she would like one of those little gold neck chains used for pendants. I am sending some lace collars now which will do for Xmas present. Lovingly, Flora

*[This letter dated **October 8, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Some students are still arriving for school. A boy named Charles Childress had to be expelled. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

October 8- [1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

Contrary to all the rules of weather we are having a rainy Sunday. It began yesterday afternoon about four with a hard thunder storm. The sun took one peep at us this morning and retreated behind the clouds. The N.C.A.S. may well be thankful for these unseasonable rains because it means a little water in our cistern. This should make enough to find with a bucket.

On Monday I went to Peking for the day to make an effort to supply my laboratory with chemicals. Dr. Ingram took me to the Union Medical Pharmacy and I got nearly everything I need for this first half year at least. The bill came last night and the prices are much more reasonable than at the other foreign stores. One of the girls is to bring them down tomorrow night because no one had gone to Peking to return so that they could bring them earlier.

Mrs. Hill came down Monday noon to start the music and art work. She has three music classes, three art classes and eight or nine private pupils for instrumental music. It makes her day and a half very full but she says she prefers it so rather than to stay longer.

On Monday night Tina C?? entered. Her mother came down and spent the night. On Wednesday we were all out in the steps when we saw a man, two girls and a wheelbarrow of goods arriving. Of course it was the Nelson girls from the farther border of Shansi. They wrote that it would take them twenty one days but had been able to make it seventeen. The girls are fine looking girls; Large for their ages beautifully developed physically and with minds eager to learn. Owing to lack of facilities for teaching they are way back in their studies. Huldar, aged thirteen today, is in the fifth and sixth grade. Linnea was doing seventh grade work but I am pushing her and expect her to make High School for next year. She is eager to do it so I anticipate no difficulty.



Possibly the type of wheelbarrow that carried goods to Flora and Mary's school - also used to transport people
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

Mr. Nelson is a little man and typical of the type of missionary who lives very far from the world. He exclaimed with wonder over the beauties of our compound and school. (People not used to civilization often do that.) On Thursday when Mr. Nelson left we sent the girls off for a walk with the other older girls and the little people and I saw him to the train.

We gave a tea to introduce Miss Hill, Tuesday afternoon. If she is to come down every week it will be much more pleasant to know the people here since she must meet them occasionally as she travels.

On Saturday Mrs. Porter gave a tea. The compound ladies have decided to have a weekly tea on Saturday afternoons. We each live so much in our own circles that it will do us good to meet each other at least that often. When I went over about 4.30 it was pouring but it let up before 5.00 so the children and their baggage got to the station dry.

Yesterday was a day of guests. Mrs. Frame has Mrs. Payne down (I took supper with them Saturday evening). Three of the young couples just in under the American Board were guests at their homes. These many new people have filled up the compound in Peking so that there is no unused corner anywhere.

This week marks a new act on the part of the school. We have expected one of the boys, Charles Childress. He is that urchin we took out of pity to see what we could do for him. The Y.M.C.A. men have supported him. He is not amenable to discipline and takes an errand of honor as an opportunity to overstep rules, etc. This last week he lied to Flora a dozen times and she finally got the truth only because she knew it from other sources and he realized he was covered. This was the last straw on a career full of just such rotten material so we asked the committee on pupils to let him go. They noted to expel him and he left on Saturday as usual. Flora and Mr. Beers have packed his things today and we will send them up. That makes his exit less conspicuous and gave him no opportunity to relate his woes on departure.

It is a long time since we have had a home letter. Mails are awfully irregular. My Literary Digests came in bunches instead of singly, yet foreign mails come quite often.

There comes the man to sweep so I will get out. Also it is time to mail this if it is to go this noon.

Lots of love Mary.

Monday.

[This letter dated Oct. 15, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. Willard tells his mother of coming down with Dengue fever along with Marjorie, Kathleen and many others. The College boys have had a week of fun celebrating the Independence Day of China. He thanks his mother for her dressmaking and repairing while his daughters were visiting in Shelton over the summer.]

Foochow, China
Oct. 15 – 1916

Dear Mother:-

We have been in Foochow five weeks and I have not written you. I found the College opened and some 200 boys already back when I arrived Sept. 9th. Of course it was rather strenuous work getting under all the work of different kinds. Then on Sept 28th the Dengue fever got hold of me and has not entirely let go yet. I was in bed thirteen days – got up last Tuesday for the first time. I am only in the very height of fashion tho, for nine foreigners were ill at the same time with me. Marjorie and Kathleen came down with it a week after I did. They are nearly all right now. They will begin school again tomorrow. Mrs. Hodous does most of the teaching. It is a girl's seminary. Marjorie and Elizabeth Billing, Rachel Hodous and our two girlyies. Neil Newell would have been the only boy if he had not died.

We are blessed with almost perfect weather- too pleasant. Wells are getting low. Every day is clear and bright. The intense heat is gone still we are wearing thinnest clothes, but need two thin blankets over us at night.

This past week the College boys have had the time of their lives. Last Tuesday was Independence day for China. The boys wanted a lantern parade on Monday night. As the city officials had officially forbode all idol processions I told the boys I must write and ask for permission to hold the procession. Such a request was a new thing and it took three days!! to get the reply. The boys got restive but as soon as the reply came they at once got busy. The reply was favorable and it was interesting.

The officials told us we could have the procession but must not allow it to appear like an idol procession!! On Monday evening at dark the boys started with band and lanterns and they made a fine appearance. There was a lantern for each of the 18 provinces. Then lanterns carried so as to spell Foochow College. And last came a globe of white paper with the continents marked on it and held by paper images of men about 1 ft. high. With the nice uniforms and lanterns of all colors and shapes they presented a very taking appearance. The Military General stopped the horse carriages from going on the streets the boys took and invited them into his official residence, gave them tea and cake and himself addressed them. On Tuesday he sent in paper chrysanthemums and badges – about 200 for the boys to wear as they paraded Tuesday evening. The Foochow College boys made by far the best appearance of any of the schools and on Tuesday evening several stores were ready with firecrackers to shoot off as the boys passed, and they were invited to stop at seven different official residences. Wednesday the General asked them to go to see a play under his direction. Thursday the boys could scarcely get one foot on the ground. They were walking on air with their heads in the clouds. But they are settled down again now to study.

It is awful nice to have ones own home again here. Ellen has gotten much rested altho while I was in bed she took three classes a day for me in addition to her own three. The girlyies are happy and are a joy forever.

Phebe M's good letter came by the last mail. The same mail brought Phebe K's first letter from Oberlin. Gould and Geraldine had not yet got to Oberlin. I was pleased to hear that Harold was to be in Oberlin.

I do not know how to write of the kindness you all have shown us. I was chagrined when Phebe K's letter came and she told of all the dressmaking and repairing and what not, with visiting that was done after they went down to Shelton. I hope it was not too much for you all at Shelton. If I had known what I know now I should not have dared let the girls go down. But now I can only say a great big thank you. To me personally the summer has most pleasant memories that will never fade out.

I must close now and get a few words off to Oberlin before going to bed. You are picking apples now-how I wish we had a barrel, and some of your good snapping frosts.

May the Father be gracious to you all and keep you

All send love Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 22, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to her dear, darling children all- Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy. Dr. and Miss Walker returned to China and within 2 weeks Mr. Walker contracted Dengue Fever. He is staying with Willard and Ellen's house under their care. Dr. Walker is the 17th American in the compound to become ill with Dengue Fever not to mention some of the servants. The symptoms lead Ellen to believe

that Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen have had it in the past. End of the letter is missing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Oct. 22", '16

My dear, darling children all, - Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy;

All our family have gone to church but me. Dr. Walker is stopping at our house until after the Annual Meeting next month when they will go to Shaowu. He and his daughter arrived about two weeks ago with Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg, two children and a friend (lady). Miss Walker went with them up as far as Long Kau to do some evangelistic work till Annual Meeting time when she planned to return and take her father up to Shaowu. The day they started he went to Sang Bo to see them off and came back, sick, to our house and Papa found him in the parlor when he returned from class. I was also out. Papa put him to bed and he has been here since. We telegraphed Miss Walker and she is returning. We expect her today. So I am staying at home with our patient, particularly as I do not feel very good myself, - eyeache, headache, bilious and weak. Papa tries to make me think I am going to have the dengue fever too; but I do not think so. It is dengue with Dr. Walker and he is not seriously ill, needs little care and Papa and I are sharing it and carrying on our work in the College. - I can hear the pipe organ in the new church and the people singing as I write. Mr. Newell is playing it today as Mr. and Mrs. Belcher are both ill of dengue. Dr. W. is the 17th person (American) to have it in just our compound here in the city the other 11 escaping. Besides, every house but ours has had one or two servants ill of it. It has been very prevalent throughout the city and suburbs, this fall some schools having to close for a few days. It is closely allied to measles, many cases developing so much eruption that Dr. K. says that were dengue fever not known to be about, any Dr. would unhesitatingly pronounce it measles. I have wondered if Geraldine's case of measles which she kept all to herself that time up at the mountain was really not Dengue fever. It did not prove as contagious as measles should have and we heard of not a single other case at the time. Does Geraldine remember about having intolerable itching of feet and hands in connection with her recovery from that? If she does I think that identifies it beyond doubt. And I believe Marjorie had is too just after we went to the mountain in her second summer. She had an eruption which Dr. Whitney had never seen and could not name; and I recall distinctly how weak she seemed which is one characteristic of Dengue; she had been walking not over 3 mos. and I remember remarking that she would have to learn to walk all over a gain. Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear have both had it at different times and Papa and the two little girls. Kathleen was nearly frantic with the itching of the soles of her feet, as was Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear's.

[End of letter missing.]

*[This letter dated **Oct. 22, 1916** was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the Ones at Home. They are expecting Mrs. Porter's sister to come to China and work with them in the middle of the school year. They have had some illnesses among the students. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

N.C.A.S. Oct. 22, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

At least there is a letter to answer and it explains why there was such a dearth of letters. Perhaps Flora wrote last week that Mrs. Porter had a cablegram from her sister that she was coming out the middle of the year. We quite anticipate her arrival both because of the assistance here and for the addition of one more to our community of adults.

This has been a busy week for Flora especially. Two of our little boys were far from well and when a dose of castor oil failed to effect a cure we consulted Dr. Love and put them to bed. Both have well developed cases of Disentery. They are brothers and the mother could come so we telegraphed and she arrived this morning. Yesterday Mr. Gordon gave his whole day to them except for his two hours of teaching. This is the fourth case.

Mr. Frame has been down for three weeks- Little Betty Love has been ill over two weeks- and now these two boys. At the hospital there are several cases and some in the college. Betty Love is far from the road to recovery yet and is a case of extreme anxiety to us all. Where our boys got the germ we can not imagine for there is no least sign of such trouble among any of the other children.

I went to luncheon at Mrs. Porter's today. Mrs. Edwards is there. Mr. Edwards had to go to Peking for meetings this afternoon so I represented him at table.

The children are overcome with excitement these days because they are going to Peking for a Hallowe'en Party next week end.

Monday P.M. I had to stop to dress for lunch – and Mrs. Elmer Galt was here for supper so I visited instead of writing last evening. This morning our two boys are better so Doctor is letting them have doctored milk. Betty is a trifle better and has taken a little food. Neither Doctor nor Mrs. Love will say more but they can speak of her now with more composure so I feel hopeful.

Dr. Smith gave us a fire talk last night. He gave at the end this for us to remember “Pure patience, perfectly persued, presages permanent prosperity.” The children are all trying to remember it because he said he should ask them to repeat it when he returned from his trip. He started today for Foochow and will be gone for a long time as he stays over for the “Continuation Committee” Meeting late in November.

I have spent most of today on school accounts and yet have not finished. As soon as I get a long column nearly added someone asks a question or something and the work is lost.

If you are hunting for a Christmas gift for me I awfully want a sweater either grey or white or blue. Mine is helping some poor Chinese to keep warm. He helped himself to it on our Shan Hai Guan trip.

I must cut this short or it will not get off. I made a mistake in not getting it done on Sunday for these busy days offer little opportunity for letter writing except on Sunday.

Lots of love

Mary. I want to get the next letter to hear again from Elizabeth and whether Phebe gets a position.

[This letter dated Oct. 22, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. The letter starts off with Willard talking about the Dengue fever that has afflicted them and their friends. Marjorie and Kathleen have recovered. He requests that his children at Oberlin send financial statements. Willard has sent a Mrs. Davis 200 boxes of tea which she will be paying for.]

Foochow, China

Oct. 22nd 1916

Dear Geraldine:-

This letter I am beginning before church in the morning so as to be sure it gets finished by night. All goes on much as usual. The chief item of interest to us is the Dengue fever in spite of any thing we can do. The girlies are entirely recovered as far as we can see. Mr. Belcher had it rather hard. I have been over and bathed him several evenings. When I was in bed it felt very good to have Mama bathe me. Dr. Walker does not want to be bathed. He started last Thursday to see Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg, their two children, Miss Goodwin and Miss Walker off for Shaowu. But when about half way to the river he felt so badly that he turned around and came back, - came to our house. I found him in the parlor, almost shivering. I asked if he would like to go to bed and he said yes. So I put him right into my bed. We have not a lot of furniture. In fact we are using a bed of Mrs. Belcher's and one of Mrs. Newell's. Before night we had his room fixed up and got him settled. Miss Walker had started up river Friday. I telegraphed her with Dr. Kinnear's approval that her father was ill. She will likely return from Cui Kau this p.m. Dr. Walker is over 70 years old and his daughter ought to be here if he is unwell.

I have done all my regular work and some extra this past week. But it is hard work to set myself to work. I feel lazy. On Friday evening the Anti Cobweb met at Consul Pontears. I had the paper on The Political and Industrial situation in the States. Mama and I attended. It was the first time we had left the girlies alone. But they did not make the least fuss. The amah stayed with them and Dr. Kinnear sent up a Chinese nurse to stay with Dr. Walker.

Last Tuesday Gould's letter undated arrived. The P.O. stamp on the envelope reads Sept. 13th. This letter has Gould's financial statement, but none from the girls. He has just arrived in Oberlin. Phebe and Dorothy are there. You are in N. Tonawanda hoping to get to Oberlin by the end of the week. We talked about you with God. On those very days when you were with Aunt Etta we asked Him to take care of you. But now we just tell Him that we hope you are all well and in Oberlin all right. We shall look for a letter in the next mail with eagerness hoping for good news.

I am enclosing Gould's financial statement made out as I want each of you to make yours out on the first day of each month. The form in which Gould's came is not a credit to him. The account is not balanced and some of the figures I cannot be sure of. You ought to have an account book and keep the account carefully and balance once a week or at the very least once a month. Send an exact copy of your account to me once a month. You will have to rule this and send it on a separate sheet. I want to know also where the money you have on hand is, - whether in the National Bank or in the Postal Savings. Gould must have a lot of money that belongs to you girls I should think.

Did I write that I had sent 200 boxes of tea to Mrs. L.L. Davis? I wish one of you would take a walk out to her house and tell her. Tell her also that in paying for it she might just as well give the money to you as to send it out here. I do not know what she paid Mr. Christian, but if she pays the same for the first 200 boxes it will be all right. I may have to add a cent a box after that for exchange is way up and paper, thread and string have doubled in price.

Every night we tell God that our hearts first desire for you in that you may realize His presence and be kept by Him. May you be healthy in body, mind and spirit, be kept from all anxiety and enjoy your work

Very lovingly your father Willard L. Beard



Gould Beard (back row, fourth from left) at Oberlin College 1916-1917.

[Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard]

[This letter dated **Oct. 30, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have had challenges at the boarding school with the washman and the amah and have had to exclude a boy from school for bad behavior. Two boys have dysentery. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou, Oct. 30, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

Two weeks ago was the second time since school opened that I let my turn to write pass by undone. The days are not long enough for all there is to be done, but we have relief in view for Mrs. Porter's sister has cabled that she is coming as soon as she can get here. We hope that may be by Xmas time. This has certainly been an eventful six weeks. We have had a washman to be dealt with who is a man with a mean spirit. If he didn't get the clothes as clean as he does, we should not tolerate him. I am in hopes his mean spirit may die a natural death because it does not meet one in me. Otherwise our servants seem to be trying to do their several duties. My amah, who has to do her mending in my sleeping room took the opportunity when I was away to open my trunk and take some of my money (about \$25) so she was sent off in a hurry. We have one now who belongs to one of the better

families- as her long finger nails on the left hand testify. She used to be addicted to opium and I should judge uses tobacco (or something like it) now. She is a very quiet demure little woman and is an improvement in the way she keeps her person, though her serving is more slowly done.

We have excluded one boy for misconduct. He was being supported by several Americans and since he left we have found that it was a wise thing to do, for he has been making the soldiers his chums and even they said there was not much he did not know or had done. His influence here was not good- especially on the boys younger than himself.

Last week two boys came down with serious cases of bloody dysentery. Fortunately their mother was within reach by telegram and was here in thirty-six hours. The boys have had several injections of eucentine[?] and have made steady progress so that now one of them is feeling too lively to enjoy staying in bed. They are eating toast and milk, so we hope to have them back with us in a few days. This makes four cases of the same disease in the compound. Where these boys got it and why no one else has had it are mysteries, but every one seems to be keeping well, with the exception of colds.

This Sunday we are down to our last year's Sunday number- twelve- for one of the Peking girls is having a Hallowe'en party and the different families of Peking are entertaining the boys and girls over the week end. It seems good to have so small a family.

Next Monday, I expect to go to Peking and if I do I shall mail to you several lace collars to be used for Xmas presents. We had an opportunity to get them rather reasonably this summer at Peitaiho.

We are so glad to have the silver. Every one likes it and I certainly enjoy having a decent knife, fork and spoon to eat with. Our silver is quite a heterogeneous lot running thru entire length from German silver to Sterling, and some times one place represents each kind. I have trained our servants to give this particular kind of silver just to us grown ups.

I am enclosing a draft to help out Mary's and my accounts at home. I hope my account may show a little credit for a short time. Will you please put the money required into this envelope and send it on. I hope to get the things for Xmas but may not. Lovingly – Flora Beard.

*[This letter dated **November 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Mary had the flu for three days, then more children came down with the chicken pox. She talks about recent events at the school. Her sister, Elizabeth, is ill again (tuberculosis). Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou
Monday morning.
[November 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

Thanks to the fact the China has been taken into the postal union our home packages come via Chinese Post and are being delivered here at Tungchou. The two packages containing corsets came on Friday and yesterday my stockings and brassiers came. Everything of mine is fine. The corsets are identical with what I have so I speak without trying them. The others I tried and like. Many thanks for all of your trouble.

Flora says she was so busy last week that she could not find time to write. I do not wonder for I just had to give in to an attack of the grippe and go to bed for three days. I was back at my post before the end of the week so the pressure is removed. I got well just as three more cases of chicken pox broke out. One we shipped home to Peking post haste. The other two I have as next door neighbors. They are not very ill but have to stay in bed as long as new spots continue to appear. I have the caring for them down to a science and the boy or amah do nearly all of the stair climbing for me now. One patient is a small boy. I just wish you could have seen the dignity and shocked expression of the eleven year old girlie when I suggested that they might talk back and forth across the hall. I chuckled inwardly but dared not even smile outwardly. The shyness has disappeared.

We are so enjoying the NCAS silver. Everyone who comes speaks of the pretty pattern and of the decorations of the monogram. So those four letters are getting admiration enough I think to help pay for the great expense that they were.

We are getting something of the real experiences of boarding school life this year. One girl especially has her head full of the book stories of boarding school and is trying the tricks. Flora has not had experience of that sort and thinks the girl a much worse type than she is. Wait and we will find out (maybe) that she really is a fine specimen of girlhood but just at a silly age. On investigation I find that your statement received a few weeks ago said 2 brassiers but I got 4. Is the two dollars (\$2.00) for the four? Or for two?

We are getting all excited about Christmas presents these days. The children started on Saturday to plan what to make. Miss Perkin is getting some things in Peking to send down and Flora is going to take the children into the city today to get others.

By the way, Miss Perkin is coming down on Friday nights and staying for twenty four hours. She takes entire charge of the laundry off of Flora; takes Flora's class so F. can give the small children and extra music lesson; takes all of Mrs. Galt's Saturday classes; looks after getting the children off for Peking; helps with the serving and Christmas preparation. It is a busy time but she says she likes it and finds much good variety that it is not tiring. Miss Hill comes on Monday noon and stays till Tuesday evening for music and drawing so by piecing out we are getting a lot of help.

We have had definite word that Miss Margaret Ann Smith is on her way for women's work in Tungchow and we are hoping to welcome her for Thanksgiving. There is a possibility that Miss Dudley, Mrs. Porter's sister, is with her but we hardly hope so. Miss Dudley is to be our assistant.

I wonder how Elizabeth is? That first report was most encouraging. This seems to be the Beard's busy season. Willard is head over heels in work. Mrs. Smith was over this morning and gave a suggestion as to the many doings down at Foochow. Dr. Smith was indirectly awaiting an opportunity to get out for he spoke of a story at Foochow as an indeterminate equation.

You are extra busy with Elizabeth away and the strain of having her ill again. We are trying to do alone what three of us had difficulty in accomplishing last year. So it goes!!

Flora had a letter from Mrs. Palen yesterday telling of Mrs. Benbrook's death. It is hard for Flora because of the long friendship but I think a relief too to feel that she is free from suffering at last. Poor Christine has had a sad year with the loss of both husband and mother. Her letters to Flora have sounded full of a courage and trust beautiful to see.

I do want a home letter but the packages and newspapers at least bespeak of a busy life for you all. Exchange is still going down so I will send another draft when I can get to the bank for it. It is only 180+ now. Just think of 260 two years ago. It makes salary checks look small.

I must get to work for it is Monday the only day with opportunity to catch up with myself on studying, sewing etc.

Lots of love and wishes that God may keep you all well.

Mary Beard.



This is a photo of the "cure cottage" at #8 Helen Street, Saranac Lake, NY where Elizabeth's Tuberculosis card said she was staying.

[Photo provided by the Adirondack Research Room, Saranac Lake, NY.]

NO.....

REPORT OF A CASE OF TUBERCULOSIS

Full Name
Miss Elizabeth Beard

Present Address
8 Helen St.

Former Address
Shelton, Conn.

Age *41* ~~Married~~ or Single.....

Where Contracted?*?*.....

Incipient? Advanced? Far Advanced?

Cough? Expectoration?

T. B. Present Absent

Has patient been instructed as to disposal
of sputum and all other means of
prevention?

yes

Saranac Lake, N. Y. *9/1*.....191*6*

Price.....M. D.
Attending Physician

This is a record of Elizabeth Beard living at 8 Helen Street in Saranac Lake, NY for tuberculosis.
[Image provided by the Adirondack Research Room, Saranac Lake, NY.]

[This letter dated Nov. 5, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the folks. They have a case of chicken pox and two with dysentery at the school. China now has a Vice President. They had a pretend vote for U.S. President and Wilson won. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

4th floor N.C.A.S.
Nov 5. [1916]

Dear folks,

I just wonder what the next event of great importance will be. The last is a case of chicken pox. Yesterday morning I found Pauline Ramsay all broken out and called the doctor. Of course we isolated her and also her sister who was her roommate. Fortunately most of the younger children have had chicken pox- and all of the little girls who have been her special playmates have had them. The only suspect is her sister. Pauline is not very sick so the care is not so great but that I can do it easily.

Yesterday noon the two dysentery patients came over for lunch and they will now be regular boarders at our table except that they have special diet.

The compound patients are also better.

The many children who were in Peking for the party last week Saturday afternoon returned a weary lot of youngsters. By Thursday they were ready for good work again. Oh what a task it has been to establish the right sort of spirit this year. Many of the new pupils are not seriously inclined and youth was too strong for the ones that were. I think strong pressure from many sides will do it.

I have had three good games of tennis this week and one long walk on the wall. The wall is an extra fine picture this year because the compound is so beautiful. The trees have more brilliant coloring than I have seen before in China and the leaves are staying on extra well too. From the wall we look down into the piles of yellow tree tops.

The Sentinels came. I was glad to read Father's article for my 8th grade History class were wanting to know who were candidates for President on the Prohibition ticket. Our local papers give little or no American politics.

China at last has a Vice President after months of talk and discussion. The man chosen was a leader in the Revolutions and is a strong military leader still. He is from Nanking.

I guess Willard found his from month's work waiting for him for we have had only two letters since his return.

Friday AM. Flora mailed to you on Monday three packages which contain things we thought you might use for Christmas. We do not care to whom you give them. The collars we bought at Pei Tai Ho from vendors who came around. The silk embroidered sleeves I got from a silk man last spring. I sent the rings to use as handles. If I get a chance I will still get silk for lining lest you be unable to match them at home. If you want more of the doilies we can get them here quite frequently. I never dare promise to get anything at a definite time for we have to wait for the right man to happen along.

Pauline is better and was up and dressed yesterday. She seems perfectly well but of course she is still quarantined. Muriel is out of quarantine but has to be watched from two weeks yet.

We had a straw vote for President on Tuesday. My American History conducted it and we allowed everyone, big and little, to vote. We had them all register on Monday and swore to them American nationality and only registered voters were allowed at the polls on Tuesday. All but three of the compound adults voted with us. There were 37 votes cast; two were thrown out as improperly scratched; Wilson had 25, Hughs 8 and Benson 2. The children took it most solemnly and the polls were a most proper place. We got the real returns Wednesday evening about six o'clock by telephoning to the Peking legation. That is we got the result but not the majority yet.

I must get this off or Flora will think I have trespassed on her time too much.

Will you please renew my subscription to the National Geographic Magazine.

Ruth, the shipping list sounds perfectly satisfactory. We have some of the goods yet. Flora did not have time to go to the Post office on Monday so we do not know if the packages are in Peking or not. Do not spend too much time hunting for the stockings. I am not so particular as that. The kind had worn well and fitted well so I thought to save (not make) trouble by asking for something definite. Generally I thought it easier to shop for another if the order was quite definite. What a bother this war does make.

I do want to hear from you all. Is Phebe still at hire? Does Elizabeth improve at Saratoga? I do hope you are all keeping well.

With lots of love
Mary.

[This letter dated Nov. 5, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. Willard is writing from the gate house of the College waiting to surprise 6 boys when they return who left the premises without permission. His sister, Elizabeth is in Syracuse, NY in a sanitarium for illness. Their Annual Meeting will celebrate the 70th Anniversary of Christian work in Foochow. Dr. Arthur Smith from Peking will be there. Geraldine has been sick in the states and Ellen's sister, Etta, took care of her. The 6 missions in Foochow want to combine the different schools to form Fukien Christian University. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
Nov. 5th 1916

Dear Phebe:-

You will be interested to know the circumstances under which I am writing. Until today the students of this College have been required to attend meetings as follows: 9 a.m. Sunday School, 10:30 a.m. church, 3:00 p.m. Sunday School, 7:00 p.m. C.E. We have cut out one compulsory service= the 8:00 p.m. S.S. This gives the boys a

whole afternoon free. We are right in the heart of the city and it is not wise to allow the boys to go out of the grounds. But the gatekeeper came up to the house to tell me that six boys had gone out in spite of him. So I am in the gate house. It is interesting. Some of the boys who went out without permission are coming in and it is interesting to see the expression on their faces as they see the President's eyes on them and as he asks them for the little ticket which lets them out and in.

To day we had a good letter from Aunt Mary. The school this year is full- twenty eight boarders and two day pupils and the Aunts are doing most of the work alone. It keeps them pretty busy. In Aunt Mary's letter was enclosed one from Aunt Phebe. Aunt Elizabeth is in Syracuse, N.Y. at a Sanitorium. Aunt Ruth and Miss Cora Bennett went up with her. She will remain there some time. Aunt Ruth had not come home when Aunt Phebe wrote and she did not know just what the plans were or just what the Doctor said about Aunt Elizabeth. She intimated tho that Aunt Elizabeth would be all right in a few weeks with rest and care. She had not been perfectly well since her illness last winter. Aunt Phebe has learned to drive the "cheap, cheap, cheap." But the day she was writing she could not start it, so she and Grandma did not go to church. Hence the letter.

We are still trusting that all is well with Geraldine. The mail this afternoon brought nothing from America. Mr. and Mrs. Beach, Francis and Ethel arrived last Tuesday – all looking well. They went to Diong Loh on Thursday. Mr. Beach brought Aunt Flora's watch. You knew it was repaired at Taylor and Gregories and did not run. A Mr. Dodd, son of the Dodd in the B.N. Beard Co. was on the steamer with Mr. Beach and had the watch and asked Mr. Beach to bring it down to me.

Our Annual Meeting, which this year takes the form of a 70th Anniversary of the opening of Christian work in Foochow, begins on Tuesday evening and holds for a week. So this next week will be a very busy one. People are beginning to assemble for this already. Five are down from Shaowu (Chinese). Dr. and Miss Walker are here. Dr. Walker came out to dinner today for the first time. Dr. Arthur Smith and a Chinese pastor are here from Peking and a Miss Davis up from Canton.

Sunday evening: - Just before supper the mail came in as I wrote and just as we were finishing supper another mail came in. This brought Phebe's letter to Kathleen Cynthia Beard with letters from Aunt Etta and Geraldine. We are very thankful that Geraldine was getting better. It was a siege and I wonder how Aunt Etta ever stood it. What can we do to thank her? I sent her 30 boxes of tea and can refuse to let her know the cost of it. You have money enough to meet all bills I am sure. I have sent \$30 to you since reaching China and \$100 to Gould. Again I want to tell Geraldine how much I have thought of her these weeks. I have thought of her as at College with all those lessons to make up. But you will do it all right dear girl, and you will not worry over it. You were always a most patient patient. I remember when you had something here in Foochow- was it chicken pox? You were as quiet and patient as could be- never a word or act that could be interpreted as complaining and Aunt Etta writes that you are the same still.

The missions in Fukien (six) have got together and are definitely asking for the incorporation of the Fukien Christian University. This will be done by uniting four union institutions – Arts course (College) Theological School and Medical College and Normal School. These institutions have all graduated students except the Arts course. Delegates came from Amoy for the Comm. meetings on Fri. p.m. and Sat. a.m.

We have just finished all the letters- Phebe's to Kathleen with its full account of the doings of the week. Gould's with its setbacks and its happy surprises and football news and Aunt Etta's about Geraldine and Geraldine's own letter. I want to hear from Dot now- and I want the financial statements of you girls. But no doubt they will be here before this reaches you.

The girlies are both quite well and growing like weeds. They are writing to you today. I wonder what we leave out of our letters that you want to hear. The girlies both are almost intemperate in eating pumeloos and in wanting to hold and carry the babies of the compound.

May God give you His wisdom for all things, keep you well in body, with healthy, pure, clean minds and daily growing to know Jesus better as a personal friend.

Very lovingly Your Father
Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Nov. 12, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. In it he expresses concern of Geraldine's illness and gives her advice on what to do about her studies because of it. He talks about receiving boxes from Putnam-plates, saucers, etc. He is looking forward to using opening and using the Grafonola, a record player of the time.]

Foochow, China Nov. 12th 1916

Dear Geraldine:-

Your letter to Mama which came this past week brought much relief to me- altho it brought disappointment, for I had hoped that we should hear that you were in Oberlin and studying. When we read your letter I thanked God that it was no worse, and that you were on the road to recovery. It is with a good degree of certainty now that I think of you as at Oberlin resting. I am writing Aunt Etta. No words can adequately thank her for what she did for you. Deeds of that nature are not done for the thank you's to be received, or any other kind of compensation. I do not see how Aunt Etta does all her household work and sewing and church work.

But the question now is what you are to do during the remainder of the year. I am afraid it will be hard for you to find studies for next term not having had this term's work. If you can take studies next term and have them count in the regular course that would be one solution. If you cannot take such studies I think of two plans - one go to Shelton where you could help enough to pay for your board and get a good rest. The other is to stay in Oberlin and take cello lessons and a course in the Business College. Such a course would be useful to you always. It would make one more possibility for you to earn some of your way thru college. If you took this course you would need to use it all the time- take notes during your college course in shorthand, so as to be fresh in it all the time. For this term I rather hope you are in Oberlin taking lessons on the cello and having a good time.

It is a very difficult thing to advise in a case like this. We cannot know all the circumstances. A full month has elapsed since we knew how you were and another month will be gone before you will get this. Naturally and rightly you would rather have parents to consult with than any one else. But you have had them for eighteen years and have learned how they look at questions. You know the principles in which they decide questions. And none of these principles is of more importance than to talk the whole matter over with God- not once or twice but keep praying about it until light comes and you feel pretty certain that the course you decide on is the right one. In matters of great importance my practice is to talk with God just as I would with the most intimate friend on earth. There is one great advantage in talking with God about any matter.....[*letter too long for copy paper*]

...and honest with myself and everyone else. Then you have sisters and brother and Mrs. Garland, and friends in the East in Putnam and Shelton,-and you have one other source of great help=you have the prayers of Mother and Father and shall I not add little sisters. Your common sense will use all these help and you will decide to do the best thing.

The Annual Meeting for the Chinese church has been in progress since Tuesday. The 70th anniversary of the opening of Christian work in Fukien is being held in connection with the Annual Meeting. The meetings are held in the new Lau Memorial Church. Last Thursday afternoon nearly 2000 people were in attendance filling the church quite comfortably. This evening a dozen foreigners sang parts of "The Prodigal Son" to a large audience.

Our boxes from Putnam arrived Thursday. Yesterday we unpacked the big box of beds and the dining table box. Every thing in these two boxes came all right. The glass doors for my book case were not cracked or scratched. We also opened the three barrels of crockery. One pitcher was broken, one saucer, two dining plates and one handle was broken off the slop jar. All else came all right. The glass cans of oatmeal came all right except one. That was broken. These six are the only ones opened. We want to open the Grafonola [*record player*] tomorrow, for on Tuesday we are to entertain about twenty five pastors and preachers at dinner, and would like to try our new records.

Yesterday afternoon two fires burned up a lot of houses in Foochow. One got into the Y.M.C.A. building in the city,- not the new [*one*] on the river but one inside the city in a Chinese house fixed[?] area. It burned only about one fourth of it which was covered by insurance.

Dr. and Mrs. Walker are still with us. Dr. Walker is better- spoke for a short time this afternoon at the communion service. They plan to leave for Shaowu next Friday.

I see this letter is almost all about you- but "there's a reason" and Phebe and Gould and Dorothy are in our minds and prayers always. We are all well. I think we are all growing fat,- we ought to with the best of pumelo, persimmons, oranges, pears (Chinese), chestnuts and other things. The girlies went to Chinese feast last evening and enjoyed it.

God keep and guide and use you all

Very lovingly your Father

[This letter dated Nov. 19, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister Ruth. After visiting the burned ruins of the Ha Puo church, Willard's family saw Dr. and Miss Walker off for Shaowu. Because Geraldine was sick, Willard feels she will rest for the school term. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Nov. 19th 1916

Dear Ruth:-

Altho it is most 9:30 p.m. I am going to at least start a letter to you. Friday afternoon Ellen, Marjorie, Kathleen and I visited the school at Sang Gaing. We just happened to go, that is we went to see the ruins of our Ha Puo church that was entirely destroyed by fire last Wednesday night, then we went on a little way to the river to see Dr. and Miss Walker off for Shaowu. We were then on the river just opposite Sang Gaing and took a boat and went over. It was a fine site to see the school filled with tables for the pupils and the pupils sitting in good order, at their lessons, and the two teachers on their job. Did I tell you that the assistant teacher has had about six years in the English course in Foochow College? He knows English so he could teach it about "to M," as the sign over one school read "English taught here to the letter M." The reputation of the school is very good indeed. There are 72 pupils this year. One boy is thinking of trying to enter Foochow College next year.

A week ago yesterday a fire destroyed part of the Y.M.C.A. premises inside the city- not the new building. The loss was covered by insurance. Last Wed. night another fire burnt 1400 houses including our Ha Puo Ga church. Mr. Ding Ming Uong's father was preaching here while he was in the U.S. in 1897 or 98. There was insurance to cover this also, the members are already negotiating for more land and plan to enlarge their plant and rebuild.

Our goods have come from Putnam and I am putting every minute possible into unpacking and setting up the chairs. I have set up 4. The things came thru in good condition.

We have not heard from Geraldine since she left Ettas. We think of her as in Oberlin resting and getting strong. It is difficult to advise from this distance. But the children know on what principles to decide all questions and they are together for consultation and Mr. Garland will help and I doubt not that they have written you people in Shelton and then God will guide. We hope Geraldine will rest this term, perhaps take Cello lessons. I suggested that she might take a course in a Business College in Oberlin if it seemed wise. This would help her in earning her way thru College.

Ellen has a little cold that affects her nose some, otherwise we are all well. The girlies are both rosy and fat and growing fast. Mr. Beach, - (Ruth Ward's husband) brought Flora's watch from Mr. Dodd and I have sent it on to Tung Chow.

You are thinking of Thanksgiving. It will be a small one for you compared with some recent years. But you will have the satisfaction of thinking that altho we are scattered, we are each in useful work. I hear from several sources of the good work the girls are doing in the north. Apples are all picked by this time- how about corn?

The letter takes our very best Merry Christmas to you all and our Happy New Year also. Pass them along to Oliver, Ben and their friends and to Stanley and Myra.

If I can tell from Phebe's letter where to address Elizabeth I will try to get a letter to her at Syracuse.

Very lovingly to Father, Mother and all

Will

[This letter dated Dec. 1, 1916 was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She and Mary have been very busy doing more work than two people can handle. The children have been mischievous, they had to have one expelled (Charles Childress) and now, one child has tuberculosis. They had a Thanksgiving dinner at the school and one on the compound at Dr. Love's. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Dec. 1, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

It is a month since I have written you. There simply has not been a spare moment for such writing for even now I am leaving undone every day more things that I am doing and I am doing all that can be crowded between the hours of 7 A.M. and 9.30 P.M. I have to go to bed early in order to be ready for the next day. Even Sunday is full. The hope of having Miss Dudley arrive within the next four weeks has been the one thing that has kept me going, for there is more to be done here than two people have any right to attempt to do. The lack of supervision alone has the most serious result here. The keen wide awake children have to be up to something and their heads are not yet

wise enough to carry their own affairs to success without an older one to guide them. Each week this fall there has been some sort of escapade to settle and it wasn't until a week or two ago that we could get any kind of responsibility out of the children. The last prank was that two girls took the notion to take a midnight walk in the compound. They found a side door from which the coolie never takes the key at night, unlocked it and stayed out about five minutes. It was a pitch dark night and they had the (mis?)fortune to run into the night watchman. They think that he told me, since, when they could no longer keep still about it and they came to confess. I told them I already knew about it. I had found out from another source. When they realized how such an action placed them in the minds of the Chinese they were rather serious. Both girls promise this to be their last misdemeanor, and I believe it will be. One of the girls has come from the Chefoo school where the girls are chaperoned to annihilation, and it is perhaps a natural consequence of being placed under almost no restrictions. I believe she has good material in her and she is doing her best since that time to prove her promise good. We have been having all sorts of experiences with our students this fall. First we had to expel the boy who was being supported here, and I am more thankful than I can say that we are rid of him. Since he went I have heard (from one of the people helping him here) that some of the week ends he did not even go home but spent the days among some Chinese women out side the city. Two of our boys had serious cases of dysentery. Another lad has left "to be fattened up" but will never return. His mother is a "peroxide" blonde and his father is the architect of Tsing Hua College. I am afraid we never get all that is due us on their bill for "peroxide" generally means lack of reality. The latest calamity is the worst. We had a boy and girl here whose house is near the sea. Mary Lee is a little shy, fascinating piece of mischief. She was so full of her "pretty gowns", the "boys" and "having a good time" that her lessons never were gotten. She played in every game- one of the most enthusiastic and strenuous. All of a sudden there were serious signs of over exertion and then we teachers insisted on less activity but it did not cure the trouble and since she has gone to her sister's it has developed into tuberculosis and she has had two bad hemorrhages. This of course takes her out of school and probably her brother, too, as they may go at once to America.

Yesterday was Thanksgiving and it was a busy day here. We had most of the children with us and that meant supervising them in their plans. A committee planned the dinner and helped at getting it and setting the table. Then, in the evening there was the Compound dinner at Dr. Love's- so we had two dinners. At noon we had had goose and when we had two big bustards [*a type of game bird*] to attack at 8 P.M., my appetite was lacking, but I enjoyed the evening just the same.

My watch arrived last week- apparently dropping out of the sky and it was not until Ruth's letter came that I knew where it had come from. I will write to Mr. Dodd and thank him for his care of it.

I will be on the lookout for a coat for Miss Brewster but I do not know how much she wants to pay for one. They cost all the way from \$11 to \$50 silver. The cheaper ones have embroidered bands around the edges, the neck and the sleeves. Those for about \$20 have embroidered designs on them as well as the bands as on the others. I have one of the \$11 coats which I use in early fall for a wrap.

Do you realize that one half of our five years is up. I shall be ready to go home anytime after this year, but shall probably stay one year more, - for no one has materialized yet to take our places.

This letter is late in getting off so I am going to close here. As to the silver don't worry too much about it, tho' we shall be glad to have it whenever it comes. We use it for ourselves here and it is good to have decent forks, knives and spoons.

It is almost a relief to think of Mrs. Benbrook at rest for she has been so tired for so long.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Dec. 1, 1916.

Tungchou.

*[This letter dated **December 3, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about the Thanksgiving festivities they had. Mary plans to go to Shansi for Christmas and Flora may go to Tsi Nan. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou

December 3, 1916

Dear Ones at Home-

Thanksgiving has come and gone since last I wrote. We had a real American celebration. Breakfast was later, 8.00. At 10.30 a party of almost twenty of us started out for a long walk. We cut over lots and visited cemeteries along the way and ended up at the old stone bridge. Then we took another set of by-paths home. Our appetites were good after the exercise of nearly two and a half hours. Several of our family had not joined us

because they were busy getting dinner and decorating the tables and dining room. We had appropriate runners from Vantines (things Flora brought out) on the wall. Our place cards were turkeys that stood on white cards. We had menus made by a second art class. The other decorations were two large squashes to represent "horns of plenty". All sorts of vegetables were overflowing from them. In the afternoon we all took a rest. Flora and I had shampoos instead. Our regular service was at 5.00. The children sang for us. The men here have very good voices, in general superior to those of the women. The compound had a Thanksgiving dinner that evening at 7.30 and we four adults were all asked to partake. Two Thanksgiving dinners in one day is quite filling!! The table was decorated with a black ship modeled after the Mayflower and a model of the structure over Plymouth Rock. The rock was under it too! After dinner we played a game in which we named 10 generic nouns; then someone gave us a letter and we had to write down an illustration under each, as flower- pansy. We counted the number of people playing and scored by subtracting from the whole number those who had written those who had written the same illustration as ourselves. If we were the only one to write a name we scored the total number present. If one other wrote it we scored two less, if two had it, three less, etc. In accordance with Tungchow custom we ended with the Virginia Reel.

Did Flora write that Miss Margaret Ann Smith arrived last Tuesday noon? Mrs. Porter gave a tea for her that afternoon and we all had our formal introduction. She is very nice, quiet, sincere, interested in things etc. She is athletic so will help to keep alive the tennis spirit. Already she is out with us for Volley Ball and the children are quite in awe over her quickness in learning to play. She is going to stay with Mrs. Frame until January the third when she goes to Peking to enter Language school. The Language school is independent of the Y.M.C.A. this year and they do not want student's to start the study of the language until they enter because they get into bad habits. Their next new class starts just after the first of January.

Last night Mr. and Mrs. Malone of Tsung Hua came to spend Sunday with the Galts and we were invited in to meet them last evening. We played charades and had a most enjoyable evening.

The Biggins, English, are moving to Peking. We will miss Madam Biggins from our social life for she was and is such a social lady. Mr. and Mrs. Biggins will be missed from the work. Neither had entered any foreign enterprise, but each has given every bit of strength to work with the Chinese. I have not even seen Mr. Biggins this fall.

Little Isabel Hemingway has been down here since Wednesday evening and has had a grand good time. I shall take both her and Adelaide into Shansi when I go for the holidays. A letter from Mrs. Hemingway received today gives directions for the journey. I am quite anticipating the trip. We will be there nearly two weeks. Flora has an invitation to Tsi Nan which I hope she can accept.

Our latest development is a suspected case of Scarlet fever. Robert McCann either has an exceptional, very severe case of chicken pox or else Scarlet fever. We are still hoping for the former but are taking every precaution lest it be the later. I wish now that I had scarlet fever instead of Pediculosis [*lice*] when Ruth had it. Fortunately Robert's grandmother came last night to visit the Galts! She has gone into quarantine with him so he is getting proper care without danger of exposure to the other children.

We were glad of a home letter to help make us thankful on Thursday. Please write more about Geraldine and her condition.

You had a busy fall, I do think and did well to get some cleaning done so soon with it all. I wish we could ship some of the Chinese servants to you. They are horribly inefficient but much better than nothing. Ours are doing fairly well this year.

This will be a little late for a Merry Christmas greeting but not for a Happy New Year message. Please accept both and my earnest prayer that God keep you all safe and well during the New Year.

With much love

Mary Beard

[This letter dated Dec. 3, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister Phebe. They had 13 in their home for Thanksgiving dinner and played their Grafynola. Geraldine was sicker than Willard realized. Fires have been destructive in Foochow and about 2000 families lost their homes. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.

Dec. 3rd 1916

Dear Phebe (sister):-

You must not ask me to tell which one of your good letters this is a reply to. It is just a letter to you my sister to be shared with all the dear home folks. You may be sure I and we thought of you last Thursday. We were talking of the gathering at Century Farm a year ago. It was different this year.

We had our Thanksgiving in this compound in three companies. At our home we had thirteen at the table- all the children and their parents came to us. I got our dining table and chairs set up just in time. The table held us nicely. Turkeys were 45 cents per lb. live weight= about 25 cents gold and geese were 20 cents per lb. live weight. We had two geese. And we had the cranberry sauce, mince pie, pumpkin pie, sweet potatoes, olives, apple sauce etc. etc. Then after the dinner the others came in and listened to the children in the play "The Landing of the Pilgrims" and to our new Grafynola the gift of the Putnam church.

It is bed time, so good night. I have begun the letter and it is now pretty sure to get finished.

Monday 3:45 p.m.

I have a little suit of Chinese clothes which I want to send to Edith. I plan to send it to some of you and ask you to give it to Abbie for her. And I plan to send it in two mails- the trousers in one mail and the coat in the next. So, when you get it do not be surprised or think it for some of you grown ups. We just happened to run across it and it came reasonably cheap so I got it with Edith in mind. I am sorry it will be too late for her Christmas present. She will have to play that her Christmas has been extended.

I wonder how that benevolent old gentleman on the school board decided about you. I could not help having a sort of fellow feeling for him because I am continually up against such propositions, = which one shall I take? Only last week I had to give the contract for the building of a house to one contractor and I shall have to tell the other one he cannot have it. In this case both are equally good, my leanings are toward the one who will not get it and he was the cheaper of the two.

The last letter about Elizabeth gave us very good news. I look to see figures about her weight that mount up into the 140's or 150's.

A good letter or rather good letters came from Oberlin in yesterday's mail. Geraldine must have been more seriously ill than the first letters indicated. She will lose this term's work at least and perhaps a year. I am writing that her very first business now is to get well. The other three seem all right. Dorothy is having a good time I judge. Gould is sailing along finely with A's in Science and Bible but his language bothers him. It was just the reverse with me in College. I got along in language but Science- chemistry and physics were difficult- largely because I did not care for them.

I shall be interested to learn who the Mayor of Shelton is. The paper yesterday- Sentinel- told who the candidates were.

Politically all is quiet in China so far as we can see. Here in Foochow everything as far as I know is running smoothly. Fires have been very destructive but that we expect. They have run into our work more this fall. Three weeks ago a church and parsonage burned up in a fire that destroyed 1400 numbers on houses, that meant over 2000 families burned out. A week before that a fire destroyed a part of Y.M.C.A. property near us- not the new buildings. Both were insured to cover loss.

Mr. Goddard- with Sumner, Davis and Brewer start from San Francisco next Saturday if their plans are carried out. They plan to reach here about the middle of January and stay only two weeks.

We are all very well and all getting fat- Marjorie is growing very fast- so is Kathleen, only she says "I can't get fat. My old stomach won't let me." Meaning that she eats a lot but it does not go into fat.

Here's a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all from us four.

Yours lovingly

Will

[This letter dated Dec. 10, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. He tells about seeing a piano from Shanghai at Mrs. Whitmarsh's. There is hope to unite the three congregational missions in China. A thief stole items from a house in the compound and Kathleen was upset about it.]

Foochow, China
Dec. 10th 1916

Dear Geraldine:-

It is hard to realize that I have written all the others since I wrote you but so the record reads. And still each week I write to one about as much as to another only the name at the head of the letter is different. It was just a week ago that we received letters from all of you and those have been answered.

We are having a very dry Nov. and it has been cold some of the time, but always sunshiny, and you may remember that Foochow weather is very cold only a few days at a time. We have burned only five or six bundles of wood this year, and have not yet bought any coal. A year ago I did not put up a stove in my study at all- I just put

on clothes instead of using a fire. As I was writing the last line Mama was brushing my coat and the result is apparent.

Yesterday we all got over South Side to see people for the first time since our arrival last September. There was a piano at a Mrs. Whitmarsh's. She lives where Mrs. Geo. Greigg used to live. We wanted to see it. I had a committee meeting in the new Y.M.C.A. from 9-11:30 a.m. Mama and the girlies came over to Mrs. Macs. The girlies stayed there with Margaret and Helen and Mama and I went to Mr. and Mrs. McConnell's to lunch then we went to see the piano. It is a fine one from Shanghai. This lady rents it for \$13.00 a month. I want to buy it. Mama is afraid it is too high priced for us. But we'll see. Exchange is way up in the sky. Mr. Christian sent me \$100.00 gold this last week. I sold the check \$169. Last year at this time it would have brought me about \$250.00.

There is a movement on foot to unite the three congregational missions in China. We here in Foochow are taking the initiative. The Y.M.C.A. is doing good work still in the line of union as well as in other lines. Yesterday I spoke at a social for students from the government schools who have attended Bible Study Classes during the past term. 83 boys between the ages of 14 and 20 were there. They were there for business and when asked if they were ready to think of confessing Jesus and uniting with the church nearly every one put his name and address on a card.

Mr. Goddard and his party were to start from San Francisco yesterday. I am writing him that he plans to get here just after all the schools have closed for the year and I should be pleased if he could get here for the closing.

We are planning to go to Diong Loh next Saturday to spend Sunday. Mama has stuck pretty close to Foochow and to this city compound since we arrived. If we have this beautiful weather continued until then it will be very pleasant. We take the launch Saturday at noon or before or after or when it goes- if we are not too late for it and it is a ride of a little more than two hours. After leaving the launch we walk about 15 minutes to the Am. Board Compound. We should come back Monday.

A thief got into Mr. Billings house here in our compound last Wed. night and took away over \$80.00 worth of things. Of course Kathleen got pretty well worked up over it but she also got over it in a day or two.

We shall anticipate every mail now to see what you are doing and to hear that you are entirely recovered, and also to hear what you plan to do next term.

May you have that greatest of all satisfaction- the sure knowledge that you are in line with God. I can wish no greater happiness for any of you than this. We are all well and getting fat. Lovingly your Father Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Dec. 13, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. Wilson was re-elected as President and Flora hopes he can keep the U.S. out of war. The children with illnesses are improving. The students are leaving for their homes for the holidays. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Dec. 13, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

Yesterday brought another good letter from Ruth, telling all about her visit in South Orange. It was good to hear about some of the people again for I have not heard directly from Mrs. Powell or Miss Crisman in a long time. I get about one letter a year from Miss Palen, but that one is such a good long newsy one that I do not feel like complaining. Mr. Foster writes in answer to my letters, but as I am owing him one now I cannot expect one from that source. Miss Clarkson writes to me once in a while but she is homesick for South Orange, though she is being quite philosophical.

We are waiting for newspapers telling about the particulars of the election. It was nearly a week of see-sawing news here before we finally heard that Wilson was elected. I am glad he is in again for I feel that U.S. may be able to keep out of the war.

Someway news seems to be rather scarce here. Our days have been pretty full for we are still observing quarantine for two boys. Robert McCann is peeling so I think there is very little doubt but that he has had scarlet-fever as well as chicken-pox. He has been moved to an empty house here in the compound. The other little boy is Leander Lovell (a relative to the Plainfield Gilberts), and he is nearly well of the chicken pox. I am hoping this vacation may break this "spell" of illness and give us a chance for a new and clean start. To-morrow sees nearly every one off home. Mary starts for her trip into Shansi with Dr. Hemingway's two little daughters to keep her company and to be her interpreters, where she needs one. She has prepared warm clothing for the trip and I am glad she is getting away from everything for two weeks. She needs the rest very much. This has been a more than strenuous term and I think it would be the wisest decision to refuse to undertake another without proper help. Mrs. Porter received a cable two days ago that her sister sailed from San Francisco on Dec. 8th, so we shall have help

after she arrives. I am enclosing a draft for \$50 gold which I wish you to put to my credit some where. I know it is more than I am owing- or perhaps more than I may be owing in the future but exchange is so very favorable that I thought I would send some money home for future emergencies. Exchange is disastrous to our salary here for it makes a difference of \$60 silver each month in what Mary and I get. We are not buying many curios these days.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,

Dec. 13, 1916.

*[This card dated **December 1916** is Willard and Ellen's Christmas message. The front is printed or engraved and on the back they typed a personal message to the folks at home. They are thanking the folks at home for the parcel of gifts. Donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[December 1916]

Because we believe that you believe with us that the joy of Christmas-time and the happiness of each New Year depend not on our environment or the conditions in the world, but on the mercy and livingness of God, we wish you all the joy that the Christmas and the New Year can bring.

Willard L. and Ellen L.K. Beard.

December, Nineteen hundred and sixteen

Foochow, China

Dear Folks at Home All:-

Just in the midst of the Commencement there came a parcel from the U.S. that made us all very happy. The girlies opened it and such shouts of joy as they found the work bags all perfect in their equipment. Why Ellen can't keep them from going to them on Sunday. And the pumpkin, I do not need to use adjectives here. Honestly it's the best thing of its kind that I get during the year. THANK YOU.

I am writing this on the card that we sent out here for Christmas time.

Lovingly

All of Us.

*[This letter dated **before Dec. 25, 1916** was written from Tai Ku, China by Mary to Flora. Mary is enjoying Tai Ku. She is visiting with people and touring the area. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tai Ku

Friday morning

[Before Dec. 25, 1916]

Dear Flora- Your letter enclosing Phebe's and Mary Helen's has just arrived. You must have gotten my letter soon after sending yours. I am so glad you are going to the wedding and to hear Miss Ackerman and the Messiah. This is a grand place for a vacation and the people are just grand. I have a cold sleeping room and a warm bathroom at Mrs. Fairfield's and have breakfast here. Then I have lunch in and supper with Mrs. Hemmingway.

On Monday I went over and saw Winifred have her bath then came back and saw Margaret Fairfield have hers. On Sunday a telegram had come for Dr. H. to go to see Mrs. Vannion[?] who was quite ill. He left here at 3.00 AM Monday to catch an early train from Yu Tze. He was gone until nine o'clock Tuesday evening. On Monday afternoon Mr. H., Mrs. F. and I walked into the city to see the chapel and the big temple around the big white pagoda. I climbed up one story of the pagoda and got a fine view of the city and mountains. The temple and grounds were exceptionally clean. We came back and climbed the tower of the girl's school for another fine view. Then I helped Miss Hebner stir some nougat candy she was making and had the fun of helping the children lick the dish.

On Wednesday Mrs. Fairfield and I walked over to the Flower Garden and Mr. Fairfield and Mr. Kung took us around. It is a beautiful spot and must be quite wonderful when the shrubs and grass and flowers are all

green. The Wolfe's moved to Foochow about a month ago. It is 50 miles over there so I fear I shall not see them. In the afternoon Mrs. Munger and I went for a horseback ride out toward the mountains. I rode Mac and she the red horse which Mr. Kung has let us have for the week. It was great fun.

Yesterday I went to Mrs. Munger's English class. She is using the natural method and the girls were intensely interested and eager. After dinner we dressed as quickly as we could for another ride. We two went around three sides of the city and in the West Gate while the Hemingway family walked the one quarter way round. Stephen rode the donkey. We all went to the city pond in the north west corner of the city and had a fine skate. The ice was very smooth and the pond is a good big one.

We left soon after three because Mrs. Corbin, whom I had not met, had sent word that she would be in between three and four. She is a very pleasant lady and was much interested hearing about our school. The girls are very fine looking girls. Both are larger and better developed physically than most girls of their age and pictures of health.

We have noon prayers here every day and last night regular Prayer meeting. I dined here last evening as did both the "single ladies". From five to six I went over and held Winifred. She is a darling baby. I got her first smile on Tuesday by ducking as we do at home to make the crone[?] go. She has smiled several times since for her mother or Adelaide.

This morning Mrs. Fairfield and I each had a shampoo. Travelling in Shansi evidently is dirty work for my head was awfully in need of the washing.

I hope this reaches you on Christmas day. Please write all of the people a Merry Christmas for me.

I brought along some little trinkets for the children here and am putting both our names on the cards. We used only two napkins so I am wrapping the children's gifts in those. It makes them very attractive and I think the children will like the wrapper as well as the gift.

I must close and write to Willard so as to send on Phebe's letter.

With love and Christmas greetings.

Mary-

[This letter dated Dec. 28, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his brother and wife, Stanley and Myra. Willard writes his letter on a green document envelope with 3 red wax seals. He is administering a geography test. They spend Christmas afternoon holding a field day and some of the city officials attended. Willard discusses briefly some changes in China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

L.P. Geography.

36 copies.

Trinity College Center.

Foochow China

Dec. 28th 1916

Dear Stanley and Myra:-

This afternoon I am "vigilating"- get the Dictionary and see what that means. The missions in this province have a Union Educational Association, and each year at this time this association gives uniform examinations. The questions are prepared and printed beforehand, dates and places decided and two persons appointed to be present at each examination to see that the students are tested fairly and do not cheat. So here I am watching 48 youngsters. The questions in Geography for the Lower Primary students were sealed in this envelope. There are 35 taking this exam, and 13 taking an exam in Physiology. There are examinations in other places here in Foochow at the same time and in other cities of the province also. The Lower Primary corresponds to our Grades 1, 2, 3, 4, and Higher Primary to our grades 5, 6, 7, 8. Then comes Middle school and then College. Foochow College now means 4 years Higher Primary and 4 years Middle School. Then the students go into the Fukien Union College and the Union Theological School or the Union Medical College, each of which is of College grade. In all these mission schools in Fukien province there are 25,000 pupils. Yesterday I saw a chart with the map of Fukien province drawn on it and marked off into squares. There were 130 squares each representing 100,000 people. One square was of a different color- indicating that one out of 130 persons in the province were Christians. The estimated population of the province is all the way between 13 and 23 million. This map took the lowest estimated pop'n.

The other day- last Saturday evening the College boys gave a play. An audience of 3000 sat quietly from 7 to 10 p.m. Then some of the women and children quietly withdrew and about 2000 sat for another hour. It is very interesting to see the progress made in the orderliness of crowds in Foochow during the past five years. Only last

year the boys gave a play attended by about 2000. It was very difficult to handle the crowd, both at the gate and during the performance. But there was no trouble this year. The boys too are learning self control.

On Christmas Day in the afternoon we had our Field Day. Pulled off 21 events in about two hours- not a kick from a student except in one event where the judges got two names mixed. 3500 people watched the events- we had a perfect day. The Governor General, the Mayor, Salt Commissioner, Police Commission and Tau Tai were present and promised \$150 to the students in prizes. This crowd of nearly 3500 was perfectly orderly from the beginning of the events until all was finished. Eight years ago when I was in the Y.M.C.A. we tried to have a Field Day. - The first trial of the sort in Foochow. The crowd did not know what the thing meant, and after one or two events they broke over the lines and practically broke up the meet. In the "Sport Spirit" of the boys too there is great progress. They are learning to "play the game" even if they are beaten, and not worry over the loss of "face."

We had a very quiet Christmas- I mean we did. The only celebration in which we missionaries indulged was a tree for the children at 5:00 in the afternoon. But we had enough of the Christmas with the Chinese, - exercises daily for about a week.

It is awful good to have ones own home. The girlies are a joy forever, and they are very little trouble. They play like two kittens and fight just enough to prove they are human, from 8-12 and from 2-4 they are in school five days in the week. They have as teachers, Mrs. Hodous, Mrs. Billing, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Beard. These teachers are not held to as close accountability as teachers in the public schools at home.

We are only partly settled yet. It takes time to get things= furniture made here. We should have about all our heavy furniture by Feb. 15th. Most of this is being made of oak boards we had in boxes in which our furniture came. We brought our own dining table and chairs and beds. It is nice to have some things that are homey, - if they are old.

Mr. Goddard and party are expected in Feb. They were coming the middle of Jan. - but a telegram came to say that they were going by way of Manila.

Examinations began yesterday. They end Jan. 8 and commencement comes Jan. 10. Six men graduate. This year we unite with the Union Normal School and the Ponasang Girls College.

The political situation here is very quiet, as it is all over China, for any thing I know or hear. I doubt if the country is better governed now then it was twenty years ago. There is probably as much political corruption now as ever. With the coming of the Republic there has come a certain license that is deplorable. Purely Chinese schools are very difficult to manage. The students rule. The "Red Light" districts in large cities used to be relegated to an out of the way suburb. In Foochow now it is in the midst of the busiest part of the city and on the new road- easily accessible from all parts of the city.

Improvements continue to go on. Each week sees a mile or so of macadamized road opened and new buildings of three and four stories are all the time going up. We can now go to most of the important places in Foochow by ricksha.

The girls in Tungchou have had a very hard term, due to illness among the pupils, but they are now resting in vacation.

My visit to your home is as fresh in memory as it was the next day. I am very glad I was there and can now see you in my minds eye as you are now- getting dinner- and eating it- and washing up the dished- and wiping them. May God's richest blessing rest on your home.

All of us join in sending love.

Will.

I hope you'll consider this a very special letter. I never use this kind of paper of any one else.

Will.

*[This letter dated **Dec. 31, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have had cold weather and even had some snow. Mary left to spend Christmas in Shansi but Flora went Mrs. Ingram's and attended many events and saw some people she knew from the states. The Frame family lost their second child within one year. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou, Dec. 31, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

This is the last day of the old year and we have had a real New England Christmas weather. For three days it snowed incessantly and the result was about five inches of lovely fluffy snow. It lay so lightly on the leaves and branches that it was a beautiful sight. It is the only real "western" snowstorm that we have seen here. Then the night before Christmas the thermometer went down to zero and a high wind came up thus spoiling our beautiful world of

pure white snow. It blew the fields bare and covered the drifts with dirt so now we have the usual mud colored snow known too well to us in North China. The Chinese are very happy to have the snow for they say it is worth gold to them in furnishing moisture for the spring and it also helps to prevent disease and to save their trees. The Chinese do very little protecting of their own plants. Here in our Compound they bury the grape vines 'in toto', and most small plants are covered with dirt.

To tell you about my vacation, - Mary got off for Shansi the very night that school closed and the next day saw all the rest of the children depart excepting the two in quarantine- one for chicken-pox and the other for both chicken-pox and scarlet fever. The latter was in another building. I spent a few days cleaning house and then on Thursday went up to Mrs. Ingram's to attend the wedding of the couple who made their announcement last spring on the trip we took down in Shantung. You can imagine the surprise it was, to have the mother of the groom attempt to introduce me to the best man who was Carl Rehberg. He said he had been out here for a year under the employ of the Standard Oil. He has just lately changed for the China-American Trading Co., which he thinks has much more promise for his future advancement. The next day he came and had lunch with me at Mrs. Ingram's and he says he hopes to be married within the next two months. I did not have time enough to enquire about "her", but imagine she is some one here. - In the evening of the day of the wedding I attended a meeting of the Friday Club held at Dr. and Mrs. Reinsch's at the Legation. There was a musical program and a lecture by Miss Jessie Ackerman of long lecturing reputation. She was quite witty and told us of a few things that women had done in the past decade for furthering the causes of better living. Afterwards there was a social time and re-freshments which kept me busy for there were so many people present whom I had not seen for a long time. Among them was Lawrence Seymour, one of our South Orange boys and a nephew of the Damrosch's of New York musical fame. - Our Christmas there was a successing of good things. I was at Mrs. Ingram's and she had guests for breakfast among whom were Dr. Katherine Porter and Mr. Green, who is the 'head' of the Rockefeller Foundation for China. I had lunch with the Fenns of the Presbyterian Board and we had antelope for our 'goose.' It was my first taste of venison and it was good. In the evening I was back at Mrs. Ingram's where we had turkey. None of us was hungry enough to really 'hanker' after the meal but it certainly was homelike and Christmasy. In the evening all the American Boarders came in for games and we certainly had a good time. It was eleven o'clock when we went upstairs to go to bed. - On Thursday Mrs. Ingram invited Lawrence Seymour and two other young men as well as two young ladies in for dinner and then we all went to hear the Messiah given by a chorus of about sixty people. It was done well- much more smoothly in the choruses than last Easter time. This was quite a dressy occasion and I wore my old black Japanese silk gauze. I think I will have to have it made over for it is getting too ancient. I think mine was the only 'train' out. I am trying to get some silk to have my white lace waist usable again, but have not succeeded in finding what I want.

Now I am home again to stay. The first thing that I did on arriving was to attend the funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Frame's little two year old girl. This is the second child they have lost within this year and now they are childless. Mrs. Frame is so sad and they are worried about her especially as there is another little one on the way. We all feel that she is indeed going through deep waters. Her husband was ill for two months this fall with dysentery and that was the cause of her baby's death, though the disease had been conquered so that her death was rather from heart failure than the dysentery.

Some two or three weeks ago I sent a letter to you with a \$50 gold draft made out to father. Through the bungling of my servant it did not get registered though that word is written on the envelope just below the stamp. Will you please let me know if it reached you so that I can have the duplicate made out for you if it should be lost? A few days ago I mailed a draft of Mary's to you but the letter was registered so it should reach you safely. The corsets and corset covers came safely some time ago. I must have made a mistake in giving you the size for the c. covers for they are one size too small for me. I am re-mailing them to you and wish you would send the next size larger- size.

I am expecting Mary to-morrow though word has come through a friend that her plans have changed. She has not written me so I am still expecting her.

With love to all- Flora Beard.



Written in album: "Chapel 1915-1919"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "Dining-room"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



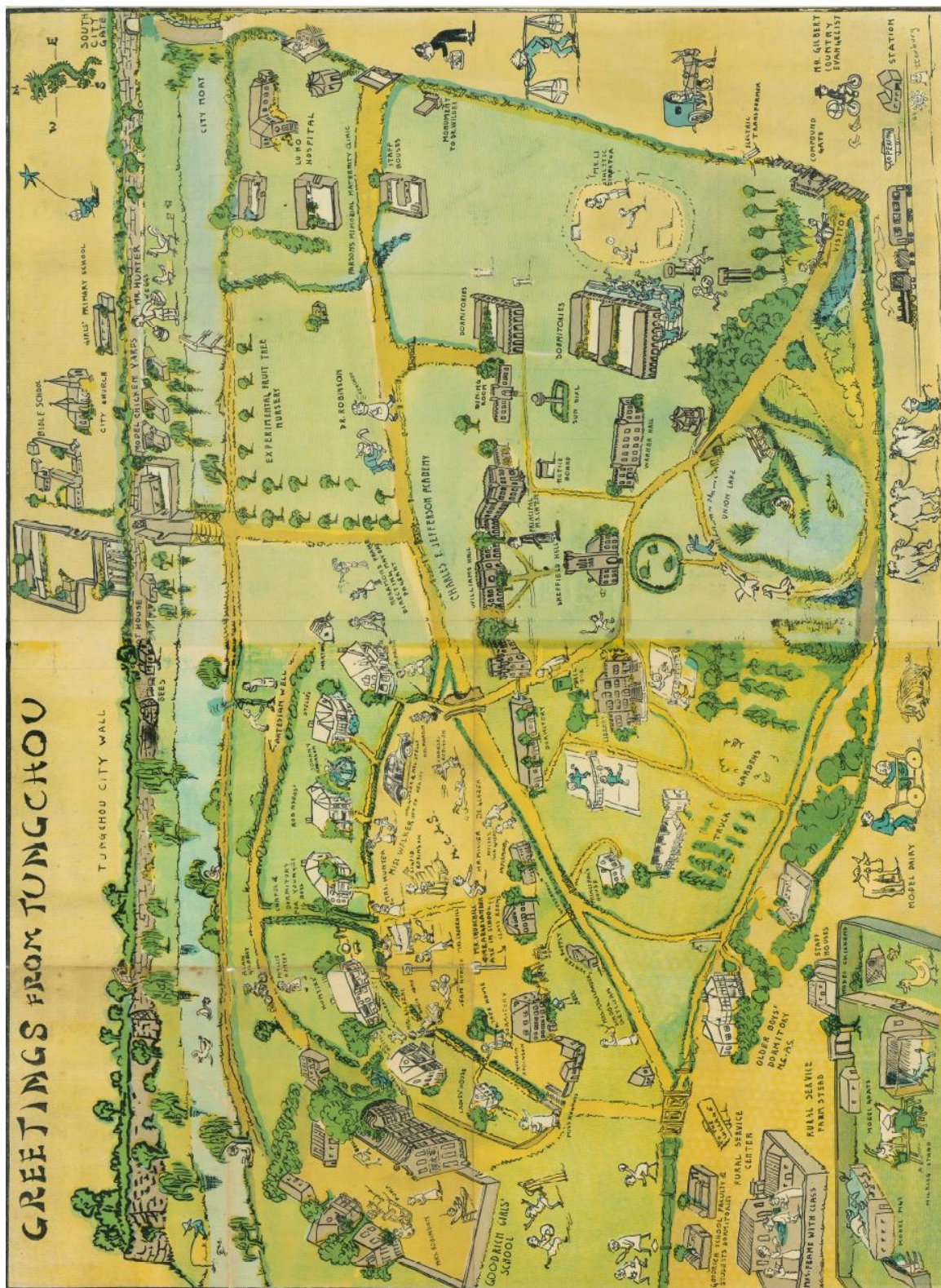
Written in album: "Domestic Science Room"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "High school room from my desk"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "My corner of H.S. Room"
[*Mary's corner. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]



Map of the Tungchow Compound. Original map is about 36 inches wide.
 [From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1917

- The U.S. enters into WWI
- Russian Revolution
- Flora and Mary are in Tungchou, China teaching at the North China American School.
- Flora is 48 and Mary is 35.
- Willard, Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen are in Foochow, China. Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy are in the U.S.
- Willard is 52, Ellen- 49, Phebe- 22, Gould- 21, Geraldine- 19, Dorothy- 16, Marjorie- 11, Kathleen- 9.

[This letter dated Jan. 7, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. Willard talks of the examinations and Commencements during one of the coldest weeks in Foochow.]

Foochow, China
Jan 7th 1917

Dear Geraldine:-

This is the first letter recorded in my new correspondence register for 1917. I am not writing many letters these days. The past week has been filled with examinations and meetings of Boards of Directors, and Commencements. It has been one of the coldest weeks I remember in Foochow. Friday morning I was examining a class in Biblical History in the same room with another teacher. I corrected the papers of my class as they came in. My hands nearly congealed and the boys had to blow on their hands to keep them limber enough so they could write. These cold mornings it takes courage to get out of a nice warm bed and take ten minutes exercise in pajamas and a cold splash all over. The girlies keep it up too but Kathleen does not exactly enjoy it. We saw snow yesterday on Kuliang.

Commencement is to be held next Wed. at 2 p.m. With that over another school year is finished and then at once must begin the planning for the new year. Exams for this begin Feb. 1st. I may have written that the Girl's College at Ponasang and the Union Normal School are uniting with us this year for Commencement. It will save me the time and trouble of attending these two commencements.

Last Friday evening the Anti Cobweb Club met at our home. The cook had gone home and Mama had lots of examination papers to correct. The evening was quite rainy and very cold. I told Mama that 20 would be the largest possible number that would come. But there were 25,- a large gathering for a pleasant evening for this club. Mama had to go into the kitchen and prepare some of the refreshments herself. We had an interesting paper on Russia's past by Mr. H.E. Dennis from C.A.[?] and very interesting "personal impressions" by Prof. Scott who has lived there.

This morning I preached the Baccalaureate sermon before four schools graduates. Foochow College - Girls college- Normal School-Bible Women's Training School. This afternoon I sat thru a church business meeting (from 2-5:30 p.m.) and this evening I attended the Y.P.S.C.E. meeting of the College- the last of this year and spoke 15 minutes- I am weary, so I shall say good night and crawl into my little bed- where Mama and the girlies have already gone.



Written on back of Photo: "Bible Women's Training School"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The last we heard from you was the letter received from Phebe Dec. 23- two weeks ago.

I am enclosing to you a check for \$100- on the Putnam Bank. Phebe and Gould will need it. You and Dorothy may have enough. Turn it over to Phebe and Gould as they need it and they will report to me in their monthly statement. Of course if you need part of it you will take it. I wish you could all make out a budget and send me of your probable expenses up to July 1st.

I think of you as starting College tomorrow Jan 8. May the Father keep you all in such bodily health as will make possible the best mental work, and may he give you interest, enthusiasm and concentration in the college studies that will ensure satisfaction and success

Very lovingly

Your Father

Willard L Beard

*[This letter dated **about Jan. 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Mary talks a little about travelling to Shansi. School has begun and they now have Miss Dudley to help. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About Jan. 1917]

Tungchou

Dear Ones at Home,

It is a long time since I have written you from here. My trip into Shansi was one good time from start to finish. En route out we went to Taiyuan Fu, the capital of Shansi, and spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Edwards. (They were our next door neighbors at Pei Tai Ho last summer.) I thoroughly enjoyed the visit and I think the little girls did too. One of the English ladies had to come out to Tientsin so joined our party. At YuTze a Chinese girl joined us en route to study medicine at Peking, so we were five. I completely forgot that it was New Year's Day most of the time. I read to the children every bit of reading matter I had along, and that with eating and playing filled the eight hour journey well. At Shu Un Chiang we went again to the [unreadable word], had supper (Chinese food) and slept from 8-10.

Then we got ready for our train which left at 11.10. The third class afforded the most room so we came up that way and were quite comfortable. We had had a nice warm comfortable journey until we reached Peking. It was cold and windy there and we were glad to get to Mrs. Ingram's nice warm home, and get some breakfast.

I left little Isabel and Adelaide and I came down on the noon train. Most of the Tungchou ladies were on the train because they had been up to receive on New Years Day. I had hoped to see Flora there but she received here at the school all who did not go to Peking. I ran over to see Mrs. Frame almost at once and found her just as [unreadable word] and sweet as can be. Little Francis' death seems doubly hard after loosing the baby last spring. Just now the Frames are in Peking for a change because Mrs. Frame's heart is very bad.

School begins to seem easier with Miss Dudley here although as yet I have handed over no classes. She is young, pretty, enthusiastic and a sort of inspiration to have around. She is not effusive enough to be insincere but genuinely interested.

This week the Porter's received word of Mr. Dudley's death. I was so sorry for Miss Dudley but glad that she had gotten to know us all before this sorrow came.

On Friday Flora went to Peking for the afternoon. Miss Dudley took her room. Mrs. Porter and I gave examinations yesterday afternoon and now I take back the Cicero class and start them on the Manchurian Law.

Robert McCann is ready to come out of quarantine when he stops peeling. Parts of him have peeled their t? already and are still at it. He is working on his Algebra so as to have that off his hands when he comes out.

Monday A.M.

Ruth's letter arrived by the morning mail. The packages have not yet arrived but we no longer worry because we know now that all parcel post is held at the western coast of the U.S.A. for American ships. This is because of the censoring of the Allies and our objection to it. As far as I know no one had yet received Christmas parcels, not even mine mailed as early as the middle of October or November first.

I am very eager to receive my sweater for I need it in the laboratory every week. It is too cold to resume all wraps and too hot with my big coat. Many thanks, Father for it.

I am off soon for a piza ride with a bunch of children. We go to the canal and up to the old stand[?] bridge or down to the pagoda. It is a glorious day for such a trip. The skating is spoiled for a few days because the compound is harvesting ice. How[?] these trips must now intervene to keep the child happy and out of doors.

I am so glad Elizabeth could come home for Thanksgiving and hope she could join you at Christmas also. The reports are most encouraging.

Your brown suit must be most in keeping and becoming of Ruth. I should like to see it.

A week ago or else on Thursday Flora mailed a package to Edith Louise for her birthday. It is an embroidered dress which I bought at Pei Tai Ho last summer. I hope it is big enough. Please write me regarding her size some day- as to height and weight.

I still picture her as the little sprite I left but I know she has grown and I try to gage the size by her years.

I have another namesake out here, Mary Louise Price. Whether the name was for me or not it is after me at least. I have not seen her as she lives in Tientsin.

We think the cost of living is high here but it is higher with you evidently. What is going to happen if it continues to rise?

I must close my things and be off so as to have the good sunshine for [unreadable word].

Lots of love

Mary.



Written in album: "The Moat."

[Skating on the moat. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



NCAS Faculty

L to R: Miss Porter (Latin I), Flora (Principal), Mr. Gordon (English I and II), Mrs. Wickes (French), Mrs. Galt (Primary adj's[?]), Mrs. Love (Physiology), Mary Beard (yours truly), Zana Hill (Music and art), Jean Dudley (Regular Assistant).

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Jan. 14, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sisters, Flora and Mary. He tells them about the success at Foochow College. He is taking the family up to Ing Hok the next day. He is sending some letters from Shelton on to them. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Jan. 14, 1917

Dear Flora and Mary:-

From your last letter you have had a very strenuous term. The same has been true here. Altho our strenuousness has not been due either to illness or to roughishness of the students. If Miss Wiley had been here Ellen and I would have had an ordinary terms work. The term has been more than ordinarily successful. More students got on the honor roll= 90 and up, and less students failed than usual. Then three, with commencement four. Events have put into the school a good esprit d'corps. On Oct 10 and 11 in the evenings the boys had a lantern parade. The officials invited them into their yamens and addressed them and gave them tea and cakes. Then the Saturday evening before Christmas the College gave an amateur play. Three thousand people were admitted by ticket. This was a big success. The boys did well and the order of the crowd was all that could be desired. On Christmas day we had a Field Day. To this more than 3000 people were admitted. The Governor-General and four other high officials came. They promised \$180 to the boys as prizes. \$80 has come. This Field Day was a big success. Perfect order was kept all thru. All the events were carried out, and Miss Ponters= Am. Consul's wife gave out the prizes.

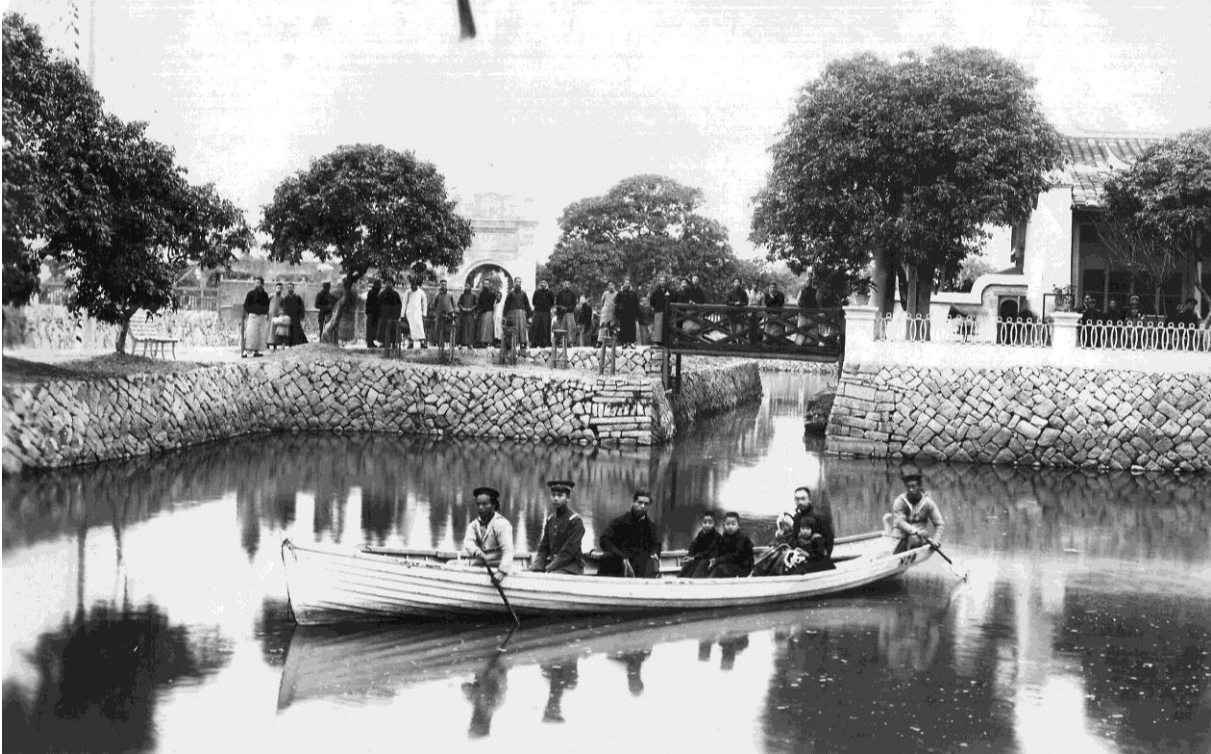
The fourth success of the term was our Commencement. This came last Wed. afternoon. Three institutions united, Foochow College, Ponasang Girl's College and Union Normal School with graduates six, three and eight respectively. A graduate of Foochow College and one of the Normal School had orations, and we had an

orator= a Foochow man, a graduate of a Japanese School and formerly head of the B'd of Education in Peking, - now returned to Foochow. He spoke on Education very well. The address was clear in thought, and diction. Many have voluntarily spoken of it to me. After his address General Li "poured out his heart" in a fine address. The officials came to our house with some of the other gentlemen, Chinese and foreign for a little "feast". This gave us a chance to tell them of our educational system, The Union College etc. and I had a good talk with the orator on Christianity.

I hoped to get the toaster to work and eat some of its toast before I wrote our thank you for it but reviews and exams and a multitude of Committee meetings have been too much for me. Here's the thank you just the same. I hope you both got all the change and rest you anticipate during your vacation and that you go back to school duties in good fettle [*condition of fitness or spirits*].



Written on back of photo by Willard: "Left to right Governor Hu- with derby hat, W.L.B., General Li, Mr. Peet, 4 children of Governor Hu- standing in front of him."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back of photo by Willard: "Public Park No. 2, Foochow, China. Governor Hu without hat in boat with his four children."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We are ready to go to Ing Hok tomorrow morning- the whole family. The girlies have never had a country trip and they are naturally much interested.

I am sending an envelope full of letters from Shelton. Things seem bright there. Elizabeth is giving much encouragement to all by her improvement. Geraldine is getting better all the time, but her face is not perfectly normal yet. Dorothy seems to be having a very good time and to be winning every ones good will. That seems to be a strong point with her. Geraldine will likely go into College now- is likely there now, altho of course we are not certain. *[It sounds as if Geraldine might be suffering from a case of Bell's Palsy which began in October or November of 1916. Nancy Butte remembers her mother-in-law, Marjorie, mentioning that Geraldine did have Bell's Palsy at one time. Kathleen Beard also had a case of it in her early married life.]*

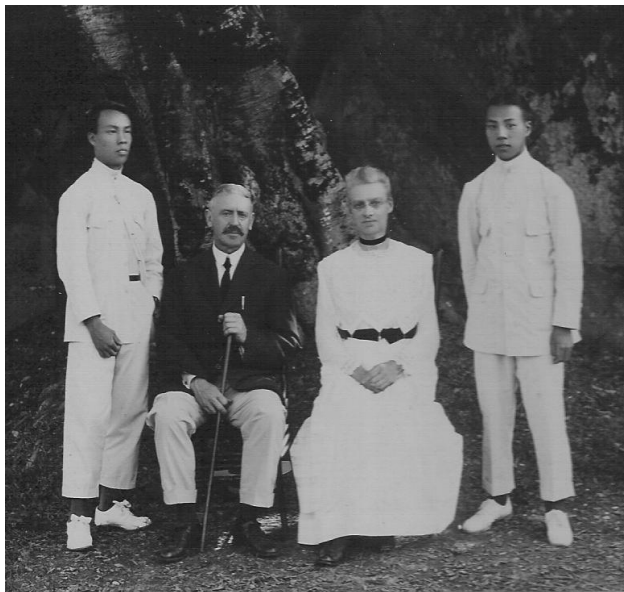
Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith and Mrs. Smith= my successor in the N.Y. office are due here about Jan 20- to stay about a week or ten days. Mr. Goddard and Frank Brewer and Mrs. Brewer are now in Manila or Mindanao. They plan to be here about March 1st.

With love from all to both of you

Will.



Willard and Ellen and a Chinese student about 1917



Willard and Ellen and 2 Chinese men (students or servants?)
Taken by the big rocks and banyan tree in the city compound.

[Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **Jan. 24, 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. It is Chinese New Year and they feel the excitement among their servants. They expect the next school term to go easier with Miss Dudley's help. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Jan. 24, 1917]

Dear folks at home:-

This is the day before Chinese New Years and we feel the excitement among our servants. It is a time when they reckon with each other for all their short comings and up here in the north they stop up the mouth of the kitchen god (a paper one) with a round ball of malt candy. It is most delectable stuff and most healthful to eat. We have it once a week with English walnuts for dessert. They have a way of making perfectly round- but hollow- balls of it which are very popular at this time of year. When I wrote "they" above I hardly think it should apply to our servants but rather to the heathen Chinese. This year there seems to be much more "stir" in the celebration. The day after New Year;- Yesterday was quite like "Fourth of July" with all the firecrackers going off. We had one less train each way between here and Peking, and instead of having to wait for an hour or two while a number of cars were being unloaded the evening train pulled out from the station ten minutes too early. I was walking down leisurely with our music teacher to see her off on the train and it took a hard sprint to reach the crossing, but we were in time to hail the engineer and he stopped the train. It was a five-foot jump for her to get into the train but with the help of a gallant Chinese gentleman we got her on a third class car- she had a first class ticket. However she was on and that was the chief thing. I expect the trainmen were in a hurry to get back to their celebrations and did not expect any foreigners to be travelling on this holiday. The Chinese travelers arrive and wait hours for the train so that there really is no one but us foreigners who think of "just making the train."- This year the name has been changed from Chinese New Years to Spring Festival. To us this seems somewhat rushing the season since we've not yet even had the January thaw. The ice cutters are putting up ice that is over a foot thick and the place from which it was cut is already safe for skating. Is this a step toward counting their time from our calendar? Things are certainly moving along more democratic lines when the President goes in person to a neighboring city to attend the graduation at a Government College.

This is our examination week and we shall all be glad when it is over and we can start on our new program with Miss Dudley. She has been doing a lot of things to help but we could not give her some of the classes until we

began the new term. She is fine and I hope we are to have a more satisfactory half year. It seems as if the past few months had been a bad dream, they have been so full of too many things to do. That Mary and I have come out of them without a breakdown is due to our good constitution. Mary got a fine rest up in Shansi so I hope with our new help that she will keep well all through the winter. I imagine we have had nearly all of the worst cold that this winter will give us for the weather seems to go in steps here- each step increasing until the "period of greatest heat" or "cold" is reached then the steps move nearly regularly in the opposite direction. This winter we have had very unusual snow which has made the natives very glad but it has nearly vanished now- not melted but evaporated. However it will make some difference with the spring crops. The Chinese are very careful in cleaning off the snow to heap it up around the trees so that irrigates them somewhat in winter. There are mud troughs made around each ornamental tree so that water can be poured in and made to water the tree. The snow is piled in and as fast as it packs down more is piled on so it answers two needs at once-clearing the streets and watering the trees.

I have not yet sent the waists but will the next time I go to Peking.

News has come from the Home end of the Union work in College education in Peking to hurry negotiations so that the work may be opened in Peking next fall, so there is a possibility that the personnel of Tungchou may [be] much changed next year. The college will be moved up to Peking and the Peking American Board Boy's Academy may be moved down here. This will make some of the Peking people move down here and some of our families move up there. I am glad that it means an exchange and not empty houses as it looked for a long time to be.

There are other letters to be written to-night so I must close. I am enclosing Will's last letter to us.

Yours lovingly-
Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
Jan. 24, 1917.

*[This letter dated **January 29, 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Examinations for the first semester are over and Mary went with some friends to Peking for a day of fun. She spent the rest of the week taking walks and socializing. She would like Willard and his family to come north for the summer and she hopes to take a trip to Mongolia sometime in the year. She mentions her sister, Elizabeth, being at Saranac (probably a tuberculosis sanatorium). Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

N.C.A.S. [North China American School]
January 29, 1917

Dear Ones at Home-

Yesterday I finished my letter to Stanley and Myra and wrote one to Willard so did not get one off to you. You see, I know I will get yours in if it gets left out on Sunday but do not feel so sure of the others.

Last week was the last of the first semester. The examinations came in the last three days. I took charge of all mine except on Saturday afternoon when Miss Dudley did so that I might go over to the laboratory with Mable and Robert to make up lost work.

On Monday last Mrs. Porter, Jean Dudley and I went to Peking "just for fun". It is the first trip of the kind I have made this year and it was fun. We went to the Chinese City and saw the sights although we did not purchase much. It was the day before New Years so the streets were gay and the crowds great. We had to clutch our purses tight and carry our rugs instead of leaving them in the rickshaws.

On Tuesday I shampooed my hair because it was in such desperate need of a shampoo. It was not a cold day so there was not much heat on and it took a long time to dry. On Wednesday after school I took the small children to walk off into the country. The next day Mrs. Galt gave a tea for Miss Ingram, so I went to that. I have one of the towels Ruth sent out that I am hemstitching at teas. One end is nearly half done and the threads pulled on the other. I pulled those when in Shansi. On Friday Mrs. Frame, Mrs. Porter, Jean and I took a long walk. I was so tired of children that we ran away from them. On Saturday came another tea at Mrs. Howard Smiths. It seemed strange to go to a real tea at the English home because the Biggins never entertained en mass. We were urged to drop in anytime for tea but Madame Biggins could not stand the excitement of entertaining and Mrs. Biggins gave all her strength to her Chinese[?] work so we seldom ever saw her. The new people come to church with us, to Prayer meeting and every social event.

The oldest little girl is coming to our school and the younger goes to Mrs. Porter and is in the classes with Elizabeth Porter.

We have had word that a second lady has been appointed to Tungchou, a Miss Huggins, sister of the one already out here. Mrs. Smith is delighted at the prospect of a colleague.

Did I write you that the thin stockings came all right? Thank you for getting them. I can not remember whether I have asked you to renew my "National Geographic" and "Literary Digest" or not. If I have neglected it will you please do it and ask them to make good any numbers that get left out so that my files may be complete.

This week we had a nice letter from Willard, enclosing ones from you, from Elizabeth and from the Oberlin children. How good that Thanksgiving dinner sounded! I wrote Willard on plans for summer and urged him to come North. I do want to see him and Ellen and the children. We expect to take the Mongolian trip in this year. The plans are more definite now than last year; and it's not a party of women only, hence we will not be so easily scared off. Then too, the country is in a more settled state and robbers and bandits are not so much to be feared.

We are having glorious weather. The dust has spoiled the ice so we can not skate. Even the new ice, frozen after the ice crop was harvested has a thick layer of dust on it. The noonday sun melts the surface so the dust sticks fast. You see we get in good exercise just the same by walking.

This afternoon I have to go to Peking for errands. Our local bank has closed because the head man got tired of his job. Consequently, I must go to Peking for money to pay the servants in cash also to pay weekly expenses in cash. It means keeping a lot of money in the home and I do not like that.

It is nearly ten o'clock and I must stop and get ready to go to Peking.

I hope for good news again regarding the health of you all. Please send this with Elizabeth if she is still at Saranac [*Saranac Lake. See letter dated November 1916. Elizabeth may have also been in a Sanatorium in 1906 according to a letter dated June 17, 1906.*]. I have meant to write her personally but even with Miss Dudley I manage to keep busy. But she is such a bright cheery person that we get in a good laugh every day and that does us good.

Lots of love to all

Mary



Written on back by Geraldine: "Gould- last year here in Oberlin. This is about the best picture of him before he left." 1916 or 1917

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **Feb. 4, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. As in many of his letters, Willard laments the lack of mail and word from home. He talks of the latest news he has heard of how Germany would sink anything on the water and about his concerns that the U.S. will enter the war. He tells of the preparations to open a new school in a village nearby and how it was the idea of a 17 year old College boy.]*

Foochow, China
Feb. 4th 1917

Dear Geraldine:-

The mails are certainly taking their own time. No word from you this last week- a whole month since a letter came from any of you. The last mail brought a letter from the Board at Boston mailed Dec. 9th 1916- almost two months on the way.

Yesterday we heard that Germany had given out word that she would sink anything on the surface of the water that she could find at any time- the interpretation we put on it was that she wanted to force the U.S. into the war. The Am. Consul had just telephoned to us that the U.S. has broken off diplomatic relations with Germany. I can not see how the U.S. can help by entering the war and I cannot see how she will benefit herself by so doing. It is all right to sever our relations with Germany- but we would be playing into her hands if we joined the Allies. Our part is to wait and help in arranging the peace. My prayer is and has been that God will make President Wilson, his Cabinet and Congress very wise- with God's own farsighted wisdom, and that he will keep the people sane. Then I

pray that the war may cease, but not until man has had enough of war so that he will never be willing to start a war again.

On last Friday afternoon about 2:40 o'clock Dr. and Mrs. Edward Lincoln Smith came in quite unexpectedly. Their steamer left Hong Kong earlier than it was expected to. Fortunately Mr. Neff was in Amoy and came up with them and piloted them to our house. The next party will be Mr. Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. Brewer about March 1st.

Thursday and Friday we held examinations for entrance to College. About the usual number came to be examined. College opens next Thursday, then regular work begins for Mama and me.

Our beautiful weather continues. Every day is cold, bright and clear with frequent frosts- just good first of November weather at home. I have never had to keep fires in the house so continuously since I have been in Foochow.

Feb. 4, 1917

This morning I went with Mr. Newell about two miles outside the city to the home village of one of the College boys. He had made preparations to have a school started in his village. We had a nice meeting in an ancestral temple- sang, had scripture read, prayer and two Christian addresses. The head man of the village was there and all looks auspicious for a good school there this year. This all started in the mind of this College boy about 17 years old. This morning he took the leadership of the meeting as naturally and easily as the President of the U.S. Senate take his work. In the audience were the village elders and the important men of the village- some of the young men in government institutions in Peking. I mention this to call attention to the benefit of the training in this school. Very few boys 17 years old would feel competent to take the chair in such a meeting in a village of 1000 people at home.

Last Tuesday Mr. Ding Ming Uong was married [*Did his first wife die? In 1902 he and his wife had a baby girl.*]. I went down the river to see if Dr. and Mrs. Smith had arrived so could not attend the wedding but Mama went. And both of us attended the feast in the evening.

How we long to know about you all,- what you are doing. Especially what you are doing this term and we are waiting to hear that all traces of your trouble have disappeared.

I will enclose a \$1.00 this week to be credited to one by any one of you. I feel very much in the dark about your financial matters.

We are all very well. May God keep you all well in body and mind and soul. I came across a good, helpful thought the other day. "Spiritual power is simply the capacity to receive." This means to receive from God. May you all have that capacity in large degree

Very lovingly your Father
Willard L Beard



Marjorie and Kathleen in Chinese clothing about 1917
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated **February 12, 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Mary went to a dinner party where a Mr. Green of the Rockefeller work attended. She updates them on their activities. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou
Chihli
February 12, 1917

Dear Ones at Home-

Ruth's statement of my finances came this week- I note that I owed \$6.95. Since then you have received a draft for \$25.00 which leaves me a credit of \$18.05. I think I have never sent the account of the articles I sent this fall so I include it now. On one of Willard's letters Mother asked if she could use some doilies he sent for a sale. If you have not given away those square doilies I sent, please do put them into a sale and check them from my list as my gift toward the same. Would the place cards be useful that way? If so I will send a box of 100 for such use next year. I used to give 25 cents a dozen for them in Santa Barbara and counted them cheap. The little ones would be about 15 cents a dozen.

The box of pumpkin came all safely and I am waiting for a fit opportunity to partake of the delicious pies. Flora has taken it into custody as she is housekeeper, and does any ordering of meals that is done.

On Monday I took all the children into the city to visit the candy shop and to invest their three cents each. We had a fine walk and a good feast of candy. Wednesday was a birthday and we had Mr. and Mrs. Porter over for supper that night. My sweater arrived about 6.00 P.M. so I put on a thin dress as an excuse for wearing it to dinner. I do like it very much and it is much easier to walk or play tennis in than a coat that is partly fitted and does not have the give to it. Thank you again, Father, for it. It fits perfectly.

According to our new assignment of duties I have two evenings a week free from study hall. I feel like a child with an unexpected holiday. I celebrated the first night by going to Prayer meeting. The people asked if I were reformed and I appreciated the joke since it was my second appearance at Prayer meeting since coming to Tungchou [unreadable word].

On Wednesday we had Mr. and Mrs. Porter over for dinner. It was a birthday night as well so quite a festive occasion.

Mrs. Porter and I were out for tennis on Friday. It was our first game since long before Thanksgiving. Of course, I got beaten but I managed to get a few games.

Saturday was a red-letter evening. Mr. Green, head of the Rockefeller work, and Dr. Stearns a doctor who came out this fall and is in the language school were spending Sunday at the Porters. Dr. and Mrs. Love gave a dinner party and I was one of the favored guests. It was a most interesting occasion and I learned a lot. We discussed the Japan-China question, the Korean question, the status of America now etc. so you see we were not frivolous.

When we came out to return home, the ground was white with snow. It was calm so everything looked beautiful in the veiled moonlight. Yesterday I took all of the children for a long walk. We had an awfully good time jumping in the "snow banks, the deepest of which was about two feet deep.

Last evening we all went over to the Porter's for the Sunday night sing as has become our custom. We had music on the victrola, a male quartet, a piano solo, a violin solo, a male solo and hymns by the assembled company. It is entirely informal and we call for anything we like. The older children go over with us and stay until nine o'clock. We older ones leave about ten, so you see we are not badly dissipated. Flora has not been over for various reasons but I do hope she goes next week for it is such fun.

I want to hear from you as to the real success (?) of Annie's debut on the stage. Elizabeth's letters are still encouraging but no mention of returning home permanently yet.

I didn't say that I am glad to have mother and any of you keep for yourselves anything you fancy in what I send home. I have not had any one in mind particularly for any of the things but have sent things I thought interesting or pretty. You are at home and know better than I what is suited to individuals at any time.

Miss Hill is going to take this and mail it for me on the Asia as a friend of hers sails on her. So do not be alarmed at the American postage.

I am glad to get Arousiag's address again. I was using her brother's office address which is always good.

Here is the key to the faculty pictures. [Left to right]

1. myself

2. Mrs. Galt- History till Feb. 1, now not teaching.

3. Miss Hill- Music and Art. 1 ½ day.

4. Mr. Gordon- 1 hr. English
5. Flora
6. Jean Dudley- full time.
7. Mrs. Love- 1 hr. Physiology
8. Miss Wickes- $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. French
9. Mrs. Porter- $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. Latin
10. Mrs. Sweeney- 20 min, Geography.



NCAS Faculty- Mary is at the far left and Flora is directly in the middle.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

I must close and get to my other duties. I have written checks and business letters all day up to now.

Lots of love

Mary.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 18, 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They are concerned about reports of President Wilson's action toward Germany. She thanks those at home for the Christmas parcel. Flora will be giving her first report to the Trustees of their school. Mary adds a thank you note at the end of Flora's letter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou, Feb. 18, 1917.

Dear folks at home:-

This is an anxious day- even here in China. The papers yesterday told of President Wilson's action toward Germany. I think everyone here approves, but wishes that it did not have to be done. One can't help thinking, "What next?" I do believe we are more free here in China from the sufferings caused by war than you people at home. It seems to me that New York will be an anxious city. We are all eager to get each morning's paper to read the latest news, and our "Current Events" morning in the school is an interesting time. - Nearly two weeks later: - We are still anxious to get our morning paper to hear about home affairs. Circumstances do not seem to be clearing.

Last Friday the Christmas parcel arrived in perfect condition and we both feel very happy over its contents. Everyone admires my beautiful work bag. It matches my afternoon dress and all the paraphernalia of my little work bag, so I am fitted for little or big work. My stockings I shall enjoy when the time for low shoes arrives- which will not be long now. Yesterday I noticed that the tops of the willow trees were getting yellower and even turning greenish. Our dust storms started in on Saturday so that today we have had a perfect day. The air has been dry cleaned. To-morrow our servants will have to spend getting this Gobi dust out of the house. It drifts even on to the bed, so that where our head lies is the only clean spot. There is a peculiar odor to it, so that when things have to be shaken out we can smell it. The next time we have a dust rain (dry) I am going to send you some of the yellow stuff.

I have decided to keep the waists I wrote you I should send home. I can wear them although they are small. Mail is so slow and not too sure these days so I feel that possession is better if the size is a little too small. - Does father want to make another gift of sweet corn to us? If he does we should be most happy to get about a pint of evergreen corn or the yellow sweet corn that Uncle Dan raises- or both. We do not plant the corn until about July 1st here so I think there is time for it to get here. I am having to rely upon native seed or those from England for our garden this year, as I did not get any order off to U.S. for home seeds.

This week comes the annual meeting of the Trustees of the N.C.A.S., at which I have to give my first report. There will be a number of important discussion and decisions, and I imagine it will take about all day to get them done. We have been in existence long enough so that people are finding out that we need to have some lines of procedure arranged if possible to convenience people wide distances apart. I am looking forward to this meeting with many anticipations- the results of which I hope may make future dealings with problems much easier. This year has been one in which experiences have come in deluges and not having any precedents we have had to leave some things till this meeting for settlement. So far all has proceeded amicably with one exception and when I tell you that we are dealing with a "peroxide blonde" you can imagine what our problem is.

We have just had our mid year examinations and their showing has not covered us with honor. The bad beginning in the fall has had its harvest. Most of the children will get to work and pull themselves out of the hole.

The Sentinels have been most welcome. I noted in one of the later ones that Mrs. Tuttle of Naugatuck is still living and that she is spending some of her money in the town where it was earned. I am glad she is that kind of woman.

With love to all- Flora.

Dear Ones,

The Christmas package came last week. My chain is a beauty and I do thank you so much for it. I feel so very grand with a new sweater and a gold chain. Ever since coming out I have wanted a chain and have refrained from purchasing any of the pretty little dangles because I had nothing to wear them with. Congratulations to father from us both on this his birthday. Many thanks again. With much love

Mary.

[This typewritten letter dated Feb. 22, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. He believes that Geraldine may enter college this term after being ill for a length of time. He wants his children in the states to work off of a budget and not have to go to their aunts and uncles for money. He gives Phebe advice on rules of health while in college. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Feb. 22nd 1917

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]:-

Kathleen has had a letter written to a friend in Putnam for some time. She keeps asking me from time to time if I have sent it. It is getting rather awkward for me so I am enclosing it in your letter. I have put on it a two cent stamp. Will you please mail it. She has also taken one of my envelopes and addressed it to you. I see there are some valentines inside. I am using this envelope today. Kathleen's letter she wrote on the typewriter so I am leaving it unsealed for you to read if you want to.

The last mail brought lots of letters from you and Geraldine. Geraldine had not then fully decided on what she would do this term, but I thought from her letter that she would plan to enter College and take some work. I was not certain that she could find subjects so that she could work profitably this term but I judged from her letter that this would be possible. I quite agree to the nice present that you gave to Aunt Etta. Give another for Easter as good. I wish I could find out how much Uncle Elbert gave her I would refund him. I wrote a week ago or so that I wish each of you would make out your budget for the rest of this term. I do not want you- any one of you- to write to any of the uncles or aunts for money. You must look far enough into the future to see what you are going to want and either let me know or get it from the Bank. I judge Phebe has drawn \$90 from her account in the Putnam Bank. I want to know about this also for I am taking into account what each one of you has in the Bank as well as what I have myself in the Bank and what we can spare from our salary each year. Keep me informed as to all of your finances and we will work out your education in some way. This year is a hard one for me for exchange is worse than it has ever been since I have been in China. \$1.00 in gold brings only \$1.65 now. One year ago it brought \$2.40. I am pleased with the efforts and the success which you are making to get work to help on the financial problem. I want to make one caution. Do not do so much work that it will injure your scholarship or your health. Early to bed and fairly early to rise is a rule that it pays not to break. I wish that I had had some one to tell me some of the rules of health when I was in college. One rule that I continually broke was the go-to-bed rule. Another was the exercise rule. Another was the rule that would keep me from constipation. The first two are a pure matter of the will. For the last there are several methods. For the past few years I have found that a glass of cold water at bed time and another a half hour before breakfast with one about ten in the morning and one about four in the afternoon, helps keep me greatly. In short I drink a lot of water. You might try at bed time a cup of water as hot as you can sip it. I sometimes take a cup of boiling water in the morning instead of cold. I very much prefer methods of this kind to drugs. Exercise that uses the abdominal muscles is of great help. I take ten minutes every...

[the following is handwritten]

Feb 25th ...morning for exercise then a cold bath.

Last Sunday I could not get a moment with you. Dr. and Mrs. Smith left Thursday evening Feb 15. Several of the mission went down to the steamer with them on a special launch. We took a picnic supper, a part of which was a leg of venison sent us by Dr. Gillette from Diong Loh. Mr. and Mrs. Brewer arrived Friday the day after Dr. and Mrs. Smith left. Mr. Goddard got left in Amoy but fortunately got a steamer so as to arrive last Sunday just in time for lunch. He is staying with the Newells. The Brewers are with us. Last Sunday I had a funeral in the afternoon. This Sunday I had a Committee meeting and am finishing this after bed time. Mr. Goddard plans to go to Shaowu. The Brewers go to Shanghai, Peking and home. Goddard will likely go back to the Philippines from here. I shall seal this and try to get it into the home mail tomorrow.

Lots of love to each of you, - Dorothy's letter came Friday. How we all did enjoy it! May your fellowship with God grow more real with each day.

Your Father

Willard L. Beard.

*[This letter dated **February 25, 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Mary took her Chemistry class to watch Dr. Love dissect a dog. The children of the school arranged a sporting event for the compound. They are curious as to Germany's silence. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou

February 25, 1917

Dear Ones at Home,

This has been a much broken week. On Tuesday I omitted my Chemistry class and took the children to see Dr. Love dissect a dog before they advanced Physiology class. It was most interesting and not one of the nine children was a bit squeamish about the sight. We shall go some day this week to see the nervous system all shown up. On Wednesday Flora was in Peking all day for a Board of Trustee's meeting. Miss Dudley and I held down the fort. Mrs. Love had two guests for the afternoon so I went over for tea before train time.

Flora did not get back in the evening because the meeting was so long. The older children had a party at the Galt home. Mr. Gordon and I played games with the grade children until nine o'clock.

Flora arrive by the first train on Thursday. It was a holiday. I spent two hours in the laboratory with Robert making up work.

The children had arranged a Syklamer[?] for the afternoon. It was most successful. All of the compound people were out for all or part of the time and entered into the sports with spirit. The events were supposed to take a little over an hour but the enthusiasm ran high and they lasted nearly three hours.

I had a good game of tennis at the end of the afternoon with Mrs. Howard Smith. Then Mr. Beer and Mr. Renig came out and we played doubles. Mr. Renig was up for the trustee meeting and came down with Flora. He stayed until Friday noon so as to see school in session.

The American Board have been having Mission meetings since Friday. Mrs. Porter had to miss one Latin class to attend and Mr. Sue[?] was away for one day's classes also.

Flora invited Mr. Lawrence Seymour, a South Orange boy down for the week end. He is quite a musician and played for us at Prayers on Saturday evening. He and I had great fun telephoning to Peking for a receipt [*recipe*] for divinity fudge. We got the receipt [*recipe*] and made the candy successfully. We went over to Mrs. Porters to make it. Mr. S played for us some more and Jean played her violin too.

Hartwell Ayers left on Friday and today starts for his home. In almost a month he leaves for America. It was his sister who was taken with intercalosis[?] last fall and it is for her health that they go.

There were just six of us adults at lunch today. The twenty four children swelled the audience to a reasonable size.

I have not worn my chain yet because I have not a dangle for it, but I feast my eyes on it occasionally. My calendars arrived on Wednesday so Flora got hers for her birthday. I just reversed the Christmas and birthday remembrances. Everything is here now except my sheets for my album.

At the Trustee meeting they voted to make our salary 2 for 1 hereafter. That will make fifteen or twenty dollars a month difference in our salaries at the present rate of exchange. Exchange is surely on the downward road still.

We are anxiously reading the papers these days for home news and are unable to interpret Germany's silence. Our discussion was a most heated one a week ago but there was little to say this week. We had had no home papers and the local ones are not satisfactory.

Mrs. Sweeney leaves this Wednesday for America. She has not been well and the unrest at home has made her more homesick to get back to her son. She has lost over thirty pounds this winter and is still losing.

There was a curio man along this last week. The first for several months. He made several sales so may be encouraged to come again.

I think I shall have to go to Peking tomorrow for more chemical supplies. I had an interesting experience this week. We tried to make some Chlorine gas in the laboratory and got some hydrogen sulphide instead. I used some of the same manganese dioxide that failed to produce any oxygen last fall. I am going to try some new material and hope for better results.

I am sleepy after my fun of last evening. We had great fun making divinity fudge and eating the mess. The fudge did not get quite hard so we had to eat it with spoons.

Lots of love
Mary

*[This partial letter dated **Feb. 26, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and all the others. He gives updates about his children. Willard has had many visitors and mentions them by name. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
Feb 26th 1917

Dear Mother and all the others:-

The last mail brought good letters from Ruth and the Oberlin children. You know how thankful we are that Geraldine is getting on so nicely. We have not yet heard just what she is doing but her last letters sounded as if she could find subjects to study this term. If so it will be best. Dorothy seems to be having a very happy time and doing well in her studies. She always was a favorite and this seems to be her lot in Oberlin. Gould's letters sounds as if he was full of work and as if he was doing it. Phebe feels her position as the eldest and is conscientiously trying to be a big sister. The newness of College life has somewhat worn off but it is still full of interest for her.

We are having our fill of visitors this month. Dr. and Mrs. Edward Lincoln Smith were with us two weeks from Feb. 2 to Feb. 15. We took them down to the steamer for Shanghai Thursday evening Feb. 15. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Brewer arrived from Hong Kong. Mr. Goddard got left in Amoy, but fortunately there was another steamer that brought him to us on Sunday Feb. 18th. Dr. and Mrs. Smith were our guests. Mr.

and Mrs. Brewer are now our guests. They will likely leave the last of this week for Shanghai. It's very pleasant to have these friends here but it all takes time. Dr. and Mrs. Smith came during vacation, and were here when College opened. Mr. Goddard knows Foochow and can talk enough so he can get about alone and he is taking Mr. Brewer with him some. I am writing this on South Side at the Union College on Mr. Neff's desk. I left home this morning at 8 o'clock to meet a Chinese gentleman who was to give us notes for \$22.00 mex. - the first Chinese gift toward the Union University. I plan to meet Goddard and Brewer at the launch and go to Diong Loh, returning tomorrow. I have also just purchased a piano. We have been looking for one ever since we came back but those that we have found were either too good or too poor. I am to pay \$300. mex. for this, - it was made in France specially for this climate. We should now be well supported with music, with the piano and the Grafonola [*record player*].

College has opened very auspiciously. We are fuller than ever. Over 400 have registered. There is a good spirit also among teachers and students and realize that it is only the beginning of the term and that there is time for lots of things to happen. I write only the outlook at the present time.

Sunday March 11.- Thus Tempus fugits [*Latin for 'time flies'*]- Mr. and Mrs. Brewer were with us until last Tuesday March 8th. They were thus with us for three weeks lacking one day, and they had a lot of experience.- They felt our cold rains and our hot spring days. I think they will remember us chiefly for the cold. Then when they were ready to leave the steamer served them as it did me when I started for the U.S. last year. It went Thursday, altho it advertised to go Tuesday. Mr. Goddard is on his way to Shaowu with Mr. Belcher.- He plans to go back to the Phillipines after leaving Foochow, and go to Davao. From there he will make the Am. Board meeting in Los Angeles the last of June. We have had the coldest winter I have ever known in Foochow. Our mosquito nets have been out of use since Jan. 1. The frosts have left the grass and Formosa trees and other shrubs very brown. But the cold weather has been healthy and we have enjoyed it. I am rejoiced at the good reports of Elizabeth's gain. Her letters make good reading.

Marjorie gets fatter. Both girls are growing like weeds. They began studying German last week.

Have I ever said "thank you" for the pumpkin and the records? I have "ate" thank you several times. There is a quality about that pumpkin that I do not get in anything here. We had a pie for dinner today. The records are a great pleasure and the Grafonola is a good one. I never saw Ellen enjoy anything more. The girlies run it.

I see Dr. Day of Los Angeles, Cal. has gone to the Union Church in Bridgeport. The Union Church is fortunate. My time has been so completely filled since last Christmas that I have neglected lots of things- among them the sending of that little suit to Edith. This afternoon is the first free Sunday afternoon I have had in two months. I actually had time to go to sleep in my chair. Phebe M's letter after the trip came in the last mail. The mails are more and more

[*rest of letter missing*]



Gould Beard about 1917
[Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard]

[This letter, dated **March 7, 1917**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. School is going well and they received their Christmas presents. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Mar. 7, 1917.]

Dear folks at home:-

My turn again! The days go by like the Gobi- dust-storm that is on now. Certainly March came in like a lion and is still roaring- the 4th of March.

School is proceeding as fast as it can and as well as it can. Every one is keeping well so far and I hope we have no more epidemics, also that we may be able to close up the year's work in good shape.

I wonder if you have received my draft of \$50, which I made out to father, I think. I am sorry that the other was not right. I just did as the banker here advised me to do. I'll not repeat it. I wrote months ago asking about the coat that Miss Brewster wanted. I cannot get another as cheap as the one I sent Ruth for that was one that I got snapped up in the bargain. It was a bargain and I am glad I got taken up. The least that I can get one here is about \$11 silver- and then it will not be like that one. I shall be glad to get it if you can tell me what she would like. I hope you have sent the coat to Christine Blakeslee. I had a letter from her telling of the death of her aunt, Miss Schumacher. Poor girl! She is certainly having a sad experience but I hope the air there in the West is going to be beneficial to her, so that she will be able to rise above the melancholia she seems to be suffering.

Since I wrote you last time there has been a meeting of the Trustees of the N.C.A.S., in which a whole lot of business was transacted. In the carrying out of it all, there will be a lot of work but it will be interesting. We are

to spend \$50 on interior decorations, we are to have another teacher, we are to get out a new "prospectus" - which is just now engaging every spare moment- and we are to have some money each year for purchasing books for the school.- Since beginning this letter we have had the first letter from you for a month and it told me that you have received the \$50 draft. This should put me quite decidedly on the right side of my house accounts. All our Xmas things have now arrived and thank you for the lovely bag. It has been admired by every one who has seen it and it has been in use ever since it came. There is one thing I wish you would buy and send to me, and that is a pair of bed-room slippers. Mine were in the bag that got stolen on the way home from Pei-Tai-Ho last summer. They were getting old, but answered their use. Now I have none but my travelling slippers and they are not much good as they are getting rather old.

Will write again soon, for this isn't much of a letter, but will let you know that we are well and busy.

Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,

Mar. 7, 1917.

*[This letter, dated **March 11, 1917**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about some of the Chinese beliefs in how a grave must be laid in order to keep evil spirits out. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S.

March 11, 1917

2:00 P.M.

Dear Ones at Home

This is a glorious Spring day so we have the windows and doors all open. There are many guests in the compound because of the Debate-to-be of yesterday. We all assembled over at the college to decide whether the individual marriage system of the sort or the family system of the sort were the better. All the announcements as to time of speaking etc. were given then a correction on the program. The latter caused consternation on the part of the Tungchow team and cries of "No, no." On investigation we found we had present two teams both prepared to debate the negative side. There is a triangular debating league and Tsing Hua had sent us the wrong team. Hence at Tsing Hua they had two affirmative teams. In Peking the debate went on all right.

I went over to dinner with Mrs. Wicke's to meet Mr. and Mrs. Robothern[?] of Tsing Hua last night. Dr. Porter arrived unexpectedly last evening and is full of news from her trip to Canton. She and the Wilders and Flora have now gone down to see the rejuvenated hospital. Later a lot of us are going for a long walk.

On last Monday Robert McCann and I worked accounts for about six hours. Delnoce Grant has stayed down to catch up on some algebra missed by illness. I helped her for almost one hour and off and on as she needed suggestions. I was tired that night after study hall was over. On Thursday evening I went to Prayer Meeting while Jean took study hall. Mr. Porter read a paper on the bogey or beliefs of China by which they determine good sites for homes, cemeteries, etc. It was most interesting. One story which illustrated the absolute faith in these beliefs was this. At the Western Hills was a grave most ideally located as to all the curves of hills etc. and it belonged to the ancestors of one of the old ruling lines. The new ruler met reverses[?] and laid them in the influence of the spirit so perfectly guarded, so he said he wanted to honor this ancestor of the descendants. He asked the men who read the sign what could be done to destroy the influence of the spirit and learned that the spirit could be kept in the grave if a sufficiently heavy weight were put in it. Hence he erected a huge monument. Also he learned that the grave was guarded by the curved lines of the mountains and the absence of any straight lines. (Evil spirits always travel in straight lines.) Hence the monument has only straight lines to act as guides for the evil spirits. Another grave has the good spirits led away by a ditch three fat[?] yards long and a yard deep dug just behind it. This prevented the good spirits from sliding into the grave and drained them off down the hill to keep the enemy of the deceased.

There is a rather unsightly old brick kiln and a deep hole nearby just south of our compound. The suggestion that the appearance of the locality would be improved if the brick kiln were leveled into the hole met with great consternation. A cemetery of a prominent family is located to the south. The direct north and south line passes through this elevation and the city pagoda and the "good luck" of the sight would be destroyed if the mound were removed. The term used to indicate this spirit means when literally translated wind-water, hence signifies the action of the air currents and the earth currents. This might be called climate religion.

There have been only two other events and there were two good tennis games with Mrs. Howard-Smith. She beats me but not nearly so badly as Mrs. Porter does.

The people for the walk are assembling so I must be ready to join them.

Two weeks ago Miss Hill mailed for me in Peking a package to Mother. It was an embroidered dress which I got in Pei Tai Ho last Summer. If Mother does not want it let who wants it must take it. If you want more let me know and I can get them in Tientsin or better yet, Willard and Ellen can get them at Foochow. This was made there and brought North.

Monday A.M.

We had a fine walk. Mr. Porter acted as guide and piloted us to the "Temple of Heaven" of Tungchow, a small carved monument to the South of the gate; to a temple which disperses 1000 lbs of cooked cereal per day to poor people during severe weather; to pretty views of the river that serves as mote for Tungchow on the west and south and several other objects of lesser interest.

We had a fine sing at Mrs. Porters last evening. Mr. Congdon sang many tunes and we do like his voice.

Doctor Love is here today for a wholesale vaccination party. There is much small pox around hence this precaution.

Two packages of Sentinels have arrived recently. Thank you. Mr. Fitzgerald's death came as a great surprise. I am wondering who succeeds him.

Lots of love
Mary.

*[This letter, dated **March 12, 1917**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. Dr. Cooper is going to France to take some Chinese to act as nurses and interpreters to the Chinese already there helping with the war effort. There have had two floods in Foochow recently. Willard includes his typewritten annual report. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow College,
Foochow, China.
March 12th 1917.

Dear Mother-

I do not think I have sent to you my yearly report for 1916. You may find something in it of interest.

The records came thru in perfect condition. All packages mailed for Christmas were very long in coming- most two months some of them. The pumpkin is still making us glad and there is enough for two more pies.

Dr. Cooper started for France to work in connection with the war- if not in the war. He took with him several Chinese to act as nurses and interpreters. He goes from here to Shanghai and from there to Wei Hai Wei. From there he does not know what his orders will be.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodous are starting for furlough in about three weeks. We have two pretty high floods in three weeks- we chanced to hold the mission prayer meeting out at Ponasang both Wednesdays of the flood, and it was great fun for the girlies when we had to take a boat to get thru the South gate. There was about 2 ½ feet of water for a distance of 10 rods and we had a little bit of a boat that would hold only 5 person. We had to stand and when our boat bumped into another boat it was joggety and all the more fun.

The College is preparing for a little Field Day next week and I am going into three events- tug of war, sack race, putting the shot. How's that?

Does it ever make you almost jump when you realize that for us life runs along comparatively smoothly while over in Europe is being acted a drama such as history knows nothing of? I wonder if human nature is getting callous- and I think not. For myself I tell myself that I cannot help matters by worrying or fretting. My duty is best done by performing daily my humble tasks.

All are well and all send love
Will.

I am sending this in an envelope addressed to Ruth because I happen to have an envelope addressed and stamped to her. W.

*[This letter dated **March 18, 1917** was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. Their student, Robert McCann has been ill with scarlet fever and now has pleurisy. They have heard about the Russian revolution and Flora feels that the world is moving towards a freer and more democratic era. Miss Stinson (Katherine) flew over Peking. (Katherine Stinson was a female pilot with many first. She flew an exhibition tour in Japan and China in 1917.) Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

March 18, 1917

Dear folks at home:-

This has been a beautiful spring day with the birds singing, the grass showing green, the leaves budding, and violets found by the dozen. The first one was picked on March 16th. This morning all the small boys appeared dressed in their Sunday white summer suites, but they were promptly requested to put on their usual clothes. Then the girls came down to church in their thin, low necked, and short sleeved white dresses for church and four of them were likewise pressed to put on something warmer. There is still a chill in the wind and with one sick boy, I feel like taking the ounce of prevention. Robert McCann (our scarlet fever patient at Christmas time) is ill with pleurisy at present. He has been in bed for a week and it will be another before he gets well enough to go home. He certainly has had his share of illness this winter. We sent for his mother so he is getting better care than when the boys and I were taking care of him. To-day we got him out on the upper porch in his bed where we home the sun and the fresh air got in some killing hits at the pleurisy "bugs".

We are watching the papers most interestedly these days to read of the "next move". The revolution in Russia has just been spoken of and I shall be keen to know what next. Dr. A.H. Smith preached to-night and he said in his sermon that we are living at the end of one part of the world's history and that a new order is about to begin, but just what it is to be no one can yet say. It seems to me that it must be a freer and more democratic era.

You may have read about the running away of Premier Tuan for Peking to Tientsin and of his return. His going was rather like a child's saying "I won't play, because you won't do as I want you to", but he has come back to business and the President succeeded in passing the proposition to break off diplomatic relations with German in proper and lawful style. This republic, I believe will succeed though it is bound to do things in a way not exactly to our fashion.

This week Peking and vicinity have been much excited over the flying of Miss Stinson from the Temple of Agriculture. To-day she was to drop a bomb on an imaginary camp and so show the Chinese how such things are being done in the war.

Will you get me a pair of bedroom slippers? I had mine stolen last summer and I do need something to replace them. I think mine were No. 7's.

I have never heard just what Miss Brewster wanted in the line of a coat. I can't get any more as cheap as that one of Ruth's but I can get one for \$5 or \$6 gold, which is quite a bit prettier. I am using one for a summer or house wrap but it is of the kind that some people use as a kimona. Let me know and I'll see what I can do though the curio men do not come as often as they need to do. The state of exchange makes us think twice before we spend our money.

With love to you all-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
Mar. 18, 1917.

*[This letter dated **March 24, 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She attended three teas that week and played tennis with Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Porter. Some of the students went to Peking to see the "bird girl", Miss Katherine Stinson fly her airplane. They were honored to be able to meet and talk to her. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

March 24, 1917

Dear Ones at Home,

You will think us gay society butterflies when you hear that we have had three teas this week, two of them elaborate ones. But I will start at the beginning of the week and fit them in where they belong. On Monday Flora went to Peking on the noon train and did not return until Tuesday noon. I saw that all the children were properly engaged then had a most informal cup of tea with Miss Hill and Mrs. Howard-Smith. (This is not one of the three.) Mrs. Smith and I were dressed and ready for a game of tennis. We played two sets and part of a third. The scores were 6-1, 3-6, 4-2, naming her score first each time. The next event was a tea at Mrs. Love's on Wednesday. She had two guests and we all went in to meet them. I walked to the station to see them off so got some little exercise. On Thursday, Mrs. Porter invited men and ladies in to meet Mr. and Mrs. Fred [Frank?] Brewer. Flora and I especially enjoyed that as they had just come from Foochow and were full of news from Willard and Ellen. Flora had supper over there afterward so saw quite a bit more of them.

On Friday Mrs. Porter and I had some tennis. I was getting to think I could play because I beat Miss Smith, but Mrs. Porter took both games 6-2, 6-0. It is a good thing to get beaten and have to work to get even two games.

Yesterday we drank tea again at the Love's home but Mr. Woodall was the real host. He had a real fruit cake which came out from America in his Christmas box and we were asked to help eat it. He gave a "high tea" as Mr. Beers calls it and several chocolate cake, doughnuts, lady fingers and [unreadable word] besides the home cake. Further we had a choice of tea or coffee. None of us were ready for supper at 6:15 after that feast.

We have gone quite enthusiastic over anagrams. Last evening the children played them all evening and I sat down to it the last hour or more. It gets exciting when we get the required six words and have to work to get them away.

Some of the children went to Peking a week ago to see Miss Stinson [*Katherine Stinson-4th woman to get her pilot's license, known as the "Flying Schoolgirl"*] fly and report some wonderful feats on the part of the 'bird girl'. They had the chance to meet and talk with her and enjoyed the novelty of that. She flew on Monday with her machine illuminated, President Li paying the bills so that "all the people of the capital might see her."

The war situation now that the official news of America is censored so closely seems ever more ominous. Before this reaches you there must be some change but what will it be. The break may already have occurred for we have no word since Friday.

Next week we are to have a home full of guests for the week end. Tomorrow I take the High School children out to see the Bureau of Engraving in the morning and to see the winter palace in the Forbidden City in the afternoon. I do hope you are all well. Elizabeth's picture is fine. Lots of love Mary.

*[This letter dated **March 24, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. He gives her an update on some of the other family members. Willard has confidence in President Wilson and feels he won't declare war unless he has to. A thief disguised as a banker stole a clock from their house. He comments how the young Chinese want pay for their work and not just for the joy of service. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

\$1.00 enclosed

Foochow, China
March 24th 1917

Dear Phebe (daughter):-

It was just a month ago that I wrote you, Feb. 25. Your letter to Marjorie came Friday evening with a lot of other mail. - Three weeks had gone by with no home letters. I hoped in that mail we should know what Geraldine was doing. But here almost April 1st we are entirely in the dark.

This afternoon is cold. We are by ourselves, sitting in the parlor because it is easier to heat a room with a stove. We have only a fireplace in the dining room, and a nice stove in the parlor. Mama sits at her desk in one corner. Monnie is drumming on the piano. Kathleen lies on the floor before the stove writing (?), at least she has paper, pen and ink and is doing a lot of talking. - "I don't know what to write." "What was that you told me to write Monnie?" "Oh dear. This pen is awful blunt." etc. The mail brought nothing from Shelton. It brought a nice letter from Aunt Ann and one from Mr. Ireland and a fine one from Mr. Christian. He mentioned seeing you all occasionally and that you looked well.

The Basket Ball team of the Union College came over and played our boys Thursday afternoon. We beat by about 13 points I believe but the game was a good one and was watched with much interest by over 250. The 4th yr. class numbering nearly 80 boys are planning to go to Kushan Monastery this week, - go up one afternoon and come down the next day. They have been at work for six weeks with no vacation and that is as long as Chinese boys can work on a stretch without blowing off in some way. I would rather they would go off on a hike than get in quarrels here in the school.

Telegrams these days try to point to the beginning of war. I am glad to see by the papers that came Friday, that the country has confidence in Pres. Wilson. He has seemed to me all thru this crisis to be a very sane, level headed man. He will not declare war unless it is useless and wrong not to go to war. The Russian change and the great Eng. and French victories I had hoped would so strengthen men's faith that the war would soon end that we used not enter the strife. Did I write you last week that the Chinese are proud that China has followed the U.S. in declaring that relations with Germany have been severed? One of them said to me "America declared neutrality and then we declared neutrality. America declared relations with Germany severed and China did the same. We two nations have the same mind! He looked pleased. Another one said when I asked him if all Chinese did not sympathize with Germany- "We used to."

Last evening a stranger came into the compound and claiming to be a Formosan and to be representing the Bank of Taiwan= Japanese. He came into our house. We were all with him. It was just as darkness was coming in. When he left we could not find a pretty little glass clock that stood on the mantle in the parlor.

The box sent from Putnam came this last week and we opened yesterday= lots of "finds" in it. We have not had letters from any one about it. I suppose Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma know as much about it as anyone.

We are a very quiet compound to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous and Mr. and Mrs. Newell and their children are away for the Sunday. Mr. Belcher reached home from Shaowu last Thursday just in time to see the Basket Ball game. Mr. Goddard is still there- may start from the farthest station of that district tomorrow for home.

We had our first taste of green peas from our own compound garden Friday. They were delicious. Cabbage, lettuce, and beets are also very nice. Strawberries, not yet. Fruit is just now the scarcest of any season of the year.

Rev. Li Nguk Luk pastor of our church here gave us a very good sermon this morning. His theme was something like this:-Great men do things with no idea of profit to themselves. Great things done in this way bring renown to the doers. He cited the woman with the Alabaster box of ointment and he used personification with marked effect. Turning to his right he asked the woman why she did it and he replied for her "Just because I love him." "Did you get any profit from your act?" "No, except a feeling of joy." Then he added but this woman's face has gone all over the world and has come down to us.

It is very interesting here to watch young Chinese. Of course our ideals for all of them are that they should know the joy of service and that they should be willing to serve with a fair recompense. But most of them are looking for large financial returns for small services, and most of them want pay for what they do. The number of young men returning from the U.S. with degrees is increasing. It is very difficult for them to accept positions for even \$100 per month. I do not know of one who is doing anything for less than this, - altho many of them have been educated at the expense of the mission, Y.M.C.A. or Christian friend. \$100 per month is more than an unmarried missionary receives. Mr. Neff receives \$525 gold per year. This is about \$840 mex per year or \$70 per month. But his is the story of the world. And it is the few who really catch Christ's ideal of service, and I suppose this is right, I mean natural instead of right. In all groups in the world's history the real work has been done by a few, and those few have been of altruistic mind- not seeking a reward, but deserving to be helpers.- Such were Moses, Noah, Abraham, Isaiah, Jesus, Paul, Martin Luther, Gladstone, Confucius, Washington, Lincoln, and I think Wilson will be one of them. To some of these has come also wealth. That is not incompatible with a spirit of altruism.

May the Father keep you and bless you and make you great in the true sense- may he give you success in your studies and in being.

Very lovingly your father
Willard L Beard

*[This letter dated **March 25, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Ruth. He comments that he feels overwhelmed with the amount of correspondence he has to do. A man disguised as a banker came into his house and managed to steal a clock. He has heard that a rich man may be donating some land to the College and he hopes it goes through. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
March 25th 1917.

Dear Ruth:-

Letters keep coming from you and Phebe and Mother and Elizabeth either direct or some other way and we hear of the difficulty of getting help and of the putting up ice and of Elizabeth's pleasing improvement and visits here and there etc, etc. My letters have not been as frequent as I wanted them to be. Until this last week I have had a sort of snowed-under feeling ever since I got back last September. I have just got my correspondence caught where I can see the end. I was almost afraid for a time to open the mails for fear of the correspondence it might involve. Dwight Goddard almost expressed my feelings when he said as I gave him several letters that had accumulated for him "Well that means more work to answer them." But his never applies to a certain class of letter that I call friend letters.

Last evening just at dusk a young man walked into our parlor, dressed in foreign style and with rather a smart appearance,- said he was a Formosan, representing the Formosan Bank. When he went he took off a pretty little green glass clock that stood on the parlor mantle. He was not alone more than two minutes.

Last Thursday the Basket Ball team of the Union College came over and played our team. It was a fine game with the score some 13 points in our favor. But it was a good clean, manly game. I have been working for such games between Foochow College for ten years, and it gives me much pleasure to see the great improvement in the self-control and manliness of the boys.

Have I written that the Fukien Christian University has purchased something over 50 acres of land half way between Foochow and Pagoda Anchorage? This looks like beginning to realize our hopes for a University. The Arts course which opened last year Feb. 1916 with 85 students has 90 this year.

Today one of the teachers told me that a rich man who has been holding a piece of land about 40X50 feet, which the College has been trying to buy, - but he held it at about four times its real value-is ready to make the College a present of it. I hope this goes thru. It will mean more of such gifts. We ought to get such from men of means here in Foochow.

Before this you have asked- "Why does he not say anything about the war?" We get daily telegrams all about breaking relations, special session of Congress, offers of various kinds like Henry Fords, etc., etc. I am still praying that God will be able to keep the U.S. from actually fighting. It seems to me however that Pres. Wilson is a sane and safe man. I trust him to be used by God. He will not fight if he can help it. If he does the country will stand by him. He has won the confidence of the people by his saneness.

Letters from other places tell of very cold weather in the US! Our cold weather continues. Today is colder than usual. I have dressed as warm as at anytime this winter and we have had a good fire all day.

Girlies and mother are well so am I

All send love and daily prayers.

Will

*[This note, dated **after March 29, 1917**, was written by Willard to Flora and Mary. He is sending them the poem written for Ellen's 49th birthday. Note from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[After March 29, 1917]

[On a separate piece of paper sent to Flora and Mary, Willard writes:]

Dear Flora and Mary:-

I'm sending this "original" poem written for Ellen's birthday to you- will you send it home to Century Farm and I'll ask them to send it to Putnam and then to the children wherever they are at that time.

Yours Will

Tune- "I was Seeing Nellie Home"

Will is bringing Ellen home - -

Will is bringing Ellen home - -

It is to his wife's own birthday party

Will is bringing Ellen home.

Tune - "Clementine"

Now we bring our birthday greetings

May the sun forever shine

On the pathway of this lady

Who today is 49.

Happy Birthday, happy birthday

Wish you many happy years

May your pathway be all sunshine

Never shadow, never tears.

*[This letter dated **April 13, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by 8 ½ year old Kathleen to her sister, Dorothy. She tells Dorothy about roses, silk worms, a mirror at a restaurant and a flower show she wants to have. Original letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Foochow China.

April 13, 1916 *[Original letter is dated 1916, but Kathleen was not in China until Sept. 1916, so she wrote down the wrong year.]*

Dear Dorothy:

As Marjorie told you her mocisins were too small for her. But she stretched them out and now she can wear them.

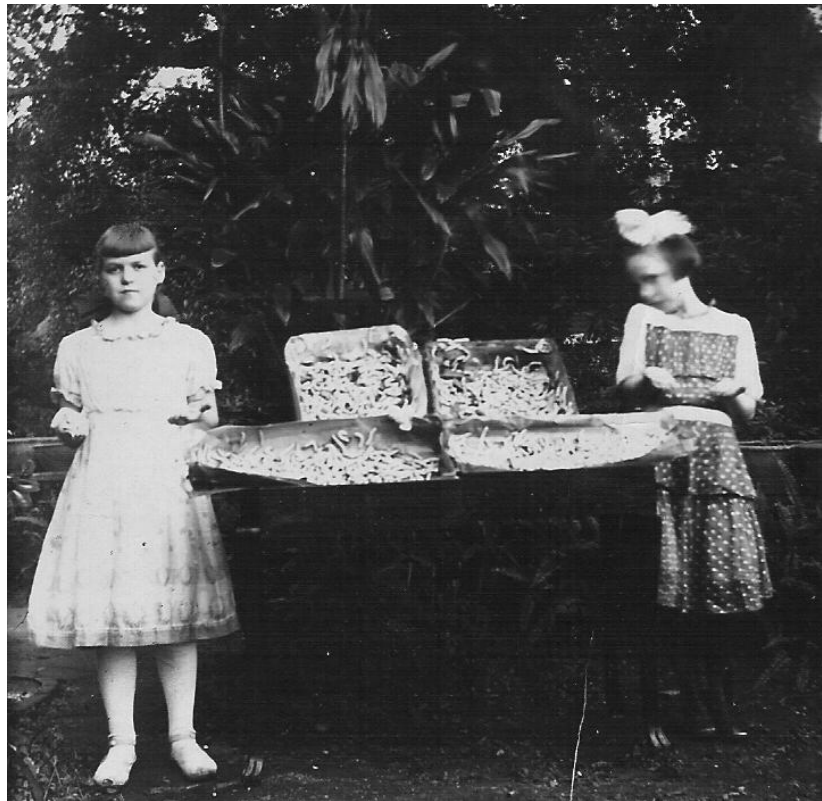
There are fifteen kinds of roses in the compound. They are just in their beauty now.

We have some silk worms and they are quite big. In May they spin. In a book it says the Chinese eat the silk worm after they have taken them out of their cocoons. I wouldn't like to eat them would you?

Last night we went to a feast at a restaurant. There was a big mirror that at the bottom you were short and fat and at the top you were tall and thin. It was very funny.

Tomorrow Marjorie Billing and I are going to have a flower show. It is a secret from Marjorie Beard and Rachel. We made signs for it. We are going to have it on Mr. Billings porch. And the flower children are all dressed up in cloth dresses. We are going to put on their flower dresses later.

With much love from Kathleen C. Beard.



Marjorie and Kathleen with their silk worms. About 1917
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **April 15, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Elizabeth. He tells of the surprise birthday party he had for Ellen's 49th birthday. China is quiet and the new President seems to be uniting the country. He is glad to hear that Elizabeth is feeling better. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.
April 15 – 1917

Dear Elizabeth:-

I am sending this to Saranac Lake at a venture. But I am addressing it so it will go on to Shelton in case you are there. The last letter from home brought a good photo of you to the girls in N. China and they sent it down to me. Is that your new fur lined coat? It looks nobly and you look nobly in it.

Winter holds on here with great persistency. We have stopped building fires in the fire places but we say once in a while, "How nice it would be to have a fire."

Mr. Goddard has been here since Feb. 18th - almost two months, - not in Foochow all the time. He was away on his trip to Shaowu for a month, and on a trip to Ing Hok for nearly a week. So he was here for only about three weeks. He left this morning. From Foochow he goes as fast as possible to Davao, Philippine Islands to see the work of the American Board there. Then he must get to Los Angeles, Cal. by June 26th for the Am. B'd Annual Meeting. He has made money and his pleasure now consists in spending it. He has helped many different parts of the work here. Often a check for one or two hundred dollars mex. at just the right time gives a big boost to the work. His money mostly has been given to permanent parts of the work, - like building churches or school buildings.

On Ellen's birthday [her 49th] Mar. 22, I gave her a surprise, - helped by Mrs. Hodous, Mrs. Newell and others. Fortunately on that day the ladies of the Y.W.C.A. had a tea to open their new house and I asked them to invite Ellen to preside over the tea pot. This took her away from home a little before 4 p.m. - being a man I did not want to go early and hang around two hours so I went late to come home with her. But as soon as she was out of sight there was some hustling to get two rooms thrown into one, two large tables up from the College, the table cloths on- twenty seven chairs in place and the flowers placed so as to cover up various unsightly things in my study which with the dining room was to provide seats for 27 diners. But I did it and got to the Y.W.C.A. reception in time not to cause comment. I had asked Mrs. Hodous to provide and prepare geese, Mr. Belcher to provide the birthday cake and Mrs. Billing to provide the salad, so as not to arouse suspicion. I told the girls just after dinner all about it and they kept the secret. The people were to be in our parlor singing as we came in. They were there all right and Ellen knew as she heard the singing that something was up. When she saw all the people there she said first her thank you's then she started for the dining room saying "We must prepare something for these friends to eat." But I assured her that their homes were nearby and they could easily go home if they felt hungry. Just then she spied Mrs. Hodous with an apron on, and guessed that she had been helping about a dinner. Still, as she confessed later, she could not figure how I could arrange the dining room to accommodate all those people, and she was completely surprised when she saw the long table in the tea room with 27 places- we had a good time.

The telegrams the past two weeks have not been very exciting. I cannot make out that the U.S. is really fighting altho a "State of war is declared to exist." The Allies seem to be gaining ground steadily. My boys want rifles= "Real rifles" to practice, but the General says he does not have any to spare, - for which I am secretly glad.

Foochow College has played two basket ball games with Union College and won both,- good clean games.

China seems to be quiet now and the new President seems to be uniting the country. All are still proud to call China and America No. 1 friends.

College is going very well,- altho Ellen and I are fuller of teaching than we ought to be- add to this that we have had someone in our guest room most of the term for the past ten weeks and you can see that we are busy. I am greatly pleased at the good reports of your improvement and trust you will keep on being good- We send love- May God be the best friend of you all

Will

[This letter dated April 16, 1917 was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. School has opened again after vacation and the District Meeting of the North China Mission began. The college in Tungchow had a concert and included the NCAS students on the program. Willard will not be coming north for the summer and Flora and Mary are planning a trip to Mongolia and Kalgan. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchow, April 16, 1917.

Dear folks at home:-

This has been an exciting week and full to the brim. The opening of school again after our vacation brought all the children back and we are on the last lap of the year's work. School opened on Wednesday and "District Meeting" began on Thursday. Now "District Meeting" is the annual collecting of delegates from the four stations of this part of the North China Mission. They hold morning, afternoon, and if necessary evening sessions and thrash out and settle all the problems they can. All sessions are held in the Chinese language and more than half the delegates are Chinese. There are education, religious, financial, and several other problems to be handled. It goes without saying that some of the occasions are rather warm. In the end all things get into a working condition for the next year. Mary and I have had two of the ladies with us so we have had snatches of the meetings from them. On Thursday the meetings began and on Friday little Rosamond Frame arrived. It was Friday and it was the 13th, but she looks and acts as though she meant to stay. Mrs. Frame has lost two children within the year and was in a very morbid state of mind, so that everyone was anxious for her. This baby arrived in much sooner

time and better condition, than either of the other two, and her mother is in wonderful spirits. We all hope she continues to be vigorous. I saw her to-day, sucking her fists as though she were starved. - Well, on Sunday, Tungchou church celebrated its 50th anniversary and installed its new pastor. To-night the college gave a concert at which our children sang two selections. We waited for a government school (in the city) to arrive but after twenty minutes gave up. The school arrived just an hour late, but I wish you could have seen the little fellows. I am sure some of them were not more than six years old. They were dressed in black coats, pants, and caps- with yellow stripes that would delight every small boy to wear. They came walking in in apple pie order. I am sorry that we could not stay to hear them sing, though I know that it would be ear rending.

This week Friday the children of the Peking Primary School are coming down to spend the afternoon with us- and the violets. This is the time of the year when the ground is a cloud of violets. The children pick them by the bushel and then not one can be missed. It is remarkable that they come out of the hard dry ground and grow in such profusion. Here it is the 16th of April and we have had no rain, yet we are eating asparagus from our garden and we have peas up two inches. We have to resort to irrigation, but we are hoping for rain.

We have heard from Will definitely that he is not coming North this summer so we are planning for Kalgan and Mongolia this summer and to have him with us next summer.-We have our fourth teacher hired for next year, so there will be no repetition of this year's experience. With love Flora Beard

[This letter dated April 22, 1917 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She gives details of their trip to the Western tombs. They had a children's picnic and one evening the students sang in a concert. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

April 22, 1917

Dear Ones at Home-

We have had two nice letters since I last wrote four weeks ago. I fear Will's old saying that vacations are disasters to letter writing was true in my case this spring. We went down to the Western tombs for three days and had company for two [*unreadable word*]. School closed Thursday March 29. We had a houseful of guests arrive by the evening train on Saturday and the last left Monday noon. We had an awfully good time with a musical both Saturday and Sunday evenings and a long walk Sunday morning. We visited the East gate and saw the three iron chains hanging on the city wall then the pagoda over near the north gate and came home- as far as we could on the top of the wall.

I spent Tuesday and Wednesday looking over my clothes to get them in repair for the Spring. But nearly every afternoon I got out for a game or two of tennis. We left here Wednesday evening for Peking and put our cot beds up in the living room at Dr. Porter's for the night. We were up [*unreadable word*] Thursday to repack and get the 7.30 train for the south. We had to make one change and arrived at the entrance to the tombs about 1.30 A.M. There were five of us, all ladies, one cook, and beds and "rontans" and suitcases and lunch baskets and boxes.

Three of us went to call on Dr. Meng, a Chinese surgeon to whom Dr. Ingram recommended us. He was not there but his wife served us with tea and cakes and gave us a few directions. Our baggage went into a cart. We took two donkeys so that we could take turn about riding and started on our five mile trip to the Yamens (official home) where we were going to stay. The walk led us through low hills and finally into a large pine forest. The forest was all planted to protect two of the oldest and largest of the tombs and the Yamen was in the heart of it only a few hundred yards from the tombs. We were hardly settled when the magistrate sent for our cards. Upon receipt of it he made us an official call of greeting and gave us each a deep bow. Almost at once Dr. Meng's card came in. He had followed us to see of what use he might be and useful he was! He took us then to the two near tombs and we were able to get into all parts without difficulty under his guidance. The tomb is made up of two parts, a "square city" in front where is the spirit hall for worship, and the "round city" in the rear where is the high mound covering the chamber holding the coffin with at least thirty feet of earth. We walked all around the mound and saw the little pile of yellow earth just placed there that morning. The date was that of the "Spring Festival" and the special sacrifices and worship had been at six that morning. In some of the urns the ashes were still hot.

On Friday some of us took a walk down the long approach to the tombs and saw the carved stone elephants, lions, horses, military men and officials that in pairs guard the entrance. Then beyond the three beautifully carved marble pilos with five arches each. At ten Dr. Meng arrived to escort us to some tombs about four miles away. We took our lunch with us so as to not be hurried. These tombs were of a later date being 100 and 60 years old instead of 160 and 180. There was only the round city and the court yard. But the spirit building was wonderful in it's simplicity. The pillars were plain polished wooden ones instead of carved stone. The carving in

the panels of the doors was wonderfully done and stood out over eight inches- when the deepest. The second tomb was that of an Empress. The rough temporary stairway which was used to convey the bearer of the yellow earth was still in place so we went up. Behind the tomb was a court containing about seventeen small mounds and at the side one mound nearly half as large as the main one in which we stood. They were graves of the other[?] wives and concubines of the Emperor. Probably only two were real wives, the large one and one small one which was covered with a yellow glaze, while the others were red.

The graves were wonderful. Dr. Meng estimated the number of trees to be over 3,000,000 in the parks. Some 25,000 are just young trees set out around the tomb of the last Emperor of China. We visited the tomb on our way out on Saturday morning. It is new and glaring beside the others and evidently less well built because already after two years there are many signs of decay. The marble is not the white variety but the gray granite covered with white wash to produce the effect. The urns[?] give a tin-like ring when struck and are dented in places while those 180 years old or even 60 years old are perfect and ring [*unreadable word*] heavy bronze.

It's the only tomb not erected by the present inhabitant immediately upon ascending to the throne and kept in readiness against the day of death. The Empress Dowager got her tomb ready at the Eastern Tombs but the Emperor was too well guarded to do like wise for himself.

We got to Peking too late Saturday to get here so again camped with Dr. Porter, and came down Sunday noon to get clean and get the house ready for service. It was Easter and I brought down a lily. It is my first Easter Lily since I have been in China and I have enjoyed having it so very much. It had four blossoms or buds and one is still good.

I tried to shop the next day, Easter Monday, and found even the drug stores closed. All business homes took three days vacation because of Easter. I think I have mentioned the fondness for holidays out here before!

This week April 15-22 has centered around the big children's picnic on Friday. We had over fifty guests, mothers and children, down for a basket picnic and gave a half holiday to entertaining. The school furnished grape juice and hot coffee but everybody brought their own lunch. We visited Mr. Gordon's goats, the dairy, and the school building besides sitting around and talking a little. The children played games and picked violets.

On Monday last I worked on accounts all day and had some tennis late to clear my brain for work. Except Friday, I have played every afternoon. Monday evening we went to a concert given by the college and our children sang twice. The girls school showed the greatest improvement. They marched up onto the platform to sing for the first time and I think that probably was one reason for the great improvement.

Thank you for the Sentinels which came this week. I can't quite get used to seeing "City of Shelton" even yet. [*The Huntington area was re-named Shelton.*]

Elizabeth's last letter recorded less improvement. I hope the state was only temporary and that she continues as she began. Geraldine is much better as Phebe Kinney writes and starting with light work. That was good news. Stanley sent Flora pictures of the wedding party last week because she had had a birthday. They are very good except that everybody looked thin and somewhat tired. Myra looked better after a part of a wedding trip in the wilds, than on her wedding day.

That sweater, Father, is doing good service. It is just right weight and so good looking that I like to wear it. It goes everywhere for walks, for tennis, to the tomb, to breakfast, school and dinner. The chain I have used with a piece of white carved jade that I bought my first year and had forgotten that I owned. I shall get a colored drop but this looks very well until I find what I want.

I do hope you are all well and are having a glorious spring. Ours is glorious by spells into dust storms and wind generously sprinkled in. Lots of love to you all

Mary.

P.S. I enclose a draft for \$50 gold. Please deposit half of it to my account if my account with father is large enough so that the \$25 will leave a good working surplus. Did the \$17.00 ever come from Miss Mason of Monticello? She got the coat and was to send it to you. I am writing with my gloves on while waiting for my draft at the bank.

Lots of love

Mary.

[*This letter dated April 22, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. He tells her of the beautiful flowers in bloom. He also shares with her some of his day to day problems at both the College and the YMCA. He touches briefly on the war and what he would do if called to serve.*]

Foochow China
April 22- 1917

Dear Geraldine:-

It is 8:45 a.m. The bell is just ringing to call us to Sunday school. We have just finished breakfast- the girlies have been reading over their lesson and are on the jump now to get off to their little S.S.

After S.S. I wish you could see our flowers just now. The roses were never more beautiful, and we have them in such profusion. Every day Mama ought to cut nearly 150 to keep them out of the way of those that want to bloom. Callas also are luxuriant. One of ours has six large beautiful flowers on it and two buds. Margareutes [*Marguerites*] are also in their prime and another flower- a highly colored flower- cineraria is most luxuriant just now. We also have an orange tree in the yard in bloom. Palms and camphor wood trees are putting out new shoots and are beautiful in their new bonnets. The camphor wood trees have already grown a foot this year.

No mail has come from you or from home since Apr. 13- from you none since Mar. 31 when we had a very large mail in which your good letter came and Dorothy's and Phebe's.

The weather is still cool – some of the foreigners and of the Chinese have jumped into summer clothes at the first ray of warm sun and many are suffering from colds. Mr. Belcher can scarcely talk loud.

I am having our Kuliang cottage fixed over as I wrote you last week. It will cost something over \$100, but I shall not feel safe if a typhoon comes with the house as it now is.

I would like just now a talk with President King on the subject of refractory boys. One of the rules of this College is that all students shall attend Church on Sunday. Today nearly half the school were absent. What shall we do? And these things never come singly- for more than a week the boys have been kicking on the food. The culinary department is run by the boys with the monitor as treasurer and with the Faculty as sort of backer, guarantor. Yesterday morning the cook declared he would throw up the job after breakfast this morning. It took a threat from me to arrest him to keep him at the job until the boys could find another cook. But all this is not very edifying to you- still it lets you into a side of my life and into some of the problems that take much of my time.

This last week the Y.M.C.A. have been celebrating the tenth anniversary of the opening of the Y.M.C.A. work in Foochow.- The circumstances are much changed from those that prevailed at the opening. Then the crowd met in the open air and scripture reading and prayer were not allowed and the Christian character of the institution had to be- or was concealed. Now we meet in one of the finest buildings in Foochow with the highest provincial officials on the platform open the meeting with prayer- during which the Governor stands with the others, and then addresses with Christianity as the theme follows. The new openings that face the church bring new and difficult problems. One is the problem of the governmental school student who knows idols are false and wants to give up idolatry. But he is active- wants to do something. The pastors and preachers are practically all from the poorer classes- too many of the sermons are for the poor and uneducated. The student does not care for such sermons. The pastor finds it hard to meet these men socially and harder to put them to work. But here they are, many of them ready to join the church and we must find a way to help them.

Mama and I find little time for anything but College work. She has over 20 essays to correct weekly and I have 70. Then we have to help a class of 24 prepare for an evening of rhetorical. We find our great task the finding of declamations and plays. If you know of or can find any books with plays for High School pupils- with from ten to 15 parts they will come very handy to us indeed. There are such books in paper covers that cost little.

War news is getting very common again- hardly worth reading. The prayer meeting last Wed. turned on war topics- what is our personal attitude toward war and specifically toward this war. Would I go into this war if I were called? How will I treat the Germans now in Foochow? This last question I am perfectly clear on- I shall treat just as I always have. Would I go to war? I am quite sure I would first let all those who are anxious to go, go. I should try to find other means of showing my patriotism. I fully believe that the time is very near when it will be right and duty to refuse to fight.

I have been studying Luke's Gospel for the past several weeks. This morning the question was presented- "What aspect of the character of Jesus has been made most impressive to you?" and I wrote this "Jesus was sincere and true always, -entirely. Circumstances or environment never changed this. Before friends and enemies he was sincere."

I can talk and work with a man who is true and sincere. Even if he is tiresome and blundering and often mistaken- but it is very hard to work sympathetically with one who I feel is untrue or insincere.

We are having lots of rain these nights for it is often remarked that it rains nights- but little in the day time. We hope it will be pleasant next Saturday for the whole family plans to go up to Kuliang.

I enclose a \$1 bill this week. I should be getting acknowledgement for the money I sent at first in this way. Give the \$1 to Phebe for her birthday gift from me.

May the Father be very gracious to you all,-point the way in every choice of yours so that you will know His will, and then may He give you the strength of body, mind and will to do it.

Very lovingly your Father
Willard L Beard

[This letter dated April 28, 1917 from Foochow, China by Willard to his brother Stanley, and his wife, Myra. He has been busy entertaining guests visiting for the past months. They took a trip up to Kuliang just for fun. Willard tells of the surprise birthday party he gave Ellen. He cannot tell if the U.S. is actually fighting from the news he receives. He feels the U.S. is in a dangerous condition as prosperity has moved the financial center from London to New York. Kathleen and Marjorie are raising silk worms. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
April 28th 1917

Dear Stanley and Myra:-

I addressed an envelope to you long ago- but the days filled with things that seem to be necessary to do keep slipping by and they count up into weeks and even months before I realize it. There is always some special reason- this year it has been guests. Dr. and Mrs. Edward Lincoln Smith- New York Sec'y of the A.B.C.F.M. were here two weeks in Feb. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Brewer- my classmate in Hartford Seminary,- arrived and spent three weeks. Then Mr. Goddard was here. School work is almost as exciting as Laboratory work, and Ellen and I each have four classes a day and 60 or 70 essays to correct each week.

Today we threw off all care and the whole family went to Kuliang. This is about ten miles and 2500 ft. up. We went economically- two chairs to the foot of the mountain and one chair up the mountain. The girlies wore straw sandals just like the chair coolies. We had a delightful time- got good and tired- now at 8 p.m. all but me are sound asleep and I will be shortly- so good night.

Sunday afternoon-

Just as I was leaving for church this a.m. a home mail arrived. Of course had to leave it until after church and that meant till after dinner. The mail brought good news from Oberlin, Shelton, Putnam and from Cousin Fannie in Meriden.

Kathleen's letter I see gives me away completely. I have had her letter in this envelope for two months. Thank you for the gloves. I wore them the first time on Ellen's birthday. I planned a big surprise for her- had all the people in the compound here when I came home with her from a Y.W.C.A. house warming. They were in the parlor singing as we arrived. This was her first surprise. She began at once to worry about feeding them -27- But I told her their homes were so near that they could easily go home if they got hungry. They all agreed to this expedient. I had got her engaged to pour tea at the house warming and thus had a good excuse for coming late myself. As soon as she was off I got busy and opened up two rooms and put in two long tables from the College and arranged 27 chairs about the tables. So Ellen sat in the parlor and gracefully waited till all were invited to the dining room when for the first time she had her riddle- how could we feed all those people?- solved. Of course Mr. Hodous, and Mrs. Belcher and Mrs. Billing had helped about preparing the dinner- I'm telling you all this so you may appreciate the augustness of the occasion on which the gloves were first worn.

A month ago I purchased a piano- had to buy a little more than you did for yours- \$300 mex. but it is a good one and has been tried out in this climate. We all enjoy it and Marjorie and Kathleen are making good use of it. These girlies are a delight. They are growing like weeds, and full of energy and sunshine. Yesterday we all dropped dull- but I wrote that last night- today they have been writing different friends about their trip.

I cannot make out that the U.S. is as yet actually fighting. The news that we get here is that there has been very severe fighting for several days with heavy losses for Germany and big gains for the Allies. But the news has been of very little interest since we heard the U.S. had broken off relations with Ger. China seems to be getting on her feet and the new Pres. seems to be pulling all forces together and to have a hold on all parts of the country. The Japanese also are treating China with much more respect than formerly.

Today I had a nice long letter from mother and one from Ruth,- also one forwarded from Elizabeth. Things seem to be going well at Century Farm,- only help is very dear. Phebe writes of very high prices in many articles. I am telling the people here that the U.S. is in a very dangerous condition with prosperity in so many lines and so much power being placed in her hands in many ways.- as the financial center of the world has moved from London to the New York.

Myra, you would be interested in the silk worms which Marjorie and Kathleen are raising. They have been eating for almost a month now and last night one began to spin. Tonight he has shut himself up in a cocoon. The

girls were picking them up and handling them as if there were so many jack straws tonight to see which were yellow and which were white.- Some will spin yellow silk and some white.

All goes much as usual in the College. The Basket Ball team has thus far beaten every thing it has met.

The picture of your home is still vivid in my mind and I like to think of it. May God dwell there and may His blessing rest upon you both continually.

With love from us four

Will.

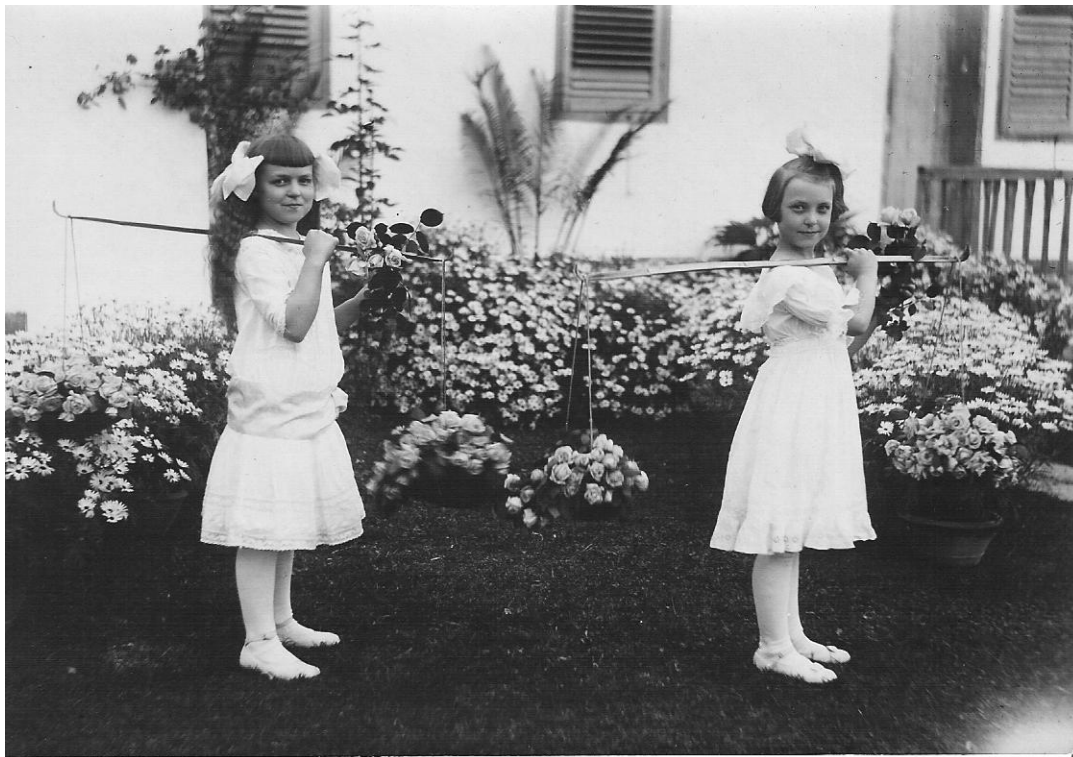


L to R: Ellen, Marjorie, Kathleen and Willard about 1917.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Front row L to R: Marjorie Beard, Rachel Hodous, Marjorie Billing, Kathleen Beard.
 Ellen is 2nd from left back row and seated in the middle is Mrs. Hodous.
[Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Marjorie (left) and Kathleen (right)
[Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Written on back of photo: "Who will buy my roses,- roses red and white?" "Mrs. Hodous and her 'Girls' Seminary' Marjorie and Kathleen Beard, Rachel Hodous, Marjorie Billing."
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Written on back of photo "Marjorie and Kathleen Beard, Among the Marguerites, Foochow, China (11 and 8 yrs. May 1st, 1917."
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **May 3, 1917** was written from Tungchou by Flora to the folks at home. Flora and Mary attended a dinner by the College Club of Peking at the Foreign Business building. Flora also attended the reception of*

President Li in Peking. She details the visit and was able to shake hands with President Li. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou, May 3, 1917.

Dear folks at home:-

We still have enough to do to keep us out of mischief. This past week has been rather full. We made an attempt to have a clean-up week and got a few places a little better looking, though the big part of keeping clean takes care of itself- as far as the lawn is concerned. About a half dozen times during the fall and winter the whole compound gets raked over with a "fine toothed comb" for the stuff that can be gotten in the raking- to be used for fires. We had planned to have Friday for Arbor Day but a Gobi dust storm delayed our plans. We had been hoping for rain as the earth is as dry as powder since it is months ago that we had our last rain storm.

Last Saturday night the College Club of Peking had a big dinner at the Foreign Business building at which there were four hundred diners. Mary went up and enjoyed it much. This club is composed of American and Chinese college men and women who have been educated in America. It includes most of the Chinese who are in the government and educational circles- of Peking. Pres. Li's private secretary is one of the numbers. The speakers were ex-ministers Wi Ting Fang, Mr. C. T. Wang, and some American. Mr. C.T. Wang is perhaps the most influential Chinese in everyday walks in China. I don't know as that explains his position for I have heard it said that he is the kind of man that would make a good president when he is older. He is a Christian man and known all over the land.

On Sunday morning I arose early and took the morning train to Peking to attend the President's reception. It was requested that people should not dress in reception gowns or high silk hats, and the hundreds of guests obeyed very generally. It was rather thrilling to walk into the gate between the two rows of soldiers and then walk by the lake under the trees and feel that we were treading on soil older in history than anywhere I had ever before walked. It was a glorious, sunny morning and we had lots of good company. Although it was Sunday, there were scores of missionaries in the crowd. I do not believe a single ticket was wasted.

We went into the building where the body of Yuan Shih Kai had lain before his burial. It was really a great square court with a raised dais all around three of the sides. Right ahead was the door out of which the President came and on each side were long rooms with glass partitions. At the proper moment Pres. Li appeared with several of his military guards and his private secretary. Pres. Li had on a suit like the soldiers only that the cloth was a little richer brown and his gold hands a little redder yellow. He wore white gloves and used his sword as a cane while he stood on the dais and spoke to us. Those who understand Chinese thought he must have spoken in his native Hunanese since they could not understand him very well. His secretary translated it for us and I hope some of the papers at home will copy it for it was certainly worth reading. He stepped down to our level for the introductions and just before the line was formed Dr. Reinsch spoke for the members of the club in such a way that I think every one there felt that his own feelings and thoughts had been expressed in just the way each one would have wished to say them. There Pres. Li removed his right glove and we each had the opportunity to shake hands with him. I was much impressed with his dignity, his sincerity, and simplicity. He understands English enough so that he did not have to have Dr. Reinsch's speech interpreted, and his dignified bow in acknowledging the compliments Dr. Reinsch paid to his character showed a lot of reserve force behind his quiet demeanor. After the handshaking was over cakes, tea, and some other drink (I did not see what) were served in the long rooms behind the glass partitions on either side. After partaking we were allowed to roam anywhere in the palace grounds, which we did, for a while, then we had tickets for the North Lake a beautiful park situated around a lake. We climbed up to the top of the Indian dagoba which I think must be the highest point in Peking unless Coal Hill should be higher. From there one has a marvelous view of the Forbidden City and of all Peking. It gave me the grandest view of the yellow roofs of the Forbidden City that I had ever seen. The place was dazzling with the morning sun on the roofs. Among them was one small roof of real(?) gold. Dr. McElroy (one of the advisors to the president) was standing near me, and he spoke of it with the added remark that at Marco Polo's time all the roofs were said to have been covered with that same gold a half inch thick. The little emperor lives in the same corner of the Forbidden City. We wandered about getting the views of the city then climbed down through a remarkable grotto to the lakeside. We were too tired to stay to see more so took our jinrickshas and went home arriving at Teng Shih Kou about 1 P.M. The excitement and the sun had given me a headache so I spent the afternoon in sleep getting up just in time to go to church. I spent the night with Dr. Porter since I was to spend the next day in town on business.

Yesterday (May 2nd) we had our Arbor Day and set out 23 spireas, 24 yellow roses, 17 lilacs, 14 geraniums, 6 ivies and 7 honey suckles. How was that for celebrating! It was all done in two hours and the rain finally drove us in. It rained all night so that we hope our efforts will be rewarded by the extra drink the plants got.

I must close here for it is time to go to bed.

Yours lovingly-
Flora Beard.

[This letter, dated **May 6, 1917**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Ruth. He talks about the weather and flowers. Someone stole blankets from some of their college students. Mrs. Hodous had to close the Girls Seminary to go back to the U.S. so Kathleen and Marjorie will have to catch up in their studies on Kuliang. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow, China
May 6- 1917

Dear Ruth:

The last mail brought your good letter with the business re life insurance and mother's good letter and one from Elizabeth. It is very pleasant to receive these good letters from you all. Every letter tells of Aunt Ella [*Ella Nichols, wife of Daniel A. Nichols who is Nancy Nichols Beard's brother*] being weak and unwell but it also speaks of her going about to various places. The news of Fred Wooster's death was a surprise to me as it must have been to all of you at home.

I am making the "warrant" payable to you = \$1 86/100. The dividend of \$9.60 I am also making payable to you. I spoke to Mr. Johnson last summer and told him that beginning with 1917 I should want to draw the dividends instead of letting them go to purchase more insurance. I think if you take this to him it will be all right. After taking your commission out of the amount please put the rest in the Derby Savings Bank for me.

We have a perfect day here today. Yesterday afternoon it rained and the wind blew cold. We went to bed early saying that we were in for a rainy Sunday but the morning dawned clear- or at least it was when I awoke at 6:30. A strong west wind was blowing. We expect to have it pretty hot by this time but I have worn full length union suits and a vest right along and have put on a pith hat only a few times this year. Our flowers continue beautiful. I wish mother could see them. Roses of all colors and in such confusion. Callas with eight blossoms in one pot, margaruettes, almost white with blossoms. Cinerarias of all colors, pansies, wisteria, geraniums, orange blossoms, pumelo blossoms, etc. etc.

I preached in the new church to-day and assisted the pastor in conducting communion. Eight young men united with the church, four from the College four from the Hospital= nurses. Three of these are starting this week for France to help take care of 1000's of Chinese coolies who have gone to France to work with the army. Dr. Cooper of our mission is going with them.

A business man who some twelve years ago was an active Christian member of this church- but who fell away was readmitted to-day. When I was with the Y.M.C.A. I used often to go to Amoy and up in the country to a place called Chang Chow. I had to talk in the Foochow dialect there and a young man named Ding translated for me. His father was a Prefect of Chang Chow,- but an earnest Christian. I met him several times. A second son became Provincial Treasurer the first year of the Republic- in Foochow. In my audience this morning were the Provincial Treasurer and his father who is visiting him. Both men are in official circles.

I must say good night and get to bed and finish this before Tuesday- when the mail closes for Shanghai.

College is like a Kaleidoscope- something new all the time. Last Friday evening while we were having Rhetoricals someone stole six blankets and some clothes from a room occupied by eight students. Sunday afternoon one of the students who lost things received a letter containing three pawn tickets that covered all the stolen articles.- It will cost about \$5.00 to get the things out of pawn.

Mrs. Hodous has closed the Girls Seminary [*see previous photos*]. This leaves Marjorie and Kathleen with no teacher. Just now Ellen and I are so full with College duties that we cannot do much to help them. We are planning to help them on the mountain. It will be good for them to have some regular work there. The Hodous are starting for home in about a month.

How I should enjoy being at home now. You are just about planting corn. The apple trees are just in bloom are almost there. The days are balmy and the night too cool to set out of doors but just right to sit in doors. The roads are good for automobiles. It was sad about Dr. Phillips son. I judge from all I read that the church is growing with him as pastor.

Every day we talk with God about you all asking Him to keep you in peace- and make you each useful. What times we are living in!! May God bring order out of this chaos as soon as possible- with men as they are and may He teach all men never to countenance war again.

Very lovingly Will

*[This letter, dated **May 8, 1917**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She attended a college dinner in the building of Foreign Affairs. Flora had tickets to visit the president and palace. Mary tells of a little birthday celebration for one of the students. She talks of a Chinese funeral that passed by the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[May 8, 1917]

6:00 A.M. Tuesday

Dear Ones at Home,

These glorious days I have been making the most of the early hours to do some reading but today I prefer a chat write you. I was naughty and read the latest "Red Pepper" story on Sunday instead of writing letters. Then yesterday I spent all day at making out bills and writing up accounts. Next time I have accounts to keep I shall keep them myself all through. Robert supposedly helped me last Fall but has things in a more muddle than I ever dreamed of.

A week ago Saturday night I went to Peking to the college dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Porter. The dinner was held in the government building of Foreign Affairs. The space, halls and side rooms, is so large that the four hundred and fifty guests were not at all a crowd. Mr. Porter got in from Shanghai at 8.00 so was quite late in getting to the 8.00 o'clock dinner. There had been a mix up on tickets so only two could be found. I took Mr. Porter's place until he came at the Yale table then changed over to the California table. All but two of my near neighbors were Chinese, but foreign educated and most interesting. Over half of the guests were Chinese and there was a goodly number of ladies among them. One Chinese who is a Tungchow man and who was in America and went to Mexico for Y.M.C.A. work was there with his fiancé with his mother as chaperone. That is new China!!

Flora took the tickets and visited the President and palace and has probably written all about it. I came home and took a nap in the afternoon and decorated the sitting room for lunch. Last of all I took the children for a walk around the compound after supper.

Miss Hill was down last week for the last time. We had a game of tennis on Monday afternoon. On Tuesday the children asked to give her a send off and gave a fine one. One of the girls who had a birthday the day before received a belated cake that morning so we had that. Jean Dudley and I made some Divinity Fudge and it was a hustle to get it cooked and cold between 3.30 and 4.30. The children hired a rickshaw and decorated it with flowers. Then they put a wreath on Zana's hat. When she was ready to go they called her out to get her picture taken and crowned her with the flower decked hat. As she descended the steps they all threw flowers. Then she was helped into her rickshaw and the older boys played rickshaw boy. The real boy was at first alarmed for his precious vehicle but he laughed with the rest before very long.

Several times I have been in to see Alice Frame and baby Rosamond. Rosamond is a darling fat rosy baby who eats, sleeps and lives altogether as a baby should. Alice is getting up and around but is not yet down stairs.

There goes the rising bell so I will continue my chat later in the day.

Recess- The air is so full of the seeds and cotton from the willow trees that it looks almost like a snow storm outside. With the temperature so low that we have a slow fire in the furnace the illusion is accelerated.

Last Wednesday we had an Arbor Day and started some shrubs and ones around the school. At the back of the school is a steep bank. We have had a coolie grade the east end of it. Along the top we set a row of yellow roses for a hedge. In front of that is a long narrow bed of geraniums. On the lower level and next the fence are rows of lilacs and spirea. Fortunately we had a rain the night after we set them and several cool cloudy days with frequent showers. As far as I know every plant is alive and only a few ever withered badly.

There is a funeral going on over in the village and we get frequent sounds of beating drums to enliven our work. A band and some standards went by not long ago. When the funeral passes I suppose we will all go to the window to watch. Some way there is no solemnity about a Chinese funeral to me. I see the gay colors, hired movers and hear music to all intents alike for all occasions and it seems more like a gala day than a sad occasion. The richer the funeral the more festive it is. Yet Yuan Shi Kai's funeral was so stately that it was solemn in spite of the color.

5.45 Since school I have been over to Jean's and read the last installment of the "Red Pepper" story and played two good games of tennis with the girls. If our neighbors want us to play tennis when I get home, I shall be more than ready.

You have not written the news of the Space twins and their little brother in a long time. Automobiles seem to be quite the style. Nearly every letter from home or friends mentions a new one. I have had one ride this year- about two miles long.

A letter from Will with enclosures from home has just arrived. Our local papers have said nothing about Copenhagen so I wonder if Anna Rachton[?] Ward is still there or not. After supper:- I do hope that Elizabeth's

improvement continues without any more set backs and that Ruth's side is behaving so she can regain those many lost pounds.

Evidently you had a cold spring such as we had and are having. Most of the younger children still wear their winter flannels, here on the 8th of May. It is most unusual but every cool day lessens the number of very hot ones.

This is my evening to go to Prayer Meeting while Jean takes study hall so I must say good night and end this lengthy epistle. In my last I enclosed a draft for \$50 but mention it again lest it might have gotten lost in this day of uncertain mails. We had a letter from you direct about a week ago and lately they have been pretty regular.

There go the others to Prayer Meeting.

Lots of love

Mary Beard

P.S. I get so used to signing myself N.C.A.S. Household Acc. Mary Louise Beard, Treas. that I almost sign my letters that way.

From: The Evening Sentinel, Shelton, CT – May 17, 1917

BEARD- In Derby, May 6, Miss Ruth Beard of Shelton, aged 36 years. Funeral on Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock from her late home on Long Hill avenue. Interment in Long Hill Avenue cemetery.

From: The Evening Sentinel, Shelton, CT- May 7, 1917

MISS RUTH BEARD.

Shelton Lady Died at Hospital on Sunday Morning Following Operation.

Miss Ruth Beard, aged 36 years, daughter of Oliver G. and Nancy Nichols Beard, of Long Hill avenue, died in the Griffin hospital, Derby, on Sunday morning following an operation which was performed on April 27. Miss Beard's death came as a shock to the community in which she was born and lived.

She was a member of the Shelton Congregational church and was active in many good works. Miss Beard had a beautiful character and was beloved by all who knew her. She is survived by her father and mother, four brothers, Rev. Willard Beard of China; Oliver G. Beard of Bridgeport; Bennett N. Beard, of this city; Stanley Beard of New York, and four sisters, Misses Flora and Mary of China, and Elizabeth and Phoebe, of Shelton. The arrangements for the funeral are in charge of C.E. Lewis & Son.

*[This letter dated **June 4, 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to her parents and sisters, Phebe and Elizabeth. Her other sister, Ruth has had an operation and died. School is coming to a close and they are doing end of year examinations and clean up. There is unrest between the present government and a rival one. They will be travelling to Mongolia within the month. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou

June 4, 1917

Dear Mother, Father and Phebe and Elizabeth,

Phebe's letter came on Saturday evening and Ruth's telling of the operation to be, on Sunday morning. In the letter were the two Kodak pictures and Ruth's birthday gift for me, a handkerchief, most dainty and sweet. I can only send a thank you in a prayer but know that Ruth will understand. To Phebe I say many thanks for the snap shot of Ruth in that pretty dress and for the one of Edith which look so very natural.

June 9- This week has been such a full one that I have hardly had time to know whether I felt sad or glad. I closed my laboratory on Thursday, brought home all extra chemicals and packed them away in a closet down stairs. The note books are almost ready to sign or not to sign awarding to them merit or lack of merit. Robert McCann and I have spent the last two afternoons reading the Cicero which he missed last winter and had never had a chance to makeup with the class. We found a cool spot by the mote and worked there. It was much better than any spot in the home. We have such a quantity of [unreadable word] unprotected from the intense rays of the sun that even our dining room is not always cool.

I am not giving but one examination now as I gave them last week. But in Caesar and Cicero we are reading hard to get the requisite numbers of books completed. It is a hurried reading but not wasted time for we do much at night and that is useful. I have played tennis three times each time with a different partner. It has been hot and I have gone to bed by nine at night so as to study early in the morning. It is a great sch? and an [unreadable word] in the morning is worth more than one at night for work, besides being cooler and free from bugs and willers[?].

Twelve more pictures which I have had for sometime but neglected to get printed for you. I labeled us on the bathing suit one for it is in fear I feared we might not be recognized.

On Thursday I borrowed Mrs. Frame's scales and weighed the family. The children have gained all the way from 1 ½ lbs. to 16 lbs. this winter. I have lost my usual amount but no more and Flora is just about the same. I thought she had lost but the scales do not share it.

A new baby was born to Mrs. Galt last week Friday. Mr. Galt was out in the tent with Scarlet Fever and has only seen his little son through the window.

The political condition here certainly is interesting. The Tu Chu's (Promise governors) are trying to set up a rival government in Tientsin but are quarreling as to who shall be the head. The leader of the "Pig tail" forces of China arrived in Peking yesterday with some 8000 troops to try to bring almost a remediation between the present government and the rival one. Today's paper gives Dr. Reinsch's message to Dr. [unreadable name] begging for the end of int'l strife.

In spite of the unrest a party of nine started this morning for a month's trip out to the eastern tombs, Jehol, and other points of interest. They start from here so as to get the cross country roads; altho neither points are nearer as the bird flies but with steep monotonous parts.

My pictures of Rosamond Frame were both blanks so I shall try again tomorrow.

Tomorrow Dr. Smith gives us the talk in church. He was chosen as the best speaker for this our last service of the school year. Last Sunday they had a song series. I did not go down but listened from upstairs.

I think of you people all the time and how every thing at home must speak to you of Ruth. Yes, we will miss her even out here. We will miss her letters and the thought of her alone awaiting our return which is only two years off now. Sometimes I want to make it one but have no good reason for leaving except I lack courage to stick it out and I won't be a coward.

School closes next Thursday then we stay about two weeks to clean up and are off for Mongolia by way of Kalgan. There is to be a large party of us and a large number are from the N.C.A.S.

I must close so this can get out tonight. I do not know about steamers but always feel that there is a chance of a letter leaving the country.

May God be good to you and comfort you and keep you safe.

With lots of love

Mary.

[This letter dated **June 5, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sisters, Flora and Mary. He refers to their sister, Ruth's death assuming they have already heard the news. (According to death certificate, Ruth died of "Acute Pancreatitis" and "operation removal gall bladder". Further information provided is "Had gall stone attacks for 10 years".) Ellen injured her knee and it is mending slowly. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow June 5th 1917

Dear Sisters:-

You have doubtless got letters from home before this telling you that Heaven is becoming more precious to us. Ruth's growth in all the graces that make a beautiful Christian was to me very marked during the past seven years. Last summer she seemed to be getting so much out of life. She seemed to understand people and she was very helpful to people and was enjoying it. Phebe M. has put it very nicely in her letter.

The mail came in last night while I was away and I did not get to it till nearly ten o'clock. God was very kind to lead me to open the letters in the right order-unwittingly so the news came to me in proper sequence. I am not sure but Griffin Hospital is in Derby is it not? And I figure from the letters that Ruth went home Sunday, May 6th at 10 a.m. I know they will all miss her greatly at home- we will miss her frequent, newsy, always cheerful letters. The tears will come but they are not tears of sorrow and sadness. Heaven has seemed very near ever since I read the letter. Ruth's being there will make it more real.

Ellen's knee mends very slowly. The weather is hot and moist and sticky- with a shower every day,- too much water- Newell's had a house warming last evening.- Hodous goes to Peking until Oct. he thinks and children go home,- you have word that Gould and Morris Kinnear are at Century Farm and Geraldine is there.

With love from all

Will

*[This letter dated **June 7, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and the rest at home. He was surprised to hear about his sister, Ruth's death and talks about her life in his letter. He has had some trouble with the boys in the College. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow China

June 7th 1917

Dear Mother and all the Rest at Home:-

The last mail brought your letter and Phebe's letters of the first days in May, and a letter from Elizabeth and one from Gould- I had been away all the evening and did not get home till almost 10 o'clock. The mail was a big one. Phebe, you will be glad to hear that all your letters were in the same mail and that God guided me to open and read them in the order in which you wrote them.

The news of Ruth's death [*born May 12, 1880, died May 6, 1917 of acute pancreatitis and operation for removal of gall stones according to death certificate*] came as a surprise to me. Her letter- the last one she will write me here- I read before I opened any of yours. She spoke so confidently of the success of the operation in her own mind that I was ready for only good news in the other letters.

I was much impressed with Ruth's development in womanly graces and in a beautiful Christian character, both during my stay at home in 1910-12 and again last summer. I realized more fully that her pleasure was in helping others more and more. I was much interested in reading in Gould's letter one time last summer-or was it in 1915.- "I have been talking with Aunt Ruth. I tell you she's a pretty nice little aunt." Of course the tears flowed as I read the news and for hours afterward- in fact till the clock struck two next a.m. All the next day heaven seemed very near. Both you and Phebe put it very nicely. That Ruth had gone to be with James and the rest. We have known her as a loving, lonely girl and we are better because we have known her. She made the world better- not only while she was here but for all time. I have sent your letters all on to the girls in the north [*Flora and Mary*]. They will find it hard. I am asking God to be their comfort. I shall look in the next mail to find the rest of the news- and also news about Gould and Geraldine. For two weeks I have had a lot of trouble in the College. First the 6th year class walked out of Chapel in rebellion. That was just fixed up with 20 very humble penitent boys returning with confessions, when day before yesterday ten boys went out on the street and played rough house with a policeman. One of the boys who was least to blame was unfortunate enough to get into the hands of the police.- Well it makes a lot of work and unpleasant work.

Ruth's last letter from me you will receive. I am afraid there is some business in it that will have to come back to me- perhaps you can do it for me- I hope so.

Ellen's knee is improving very slowly. It was May 19th but she sprained it. She is in the wheel chair every day since. All are otherwise well.

Very lovingly

Will

*[This letter, dated **before June 10, 1917**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones in Foochow. Mary just received word of sister Ruth's death and hopes her sister Elizabeth does not decline in health also. Mary would like to take a trip to Mongolia but wonders about the political instability. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Before June 10, 1917]

Dear Ones in Foochow,

Phebe's letter telling of Ruth's death came tonight. I just can't make myself believe yet that Ruth is gone. She was so much a part of home and of the most beautiful part of love that I can't picture home without her. Some way Ruth's going makes Heaven seem nearer than did that of James, Aunt Louise or Olive. Perhaps because she was nearer to me or rather because we were always playmates and seemed to understand each other. Dear girl, she was ready for Heaven, if ever a girl could be! I never saw more devotion to duty, loved ones and things beautiful. And it was not always easy either as we know for her to be so cheerful and happy.

I do hope that this does not retard Elizabeth's progress but it will be very hard. I am glad she went home for it will always be easier to have been there.

Don't you feel awfully lonesome and far away off out here in China? I thought I was getting over it but Ruth's death makes me feel it more than ever. It might not, because she is nearer now than she ever could be when alive. I know I ought to rejoice for her because she has not been well for so many years and was seldom entirely free from pain. But I can't feel much joy tonight- God and everybody seems so far away and I want some one near.

We are well but weary with the work of the year and the extra ?? of closing school. Our closing day is June 14. Miss Carl who painted the Empress Dowager's portrait and is painting that of President Li is to give us a talk and the children give some music.



Written in album: "Listening to Miss Carl on 'The Empress Dowager'. June 1917"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The revolting of the premiers, the disturbances at Peking and all make me wonder of the advisability of the Mongolia trip. I shall be skeptical about planning it again if it does not materialize because last time it was the Yuan Shih Kai trouble that scared us.

Why is Gould in Shelton in May? Has Geraldine had to give up her College work? Who is Maurice? Maurice Kinnear? I can think of no other. We will miss Ruth as a correspondent out here because she was ever so faithful a letter writer.

Lots of love to you all
Mary.

*[This letter, dated **June 10, 1917**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe. He has recently found out that their sister, Ruth, died. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China.
June 10th 1917.

Dear Phebe:-

This is specially to thank you for writing about Ruth's going home. I received the letter you wrote to the girls in the North, today from Mary. I sent all your letters to me on to them at once. Mary's letter is so good I'm sending it to you. It is very interesting and most comforting and encouraging to read the testimony from everyone that Heaven seems nearer when we think of Ruth. Where is Heaven? Why do we say it is nearer? I have a class of

Sunday School teachers each Fri. afternoon at 4:30. The lesson today is Jesus Crucified. One of the topics was the penitent thief and his confession. These boys are all Christians. After talking about Jesus promise to this penitent man that he would be in Heaven with him that very day. One of the boys remarked "He got into Heaven very cheap." Ruth's life came to me at once, so I spoke briefly of it and of her abundant entrance into Heaven- her many friends and acquaintances there,- her familiarity with the laws, and customs and work of Heaven,- the at home feeling that she must have had from the very first- in fact I think the change for her was not very great- she had been living in Heaven's atmosphere.- Every thing was natural to her at once. But think of what it must have been for the poor man to whom all the sights, sounds, language, customs, laws, work and all were strange. He had all to learn. The boys all agreed that it would not do to say he got into Heaven cheap.

Since Wed. there has been a big flood all over the Foochow plain. The rice is having a hard time this year.- This is the third flood. The weather is not yet bad- we find it comfortable at night.

This next week will see most of this compound away for Kuliang or off for the U.S. Marjorie was saying this morning, "Next Sunday only Dr. Mrs. Kinnear and we will be left. College closed June 22. We shall likely get off for the mountain the next Mon. or Tues.

Will you find it a burden to take care of my business with Ruth (I mean the note of Ruth's for \$1000) and the Bank? I believe that is all. If it is too much for you or if it is not convenient will you ask Ben to do it.

Ellen's knee is mending very slowly. It is discouraging for her but it is just as the Doctor said it would be and there have been no pull backs. We have an electric massage that I use on it every night.

Conditions change so fast in the U.S. that it is impossible to write anything like advice to the children. We had written the girls not to go East this summer with the intention of visiting. Both Ellen and I thought it would be much better for them to get into some useful work. But if they can be of use at home and you all agree to let them work it will be all right,- if they keep their part of the contract.

May we all know the blessedness of fellowship with God.

With love to all

Will.

This is June 10 and I have written Stanley and Myra.

*[This letter dated **June 10, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by almost 9 year old Kathleen to her Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma. She tells them about a compound supper and a house warming at Mrs. Newell's house. Original letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Foochow, China

June 10, 1916. *[This should be 1917. Kathleen was in the U.S. on June 10, 1916. It fits with the Hodous' going back to the U.S. as she mentions.]*

Dear Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma,

Friday the compound had a supper over at Mrs. Newells new house. There were tables for the big people and one big table for the little people. We began with singing the blessing and then someone got up and told us to select our knives and forks. On the dinningroom table were all sorts of things to eat. And we took the things we wanted. There was chicken, chickenloaf, egg salad, chocolate pie, pumpkin pie, and dried apple pie. I can't tell you all the things we had. After supper the big people had some talking and we children toled stories in the hall.

A few days ago Mrs. Newell had a house warming it was also an Anniversary. Marjorie and I and two other children sang some song and made a translation. Three of the little folks of our compond did some things one was about the Muffin man. Then we sat down and we had ice-cream straw-berries cake and candy. After it was all done we went out and played and the big people talked on the porch. Now I want to ask how Billy Dodge is getting along and you too *[I believe Billy Dodge is Elbert's nickname for his car.]*. In a little while Mr. and Mrs. Hodous and Rachel are going to America. Excuse me for not writing to you before. With very much love from Kathleen B

Aunt Emma and
Uncle Elbert.

Foochow, China
June 10, 1916.
Dear Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma
Friday the company
had a supper over at
Mrs. Newells new house.
There were tables for the
big people and one big
table for the little people.
We began with singing
the blessing and then some

[This letter dated **June 17, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Dorothy. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. He talks of his daughter, Phebe's 22nd birthday and Ellen Kinney Beard's problems with her knee sprain. He discusses the cost of electricity and the standard of living in Foochow.]

Foochow, China
June 17th, 1917

Dear Dorothy:-

This letter is almost Phebe's by right for tomorrow is her birthday. She is twenty two years old, - as old as grandma was when I was born.

I am sending this to Shelton, not knowing where else to send it. We have had to ask God to take care of you "wherever they are" since we heard that Gould has gone to Shelton and from our best hear say Geraldine had also gone, and you were going and Phebe might go.

The past week has been examinations in the College- from 9-12 a.m. and from 1:30 to 4:30 p.m. This is always very confining. The weather has been very warm which does not decrease the burden for either teacher or student.

It was four weeks ago yesterday that Mama sprained her knee. Last night at midnight she was awakened with a severe pain in her back and right side. Anto cannia did not stop it. The osteopathic treatment- pressing with both my thumbs on each side of the back bone eased it while it was being done. Applications of hot cloths did most good. But not till Dr. Kinnear came up about 8 am and gave her some pills and they got to work did she get any permanent relief, and not till about 5 pm did she get any rest. That night she slept well. But she is still very sore in the region of the gall bladder. Dr. Kinnear said that Dr. Dennis would call it "chill on the liver."

This morning I preached and conducted communion at Long Gio Haeng in the city. It was to me a very hot morning but the church was full and extra seats were brought in and placed near the pulpit to accommodate late comers. The Electric Light Co. has a monopoly of its business in Foochow. It has been using its power and coining instead of making money, - charging \$3.00 per light for installing, and \$1.60 for a switch and 9cents a foot for extra wire and \$1.00 per month for meter rent and 28 cents a kilowatt for electricity. We cannot kick very much for even

at these prices electricity is not more expensive than kerosene. It is much safer and more convenient. But the Assembly got to discussing government ownership of the plant and to stop the discussion the Co. suddenly reduced the price of installing to 85 cents per light and 60 cents per switch. This church at Long Gio Haeng have decided to put in electric lights. They raised \$10 in as many minutes this morning.

One man was admitted to membership and two children were baptized.

College closes next Thursday morning. Examinations are over on Tuesday. On Wed. we are to have a meeting of the College to feel good over the gift of \$180 from the officials last fall during our Field Day. The boys have spent the money for spike shoes, clothes for Basket Ball teams, a shield and buttons for those who entered the sports. These will all be displayed on Wednesday.

I do not know when we shall get off for the mountain- as soon as Mama feels like going most likely.

Politically Foochow is all very quiet. We have had no plague or other bad disease thus far this year. There is much complaint about hard times. It is difficult for shops to collect bills. Taxes are getting more and more burdensome,- more things are being taxed. But the standard of living is raising. The business men and their families and the better-to-do are living much better as to house accommodations. Clothes-food- and pleasure than formerly. People are spending much more in travel than formerly. There are over 1000 rickshas- and they are busy,- where there were perhaps 200 sedan chairs. There are also some 50 carriages busy all the time.

Miss Preston writes that she sent Phebe \$12.50 for tea that I sent her. She should have sent \$12.50 twice- once about Jan. 1 and again about March sometime. When it is convenient I hope you all will write me about the bills \$1.00 and \$2.00 and \$5.00 that I have been sending all the time for six or eight months. The last \$15.00 of bills I sold to Mr. Hodous.

June 20th. We spoke of and thought of Phebe several times on Monday June 18th. I think I have sent the full \$22 for her birthday. If she keeps on getting older and I keep on giving her a birthday sum of dollars equal to the number of her years, she will get some money bye and bye.

June 21, Another mail arrived yesterday but nothing from home.

I must close this now for the mail closes today. Mama is up in the wheel chair today and feeling much better.

May God keep you all and in all the strife and unsettled state of the country and of the world may He keep you all sane, cool headed and right minded. May the war make every one so hate war as to render it impossible to have another war.

Your loving father Willard L Beard

*[This letter dated **about June 1917** was written from Tungchow by Mary to the ones at home. Seventy to ninety Americans go to the Legation (Embassy) every morning for military drill by regular Army officers. She comments on the political situation of China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[about June 1917]

Dear Ones at Home-

Tis Monday afternoon already- but this has been a most happy weekend. Miss Theresa Severin was down with us for a visit. Mr. Gordon had Dr. Stearns down- and the Loves had Mr. Bergomine. So all we hosts and hostesses and guests got together in our dining room on Saturday evening and made some Divinity Fudge. It was the best I have made yet, white and smooth as could be.

Sunday morning we talked awhile then Theresa and I went over to see Rosamond Frame at her bath. Then we went with Mr. Gordon and Mr. Beers to see Mr. G's goats. I had to leave soon and return for Sunday School,- at eleven. After dinner while we six grown ups had at a table by ourselves, we talked and ate candy for awhile. Then we went for a walk on the wall and got back just in time to dress for church. Theresa and I went to Mrs. Love's for supper and found Mr. Gordon a third guest. The two men had returned by the evening train because they did not want to miss "drill" at 6.30 this morning.

There are some seventy to ninety American men who go to the Legation every morning to drill under the regular army officers. Just last week they were given ten muskets after several weeks of drill militant [*unreadable word*]. Some of the men have declined all evening invitations because they can not lengthen the day at both ends. This summer there is to be a Summer Camp for all who are to go into regular military camp for a month or more. Everyone has his own place in a special squad but late-comers are not allowed to enter their own squad but must join "the late squad".

When I wrote two weeks ago I neglected to mention that I acknowledged the payment of the \$6.41 on my \$500 Life Insurance policy. I wonder if you at home are anymore full of war news and spirit than we are here?

Some of the men long to start at once for Armenia and the front. I understand that two of our gun boats are interned at Shanghai and the others have returned to American waters or harbors.

The political status of China is most interesting. The Premier seems to be ruling with a high hand and so far is successful in preventing the Parliament from taking any action in the war question. As he is able to control the army it is a serious condition. The latest mix up with our small neighbor sounds very serious.

At latest reports we are likely to have all of our Missionary neighbors for at least one more year. There is a serious obstacle in the way of pushing the Union scheme which may keep the plan from culminating in the fall as hoped. Whether Flora will want to board either of the young men next year in that care, I do not know. A letter from the Corbetts says that they plan to spend one more year at Tungcho anyway. Mr. Corbett will commute if the College moves.

Flora has been in Peking all day on business. She returns on the evening train and I leave on it. The Missionary Concert is this evening and I am going up to attend and shall return in the 6.10 tomorrow morning. I hope it is as good as it usually is for then it will be well worth while. The only number on the program that I know of is Jean's violin solo. I shall stay with Theresa Severin.

I must go now and see to leaving the last few geraniums set in our flower border. That was to be one of my today's tasks as outlined. My suitcase is packed so I am ready to go away all except dressing.

We had a fine letter from Hattie Beard this week, the only letter in two foreign mails.

Lillian Burr writes that her father has joined a regiment and that Morris has volunteered but not been accepted as he is underage. The guarding of the railroad bridges, new aviation centers etc. are most interesting.

Lots of love. I do hope you are all well and I do want to hear of the war preparations around here.

Mary.

*[This letter, dated **June 24, 1917**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. They had two dinner parties that week. There is a new theory on how scarlet fever germs are carried. The political situation is quieting down. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tungchow
June 24, 1917

Dear Ones at Home,

How these vacation days do pass by and how little I seem to accomplish! This is the tenth day of vacation and we start for Kalgan this week Saturday. This week came Phebe's letter telling of the last earthly tributes to Ruth and how kind every one was; also we received the Sentinels. My heart aches for you dear ones for whom every object and art speaks of our loss. But what blessed memories we have with us- and what a comfort to know that she suffers no more but is well.

We had a dinner party on Monday noon with none of us at table. Flora had word that the three Princeton men were coming on the 20th for lunch and got mixed on her dates so prepared for them Monday. It was a "rehearsal lunch party" as we called it, and we make much fun over it. We played "Rook" most of the afternoon and a thunder storm prevented the tennis we planned. F. and I are all alone here and she is afraid to come back to the home after dark so we had to miss the College play Monday evening- also the discussion of Industrial work on Tuesday evening. I wish she were not so tired because I had counted much on the play of which I had heard so much.

On Wednesday we again got all ready for our guests- even the salad was out on plates. Mr. Beers returned alone from the station and there was no explanation. Ester Irwin[?] and her mother had come down for a picnic lunch by the mote and to see the place. We sent a messenger to urge them to eat the feast prepared and a second note to Mr. Woodall to please come fill up the ranks. By one o'clock we had our fourteen ready and started. Just as the salad plates were served (That was lucky as I had only 14 plates and no more nuts or pineapple.) We heard footsteps above us. Two of the men had come but when they saw "Pao Tung Ssu" on the station sign they sat back in their seats and waited for "Tungchow". The station marked Tungchow is two miles beyond here and is the end of the line. They got off and, not knowing that the train returned at one, hired a cart and came back. We crowded together and had a jolly time of it. After lunch we visited the dairy and at 4.00 went over to the Corbett house for some music. We were having too good a time to listen for the train so went to the station at 5.00 as usual. The train was not yet in and was held up at the station above by a broken engine. We stood and waited until it began to rain. Then we went into the ticket office and there we sat til 6.45. It was a fine chance to visit and we quite enjoyed it. On Thursday I was up to see the Porters off on the early train. We had made Divinity Fudge the night before so I took them a few samples for lunch.

On Friday we had Dr. and Mrs. Love and the children over for breakfast and lunch. Their servants went in the morning to Pei Tai Ho and they were going at night. We saw them off that night.

The Trustees of the Union College of Peking had a meeting Friday. They are going to ask a Mr. Loganstein[?] to become President. His is chairman of the China Continuation Committee, a Presbyterian, and has a fine reputation among all denominations. Old Dr. A.H. Lacy, Methodist, has been made President Executive but he is too old to be acting President of such a young and alive institution as this must be.

Dr. Galt is out of quarantine now and was to eat with his family today for the first time. The theory now is that Scarlet fever is carried from the germs in the throat not from the skin as it peels off, so the term of quarantine is generally about three weeks instead of six. I should like to hear Stanley's opinion on that subject.

I do hope we get another letter from you before we go north and hear that Myra is better. In turning over my calendar I noted June 10th marked Stanley and Myra's Wedding Day. I go through my new one every year and mark all the birthdays and wedding days. Oliver and Grace's came just two days later.

The postman has just left me two letters. One from Tientsin encloses the freight order for my saddle which I have bought from Mr. Kung of Shansi so that I can ride up in Mongolia this summer. The other is from Jean Dudley and encloses a check which I gave the tailor for making a dress and two hats. I absent mindedly dated it July 11 and since I gave it to the tailor he could get no money on it even by holding it until the date on the face. The banks have no Chinese signature and are awfully particular about checks presented by Chinese.

On Monday night we had four inches of rain full in about three hours. It just seemed to come in sheets not drops. It has showered nearly every day since. Yesterday it sprinkled all day and likewise all this morning. Since so few people are here we have no service today. I took a fine nap instead.

Did Flora write you of the two babies who have come down for the summer? The Lyons have a fine big baby boy, James, aged seven months, and the Wiley's a dainty little blue eyes girl, Ruth, aged eight and a half months. They are bright wide awake children and I have had great fun with them. Both mothers offer me a recommendation as amah if I want it so perhaps I will hire out.

The political situation seems to be quieting down without any upheaval. The Te Chows[?] are swearing allegiance to the government and expressing regret over their declarations of independence.

We are looking forward to the coming of Mrs. Corbett with the rest of our silver. Also our piano comes with some of her freight I suppose but that is already on its way. Flora must have written all about that for it is her special piece of ?? now.

I hope you all keep well and that God has given to each of you peace and comfort.

Affectionately

Mary Beard.

*[This letter dated **July 9, 1917** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. Mary and Flora were not able to take their trip to Mongolia because of Mary's bout with a mild case of dysentery. They went to Pei Tai Ho instead. Because of some political upheaval, they had difficulty making the trip to Pei Tai Ho. Chang Hsun's troops were holding the railroad and fired on the train. She mentions that the passengers had to lie flat because a Japanese passenger was shot in the leg. From telegrams they hear that the gates to Peking are closed. Mary tells about the others who are at Pei Tai Ho also. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Rocky Point

Pei Tai Ho

[July 9, 1917]

Dear Ones at Home-

Here we are at Pei Tai Ho again and most comfortably located in the heart of things at Rocky Point. We changed our plans because about a week before we were to leave for Kalgan and Mongolia I developed a slight attack of dysentery. I had a diarrhea for a few days then it changed to dysentery. It lasted only two and a half days and I have had no return of the trouble. Dr. Love is the cautious kind and advised a lazy summer at Pei Tai Ho instead of the horse back riding and cart riding and walking on the Mongol plains. We were very fortunate and Mrs. Porter found us a room almost immediately although the first of July is a time when rooms are most scarce. We brought our own boy who takes care of our room does our washing and breakfast dishes. We take lunch and dinners at Gould Cottage where five of the American Board single ladies live. It is very near so it will be no trouble to go out even when it rains.

We came down on July the second in the night train and we were lucky to get here.

On the fourth we had our American celebration with baseball, donkey tug-of-war, ice cream, cake and lemonade. This year only neutral and allied nations were invited because of our state of war. That night we heard that connections with Peking were cut off at Feng Tai. Chang Hsun's troops held the railroad and we were in doubt as to whether they had torn up the rails or not. They did not tear the rails up because one train has been through. It takes four hours generally but this time it took eight. Chang Hsun's troops fired on the train at Feng Tai and the passengers were made to be flat for a long distance. Only one man was hurt and that was a Japanese who got a bullet in his leg.

Everyday someone gets a telegram from Peking (since the first day when we were entirely cut off) and everything is safe there. Yesterday there was fighting at Feng Tai and Chang Hsun retreated to the Chinese city of Peking. The report is that the gates of the Tartar City are closed and no one can enter or leave.

Several men have gotten in but the foreign troops that went from Tientsin are still this side of Chang Hsun. Communications with Shanghai are open again but I have not heard what became of the troops which were blocking the way. Now we are cut off from Mukden by a general who is trying to join Chang Hsun.

The first concert of the season was last Saturday night. We went because Miss Hill was to play her violin. She leaves for America before the next concert so it would be the last opportunity to hear her. It was a very interesting concert. In the middle of it a thunderstorm came up so the man in charge sat at the piano and the crowd sang popular songs while it lasted.

It was terribly hot in Tungchou the last week we were there. Sometimes it did not cool off even at night. Up here it is delightfully cool. Yesterday I had to wrap up in my steamer rug when I lay on the porch and I have been wearing my sweater all the morning. The wind seems to blow hard from off the water all day and die down at night. Thus it is always cool.

We are not so near the sea as last year but hear the waves breaking on the rocks whenever it is rough at all. We both sleep on the porch with the lienzas down and use our room for store house and dressing room only.

This is a fine room home and every room is taken by independent people. Next us and shares in the same lovely big porch is Mrs. Camron with a month old baby. The other three rooms are taken by Canadian Presbyterian people from Honan. The lady who has charge of the home has a sixteen months old boy but he seldom visits us.

This noon we received mail from Peking so I hope the trouble is abating somewhat. It is the first mail for several days.

Just before we left Tungchou Mother's letter came and I sent it directly on to Willard as I had a letter all written. It was good to get a letter from Mother herself, and such a nice long one, too.

There is one thing I still need that can be much better gotten from home and that is white stockings. My only good ones are the two pair of silk ones Ruth sent out last fall. I need some for common wear, and a half dozen ought to last me until I come home and maybe longer. It is too hot on one's feet to wear black shoes in the hot weather so I wear white most of the time. I shall have to buy some to last through this summer even.

I enclose a draft for one hundred dollars (\$100) made payable to father. (\$50) Fifty is mine and the other half is Flora's. Please deposit twenty (\$20) to my bank account and put the rest to my account with father for me to draw on or for you to spend for me. Exchange is so very low that I am sending now even though I must have a goodly deposit with you already.

We are hoping for more home mail soon and hope to hear that you are well.

Flora says she will write before the end of the week again to make up for the last week. She was awfully busy that Sunday as we had to repack nearly everything. The wardrobes for Mongolia and Pei Tai Ho are quite different.

Lots of love
Mary.

July 9, 1917.

*[This letter dated **July 15, 1917** was written from Tungchou and then Pei Tai Ho by Flora to the folks at home. She begins the letter in Tungchou while school is coming to a close. They travel to Pei Tai Ho instead of Mongolia because of Mary's bout with dysentery. They are staying at a different area in Pei Tai Ho than before although they prefer the other place better. Flora goes into detail the events playing out with Chang Hsun in Peking and at the Forbidden City. Flora sends in the letter a draft. She is trying to send more money to the U.S. while exchange is favorable. She mourns her sister, Ruth. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[July 15, 1917]

Dear folks at home: - [*very beginning of letter started in May 1917*]

Sunday again and only four more before school closes. We are having a delightfully cool spring- fine for us but the fields are progressing very slowly. Not only the cold but the lack of rain is telling on the wheat and other vegetation. Our strawberries are in bloom. (Two weeks later). Again it is Sunday but this one is hot and dry. (One week later + 2 days). Phebe's letter telling of Ruth's going came Saturday (June 2) on the evening train. Another of hers and Ruth's letter came Sunday morning. This is the first mail from home to speak of for a month. We also had two Sentinels that Ruth had directed, and a New York Times from Miss Brewster, besides a lot of magazines. There had been such a dearth of news from home that I had begun to think "why?" but had laid it to war conditions. I have noticed in each of the pictures that have come from home that Ruth's face has showed marked sign of suffering, and I have felt, from what I knew of her case when I was at home that some day she would have to undergo an operation, but I had not anticipated this result. Think as hard as I can, I am not able to make myself realize that she is not with you. - Sunday, July 15, at Peitaiho- I would not send this scrappy beginning only that it is all the writing I have done for more than a month. Both of us were about used up, and the weather at the end of June was so hot that we felt good for very little. On Thursday, June 14th the thermometer reached 103 degrees and Miss Carl, our speaker, nearly gave out during her talk. After the children got off there were things to be done about the building and orders to be sent which took over two weeks to see to. Then every one- as each family got ready to leave for the summer- came over to us for their last few meals. In the midst of this Mary had a diarrhea which developed into a mild attack of dysentery. Since Dr. Love was taking his meals with us he knew of it in time to stop it at once. All he did was to give her a teaspoonful of salts three times a day until the stools were without mucous and blood. Of course her food has had to be of small variety and mostly liquids, but now she is branching out more into the normal diet. Her illness made us give up the trip into Mongolia, since Dr. Love tho't she shouldn't take that strenuous three days' trip in the saddle, while she was getting over her attack. So here we are again at Peitaiho for the summer. This time we are at Rocky Point, where the larger part of the summer population is. We have a room and a kitchen. We get our own breakfasts and go out for our lunch and dinner. This gives us the maximum rest and quiet, with the minimum of care. We bro't our second washman with us and he has proven himself to be an excellent boy of all work. So we spend our days mostly in sleeping and then sleep well at night, too. Mary is better and stronger each day so that I hope by the end of this week she will feel like bathing in the sea. She has not let her illness interfere with the few social affairs so you can see she is not very weak. With six or seven meals a day she ought to regain what flesh she has lost soon.- Rocky Point is more fun than East Cliff but we are so close to our neighbors here that noises at night are more or less disturbing and the views here cannot compare with those at East Cliff. It is a convenience to be able to go to affairs at the Assembly Hall without reaching there drenched with the perspiration of an hour's walk through this hot sun or having to pay \$1 ½ to escape the perspiration, but I miss the homelike atmosphere of East Cliff where we all knew each other last year. We do not even know the young couple who are occupying the room next to us and from whom we are only separated on the veranda by a curtain. However, we are getting a grand good rest and that is the principal thing.

The last two days we have been visiting with Foochow people. First a lady from the Methodist Mission and yesterday with Mr. Hodous. He told us a lot about our Foochow friends and especially of Will, Ellen, and the little girls. He said there had been a little school of four little girls in their compound this winter which every one had enjoyed. Then he told of an entertainment that Marjorie and Kathleen arranged and gave with the other two girls. There were nineteen numbers and they carried it off perfectly even to printed programs and with Will as master of ceremonies. He told us also just how Ellen came to get her knee injured and that she had managed to carry on her work at the college and the care of her house just the same. It was more serious than an ordinary break would have been but she is better now.

Everything has been eclipsed this past week by events here in Peking. When Mary and I left, Peking last week the city was gay with the old dragon flags and the first news after reaching Peitaiho was that of Chang Hsun's waking up the little emperor at 2 A.M. on Tuesday and proclaiming him emperor. Every one seemed to have been intimidated and some of the people kowtowed so long and so hard that their heads bled with the prolonged ceremony. The little emperor remonstrated even to kicks with Chang Hsun for waking him out of his sleep and his family begged to be let alone but to no purpose. The empire (?) lasted just about a week, and then the five colored flags came out again. In the meantime the railroad between Peking and Tientsin was torn up at Feng Tai Junction and there was a battle there in which Chang Hsun's troops were driven back to the city and a little later he fled to the Dutch Legation for refuge. He wanted to flee, as the Tartar royalty has so often done, to Jehol but he was not sure of his reception there so he had to take up with the foreign legations. President Li is still at the Japanese legation. Just what will be done with Chang Hsun no one knows. He has broken the 1901 treaty with the foreign countries by tearing up the railroad between Peking and Tientsin so I should think this would give the legations the right of influencing the decision. To show you how the Chinese can squirm themselves out of a hard corner, Chang

Hsun is saying this. He tho't he could help his country to solve a problem and he could pay back a good turn to the Empress Dowager's family, by coming to Peking, but since no one likes what he has done he will go back to Shantung and be good. Down there he has 30000 troops. Mr. Hodous says he thinks there is a bit of truth to this. Tran Chi Jui had promised his support – as also some others- but when Chang Hsun came to be the No.1 man and they saw numbers below they realized too late that they were left out and so now every one is in a fix. There has been fighting near Peking with bullets flying over the city. Some spectators on the wall got hurt- two Americans and an Italian. They had no business to be there- except for curiosity. The legations have ordered all foreigners who live near the Forbidden City to move into the legations or extreme eastern part of the city. There are over 2000 people in the Methodist compound. This must be some more than usually live there, but it is a huge place with large college buildings. The largest part of these must be Chinese seeking refuge among the foreigners. Word to-day says everything is again quiet. We are waiting to hear more from the people who got through from Peking this morning by train.

Enclosed is the "duplicate" draft of the one Mary sent last week. I hope that reached you safely. We may send some more home if exchange stays where it is for it is an excellent time to change our silver into gold. A dollar gold can be bought now for about \$1.51 and we have had to pay as high as \$2.40 for it. As soon as the war is over the silver situation should swing back some, though perhaps not to the other extreme.

I am also enclosing a list of things and purchases that I do hope you will not find too much to attend to. Will you please send the things out by parcel post as it is just as cheap and much more rapid. I should like to know the prices of the things you buy so that I can credit myself here with them.

We have heard that Mrs. Corbett has visited you, and are delighted. Didn't you enjoy her? I know Ruth would have liked to know her. It is the hardest thing to try to realize home without Ruth. I sometimes awaken at night rather suddenly with the thought that Ruth is not there, and even the obituary in the paper seems an impossible truth. I am glad Will's children are with you both for their sakes and yours. It is a great comfort to think of you all together.

I do hope not to miss any more turns for writing to you from now on. It seems as though with the extra help in school we ought not to be so pressed with work during this coming year.

With love to you all and kindest remembrances to Morris Kinnear, I am,

Yours- Flora Beard,

Peitaiho

July 15, 1917.

*[This letter dated **July 15, 1917** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. There was a storm but their Kuliang house is safe. The rice on the plain may be damaged. There is now a Kuliang Council that takes care of roads, tests milk, collects garbage, etc. Willard tells Phebe not to let newspaper reports on China to disturb her. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Kuliang, Foochow, China.

July 15th 1917

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]:-

Letters came this past week from Gould, Aunt Phebe, Grandma, and Mrs. Bean. Mrs. Bean mentions the letter you wrote to her and the joy it gave her. I have been so very busy the past year that my letters to her were less frequent than formerly, and the three weeks last Fall while the Dengue had me in its grasp made my silence then longer than usual. I am afraid she gets lonely at times. She misses Mr. Ide who was very faithful in calling on her when she was shut in. Writing to such as she is or doing anything to bring sunshine into their lives is the nearest to a work of merit that we can do here on Earth, and it pleases me much to learn that you can find time and have the inclination to write her.

I had two letters from my friend in Kansas City in the last mail. Each letter contained a \$5.00 bill. I was in Foochow when I received them and I put them into the safe. The next time I go down I will try to send them on to some of you. This is my best way of sending money to you, - it saves all loss from exchange.

I went down to Foochow last Wed. a.m. Mama went with me- she to see the dentist- There is no dentist on Kuliang this year. We were off before 5 a.m. and in our Foochow house about 7:45 a.m. Mama came back that afternoon. The girlies were awake when we left in the morning. They took breakfast rather early and as we had arranged went over to stay with Mrs. Belcher. (Mr. Belcher has purchased Dr. Bliss' house.) They got over to Mrs. Belcher's before they were up. I had a Comm. meeting at 4 p.m. which lasted till after 6 so I had to remain over night. I was ready to start up at 4 a.m. next morning, but the coolies did not come for me till 5:15. However I found

the girlies in bed when I arrived about 8 a.m. The wind was blowing and the Chinese were asking if there was to be a typhoon. Friday night the wind blew faster than the Zepher rate and rain fell. Our house was all right. But Mr. McLachlin's house, now sold to Mr. Hughes of Amoy and rented to Mr. Leafe of the Y.M.C.A. leaked very badly. I went up to see them yesterday before breakfast. They were pretty wet but happy. The storm has done comparatively slight damage to houses here. I am afraid the rice on the plain is injured. They were reaping one field as I came up Thursday morning. To have such a heavy wind and beating rain at the time of harvest is damaging.

Kuliang is getting a modern if not a model settlement. We now have the Kuliang Council in place of the Kuliang Improvement Committee and a lot of other committees. This council has charge of Roads, Bath, Club, Coolies, -tests milk- collects garbage- in fact has charge of all Kuliang interests except the Public Tennis Courts. We buy, sell and rent cottages on commission also repair them. O yes we do not have charge of the church.

Kuliang is not full this year. Two houses are not rented and several rooms are for rent.

We have our cook and two students here this summer to help us. One of the students is doing our washing and ironing- and doing very well.

I wonder if the muddle in Peking is disturbing you. I hope that you all have gotten used to reports from China and do not allow what the papers say to disturb you. It is a fact I think that Kang Weu Wei the reformer of 1898 went to Peking and had something to do with shelving President Lu Yuan Hung and getting the 13 yr. old boy Emperor to accept the throne. But that seems now to be over and China is again a Republic.

There was fighting in some places- just how much no one knows now. A battle took place between the soldiers of Gen'l Li of Foochow and Cantonese soldiers- near Swatau and the report is that some 500 were killed, - Foochow is quiet.

Marjorie is an inveterate reader. She has just finished The Winning of Barbara Worth. She is a good thinker also. The fact that she is oldest girl on the mountain makes her a little bit embarrassed sometimes. I am trying to help both girls in Arithmetic. They are not natural mathematicians, and Kathleen does take naturally to anything that means close application. She is the baby and uses that fact for its full value to get her own way. I hope this will not lead to her developing toward selfishness. It seems to be helping Monnie to be less selfish.

In the last mail I sent to Gould two orders to draw money from his account in the Putnam Savings Bank.

We are very happy as we think of you four at the Beard home- happy because we believe you are of use there in material and spiritual ways and happy because in this time of stress and unnatural conditions we believe you are in good company and surrounded by good influences.

We tell God all of our hearts desires for you often each day, and we hope He will make it possible for you all to be in school again next Fall. Very lovingly your Father

Willard L. Beard

Give our love to all the folks- Grandpa, Grandma, Aunts Phebe, Elizabeth, Uncles Oliver, Ben, Stanley- Aunts Grace, Abbie and Myra and all the cousins when you see them.

*[This letter, dated **July 22, 1917**, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the family. They have had some rainy weather at Pei Tai Ho including the edge of a typhoon. She tells of Mary Corbett-Smith's experience as an interpreter for the legation and took groups to the palace and were entertained by the Empress Dowager and the Princesses. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

July 22, 1917

Rocky Point, Pei Tai Ho.

Dear Family-

We have been here nearly three weeks. This last week we had the edge and part of the middle of a typhoon. It began Sunday with a cloudy day- and a heavy rain in the evening. We all slept(?) outside but way round on the protected end of the porch. How the lienzas did rattle! How the surf roared and the wind howled! How the rain did beat in on to me altho I was fifteen feet from the edge and barricaded with chairs covered with a large oilskin! Soon after daylight we moved in beds and bedding while the storm raged all day and a second night. It was Thursday before we slept out again and that night it rained a little. Today is a clear and drying day for the first time, altho we have had considerable sunshine off and on.

Flora probably wrote of the tea for Miss Clarke of Foochow to which we went a week ago Friday. Miss Clarke called on us on Wednesday and we had a fine visit. I was just getting ready for my afternoon glass of milk so got out cookies and served tea to all hands. On Friday Mrs. Cannon had a cup of tea with us.

I am feeling a whole lot more like myself and am even venturing to eat a few things like ordinary folk now. Flora dictates (no suggests) and I partake. Generally it is all right and if not I steer clear of the article next time.

Wednesday A.M. Our clear sky was short lived. It seems to rain these days without any effort at all. The clouds just hang over head all the time and periodically open and let the water descend. It is our first real experience of a rainy season because two years ago we had exceptionally dry weather in the south and last year almost no rain here in the north. We dodge showers in going to and from meals.

We have had fun playing "Rook" one or two evenings. I have discovered ways of playing solitaire with my Rook cards and have done it a few times.

Last Sunday evening we had Mr. and Mrs. Corbett-Smith for supper. She was Miss May Corbett, sister of Mr. Clark Corbett and taught music at the American Board Academy for five years before her marriage. She was official interpreter for the legation and went with parties into the palace to the court on an average of twice a week during those five years. She told us of some of her experiences and it was fascinating.

She was after the days of the "Old Buddah" and the baby Emperor was only two years old. On her first visit she said he sat in Royal regalia almost lost in the huge throne chair. But he was not afraid and watched with interest all these foreign ladies as they passed before him and bowed deeply. They were entertained by the Empress Dowager and the Princesses and had a feast spread for them. The six Princesses ate with them but the Empress excused herself. Mrs. Smith said that sometimes the questions she was asked to translate and the remarks were so rude that she was put to it to know what to say. Once she got some exceptionally rude people and could not repeat anything they said so she said she took them for a trip through the Mediterranean stopping at various places in Greece and Italy and the court ladies enjoyed it immensely. Another time she took a party of sixteen in and had a stupendous task to translate and play the part of sixteen separate individuals. When they went from the legations, official chairs were sent out for them. Closed ones would meet them and take them to the palace gates. There a guard was stationed and also open chairs because now they were away from the gaze of the public. At the door of the palace the Princesses met them and conducted them to the audience room where would be the Empress and Emperor ready to receive them. The Republic was established before Miss Corbett was married and Mrs. Calhoun, wife of the American Minister was leaving for home. She wanted to make a goodbye call on the Empress Dowager, so Miss Corbett sent to one of the Princesses and asked for an audience. She said it was most touching to see the gratitude of the Empress because Mrs. Calhoun considered it worth while to call on her in her fallen state.

Yesterday morning I was wakened about six by the jolting of a heavy cart. The jolting waned and instead I heard frequent snaps of a long-lashed whip. Finally I sat up and saw a cart loaded with stone stuck in the ditch just below our house. The driver was whipping the horses unmercifully. I couldn't stand it so I got into kimono and slippers and went to the steps. I shouted in Chinese "Stop! They can not do it. Put some things outside." (I do not know the word for stones.) They caught my meaning and took out several stones. Still the horses couldn't move the cart and the thrashing recommenced. That time I went down the steps and started toward them and shouted, "Stop that" in English. It was magical. The driver threw his whip away and began piling out stone in a hurry. That time they got away.

Miss Payne amused [*or consoled?*] me by saying that they probably thought I was reviling[?] them when I talked English at them so fast. When they talk rapidly under like conditions they would say things but not indistinct.

Last week we received letters from Mother and from Mrs. Corbett telling of Mrs. Corbett's visit. I am so very glad that she visited you and that you liked her so well. I knew you would like her because she is such a very fine young woman. She is a fair sample of the friends we have at Tungchow so you see we have friends worth while. Mrs. Corbett wrote so sweetly of you all and how bravely and nobly you are all during these hard days when Ruth's place is so terribly empty.

Willard has sent us Gould's letter telling of his plans, to help Father till the crops are safe then to enlist somewhere from the aviation core down. I can not realize that he is old enough to really be off to the war but he is.

It is Thursday morning and a letter from Myra and Stanley has just come. I am so glad that Myra is so much better- and that they have so much cause for happiness. A post script told of the arrival of Rebecca Mary Haviland on June 20th. I fear my little cap did not arrive on time to welcome her because I mislaid it and so could not send it when I intended.

Are you people searching for a Christmas present for me? My poor old Bible which I had in college has a broken back and I have had to paste in several loose sheets. It is a revised version of 1881-1885- and I would rather like the same version again as I am used to it. It has seen hard wear because I have used it in school all the three years I have been here and it has been the only one I had.

I told Flora I was debating as to whether I preferred a Bible or a fashion magazine for Christmas. A queer choice, is it not? As I can borrow fashion magazines I decided on the Bible.

The sun is out again and I have gotten my books and other things out to "sky" them. They need it for there is a fine crop of mold in the books.

Lots of love to you all. I hope to hear that Uncle Daniels' heart and Aunt Ella's colds are better. Keep well please and may God bless you all.

Lovingly
Mary.

*[This letter dated **July 22, 1917** was written by Willard to his daughter, Dorothy. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. He writes from Kuliang and touches upon various subjects. They have two women boarding in their house and Ellen's knee is getting better. They have had rain because of typhoons.]*

Kuliang, Foochow
July 22nd 1917

Dear Dorothy:-

We are having a Writing Bee this afternoon. Marjorie and Kathleen and Mama have all been writing. The girlies are still at it writing to Aunt Etta's children and Rachel Hodous.

We are having a wet season on Kuliang this year all right. Last week we had a typhoon and another is just getting thru now- we hope. Mama and the girlies had a beautiful Sabbath the first Sunday they were here. Since then every [day] has been rainy and windy. Mama has not yet been to church. The girlies and I have been two Sundays and I went today- alone for the weather was so bad – about 75 out. Mama is walking all over the mountain.

Last Wednesday we all went over to Dr. Walkers to the mission picnic and Mama walked both ways.

Did I write you that we all went over to the Bath last Monday and the girlies and I went in bathing? Marjorie can swim pretty well. If the typhoons let up and she gets a chance she should be a good swimmer by September.

We have two ladies in our extra room. Miss Ehly and Miss McClurg of the Meth. Mission. Mr. Leake had rented the house Mr. Mac used to own. The typhoon ten days ago blew off a lot of tiles and the water came in all over the house. Mr. Leake knew that those ladies wanted to rent half of their house. But he wanted a whole house so he could take in Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw Y.M.C.A. of Amoy. So the ladies came up to us and rented their whole house to Mr. Leake. We are very fortunate in having had our house newly roofed this spring. In only one corner of the room back of the amah's room has it leaked at all.

Mama and I have both promised to sing in the choir!!!

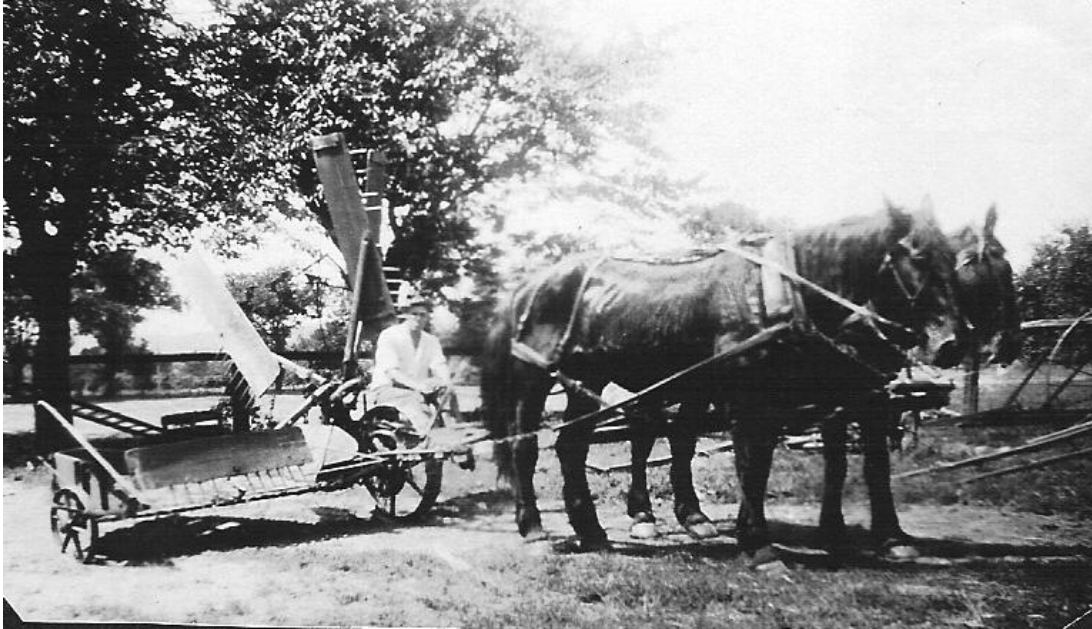
Your photos came all right and we thought the one of you especially was very good. Before this reaches you Mama's letter with the photos of the girlies will have been received by you.

These rainy days are good for rest. This is the third day I have done nothing but read, write and play flinch. It is interesting too [to] see the younger men taking hold of things on Kuliang. Mr. Belcher is a very efficient Sec'y of the Council, and people are placing confidence in him. He is a good business man also.

A year ago we were spending every minute to get ready to say good bye and put the world between the two halves of the family. God has been good to us all the year. Our plans may not all have been carried out just as we thought to carry them out but He has prepared good things for us all the way. Geraldine was with near relatives when she was ill and she is recovered. Mama's knee seems to be going to be all right. She has been and still is very careful of it and she does something new and natural with it every few days and we hardly notice a limp as she goes about the house. She does not yet kneel. It seems strange to her to be on the mountain with no amah, but it is one less servant to have around and thus far we have made our own beds. The girlies are to receive each two cents a week for making the beds.

I have been able to help so that no one's bank account has been diminished during the year- unless Phebe drew some. The mission has asked the Board to reckon exchange at 50 that is give enough salary so we can realize on our f?? salary of \$500-gold \$1000 silver. This last half year we have had to take our salary at -604 that means only \$827 + [unreadable number]. If the 2 for 1 rate that we ask is granted we shall be all right.

You are right in the midst of haying now on the farm- how I should enjoy getting into that work for a month. One of the things that I had anticipated doing while at home last summer was to get into the hay field as one of the workers but weather, other business and every thing else seemed to conspire to keep me off the mowing machine, horse rake and hay wagon. I wonder if you girls are riding the horse rake-or do you find enough to do to feed the men,- and yourselves.



This is probably the Century Farm "horse rake" that Willard refers to. Unidentified man sitting on it.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

There is no change in the political situation that I know of. Did I write that the last letters from Phebe and Geraldine brought their detailed accounts up to date. Thank them for these. They are very interesting to me as well as helpful to them.

Mr. Ding Ming Uong's mother passed away a week ago today. I have heard no particulars. She had her 76th birthday=75 years old-last fall. She has been comfortable all the time. She simply went to sleep. She has been one of the most- if not the most active of any of the pastor's wives in Christian work. She used to stand before large audience of men and women and preach as effectively as her husband, and in personal ministrations to the poor especially of the Christians she was always at work. In their early life they were very poor. She had twelve children. All of them except the youngest have been in Christian service. There are only three living. Min Nong, a daughter with eight bright children and the youngest son- a nice Christian boy with a wife and two little boys now in the employ of the Standard Oil Co. in Foochow. He and Ming Uong were with her.

Give all of our love to all in the home

Lovingly your Father

Willard L Beard

*[This letter date **July 29, 1917** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. Willard talks about the weather and flooding, a local wedding, a letter from President King and the recent passing of his sister Ruth Beard.]*

Kuliang Foochow, China

July 29th 1917

Dear Geraldine:-

The weather here reminds me of our last week in Putnam a year ago. Only we have had more rain here. In 8 days 15 inches fell. We have not had a pleasant day or an hour of steady sunshine in two weeks. Houses on the mountain are leaking badly and it is impossible to fix them while it rains. Our house is all right- one leak in one corner of one room.

Our boarders came back yesterday. I went to Foochow Thursday. Of course I got wet. I expected to. But a graduate of the College had set Thursday as his wedding day and he wanted me to marry him. He wrote me that 3 pm was the hour. I went to the house at that hour and after sitting a short time he said the bride had not arrived and it might be 5 pm before she got there- her home was just around the corner in the next block, two minutes away. So I went back home and worked and got together all the things that Mama and the girlies wanted and went again at 6

pm. But the hour was again put to 8 pm so I returned and got supper with Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear and went the third time at 8:30. This time the bride was there and the wedding came off. I sat thru the feast for sociability altho I did not eat much after having had supper with Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear.

It rained whole water from 9 to 11 pm. I got a rickshaw home- to the foot of the steps that lead up to the compound. As I stepped out of the ricksha a young man met me. Some four inches of water was flowing down over the steps the whole width of the street. I had on my new Karl Dektor shoes. But I had to wade. Friday morning I came back to the mountain. It did not rain across the plain but the last half of the way up the mountain it rained all the way. It was sad to ride for over an hour thru the rice fields and see the people in rain hats and rain clothes reaping the rice. They had to pull it out of water and carry it home to thresh it. I should say fully half of it was sprouted with sprouts over an inch long. This of course makes food- rice very dear and fruit very cheap for it is difficult to market it in rainy weather. Dikes and house walls have broken and fallen in several places.

I was much interested to see by the 'Sentinel' that came from the aunts in the north, this last week that the people over in Huntington had hopes of getting Mr. Kenneston to be their pastor. I hope it is true for I think he could help them. He knows them and they know him.

The rainy weather has not been very hard on us. People from out of port and young people here for the first time think it is pretty tough to be so confined for so long a time. But we have had a tight roof over us and it has been quiet. I have greatly appreciated the rest. Each day I have had an hour or more to help the girlies in Arithmetic and we have played flinch- at which the girlies are quite expert. And how we all have slept. Our breakfast hour is 9:30-10 a.m. and our go to bed hour 9 p.m. We all came up tired and we are getting nicely rested. This is fortunate for next week work begins.

This year I find myself President of the Fukien Education Association and chairman of the conference on Evangelism and with one of the addresses in the Kuliang Convention. These with the other work as member of the Kuliang Council will take some of the odd minutes after I finish each day with my Arith. pupils.

While in Foochow last Thursday I heard a small canon roaring away up on what we call temple hill, near the compound. On enquiring the cause I was told I Poh Tieng= they are shooting heaven. Why? To make heaven stop sending rain. But the heaven was not greatly scared. There was also another rumor that Sun Yat Sen was in Canton trying to get five of the Southern provinces to form a new Republic and that the Cantonese army was coming to fight Fukien. Poor China! If she can hold together against the senseless, selfish, enthusiasts inside her own borders she need fear nothing from outside.

We shall anticipate reading Phebe's account of the Y.W. Conference at Eaglesmere, and her visit in Mt. Vernon also Dorothy's account of her interesting trip from Oberlin to Shelton.

I received from President King a very interesting and sane letter urging the young men to continue their college studies in preparation for reconstruction work after the war ceases. I have thought along the same line. This letter is so sane and takes such a far look with the future as well as such a broad look for the interests of the world that I am sending it with this in case you have not seen it. The young men who go to war now are not the only patriots. Others who stand by their preparations and hold themselves ready to help build up the world when this storm of destruction stops will be doing their country as great a service.

It is still a great pleasure to think of you all at Century Farm and I ask God every day to make you each a helper in all ways. No one can fill Aunt Ruth's place, but you can help to keep fresh and ever present that spirit of loving service and good cheer which she always personified.

I am still asking to be with you all. How I should enjoy two weeks at the farm.

Mama's knee improves all the time- slowly. She cannot yet kneel,- walks all right.

May God be with you all to bless, keep, comfort guide and use you. Give our best love to Grandpa, Grandma and all the uncles and aunts

Lovingly- your father Willard L Beard

[This letter dated Aug. 2, 1917 was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Flora to the folks at home. They are getting lots of rest but expect people to start wanting more activities once everyone is rested. She talks about Chang Hsun going to Peking and the trouble he caused. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Aug. 2, 1917]

Dear folks at home:-

These are rather uneventful weeks here in our quiet house by the sea. We go to bed early and get up late. The babies cry occasionally; we go to our meals and down to the store (Sun Mow's) for our breakfast "bus"; we do some reading, very little writing and make a few calls- then it's time to go back to bed again. It is having the

desired effect on both of us, for Mary is again eating like the rest of us and is going into the water again. We are going to be a little more lively from now on because the whole place takes on a more social aspect. People are beginning to get rested and want to do something. I have been reading several books and have just started "The Love of Cathay" by Dr. W.A.P. Martin. We have often seen Dr. Martin in Peking, and it was only last winter that he died- nearly 90 years of age. He has not been at all active- mentally- since we have known him, but he has attended all meetings, social events, and graduations just as punctilious as in former times. One book I have enjoyed is Mrs. [Sarah] Conger's "Letters from Peking." From them we can see how greatly China has progressed since 1900- especially what rapid strides were made in the first three years after the siege [Boxer Rebellion]. Her glimpses of life within the "Forbidden City" supplements the books I have been reading- China Under the Empress Dowager and Court Life at Peking, both by [John] Bland and [Edmund] Backhouse- in a very interesting manner for one gets a very opposite side of the "Old Buddha", but read from Mrs. Conger's letters in the lights of the B. and B. chronicles one can see truths in between the lines. The character of the "Old Buddha" is well worth studying even if it does not inspire one with a deep love for the woman. She certainly will be reckoned among the great women of history.

Mr. Hodous of Foochow is spending the summer here in Peitaiho so we see him occasionally. He is studying Mandarin, but it is rumored that he is writing a book. He has told us a lot of Foochow news.

The excitement occasioned by Chang Hsun's coming to Peking seems to have died down in the city. We hear of disquiet farther away, but we hope it is just the natural dying out of his cause. The paper says that he is still in Peking but virtually a prisoner. Yesterday's paper says that the Vice President has finally accepted the invitation to come to Peking and be president. Some friends leaving Peking saw the trains bringing him and his retinue. Also I see in the papers that Parliament is to be reconvened, which is another score for democracy. If these men can go on now and finish drafting the constitution then these may be something to help keep affairs more stable. It is remarkable how we proceed on our ways exactly as though there were no unrest. No one seems to be disturbed except the people directly concerned. We were anxious for a week or two, but when we asked how our friends felt who were in Peking, it was their curiosity that had been aroused, not fear. One of our missionaries, who was supposed by his wife to be safe in Tungchou, was in Peking riding about on his bicycle seeing the sights. - even though the bullets were whizzing over his head. He would return every hour or two to the Amer. Bd. Compound to let them know of his safety and then be off again. The Chinese shot almost entirely into the air so the list of casualties was extremely short in comparison to the amount of ammunition used. Some one who saw Chang Hsun says that he seems quite broken so that it looks as if he might be willing to let affairs alone now. I think he ought to be dealt with in some manner so conclusive that there would be no possible chance of his interference again. For some reason he has had a tremendous influence in China since the Boxer uprising and every time he has moved Chinese authorities have been paralyzed. The outcome of this revolution should give the democratic parties courage to proceed in their plans and hopes.

A friend is just going in the direction of the P.O., so I will close for this time.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Peitaiho,
Aug. 2, 1917.

[This letter, dated August 7, 1917, was written from Rocky Point, Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the home folk. She is enjoying her days at Pei Tai Ho with swimming, concerts and tennis. A group from Pei Tai Ho has gone to Mongolia. Mary hopes that Willard and his family will come to Pei Tai Ho next summer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Rocky Point.

August 7, 1917

Dear Home Folk,

How these weeks are flying! It is five weeks today since we arrived here. I feel like a new woman- and am eating everything and lots of it, swimming, walking, playing tennis and omitting none of the summer stunts. It is a good thing that we got our rest in early in our stay because now there are so many folk around that we have but little quiet. Mrs. Grant and Delnoce have taken a room in the other end of the house, Mrs. Adams is here with Mrs. Cannon and her brother, Mr. Stiles is also with her. It keeps our porch horribly noisy and unrestful.

Aug. 15- Well our household still grows. Two friends of the Grants are here now. Mrs. Reeds, the owner of the home, yesterday told Mrs. G. and Mrs. A. that she wanted the house to be quiet every afternoon during nap time so

that any who wanted could rest, also that it was hardly fair to have eleven people camped on our porch all the time. We are grateful and yesterday we were the quietest yet. The swimming has been most glorious this week. For two days it was very rough with glorious breakers against which we could hardly swim; then the last two days it was like swimming in a sea of glass. It was a grand chance to practice new strokes and I have at last gotten the so-called "scissor-stroke" with my legs and feet. Mr. Porter told me yesterday that I had it perfectly. On Saturday I went in twice, before breakfast and before lunch and swam out to the boat twice each time. Yesterday being Sunday I went only for my early dip and not for a good long soak and swim. We have great fun diving off the boat. I have found out a way of swimming all the way to shore. I flop onto my back and swim over the sandbar where the water is too shallow for either side or face swimming.

On Saturday a week ago we had the usual concert. It was good but not so fine as some of the others. This last Saturday was one of the finest yet. Several of the artists were new to me. A Miss Christiansen has a wonderfully fine soprano voice and we encored so vociferously that she gave us two encores. Mrs. Wilson came last and gave us a single encore. We begged for a second but she was obdurate.

Last week two large parties went off for a long trip to the mountains. The Porter party had what they term "a perfect trip". The other party brought one young lady home on a stretcher overcome with the sun and one of the men had a sprained ankle. One of the mountains had to be climbed by chain ladders at the top because the cliffs are so precipitous.

The tennis tournament is on and we went over and watched a wonderfully fine match one afternoon. It was between the two men who have each been champion here at different times. Some of the plays were very spectacular. Once the ball nearly hit the back line and bounced very high. Mr. Hubbard ran way out of the court and sent the ball back when his back was toward the net and he had to jump for it too.

We had a fine letter from Willard last night. They were having "rain" and had been having it for two weeks. We could sympathize for we had rain too awhile ago. Now we are having hot weather with an occasional thunder storm. The rain cools the air and makes us ready for the next hot spell. Last night we were so cool that we had to sleep under blankets. Did I write you that I bought a quilt just like a regular old fashioned kind, at the last "sale". It has been just the thing for cool nights.

The Mongolia parties are at last heard from. The second party got in all right, but were nine days making a three day's trip. The bandits were more afraid of them than they of the bandits and so fled when their coming was heralded. Both parties were safely back in Kalgan. The experiences would have been thrilling and I almost wish I had been there with them. There was a long article in the paper about some soldiers going up to rescue them from bandits. They saw the soldiers and directed them toward a fine bunch of antelope they saw the day before and that was as near to a rescue as they needed.

Little Alice Wickes arrived this last week. She was six pounds and is a beautiful baby, dark hair and skin and only a pretty pink not red. We called on her when 18 hours old and I saw her again when three days. Their nurse had to leave when the baby was only two days old and they had a hard time getting another. Now they have a Chinese nurse.



Written in album: "Fanny and Alice, aged 2 months"

[*Fanny and baby Alice Wickes, about October 1917. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Dr. Love had been ill but was out in time to care for Mrs. Wickes.

We are looking for a home or part of a home which we may rent for next season here in the hope that Willard and his family will be able to come north. We thought of taking the two rooms here where we are this year but have decided against it because the court for the servants is so very small. A Chinese family have let the other end and we are advised against having to mingle our servants so closely with theirs. As neighbors they would be most pleasant I am sure as we already know them.

Please extend my congratulations in the growing Space family. I suppose the twins are grown to where I would not know them.

I'm going to walk to East Cliff this afternoon with Jennie Payne and we start in about one hour so if I am to get any rest I must be at it. I also want this letter to be off tonight. We are so glad to get each and every one of your letters, Mother and Phebe send. They are such a comfort altho they always bring the tears to the days. Willard sent us a letter of Gould's written partly on May 6th and finished on the 13th. What a man with a man's understanding he is going to be.

Lots of love and may God bless and keep you all safe.

Mary.

[*This typewritten letter, dated Aug. 22, 1917, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Elisabeth (Elizabeth). Willard talks about Gould and the possibility of his going to war. He tells a little of Kathleen's and Marjorie's activities. Foochow has not been affected much by the current political situation. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Aug. 22nd. 1917

Dear Elisabeth:-

The last mail brought your letter of July 16th with its enclosures re my Life Insurance. This business I will send direct to Mr. Johnson. The nine dollars for this year I will let go and ask only that beginning with 1918 the

dividend be paid in cash to Phebe K. About the mortgage, I am not anxious only when you decide what to do let me know. There is no reason why Phebe K. could not do all my business at home now, or if Gould goes back to school he could do it. If he goes to Europe it would not be well to trust such things to him.

The one hundred dollars I would like put in the Putnam National Bank to my account there (First National Bank of Putnam). I have done this way with money from the states this last year. It is easier for me to do this and use other money for the work here. Then there is no loss or bother from exchange. From your letter I judge there is no stipulation as to what work I am to use it in.

This came to me as a complete surprise. I have not thought of this side of Ruth's home going at all. Every letter that comes from home has some new item of interest regarding Ruth. Stanley's remark that she thought of too many things before going to the Hospital, is very true.

I have written Gould every week this summer since we heard that he had any thoughts of going to the war. I have not told him not to go, but prefer that he should go on with his studies. If he gives up his study now it is very doubtful if he ever takes it up again. The country will need men in all branches of commercial, scientific and educational life to help reconstruct the world when this war is over. If all the young men in the schools now leave and go to the war the country will simply have no men fitted for these large and essential tasks. England is already experiencing the loss of arms. These young men are no more. In any call such as has gone out in the U.S. for volunteers there is sure to be a great rush at first. Sentiment runs high and a man feels as if he were mean, selfish, cowardly not to be the first volunteer. But the more level heads think into the future and they see something in patriotism beside loading a gun and shooting another man. The young men who in the present confusion keeps his head and thinks the problems through will see that there is no dearth of men offering for the war. He will see also that in the near future there will be great need for men in all lines of constructive activity. If there were now an urgent need for men to fill up the ranks of fighters I should feel very differently about Gould's enlisting. But after all is said I do not want to say to him the parental "must." He must decide the question for himself. I can only help him by suggestions.

I did not intend to give such a dissertation on the advisability of a young man's going to the war. But here it is for you to read and criticize- if you want to.

The summer is fast drawing to a close and we are counting the days till we leave the mountain and go back to Foochow. We have had a pleasant summer - with two weeks of rain at the first but since then we have had fine weather. We have been rather quiet, not a day off anywhere yet. One picnic for Kathleen's birthday. But the being absent from the mountain last year and other circumstances have put me into the chair for practically all the conferences, conventions and public meetings. I tell people that I will never be absent from Kuliang for a summer. Tennis has been more interesting than ever. There are more good players here this summer and the games have been very even. We never had more interesting conferences on Evangelism and Education.

The girlies are into all the life of the foreign children. They have their D.T.P. i.e. Doll's Tea Party, that takes more planning than a big folks dinner. They are both learning to swim. Marjorie is leaving the water wings and going alone. They come home from the tank with eyes aglow at the big dives they make. When I ask particularly as the special kind of a dive it resembles a jump feet first or a tumble on the stomach but they are really learning to swim.

We have Miss Ehly and Miss McClurg with us still. They are good company and help to keep things lively. They like flinch and the girlies count it a great treat when the young ladies and papa and mama will give them an evening with the game.

Mr. Christian writes that they are starting from San Francisco Aug. 21, yesterday, to arrive in Shanghai Sept. 14. This will bring them to Foochow just about the time of opening of school. They are to bring with them Mr. and Mrs. Leger for our mission.

Did I write that Mr. Hodous is staying in North China for study of China's religion? He will likely go to the U.S. in October. Mrs. Hodous and the children will likely be in Oberlin this fall. Hodous had a call to leave the mission and join the faculty of Hartford Seminary. I do not think he will change.

As far as we know here the political situation does not greatly affect Foochow. General Li of Foochow has sent 3 or 4 thousand soldiers to meet soldiers said to be coming from Canton. There are said to be spies from Canton in Foochow who are trying to work up sedition here. I was in Foochow last Saturday. I was told that two of these spies were shot Thursday night.

I suppose before this reaches you the children will all be gone. At the farm the family will be Father, Mother, Phebe M. and You. I hope Father will be able to find help for the work.

A letter from Mr. Frank Brewer in the last mail says that he has resigned from Talladega and will now take a church. He says that while they were in the south they heard little of the war - - there was very little interest in it

there. But as soon as they got north the war was in everything. Here it is never absent. It stays in ones subconscious. May God guide and so guide that this may be the last war and so that nations may learn the Golden Rule.

With lots of love to all
Will.

[This letter, dated Aug. 26, 1917, was written from Pei Tai Ho and Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. She has heard some lectures on Mohamedanism. Mary has left on a trip to Shan Hi Kwan. Flora met a Chinese woman who is studying the soy bean. Flora feels that they need to use their garden more since the U.S. will not be able to supply as much due to war. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Aug. 26, 1917]

Dear folks at home:-

It is just a week too late for me to be writing this letter but since Mary's and my letters for these two weeks will be about totally different experiences I am going to make up for my apparent neglect by writing just the same.

Two weeks ago we had a series of remarkable lectures by a remarkable authority on Mohamedanism. I was quite ignorant on the subject so his words found virgin soil in me. Probably you have heard of him- Dr. Zwemer, who is in the theological school at Cairo, Egypt. He is the author of the most important books about Mohamedanism. One remark of his has a big source of comfort in it in relation to the present war. He says that this war has opened doors into countries that have been locked to all outside religions and that the Mohammedans realize that the bottom has dropped out of their faith and growth. He also exploded that common statement that there were no Christian converts among the Mohammedans. His lectures covered three mornings and he gave besides a good sermon on Sunday and led the weekly prayer-meeting. I did not go to all of his meetings but know that I missed illuminating talks.

Mary and I tried to get some of our calls made up and we looked some at houses for next summer besides having company during that last week so our days were full- and perspiry, for the weather was hot, hotter, hottest!!! Chinese weather is some what more dependable than our New England kind. It gets steadily hot or cold, to a certain limit and then changes as decidedly as one turns at a corner. The corner came one day the week following and now though the days still warm up the nights are comfortable cool and then will be no more stuffy nights this season.

On Monday Mary started off for her trip up Shan hai kwan and I began to pack for Tungchou.

Mrs. Young (whose husband is the Dean of the Rockafeller Medical School in Peking) wanted me to spend a few days with her so I did not have to sleep alone at our room. I spent Tuesday with her and her children and then on Wednesday got packed up for home and took the night train to Tientsin, where I spent two days in shopping. I bought the material for a new silk suit and I will enclose a sample. It is Chinese taffeta and will wear until I get tired of it. I made my last blue silk Chinese taffeta skirt into bloomers to wear on horseback up into Mongolia. They came in quite handy for the donkey riding at Peitaiho. The silk is still as good as new- after eight years of constant wear. I am having a dainty little Japanese woman, in Tientsin, make it. She was born and brought up in Helena, Montana and learned her trade there. She is more than busy and she said she has never advertised. I think I am to have one of the handsomest suits I have ever had. I hope it won't be too much out of style to wear home two years from now. I am also having made an evening dress using the handsome lace waist that I had, to be combined with some light silk. I had the tailor make over my black Japanese silk muslin so that I can wear it with it's black silk slip or a colored one. My wardrobe was at so low an ebb that I have had to stay at home from several functions just because I had nothing to wear. I have had very little new since I left home, and do not intend to spend much more until we start for home in two years.

In Tientsin I met Carl Rehnberg and had tiffin with him and his wife at his home, the next day. He called for me at my hotel and we had a pretty ride out to a newer section of the city where he lives. He wife as a New York girl of the type I do not often meet. She is used to smoking with her husband and the boy passed the cigarettes to me with the ease of an accustomed duty. They have a very pretty home with several fine curios in it although they have been married only since last April. They have stayed in town all summer and the heat has told on Mrs. Rehnberg.

On my ride up to Peking from Tientsin I shared a couple with Dr. Chin. Perhaps you have heard of her, since she has been lecturing in and about New York and several of the papers have been "writing her up." The government of U.S. has sent her back to China to make a study of the "soy bean." We spent some time talking about it and its possibilities, and if I could only have remembered her recipes we might be making some experiments here. It is the commonest bean raised here- and there are many varieties used in China. I would like to send some seed home for you to try if Father would care to experiment. We have one tiny bean which is used to make bean sprouts. These sprouts are very tasty and nourishing. We eat them cooked and in salads and the children are very fond of

them. The soy bean can be used for milk, cheese, and curd which is the foundation for a lot of the Chinese dishes. I have eaten it mixed with tomatoes and corn baked. A bit of history of Dr. Chin may interest you as Dr. Arthur H. Smith told me. She was taken to America when a very small girl and was educated by a lady in Madison, N.J. (whom she told me was 91 years old while she was in America this time). While there she became thoroughly American and wore the foreign dress. She returned to China and married a Portuguese from who she was divorced and took again her Chinese name. She was for a time at the head of a government training hospital for women in Tientsin but it was closed and she was dismissed a little over two years ago. We met her on the steamer when we went to Shanghai in on our way to see Will that summer. She was on her way to America. She knows very little about her own country and is thoroughly American in her interests though she poses as a Chinese woman from China. She can talk most glibly and has a very "catchy" vocabulary, but some way there is something about her that does not quite ring true.

I am sitting here in the front hall of the school building where I have a fine breeze which dispels the heat of this warm day. The building is perfectly quiet as I am its only occupant. I spend my nights with Dr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Smith. We three are the only foreigners in the compound. This rainy summer has produced a huge second crop of hay in the compound, which is so tall that only the shoulders and heads of passers by can be seen. Unfortunately the floods drowned out our corn field so we shall have little or none of all that we planned. I have saved back seed enough for another year, when we will try again in another place. We are going to have quantities of tomatoes which I am going to have the cook begin to-morrow doing up into catchup and canned tomatoes. He has done up over a hundred quarts of summer fruits and I shall not allow anything to be wasted this fall. We shall have to live "off the land" more than ever now that the U.S. cannot help us out.

In two weeks we shall be open again and evidently we shall have as many pupils as last year even though the war has taken home two families unexpectedly. It is queer that the applicants seem to be mostly girls. Affairs have been so upset here in the vicinity of Peking that people have hesitated to send their children where there may possibly be trouble. With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chihli,
Aug. 26, 1917.

[This letter, dated Sept. 2, 1917, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. She and five other women took a trip to Shan Hai Kwan and hiked, climbed and saw the Great Wall. Another day, she and some ladies had a breakfast picnic at the Sand Dunes. She inquires about some of the family members. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Pei Tai Ho, China]
Sept 2. [1917]

Dear Ones at Home,

I am trying to write and keep balky clock going at the same time. The clock I fear is losing time in the process as it is too much trouble to lay down my pen the instant it stops.

The last letter I received from you was the one from Mother that Flora left here when she went away a week ago last Wednesday. She may have one awaiting my return.

Last week Monday six of us ladies started for a trip to Shan Hai Kwan [*Northeast of Pei Tai Ho. Mary spelled it also as Shanhaigwan in her photo album.*]. It was a covering morning but we started just the same and it cleared fairly well before we arrived. We stayed four days so had a chance to take some trips. The day we arrived we explored the peaks near the temple where we were staying. In a "tinger" (summer home) near the wall we found a couple who had spent their honeymoon there several years ago and were back for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne". The night's were all stormy; the first one some of us slept on the porches and did not get very wet; the second time three of us were determined to sleep under the old pine tree but about one in the morning we moved in to get dry; the third night we did not even try but all stayed inside.

The days were more clear and on Tuesday we descended into the deep valley behind us. The climb was steep so we slid down and crawled back on all fours. The valley is glorious with it's river flowing over a very rocky bed. In places it spreads out over a broad area covered with small rocks and stones and again it flows through a narrower gorge and forms deep clear pools. In one such pool we went for a swim. The water was perfectly clear, cool and most refreshing after two or more hours of climbing and tramping. Our lunch was eaten under a cliff so perpendicular that it "strutted" and we sat on square flat stones that had fallen from above at some previous date.

One could not help wondering what would happen if one should try to fall when we were by! But it was wonderful to be on one's back and look up, up a sheet rock for about five hundred feet.

On Wednesday we started to explore and found a path which took us along the Great Wall into a valley and up a steep mountain side to a "look-out". It was raining hard by spells so we could not [take] any cameras for pictures. I do wish I had snap shots of us as we climbed up like quadrupeds over the rocks. Where the rocks were two sheer steps were chiseled out- and we pulled ourselves up by clinging to the wall at the side. One spot made me hesitate about going on for a time. It was solid rock at an angle of about 45 degrees from the perpendicular. A six inch path was chiseled out for us to cross on. My, but I am glad I went on for the views were worth it. From the tower we looked to the south across the plain where we saw the Great Wall zigzagging out to the ocean and to the east we overlooked a series of peaks each a little lower than ourselves and tapering to nice hillsides. On the north was a steep descent into the valley where we had been the day before and beyond four or five ranges of mountains. To the west was the valley we had ascended from and the mountain peak around which was the temple where we were staying. Way off to the south west was a curve in the short line and we knew that "East Cliff" lay out near the point. We were so glad that the clouds lifted and showed us all these beauties during the few minutes we stood on the "lookout" and tried to imagine the use the Chinese made of it way back some thousand or so years ago. I wonder why it was thought necessary to build a wall up that steep mountain side at all for without the made steps it is quite impassable.

We came home on Thursday and I found that Mrs. Reed had seen Flora off all safely the night before. On Friday morning I got our "boy" off to meet Flora in Tientsin that evening. It was a very rainy day but I had a glorious sea bath bathing with the waves. In the afternoon I went to tea at Mrs. Mathers, a Holyoke girl about eight years before me.

As the gay crowd was still inhabiting our porch I accepted Mrs. Young's invitation to sleep at her home for Thursday and Friday nights. On Saturday Mrs. Wickes asked me to come to her for the week. Her husband had had to go to the "Western Hills" near Peking for a conference and she was lonesome alone. Little Alice Wickes was not quite three weeks old so she was also a little nervous. I was there just a week and did enjoy it although it was a very quiet time. Little Alice is a treasure, pretty as a picture and very good.

On Thursday morning I went with a party of ladies for a breakfast picnic to the Sand Dunes. It was a fine day to go because the sun was not very bright. We went in bathing suits and it was well we did for in one place we waded nearly up to our armpits. If our snapshots which I took are good I will send you some so that you may see what a "kid" I am when I get a good chance.

I expect to return to Peking this Tuesday so as to be organized while Flora spends Thursday and Friday in Tientsin. Last night I returned, bag and baggage, to my old room here at Mrs. Reed's because Mr. Wickes came back. I am going to take two meals a day up there but get my own breakfast.

The London Mission Lady, Mrs. Howard-Smith, who had been our neighbor at Tungchow last year, is lying fatally ill here. She has uremia and meningitis both and neither disease will respond at all to treatment. There have been three doctors and four nurses on the care. For over a week she has been unconscious even though her temperature has been as low at 99 degrees. Generally it has been above 105 and even 107.

Mother's last letter was very newsy. I am so glad that Mr. Kenneston has accepted the Huntington call. It ought to be good for him and for the church both and he already knows some of the people.

I wish we had some of your fine cherries. The ones we get here are natural fruit and very small and sour. They are good when canned but not out of hand. We each had three "White Orchard" cherries from Mr. Corbett's tree this spring. A feast? Yes, out here.

I look to hear that Uncle Daniel [Nichols] is better. Please give my best love to him and Aunt Ella. I always mean to write but it is such a lark to get all my correspondence done.

I hope that Mr. Palmer's fall proved no more serious than you thought before.

I will write Abbie soon a word of sympathy. I am glad to know that Mrs. Hubble can stay in her own home and not have to move off somewhere.

I wonder where Gould will be when this reaches you. His plans for being off for service our country were quite sure. Will Monnie go too? When did the girls return to Shelton and is Geraldine quite recovered? Gould's letters to his father have been so appreciative of you all and your bravery. I feel that he must have been a comfort to you as well as you to him. How is Elizabeth? I do hope she continues well, with no setbacks.

May God be good to you and keep you well and give you comfort is my daily prayer.

Lots of love

Mary.



"On Shanhaikuan 1917" L to R: Alice Reed, Josie Horn, Mary, Alzina Munger, Jessie Payne
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back of photo: "Alice Reed and I swimming in a pool in the valley behind Shan Hai Kuan. Impromptu suits!" *[Mary is on the left. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*



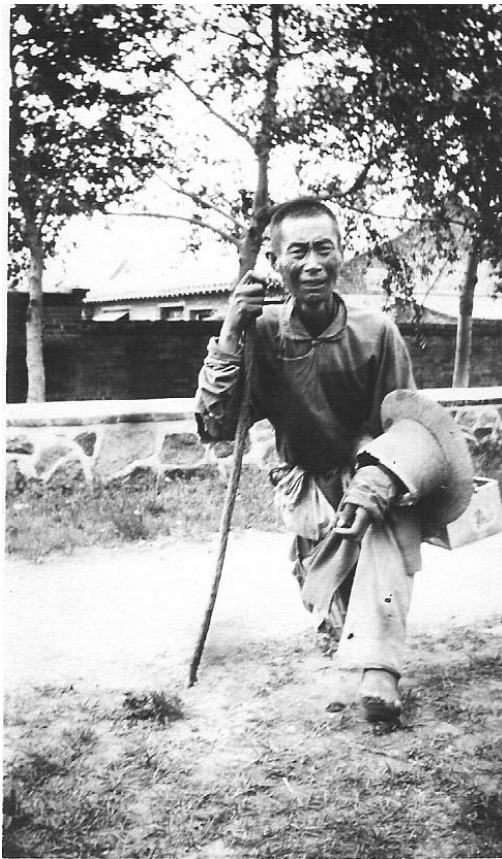
Written on back of photo: "Our party en route for the sand dunes, August 30, 1917. I took the picture."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back of photo: "This is steeper than it looks so the necessity of crawling on four extremities is forced as it seems. I am behind the camera."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back of photo: "Sliding head first down the sand dunes. I am under the cross "[third from left. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



"An old beggar who used to visit our front steps at Peitaiho this summer."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



"Fruit and vegetable store, Pei Tai Ho"
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Sept. 2, 1917 was written by "Pauline", presumably a friend to Phebe Kinney Beard. Pauline mentions a conference Phebe attended and that Mrs. Eddy was one of her foster mothers. She mentions people that they both know. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Nippon Dusen Kaisha

S.S. "Hitachi Maru."

Sept. 2, 1917

My dear Phebe:

I was not a little surprised to have a letter from you follow me all the way out to Japan. It was a huge treat and I consumed it with real greed!

What a time you must have had at the Conference! My dear girl, did you know that Mrs. Eddy, the mother to Sherwood and Brewer, is one of my earliest foster mothers? She has taught me everything from Arithmetic to Geography, and she did her best to make an honest girl of me! I am so sorry I didn't tell you about her when I was in Oberlin. She was the one who held me up in New York and shortened my Oberlin visit that way! But I never dreamed that she was going as far away as Eaglesmere to lecture on Missions! She is surely the eighth wonder of the world. I am positive that she discovered, and took a good draught of the Fountain of Youth sometime in her life time.

I surely do appreciate your efforts to write me a letter in the inspiring atmosphere of a depot! I am so sorry if you didn't get the card I mailed you before leaving U.S., and have had any anxiety about the letters you returned. They reached me quite safe and sound.

Your accounts of the conference and the personalities you met there are great. You dwell on the greatest thing created- PERSON, and they surely form the most vital of all our experiences. I am so glad you have come in touch with such a wealth in that line.

I am interested to know what it is that impressed you to say India was the most needy field? It is meaning so much to me to come in touch with these countries, - even in this superficial way. In some ways we would have done better to have come at some other period than vacations time, for we might then have seen more of the work,

but as it was we have had a great time in the missionary resort of Karuizawa, and seen many old friends as well as many new ones.

The Armenian Delegation arrived while we were there, and we had a few glimpses of the Comptons and Walter James.

Besides that we climbed Mt. Asama, the active volcano near there, and had some other delightful mountain climbs.

I have been hugely interested in visiting Japanese hotels and village streets. It ought to make quite an interesting point of comparison with China and India in the bargain.

I want to mail this at Shanghai, which we are nearing very rapidly.

Will you give the enclosed note to Mrs. Garland, for me? Thanks. Much much love.

Always your loving Pauline- P.S. Give my love to Eva, and tell her I can imagine how she made things home at the Conference.

*[This partial letter dated **Sept. 9, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to one or more of his children in the U.S. He feels that never in history has man helped his fellow man as they do now through organizations such as the Red Cross, YMCA and donations from people. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Sept. 9. 1917]

....do so, and I hope Gould will also read it. I will quote only one sentence. "The fact that you are not in the first call raises a presumption that you are needed in the reserve for a future call; but if you are eager- go! It is better to be in the service with a satisfied ambition than at home with a restless ambition." I am not at all anxious over what Gould has decided to do. He will under God's direction do right. But it is natural to want to know where he is, and what he is doing.

It was just one year ago that we arrived in Foochow. How many changes have taken place in our world since then! I do not see how a person with no faith in God and His overruling care can look into the future with confidence. To my mind God is preparing the world for the greatest advance in all lines that man has every made. Never in the history of the world was man doing so much for man as this year,- never was man doing so much to put down unrighteousness and exalt righteousness as now,- even in the face of- yet it is because of man's madness. Think of the Red Cross- the voluntary work of the Y.M.C.A. and the voluntary gifts of money and time and commodities to help suffering men and think of the efforts put forth in Christian countries and in the war zone for tempted young men. Add to this the fact that gifts of men and money for missions do not abate. Never were so many people planning and working and praying for good to conquer evil, for the world to become better.

Have I written that President King's Baccalaureate sermon reached me two weeks ago? Two people have already borrowed it to read- one of them a brother of Mr. J.H. Oldham Editor of the International Review of Missions. It is a most thoughtful and helpful discourse in the world crisis, and it gives hope. I must drop a line to President King to let him know how much it [is] appreciated here. If you have a natural opportunity you may express to him the help it has been to me and us. I must also drop a line to Mr. Vander Pye. I am honored to have him remember me.

God give you all wisdom to plan and execute in His wisdom, - may he keep you healthy in body, mind and spirit.

Very lovingly your Father
Willard L. Beard

*[This letter dated **Sept. 17, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. He is not sure where his son, Gould is, but feels that he may have joined the aviation corps. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Foochow China
Sept 17 - 1917

Dear Phebe [daughter],-

I am sending Gould's letter to you. Please forward it if he is not in Oberlin. We are prepared to hear that he is in Long Island or some other place in an aviation camp and if he is sure God wants him there it is all right.

I am greatly pleased at your attitudes toward his going or not going to the war and I have not felt anxious about it at all. Mama had felt rather strongly that she did not want him to go at all – and when your letter came last night it looked as if he had practically decided to join the aviation corps. She said “Well that is not as bad as the U-boats.”

Please let me know how you are off for money. I do not get any reply from Geraldine or Dot as to their being able to live on the allowance from the Board. I should like to know how they stood Sept. 1916- Sept. 1917.

I am enclosing \$10- for Geraldines birthday present.- I sent \$2.00 last week.

All are well and send love

Your loving father

W. L Beard

*[This letter, dated **Sept. 30, 1917**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have received the expected piano and are very happy to have it. North China has been having terrible flooding. Mrs. Corbett returned to China with many things from the U.S. including the school's new silver ware. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Sept. 30, 1917]

Dear folks at home:-

We have been in session at the school now for two weeks. They have been more than busy ones but the “busy-ness” has been of such a hopeful type that it has not been too fatiguing. With our tinted walls we seem to have partaken of more homey ways, and the children do really appreciate the change. Yesterday we were quite excited over the arrival of our new “Mason and Hamelin” piano. It is a beautiful one both in case and tone. It was rather a sorry sight as we unpacked it for the under front board was loose, the keys were every which way and the upper front board was askew. There were only about six notes that could be struck. We were about to send for a man from the Tientsin music store to fix it, when I met Mr. Porter and Mr. Corbett. In about ten minutes they had it all in proper shape and there are only two notes that show even a bit of strain from the long journey. They are almost unnoticable. The case has very few scratches, so we are very happy to have such a fine piano in our school. We have opened another room for a class room, which is making some more work for us. There has seemed to be innumerable ways for the spending of money this fall, but we had to expand (or bust!) and since we had over seventeen hundred dollars left from last year's household account we have had the permission to spend some money for needful alterations.- School has opened so much more happily than last year and the experiences we went through with them will be good capital for preventions this year. We have a younger group of children here and an adorable set. Our new pupils are mostly 8th graders.

We are having and hearing about the terrible floods all over North China. In the summer the railroad running from Peking to Hankow was so badly washed away that it is taking four months to mend it. There are miles of space where there is no suggestion of ever having been a railroad. Tientsin is surrounded by a huge sea and part of the railroad trip up from the South has to be taken by boat over the flooded tracks. The Grand Canal burst its banks and so badly flooded that hundreds of villages are completely submerged. Some of the Tientsin homes have their drawing-rooms under water, and the American Board Compound has needed a boat to get around in, ever since the 20th of August. All this means misery to thousands of people especially with winter coming on. Some of the villages have lost everything and have nothing to eat but the fish they can catch in the floods. If one stops to contemplate on the misery in the world just now, one gets swamped, and gets to feeling mean if one has a bit of enjoyment. It seems almost wrong to be having all the things that seem to be coming our way this year, but so far we have done nothing that was not necessary. – Miss Bostwick arrived two weeks ago, and it is a joy to have some one who has the time and the knowledge for taking care of the business end of the school. She knows lots of the people here (she spent three years, 20 yrs. ago in Tientsin) and has some knowledge of the language. She went to church to-day and was able to understand quite a bit of what the preacher said in Chinese.- To-day the darning cotton, stockings, bedspread, and thread arrived in perfect condition. I am looking for the pencils, erasers, etc. which I ordered last July and asked you to pay the bill. I would like you to deduct the amount from my money at home and I will credit it to my account here. I think I will send some more money home since exchange is so bad the other way. A dollar gold brings only about \$1.17 silver. This is pretty tough on most people here because the cost of living out here is constantly rising too. The Chinese feel the strain of the higher cost of living, too. I am enclosing a list of materials which the school needs for starting the Household Science department. If you find some one who wants to pay for the permanent materials, the school will be glad to say “Thank you”, but send the bill if no one turns up.- The silver came with Mrs. Corbett and was on exhibit for our callers the day we introduced Miss Bostwick to the people of our compound. It was much admired, and helps a lot to help make us feel that we are here

permanently as a school. (You sent no bill, so is this a part of the gift?) Mrs. Corbett brought Ruth's beads and shawl. The beads are too short to be becoming to Mary. I think there should be at least six added to it. I do not suppose you can remember the size so as to match them and send out a half dozen? I have not mentioned such a thing to Mary, so if you should be able to get them it would be a surprise to her, and I will be glad to pay for it. - I am in need of some black stockings and do not remember having asked you to send me some. If I have don't mind this. I like those having half white feet and the size is No. 10. I used to get good stockings three pairs for a dollar (I'd like 6 pair). That may help you to know what to pay for them now- accordingly.

The paper just came from Will telling of the death of Mr. J.W. Peck. Is it possible that he was only 66 years old? He has been an old man for a long time.-I was also much interested in the accounts of the trolley accident that killed Grace Wanning Day.- What a wonderful escape Gould and Maruice had! I should think it would make them sure that their lives were saved for something worth while, in the future.

Yours with love-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chihli, China,
Sept. 30, 1917.

[This letter, dated Sept. 30, 1917, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He refers to his other children living at the farm for the summer and mentions that Ellen's limp is better and the girls are well. The College went to give birthday greetings to General Li's mother and some compound members later attended a dinner in her honor. Willard wonders if Gould is in college or flying. He hears that China is trying to restore the monarchy. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
Sept 30 1917

Dear Folks at Home:-

I do not dare to look at my correspondence register to see when last I wrote you. I am a little comforted by the thought that the children were with you during the summer and you in that way hear directly from us nearly every week. I know however that this was not exactly like a letter all your own. I have come to the conclusion that there is always enough to fill the time of every man who is willing to work. At least I find this true in my case.

We have been well all summer. Ellen was limping badly when she went to Kuliang, but she is nearly all right now. The girlies are growing all the time and are quite well. Marjorie tends to grow fat. Kathleen keeps about the same but grows tall. She says "My old stomach won't let me get fat." The clock struck ten some ago so I must say good night and finish this later.

Tuesday Oct 2.

Yesterday was the day of the celebration of the Autumn festival- Sunday was the real day but as we are a Christian School we celebrated Monday. It was also the birthday of Governor- general Li's mother. So we had a good lively time all day. The College had prepared a fine silk banner- much like the large purple one I brought home in 1910, only it was a very bright red. \$11.00 it cost and the paraphernalia to present it will cost some \$4.00 more. We were going to start at 8:30 to take it over. 1st was to go the College Band, then the faculty. Then the students- ahead of all were two coolies carrying the banner, candles etc. We telephoned that we would come at 9:30 a.m. Within five minutes came a hurry up telephone message that the General would not be ready to receive us at 9:30- we must not come until 11:00 a.m. as they could not get ready before that hour. So we went at 11:00 and were received in proper style by the General himself with his blandest smile and warmest hand shake and also by the General's mother also- all dressed in her best and looking proud of her son. She is a little bit of a woman, while he is a great big man. You would have been interested to watch us as we performed. Being a foreigner we shook hands with the General and bowed three times to him, then bowed three times to his mother then three times to his family. I then spoke a few words of congratulation to him, referring to the very friendly relations that existed between the College and himself. You remember he gave us \$100 for athletics last year. Then I stepped aside and the faculty bowed three times to him and three times to his mother. Then came the students they lined up about sixty at a time and bowed three times,- the College Board and General Li's Board dispensed music alternately. Then the Faculty was asked to sit in a reception room a few minutes. Then we were invited to see the Theater- the best troop in China-from Peking. We foreigners watched it for a time and retired. The Chinese members of the faculty were invited to remain for dinner. This faculty from a Christian school were given the seats of honor in a hall crowded with the best of Foochow's political, educational and social life.

In the evening ten of us from our city compound attended the dinner which General Li gave in honor of his mother. Some 100 foreign guests- Consuls, Customs and P.O. officials, and missionaries, and about 1500 Chinese

guests were present. Then we had to attend the theater again. We went in great style- taking horse carriages,- the costs of which amounted to .325 cents each.

Two things about the whole affair interested me. 1st to see the great change that has come over customs in Foochow during the past ten years. Then years ago the ushers and attendants would not have known anything about receiving foreigners- I doubt if more than some of the Consuls would have been interested,- perhaps not even then. Last evening the ushers were six young Chinese- five young men and one young woman,- four of these- 3 men 1 woman were Christians and leading Christians. Mr. Ding Ming Uong was one.- Mr. Cio Lik Daik Y.M.C.A. was another. And these young people were asked to help care for- not only the foreign guests but the Chinese guests also. It is an honor to Foochow College that Prof. Ding Ming Uong should be invited by the highest official in the province to assist him in entertaining his guests at such a time. I hope he did not find him so efficient that he will want to get him away from us.

The weather has been very hot all of Sept. It just turned a little cooler last evening. I wore a Prince Albert coat in the morning and was wet thru when I got home. But in my evening dress last evening I was just comfortable.

We are still waiting to hear what Gould decided to do- so we are in the dark as to whether he is up in the air or in some college. I am not anxious. If he is sure that he is in the right place for him to be in- where God wants him it is all right. But I could not from this distance write him arbitrarily what to do. Such decisions must be made by him. We can tell him our wishes and shed light on his problems but the real decision, he must make himself.

Oct. 10th= China's Day of Independence. But it is a day of disappointment for many all over China- you doubtless know more of it than even we do here. You may remember that last year the boys had a big lantern procession. Well they have made large preparations and had big expectations for a larger parade this evening. The lanterns are all ready and calculated to call forth praise.

Yesterday at 3 p.m. one of the officials telephoned to ask if we were coming to his yamen as he wished to prepare to receive us. At 4 p.m. came an urgent letter from the Police Commissioner stating that a telegram from Peking told them there was trouble there and we must not have the procession. This morning a policeman came in to say we must not go tonight. This was because last evening several schools paraded in spite of the request not to- So there are 250 very disappointed boys here. Until 3 p.m. all the officials were planning a big celebration. But last evening all was more quiet than usual even somber.

The papers say that another attempt is being made to restore the monarchy. We must expect these attempts for years. It may be that the attempt will succeed for a time. The world has been making immense strides toward democracy during the past few years,- too great strides for permanency- in my opinion. But it is not reasonable to believe that China can exist for long as a monarchy.

The mails here have been very dilatory lately- nothing from the U.S. since Sept. 18, so we do not yet know where Gould is. We think of the girls as in Oberlin.

I hope to hear good news from you all soon, and that Dr. Shelton has paid over the \$10.00 he offered to the parents of the next Beard baby.

Very Lovingly

Will

*[This letter dated **Sept. 30, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. In it, he laments the slowness of the mail delivery, having to fuss and socialize with officials, and the current war.]*

I enclose \$2.00 = \$14.00 in all thus far
toward the \$19 for your birthday

Foochow, China
Sept. 30th 1917

Dear Geraldine:-

The mails are again very slow. They have brought us nothing since Sept. 18th from home. Last week I wrote in Dorothy's name enclosing two \$5.00 bills for Geraldine's birthday. I hope you will write me as soon as you receive them. That letter I registered on Sept. 9th. I sent \$2.00 in the letter addressed to Phebe.

I do not know whether it is the fault of the mails or what but we are having trouble with the answers to letters. On July 23rd I wrote the Board asking them to give us Dr. Cooper's salary for a Chinese American doctor,- asking them to cable reply. I waited until yesterday and sent a cable. The reply came today "use Cooper's salary." I do not know whether they ever received the letter or not.

Exchange has gone up, up, up until \$1.00 gold brings only \$1.18 silver. Those last few days it has dropped a little.

The past week has been very ordinary. I went over South Side Thursday afternoon and took the girlies. They visited the Billing girls while I did a lot of business, - took Mr. Leger over and introduced him to the consul for one thing.

We have been planning all summer for a visit from Sherwood Eddy in Dec. and Jan. and one from Mr. Buchman in Oct. But this past week cables have come asking us to postpone Eddy's visit until next Spring and Buchman's until Nov. This is not at all disappointing for it has seemed to me that the Chinese were not quite ready for the work either of these men planned to do.

General Li's mother has a birthday tomorrow. Tomorrow is also the day we celebrate the Autumn festival. In the morning we plan to go over to give the venerable old lady a silk banner that is costing the College \$11.00. I am trying to get the Chinese teachers to go but they are so afraid that their clothes will not be fit, that they do not want to go. Then in the afternoon some of us foreigners are invited to a feast at the home. So Mama and I have got to go. General Li is the highest official in the province. But I wish someone else would do this kind of work for me. I am glad to take care of the College, but I do not at all enjoy this fussing with officials.

You girls have been back in Oberlin for nearly a month we suppose. How we do want to hear where Gould is. And we want to hear how you are. It seems to me it ought to be most time to stop osteopathic treatments. We hope you are all right.

Have I written that I was gardner this year? Mr. Billing has moved over S. Side. I have already up and most ready to transplant tomatoes, beets, lettuce, turnips, radishes, cabbage, carrots and celery and chard are planted and I will plant peas soon.

News that comes to us of the greatest and most cruel war in history seems to point to a long time yet before the end. Someone remarked today that if Russia failed up the struggle would go on for five years. It is impossible for us here to realize the awfulness of the fight. The slaughter continues and more and more are drawn into it. We had a letter from our Dr. Cooper- a Quaker- from France where he is in charge of a hospital. He writes "We can hear the booming of the canon and see the flashes. At times it seems as if I must grab a rifle and rush to the front and help in the killing." But God is still the ruler of the world and He is only allowing men to suffer for their own folly, and when the folly is over there is sure to come a time of reconstruction during which the human race will make greater advance in all lines than it ever has before. Just now all of the knowledge of world- all the great achievements of scientific discovery- except in the line of medicine in surgery- are being used to destroy men and things. As soon as the war is over it will be a great big job for men of science and learning to turn these scientific discoveries into channels helpful to mankind.

May God help us all to think straight and to keep sane in this time of insanity, and may we each keep in such close touch with Him that we shall in each decision of life be guided by Him. Your loving father

Willard L. Beard

*[This letter, dated **October 7, 1917**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. They are enjoying the new piano. Flooding is becoming more serious and ruining crops so their watchman fires gun shots occasionally to ward off thieves. Flora hasn't been feeling well all summer but is fine now. Letters from home for all are slow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

October 7 [1917]

Dear Ones at Home,

How the days do fly. We are already on the fourth week of school and it seems but yesterday that we started. Our piano is a great great joy. I tell Mrs. Corbett that there is something nearly every hour of the day to remind us of their good work for us when on furlough. She brought over vinegar cruets and pepper shakers yesterday to add to the collection.

This is a "company" week-end in the compound. At Mrs. Porter's tea yesterday there were seven guests. Two small boys who are down did not attend the tea. We had fifty two at church service this afternoon.

Mrs. Porter, who was an American Board missionary in Peking for many years, gave us a little talk. She spoke on "Little Foxes" or "Tall Goats who eat the roots of the Banyan Trees"- and held the attention of the children beautifully. She has been here all summer with her brother who is much older, not very well, rich and who travels extensively. She resigned to care for him. They are most generous givers as the Foochow people, Peking, TeChow, Tungchow and other stations can testify.

The floods are getting more serious instead of less. You probably have read the telegrams which Mr. McCann has been sending to Boston regarding TeChow. The water has risen so that there are about two feet of water in the homes of the foreigners. The women and children are in their way here in houseboats. The men are staying to help the natives. As the foreign compound was in the highest plot around, it means that the natives must be nearly all homeless.

Letters from the Nelsons in western Shensi speak of excessive rains still falling, so probably these floods are the result of that. The Yellow River has broken its bank and is seeking new channels. When I studied Geography and saw dotted lines to indicate the old route of the Yellow River, I little understood what it meant to have a river change its path.

In Tientsin many of the streets are flooded and are traversed in boats. Some of the people returned to PeiTaiHo as the drawing rooms had two feet of water in them. The A.B.C.F.M. compound is flooded but the homes are set so high that boats deliver the people to unflooded first floors as yet.

We expect a new twelve year old girl this week. Three other girls are registered but the railroads are still not so they can not get here without much difficulty.

This week Thursday Mrs. Fenn and William were down for a farewell, as they sailed from Tientsin this morning en route for Shanghai and thence to America. We do miss William for he is a fine boy and a good influence on the younger boys. Two years ago William and Ursula Miller each won in the tennis tournaments but we had never given them our school letters which they became entitled to wear. On Thursday Flora gave them in front of the assembled company who were in for tea.

Did I write that I had had my room freshened? My lamp of two years ago scorched my wall terribly and I never could get it clean so I had it done over. The color is rich cream for the side walls and pale cream for the ceiling. With green closet curtains, my green skin on my table, grayish rugs and creamy curtains at the window it makes a very cheerful room. I can not get used to the joy of having colors about instead of the dead whiteness of everything! It is a relief.

We have been getting packages from you of late- three now. They contained 6 pair of stockings which I take are those I ordered as Flora says she asked for some; darning cotton by the dozen for the school; hairpins for Flora and two bedspreads. We are each going to take a bedspread for ourselves as we have but one each now, so please so change them on our accounts.

Dr. Porter is down for this weekend with Flora. She has been ill most all summer and fall but now thinks she is fully recovered.

We have had no letter mail for weeks but everyone else is in the same state so we know that it is the fault of the mails not the writers. I wonder what Gould and Maurice decided and hope to hear that they are fitting themselves for more efficient service later. Are the girls all returned to Oberlin? Is Geraldine better so she will be able to carry full work? Is Elizabeth standing the strain of being home all right? How are Mother, Father and Phebe? Oh, a doz other questions come to mind that those delayed letters must answer.

I wonder if you would sit as quietly as I, if you had just heard a gun fired beneath your window or at least within a few rods. I do not even jump now for I know it is a watchman's way of telling a probable or possible thief that he had better desist. With the many ruined crops and the cold winter coming in, the temptation to thieves is greater than usual and it seems to me that the shooting is more frequent. I do hope that America will be able to send some food out to be dispensed by her own people; for the hunger suffering will be terrible unless outside aid is given.

May God grant to you all many blessings.

Lovingly

Mary.

[This letter dated Oct. 14, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. The College boys planned to celebrate China's Independence Day with lanterns in a parade but the Chief of Police got word that there was trouble in Peking, so they did not want any demonstrations for the Republic. A meeting was held among the Presidents of missions and schools to try to help the students stay sexually clean and pure. The Bliss family is back with Swiss goats and some chickens. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China

Oct 14, 1917.

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

The delay in our mails is getting to be a serious thing for us. Since Sept. 18th we have had no word from the U.S. either by paper or letter. This is saying that we have not heard from our four dear children in America since about Aug. 10th. And it is the same with the Board letters and letters from other friends- and papers. When they do come there will be so many- specially papers that it will be hard to digest them all.

Last week I did not write. Mr. Neff and I went down to the Arsenal where we now have a church, starting at 7:15 a.m. and it was 6 p.m. when I got back. This past week China's Day of Independence came. The boys of the College had prepared lanterns for a big parade Wednesday evening. But about 4 p.m. an urgent letter came from the Chief of Police to say that the General had just telephoned that he had just received a telegram from Peking that there was trouble there and to make no demonstration for the Republic, the Chief of Police told us to stop the lantern procession for Wed. evening. There was a pretty sore bunch of boys I can tell you. It took a good part of Wed. a.m. to quell their turbulent hearts and then we had to do some more quieting work. The political situation is very uncertain. This produces an unquiet state of mind in the whole populace- altho outwardly all goes on as usual.

From time to time there are events that indicate very clearly the growth of new ideas here in Foochow. A few evenings ago the Presidents of government and mission schools met together to see what could be done to help the students of Foochow understand better sex hygiene and the laws of personal purity. It was the first time that such a meeting has taken place here and all expressed themselves as greatly pleased. Things were done also. A sub committee was appointed to arrange for a course of lectures and steps were taken to suppress obscene literature.

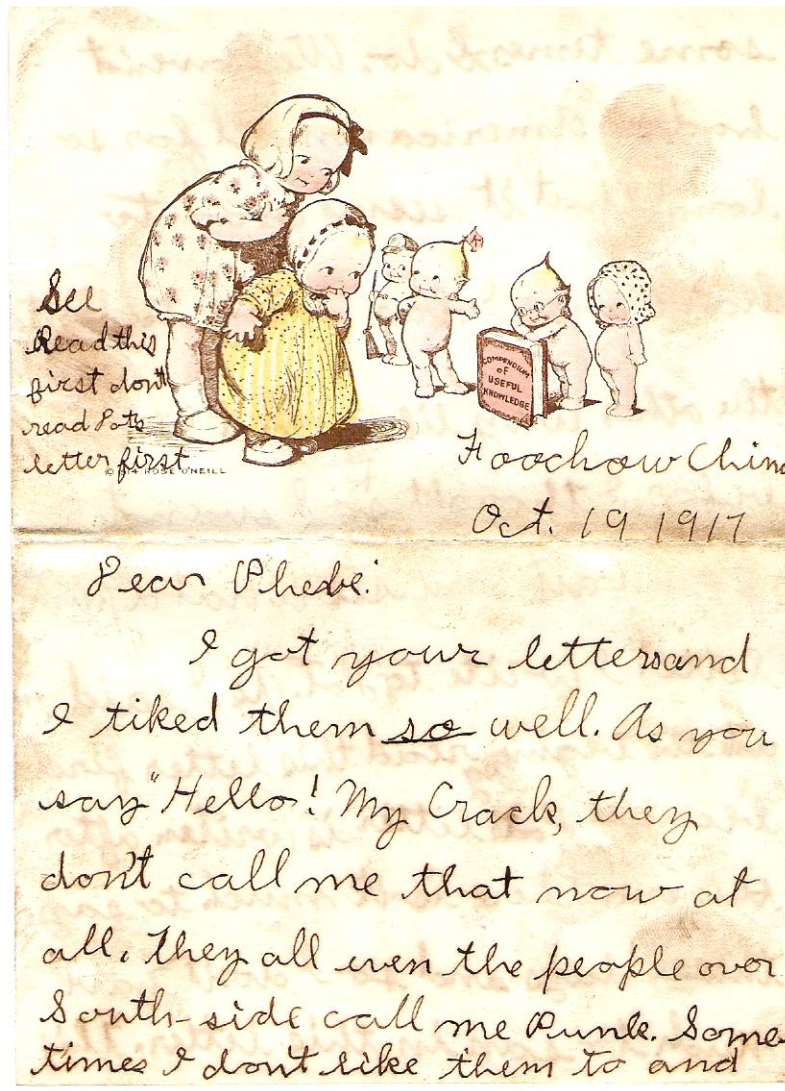
Yesterday I attended the memorial service of the wife of an earnest Christian at Upper Bridge. I baptized this woman three or four days before she died. After several had spoken, the husband arose and spoke very nicely. He said he wanted to bear witness before his neighbors to the true character of his wife. He said he knew it was not customary in China for a husband to talk in this way but he wanted his fellow villagers to know that he loved his wife and thoroughly respected her. Then he referred to a remark I had made that she was alive because she believed Jesus, and he explained quite fully that it was her soul that was alive. This was a very unique testimony and came – not from a paid agent of the mission but from a successful business man to his friends and neighbors. It was a fresh living testimony.

Marjorie and Kathleen are getting quite a variety in their schooling. They have three kinds, - or sometimes four. Once a day they go to the College with Mama for Am. History. Once a day to Mrs. Newell for Geography, and Mama has them in spelling and other studies. I fill in sometimes.

You will think it stale if I write again that I do want to hear about what you all are doing this term, - specially do I want to hear about Gould. It is a test of my faith in God and also in Gould that I am compelled to wait thus, for I must say and believe that Gould is doing the wise thing- and is where God would have him be.

Did I write that Dr. and Mrs. Bliss and Elizabeth and Edward were back. They brought five fine Swiss Goats with them for milk and some Barred Plymouth Rock and White Leghorns. Miss McReynolds also came with them for Ing Tai [*previously known as Ing Hok*].

Very Lovingly Your Father
Willard L. Beard



[This letter dated **Oct. 19, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by 9 year old Kathleen to her sister, Phebe. She mentions her friend Rachel and a doll. Letter in the collection of Jill Jackson.]

The small 3' X 3 ½" envelope is addressed to:

Miss Phebe K. Beard

110 East College St. [This is the address for Tank Home, home at Oberlin for missionary children. See photo following letter.]

Oberlin, Ohio

U.S.A.

[It has the Examined by Censor on it with the number 389.]

See

Read this

first don't

read Dot's

letter first

Foochow China

Oct. 19, 1917

Dear Phebe:

I got your letters and I tiked [*liked*] them so well. As you say "Hello! My Crack, they don't call me that now at all. They all even the people over South-side call me Punk. Sometimes I don't like them to and some times I do. We haven't had an American mail for so long that it seems good to have one. I was going to write the other way like this [*the word "this" she wrote perpendicular*] but I began befor I thought so I went on. You wait and see what a funny letter I write to Dot. As I said at the begining read this letter first because Dot's letter is written after this one. There isn't much to say these days and so I don't have much to say in this letter. This letter may not be very interesting but you know I have nothing to say so you see. That lovly baby doll's eye is out. The damp weather up at Kuliang took it out. I think I will have to get a new one. I wonder if I ever toled you about anything we and Rachel used to do together, well lots of times we used to go down to Rachel's and play with her dress paper dolls and she would make us laugh to beat the band. We couldn't make her laugh but she did us. And she said the boys used to make her laugh but I don't see how they could make such a girl as her laugh. I have been sitting here for almost half an hour writing this letter I think I will have to close because I got to write a letter to Dot now. With lots and lots and lots of love from Kathleen

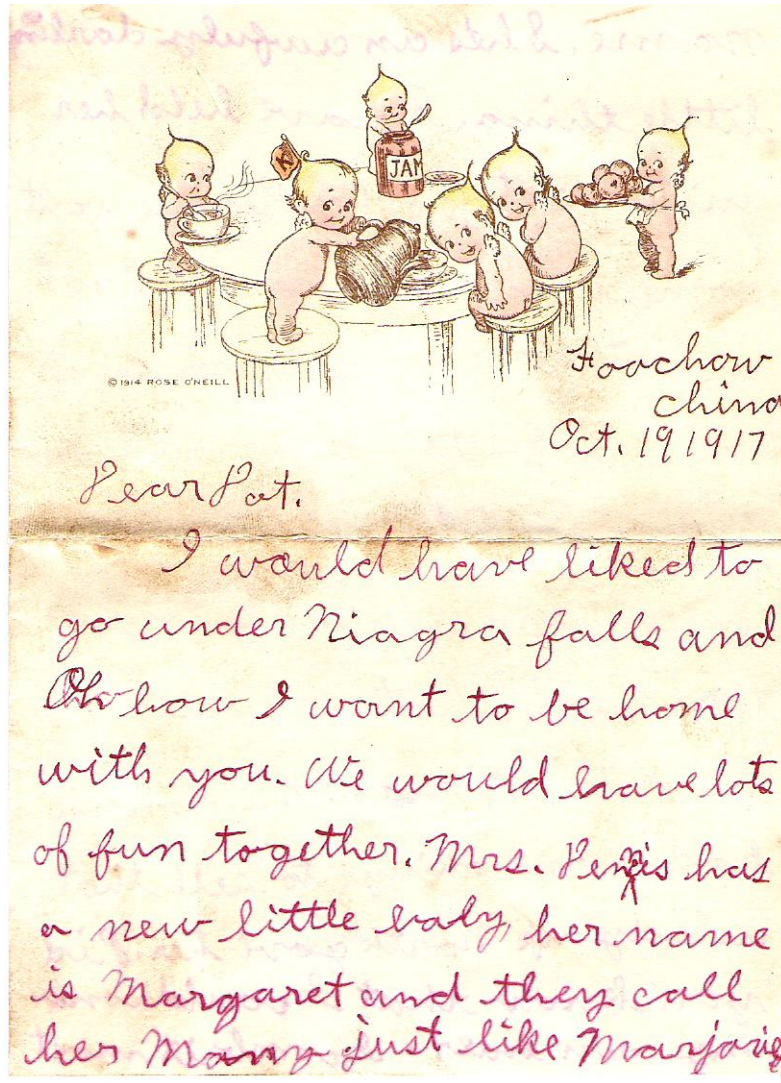


Written on front bottom: "Tank Home for Missionary Children, Oberlin, Ohio." This is where the previous letter was addressed to.

[Postcard purchased from ebay by Mark and Jana Jackson.]



Marjorie (holding poles of Chinese chair far right) and Kathleen (seated on ground far right) and friends about 1917
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



[This letter dated **Oct. 19, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by 9 year old Kathleen to her sister Dot (Dorothy). She talks about some of the other children. She has been dreaming about thieves in their house and compound. Letter in the collection of Jill Jackson.]

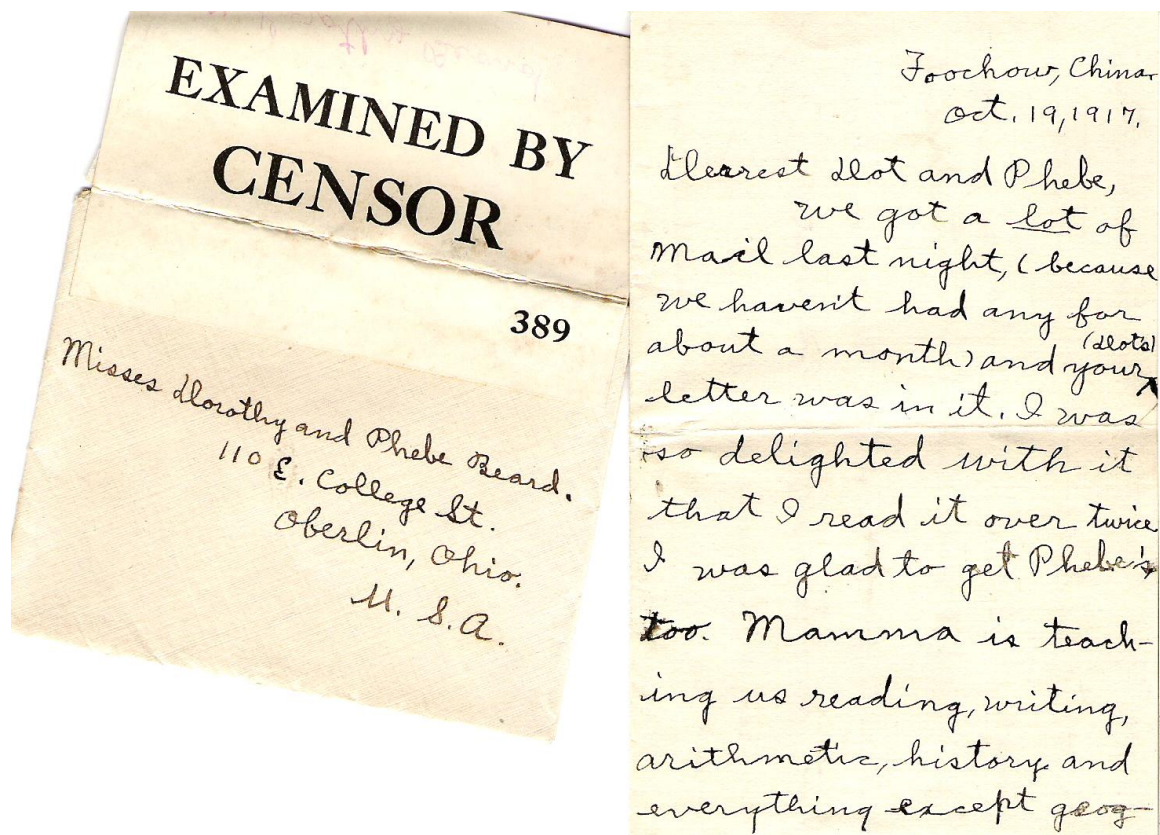
Foochow
China
Oct. 19 1917

Dear Dot,

I would have liked to go under Niagara falls and Oh how I want to be home with you. We would have lots of fun together. Mrs. Dennis has a new little baby, her name is Margaret and they call her Mony just like Marjorie's name. She's an awfully darling little thing. I have held her quite a lot. Bobby Dennis won't come to me any more. I got a birthday card from Aunt Molly. Edith Pease wants one Japanese doll and one Chinese doll. So we are going to get the amah that you used to have to get them. Mrs. Dennis had some things to sell that a lady up North gave her. Did you know that I could comb my own hair. I comb it most every morning. I comb it the way Geraldine [Geraldine] always wanted to comb it in back. I use Mamas old baret and she uses her new one. I am writing with red ink because it looks pretty. I forgot to before. When Mrs. Christain came our woman went to her so we had to get a new one. This one has a little boy that used to come every morning and after noon, but he doesn't now. We hear Dwight crying most all the time. He was crying just then.

Most every morning I wake up about five o'clock and stay awake. And I always think I hear thieves in the parlor. This morning I thought I heard a thief tapping on the glass and I talked aloud to mama to scare him away.

Another night I thought I heard lots of them going up the hall one by one. With lots and lots and lots of love from Kathleen.



[This letter dated Oct. 19, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Monnie (Marjorie) to her sisters, Dot and Phebe. She talks about school and the other children. Two ladies from the Methodist Mission were visiting and one caused Ellen's knee to feel much better. Envelope is marked "Examined by Censor." Letter in the collection of Jill Jackson.]

Envelope addressed to:

Misses Dorothy and Phebe Beard.
110 E. College St. [Tank Home]
Oberlin, Ohio.
U.S.A.

In bold letters on the back of the small 3" X 3 1/2" envelope is the number 389 and the words "Examined by Censor"

Foochow, China
Oct. 19, 1917.

Dearest Dot and Phebe,

We got a lot of mail last night, (because we haven't had any for about a month) and your (Dot's) letter was in it. I was so delighted with it that I read it over twice. I was glad to get Phebe's too. Mamma is teaching us reading, writing, arithmetic, history and everything except geography. Mrs. Newell is teaching us that. We go to history with mamma to college with the Chinese college boys. Just think of girls of nine and eleven studying with boys in the teens and twenties! But it's lots of fun. At first Punk cried and made a fuss and I didn't want to go. But when we had been two or three times we liked it. There are three children in the compound, now, besides us. They

are, Dwight Newell, 5, Marion Jean Newell, 2, and Charles Francis Belcher, 2. Francis is so cunning. He has a little yellow curly head and his curls go bobbing up and down whenever he runs. Everybody thinks the world of him. Mr. Ray Gardner just loves him. Mr. Gardner is engaged to a very stylish young woman who isn't pretty and whose name is Miss Adelaide Thompson.

We are learning the duet that Geraldine and Phebe used to play so fast, "The Awakening of the Lion". It is very easy for me and Kath. says that it is pretty easy for her. It's awfully pretty, isn't it? We can play it quite fast but not as fast as Jug and Freaky used to play it. We might go over to the Southside school next year. There are quite a lot of children over there in that school. It will be such fun boarding with Marjorie Bi. We have a bureau all to ourselves now. We had it made. It is painted white.

Well, I'll tell you how mama's knee got well! We had some summer boarders. They were ladies from the Methodist Mission. One, Miss Grace McLurg was a Hingua missionary and the other was Miss Emma Eiley. Miss McLurg was tall and slim and the other was short and fat. Miss Eiley loved Punk because she reminded her so much of her niece, Ruth when she was Punk's age. Miss McLurg liked me because-I don't know why. Well, one time we all went to the tank and went in swimming. Mamma was standing with one foot up and Miss E. was standing by her. Miss E. saw mama's foot and it was such an irresistible temptation to pull her big toe, so she took hold of it and pulled. Mama felt something snap in her knee and she was afraid Miss E. had done something to her. But when she was walking home she said that her knee felt lots better than it used to. She had never had any trouble since, that I know of except that she can feel a storm coming in it. I guess that I shall close now.

With lots and lots of love to all,
Your sister Monny

*[This letter, dated **October 23, 1917**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. The flooding has brought the children back to school at different times. Students and teachers made chili sauce and canned pickles. Mary has been playing some tennis. The envelope has been labeled "Examined by Censor 322". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tuesday P.M.
October 23, 1917

Dear Ones at Home-

I am the guilty one who did not write last week- no this Sunday either. Last week I took all the children for a walk to see the "Altar to Heaven" of Tungchow. Then we ??ed over to the railroad track and followed that line. It was a glorious day and the children had begged for several Sundays for a walk. This last Sunday I sent them off for a walk alone and made the most of the quiet home to get a nap. Naps are a luxury- more so than ice cream even for we get that every other night while naps do well if they get in every other week. We are still gathering in the children. The big TeChow floods brought two. They are fifth graders whom their parents were keeping home for one more year. A community lady has put her 12 year old daughter in. Not yet have the Ramsays arrived although the road is practically repaired and others are travelling back and forth at will. They are not eager to come and are probably later or earlier in carrying out duties than others. We are 29 in our dining room already and will be 32 when everyone is here. The cook is acting terribly mean and offish so I expect any day to hear that he has gone a step too far and received his walking ticket. He waxes insolent or saucy and takes such monstrous "squeezes" that we are continually trying to curb him.

A week ago Monday I took my first trip to Peking since school opened. I went up at noon and met Miss Bostwick. Then we went to Lun Fu Ssu, the big temple fair that is held every ten days. We had great fun visiting all the stalls and made a few purchases. There were many foreigners there whom I knew. It was a day for brasses evidently and I never have seen a finer display. I wanted them all but bought only three pieces.

Last week I mailed the two packages to you at last. If I remember I sent a list of the contents in my last letter. I get into Peking so seldom that I have made but few purchases suitable for Xmas. Did the embroidered dress I sent in Mother's name ever reach you? I sent it in the spring sometimes but am no sure of the date. I thought to get it home so it could be made up for the summer if anyone wanted it.

Wed. P.M. Still it rains! Today has been a very dark day with no sun and occasional showers. Such weather for us to have now! This afternoon all of us pupils and teachers too gathered in the dining room to prepare tomatoes for pickles. We fixed 21 pounds of the ripe tomatoes for Chili Sauce and 14 pounds of green ones for Chopped Pickles. It took us just one half hour. Then we teachers measured and weighed the tomatoes and other ingredients. I had two good weeps over chopping the onions and a sneeze over using so much pepper. It was fun to do it all.

Mrs. Fenn and William sailed for America October twelfth. Almost Christmas time they will be passing through Connecticut to place William at school in Mount Herman. I do wish they could stop and see you in Shelton. Mrs. Fenn is one of the finest women I have met out here. She is clever in the superlative degree and humorous "Billy", as he is generally called has been one of our first boys for three years and we miss him very much. He is like his mother in being clever; has an excellent mind, in fact is almost too much of a genius to be willing to get down to hard work; but is true boy in line of fun and play. That is enough of a eulogy for one boy, I think! They were here for an afternoon just two days before they left Peking. Our ladder tennis tournament is on. I have played three matches and gotten badly beaten. My one consolation is that I was not beaten much more the last time than the first and I was playing a better player. Mr. Beers has consented to crack [or watch?] me and I hope I can improve my game. We have had a fun good sets of doubles, but these are not tournament games.

I must close and get at my evening's work because I already have spent part of the time in a private lesson and I determined that this letter should be off before another day was past. Phebe's last letter came after I wrote last. I hope you are all still well.

Do you know anything about anyone sending me the "Independent" for a period of three or four months? One copy has arrived, but I know not whom to thank.

Lots of love to you all.

Mary.

P.S. Willard forwarded a most interesting letter from Elizabeth. I was so glad to get it. We do appreciate each and every letter, I assure you.

Mary.



Halloween North China American School
Tunghsien, China [Tungchow- about 1917. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **November 11, 1917**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about the latest Pasttime Meeting. Their post office name will be changed to Tunghsien now because the government feels the "chou" or "chow" name ending reflects the old style imperial days. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S.
November 11, 1917

Dear Ones at Home,

A hand-drawn floor plan of a building, likely a school or institutional structure, showing various rooms and corridors. The plan is drawn on a grid-like layout with handwritten labels in cursive script.

- Top Left:** A large rectangular area labeled "Court". To its right is a smaller area labeled "2 gals. run" (2 girls' run).
- Top Center:** A small square area labeled "1 gal's run" (1 girl's run).
- Top Right:** A rectangular area labeled "Kitchen". To its right is a small square area labeled "entrance".
- Middle Left:** A rectangular area labeled "Therapist's room". To its right is a rectangular area labeled "Corridor".
- Middle Center:** A rectangular area labeled "1 gal's run" (1 girl's run).
- Middle Right:** A rectangular area labeled "Chin. Room" (Chinese Room).
- Bottom Left:** A rectangular area labeled "Court". To its right is a rectangular area labeled "Dining Room".
- Bottom Center:** A rectangular area labeled "Guest room".
- Bottom Right:** A rectangular area labeled "Enal's room" (Enal's room).
- Far Right:** A small square area labeled "gatehouse".
- Far Left:** A vertical line with the word "Shed" written vertically next to it.

The plan includes various lines and arrows indicating the layout and flow of the building. The handwriting is in cursive and appears to be from a mid-20th-century document.

The last week brought a letter from Stanley and Myra. I am glad they were so well when they wrote. Their letters always have such a ring of happiness that I rejoice to receive them.

Monday P.M. I have been in Peking all day. Miss Bostwick and I went up this morning. She intended to return at night but I was to get back at noon. Alas errands were too long drawn out and I missed it. About two weeks ago I bought the fur for a coat. It is commonly called "Leopard skin" but is really Mongolian cat, which is a small species of leopard. Today I bought the goods for the outside- for I shall wear the fur inside. I enclose a sample of the goods I purchased. We had luncheon with the Wilders. The more I see of Mrs. Wilder, the more I like her. They are both quiet people but very true and sincere.

Wednesday P.M. We are having glorious weather, clear and crisp. So far our family of thirty has enjoyed splendid health and so have the natives round about us. Doctor Love says his hospital will begin to feel our prosperity unless he gets a few patients more.

I must close and get outside for a bit of the clear crisp air of which I spoke.

Mary.

Mary



Written on back of photo: "Our thirty five children. The star marks Mrs. Corbett's oldest son, Alfred".
 [Far left, 3rd from front. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated Nov. 17, 1917, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Smith and family are back and Kathleen and Marjorie are playing with the Smith girls. The streets of Foochow are being widened and Willard says the sun can now reach into the streets easier and kill the germs that cause sickness. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
 Nov. 17th 1917

Dear Mother:-

This is Saturday night. The children are in bed and all is quiet and it is only 8:30 p.m. and no prospects of callers. I must get to bed early for tomorrow I plan to walk five miles, preach and conduct communion and eat a Chinese dinner and walk home again.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Smith arrived back from furlough last Monday. They brought Helen as far as Shanghai and left her in the American School there. Eunice 11 and Margaret 6 are with them. Both Mr. and Mrs. Smith were "quite seedy" as the English say when they went home, but they seem very well now. Of course Marjory and Kathleen are putting in every minute playing with Eunice and Margaret. You see with Rachel Hodous and the Billing family away from our compound our girls feel lonely and the coming of Eunice and Margaret must be utilized to the full. They have been playing specially hard all day today. After supper we had prayers and both girls were ready for bed at 7:15. The Smiths will stay in Foochow until after Annual Meeting Nov. 20 to 27, then go to Ing Tai.

We are having superb weather. Until three weeks ago the weather was very warm. We wore our white wash shirts and were still too hot. It was also very dry. But then we had a good rain and since then we have worn ordinary clothes with overcoats at times and at night we need four blankets. The days are bright and not hot, - ideal weather- like ours in September just before the frost comes. I think of father with his apples most all in barrels by this time. Corn picking is the order of every day. I wonder how the crops turn out this year and if it is possible to get help.

I received your good letter on Nov. 8 and one from Elizabeth Oct. 18. Elizabeth's account of a day at Century Farm was not only very interesting but it was most illuminating. We saw all of you at work, play and rest- even saw you pick out the blackberry pricklers. With five young people you must have been kept busy to keep them busy. The children write that they had a delightful summer at the farm. I hope they were useful.

Gould was twenty one last Tuesday. I suppose I ought to feel old to be the father of a son 21 years old., but I do not yet begin to feel old. You and father must feel some big to have grandchildren of age. If I had been as smart as you or if we had been Chinese you would now be trotting your great grand children on your knee.

Uncle Dan had better give over his wild bulls and fractious horses to other young men. We are looking every mail for news from Pearl River. The Am. Board mission here is very flourishing – in prospect. There are prospects of seven new missionaries [*babies*] within the next few months. As they will all be milk eaters we are wondering if it will affect the price of milk.

Improvements continue to be made in the streets of Foochow and they improve in quality as the people see the advantages. At first the narrow streets ten feet in width were broadened to twelve or fifteen feet wide, and they are talking of going over those widened once and making them broader. It is a pleasure to walk on the smooth streets – we do not need to continually look to see if our foot is going into a hole or if we will stumble against the next stone with its edge five inches above the other one. The sun gets into these broad streets and kills the bacteria so the city is much healthier.

I am putting this into an envelope addressed to Phebe M. – containing a letter to you from one of the girlies written some days ago.

Sunday evening: This morning at 8:45 Ellen and I started for a place in the country about five miles from our home. I walked all the way and Ellen walked and rode. We arrived at 10:30, just as the bell rang for service. I had to get right into the pulpit. When the preacher asked the audience to rise while he prayed I remained seated to let the molecules in my legs readjust themselves. Then I preached and conducted communion. We ate dinner with the preacher and his wife. Ellen got away with about half a bowl of rice while I devoured two bowls. Then to even things up with the preacher Ellen left all the lunch we took, for them.

Last Thursday evening we had the College Faculty in for dinner. Thirty one sat down. This is only the Faculty for the Middle School. Would you like to know what we gave them to eat? = 1st course, fried fish, native cabbage, mashed sweet potatoes, 2nd course chicken with biscuit, onions, crabapple sauce, 3rd course pudding (steamed) with egg sauce – bananas, pumelo, tea. In one end of the room were four squashes raised by Dr. Gillette and sent up for the compound. After dinner I rolled the largest one the length of the table and some of the Chinese tried to lift it. It weighed 72 lbs.

We are all well and happy and busy. May God keep you all, use you all and make you all a blessing – Lovingly Will.

[This letter, dated Nov. 18, 1917, was written from Tungchow, China, by Flora to the folks at home. They bought a new Singer sewing machine. The teachers and children will be going to see Pres. Feng Kwo Chang and the Imperial City. Envelope is labeled "Censored No. 34 VR". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Nov. 18, 1917]

Dear folks at home:-

The days go by so rapidly that it is only by looking back that I can realize that a full month has gone by since I have written you. Mary has been faithful to her bi-monthly turn, so you know that we are well. We have a fine school this fall and every one has kept well so far. The quality of work compares with that of our first year and the spirit of the school is sympathetic to our ideals. Our new piano is a joy. The new sewing machine arrived yesterday. It is a Wheeler and Wilson. It seems the Singer S.S. Co. has bo't the W.W. Co. out. This was one with the W.W. Co's name on so they gave it to us for \$45 silver. They guaranteed it for five years just the same as their own, so I hope we have a bargain. They assured me that the S.S. Co's "parts" fitted this, so I can't see why they haven't done us a good deed.

On Wednesday a party of us teachers and pupils to the number of twenty-seven are going to the palace to be received by Pres. Feng Kwo Chang. This a great day for us for it is what I have been wishing for the school. These children will appreciate the opportunity of seeing the Imperial City. We hope to see the palace on the island where the late emperor was imprisoned and a number of other historical spots. The whole of us will have to spend the night in Peking and we plan to get up at 5 A.M. and take the 6.10 A.M. train back to Tungchow where we arrive in time for breakfast at our own table. We have all the children placed out in different houses for the night. Isn't this fine!

I am nearly destitute of winter under flannels and have forgotten to ask you to get some for me. Will you please purchase for me four union suits – long-legged, elbow sleeves, and low or Dutch neck. (I like the Dutch or square neck best). I do not care for the very heavy ones and I want all cotton. I used to give \$1 each, but they are probably more now. If you can get size 7, I should like it, but I can wear size 6 comfortably, if you can't get the other. Did I ask you to get me some black stockings? I need a half dozen pairs, of the heavier weight of the quality that one used to purchase at 3 pair for #1. It almost seems to me that I have asked you for I think I remember having included my wish to have the half white footed kind.

Did I tell you that I have been having a new dark blue silk suit made, and an evening dress in which I have used my white silk lace waist? It is to be a dream. I have a Japanese dressmaker who is a marvel at fitting, making them. I expect this will last me to get home in.

Did I write you that the thread, darning cotton, and counterpanes got here all right? Everything seems to be getting through, tho' a long time at it. I hope to get a few parcels off to America within the next few days. I fear they will hardly get there in time for Xmas but I hope they may.

I have been so busy with storm windows, Household Science furnishing, caring for garden materials, etc., that time has slipped by more rapidly than I have thought.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
Nov. 18, 1917.



Written on back of photo: "Entrance to the palace where we met President Feng. See Flora's smile". [Far right. Another copy of this same photo is in Mary's photo album, but her caption under it is "Going to see President Hsu". They visited President Hsu in November of 1918. Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **November 25, 1917**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She was one of about 170 people to visit Pres. Feng and tour the palace. She refers to some narrow escapes of family members back home. They have had some trouble with their help. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

November 25, [1917]

Dear Ones at Home,

A fine long letter from Phebe came this afternoon. I fear there was one more gap in letters- this time because the letter did not start. It is almost Thanksgiving and we are planning for a school dinner at noon. Then we teachers are all invited to the compound dinner to be held at Mrs. Corbett's this year in the evening.

This last week has been one of interest. It started very common place but glorious as to weather. On Wednesday- a party of thirty of us went to Peking at noon to join the Language School for a call on President Feng and a visit to the grounds. There were about 170 in the party. We went directly to the audience room where we waited almost fifteen minutes for the guards to get in place. Then Pres. Feng came out with two more guards and his interpreter. He welcomed us as foreigners interested in his country and here to learn his language so as to help open up the interior of China. Then Dr. Arthur Smith responded by a Chinese parable to the effect that we are all children of the same great parent therefore bound to each other by the ties of brotherhood. Pres. Feng invited us to sit down ("Ching Tzoa") and motioned to the side rooms. We found tea and cakes there and refreshed ourselves with the same. Then we visited the island where Kwang Hsu was imprisoned for seven years. It is a beautiful little spot but I

should not like so long a sojourn there. His king (bed) is beautifully padded and the furniture is of mahogany or the heavy dark wood of which the Chinese are so fond. The mottoes which the Empress Dowager had written in various parts of the room are still there. They assure the reader that the world is full of happiness, beauty, blessings etc. What a ?? in that place! All other places of interest were closed but we wandered about the grounds and looked longingly at exteriors. No wonder we saw little! Premier Juan resigned the next day and Pres. Feng was left alone without cabinet or helper. All this had been brewing for some days and we had feared lest our call be called off.

We were scattered all over the city in twos, and threes for the night but all met for the 6.10 train the next morning. We again had our private car and were safely returned in time for breakfast.

Thursday night Mr. Gordon and Mr. Beers gave a dinner party. Jean Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. Porter and I were the guests. We had an excellent dinner then made divinity fudge for entertainment. I resided at the stove as usual. We did not stay late because of the early rising of the previous morning- 5.00 A.M.

Yesterday Mr. Barre, father of one of our girls and member of a private concern for advance of the American agents located at London to look after the Belgian Relief work when it was started and he worked with them for a year or more. Hoover and Stalker were the men he spoke of as heads of it. He had charge of the finances. One morning he received one check for 500,000 lbs. also one for 12 pence[?]. Every one gave according to his means. His was the task to help supply ships for transportation, invest the funds in food, receive the pay for foods as sent back for Belgium and reinvest. The details of the work were and are stupendous. They have over 70 ships. Spanish and Dutch men are doing the distributing now beyond Rotterdam but Americans still do all the rest. America now supplies the \$15,000.00 monthly for ??.

The TeChow floods have receded so that several families have returned. The Cadys go soon with their little new baby. Mrs. Stanley hopes to get home for Christmas but is not sure of doing so. Their home has only half of a second story and so far everyone is living in the second story.

Certainly there have been some narrow escapes at home- Gould and Monnie in the barn and now Stanley and Mr. Palmer from the dog. We have real cause for Thanksgiving this Thursday in that these four lives were so miraculously saved.

Mon. A.M. It got to be 10.30 so I went to bed and left my letter to finish this morning. I wonder if your man and wife did return. Would that we could either have strength to do our own work or get responsible help. We are having troubles too. The head cook is squeezing way beyond reason- and is suspected of being implicated in some opium smuggling which has been going on. The watch man of the compound is already in prison on definite charge. Our boy may also be implicated as the three are known to be friends. Vacation may see a change in our forces. Both are good in certain ways, but we can not sanction any such acts provided we can prove anything. One of the servants sprained his knee and has to be laid off for six weeks. Fortunately three of those will be vacation weeks.

The tailor was down last Thursday and I gave him my fur coat to make also the two blue dresses to make into one.



The dress will be like this.

The drawing looks as though I were very fat and I am weighing as much as usual but not quite so portly as the sketch. My coat is very plain with large arms size, broad belt and deep collar that buttons up tight or hangs open as I wish.

Mrs. Burgess tells me that you have to pay a war tax of 60 cents on every parcel received. I almost hesitate to send much under that condition though I suppose you could not begrudge that extra to help on the cause.

I must get busy on papers and study as I have to go to Peking this afternoon to get some money for Miss Bostwick to pay off the servants during the week.

Here's another set of wishes for a Happy Christmas and 365 bright days in 1919 [1918]. They ought to arrive for New Years but I fear that a month is too short a time to get them home for Xmas. How we will miss Ruth this first Christmas! I wonder if Myra and Stanley will be able to get to Connecticut? Lots of love Mary.

[This letter dated Dec. 9, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. A group of evangelists are in Foochow meeting with the missionaries and discussing how to bring men to be Christ's followers. Willard says he sometimes feels that his work duties keep him from dealing with men on a more individual level. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
Dec. 9th 1917

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

A week ago I wrote Geraldine and in the letter I enclosed a \$5.00 bill for Gould. I did not register this letter. We are momentarily expecting the home mail. As Nov. 19th was the date of the reception of the last home mail you can guess that we are hungry for news of our loved ones.

We have had superb weather for two months- just one light rain- every day bright nights cool and cold,- frosts the past two nights, but my garden is all right as yet. We are having delicious lettuce – and had one dinner of turnips, beets coming on soon, peas in blossom, tomatoes also in blossom.

Day after tomorrow we expect a party of evangelists- Messrs. Buchman, Day, Tewksbury- Turner, Blackstone, Pugh with two or three Chinese. They plan to meet only selected groups- such as pastors, preachers, students etc. twenty five in a group. Then after four days with these groups all the groups will meet for a final service. And for this final service each of the members of the groups must bring with him a man who needs help.

The ideal of the groups is to get men to go to work to evangelize. The church is not a live evangelistic church, and we hope to help Christians to become alive.

Dec 13 – The Buchman party is here and the group meetings are going nicely. Of course this small group idea is the strongest incentive possible for the students and others to want to join the groups. Men are much like cows. Cows may have all they can eat placed before them but if they can see grain or other food- perhaps not as good as what is given them, fenced away from them they will break down the fence to get it.

Last night over one hundred missionaries met with Mr. Buchman. He talked with them for about an hour then all had supper together at the Y.M.C.A. Mr. Blackstone paid the bills. And after supper Buchman talked again for an hour. He sits as he talks and uses a conversational tone. His method is not to make an address. His object is to help people to see the importance – the necessity of dealing with men as individuals, and helping them to become Christ's followers. To do this we must first win the confidence of men. Then win their confession. Then will follow naturally conversion and conversion. The missionaries need this help to keep them doing his personal work. I sometimes think that the reason for the decline in personal work among the Chinese is due almost entirely to the decline in the same work among the missionaries. We have had duties = things to do= so multiplied and our time has been so filled up with administration and teaching that the personal dealing with men as individuals has been neglected. I wrote someone a week or so ago that I have often during the past few years felt as if my time was so taken up with doing things that there was none left to just be, which is the important thing. And I am afraid that this is the case with very many people. Do you ever feel that way? It takes satisfaction out of ones life and gives one a burned feeling and a sense of not getting things completed. One is apt to get to sitting up too late and thus gets tired and generally behind. My only way to rectify such wrongs in my own life is to stop short- often with work undone and go to bed at nine o'clock, then I can get up at six and feel like going to work.

Last Sunday we all four went out to a village near the foot of the mountain for communion. It was a beautiful bright fall day. We took lunch with the preacher and got home about 2:30 p.m. On the way out in the morning a Ford car passed us and then we met it- we had to go by the new road part of the way. When we came back, the poor little car lay in the bottom of a creek on its side- no one was hurt. But it made us feel sorry to see the nice little friend so humiliated.

The mail came Sunday night about a 9 o'clock, and brought a letter from Gould. He did not mention any of his sisters so we take it for granted that you are all "developing fast" and are all right. By the time this reaches you it will be vacation with you and possibly another term will have begun. Your best source, and a never failing source, of council is God. Keep his confidence and be sure that He has yours.

Very lovingly Your

Father

Willard L. Beard.

We are all well.

[This letter, dated Dec. 11, 1917, was written from Foochow, China, by Willard to the girls (Flora and Mary). He mentions many missionaries and what they are doing. Gould is trying to get into aviation for the war. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow

Dec. 11- 1917

Dear Girls [*Flora and Mary*]:-

The last mail-Sunday evening brought Mary's good letter with Phebe's enclosed. I have had this envelope addressed to you for- a long [*time*] with the letters from home in it. I actually thought it had gone until a day or two ago I found it on my desk. The coolie has taken a fancy recently to clean up and straighten out my desk and this envelop he covered up with other papers. Well now isn't that a plausible excuse?

It seems as if time grew scarcer every year. This year much of Hodous' work has come on me and my odds and ends of time are fuller- really there are odds and ends of time now.

The annual meeting with the Chinese was over Nov. 28. We had one session of mission meeting at the same time. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Eunice and Margaret got here just in time for the annual meeting and left for Ing Hok two weeks ago where they are as happy as ever.

Mr. and Mrs. Storrs are here now. Dr. Bliss wanted Mrs. Storrs to go to Shanghai for the birth of the child. They plan to go up on the boat that will take this letter.

We had a very pleasant Thanksgiving dinner in Mrs. Newell's new home. All the Foochow people were present except Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Garretson. They may have gone with Mr. and Mrs. Peet.

Messrs. Buchman, Day, Blackstone, Turner, and Tewksbury and Misses Paxon, Davis and a Mrs. Adams have just arrived to hold meetings with select groups for personal work. Mr. Tewksbury is to stay with us.

Gould is bound to get into line for the war. He found the aviation field full in New Haven. His letter that came Sunday said he had tried to enter in Cleveland the Signal Officers Reserve Corps. Aviation Station. They could do nothing about that there but referred him to Washington D.C. I hope the war will close soon. It seems to me a young man is every bit as patriotic if he keeps right on studying and is prepared to help rebuild the world when peace comes.

I am wondering when we shall hear that Dr. Shelton's gold piece is claimed by Pearl River. The last letters report Myra as quite well and planning one more trip to Shelton.

Isn't it nice that Mr. Kenneston is in Huntington. I hope they treat him well and that he will stay there several years. He ought to fit.

We are all well and full of things to do- which we call work. It sometimes seems as if I was so full of doing that I am in danger of not getting time to just be.

The Board has just granted us an exchange of two for one which quite eases up the financial problem with us. This is for salaries of missionaries. We had it for general work from Jan. 1- 1917. The new rule for salaries begins July 1- 1917 and holds for 1918.

All send love
Will.

[This letter, dated Dec. 16, 1917, was written from Tungehou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Chinese men who became destitute from the floods are being used to build a road between Peking to Tientsin. She requests to have her magazines renewed. They make scrapbooks with them for children and the hospital. Many from the compound attended a violin and piano concert, then a voice soloist in Peking. Envelope is labeled "Censored No. 88 VR". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Dec 16, 1917.

Dear Ones at Home,

I wonder if you too are getting a "cold wave". I have been watching our thermometer at 7.15 when we go to breakfast. On Thursday it was 28 degrees; on Friday, 18 degrees, on Saturday 10 degrees. This morning at 8.15 it was only 14 degrees so I judge it was about 10 degrees at 7.15. We had a high wind Thursday to start us off. The wind is rising again now as I write and the thermometer is low- 16 degrees at four o'clock.

"Four days more and then vacation." Every last child is going after all so we three teachers will be alone. The vacation is planned full with the Christmas Day festivities, an "Old Home Day" the last Friday of the month and dress making, and dentistry to get done.

Yesterday was my social day. About 10.00 I received a note from Carol Love asking me for lunch. Dr. and Mrs. Stifler (Union Med. People) were coming for luncheon. Mrs. S. was Susan Reed Holyoke '07 and I knew her slightly. Fortunately I was giving a written lesson the first period so could accept without missing work here. Carol later had tea so that all the people could meet her guests. Mrs. Corbett asked if I would come to her dinner party on an eleventh hour invitation as one of her guests did not arrive. We were twelve at table and had a jolly good time. We stayed and played games until nearly eleven- a very late hour for a ?? festivity.

Today our service took the form of a Christian song service. Jean certainly gets spirit and beauty into the children's singing. We had ten or eleven carols and the children did very very well. I thought of Ruth on this her first Christmas in Heaven and of you on this first Christmas without her here among us.

The good road from Peking to Tientsin via Tunghsien seems to becoming a reality. Mr. Bailey has been coming down every day now for about two weeks. They have some 15000 men already at work and expect a force of 5000 soon. These are men who are destitute because of the floods last summer and fall. Instead of supporting them for nothing, they (the Government) are using them in this way. It is a project talked of periodically for some years. The present floods presented a new argument- the need of immediately employing thousands of men. Mr. Bailey got the government to promise as much as the Red Cross would give. Dr. Reinsch telegraphed for \$50000 and got it. The Relief funds of Tientsin gave another sum. Mr. Bailey is entrusted with the funds and a Chinese engineer who was trained at Tsing Tau under the Germans is helping boss the job. Mr. Stelle has just returned from a tour lasting nearly three weeks. He went out to pick out 1500 men from his district: men who needed the work. He took tags, which our children helped make, and gave one to each coolie chosen. As the man came in, they show these tags for identifications. Mr. Chandler has gotten men from Tientsin, and Mr. Hubbard from PaoTingfu.

At last the question of Mission Agent is settled. Mr. League withdraws for other work. Mr. McCann takes the work temporarily but Mr. Grimes returns in February to be the permanent head of the work. It has been a terrible mix up because of the inefficiency of Mc L. and his determination to hang on to the job at any cost.

The tailor still has my combination dress and fur coat. He is slow but can be forgiven since he has such a lot of work from us Tungchowites this time. The shoe man also is slow about getting shoes done. But the new men are not slow. They came in battalions almost. A tatting man was along this week. Another day two different curio dealers came. I made some purchases altho I am not sure of the wisdom of buying in these lines of war. The men are most anxious to sell and prices are fairly reasonable. I make an offer which I consider fair to us both and they can take it or not as they please. I tell them "pu yao chin" (It does not matter) and let them decide whether I get my goods or whether they keep them.

I wonder if I have remembered to ask you to renew my Literary Digest and Geographic Magazines. I find them useful and know of no better to replace them. The Digests are read by all the school. Lately I have removed all the covers and good pictures from the advertising pages to help make scrap books for the little children in one of the Sunday Schools and for the hospital. Dr. Love says that the men are very fond of picture scrap books.

Monday P.M. Dec. 14

I am going out skating for a while. We have to make the most of the ice before the dust spoils it and these few days are the time. The children were out all morning but I was busy taking off screens and pasting up cracks to keep the cold out. It took so long that I did not have time to dress to go to Peking.

I enclose a few pictures which I have taken recently. The one of us faculty is very bad of all of us but I let you see us at our worst. Miss Bostwick and I seem to be sticking out our tongues.



Left to right: Mary, Flora, Miss Bostwick, Miss [Jean] Dudley
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Back row left to right: Mrs. Stanley (1 reading class), Mrs. Corbett (1 reading and 1 spelling), Miss Bostwick, Miss Lyons (Domestic Science)
 Front row left to right: Mrs. Love (Physiology), Mary, Flora, Jean Dudley
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Do you remember the plate holder that Ruth sent out two years ago? I am having 'Lao Cho' the tinker make me some more which I shall give away this year. I forget what she gave but I am giving 40 tungzers (cents) each for them uncovered.

Did I write of the fine music I heard in Peking? A large party of us (ten) went out Friday to hear Mirovitch and Plastio in piano and violin. They were both wonderfully good to hear especially after our period of nothing of the kind. The next week Jean and I went up to hear Marie Lart sing. She was also very good. We sang the praises so high that several from here went up to a concert by all three a few nights later. We thought we had caught the 6.00 A.M. train enough times for a while so stayed home.

I have just had a Chinese shoe man make me a pair of high shoes. I gave him the last pair that Dektor sent out as a model. They fit well now and I am hoping that they will retain their shape. The white canvas ones are a success as I have found but these are my first leather ones. With shoes so high at home it seems best to try this way. These are \$10 mexican with rubber heels and those from Dektor cost me \$12.50 or more before I got them in hand.

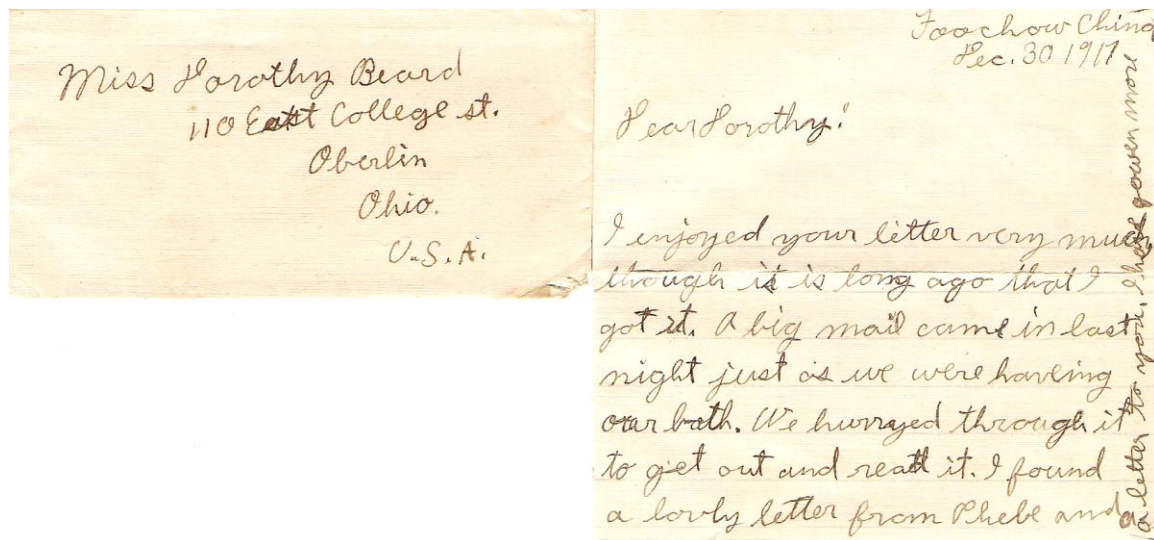
This will reach you about the time of Father and Mother's Wedding Anniversary. Best wishes and greetings to you both. How well the anniversary in 1914 returns to memory!

The sun has descended and the wind still blows so we are in for another cold night. It is impossible to keep our thermometer even as high as 65 degrees and mostly they are 56 degrees or 58 degrees. Flora longs for the new underwear you are sending. I have my heaviest out to put on tomorrow.

I do hope you are all well. It seems like a long time between letters sometimes. We are delinquent too these days I fear.

There goes the supper bell and I must close this without another sitting.

Lots of love Mary



[This letter dated **Dec. 30, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by 9 year old Kathleen to her sister, Dorothy. She tells Dorothy what she got for Christmas. Letter in the collection of Jill Jackson.]

Foochow China
Dec. 30 1917

Dear Dorothy:

I enjoyed your letter very much though it is long ago that I got it. A big mail came in last night just as we were having our bath. We hurried through it to get out and read it. I found a lovely letter from Phebe and post card and the loveliest profile of your face was'nt it [*was on it*]. The lips looked just like yours. But it seemed that the forehead was too high for yours. Tell me in your next letter who cut it out and how you did it. This is the paper Marjorie gave me for Christmas present. I'll try to name all of my Christmas. An apple pin-cushion – from Mr. and Mrs. Peet.

a table croquet set – from Charles Frances Bercher a baby

a puzzle- from Mr. and Mrs. Christain

a pad- from “ “ “ “

a set “ “ “ “

My Darling of paper dolls

Three fancy pins and a ribbon from Miss. McLurg

a ribbon – from I don't know who

a basket - “ Mr. and Mrs. Dennis

a box of fancy writing paper- from I think Mr. and Mrs. Stors

Three handkerchieves one from Miss. Garretson

one “ Eunice Smith

“ “ uncle Stanly and aunt Myra

I got in my stocking a tub of tooth past and an ink well that I am using now. Yesterday abler noon we went to one of the Bible womens houses to her Christmas excercises. It is not far from the compound. When we first got there, we were invited into the house and had tea then we went out into the court yard and saw the exercises. We children sang and Papa spoke. After it we went in and had some thing to eat. Mag. and I did not eat anything except a gak orange. You can picture me siting at a little table beside a stove writing a letter to you. I have gowen more than two in. since you saw me last I have lots more to tell but can't with lots of love K.C.B.

History of the North China American School
From: Bulletin Number Two [*or Prospectus*] of the North China American School
Tungchou, Chihli [*Province*]
[*From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

During the month of January, 1914, the North China American School held its first sessions, when children from the Presbyterian, Methodist, and American Boards met in the school taught by Miss Tennant in a building near the Union College in the American Board compound at Tungchou.

At this time correspondence was going on between China and America which resulted in the Misses Beard coming to take up the work of organizing the school. They arrived early in September, 1914, just in time to see the walls of the new school appear above the ground. Since there could be no home for the children until this building should be finished, it was decided that for one year a day-school should be held in Peking. The finding of a place proved so difficult a task that for more than two months thirty children attended school in two of the basement rooms of the Y.M.C.A. building on Hatamen Street. Just after Thanksgiving, the school moved to the compound on Kan Yu Hutung, which had been previously occupied by the International Tennis Club. Here were sunny rooms and a large playground. At Christmas time the parents and friends came to the house-warming. In April the whole school and friends made a trip to Tungchou to see the new building. Dr. Reinsch made the day doubly enjoyable by providing a special car for the railroad trip. The school year was closed with an outdoor program, to which more than one hundred fifty guests came.

During the year thirty-four pupils were enrolled in the school, representing the first two years of the high school and most of the grades. The faculty consisted of the Misses Beard, Mrs. Charles Young, and Mrs. Harry S. Martin. After the expenses of the year had been paid, a sufficient sum was left for opening the day-school in the fall.

September 14th, 1915 saw the arrival at Tungchou of fourteen enthusiastic children to be escorted by the four residing there to the new home of the North China American School just across the field of alfalfa in front of the foreign residences. Later in the year three more pupils joined the number, making a total of twenty-one. The joy of companionship did not lessen during the year, but added spirit to every event.

On October 12th came the dedication of the building, the American Minister, Dr. Paul S. Reinsch being the speaker of the occasion. At Christmas time several guests attended the children's Christmas entertainment, and the closing of the year's work in June was celebrated in company with seventy parents and friends. There was a picnic lunch on the lawn inside of the hedge, and later the children gave "Hiawatha" under the trees.

The work of the year was carried by the Misses Beard and Mr. Hosmer Johnson, with help in some subjects from Mrs. Galt, Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. Wickes, and Mr. Frame. A good balance in the treasury for the second time provided sufficient funds for opening the work in the fall. Several gifts came to the school, including over four hundred books, two United States flags, some table silver, and funds for Household Science and Manual Training equipments.

The children's health made it possible to reach the mark of 98% for attendance at school sessions, and the average for their scholarship was 89%. The development of outside interests manifested itself in the formation of a School Magazine, the Athletic Association, and the Household League, all of which are exerting important influences in the growth of character.

The present year has seen large growth along all lines.

1918

- America wins war with Germany
- Worldwide Influenza epidemic – 20 million die by 1920, 500,000 of them in the U.S.
- German Kaiser Wilhelm II abdicates
- Gould learns to fly at Kelly Airfield in San Antonio, TX
- Flora is 49 and Mary is 36. They are in Tungchou, China teaching at the North China American School.
- Willard, Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen are in Foochow, China.
- Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy are in the U.S.
- Willard is 53, Ellen- 50, Phebe- 23, Gould- 22, Geraldine- 20, Dorothy- 17, Marjorie- 12, Kathleen- 10.

*[This letter, dated **January 5, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, Chihli, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about their Christmas and New Years. Mary had a fur coat made and she feels that fur is the best thing to keep the cold out. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tunghsien, Chihli
January 5, 1918

Dear Ones at Home-

Two letters have come to give us holiday cheer this last week. The Nov 24 reached us by Dec. 28; the Dec. 3 on Jan. 3- so you see they made good time. The Christmas parcel did get here before Christmas but Flora kept it until Christmas morning. Many thanks for the Bible. It seems strange to not have to keep a look out for stray leaves or to hold both covers firmly because of the broken back.

When you write of the shortage of sugar I hardly dare make candy any more. But our native supply is good and as yet plentiful, so I have indulged twice in the luxury of doing so. Last Wednesday two of the Y.W.C.A. girls, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Holmes, walked down via the stone road. They lunched with us and we persuaded them to spend the night. For entertainment we invited in the three young men and made Divinity Fudge. We had a great surplus of milk and the bottles were increasing alarmingly so we had crackers and milk for supper. That is a great luxury here and one seldom indulged in because of the impossibility of obtaining the milk.

I must go back farther for news for Flora said she had not written since school closed. On Christmas day we had one side of the breakfast table covered with parcels and cards. When we were through eating we began and opened them. Flora gave me a lunch dish to match some napkins which she bought for me at Pei Tai Ho last summer. It is a beauty. The Bible was among the parcels too. After breakfast I visited nearly every home in the compound on various errands for our little play or the games of the evening. Incidentally I watched the two littlest babies at their baths, enjoyed a glimpse of the ecstasy of the Love children over their tree, and said a Merry Christmas to Helen Corbett who was in bed with a bad cold.

We three were invited to Mrs. Stelle's for dinner. Mr. Stelle was ill with an infected sore on his arm so was not with us. I played "pillow duck" with the children before dinner and we had an hilarious time.

After dinner we had to leave soon. Miss B and I to help set tables for our compound supper which was to be held in our dining rooms. I worked until 3.45 then came over here to complete final preparations for our play at 5.00 P.M. We made paper chains and stars, put snow on the floor, lit the lights etc. The actors and actresses were ready promptly but we had to wait for our audience. The play lasted only twenty minutes but the children were very dear and sweet. The littlest ones were in high glee in the new kind of game and quite unconscious of any spectators.

We had a short delay before supper, that the small babies might be fed and the older children redressed after the play. The eleven children were together at one table which was decorated with a Santa Claus drawing a sled over the ice (a mirror) surrounded by snow banks. In the sled were sticks of candy tied with red ribbons, one of which extended to each place. Small individual candlesticks with red candles added to the future appearance. There were twenty five of us adults at four different square tables.

After supper we progressed again and went to Mrs. Love's for games. Mrs. Corbett read a Christmas story then we played "Question and Answer", "Stage Coach", and "Virginia Reel." It was only ten when we broke up, after a full but happy day. For "Question and Answer" the party sits in a circle. Each person gives a question to his right hand neighbor and an answer to his left. The question starts, "What would you do if ___" and the answer starts, "I would". When all are ready the leader asks his question of someone in the group. That person gives in reply the answer that has been given him by his neighbor. Then this second person asks his question of someone else. Some very amusing combinations occur sometimes.

Your cold weather came a little earlier than ours and was nearly if not quite as cold. Our coldest was 6 degrees above zero as far as I know. We had three days in succession when it was 10 degrees above at 7.15. It was interesting that every morning the temperature was 2 degrees while we were at breakfast. I laid it to the fact that the sun rose during the time. It is a little warmer now so the thermometer at 8.00 or 8.30 when we go to breakfast is 16 degrees, 18 degrees or 20 degrees above zero. We are having so much wind that it seems even colder than it is. Mr. Porter was counting the windy days and the number in succession was 19 last I knew. We have had wind every day but one since then.

The Friday after Christmas (the 28th) was the day of our Tungchow Old Home celebration. It was a better afternoon, cold (12 degrees) and very windy. Several guest did not come because of the weather. We had a lap supper at Mrs. Stelles- 39 of us. Then we adjoined to one big sitting room for a musical. The program was arranged in three parts. The first and last were musical. The middle one was reminiscences of first days at Tungchow. We began with Dr. Goodrich who arrived 51 years ago-then Mrs. Sheffield, 48 years ago and ended with Mrs. Huggins

who reached China last Fall and comes here to live next Fall. After the program we had a Virginia Reel and ended with a Grand March.

Saturday morning we played Rook part of the morning to entertain the girls. In the afternoon some of the people took a long walk but I was not equal to it. Mrs. Corbett gave a tea so I went there instead, and walked to the station to see the guests off. Dr. Porter arrived that evening to spend Sunday with Flora. I went to church at the Porters. There were ten of us. After dinner we had games and ended with "Letters" so it was late before we departed.

On Monday Dr. Porter, Miss Bostwick, Flora and I all went on a "Bat". We put up sandwiches, after returning from Mrs. Corbett's Sunday night. (We had had supper there). We went outside Chien Men (big front gate) in Peking and poked around in Chinese shops; curio shops, silk shops, brass shops and any kind that took our fancy. For lunch we went to the Bakery where they serve hot drinks and fancy cakes. We had chocolate and cream puffs to supplement our sandwiches.

On New Year's Day Flora and I made the "One Egg Cake" in layers and Mocha filling. This we served with coffee or tea to all adults who were in the compound. We were twenty because there had been a breakdown on the morning train and only Mrs. Love had thought to go to Peking at the late hour of 11.30.

Did I write that I have my fur coat and like it very much. The sleeves were too short but the tailor lengthened them. I have worn it to Peking twice and it is good to be able to keep warm. My blue coat did not keep out the wind in spite of its weight. The Chinese have a saying that neither wadded garments nor woolen ones can keep out the wind, only fur can do it. I believe it now. No woolen garment could be warmer than my blue coat made from one of Ben's blankets, but I have been cold in that many times. We got a black fur for a coat when outside Chien Men last Monday. We got it for Mother's next year's Christmas present and perhaps the next two. Now we are debating how to have it made up. We will have it made with a white covering so that the real covering can be changed. We do that because it is so very expensive to get fur sewed at home and so cheap here. (I gave \$10 to get mine made.) The covering will be more reasonable at home unless you want a silk one. Jean Dudley will take it home for us next June and remail it to you from her home. Flora and I will get a little wear out of it this winter. I wish you had it in hand to protect you against the cold of which Phebe writes.

I did not intend the lace for anything in particular. For Christmas if you decided, or for yourselves or for sale. I bought them because I considered them very pretty and most reasonable and I knew you girls could either use them yourselves or find a user. I have a slip with the insertion and lace to match in the flounce and like it very much. Do you want more? A lace man visits us here at irregular intervals and has very pretty patterns.

We are still watching the mails for news of Susie-John's arrival. I was glad to hear that Myra and Stanley could get up for Thanksgiving and that they returned all safely. It is too bad that Frank has been ill again. We had letters and handkerchiefs from Hattie this week.

How I should love to see Ben's children, Helen's babies and all of you. I call on Carol often for a romp with Jenn and Betty. Betty reminds me of Edith Louise when her age very much. I try to picture Edith as a big girl and wonder if I should know her now.

I am glad you are keeping Ruth's room as she wanted it. I hope Aunt Ella and Uncle Dan still keep well. They must feel that the extra care last winter paid.

I shall write Seaver soon at that lengthy address. Please send me Thorpe Sturgesse's address when you get that, so I can write them a note too. I wonder if Leolyn and Dr. Morgan are East yet. They were expecting to go East I heard since they could not go to Europe as they had planned.

It is 9.00 PM Saturday and the latest I have sat up except when we had company or were out this vacation.

Sunday P.M. This morning was glorious, calm, not very cold and dear. Miss Bostwick and I decided to make the most of the good day and walk to the river. It is about two miles east of us and used to be the head of navigation where all the tribute rice was unloaded for storage or for reshipment to Peking via the canal or stone road. The wind rose and when we reached the river it was blowing a gale. The sand was blowing like a Gobi dust-storm. The river was frozen and the dust so thick we couldn't see even the boats drawn up on the banks until we almost touched them. We came home in the lee of the city wall so got out of most of the wind. The dust was not bad except for the half mile next the river. It is time to dress for lunch. Lots of love and wishes for the new year, that it may be full of joy and blessings for you all. Mary.

[This letter, dated **January 6, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. Mrs. Frank Buckman came to Foochow and spoke of forgiveness to fellow men. This inspired Willard to ask Mr. Peet for forgiveness over their differences. Mr. Peet had previously been recalled by the Board. Many babies have been born lately to the missionaries in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
Jan 6th 1918

Dear Mother:-

The last mail brought your god letter. Phebe's came also. I'm sending them to the girls. How we should enjoy some of those apples! And how you would enjoy some of our roses that hang in profusion on the bushes, and more yet some of my lettuce and turnips and fresh beets, and in another ten days or two weeks green peas. The weather has been very cold for a month. Each morning in the dining room the thermometer says about 40 degrees. One morning last week Mrs. Kinnear sent up a cake of ice ½ in. thick. That's pretty cold for this place. We are wearing our thickest clothes. But the days are bright and clear and the air dry. This is much better than the damp cold and ten degrees higher.

I have just written the girls that Ellen tells me to spend next Summer with them. She thinks it is too much for her to go and take the girlies so I may be in Pei Tai Ho next Summer.

Ray Gardner wants to get married in the summer and wants me to marry him, but there are plenty of others.

Did I write any thing about the visit of Mrs. Frank Buckman and party to Foochow some three weeks ago? Their message was very simple and given very quietly and informally to small groups of twenty five. Lead Men to Jesus was the message= do personal work. To do this one must get right with his fellow men. To feel hard against another makes any body shrink from speaking personally to others urging them to accept Jesus and be saved. There was some confessing while the party were here- they spent a week in Foochow- but the greatest results with us have come since the party left. In the College there were nine men of the graduating class who had not joined the church. To day I baptized these nine men. From the Higher Primary here twenty one united with the church and there were three from the government Silk School, making in all 33. Many of the boys have made confessions of wrong deeds. In one of Ellen's classes the boys of their own accord confessed that they had agreed to unite and say they were unable to get all the lesson,- a boy who for three years has declared he would never become a Christian, rose the other day and said "I believe in Jesus and I am going to be a Christian."

After thinking the matter over very carefully for several days I went over and had a talk with Mr. Peet. You knew the Board recalled him in 1915. He did not go home. Then the Board got the N. China mission to call him up there to join that mission to be supported by the Board. He refused to go. Then the Board wrote definite instructions to stop his salary Aug. 1st 1917. Since then he has lived in his own rented house and is doing odd jobs as he gets a chance.

I have felt pretty hard against him for several things that he has done that were against me personally and for others against me because I was head of the College. Such thoughts and feelings against any man are not right. A man cannot properly express Jesus to others while he is allowing such thoughts and feelings to find a place in his heart. So I went to Mr. Peet and told him that I had felt hard toward him and that I was going to stop it and that I should treat him as a friend. I have so written the Board, and I have told him that I would remove all objections to his returning to the mission as far as I was concerned, and that if he returned I should work with him in peace. So far he has not in any way acknowledged that he has done any wrong. So I do not know what the result will be.

All the members of the mission are trying to make it possible for him to return. As far as I can see all has been done that can be done until Mr. Peet himself does something.

We look for news that Dr. Shelton has his promised gold piece to Pearl River. Every week brings a new American to Foochow and there are more to follow. Gillettes in Diong Loh a boy. Charles Gorden. Then Elizabeth Waterbury Beach came. Then Pricella Belcher. Then Kathleen Twiley McConnell Y.M.C.A. Storrs, Leger, Kellogg-McClure are to follow. Oh I forget one or two down in Hinghua.

Gould is I suppose somewhere in training for the war. I pray that he may not only resist temptation but that he may while in camp and always be aggressive in helping other boys to resist and keep straight.

May God be with you all. Ruth's spiritual preserves is a great blessing. May God bring peace in His time. Thanks much for pumpkin- and other things came OK-Stanley and Myra gloves. Lots of love Will

*[This letter, dated **January 20, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, China by Mary to the ones at home. She is glad to hear that Myra and Stanley have a new baby named Nancy Nichols Beard after her grandmother. The school now has two pianos. The plague is bad in Northern China. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tunghsien
January 20, 1918

Dear Ones at Home-

Hurrah for Nancy Nichols! Phebe's letter came this week Wednesday. Mrs. Corbett had been enquiring for her so I hastened to announce her arrival. To day is Father and Mother's fifty fourth wedding anniversary. Therein lies another cause for rejoicing. I do hope Father continues to improve after Phebe wrote last. He has my sympathy for I had to be careful of what I ate and not to exercise too robustly for so very long. My wish is that he recover as fully as I have so he can eat what he likes and do the same with impunity.

Is Mother's rheumatism better? I was glad to read that your stoves are all up for the steady heat would be beneficial to Mother. We have a Christmas present for Mother for the next two years which ought to be good for rheumatism. Jean Dudley will bring it in June so you will get it out of season. Even though it seems too heating when it comes, save it till December and try it.

This week our second piano arrived. This is an American one but much cheaper than the one Mrs. Corbett got for us. We were paying \$5 a half hour per year for practice pianos and renting every piano in the compound for as long as the owners would let us. If we charge tho some and have our own piano we will soon pay for it. Then too we can use it all day instead of only at certain times when the owners are away and will not be disturbed. Eight men were supposed to carry it down but they got tired of their job and hired a cart for the last two miles. Their reason was unique. "The road was so rough we could not carry it, so we hired a cart to bring it." Remember, Chinese carts are without springs of any sort.

Flora was in Peking last Monday to read a short paper before the Mother's Club. Yesterday Mrs. Porter gave a tea and invited her to read it for us here. It was on Moral training of children of early school age and I am sure we all enjoyed hearing it.

We had Mrs. Ballon in for lunch on Thursday. Her baby is better and she went to Tientsin on Saturday. Dear little lad, he has had a hard time getting started, but is gaining his five to eight ounces a week regularly now.

Last night we had Miss Margaret Smith and Miss Huggins (Mable) in for supper. They will be here regularly and live in the West end here next year. Miss Smith is here now and lives with Mrs. Love.

The news for the plague district is most unsatisfactory. The three doctors who went up have returned. The authorities worked against them on all points so they felt they were doing no good. There are no trains to the north of Peking except specials to carry mail or officials who are authorized to go into the district. The quarantine in Shansi is as strict as they can make it, but that is not very good. At one place the station master was quite incensed because two troublesome foreigners were interfering with his business of selling tickets. [*The "Report of the Shansi Plague Prevention Bureau 1918" is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Dr. Smith preached for us today and gave a rousing talk. "Wisdom is better than the work of war" and "A little bit of foolishness will spoil the whole" were his themes. He is most graphic and vivid in his pictures. He illustrates well. For instance "One hornet can break up a whole assembly", "one pin carelessly dropped on a loom spoiled 1800 yards of cloth before it was discovered", "One feeble minded ancestor gave a whole line of feeble minded descendents in the Virginia family while the good blood of Jonathon Edwards gave a less multitudinous but more useful one in Massachusetts. He is speaking more slowly these days and, I think, more impressively.

I go to Peking tomorrow on the early train for a final appointment at the dentist. It is my first (the three visits) Dentistry in nearly two years and I had not a great deal of work. I hope this finds you all well once more. Soon we will be hearing that Nancy Nichols is developing. I went in and played dolls with the children tonight just because I was hungry to get hold of Nancy. A doll is a mighty poor substitute, I tell you! I shall give young David Burgess an extra squeeze tomorrow.

With lots of love

Mary L. Beard.

P.S. I enclose a draft of \$25 to be put on my account. Life Insurance policies have been paid and I fear my acct. is low. Written on back on Monday. Lovingly Mary.

[*This letter, dated **January 20, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his parents. Gould is in the aviation corps and Willard is glad he is happy there. Willard writes this letter while waiting for a boat and some natives think he is doing arithmetic. Because of the drought, water is expensive, small pox is worse, business is bad, and the political situation is uncertain. They are using native wheat and sugar because of the war. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Foochow, China.
Jan. 20th 1918.

Dear Parents:-

As I write here by my fireside you are just getting up on this the fifty fourth anniversary of your wedding day. I send my heartiest congratulations and hope there may be many happy returns of the day. I can not realize that within a few years I shall be fifty three years old, and that I have a son in the army. Gould wrote a week ago that he was to take his last examination for the aviation corps the week after he wrote. I could write pages about my feelings but it is needless. I am content and happy if he is where he believes God wants him to be. There must be a tremendous wave to pull young men into the war. I have wandered far in this paragraph from where I began. It only shows that the war is the all absorbing topic and will not [let] down. I must stop now and get to bed. More later.

Feb. 1st

The days between Jan 20 and today have been more than full with examinations, committee meetings, Commencements etc. It is necessary for all the schools to have meetings of their Boards of Management near the end of the year- just before commencement. I find myself now Chairman of three Boards of Management of Union institutions and Treasurer of one, and Chairman of the Board of Management of Foochow Coll. We held the Union Commencement of all our Mission schools in Foochow on Wed. p.m. Jan 30th. The array is somewhat impressive.

Foochow Girl's College	4 graduates
“ College	9 “
“ Girl's College Higher Primary	9 “
Woman's Bible School	4 “
Kindergarten Training School	2 “
Foochow College High School	16 “
“ “ Higher Primary	<u>11</u> “
	55 “

The orator of the day was Miss Lawrence Thurston President of the Girl's Union College of Nanking. All passed off very nicely. The day was perfect. In the evening of the day came the Alumni dinner, with some 130 to sit down. This year it was a coed affair with some 30 alumnae of the Girl's College present. This was a big innovation for us in Foochow, but all seemed to enjoy the innovation. There were present a young man, an alumnus of Foochow College and his fiancé just graduated from the Girl's College. A few years ago these two would not knowingly have attended the same church at the same time- lest they should see each other.

I am writing now at 7:30 a.m. in a boat on the river= waiting. I am on my way to Diong Loh to marry one of the students. The launch was said to be starting at 6 o'clock or a little after. I got here at 6:45 and am told it will start about 9 o'clock. After the momentum reached in the rush of the past month, it is just a bit queer to find myself so surfeited with time.

Letters come from some of you all the time, either by way of Tungchow or direct. The last letter brought the glad news that Nancy Nichols had come, and that she and her mother were both doing well. Just as examinations were closing at the College Mr. Ding Ming Uong sent me a note saying that a son was born to him that a.m. and the next day Mr. Ding Kai Ceng another teacher had a daughter. During the past five weeks our mission has been increased by girls in the Beach, Belcher and Storrs homes and a boy in the Gillette home, with Leger (Feb. 5, a girl Kathleen said “Why papa, you and Margaret Leger are twins). Kellogg and McClure to yet to hear from. - Boats are arriving from the shore with passengers, when we are full- this boat I mean- not us passengers- we will start.

Last Saturday we had, for Foochow a unique treat. A sister of Miss Daisy Brown is here visiting her. This sister graduated from the Oberlin Conservatory of Music last June in Pipe Organ. She gave a Recital last Sat. p.m. to about 80 foreigners and 200 Chinese on the new Pipe Organ. It was a rare treat for it is very rare in Foochow- or even in China that we can get the organ and the artist together. We have two men to pump for all ordinary playing. But for her we had to put on four, and it made them sweat. We also had her to play for Commencement. (The boat is filling with men, women and children- and tobacco smoke.-They say I am doing examples in Arithmetic.)

We plan to go to Ing Tai for a part of the vacation, - starting Feb. 8 and getting back Feb. 20. This will be a long time for me to be away. In April I shall plan to go to Shanghai to attend the Annual Meeting of the Continuation Committee of the 1910 Edinburgh Missionary Conference. And I am seriously contemplating spending the summer with the girls- somewhere.

The weather continues cold and dry. Each morning the ther. is at 40 degrees above in the dining room. The days are getting a little longer and the sun warms things up in the middle of the day but at 4 p.m. it begins to get cold. We have had no rain since the first of Nov. Wells are getting dry everywhere and people are paying 10X for ten gallons of water in some places and in other places they are drinking muddy water. Small pox is worse- owing to the drought. Business is very bad. Political conditions are in a state of uncertainty. We do not know just what they are. General Li here keeps himself very close, and his soldiers are in evidence everywhere. I suppose there is

fighting about Swatow. Canton province is against the Peking government and therefore against Canton. There is a report that the President Feng has left the Capitol for parts unknown.

This is the season of birthdays in the Beard family. Mother was 75 if I reckon correctly on Jan 30- the day of my commencement- I will be 53 in four days. Marjorie 12 on Feb. 17. Father 76 on Feb. 18. Stanley 35 Feb. 20. Flora 49 Feb. 25. Dorothy 17 on Feb. 26. -That is all that I think of just now. I wonder how many mistakes I have made.

Do you remember how cousin Charlie Beard of Milford used to tell dates? It seemed as if he could remember the date of birth, marriage etc of all his relatives and neighbors.

Your letters telling about Thanksgiving came not long ago, telling how war conditions changed the dinner. We have made changes in our table fare also- not as compulsory or radical as you have been obliged to do tho. American flour is about 12 cents gold a pound here. I looked up native wheat and an old mill and since Nov. we have used this native wheat ground in our own mill and made into gems.- We have had no raised bread for three months. I did the same for sugar. The granulated was costing us about 12 cents per lb. gold. I buy the native- like coffee sugar at home- a little brownish and soft and damp, for about 8 cents gold. It makes a big difference in the price of living. We are better physically too for eating the coarse flour. It is turning things up side down tho for you to have wheatless days and us to add more wheat to our diet- both for the sake of economy.

We are filling up- at 8:30- still filling up. Why did I not quietly take my rest till day light and get up as usual- instead of rolling out at 5 o'clock and starting before day light? It is warmer. I write without aching fingers.

I'll close now- the longest letter I have written in a long time. We think of you and talk of you often.

Did I thank you for the pumpkin? It came all right and is as good as it is every year. The girlies and Ellen's things came by last mail.

May God bring peace among the creations in His own time and make us all loving.

Lovingly

Will.

Feb. 7- His letter telling us that he was accepted is here and his banner also.



This photo was taken between 1916-1920 when Kathleen and Marjorie were living in China with Willard and Ellen. Willard and Ellen are seated in the middle with Marjorie next to Willard and Kathleen next to Ellen.
 [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter, dated **January 21, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, Chihli, China by Flora to the folks at home. The Rockefeller Foundation has taken an interest in the school. They are happy about the birth of Nancy Nichols Beard to Myra and Stanley. Will is coming to Pei Tai Ho for the upcoming summer without Ellen, Marjorie, and Kathleen. Pneumonic plague is coming closer to Tungchou. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Jan. 21, 1918]

Dear folks at home:-

Again it has been a long time between my letters. It seems to take so much time to attend to my school duties and to the looking forward for future expansion. In fact there is hardly a week without some new plan or development. We are well settled for this year but there is absolutely no room for next year's growth, and there are already four children more booked for next year- than the number going to America.

The latest sight on the horizon is the interest that the Rockefeller Foundation has taken in us. Our trustees invited their China Medical Board to come in on the union basis and Mr. Roger Green who is the diplomat directing the Rockefeller affairs out here has written to the American office recommending it so probably there is little doubt but that they will come in. We hope they do- and as generously as their superior pocket book should allow them. Mr. Green is also one of the members of an interesting association of American business men who are trying to help China and America- in several different ways, to be mutually useful to each other. Mr. Green spoke to the association as one of their banquets and said that one of the ways in which they could further their usefulness was to get behind this school and the one in Peking and give them a good backing. So-we are about to be discovered. Three gentlemen are coming to visit us. One, a millionaire bachelor business man, one who represents the "Herald" (New York), and one belonging to some banking corporation. We are going to let all these granders sit at our table and eat

of our school fare. They are to see us with as little of the show side as possible. Mr. Petters of the Union Language School in Peking is to report to the Executive Meeting of the Association next Friday night and then we are expecting our trio of visitors. Mr. Petters is to tell them of our equipment and of our needs, so here's for hoping for results.

School has moved along so pleasantly this year, since we have more teachers- even though we are still short. We are asking that our staff next year may be as many as six all time teachers. I do hope we may really have this number for I would like to have one year of a fairly normal amount of work to do, in order to let the people here realize that I am acquainted with something else than the pots and pans of a school, but I can forego that if there is no opportunities.

The last letter that came from home told of little Nancy Nichols Beard's arrival and Mary and I are clapping our hands for Nancy, both because of her safe arrival and because of her appropriate name. We are hoping for more news.

Will's last letter says that he is really going to spend the summer with us here in the North. We have not had time so far to plan what we shall do, but we want to show him some of the sights and then go to Peitaiho for the rest of the summer. I did hope to escape Peitaiho this summer but it will be worth the while for him to go and we shall enjoy it with his company. Mary likes it tremendously because of the bathing. Will will enjoy that too, besides meeting all the people. Ellen and the girls are not going to come. Ellen thinks it will be better for them not to travel so far in the summer time. Perhaps she is wise, but we are sorry that they are not coming.

Did I tell you that Mary's Bible and my hand mirror came safely? Both are in daily use! We are very happy to have each.

All North China is just now much concerned because of the epidemic of the pneumonic plague. It is slowly inching its way toward these parts, but there are several doctors doing all in their power to stop its spreading. It is more fatal than the bubonic plague, but by quarantine can be stamped out entirely, as it is carried only by man. Several foreigners in Peking have left, but I wonder how much these who have gone to Shanghai are bettered as there is a big epidemic of small-pox on down there.

Hope I shall not let so long a time elapse before I write you again.

Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard

Tunghsien, Chihli,
Jan. 21, 1918.

*[This small typewritten letter dated **Jan. 24, 1918** was written from Foochow, China by 9 ½ year old Punk (Kathleen) to her sister Dot (Dorothy). Letter is in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson. Included is an envelope about 2" X 4" and is addressed to:*

Miss Dorothy Beard

110 East College St. [Tank Home]

Oberlin

Ohio]

Foochow China

Jan. 24 1918

Dear Dot:

I have not gotten a letter from you for a long time. I am so glad that I have a little cousin*. But I won't see her until she is two year olds will I. I am just aching to see her. Mr. and Mrs. Stors have a little baby too. I expect you will laugh at my writing but it won't stay in. Mrs. Newell has leant us a book to play out of. And there is a fable [awful] pretty piece in it. It is called "THE EVENING STAR" and then another one "THE BLUEBIRD" that is a fable pretty too. Another is "THE RAINY DAY" I am just learning that. I don't spell very good I know. Because there is no one here to tell me how. Ho say Gould I should have written to him well will you take a message to him or let him read this letter. Tell him that we don't care for lady paper dolls just men because we have lots of ladys waiting for their husubund* just about a foot high. Papa lets me tipwrite all I want to. It is lots of fun doing it do you have one to do it with. Miss Lyda Brown is here that lady that Pebe meat at least she said she did. have you seen her? Last night we meat her. We are invited over there for dinner Sunday. This is the writing paper Monnie gave me for a Christmas Presnt. Now I have nothing more to say so I will close now if you don't mind with lots and lots

and lots and lots of love yours lovingly Punk Beard.....

[This letter, dated **January 29, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, Chihli, China by Mary to Stanley and Myra. She sends her congratulations to Stanley and Myra on the birth of Nancy. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien
Chihli, China
[January 29, 1918]

Dear Stanley and Myra-

We received news of Nancy Nichols just one month from the date of her arrival. Please receive the congratulations of this Aunt and give my best love to the newest niece. Stanley's letter and Myra's note arrived on Sunday. We are glad you like the lunch cloth or tea cloth. It was instead of the cable message that never got off on your wedding day. I tell Flora it will be more practical and lasting than an air message.

We are in the midst of our mid year examinations and I am guarding four industrious students. Today was the heaviest day so several have but little need of hard studying now.

Tonight Flora has gone to the weekly compound supper. The ladies are taking turns entertaining on Prayer Meeting nights. The first was last week. It was my night off so I went. It was a success both as a supper and as a Prayer Meeting. We had some delicious croquets which Myra may like to try. Two cups mashed potatoe, one cup ground peanuts, a little onion mixed and rolled into croquets which were fried in deep fat. We are very sociable with a second weekly gathering – The Journal Club- at which we discuss current events. I have not been free to attend one of those meetings yet. Our teas are becoming more often and men are often admitted within the ?? circle. That was because we discussed that said men wanted to come. Dr. Arthur Smith is a tea devotee.

Here's my best love for Myra, Stanley and your daughter Nancy Nichols. I rejoice in her and in her name too. I hope to hear again soon that all continues to go well with you all.

Lots of love
Mary.

January 29, 1918.

P.S. Your letter was censored. I hope the censor appreciated the import of its contents. Do not you? Mary.

[This letter, dated **February 9, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, Chihli, China by Mary to the ones at home. She talks about a Holyoke luncheon, the Past Time Club meeting and a tea. The envelope is labeled "Opened by Censor No. 1504". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien
Chihli, China
Feb 9, 1918.

Dear Ones at Home,

The above address is not correct because I am in Peking spending Sunday with Alice Frame. I came up last evening with the children. Tomorrow we are to have a Holyoke luncheon. Caroline Smith is up from Tientsin. Dr. Striker, Mrs. Stiffler and Alice live here and I have come so there will be five. The sixth, Helen Hopkins, was at college one year only and unfortunately is at Tan An[?] for her New Year holiday.

Tomorrow is Chinese New Year and the church this morning was very sparsely filled because the men and women are home getting ready for the festivities. It is a very great day for the Chinese who have not as individuals yet adopted the foreign New Year.

At the Tientsin meeting of our Board Miss Dudley was asked to return for another year and has accepted. We are to have at least one new teacher and two if the Y.M.C.A. Business Man's invitation etc., enter as submitters in the funds. Their entering will bring more funds also more pupils. The American man has promised us the same cottage we had this year for at least another year with the probability of its being made ours permanently. Our last news from Willard is that he will come north to spend the summer with us but that Ellen and the girls will not come. We are home hunting at Peitaiho but have not been able to make settled plans yet.

Last week I fixed our electric bells down at school. All that was needed at the cottage was new batteries but I found a broken wire at the school home. Flora had the promise of a college student to do it but we were weary of waiting.

On Thursday two of the girls and I made a record trip to the malt candy shop. Mrs. Lyons wanted candy to take home with her and we went after it. We walked out in about twenty minutes and generally we take thirty five or forty.

Last week Monday we had our second Past Time Club meeting of the year and initiated four new members. Of course it was a good time and a gay one, but time to Tungchow customs not a late one. I had supper with Mrs. Wickes last Sunday evening and went over early to watch Alice be put to bed. Alice is a darling and coos and laughs for the sheer joy of living. Again on Tuesday I was there to the Compound supper and Prayer Meeting. Alice was crying lustily at first but I did not see her. Mr. Porter was to lead but it was nearly eight o'clock before he arrived. Dr. Smith started the meeting and wondered why some of us were embraced with laughter. The words of his first ?? were "Though he seems to linger long, He never comes to late."

Thurs. P.M. We had a Holyoke luncheon of four on Monday and a fine time. I returned that night. On Tuesday nothing particular happened. Yesterday I took a walk with Mrs. Love and had tea with her afterward. Today she gave a tea for a guest. We were a large company with seven guests here. I enclose an order for some new corsets. I fear you can not get exactly what I want for Ruth wrote the last were a chance since the make was old style. Please get the nearest.

Lovingly Mary.

[This partial letter, dated about February 1918, was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Gould to Marjorie most likely. Gould talks about seeing relatives at church and gave others a ride home. He has heard that Willard is going to spend next summer with Flora and Mary. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, daughter of Willard F. Beard.]

[About February 1918]

...have to go to school until July to broke[?] it up.

I went to church today and saw Wells, Daniel and Edith. Also one of the "Twin Spaces" as Edith calls them. They are holding service in the Sunday School room because of fuel conservation. After church I took Cousin May[or Mary?], Howard's mother, and aunt Abbie home in the Maxwell then returned for Aunt Phebe and grandma.

I suppose you are having lots of fun out there. Can you play tennis yet? Aunts Mary and Flora write that Pappa is to spend next Summer with them.

I suppose I will be on the farm until about the first of or the middle of March when I will be called to Conf. Give my love to Father, Mother and Punk,

Your brother Gould

[This letter dated Feb. 11, 1918 was written from Ing Tai, China by Willard to his daughter Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. Willard talks about the combined commencement exercises of the American Board Schools in Foochow, his surprise birthday party and the latest births on the compound.]

Ing Tai, Foochow China
Feb. 11th 1918

Dear Geraldine:-

I have just written Gould and am putting it into your letter to forward to him. We suppose he is by this time in some aviation camp, and you will doubtless know where to send this letter. We have not had a letter from any of you girls for a long time and my letters have not been as regular as I want them to be, for the past two months.

Our commencement took place Jan 30th at 2 p.m. I do not have a program to send from here so will have to send it in the next letter. We had a union commencement of all the American Board Schools in Foochow.

Foochow Girls College	came	first with	4 graduates.
" College	"	2 nd "	9 "
" " Middle School	"	"	16 "
" Girl's College Higher Primary	"	"	9 "
" Bible Wanan's Training School	"	"	4 "
" College Higher Primary	"	"	11 "
" Kindergarten Training School	"	"	<u>2</u> "

We had a good audience that remained till the benediction was pronounced and the band began to play. Mrs. Lawrence Thurston President of the Union Girls College at Nanking gave the address. There were no orations by the graduates. The girls schools had one representative to reply to the “Words of the President” and the distribution of diplomas, and each of the boys schools had one representative to reply. The 55 graduates sat in the body of the church in the front seats and came up one by one, passed across the stage and received their diplomas, down the other side of the platform, around to the front door of the church and back to their seats. This was as interesting to the audience as to the Oberlin audience on these occasions. There is so much political disturbance in China and General Li is in the civil war, with his soldiers fighting Cantonese soldiers near Swatow that none of the officials attended. General Li and one other sent representatives. General Li’s representative was a man who had spent seven years in England and spoke English well. It was interesting after the exercises- the foreigners and these two representatives were invited to our house for tea. I sat to talk with these two with one of our teachers- Mr. Nga as interpreter. These two spoke mandarin only as I thought after we had conversed thus thru an interpreter for half an hour or so I chanced to learn that this men had understood all the English I had been using before Mr. Nga had put it into mandarin.

We had the pain this year of refusing graduation to two boys from the Middle School course and of holding back diplomas from several others- some because they had to make up one or two subjects and some because they had borrowed money and must refund it to get their diploma.

Mama gave me a surprise on my birthday – or tried to. In the afternoon I was at a Committee meeting and Mr. Eyestone said to me that he was sorry he and Mrs. Eyestone could not come to dinner that evening in response to Mrs. Beard’s invitation. I saw it at once- that Mama was getting up a party. It turned out that only those in the compound could come. Word about an hour before dinner Mr. Leger came up to say that he was afraid that he and Mrs. Leger and Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear could not come. So we had us four. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Christian. Just as we were thru dinner Mr. Leger wrote up that Margaret Elizabeth Leger arrived at 7:40 o’clock- weight not yet ascertained. Kathleen at once said, “Why Papa, you and she are twins aren’t you?” This makes six babies in our mission within about 5 weeks.

On the last Sat. of the term Mr. Ding Ming Uong had a son born and the next day Mr. Ding Kai Ceng, another teacher had a daughter born on commencement day his eldest boy graduates.

I am not writing in this anything about Gould’s success in getting into the aviation corps. You will read his letter and know our pride in his achievement. You will be much to him- you and Phebe and Dorothy.

Ing Tai is full of guests this vacation. We four- Mrs. Newell and Dwight and Marion Jean and Misses Steinbeck and Steel Brook.

May God keep us all in His love

Very lovingly your father Willard L Beard

*[This letter, dated **February 23, 1918**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. They had a school Valentine party with Kupie decorations. They saw many intricate lanterns at the Chinese Feast of Lantern Festival. The board of trustees voted to continue the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Feb. 23, 1918]

Dear Ones at Home-

The Valentine party was a thing of the future when I last wrote. We teachers worked hard to make it pretty and lots of fun. I enclose the menu and place cards which tell their own tales. The Kupie will stand it you give her a push. Kupies two feet high with huge red crepe sashes wee most effective in the sitting room. Several games demanded hearts so we used the strings of hearts as part of the decoration. Red strips of crepe paper twisted was fastened from the center to the corners and centers of the sides. In the dining room we attempted no decorations except on the tables. The menus, place cards, ?? strips of paper with hearts at the corners and a flowered center piece on which stood a large Kupie with a red ribbon bow bigger then ?? made the room very festive. We had only candle light, from three lanterns hung and shaded candles on the tables.

On February 8th I attended a luncheon of the College of Man of Peking at the Hotel de Peking. We voted to start an American College Woman’s Club and talked of aims[?] and membership and needs etc. The next Saturday was a business meeting at which the constitution was adopted. We have the H.C.A. basis of membership- only graduates of accredited colleges for active members but associate members may be anyone who had taken any college work. We wanted it broader but the Friday Club felt that would be encroaching on their premises so we

became exclusive. The luncheon was a most enjoyable affair. We had no morning train then we had to take the noon one and be late. Moreover we had to leave early to get the afternoon one back. I sat near five neighbors- Mrs. Danton of Tsing Hua College, Mrs. Dotson who sings so well, Mrs. Arnold wife of the Advisor to the government, and Mrs. Reinsch, wife of the Minister. As we returned we met Mr. and Mrs. Reed just leaving for Peking. Mrs. Reed was Holyoke 1917 and a teacher of Lyman Martin last year in American. We had tea at Mrs. Martin's and a birthday party for Shattons third birthday.

On February 12th I took back the Student's League which I had handed over to Miss Bostwick last fall. She could not manage the children and the League was getting to be a mob meeting for entering complaints of all sorts and making forth motions about affairs that are none of the children's business. Mrs. B. said she always felt she had no right to interfere or speak out for it was the children's league. I fear I am not so afflicted with fear.

Saturday February 15 was the Chinese feast of lanterns festival. Dr. Fenn was down to speak for us the next day. A party of 16 of us including six adults and all the high school children. We walked into the city that evening. We found the silk shop beautifully illuminated. The fronts were solid thin silk lanterns made flat and painted with figures. Dr. Fenn said the paintings were historical but he could not interpret them. Inside was a splendid array of fancy lanterns all lit and graphophones grinding out the loudest music obtainable. Several lanterns had inner figures that revolved with the heat of the candles. The crowd was so great we made an individual line and passed in and out too rapidly to get details. Our boy went as guide or we never would have found these except by the crowds. The first we saw were two fishes hanging outside a store. They were about two feet long and had huge black eyes and pink scales. We decided they were ice when we saw a spectator put out his hand to catch the drops of water the candles ?? were causing. Inside was a figure of a woman standing on her hands on the back of a horse at full gallop and several other human ice figures. In the silk stores we passed we could see rows and rows of lanterns and on the fronts were the flat lanterns similar to those on the one we entered. A second store had the ice lanterns and much more elaborate ones. One was a tombstone in a circular summer home effect. The stone and pillars were of ice so were the lanterns some three feet high and the lion such as is used to guard all palace entrances. Opposite this was a pagoda about 5 feet high, two huge jardinières 2 X 1 ½ ft, a clock with a face 1 foot in diameter a tall pedestal with a small vase on it and an ice mountain side. On the mountain side stood a tiny pagoda, a bridge, miniature figures, idols etc. All were hollow except the mountain. That was illuminated by candles standing on it. The hollow figures are made on models made of grass. Parts of water are poured over them until the ice is thick enough to be strong. Then the grass is pulled out. All month long the store keeper occasionally pours water over the figurines. They are displayed for three nights- the 14th, 15th, and 16th of February.

Last Tuesday we had compound supper at Dr. and Mrs. Smiths. We teachers take regular turns now. Flora was busy on her report for Trustee Meeting so took my turn at home to get extra time to write. Dr. Smith lead and had special prayers for each and every phase of the work, our school included.

The Trustee Meeting was one of deep interest. We are delighted that they voted to continue the school as though nothing had happened also to give us a new teacher next year if possible. We think the ABCFM and Presby. Boards will give more largely rather than have the project fail.

Our book "No 13 Washington Street" arrived last week and we are at work dramatizing it. I have completed two scenes; Delnoce one and Katherine is working on another. We have to give it the second week in May so must hurry.

Yesterday was a holiday for us. All the Tientsin children and Tsing Hua ones went home. Two others went visiting so we have only seven girls left. They gave a play yesterday afternoon then we served tea for all- young and old- over here. We had a right good time.

Last evening I took supper at Mrs. Smiths and Mrs. Huggins home. They had expected guests who failed to appear so Grace and I went and ate a most delectable meal.

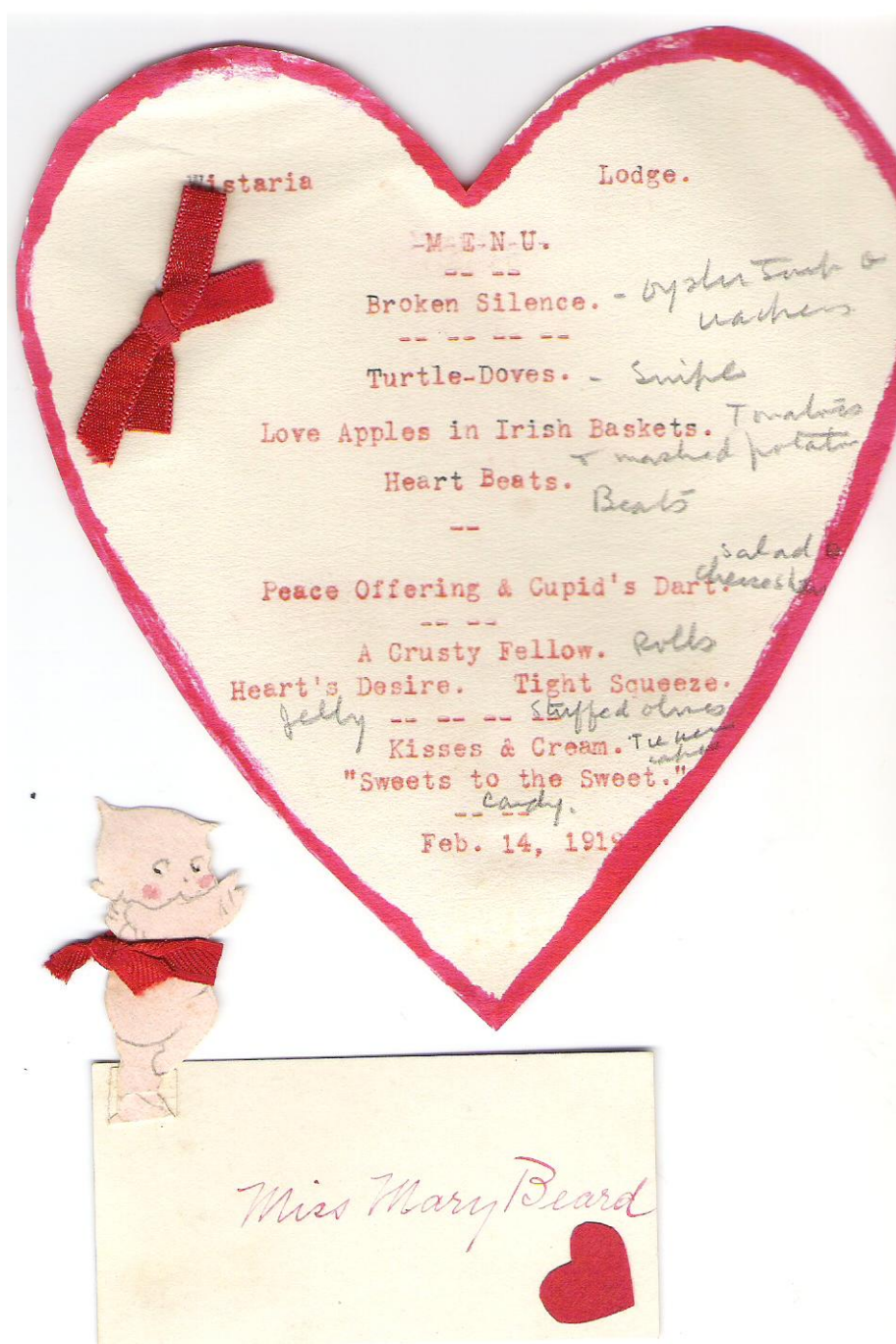
We are still knitting. I think I am almost through and some one appears with a skein or so more of yarn. I am tired of it and loosing my own enthusiasm so it is not easy to get the children to help.

I hope you are all keeping well. I do not know if Flora has written recently. If not this is the first letter in three weeks. We are busy and happy you see.

Lots of love

Mary.

February 23.



[This letter, dated **March 3, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He mentions Gould being in the aviation corps and the pressure that young men must feel to go to war. College opened up with the usual number of students. The Red Cross and War Relief are in need of money. The envelope is labeled "Opened by Censor No. 1417". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
March 3- 1918

Dear Folks at Home:-

This is the old name I used to address you by when I wrote from Oberlin and Hartford over a quarter of a Century ago. It gets harder for me to answer all letters, with each year. I say to myself that it is because of increased responsibilities and I can make out a pretty good case. When I was in Oberlin I had the one home letter to write each week. In Hartford I had the same until the last year when my sweetheart was added. And in China until I came out alone in 1912 I had only the home letter to my own people. But in 1912 I had two homes to write to and now I have the same and there are other friends that are pretty insistent and then I feel it a duty to write to- like Mrs. Bean and Raymond and Mollie Jewett of Mt. Vernon. Then on this side the globe, much of Mr. Hodous's work has fallen on me and it all helps to fill up the chink of time I used to take to write letters in.

The last mail that came yesterday morning brought good letters from all our dear ones in the U.S. , Elizabeth, Emma, Phebe, Geraldine, Dorothy and Mrs. Bean, Dwight Goddard, Will Garland and others. The mail before this one brought one from Oliver and one from Gould that told us of his success in getting into the aviation corps. He enclosed the service flag and I suppose he is now in a training camp from all I hear and read it must be very uncomfortable at home for a young man, if he does not join the forces going to war.

The letters are all full of high prices, coal shortage, scarcity of some food products. We are feeling it to some extent but not as you do. We have had the coldest winter since I have been in China, but it has been dry and clear and I have enjoyed it- so has Ellen and so have the girlies. We have all taken a cold bath each morning and have been quite well. We eat more wheat for economy and can get sugar and meat as usual. My garden is furnishing all the vegetables we want- cauliflower, cabbage- Chinese cabbage the seeds for which I am going to try to send you in time for planting in the Spring- lettuce, beets, turnips, carrots, celery and we have had peas twice. My early peas were injured by the heavy frosts just as they were in bloom. The later peas are as fine as I ever saw and will be good in a week or two. I wish father could have my gardener for his farm. He is strong and faithful. Seven hens laid three eggs to day.

Feb. 8th We all started for Ing Hok and got back home Feb. 20. We had a delightful trip and I got a lot of reports and letters written and had six days with no prosecuted[?] work to do. Then the rest of the days we were there I had Bible Readings and addressed at the Conference they were holding. The girlies had a fine time with Eunice and Margaret Smith. On the Wednesday we were there we went into the country about five miles to a feast. While at dinner there was as severe an earthquake as I ever experienced. It did no damage near here= except to topple over some old walls that were ready to fall. But in Swatau some thousands of people were killed by falling walls and the buildings of the Presbyterian mission were made uninhabitable.

College opened last Thursday with about the usual number of students. The most gratifying factor is the number of old students that return. They are practically all back. There is a very evident increase in the thirst for an education among the young of both sexes in Foochow. This is one of the most hopeful signs for the Chinese nation.

Red Cross and War Relief are after us from all sides for money and there has been a greater urge on the part of needy students for help than formerly. One boy has depended on a relative who is on a Chinese gun boat for help at the beginning of each term. He does not know where this relative is now and I have advanced him \$10. Three or four others could not return without aid and I have given it, as it takes only \$5 or \$10 to make it possible with what he can get for him to continue his work. Now I must get to work and write letters to see if I can find the money.

I wrote you of the visit of Mr. Buchner and party last December. He is coming again the 15th of this month. Sherwood Eddy is also coming then for special meetings with men who have been prepared to hear him.

I wonder how Father will get along on the farm this year- can he find College boys who will put in his crops? I wish I could come home and do it.

You are wondering how I could write all this and not mention Miss Nancy Nichols,- I have thought of her much and after. What a lot of sunshine she will bring to the home. Does Stanley know how to hold her. He never had the experience in baby tending that the rest of us had. He only furnished in himself the baby for us to practice on. Did I write you that on the evening of my birthday as Ellen was surprising me with a little dinner party, Margaret Elizabeth Leger arrived at 7:40 p.m. and Kathleen said at once, "Why Papa you and she are twins."

Thank you Elizabeth for the Bank receipt for \$30.00- interest on the \$1000 note. As to the \$100 from Ruth. Will you put it into the Derby Savings Bank for me. [Added later- If Liberty Bonds will be better buy \$100 worth for me.] Exchange is so bad here that I will wait a while at least if that is all right. Do you want a receipt? In what form? How sweet the memory of Ruth is. Dr. Philips wrote recently and spoke very nicely of her as does every one.

Huntington will greatly miss Mrs. Hawley.

With love to all

Will

*[This letter, dated **March 3, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Stanley, Myra and Nancy Nichols. He talks about Gould and the war. The drought is serious and some schools are delaying their opening. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow China
March 3rd 1918

Dear Stanley, Myra and Nancy Nichols:-

I congratulate you all in the happy arrival of Nancy. How I should have enjoyed seeing Papa try to hold her the first time. You see I had a lot of practice before my own babies got here- and the new papa furnished no small part of it. But Stanley had no one to practice on. Now you are a family of three and the third member is the center of the home and of the universe. Let it be so and enjoy it. God wants is to. What shall we do when Kathleen is no longer our baby with us. I cannot begin to express the joy I have taken in having the girlyies with us the past year and a half. We look forward to two years more of it and then in 1920 we plan to take them home and come back without them.

Gould is one happy boy- if he is as happy now as when he wrote on the evening of the day he passed his tests for the aviation corps. I have never known of his being so exultant over any thing. He is where he wants to be and where he believes God wants him to be and both Ellen and I are glad with him. The war is bringing the world together and by its demands is making every inhabitant think seriously. It does not yet greatly affect us. We buy almost nothing that comes from the U.S. and we eat almost entirely things that we can get here. Prices are higher but not seriously. A few things we cannot get- black darning cotton for instance. My garden is now in the prime and is giving us all the vegetables we can use. I have a lot of seeds just arrived from Burpee's- corn, beans etc that I shall plant as soon as it rains. The drought is getting very serious. Wells are dry and people are getting sick from using bad water. Our wells are as yet all right- some schools in Foochow City have been obliged to postpone opening for want of water.

The North and South are still fighting- over power-Foochow is full of soldiers. They say the South will take it in a few weeks. In the mean time we go on with all our work as usual.

The bell has rung for the students to go to bed so I will say good night and add a word sometime tomorrow.
March 5th

College is again in full swing or trying to get there. We are changing from 30 min. classes to 45 min. classes and teachers and students are a little at sea to know just what to do. But thus far there is a good spirit. About the usual number are here. We thought we could spread out a little and not be so crowded but the boys came and we are crowding them in.

The one secure feeling that I have now with the nations of the world at war and China, Russia and Mexico in the throes of internal war, is that God is on His throne and waiting till men get rid of these wicked minds to pour out blessings on them. May He bring peace in His own time.

With all love and praying the Father to give you the best things
Will.

*[This letter, dated **March 3, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by 9 ½ year old Kathleen to her Aunt Phebe. She talks about the drought, sugar famines and all the babies born recently. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow China
March 3 1918

Dear Aunt Phebe

Thankyou very much for the letter you sent me, and for sending Edith's too. Friday Mama Marjorie and I went over South side to a friend of our's. There is a school over there and we went to their exercises. Then we stayed over night and went home the next day.

I expect there are lots of signs of the war in America, but out here everything is natural.

I have heard of sugar famines do you have one? We don't we have as much sugar as any thing.

There have been a good many baby's this winter. There was Pricilla Belcher, Margert Elizabeth Leger, Margert Shippen Stors, and Kathleen Findley McConneaol. Three other babies are Charles Jorden Gillitte, Elizabeth Waterberry Beach, and Edwin Francis Jones.

Marjorie and I are the oldest children in the compound.

March 10 We are having rain today, This is the first rainy day that we have had for seven months. It is just pouring today. The Chinese were so in need of rain that they sold water in the City at three cents two buckets. Then they took an idol and paraded around the streets and took it in to the river and showed it how shallow the water was. I will tell you my height and weight. I am four feet four ½ in. height and 73 pounds. Could you please tell Edith that I thank her very much for her letter.

With lots of love to all the farm

I am Kathleen C. Beard

*[This letter, dated **March 1918**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. A potential plague case near where she and others traveled has put them in quarantine for about a week. She sings in a double quartet. Mary hears of shortages back in the U.S. and feels like they are living in luxury in comparison living in China. Willard will be spending summer in Pei Tai Ho with them but will leave Ellen and the girls in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Sunday P.M.

[March 1918]

Dear Ones at Home,

We can not complain of nothing interesting doing about us these days. Last week Monday six of us walked to Peking and had a most delicious Chinese feast at a native restaurant. We were ravenous but the food was plentiful and extra good.

Dr. Love was of the party and when we reached the Old Stone Bridge (some 2000 years old) he suggested cutting across by the dirt roads instead of following the stone road. We were ready for any suggestions and had all followed the stone road on previous trips so took the suggestion. Near the end of the walk it came out that there had been a suspicious death in a camp we thus avoided. We returned that evening by train and it was well we did, for we have been in quarantine until this morning when a regular passenger train visited us once more. We have had a special every day to bring mail, freight and depredations to investigate but we have not been travelling.

Whether the case was plague or no is uncertain as no others took the trouble and the few who did have some slight ailments or symptoms all recovered. No Case of plague has ever been known to recover. Dr. Love and Mr. Gordon have been on the road all the time watching the suspected camp, Doctor having been home once for half an hour in the week. There are other cases of these and one death in a camp two miles farther away but we are not quarantined as that takes the trouble some six or seven miles from us. Of course, this has kept us in quandry as to whether we could have any spring vacation. How things look hopeful and we will have it unless Dr. Love disappears.

On the 13th we started in practicing for a double quartet. Mrs. Porter and Jean are sopranos, Mrs. Corbett and I altos, Mr. Porter and Mr. Woodall, tenors, Mr. Beers and Mr. Wickes basses. We have great fun at rehearsals and to day made our first public appearance at church. Our hour of practice is 9.00 P.M. on Wednesday as it is the only time we are all five together. Miss Bostwick has been ill with a bad cold all week but is some better. She goes with the children on Thursday to TeChow to stay for the full ten days. I hope she gets rested for she is too worn out to do effective work and she will not go to bed and give herself a chance to recuperate. Perhaps a household with a doctor father and a doctor mother will make her do so.

Mr. Woodall who was leaving on a commission to escort coolies to France has of course lost that commission since no more coolies are being sent. He does return to America in June and will enlist. Mr. Beers has agreed to stay one more year. He is here, knows the work, has enough of the language to help and is doing good work apparently. Mr. Jordan is doing only relief work and has charge of the men on the stone road. Mr. Stelle returns this week from a months stay in the flooded district. Everywhere work is short two or more workers who are off for flood relief or plague work. Doctors are a scarce quantity with eight in Shansi and one at frequent intervals all along lines where there is, or was, or may be trouble.

Phebe's letter of Feb. 3 came this week and I stopped in the middle of school to read it for evidently we have lost one on the way and this was the first since a letter dated Dec. 23 sent by Willard and one Dec. 16 direct. The severe cold and the coal shortage must have made the winter hard. Sometimes I feel two luxurious here. Sugar is plentiful, wheat flour as cheap or cheaper than any other, coal in abundance and meat a plenty. So the meatless, heatless, sweetless, and wheatless days or meals are mere words to us. There was a clever poem on the subject in the Digest recently. Did you see it?

I hope that Father continues better and that the rest of you are well. May's illness, I was sorry to hear of. Please convey my love. Also please take a share to Uncle Dan and Aunt Ella and tell them I am glad to hear such good reports.

Mrs. Hawley will surely be missed in Huntington. She was rightly named "A good citizen."

Mr. Corbett gave Flora a pretty compliment. When she was in Shanghai he asked how things were going. Everything was apparently gliding smoothly and I stated as much. He replied, "It is a good manager who can leave his work and have it go on just the same in her absence."

I gave Phebe's message of love to Mrs. Corbett and she wanted me to send hers to you all. She is a dear lady.

Mon. Mar 25,-

It is almost Stanley's birthday and now for a few months he and I have only one year difference as we give our ages in years.

It began to rain Saturday evening and kept it up all day yesterday. When the rain ceased, the wind rose and has blown a gale all night and so far this morning. On the fourth floor we get the full benefit. It reminds me of "Rock-a-bye-Baby, In the tree top."

We do not need the rain this spring because so much water got frozen into the ground that it is very wet as it thaws out.

How I should love to see Nancy Nichols! The compound baby is getting old enough to be afraid of strangers and I do not see her often enough to cease to be a stranger.

We are looking for Willard to come up this summer but he has not yet set any date for us to expect him. I do wish Ellen and the girls were coming too.

A year from now we will be excited over the prospect of home in June. I hope we will not have the prospect of having our boat taken off for war usage that those booked on the Canadian lines have this year.

I must close this ramble with lots of love to you all. Flora's union suits came this week also 5 pair of stockings. The bills inside and out were different so we do not know whether a pair was taken for toll en route or left out. Phebe wrote to expect 4 pair so since there are 5 I suspect the later. As my stockings are holding out thus far, and Flora's are not, she is taking the stockings; so please change the charge at your end.

Lots of love to you all

Mary

*[This letter, dated **March 1918**, was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She discusses the pneumonic plague and its seriousness. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[March 1918]

Dear folks at home:-

At last we have received a letter from you. It is the first since the one telling of little Nancy's arrival. I am sure we have missed one or two. Also my union suits came this week and I am glad to have them so that I shall not have to keep the other old ones over the summer. We have had a very kind winter with not more than one or two zero mornings. I have had to put my underwear on with unusual precaution for it has been so tender that my fingers went through like paper but the weather has been so comfortable that now for two weeks I have been wearing my summer underwear.

To-day we are have [*having*] a bit of quite unusual weather. At home it would be called a northeaster but it is now clearing off and it may end up in a Gobi dust storm. It has rained quite steadily for twenty-four hours and all nature has expanded its thanks. The grass is green and we shall have some blossoms in a day or two on our flowering almonds. The children have been bringing violets in for two weeks.

This is our week for vacation to begin and we are still on the anxious seat about the pneumonic plague. You doubtless have had rumors of it in your papers home- up in Shansi and near the Great Wall. All the Peking doctors have been out fighting it. There is no cure, so they have just established quarantine whenever there was a case- sometimes sealing up a whole village and leaving a guard of soldiers to guard the gates, which meant that the people had to be left to die by themselves. This may seem terrible but the disease is so contagious that it seems to be the only way to stamp it out.

Two weeks ago when I came back from Shanghai, I saw a huge square of Chinese all squatting on the ground at Pukow (across the river from Nanking). When I asked the coolie carrying my suitcase why they were there under guard, he answered that they were sick. The Chinese word for sick and soldier are so nearly the same that I did not think much about it, but upon reaching Peking, I found that a Shansi official has come down into Shantung and died. His wife had traveled with him, had taken the disease and still traveled on at every place she stopped she left trouble and now rumor has it that there were twenty-four deaths in Nanking last week.

We have been having our own private scare- about four miles from here. One of the men working on the stone road between here and Peking died very suddenly on his way in to the hospital. It looked very suspicious although there is not conclusive proof that it was more than pneumonia. However the whole camp of eighty men was put into strict quarantine and Dr. Love has been in charge now for five days. To-day he was letting all but a few men out. One man should have died yesterday, but instead he is getting well! The test is very much the same as with the eating of toad-stools. For five days we had no trains from Peking and our mail had to come down by donkey. The trains started again to-day so we hope our experience is over. The children could not get home to Peking yesterday so they went to-day, wearing masks over nose and mouth. There was probably no need of it, but perhaps it was wise.

With all these happenings we cannot tell whether we will be able to go home. Travelling is such a dangerous thing just now. Here in Tungchow we are safer than anywhere else, in our big open compound away by itself. We are all hoping for warm weather soon for that is death to the plague germ. Between the plague, floods, and politics, poor China is indeed hard pressed. Out of it is coming some good for the people in the submerged districts are so eager for the Gospel that all the educational institutions are sending many of their teachers (foreigners) and many of the Chinese instructors down to help out. Now there is a request for the whole Theological student body to go. It is certainly a wonderful opportunity. Several women (foreigners) are out itinerating- in boats, for some places, where there were villages, are now fifteen feet under the water, and the poor villagers are huddled in spots near by.

While I was in Shanghai, I met a man who had just returned from New York and he said United States was a very different place from what it had been, especially the East. He said the people there were seriously in earnest, but he spoke of the West as showing little change as yet- as though they had not yet felt the situation. I am sure you have suffered far more than we here. It has seemed almost luxurious to me to be living so comfortably as we have this winter, while so many others have been sacrificing so much. We have had all the wheat, sugar, meat, and everything else that we have usually to eat, in an abundance. It did not seem a wise move to have the children go without any of these for I am sure in this country and climate children's food should be plentiful and as pure as it can be gotten.

On another paper I have written one or two needs. I am sorry to trouble you, for I know you are busier than me, and I shall not need many more things with just the one more year to plan for.

Two weeks later:- I thought this letter had been mailed and I wonder what you did get in my last letter- probably one of Will's last letters to us.

Since I wrote the first three sheets we have gotten off all the children who were going home for vacation. It has been proven by the plague experts that we never had any cases of plague near us nor in Peking. The cases were plain pneumonia. Because of this Mary has taken six girls out for a week's camping at the Western Hills, and Mr. Beers has gone with six boys about six miles from Mary's place where they are camping in an old temple. Word from Mary yesterday was enthusiastic with its good time. They will all return to-morrow. The weather has been ideal- not too sunny- for tramping.

I have been here alone with the exception of little Clarkson Stelle, whose father and mother are attending the annual mission meeting in Tientsin. I see little of him except at meal times for he is out playing with his two small chums- Dudley Porter and Hunter Corbett.

I have been getting a lot of work done such as having ink wells put into 36 desks, getting our front porch screened for the summer, setting out over a hundred roses, and over fifty spireas, making the walks around the school building, setting out three trees, cleaning our two buildings, and a few smaller kinds of work in the line of spring cleaning. I am not going to get all done that I wanted but some things can wait until June, and some will wait for another spring. I am very anxious to leave the school established so that our successors can put on the fine touches. I have been acquiring properties all this year- paid for from gifts mostly. A letter from Dr. Bain (whose daughter I chaperoned to Shanghai) tells us that he is sending us a check of \$50 to be spent for the children and teachers. We shall probably invest it in school ground apparatus and maps.

With love to you all-

Flora Beard.

P.S. Phebe's letter to me for my birthday is here and thank you for it. I shall feel relieved to hear the last of your cold winter. It must have been a fatal one to many who were not strong. William Fenn (one of last year's boys) wrote from Mt. Herman school that there had been so much snow that they had not been able to do anything for fun out-of-doors. F.B.



Western Hills trip 1918
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **March 12, 1918**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. The school is getting some backing from the Rockefeller Center, the YMCA and possibly from the American Business Association. North China is dealing with floods, pneumonic plague and unstable government. The envelope is labeled "Opened by Censor No. 1414". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[March 12, 1918]

Dear folks at home:-

The calendar with the picture of Ben's garage came yesterday. Mary and I have been having quite a visit with Ben, Wells, and Daniel in it, but we can't quite place the house. I think the barn is Ben's but Mary thinks otherwise.

To-day the Sentinels came- one telling of the death of Mrs. Edward Hawley. I wonder what her husband will do for a home now?

Three weeks later (at least) - nearing Tientsin for Shanghai. - The paper and the calendar are the last news that we have had from home, so we do not know how you spent Christmas. I hope Mary will have some good newsy letters from you when I get back to Tungchou. I am returning from taking one of our girls to Shanghai to meet her parents who are coming up from Singapore. Her father has been called to Washington D.C. - I imagine to help Mr. Hoover, for he was one of the Belgian Relief Corps.

School has been proceeding on very pleasant lines as usual this year. We are adding to ourselves pupils, materials, and more missions in the union standing back of the school. The Rockefeller Foundation, the Y.M.C.A., and possibly the American Business Association are to be added to the three already- Methodist, Presbyterian, and American Board. This means added money for supporting the school. We have been getting a fine lot of advertising free and it is just the kind that we want- lately- and our number of pupils for next year will probably reach to fifty. We like this but just how we are to house them all is the problem before us. We are assured of our fifth teacher next year and we may have the sixth. We want to have large enough faculty to do all of our own teaching without having to call on the people in the compound.

Will is coming up to spend the summer with us and we are looking forward to a good visit with him. We hope to get in some trips on our way to Pei Tai Ho and also to do some entertaining while there. We have been very fortunate in renting a brand new cottage for 100 taels (about \$140 silver) so our rent will be no more than Mary and I have had to pay for one room per season. Miss Dudley wishes to spend August with us and that will help. If we

should ask to have any parcels sent to Pei Tai Ho, will you please assure the home postmasters that it is an office to which parcels and any other kind of mail can be sent during the summer months. There are over 2000 people there in July and August and we have all the usual concessions to a summer resort.

North China has had its troubles this year – first, the floods which are not yet gone, and now the fatal pneumonic plague which has spread over such a wide territory. The hot weather will kill the germ so it can't rage much longer as the sun is getting farther north every day. Now Peking is entering on her yearly revolution- a little earlier than usual. Pres. Feng wants to resign but he is at a loss to find the official to receive his resignation, since there is no Parliament and no Vice President. Some of the wealthy Chinese are leaving bag and baggage to get away from feared looting. I do not know what is to happen but I hope it may be as peaceful as the others have been. Certainly our Central Government has not been of such character as to command our respect and confidence, and if a change could put a little backbone into the affairs of state every one would welcome the change.

Please excuse the extra quirks in this letter. The lurching of the train have been to blame for them. Do you realize that a year from now Mary and I will be booked for returning home?

Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Mar. 12, 1918.

Report of the Shansi Plague Prevention Bureau 1918

Charles W. Young, M.D.

Peking, June 5, 1918

Excerpt from Page 4

“Bubonic plague is transmitted to man from the infected rodent by the flea, with which this animal is infested. The flea leaves the body of the rat dead of plague and attacks man in quest of food – that is, blood. The only method of clearing a region of bubonic plague is to stamp out the infection among the rodents, which practically means eliminating the rodent from that area. This is an extremely difficult problem.”

“Experience shows that in India about 3% of those suffering from bubonic plague develop a secondary pneumonia. It should be noted, however, that except those who have pneumonia, bubonic plague patients do not infect others. There have been several small epidemics of pneumonia. Most of these have occurred in warm countries and the victims were usually the doctors or attendants in the hospital where the patient was being treated.”

Experience in the Manchurian epidemic showed that in pneumonic plague, infection is from man to man through the fine droplets of saliva or sputum coughed out by the patient, and our experience in the present epidemic would seem to confirm the opinion that this is the only method of infection. The difference in the ease of spread of pneumonic plague in India and in Manchuria is due, according to Teague, to the more rapid dissipation of the droplets coughed out by the patient in the warmer climate. He has estimated that evaporation is thirty times more rapid in the hot Indian climate than it is at the mid-winter temperature in Manchuria.”

“As we may safely assume that infection is only through the breath of the patient, the rational method of prevention of the disease is the isolation of the sick, the quarantine of infected communities – that is, the prevention of travel and trade between such communities and the uninfected country beyond. The methods of dealing with an epidemic of pneumonic plague are, therefore, very much simpler than those necessary for stamping out bubonic plague.”

[Booklet from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **April 18, 1918**, was written from Shanghai, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. A committee has been formed to unite the Presbyterian Board, the L.M.S. and the American Board. He traveled to Shanghai on a steamer with a circus that had recently performed in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Missionary Home

Shanghai

April 18, 1918.

Dear Flora and Mary;-

Why could not Flora and I have so timed out visits to Shanghai that we could have met here? I came up, - starting a week ago today- April 11- arriving Sunday April 14th. I went to Nanking on the night train to attend a

meeting of representatives from the Presby., L.M.S. and Am. Bd. Bodies in China to consider a union of these three bodies. We were all pleased with the steps taken on the unanimous vote of those present to ask the three bodies to appoint a comm. to draw up a basis of union to be submitted to the three bodies. - All the machinery is now in motion for the organic union of these three churches and as many others as will join.

I had a rich experience on the way up from Foochow. We have had a Circus in Foochow- a good one, with trained elephants, tigers, lion, bears, monkeys, zebra, Shetland ponies and horses. All these animals and the whole troupe- some 17 Europeans and a whole raft of Indians were on the ship. I came Chinese- the whole thing- could not get even a Chinese room- so I slept with all clothes and shoes on in the center of the Chinese quarters, and ate Chinese food,- got on all right too- "not a qualm" as Flora said on her return from Europe.

Tuesday evening- after the conference on Union in Nanking Dr. F.K. Sanders and I took dinner with Mrs. Thurston at Ginling College and from dinner went straight to the train for Shanghai.

Wed. I was all day in the Advisory Council of the China Christian Educational Association. To day I have shopped- looked over the Commercial Press and given two interviews.

To morrow the China Continuation Comm. convenes and holds until April 24th. Dr. Smith and Miss Miner are here.

Sunday I called on Mrs. Marin. Your visit with her did her a lot of good. She spoke of it several times with great interest and pleasure.

Gould was in Shelton according to the last letters- waiting for his call to go to the training camp.

All were well in Foochow when I left. Mr. Hodous has asked to stay at home 5 years. Ray Gardner and his fiancé Miss Thompson are appointed missionaries of the Board in Foochow. Miss Wiley has resigned from the mission to stay with her mother. A telegram came to Shanghai yesterday a.m. telling us that Mr. Graham C.M.S. Foochow funing[?] had been shot by pirates.

College closes July 3rd. I shall take the first boat after that for Shanghai. I have not yet decided about route from Shanghai to Peking 2nd class on the train from here to Nanking is all right for a lone man and is half the price of 1st class- I want very much to go one way by train- and do not greatly hanker after the steamer.

In these uncertain times- with the whole world at the most savage war ever known and with China in civil war it is good to know God and to know that He is at the head of things and will straighten out the world as soon as men will allow.

Lovingly Will

[This letter, dated April 21, 1918, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about her trip to the Western Hills with a group of girls. The school has been busy knitting items for the Red Cross. She is proud of Gould for volunteering for the war. The envelope is labeled "Opened by Censor No. 2009." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

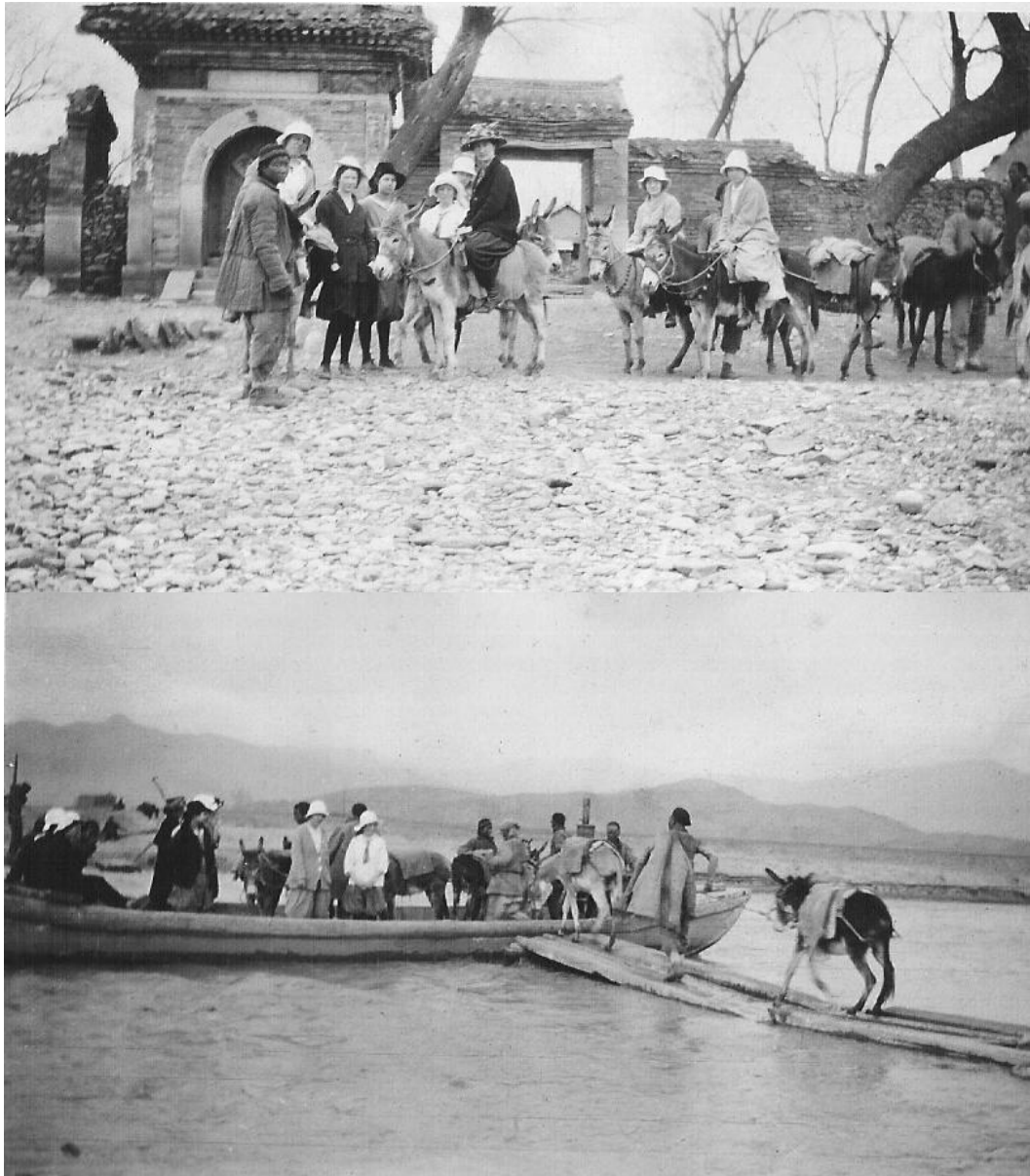
[April 21, 1918]

Dear Ones at Home-

Last week was my week to write but I let the time slip by and like the farmer's son, "the whole week is gone and nothing done." To go back to vacation, Flora wrote of her days here. I took a party of girls to the Western Hills. We had one servant and used the caretaker for cooks. The donkey or donkey boy carried lunch for all day picnics.

We got out there Wednesday noon and spent the rest of the day making beds, settling, exploring our hilltop etc and trying to get a fire for a hot dinner. The next day (Thursday) we went off to the west and followed the river valley for miles up to some limestone quarries and a most interesting cave. In the cave were stalactites and stalagmites beautifully formed. We entered near the top of a mountain and went down about 200 or 300 feet into its heart. Just below the entrance was a small temple kept by two priestesses. No priest was in evidence but four small boys acted as guide to see us about. One old woman beat a drum "to call up the spirits of the cave to see us safely down and back." She beat and called for several minutes before we were permitted to go through. On Friday we went off across the river, and over the plains to the south to a temple called Chieh Tai Ssu (Je Tie ssl) at the temple is a wonderful huge white barked pine. The temple was built in the 8th century and was used as a resort by Chien Tung. There we went into a second cave. This one was larger and had many passages, low and narrow leading off from the big hollow. We followed them until the smoke of the torches nearly suffocated us. We crossed the river on ferries and they are most unique. The current is very strong in the middle of the stream. The natives have only man power to propel the boat. So they have a cable stretched across the river. This presses against a rotating, upright

wooden cylinder and the men pull on the cable to get us across. We all got on, girls, donkeys and donkey boys. Our fare (or rather what we paid) was 20 cents for the party of 19 counting two legged and four legged passengers too.



Written in album: "Trip to Cheih Tai Ssu – Ferryboat, Donkeys ride with us"
[Both photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On Saturday we went in the morning over the hills to a big cave where we gathered some fine clear white crystals and loafed around to gaze at the views. We were home for lunch and about 4.00 started down the hill to visit a very old temple on a hill just across the railroad. Near the base of the hill are several door spaces built into the hill side. They were built by a eunuch many years ago. He had connived the idea of drowning out Peking to get out the reigning Emperor and putting himself in power. Two more girls joined us that night so we returned in time to wait on the embankment for the evening train. On Sunday we walked over to Wo Fo Ssu, or the Temple of the Sleeping Buddha. En route we stopped in the old Hunting Park which was demolished by the French and English in 1868, as a part of the punishment for mistreating English subjects. The grounds are still beautiful with the lovely old trees, winding paths, brooks and ruins. We next went to Bi Yun Ssu where there is a room containing statues of the 508 followers of Buddha who followed him from Tibet. One was a cripple and a friend carried him all the way. Some brought pet animals, cats, dogs, birds, etc. The three leaders hold positions of honor in the center of the room.

It is a regular maze to wander about the corridors. There we drank from a natural sulphur spring. We climbed to the top of the fine towered pagoda and had a fine view of the country. There were 104 steps. Wo Fo Ssu is rented for 99 years by the Y.M.C.A. so quite modernized and well repaired. It is quite a popular place for week ends or for a summer resort. We came in on Monday and had Tuesday to get cleaned up and tidied up for school.

Our double quartet still thrives. Last night we gave the Bridal Chorus for "The Rose Maiden" at a college stunt night and sang a round and popular sing for a second number. We appear in church again soon in a selection from Elijah.

Our Red Cross work grows apace. I have returned 8 sweaters, 6 scarfs and 1 pair of socks. We have 9 sweaters, 14 scarfs and 6 pair of socks largely done. This week we commence making pillows for convalescents by filling them with bits snipped from the left overs of the garments. Also those not already at work start on the colored squares for afghans for convalescents. I am nearly to the neck of my own third sweater. I have it at hand every where except in school, church and dining room. How Ruth would enjoy knitting and how well she could do it.

We have had a nice letter from Elizabeth lately. The Sentinels come occasionally and are most welcome.

Tomorrow we are up early to be off for a day of sight seeing- The British Legation with the story of the siege by Mrs. Stelle, Coal Hill and the Winter Palace. It is a full day but the places are near together.

How awful the war news has been. We pray that the lines may not break and that the end may be near. The paper that said we had had only the "honey moon" and the real fighting was to come, proved a true prophet. What do you hear from Gould. I hate to think of his getting into it, but love him the better for volunteering.

I do hope you are keeping well and that some help for the farm appears. The papers even mention importing help and I wonder if they will do it.

The people here are much upset in plans because the express boats are all commandeered. Now our only connection is by Japanese lines and small boats, 8000 tons or so. Dr. and Mrs. Love are forced to wait until July so are others we know. When will it end!

I must get into bed for my 6.00 A.M. rising. Already I am in my night robe as it will be a short process.

Lots of love

Mary.

April 21, 1918.

[This letter, dated April 22, 1918, was written from Princeton, N.J. by Gould to Dot. He is having a military uniform made for \$55 and includes photos taken of him and his fellow soldiers in military training. He is paid only \$33 a month. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

U.S. Army
School of Military Aeronautics
Princeton, N.J.

April 22, 1918.

Dear Dot:-

I am again in "E" week. Things have been happening lately and work is piling up. Our school held a review last Saturday to which all the Parents, relatives, and sweethearts were invited. I would have invited Annie and some one of the Aunts but I have no dress uniform as yet and I didn't want to take anyone around here on such a day as that in these old togs.

I am getting a uniform made. It will cost me \$55 for suit alone but will have to have it sometime anyway. I am sending a few pictures that a photographer took of us; the writing on the back of each explains it fully. I am also sending you a letter I just received from Mamma. Tell Phebe that I quite agree with Marjorie. You will see the point after you have read Mamma's letter.

I had hoped to be able to send you girls some money, but now with \$33 per month I will hardly have enough for my own expenses.

Maude sent me a fine box of fudge the other day, I ate the last piece today.

I didn't study any yesterday, I was so tired that I slept all except at mess. My roommate was away on pass and there was no one here to bother me.

This week our squadron is five more smaller than last week. We had an hour exam in Military Law and a 2 hour exam in Motors besides the regular wireless exam. I got the motors pretty good but I rather think I just skinned by the Mil. Law. I knew the stuff allright but I just pulled a bone on two questions.

As my roommate says, this isn't studying, so good night.

Your loving brother, Cadet M. Gould Beard

[The following photos are from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back of photo: "My squadron "C" week, Class June 15. I am in the 5th row covered up by the man ahead of me."



Written on back of photo: "Class June 15th. "C" week. I am the 14th man from the right in the front row."



Written on back of photo: "Squadron "C" class June 15th. Going over the top I am the man at the right on top helping a man up. My roommate is at the lower left hand corners of the box with his hand up to a mans foot."



Written on back of the photo: "Squadron "C" class June 15th. Boxing. The ink arrow [left arrow below men] points to my roommate and the pencil arrow to me" [arrow above men in middle of photo].

*[This letter dated **April 30, 1918** was written from a Missionary Home in or near Shanghai, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. A circus had been in Foochow and Willard had to get on the same steamer going to Shanghai as the circus and all of the animals associated with it. He had no room so had to sleep in the middle of it all. He attended meetings in Nanking and Shanghai. Pirates killed a fellow missionary in Zuhning 90 miles from Foochow and 2 foreigners are held for ransom in Northern China. He gives Phebe advice on work, school and who to talk to if she is troubled. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Missionary Home
April 30th 1918

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

To night I am just going to begin this letter and hope to finish it tomorrow. I left home a week ago last Thursday just after lunch. A circus had been in Foochow and the whole thing – 17 European Performers- countless Indian workmen, two elephants, 7 horses, a dozen ponies, a zebra, 2 tigers, 1 lion, 4 bears, hyenas, dogs, monkeys-

all came with tent poles and pins etc. etc. I never saw a steamer full before. The China Merchants refused to sell a ticket, either Chinese or foreign. But I was due to attend three important committee meetings, and I decided to go. I found that a tea house had a room in the Chinese quarter to see and they told me they had one in the Chinese official quarters. So I bought two rooms- one for two Chinese who were with us and one for Mr. Eckerson of Amoy and myself, when we reached the ship the Chinese were all right, but the man could not produce our room, so we had to just lop down in the midst of everything and everybody. We each had a Chinese bed bottom and that was all. But we had a very smooth voyage- and the Chinese food was good and I got on all right, - did not feel a qualm. During the day I was up on deck in the open air and at night I slept well- what more could I ask?

Sunday morning: - Last night I had a good sleep and rest and awoke to see one of the most beautiful days. It seems like Sunday.

To begin where I left off- We reached Shanghai a week ago this morning at a little after 7 o'clock. I went to Mr. Evans and got breakfast- a little wash and a shave, attended church and saw lots of people that I knew- Dr. and Mrs. Lacy, Miss Bosworth who now is in Shanghai helping Dr. Lacy, Mr. Luce, Mr. Petters, Dr. Gamewell, Miss Straw etc.- promised Mrs. Lacy to take dinner with her in the evening. After Lunch I went and secured my ticket to Nanking on the night train to start at 11 o'clock. Then I tried to find Helen Smith but she was away. I called on the Mains. Mr. Main is now Treasurer for all the Meth. Missions in China. Florence is a young lady and George is the size of and just like Orrin was when you left Foochow.

Then I attended the American Song Service in the Palace Hotel- a recent thing to provide a place of worship for many people who would not go to a church, then to dinner and then I met some Chinese who came to see me and then took the train. That night I really undressed and went to bed for the first time since leaving Foochow Thursday morning. Had a fine sleep and woke in time to dress and get off the train at Nanking at 6:50 a.m. There Mr. W. R. Stewart of the Y.M.C.A. met me and a lot of others. We went to his home for breakfast and straight to the Committee Meeting where representatives of the Presb. London Mission and Am B'd churches had gathered to consider meeting. We held two sessions that day and two the next, and a sub committee, on which I served, held two extra sessions. The result I am enclosing. This opens up immense possibilities in the way of union in China.

Tuesday night I took the train for Shanghai. Arrived at 6:50 Wed. a.m. - Sat breakfast and went at once to the meeting of Advisory Council of the Education Association. Thursday I shopped all day. That is one of the penalties a man has to pay for coming to Shanghai.

Sunday afternoon: - Friday the meetings of the China Continuation Committee began, and they will last thru next Wed. Then I pull out for Foochow as soon as I can get a steamer.

This morning I preached in the Foochow dialect to the Foochow speaking church organized four weeks ago here. Mr. Main was there and I went home with him to lunch, and found Helen Smith there also. You would scarcely know Helen now. She is almost as tall as I am, and a very nice appearing young woman.

All was well in Foochow when I left. On Wed. morning last a telegram was received saying the pirates had shot and instantly killed a Mr. Graham, missionary of the C.M.S. in Foochow. His station was Zuhning about 90 miles up the coast from Foochow. Two foreigners are now in the hands of bandits who are holding them for a ransom- in North China.

I suppose Mama has by this time heard from Gould or from some of you as to where Gould's camp is. The last letter told us he was at Shelton waiting for the summons to go to training camp.

The last letter also brought from you the story of your "Romance." Mama and I talked it over and decided to suggest in case anything ever again came up in which you felt the need of wise counsel that you should go to Mr. Vander Pye or Mrs. Vander Pye. I feel sure you would find in them sympathetic counsellors, and wise ones. You were surely put in a very difficult position.

Mama is some concerned about your so-called outside work. She feels that you are doing too much. As I read your letters you do not profit much by the Y.W. work as treasurer. You feel that while you are in the Y.W. Cabinet and group you are not one of them. The work to you is somewhat irksome and you at times feel that your associates are appearing to be one thing while they really are another. Now under many conditions I should say stick to the job and influence the others to be what they profess to be. But this next year is your last in college. My strong advise is not to take too much work of any kind. You have had a strenuous year this year. I do not want you to graduate all tired out, and from your letters I should say without hesitancy- drop the Y.W. treasurers work.

How goes Dot's school work? Is she getting to the head of the class? I hear of her life in other lines but not much about the school.

Keep near to God, let nothing prevent you from getting a few moments alone with Him and His Book every day. With lots of love to you all, Your Father

Willard L. Beard

[This letter, dated **May 5, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He tells about his trip from Foochow to Shanghai on a boat full of circus people and animals. He mentions many missionaries he saw in Shanghai. They were all there to attend the China Continuation Committee meeting. He tells of the murder of Rev. H.E.C. Graham by pirates. He talks about including a photo of delegates representing the Presbyterians, L.M.S. and American Board. One man he mentions is Dr. Sydenstryker, whose daughter would in the future become the famous author, Pearl S. Buck. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
May 5th 1918

Dear Folks at Home:-

I hope you have heard from me since I wrote direct to you for it has been a long, long time since I have directed a letter to Century Farm and I have done a lot of things since then, - among them has been a trip to Shanghai and Nanking. I went to Nanking to meet with representatives of the Presbyterian Church in China and of the London Mission Church and of the Congregational Church to discuss a plan of union. The results I am enclosing on a separate sheet. I was there April 15 and 16th.

I went from Foochow to Shanghai in Chinese steerage- did not take off my shoes or my overcoat all the way- was on the ship three nights. We had a circus in Foochow in April and the Circus got ready to go to Shanghai at the same time that I did. There were about 20 Europeans in the circus and they more than filled all the cabins on the little coast steamer. So I had acrobats and elephants and tigers, lions, bears, monkeys, leopards, trained dogs, ponies, horses, a zebra, etc. and a lot of Indians as fellow passengers.

I ate Chinese food all the way and was not seasick once. However I found a cabin in first class coming home and paid \$36 for it. My ticket from Foochow to Shanghai cost me \$11.50.

In Shanghai I saw all the old Foochow friends who have moved there to live. Mr. and Mrs. Mann, Florence and George, Dr. and Mrs. Lacy, Miss Bosworth, and Helen Smith. While I was there I stayed at Mr. Evan's= Missionary Home from Peking. There were at the same place Dr. Arthur H. Smith and Dr. Luella Miner, both of our American Board Mission. We had a table by ourselves. It is not necessary to add that I had good company and a pleasant time. [Smith and Miner were missionaries in Tungchow and went into the Legation for refuge during the 1900 Boxer Rebellion.]

The object of my visit to Shanghai was to attend the Annual Meeting of the China Continuation Committee. This Committee is composed of about sixty men and women from all over China, from all denominations and includes Chinese and missionaries. This year there were present 37 missionaries and 13 Chinese. The work of the Committee is done thru its committees. Of these there are about 15. Here are the names of some: Committee on forward Evangelistic Movement

- “ “ The Chinese Church
- “ “ Theological Education
- “ “ Christian Literature
- “ “ The Sunday School and Bible Study

These Committees are appointed this year and work on their report during the year and the report is mimeographed just before the meeting next year. The meeting next year will spend its time largely in discussing this report and adopting resolutions arising out of the report. This year we are sending to all churches in China asking all Christians to observe May 26 as a Day of Prayer for China. The last hour of our meeting was given to a special prayer meeting for China. At this meeting Mr. C.T. Wang Vice Chairman of the Chinese Parliament in Peking spoke. He is a member of the C.C.C. and was chairman of the Business Committee this year of which Comm. I was a member. He was exceedingly efficient. He said the present time was one of unprecedented peril for China. He did not know if China could survive. There were two sources of hope.

1. God still reigns over the race of men 2. There are among Chinese leaders several men who are true Christians-true men. Mr. Wong is now sympathizing with the South in the present struggle in China, but nothing that he said during the six days that I was with him conveyed the least hint that he was in the least mixed up in the present strife. His life is not safe outside of Shanghai.

The Girlies are writing Phebe and Dorothy. The last mail told us that Gould was in Princeton [*military training in Princeton, N.J.*]. The war comes nearer and nearer to us. One of the men active in both the Nanking meeting for union and in the C.C.C. = Dr. Gibson of Swatau, received a telegram as he landed in Shanghai telling him that his second son had been killed in action in the war.

As I arrived in Shanghai from Nanking a telegram had just come from Foochow to tell us that Rev. H.E.C. Graham of the English mission here, whose station was in the northern part of the province at Fuhning, had been

shot by pirates. This was true. His body was thrown into the water. It was recovered only a day or two ago. The deed was done about 10 a.m. The pirate shot one of his boatmen. Mr. Graham stepped out on to the front of the boat and called to the pirates that it was a mission boat. But they shot him and he fell dead. The next day or two the Shanghai papers announced the holding up of a train in Honan, and the robbing of all the passengers of some \$40000. This was on the road that my room mate, a Dr. McKenzie had come over and on which he was going home. The condition of the country is in part at least responsible for this.

There is now in China no government. There is no head, and this is felt everywhere. Lawless characters are taking advantage. Many see in the moves Japan is making, so many steps toward her complete command of China. Persistent reports declare that Chinese officials are continually selling out to Japan.

While I was away Ray Gardner, teaching in Foochow College and Adelaide Thomson were married= Apr 26th - Ellen and the Girlies went. I was to have married them, but as I could not be in two places at once Mr. Neff did the service. The wedding was a pleasant one despite a very rainy night.

To morrow is the anniversary of Ruth's home going. Every thought of her has brought joy with it. Hers was a life filled with the fullness of God. There is a great void here on earth. You at home realize it more than any others. But her spirit still lives and makes us better for her having lived. Within five months two men- workers in our mission have gone to Heaven. They were both graduates of Foochow College- one had been in charge of the boys school at Ing Hok for ten years or more. His Father used to travel thru Ing Hok field with me. This son was then in College and he had a younger son just entering the primary school.

He often said "I do not want my boys to try to earn a lot of money. I want them to be workers for Christ. This one has influenced many boys for good as they have passed under him in the school. The other boy graduated from Foochow College last January and has taken up his brother's work, with his brother's spirit.

The other young man graduated from Foochow College in Jan. 1915. He stood at the head of his class. He voluntarily entered the ministry at a salary of \$17.00 per month while his classmates were getting \$25.00 in other callings. His ministry was fruitful. The second year is a new place ten persons united with his church, and others were learning the truth. As I told of his death to a group of the students last winter one of them remarked at once, "all good men die young". I reminded him that for every good man who dies young many bad men die prematurely but they are not worth making remarks about while the death of a good young man is cause for regret and remark by friends and those whom he has helped far and wide.

The last time I wrote we were threatened with drought. The rain came the first of April and has continued steadily since- so now all the rice fields are looking finely with their little plants just set out in the water in rows about 9 in. apart. To day has been one of the most beautiful days I ever knew. Ther. at about 65 degrees, sun shining brightly and a gentle breeze blowing.

I spoke to a full church of nearly 900 this morning on the recent work I saw in Nanking and Shanghai. 17 were received to the church and one little boy baby about 4 months old, I baptized. The little fellow smiled most bewitching to me after I had finished.

College closes July 3. My plan is to start for Tungchow by the next steamer to spend a few weeks with the girl's at Peitaiho or on tramps as they arrange.

The world is upside down. It is now Good Friday. Easter must be coming. May God hasten its coming.

Under another cover I am sending you a photo of the delegates at Nanking from the Presbyterians, L.M.S. and Am. Bd. Churches who met to consider union [*see following photo*]. You will recognize me readily. Right in the middle on the lowest row is Dr. P.F. Price the chairman of the Committee. Behind him in the second row are Dr. Arthur H. Smith (full white beard) and Dr. Gibson (Heavy mustache). Behind and a little above and to the left of Dr. Smith is Dr. McKenzie, my room mate in Shanghai during the C.C.C. Just below me, seated a little to the left is our Foochow Chinese delegate Mr. Li (with glasses). These are all you will be especially interested in I think. The old gentlemen seated at the left on lowest row with hat in hand is Dr. Sydenstryker- how is that for a name. [*This Dr. Sydenstryker is probably the father of Pearl Sydenstryker who married John Buck and became Pearl S. Buck, author of The Good Earth, published in 1931.*]

Good night. The Spring weather makes me long to get home and plant corn and potatoes.

May God be gracious to you all

Lovingly

Will

The victrola records came perfectly and we all enjoy them greatly- Thank you.

Have I ever thanked you for the Christmas gifts. Stanleys gloves to me are just the thing. Ben's calendars are great and very useful. W.

I am sending some Chinese cabbage seed. Plant it at once and I think you will get cabbage all right. W.



Willard (top row far left) is pictured here in this photo of delegates at Nanking as mentioned in the previous letter. As Willard describes the photo: "Right in the middle on the lowest row is Dr. P.F. Price the chairman of the Committee. Behind him in the second row are Dr. Arthur H. Smith (full white beard) and Dr. Gibson (Heavy mustache). Behind and a little above and to the left of Dr. Smith is Dr. McKenzie, my room mate in Shanghai during the C.C.C. Just below me, seated a little to the left is our Foochow Chinese delegate Mr. Li (with glasses). These are all you will be especially interested in I think. The old gentlemen seated at the left on lowest row with hat in hand is Dr. Sydenstryker- how is that for a name." [Sydenstryker is man in the front row, second from left. His hat is hard to see .in this photo.]

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Left part of previous photo magnified.

*[This letter, dated **May 22, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He will be leaving to visit Mary and Flora at Pei Tai Ho soon. Included is a story of a Christian Chinese man in Iong Gio Haeng. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow China
May 22- 1918

Dear Mother:

The last mail brought your good letter of April 8th. I note that the mortgage that Ruth held for me has been made over to you. She was putting the interest in the Derby Savings Bank for me. I would like this plan kept up.

To day I am sending to Burpee and Co. Phila. an order for garden seeds to the amount of \$2.55. I am asking them to send the bill to Father. I am not sure that some of the prices of seed have not changed and there will be a charge for postage. To cover the charges I am enclosing four dollars= one \$2.00 bill and two \$1.00 bills. Keep the change to buy yarn for knitting.

Foochow Americans are in a Red Cross "Drive" for \$10000. They are not likely to get it I am afraid. Altho we have done big things in this line.

By the time this reaches you I shall be getting ready to go north,- and I hope to start about the 6-10 of July. This has already compelled the girls to change their plans of certain trips they wanted to make. I am coming too late.

My garden continues to do well. We are now eating cabbage, string beans, lettuce, carrots. My Early Crosby corn planted April 1st is in tassel. How is that? The weather continues cold and for six weeks has been very wet with a big flood last week Friday- Sun. Sunday I went up into the mountains to visit a little church, which the mission is not helping at all this year. They are carrying on a little day school all their own with 30 nice bright boys. It is a stiff three hours and a half up there. I walked all the way up the mountain and half way across the plain, and all the way down the mountain. My calves are asserting their right to complain of lack of such exercise, but they are getting normal again.

Your letter makes me long worse than ever to get home and help on the farm. I had ten times rather do that than beg Red Cross money for the Chinese. Gould's letter from Princeton was full of enthusiasm.

We suppose Mr. and Mrs. Topping are in Japan on their way out to us. A little Topping is to follow in August so they say. Rev. and Mrs. Peter Goertz of the Church of the Redeemer New Haven are to sail Sept. 21- from San Francisco for Foochow.

My daily- hourly prayer is that God may mercifully look on this poor sin sick world and bring peace. May He be near and keep you all. We are all well.

Very lovingly your Will.

[Included with the letter is the following typewritten note dated May 12th 1918:]

Ladies

May 12th 1918

Yesterday afternoon I made some thirty calls on Church members and learners of the Iong Gio Haeng church with Mr. Kiu Ging Nieng the preacher. It was one of the most interesting half days that I ever spent. We were all the time in the heart of the big city and calling on men of big business- not rich men but men who are doing the ordinary business of the city- making trunks- laquer ware- ladies dressing cases- brass manufacturer etc. But every one knew Mr. Kiu and were pleased to talk with him. The topic was always Christianity- and it was in every instance a welcome topic.

We called on the wife of a church member. Her husband was not at home. He united with the church a year ago. She was very angry. Every Sunday morning she hid his good clothes so he was obliged to wear his old clothes and he went to church. She scolded him. She tore up his Bible and burned his hymn book. In Feb. of this year while he was away from home the house caught fire. But the neighbors, among them a Christian, came in and put out the fire. The Christian was badly burned about the head. She said, "If that is what Christianity does for people I will not oppose my husband's being a Christian.." She talked most pleasantly with us. Think of the influence of one man like Mr. Kiu.

[This letter, dated **May 22, 1918**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. Flora and Miss Bostwick took the children to the Forbidden City. They have been knitting things for the Red Cross. The school had a little birthday party for Mary. Mr. Frame is very ill with typhus. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

May 22 [1918]

Dear Ones at Home,

I wonder when I did write last- four weeks ago I think instead of two. These weeks have been full of work and play too. Flora and Miss Bostwick have taken the children to the Forbidden City on one Monday and to the Summer Palace on a Friday. Both trips were apparently successful. I stayed home and played guardian for the dozen or so smaller children. The first day we had a picnic lunch outside but it was rainy until 9.00 the second time so we ate within.

Our knitting is gaining. To morrow is an exhibit of all work handed in since May 1st. Our children have 8 sweaters, 5 scarfs, 4 pair of socks and over 60- 6 inch squares on their afghan to show for their handiwork. I handed in a sweater the 6th and finished another yesterday, so have two articles in. I hope I can go up to see the exhibit though. I do not know how I am to get away.

Jean gave the dress rehearsal of the last two acts of "The Merchant of Venice" last night and the final is tonight. The College Seniors were invited over last night. All the High School are in the cast.

Last week Thursday was the Red Cross Fete. Two friends in Peking gave entrance tickets for as many children as cared to go. Here were 21 besides these already provided for. We went at noon and returned on the 4.00 P.M. train. The children had a glorious time on the slide, for the first half hour when it was free, so as to get it well greased. They rode the camels and donkeys. They threw rings for canes and got about ten in the crowd. They ate ice-cream cones and drank ginger ale. They threw balls at the lines of dolls and won flags (since they do not smoke cigars). They threw balls at the three enemies in their trench and won more flags. They saw the 3 foot dwarf, the 8 foot 2 inch giant, the two legged goat, the six legged bull, the wild men and the bearded lady. The only things we did not do were get our fortunes told and see the Minstrel show. These did not open until four o'clock.

Flora and I were guests of Mrs. Felt last week Tuesday night to hear the Choral Club of Peking render "The Rue Marden" [?] It was very well done. The soprano was the same as in the Persian Garden in the winter so were the bass and the tenor, and all have excellent voices. The chorus work was excellent. We made them repeat "Wedding Morning" chorus.

May 27 Our school afghan is done. The children had the special privilege of knitting for an hour on Sunday to get it done for the exhibit today. I put it together and this morning crocheted a small scallop all around it. It was an article of many colors (12) but we had put them together to make a sort of pattern so it was quite pretty. The children thought it very elegant. Nearly every child had some part in the making. This is a repetition of the exhibit held last week.

I had a grand birthday. On Saturday we had a supper table all together. The children had written a poem and arranged for entertainment. We were most gay. I sat up very late to sew the afghan so slept until the rising bell Sunday morning. Really what wakened me was all the girls on the steps near my door singing "Come my Soul, Thou Must be Waking". It sounded very very well. Then I was given a tray with a cup of cocoa, ?? tart, a dish of fudge and a big bunch of roses. At night I had a cake with candles. There were only 16 so I had to have them all relighted once and 4 the third time.

We had communion at foreign service yesterday for the first time. Dr. Smith had the service and made it very impressive. Only six of the children are church members. We hope others may join this summer while at home. We who do not have the chance to attend Chinese church never go in communion but I hope this is only the first of many for us at foreign service. At the close of service Dr. Love read a letter from Dr. Young telling how very ill Mr. Murray Frame is with typhus fever. Tomorrow is the crisis. We had a special prayer then for him and the choirs are meeting this afternoon in prayer at 3.30. He has been ill since last week Saturday. They left for Tientsin to sail on Sunday morning and he had a fever of 102 degrees then. It goes to 105 degrees now nights. Dear Alice has had a most anxious – and sorrowful married life.

Mother's letter came yesterday. Mr. Beer's copy of the Christian Herald arrived in the next mail and got left here so I saw the picture of which she spoke.

There has been a lot of grippe about this last month. One of the girls has had rather a severe attack. I had a slight touch but one day in bed was enough to break it. Several girls have had a little. Often it takes the form of a headache only with them.

I am beginning to wonder if we have Jean Dudley next year. A certain man has been here most of the time for two weeks and things look serious.

I must close and comb my hair, just shampooed. There are some Birds of Paradise down by the mote and I want to go see them before they fly away. The latest report from the Union College school is very discouraging. They can not come to an agreement on the name. The one voted on does not suit all because in Chinese it is the same as that of the Government University and does not signify the union idea nor the Christian one.

I hope you are all keeping well. Mother you do famously on the typewriter. I shall look for my corsets soon.

Lots of love
Mary.



Written in album: "Everybody's doing IT 1918"
 [Knitting students. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **June 9, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Reports say that General Li's army in the South is being defeated. Many families will be moving up to Kuliang for the summer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
 June 9th 1918

Dear folks at Home:-

I have written a letter to Gould and Kathleen has written one to Phebe. I do not know where to send either so I am addressing the envelope to you. Will you read all letters not sealed and address and forward. Kathleen always seals her correspondence and leaves it on my desk for stamps and to be mailed. Gould's letter is not sealed- it may stick but you can open it, and read it.

I week ago today as we were coming home from the service of Prayer for America a very heavy shower caught us. The wind blew very strong nearly in our faces. The ricksha men turned about and set the rickshas back to the storm and we waited ten minutes or so until the fierceness of the storm was over. Of course we got some wet but nothing serious. Monday the water was ten feet deep on the rice fields and the only traffic between the city and South Side was by boats. It has been that way all the week till yesterday- sometimes at low tide men could wade thru but the boats have taken most of the traffic. Yesterday the sun came out in all his strength and to-day he has done the same. Now we must expect hot weather. Until now we have had it quite cool.

My garden keeps producing- we are now eating cabbage, string beans, swiss chard, lettuce, kale and beets, and I pick about 15 strawberries a day. Corn is getting ready- perhaps 10 days more.

To morrow the Sunday Schools of the city are planning to hold a picnic- all meet at the Y.M.C.A. and march out the North Gate to the Northern Altar and instead of worshipping heaven have a little lunch and tea with simple exercises.

Last week the students of Foochow were much agitated over the demands of Japan. Most of the government school students simply walked out of school and spent several days in trying to get the mission school students to do the same with, however, no success.

The report is that General Li's soldiers in the South are getting whipped. I think he is back in Foochow now and it is reported that he and his officers are afraid that the South will be victorious and the officers are sending their families way to the North.

This next week will likely see quite an exodus of people to the mountain. The ladies and children of the Belcher, Leger, and Newell families from our mission and some from the Meth mission are planning to go. The girls will likely go up the last of the week or first of next week.

I wonder how you are doing for farm help. It is still possible to get help so you can keep things going? Or have you rented the farm to some girls college for the season? The farmers near Foochow are very sad for the rice has been under water for five days and much of it is drowned.

To morrow is Stanley's and Myra's second wedding anniversary. It seems only yesterday, - and what lot has transferred in this two years? Can you send this down to them with our heartiest congratulations? Nancy of course is developing fast and is the sunshine of the home. Kiss her for Uncle Will when you see her.

Mr. Newell is thinking of going to Manila with a boy who is to take a course there in manual training preparatory to teaching it here in Foochow later on. He had a boy who was the choice of the faculty of the College and of us foreigners and the boys passport was all ready and the boat decided on when the Dr. found the boy had tracoma. The second choice was debarred for the same reason. The third boy has a clean health certificate and they will start as soon as the passport can be secured. We have a graduate in Shanghai preparing for teaching physical culture- to take care of the boys bodies.

The mail has not come from home for a long time. The last we heard was just as Gould had got to Princeton. George Hubbard is in the Aviation Corps. also. The war colors all things for us all

Very lovingly- to all
Will

On May 22 I enclosed in my letter to you addressed to Mother, \$4.00 for seeds from Burpees and I intended to register the letter but forgot it. Did you receive it O.K.? Will

*[This letter dated **June 16, 1918** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. He wonders what his children in the U.S. are doing for the summer. There has been a lot of rain in Foochow and all rice on the plain is damaged. Previous Dean of Yale Divinity School, Dr. Frank K. Sanders arrived in Foochow and is the guest of Willard and Ellen. There are many illnesses in Foochow College and the cook of the school left. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
June 16th 1918.

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]:-

The years roll round so fast that I do not keep up with them. Day after tomorrow is your birthday. I am enclosing in this my check on the Putnam National Bank for \$23.00. This is the amount this year. I do not know where to send it. Your letter by the last mail gives an idea of your summer address. So I'll just address it to 110 E. Coll. St. Oberlin, trusting that it will be forwarded all right.

I think of Oberlin as closed and you three are perhaps off already for the summer. Where? We hope you, Phebe, have the desired position in settlement work in Cleveland. It was interesting to learn that you had given up Kindergarten for something in the line of settlement work. It is all right. Trust God, keep close to Him. Be truthful and frank with Him and with yourself and honest with Him and yourself and you will make no mistake in your choice of a life work.

I was even more interested and greatly pleased at the changed attitude which you mention toward the Y.W. work. I tried to show in my last letter that I hoped you could stay on the job and my hopes are realized. More than a quarter of a century ago a man in Oberlin Seminary gave a talk on "Fret not thyself because of evil doers." I do not know what he said, but the injunction has always remained with me, and it has helped me to bear patiently with and to work with people who had ideas about things and whose practices were different from mine. In most organization the growth and development are not in a steady upward line. There are lapses and it looked to me as if this might be the case with the Y.W. in Oberlin last year. I sincerely hope the downward curve has now stopped and that the line is already taking an upward turn.

June 18. - A beautiful day- rare.

We have been in a continual state of flood for three weeks. All the rice on the plain about Foochow is dead, - drowned. We have had four days with sunshine in the last month and much of the time we have had to go in boats from here to Ponasang.

Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Topping arrived to be missionaries here in Foochow. On the same steamer came Dr. Frank K. Sanders formerly Pres. of Washburn Coll. and Dean of Yale Divinity School, now Secretary of the Board of Missionary Preparation. He is our guest. The Toppings are staying with Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear.

Foochow College is having a hard time of it these days. (1) A fever which some call "Port" fever- some "three days" fever has struck the students- so were ill yesterday. They are away from classes from three to five days. But it is review time and exams begin next week. (2) Last week the school cook ran away and left only his workmen to run things. They have been putting up poor food. The cook claims to have lost about \$200 this term. The 5th of the 5th moon is a great reckoning day in China. He could not pay his bills on that day and so he is in hiding- and the boys are suffering for it.

In my next letter I will send you \$60.00. This to pay the Life Insurance Premiums of you three girls. I have not written Gould any thing about his policy and he has not written me anything about it or his finances. But I think there is no doubt about his being able to carry it himself this year. It may be that his enlisting affects his policy altho I should think it ought not to.

The weather has been delightfully cool- we are still sleeping under two blankets. But the younger people with small children are getting the Kuliang fever. Mrs. Newell is going tomorrow. I suppose Mrs. Gillette and Mrs. Donaldson are there. Mr. and Mrs. Leger and Mrs. Belcher go up the last of the week. You knew Helen Smith was in the Shanghai American School. She is stopping with us next week when she comes down from Shanghai.

June 22nd – We have had three days fairly pleasant. Thursday before yesterday Dr. Sanders and I went to Kuliang. It was cloudy all the way up and rained gently all the way down - not a bad day- cool.

Belchers, Legers, Newells, Billings, Lacys, and a lot of others are up already. Two families from Shaowu, Riggs and McClure are here, - came Thursday. Riggs are off for Kuliang now. McClures go Monday. - Port fever is on the decline in this College. But Anglo Chinese Coll., C.M.S. College and Union College and several government Colleges are closing early- some before exams on account of the fever. May God care for and guide each of you-
With love, Your Father Willard L. Beard.



Robert W. McClure

SOME collect stamps, others collect antiques but Mr. McClure's efficiency makes him a natural collector of treasurerships.



Mrs. R. W. McClure

CERTAINLY Mrs. McClure would be rated high by the Laymen's Inquiry standards for a missionary's wife. She finds a ready field for her talents in the home, school and business office. We find a ready use for her willingness to tackle sundry drab tasks in the mission community.



Agnes and Joan McClure

AGNES, 11, has won a reputation as dressmaker for paper dolls, and Joan, 8, has a way with babies which makes them stop crying and enjoy life.

These photos were actually taken in the 1930's.
[From the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

[This letter, dated **June 18, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas by Gould to his sister, Phebe. He describes his first flights in flight school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Aviation Section
United States Army
Det. Flying Cadets,
Kelly Field, Texas.[San Antonio]
June 18, 1918.

Dear Sister [Phebe Kinney Beard];-

It comes to me at this time that it is your birthday today. Many happy returns of the day to you and take a kiss from me if you can imagine it.

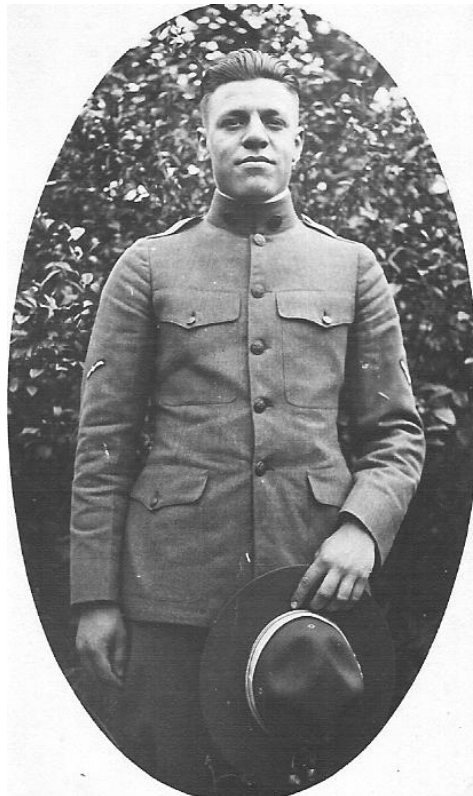
I have flown. I was almost disappointed at first because to me it seemed perfectly naturell up there 4,000 feet up and I had sort of anticipated a good scare, however it began to be fun when the instructor told me to take the controls. We went bucking up and down to beat the band. When I just barely moved that joy stick the old shop would almost turn over. You know you empty you feel when you go down in a fast elevator, well it feels like a vacoume [*vacuum*] inside your stomach when you start to go down in a plane. Some of the fellows wouldn't look at the ground, but I'll swear, the higher I get the safer I fealt. The most fun I have had yet is landing rapidly from 2,000 ft. The instructor shut off the gas and just nosed down at about 60 degrees from the vertical. It seemed as if I was being pulled down and that the earth was just coming up to meet me. It was all great sport. Then when about 100 ft. from the ground we leveled off and went on a long glide. We settled gently until we struck the ground and bounced along a few yards. Landing is the hardest part of the game to learn. Yesterday we had 3 machines nose down into the ground with their tails in the air. One had its undercarriage and propeller all smashed to bits, but they had it flying within 4 hours again.

It will be about 8 weeks before I get out of here. The next week will be primary solo work, the 3rd advanced solo, 4th cross county, 5th primary formations, 6th advance formations and cross country work, 7th and 8th stunts. At the end of that time I hope to get my R.M.A. commission. We also have wireless, engines, gunnery, observation, and minature[?] range work, all of which we have to pass finals in to get our R.M.A.

I am living now in barracks with about 200 other men. The chow here is even better than it was in Princeton. It isn't served with the style and fussiness but the food is better. They have to feed us well, for we might keep over in the air from stomach trouble if we had poor food.

I am addressing this to Oberlin for I don't know where your summer address will be.

With lots of love,
Gould.



Gould 1918

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter, dated **June 19, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas by Gould to his Aunt Phebe. He tells her about his first couple of flights learning to fly. There are airplane accidents from time to time and he expects it will happen to him eventually. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Aviation Section
United States Army

Det. Flying Cadets,
Kelly Field, [*San Antonio*], Texas
June 19, 1918.

Dear Aunt Phebe;-

It is hotter here today than I have ever known it to be here in the U.S. We are supposed to have a half day off every Wed. so most of us fellows are lying around in the shade or on our bunks instead of going to town. I have been in the air twice, 45 minutes in all. Steering the ship comes naturel enough to me, although the first time I took the controls we went bucking and rearing around to beat the band. I tried to pull the ship above 4,000 ft. because the higher you get the safer you are, but the instructor left signaling me down so I had to come down to 2,000 ft and continue around the course at that height. It seemed naturel to be flying way up there and I was almost disappointed because it was so tame, but when I took the controls the real fun began. My next flight comes tomorrow at 6:30 A.M.

I have got to have two letters of certification before I can get my commission. They must come from men who know me well and who have known the family and can certify that I am an American citizen. I have asked Mr. Carpenter of Putnam for one and would like one from someone in Shelton. Do you suppose Dr. Shelton would give me one or could you suggest anyone better acquainted with me and the family. I can't think of anyone else just now. What are Dr. Shelton's initials and what is his address? Yesterday 3 planes stood on their noses. One was pretty well smashed up but the other two were flying this morning. Every time an accident occurs the "meat wagon" charges out on the field to bring back the pieces, but so far no one has been seriously injured. The wrecking crew are there generally soon after an accident also, and sometimes they have to pull the plane all apart to get it to the hangars and repair shops.

One hour of flying tires some men as much as half a day of work. We all are ready to sleep like logs, and it isn't any fun either to get up at 5:00 A.M. for Reveille. It is still pitch dark here at that time (and are on central time, the same that Oberlin is on.

The cotton is getting high and we are having corn already at mess. Chow is great here; egg-plant, tomatoes, wheat bread, watermellen, chicken stew, apple pie, roasted potatoes, lemonade, sliced onions, real butter; that was our lunch today and tonight we get ice cream. Good luck, lots of love and kisses to all,

Gould.

[Gould may not have been assigned a number to his pilot's license by the military. According to the FAA, on April 6, 1927, William P. MacCracken, Jr., Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, received the first Pilot License No. 1, becoming the first person to obtain a pilot license from a civilian agency of the U.S. Government.]

*[This letter, dated **June 23, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, Chihli, China by Mary to the ones at home. They had a picnic and exercises for closing day at school. Willard will be staying in a new house at Pei Tai Ho with them for the summer. Mr. Frame died of Typhus Fever leaving wife Alice and baby Rosamond. Envelope is labeled "Opened by Censor No. 1582". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tunghsien, Chihli, China
June 23, 1918

Dear Ones at Home,

What a long long time since I have written- four weeks! First I must say thank you for the corsets- which came all right and for the double handed holder. I shall take the latter to Pei Tai Ho so that we may have it to use if we wish to do any cooking. The next fall I shall use it in Chem. Laboratory and save some burns. I fear Tien Shi, the cook, would fail to appreciate it and we in the laboratories will find it very useful.

Our closing day was most successful. The day on either side were hot, damp and close but on Thursday was clear and a cool breeze blew all day. About seventy five guests came by the noon train. We had a picnic lunch on Mrs. Wicke's lawn as usual. Then many wandered over here to see the art books and laboratory books which

were on exhibit. At 2.30 we were ready for the exercises. The other 5th [or 6th?] repeated the "Evangeline" which they had dramatized and staged last winter and the High School repeated their "Merchant of Venice". The primary children sang four little songs between the plays while the stage was being reset. Our outdoor "funny" was similar to the one we had for the play two years ago but a little improvement.



Written in album: "Evangeline, by 8th Grade, June 1918"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Two children, the Tuckers, were with us until the next Tuesday. The family were leaving on Wednesday night by rail for Japan en route home and did not want the expense of having the children go to TeChow and back.

This is a beautiful Sunday. A thunderstorm last evening cooled the air and has left enough moisture to keep things comfortable still. Dr. Porter surprised us by arriving last evening. She returns tonight. She has an offer to come to Tunghsien next year and give half time to the school. It is thought that the families in the compound will give her something for caring for their families and then afford her a full ?? I do not know her decision and think she does not either.

Mr. and Mrs. White, refugee missionaries from Turkey are to be here for the summer. The Yarrows, parents and five children, will be here next winter in the Love's home. Mrs. White is Holyoke 1915. They were over for a game of 42 last evening. This is the third evening Flora and I have spent playing games. It is a relief after school and knitting for every waking hour.

In spite of games, cleaning and packing, I have finished the last third of two sweaters, and one and a half pair of wristlets.

The Prices are already in our cottage since Thursday night. Mrs. Price has made the interior most comfortable and cozy. The Petter's came the week before and are about settled. They are having a "pung" put up to protect the home from the western sun. A pung is a frame structure covered with straw mats so as to keep out sun. We put them far enough from the home to not interfere with the circulation of air.

Both families want vegetables from our garden so we are to let them have what are so ready but can not be saved for fall usage, such as peas, string beans, radishes, beat greens (sugar beets but good when large) lettuce.

Since Thursday we have been eating with Dr. and Mrs. Smith. They and Mr. Wickes joined our family when the children left. They in turn have taken us in since we had to give up our dining room to the renters.

Miss Bostwick left Thursday night for Pei Tai Ho. We go next Tuesday or Wednesday. Our home is a new one and the owner goes home on Monday to put in the furniture. A card from Willard states that he leaves Shanghai July 13. His stay is to be all too short as he must start back August 24. We hope to get in some good times and a lot of rest for us all.

We had a fine letter from Cousin Carrie yesterday. It was very very nice to hear from her. Our last news from you was very good,- it was Phebe's birthday letter. That letter with the enclosures from Alzina Menger and Dr. Tucker was sent by me all right. There was a little slip saying that the letters were so interesting I was sharing them

with you and that the first sheet of Alzina's was purely personal- and not of special interest. Dr. Tucker's told of interesting phases of the floods. There were two of them I think, which showed the development of the flood. [*These letters are in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

I shall await with interest ?? as to what Anna Beard is to do. I hope she gets a good position somewhere. This is such a good world to be useful in and so many useful things to do.

Our last German's General store in Peking is selling out. When Kieroff sold out I bought a large stock of paper. This is the last sheet of the last pad bought there. I shall have to pay more for what I buy now. That was three years ago so you see what a supply I laid in.

Have I written since Mr. Frame's death? He was ill for nearly three weeks with Typhus Fever. He had days and nights when we had high hopes and ones when we were very anxious. His heart never was very strong and could not stand the long strain. Alice is a wonder. They were married the spring or winter before we came out and have lost two children. Little Rosamond, a little over a year, is a darling robust child whom we all adore. Alice is not going home this year at all but will take up whatever work the mission wishes.



Written in album: "Alice Frame and Francis 1916"

[*Probably one of the children who died. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

We were registering as American citizens at the legation this week and were asked if we had birth certificates. Would you please get a certificate for Flora also one for me. On our registration we gave Dr. Shelton and father to be referred to in care of a question as to our birth from American parents. We will need the certificates when we start to get passports next spring.

I enclose an address. Please send a check for \$1.25 (one dollar and a quarter) to be deposited to said account. Miss Bostwick purchased a hat of that value for me and prefers to be paid in gold.

I must get ready for church. Just think there are 35 people in the compound inspite of vacation. I hope father and mother keep as well as the last letter stated. I hope for a letter that Mrs. Platt was better.

We are anticipating Mrs. Martin's return very much with first hand news from you by word of mouth.

Lots of love

Mary.

*[This letter, dated **June 25, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas by Gould to his grandpa. Gould tells about a near miss on his first solo flight. He enjoys watching the stunts of some of the more expert aviators. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Aviation Section
United States Army
Det. Flying Cadets
Kelly Field,
San Antonio, Texas.
June 25, 1918.

Dear Grandpa;-

Things are going finely here for me. Each day I get a higher mark in flying and better compliments from my instructor. I don't mean that I am any better than anyone else, but I am working steady progress and that is more than some of the previous fliers in my class are doing. Today I took my first solo flight. I had made 8 landings in 40 min when the instructor suddenly stood up and said "You can make these landings as good as I can." Then he got out and motioned me to start her off and off I went. It was great to think that I was my own master and doing the thing absolutely alone. As I was landing, a ship suddenly shot out ahead from under my right wing. I had turned off the power and was gliding at a steep angle; I pulled out of the glide and gave her the gas and went on around the course again. When I got back and finally landed the instructor ran up and nearly choked me with compliments for quick action and good judgement. The ship had been flying about 200 ft below me just under my wing so that it was impossible for me to see it until I nosed over and had glided some 500 ft. Two days ago we managed to smash up 3 ships in landing on the dual field. I haven't had a single miss hap yet, but I am expecting one sometime. They usually get fellows in this game sooner or later.

We have some expert fliers here. Some of the students in the final stages can handle a plane as prettily as the men flying over the lines in France. I was watching four of them over the stunt field today. They went through about all the stunts possible. One of the prettiest is the "barrel roll" where the plane screws into the air horizontally. One fellow spun 7 times to the right and 8 times to the left on a long tail spin and ended up 900 ft off the ground.

We had some fun in Engines today. Six of us men working in pairs tried to set up the ignition system on a 7 ?? Aviation motor. The first two balled it all up. My partner and myself got it OK except that when we started the motor we had about 15 good hard explosions from the exhaust and when we investigated we found that we had timed it to explode on the exhaust stroke. The next two got it OK except that the motor would not run. The instructor finally had to show them that they had merely left the ground switch on, when he pulled that, she went finely. Those 8 cylinder, double ignition, V motors are great puzzles when you first come up against them.

I found out today something that makes me glad that I came down here instead of asking for a 10 day leave of absence when I graduated from Princeton [*USSMA Princeton*]. The other half of our class, that of June 15th, had to come down to concentration camp at Dallas, Texas, to wait until there is room at some aviation field for them to fly. Some of the fellows from our class who did get 10 days leave, and who took great pleasure in telling us that they would go to Riverdale[?] or Rockford[?], Ill. had to go with them to Dallas. I'll bet they never will finish kicking themselves for doing so. They may come rolling in here in about a month and then we will have the laugh on them. I don't know how or where any of you folks are. I haven't had a single letter yet.

Saturday I met two of my friends. One is Ivan ?? from Putnam and the other an old college house mate. I had no idea that I knew anyone here in San Antonio.

Texas goes dry today I believe. Most of it was dry anyway from the 10 mile radius law around Army camps. I can't even get soda water now, because of the shortage of sugar to make it. Coca Cola is out of the quarter[?]. I didn't mean that I drank any alcoholic beverage before, I just meant to comment on the dryness of this State.

I suppose the corn is now about 6 inches high, the grass is beginning to look like haying time, the oats are getting heads on the stalks, and now apples are beginning to form on the trees back there in Conn. There aren't many trees in sight from the ground here, but when you get in the air there are plenty of them scattered over the country.

Good luck to you all in all your work. Love to all,

Gould.

*[This letter, dated **July 3, 1918**, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. She is in Pei Tai Ho and will be moving into a new house soon for the summer. She comments on the new fashion styles. One of their*

coolies was treated roughly by the police because of a misunderstanding. The envelope is labeled "Opened by Censor No. 2204". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Pei Tai Ho
July 3, 1918

Dear Ones at Home,

Last week I wrote you and promised to enclose an address to send the \$1.25 for Miss Emily Bostwick. Then I sent the letter in a hurry by Dr. Porter and forgot the address. I will enclose it this time also a draft for fifty dollars (\$50). Please give twenty (20) dollars to the Shelton Congregational church. I meant to send five a year to my own home church and have not, so send the lump sum for the last four years. I will send or bring the contribution next year. The rest I may need for deposit with father. I am not quite sure how my accounts stand with him.

We are getting to be "money magnates" out here. We buy Chinese bank notes at 62 cent silver for \$1.00 for railroad tickets so travel at low rates even through first class. We hope Willard can do the same in Tientsin.

We came down a week ago. We left Tungchow Wednesday morning and sent the servants straight through with the baggage. We stopped off in Tientsin to do some shopping and came in on the night train. Our new home is not complete so we are camping out in another home. We have the promise of the home for tomorrow so will probably celebrate the fourth by moving. We had Mr. Mather to lunch the first day after we had breakfasted with Miss Bostwick and Mrs. Sheffield.

Everyday, at least once, we walk over to see our house. Yesterday when some extra furniture arrived we had it taken directly to the home and today we send over the heavy pieces from here. As usual this place is full. One woman with two children arrived yesterday to find her home rerented. I knew the story. She had repeatedly failed to pay her deposit on the home and only a money deposit holds a home after June 1st. I hope she found a home but have not heard.

A letter from Dr. Galt tells us that Miss Parsons comes on the same steamer as he does but we know not when. Dates are contraband goods so confiscated by the censor.

The papers tell of rising waters in our flooded districts. One train was several hours late because of the water. In Tientsin, Mr. McCann, tells that there has been a gradual rise for some weeks. The heavy rains this spring certainly are redistributing the water to a much larger extent than usual.

Dr. Elizabeth Lems[?] who owns this home arrived last evening so today we move into one room instead of spreading our selves over two. There are 35 new homes here this year. Some people have built what will be the servants quarters later and are living in or renting those this year. It is an economical way to build.

I wonder if Gould can get home very often. You have spoken of one visit in his khaki. It is good he can take his practical work on Long Island and not have to go to hot Texas at this season.

Phebe's letter was here to greet us and the next day came Mrs. Barretts redirected from Shelton. We are waiting for another letter telling us who and how many of Willard's girls are to spend the summer with you. I can not realize that Wells is big enough to be Father's right hand man. Wait till I try a year as real farmer when I get home. The costumes in the fashion magazines look so attractive and so much better suited to the work than skirts. I am already used to bloomers for mountain tramps and skirts only half way to my knees for swimming. He have a garden even down here- a dozen heads of lettuce brought from Tunghsien.

On Monday we went to the Red Cross and folded our first gauze. I hope to get over again today for an hour. In the afternoons different ladies pour tea. We are invited to do so next Wednesday.

Flora had a new outside made for her bathing suit and has promised to go for a swim(?) with me today. I shall go even if I go alone.

There is a most peculiar dog outside that looks like two dogs running side by side. One side is black with small white spots and the other white with black spots. Even his tail is of two colors.

Phebe's letter told of Mrs. Platt's death and a Sentinel received the next day also told of it. Are both the Platt sons dead? I thought ?? was not living, but last I heard Nelson was in Texas or there abouts. I can't get my mind clear on the first at all. When was Ruth married? I think you wrote about it at the time but am not sure.

A new ruling at the station forbids the coolies from entering the gates until identified by their employees or called by some foreigner. Our boy is used to free access to our Tunghsien platform and resented being kept out. The police seized him, he escaped and ran. They caught him, kicked and beat him and took him to the police station. We were out for tea so did not hear of this at once. As soon as we reached home we started out and rescued him by the aid of Mr. Wickes. He was tied to a post with both arms behind him. The ropes were so tight that the circulation was stopped practically and the poor fellow was about sick for two days. He is recovered now. An article in the paper speaks of the thing having happened twice and the uselessness of such cruelty for so senseless a restriction. It is nice

to have the rabble kept out but some means should be found for allowing servants to enter to get baggage quickly even though no foreigner is there to identify the servant. A ticket for one or two cents would solve the difficulty. Beggars are thick as hops[?] around now. I hope they may be excluded later. I would rather pay down a regular sen, in view of the flood devastation, than be pestered. That is a good deal for I never give directly to a beggar just from principle.

It is time to dress for breakfast since we are to eat at 7.30 instead of 8.00.

I hope you are all keeping well this summer; That Mother's knee is quite well and Father's stomach. Don't do too much anybody. I wonder if your weather is as cool as ours has been- if so it is delightful, altho a little damp in spells.

Lots of love to all-

We still look for Willard about the 15th and hope to be all settled.

% Emily F. Bostwick
Rochester Trust and Safe Deposits Co.
East Main St. Rochester N.Y.

*[These letters dated **about July 1918** were written by 10 year old Kathleen and 12 year old Monnie. They went up to Kuliang with the Smiths and Willard and Ellen are still in Foochow. They tell about the trip up and what they are doing on the mountain. Letters donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Abt. July 1918]

Read this letter first.

Sunday afternoon

Dear Papa and Mama

We had a lovely tripe up. It didnt rain at all thought it springcled. The sun was out most of the way. My arms got sun burned and so Marjorie's. While we were going across the plain Helen's chair poles broke and they had to fix them of corse. Then on the mountain Mrs. Smith broke some chair poles. Marjories umbrella turned inside out twice, and mine broke so we have not a decent umbrella on the mountain. At one of the rest houses there was a spring and Margaret fell in and got her dress black and had to chang it. We gave both the letters to Mr. Belcher. There are so many flies here that I dont know what to do with my self. I realy dont feal very lonely and I am glad of it. I know the Belchers quite well alreddy. Yesterday we saw there little black goat, it is very dear. Yesterday Mr. Leger, James Ford, Miss McRanalds and Mr. Benet, came over to talk about forth of July. All the children over 8 are on the decarating commite and Marjorie is the head of the flag colecting on this side of the Mountain. Yesterday we held Priscilla and she was the darlingest little thing. Mrs. Belcher said you can pick her up Marjorie she was lying on our bed, so we took her up and played with her. Last night there was the end of a tifone. And it blew all night long. It woke me up a few times. We brush our teeth after every meal and are getting along very nicely with combing our hair and so forth. Yesterday afternoon while Mr. and Mrs. Belcher were talking thier we lay down on the bed and read and while we were lying there Francis woke up and began to cry ?? and his Mother came in to see what the matter was. He didnt say anything but just cept on crying then they went out and he went to sleep. I think he had a bad dream. I am going to make a list of the things I want you to bring up. Please bring up a big piece of scrap to make Daisy May a dress and my little kiwpi a dress. And please bring my stockings in the right hand back cornor of the second to last drawer in our bewrow. And please bring up our rubbers. With lot of love I hope you can come up on weddnsday, love Kathleen Cynthia Beard.

Read K.'s letter first.

Sunday afternoon.

Dear Mama and papa,

Kathleen is writing about the trip up so I'll write all about what we did today. What do you suppose? I wet the bed a little bit. Just about as big as this paper. But it must be all dry now. Mrs. Belcher didn't know anything about it. Well, Kathleen says that I must write about the things that happened from twelve o'clock, in the night on. Well, this morning when I woke I looked over to Charles Francis bed and saw him pulling the mosquito net. (Francis sleeps in the same room with us right across from us.) Well, I got up and tiptoed over to where he was and there he was all wide awake looking up at me with big eyes. I said good morning then went to the bathroom

and went back to bed. Then K. woke up and she wanted to see Francis. So she got up and went over to his bed and talked with him for quite a long time. Finally she said, Do you want to come in bed with us? And just as he was answering Mrs. Belcher came in. She had over heard Punk and she asked him if he wanted to get in bed with us and he said yes so in he came. We had lots of fun with him untill we had to get up. Then we dressed and ate breakfast and then went out on to the piazza. We didn't see anybody going to Sunday-School and anyway it was too early. So we went in and saw Priscilla bathed. Then we went out onto the veranda again and watched for people Sunday School. This time we saw the Lacy girls with two men come around the horse-shoe. Then we saw another party from the Post Office way and both party went into the Club yard but they met and stood for a while and talked then they went home. Evidently they weren't going to have sunday school. Then we got into some old togs and went out walking. First we went up over the hill, where the wind blew so hard that it blew Punk and Mrs. Belcher and me over and blew Mr. Belcher's hat off and saw the Dennis family. Then we went to see the Smith's and found only Margaret and her father there. After a talk with them we went to the Newell's where we found the rest of the Smith family. Then we went home to dinner, and now I must get ready for Church. Charles F. was so tired after he came home from the walk that after dinner he went right straght to sleep. (I've forgotten how to spell straght.)

Your loving, and wishing you both were here, Marjorie

*[This letter, dated **July 18, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, Texas by Gould to his grandma. He tells about some plane crashes. Gould would like to be further along in his flying and feels if he had enlisted the previous summer he would be flying in the war by now. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Det. Flying Cadets
Kelly Field, Tex.
July 18, 1918.

Dear Grandma:-

We are in the midst of a good ripping snorter old storm. It is the first real signs of pep that I have seen in Texas. At 7 P.M. the sky in the north was dark and a haze of dust hung over the earth about 100 ft. deep. Half an hour later a strong wind sprung up and the dust came down in whole shocks[*or shoals?*] full. Our section had finished classes and were in the barracks. We closed every window and yet Texas came right in and we ate it and breathed it and it got in our eyes and every other chink of our bodys. It lasted like that for 15 minutes then came the rain, at first in large drops thinly placed, but now the lightning and thunder are having great fun and the rain is really coming down hard. When the sand storm began there were two formations of airplanes over head. I'd like to know how they got down and whether there were any wrecks. The last big sandstorm they had here, a cross-country man got caught about 25 miles out. He tried to land but instead went right through the side of a large barn and they raked his bones out of the hay the next morning. Today a plane had a wreck, caught on fire, and the man in the front seat burned to death. Two lieutenants were in it.

I am not getting along as fast as I want to in flying. I have been on primary solo for about 3 weeks and have only got in 3:30 (hrs/min) time. Some of the fellows have got in 10 hrs. in a week and a half. It is the system they use in sending us to gunnery that makes the difference. If they would change that we would all get an even amount of time. It is galling to say the least to see your classmates get ahead of you when you went half it. If I can only get by this stage the rest will go quickly.

The news in the papers about the Allies successes is nothing short of great. It is inspiring to know that the Americans are really getting into the heaviest of the fighting and better yet to hear about the undaunted courage and grit they show in fight. I just wish I had inlisted last summer: I might have been over there by now in the thick of it. I'm afraid I inlisted too late. The Americans may have the Huns licked before I can get over to help fight. If I had my commission now I would apply to be allowed to fly the first plane across the Atlantic. If I go over at all I hope to fly over. It would be somewhere about 30 hrs., that would be an accomplishment worth attaining.

Because of the scarcity of mechanics and riggers we cadets are working spare hours in the Erection and Repair Dept. We have already nearly finished setting up a whole plane. It will be the best thing in the world for us because we will know more than those before us do about the internal construction of a plane.

From Aunt Phebe's letter, haying is traveling right along. I'm glad it is and I hope it is a good season there for crops. I'm glad Aunt Elizabeth got my money in time. Have you had any communication from the government about my insurance and my Liberty Bond?

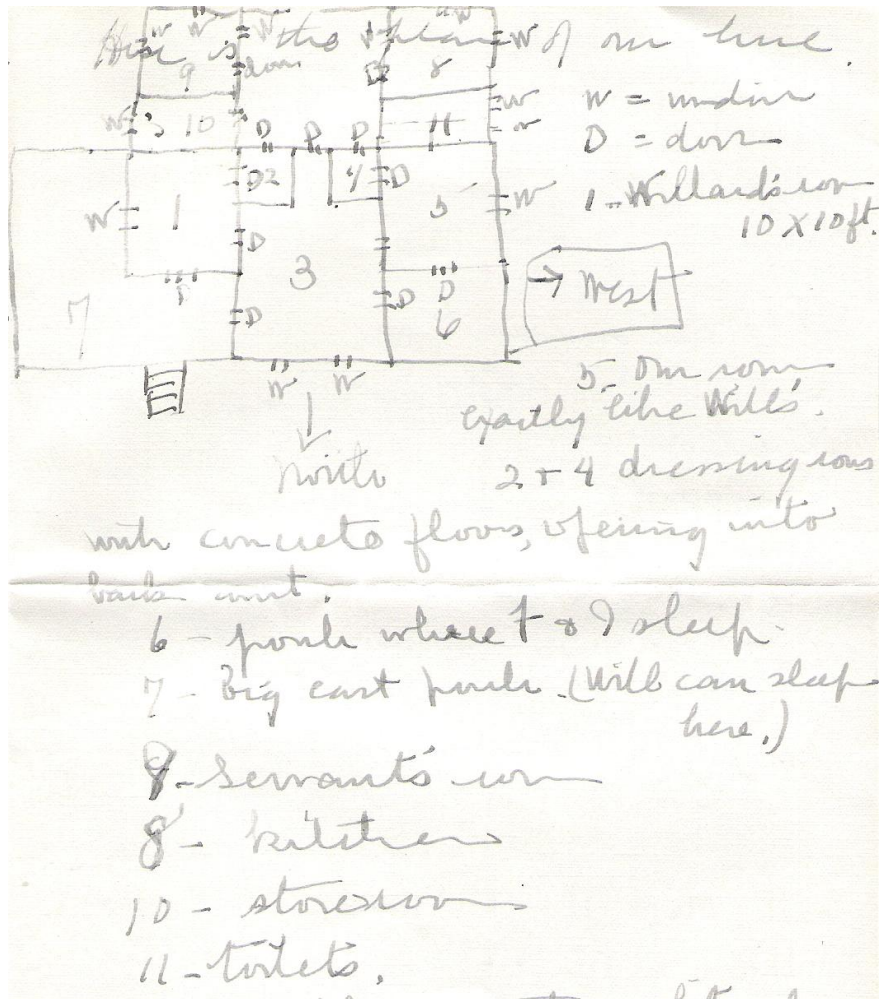
With love to all
Gould.

[This letter, dated **July 21, 1918**, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. Willard, Flora and Mary are all at Pei Tai Ho for summer vacation. Mary tells about some of their activities there. Envelope labeled "Opened by Censor No. 1587." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

July 21, 1918.
Pei Tai Ho.

Dear Ones at Home,

We three Beards are together again. Flora and I began to meet trains last Monday evening as that was the earliest date for Willard to arrive if he came by train. We gave it up until some word should come on Wednesday. On Thursday came a card. He was coming by boat. Entering Tientsin harbor is an unknown problem always because of the bar which allows boats to cross at high tide only. We met the Friday night and Saturday morning trains and Saturday evening felt so sure we went to the next station. Sure enough Willard arrived. Our tongues have rested only to let another have a chance to talk. We stopped for introductions to the Porter's and Mrs. Frame last night, walked over past the Assembly Hall to the beach and home via the Stanley's. The Yarrows were there so Willard met quite a group before we got around home again. While we were off to Peitaiho Station (the one here is Pei Tai Ho Beach Station) the carpenters brought the book case and writing desk combined for our home. Did we write that our bath rooms and dining room were one until the cabinet for dishes and the writing desk were built in, as there these are to form the walls? With Flora and me only, it was not bad to have only loose curtains but we are glad of a real partition now.





"The Beard Bandbox" Pei Tai Ho 1918
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



L to R: Flora, Willard and Mary at the Pei Tai Ho rental house 1918
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We are reveling in the solitude and quiet since we have many callers and shall entertain frequently to give Willard an opportunity to meet people here.

We have invited Dr. and Mrs. Young over for tonight. They leave on Friday and sail soon for America.

Elizabeth's letter came this week. What an interesting visit Gould had and so fortunate a one in having Elbert down.

I was wondering how I stood with Father on the money question. Many thanks, Father, for paying the bills, and banking my checks.

Friday P.M. The Youngs did not get over Sunday P.M. so we walked over on Tuesday for a call. It is about 2 miles each way. On Monday evening we had Mr. and Mrs. Pitman for dinner. Willard and Mr. Pitman came out on the same steamer last time (1916). On Wednesday we and the Porter family had supper together on the rocks by the sea. Last night we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley. Tonight we have Dr. and Mrs. Goodrich and Mr. and Mrs. Burgess for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Whallen, Miss Bostiwick and Miss Dudley come for breakfast tomorrow and Mr. and Mrs. Ballon and Mrs. Sheffield for dinner. 'Tis a gay life we are leading!

Flora and I went to the Red Cross rooms several times and folded gauze packings. Since Willard came we have found it more sociable to sit at home and knit. We will have to go a few times because we have promised to

serve tea once or twice more. We served once a week after we arrived. There are six Holyoke girls up here and Mrs. Evans has spoken for the reunion at her home. I rather wanted it but resigned in her honor or else invite them for a second gathering later.

Our view is glorious. We are on the edge of the settled hillside and back toward our neighbors. In the foreground (south) are acres and acres of millet, corn, beans, and goliang (A Chinese grain much like corn in appearance as it grows). Beyond are several ranges of mountains. At the left in the distance is the beach of East Cliff with Chung Wang Tao and the mountains beyond. To the east we see Light House Point and the beach near there. To the west we see the railroad and the Lotus Hills. Frequently we remark that the scenery makes us think of New England.

This morning Willard and I took donkeys and went to East Cliff to invite the Ballon's for supper tomorrow and home by Light House Point. At Light House Point we went to the Young's home which they left this morning to get two ducks. Mrs. Young bought three but the children forbid them to eat them because they liked them so well for play fellows. We dared not tell the children for what we bought them lest they brand us as cannibals.

We are wondering whether Gould is in Texas or on Long Island and how you are getting along on the farm this summer. Elizabeth's letter spoke of strawberries and we were just enjoying our last ones of the season.

We are looking for another home letter though I fear we do not deserve it. Phebe's ?? us on our arrival and Elizabeth's arrived just before Willard came.

Best of love to you all. I hope the farm is doing finely with Father and Wells as bosses. I can't think of Wells as big enough.

Lots of love

Mary

P.S. Thanks again father for the payment of bills also for the \$100 from Ruth's accounts. Phebe, I think I had better start on Payment of my college debt to you. Please father give Phebe \$25 of the last draft, the duplicate of which I enclose. (twenty five)

Mary.

*[This letter, dated **July 22, 1918**, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Willard to Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen. He tells a little of his trip to Pei Tai Ho and about the area and the price of rents. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Pei Tai Ho. July 22 – 1918

Just after breakfast

Dear Ellen, Marjorie, and Kathleen:-

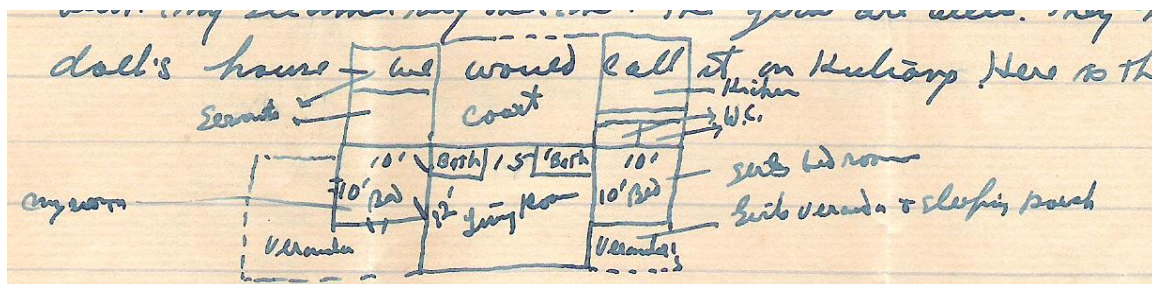
In Tientsin I mailed a letter to you written on the steamer between Tsingtao and Tientsin. I had a delightful trip all the way. We reached the bar at Taku Friday morning at day light. The pilot came aboard and waited till 11:30 then told the captain he could try to cross, altho it was apogee tide and he feared there would not be water enough. In a few minutes he ordered the anchor down. It lacked just 3 inches of being enough water to cross. The Japanese captain was disgusted and mad. But there was no help for it and nothing to do but keep on unloading flour and paper into the lighter to lighten the steamer and try again at midnight. About 6 p.m. we had a wind squall with quite a lot of rain and it came from off the sea. So it drove the water in and at midnight they got over the bar and went up the river. I was asleep and found my self at Tientsin in the morning. I tried to get ashore Friday and take the train at Tang Ku but there was nothing doing.

I went out to the Tientsin Y.M.C.A. before breakfast, found no one but coolies washing the floors, went back to the ship, got breakfast and went to the R.R., bought tickets to Pei Tai Ho Beach, and took the 9:50 train. At noon I bought 5 nice buns- fresh and light and delicious and two nice large peaches- at a station. This was my lunch. At 5 I was at Pei Tai Ho. Soon after I left the train I saw a lady running toward me and recognized Mary. Flora was a little behind. They had come down from Pei Tai Ho Beach to meet me. We reached their little cottage just in time for supper at 7 p.m.

The country between Tientsin and here is level,- much like the country round Geneseo, Ill- with some hills higher. Here at the Beach we see mountains in the distance. Corn and millet and a kind of brown corn that looks like corn growing, and beans are the crops. And they look good. It must be good farming land.

I looked forward with a little dread to the long train ride lest it be hot. But it was almost too cool- I have suffered with the heat in the U.S. travelling but the trip from Foochow here has been a very restful one. The heat has not been oppressive once. Between Shanghai and Tientsin the sea was like a river.

The air is very dry here and thus far it is very cool. I sleep with my steamer rug over me. The girls are well. They have a little doll's house- we would call it on Kuliang. Here is the plan.



But it is so dry here that the small house is all right. This cottage rents this year for 110 taels= about \$1.45. It costs about \$900 to build. A good investment, - no typhoons= no white outs= about 1000 people here. But the scenery- and general conditions do not come up to Kuliang. The country just about here is a little like the top of the hill up in Woodstock or perhaps Pomfret. The settlement is about 7 miles long- running along the shore of the sea- not high but all covered with green grass and rolling. The cottages are mostly low- one story- built of brick- with broad verandas- Rents are high. Our Kuliang Cottage would rent for \$500. The girls took a cottage not yet finished and so get it cheaper. Next year this cottage will rent for \$200.

Yesterday I went to church at 5 p.m. - much like our service on Kuliang. The church is no more ornate than our Kuliang church. They call it the Assembly Hall- not church. A moving picture show is held in the hall two or three evenings in the week. Flora has kindly promised to give me her Directory but I think I will buy one of my own. It costs \$1.20 and this is the tax for all of the things that I use- roads, church etc. How you, Monnie and Kathleen would enjoy the donkeys here. The men come around with them soon after breakfast and they are on hand all day- for the children to ride. The donkeys are nice and sleek and fat.

This morning we went in bathing. There were 100 or more in. It seems to be the things to do for every one. I met Mr. Pitman there and his wife and little daughter.

My expenses have been from Foochow here:-

Ticket- Foochow Tientsin 2 nd class	\$32.50
Lunches- .23, + .50 + .30	1.03
Ticket -Tientsin- PeitaiHo 2 nd class	6.25
Ricksha and train .15,.22,.30,.20,.50,.10	1.47
Coolies baggage	.18
Miscellaneous	1.00
	<u>\$42.43</u>

If all goes well I shall get home on the same amount. I now plan to go fr. here into Peking, then to TungChow, then to Shanghai by Rail Road. I can buy my ticket Peking to Shghi for \$32.80, with notes on the Bank of China that are worth at the rate of \$1.00 Shgi for \$1.60 B. of China. This makes the 32.80 only about \$22.

I hope you have had as fine weather on Kuliang as I have found everywhere.

May God be near and dear to you

Lovingly Will and Papa

[This letter, dated **July 28, 1918**, was written from Pei Tai Ho Beach, China from Willard to the folks at Century Farm. He settled Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen onto Kuliang, then left for Pei Tai Ho to vacation with Flora and Mary. He tells a little of Pei Tai Ho. Envelope labeled "Opened by Censor No. 2257." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

#168 Pei Tai Ho Beach, China, Sunday July 28- 1918.

Dear Folks at Century Farm;-

Just how many this includes I do not at this writing know. Phebe M's letter of June 16 arrived this morning. It brought the postal from Gould mailed at St. Louis wh. was fairly conclusive evidence that his flying field was to be in Texas. And it looked as if both Geraldine and Dorothy were then planning to spend the summer in Shelton. When in Shanghai in April I was at Dr. D.W. Willard Lyon's for lunch one day and they were just sending Scoville off for Yale and said something about his summer. I mentioned that you did not know how to get help and that you might like him. Mrs. Lyon was not very enthusiastic so I gave the matter no more thought until when coming thru up here I stopped again and was there at lunch and they spoke as if Scoville was going to apply, and your letter looks as if he was coming.

I left Foochow July 11- had July 4-10 on Kuliang, just time enough to get the family nicely settled on Kuliang. I took the "KeeLung Maru" fr. Foochow to Tientsin, and then the R.R. out here. My whole expenses were only about \$40. I had Sunday in Shanghai and reached here for the next Sunday= a week ago last night, July 20. I plan to stay till July 21. Then the girls will go into Peking with me. We will see Peking and Tunghsien for four days or so and I will get to Shanghai for my boat- the same that I took coming up= "Keelung Maru" Aug. 31, and get home Sept. 2.

The girls are both looking very well. They had been here two weeks before I arrived and were seasoned and rested. The bathing here is all that could be desired. Nearly every one goes in daily at 11 a.m. except Sundays. Flora and I were going in this a.m. at 6. But I slept till 7:30 and she would not waken me so we did not go. The landscape reminds me much of parts of New England. One sees corn growing everywhere, and millet and a kind of brown corn. The land is rolling and in the distance there are small mountains. Donkeys are used for conveyances- I see a few carts drawn by mules.- Mules and little Manchurian horses are the work animals. Yesterday I saw an ox drawing a two wheeled cart. The carts are all two-wheeled and if two animals are used they are hitched tandem. And they pull enormous loads. The animals all look very well kept and they are not at all abused- as far as I have seen. How Monnie and Kathleen would enjoy the donkeys!!

On July 15 I mailed to Geraldine a letter containing a check for \$100. on the National Bank of Putnam- check made out to Phebe- and also an order on the Derby Savings Bank for \$100- in Geraldine's favor. I hoped these two checks would fix up the Life Insurance for you all and get you into college again for the fall term. I do not know but little about Gould's finances- in fact he has written only one fact i.e that he has insured his life for \$10000 in my favor. I should like to know how much he receives per month. I should like to know also the conditions of the life insurance. He pays \$6.50 for no premium I think. I have looked to see in the papers something more about this but do not find it. How long does he pay this \$6.50 per month? What takes place after the war? - in case he returns uninjured or injured,- and any other facts. I will with him direct asking these questions but things are so uncertain that I am trying a double method of finding out.

Phebe M's letter contained a copy of "Oberlin in China". I guess it is a case of mutual helpfulness- Oberlin in Ohio helps Oberlin in China and Oberlin in China helps Oberlin in Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin of Tunghsien are sailing about the middle of August to return to China. I understand they have raised some \$40000 for the Middle School in Tunghsien. I must get about that amount for Foochow College when I go home- or before.

I have had one copy of the Kuliang Register since reaching Pei Tai Ho. This is all the news I have had from Foochow since leaving. I hope they have not had typhoons.

It is hard to be patient when I have to wait to till into August before knowing where you all are for vacation. But it is after all only a trifle. God has wonderfully cared for us all and His goodness is beyond man's power to estimate.

We are all glad to see the advances made by the Allies on the Soissons-Rhein[?] front and hope it will continue.

This is a letter to all- the folks at Century Farm- Phebe K, Gould, and as many others as you care to send it to. I will address it to Phebe M. as a reply to her letter received this morning.

Very lovingly to all

Will and Papa.

Your letter contained the receipt for \$30 from the Derby Savings Bank- Thank you- You know I hold Ruth's note for \$1000 do you not. Is there anything to do about it? Will

[This letter, dated August 4, 1918, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Willard to Ben and Phebe. He writes to wish Ben and Phebe and Elizabeth a happy birthday. Willard and Mary took a trip to the Great Wall. He refers to the war in Europe, Before he goes back to Foochow, he will visit Peking. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Pei Tai Ho China.

Aug. 4th 1918.

Dear Ben and Phebe:-

We spoke of you yesterday and day before because they were August 2nd and 3rd. The first picture that comes to my mind is of you two riding down the lane- just starting for Grandpa Nichols: "Bennett and Phebe." This was the way the older people used to speak of Grandpa and Grandma Nichols. Ben's head rose just above the back of the old buggy seat. Phebe's did not go all above it. We could see about half of her head. As to room on the seat- you took up just about half the seat- but you have changed since then- it takes a seven seater now for you. This is to

congratulate you on your forty (how-many years) - and all the good things which you have done and which you have acquired in those years, and to hope that each of you feels sure that you have the best job on earth- and just the job for you, and that no one else could do it quite as well as you.

Flora and Mary and I are having a very quiet time here getting a good bath in the sea nearly every day and I have a chance to write a few letters. Last week we took a trip into the mountains. I got a ride in a Peking Cart- the ox cart on the farm is a soft thing compared with a Peking Cart for comfort and ease. In the afternoon Mary and I took a good old mountain climb on the Great Wall of China. Mollie is game all right when it comes to climbing a steep mountain. The Great Wall-so-called, is on the top of the steep cliff, only three feet high and does not cut much of a figure. But I stood amazed at the prodigious amount of labor required in getting the bricks and lime up to these high places. The path is so steep in places that we had to go on all fours like cats.

I have heard little from Foochow since I left, - just enough to know that up to July 27 all was well, - no typhoon.

Just now a carter with his mule and empty cart got stuck in the mud a few rods from the house. The cart went down on one side until the axle rested on the ground, and the mule could not pull it out. I with a passer by- a Chinese gave him some suggestions and a lift (mine were in pantomime) and he put the mule in the shaft again and went on his way rejoicing.

The telegrams from Europe have been very interesting every since I arrived. It is a wonderful achievement to land 300000 men a month in France with Germany using every effort to sink ships on all water. Our Boys seem to be making good everywhere. Germany has certainly done some big mis-calculating from the very first when she seemed incapable of thinking of the possibility of little Belgium offering any resistance- again when she thought England would not enter the war and if she did that her army was insignificant and again in all of her thought of the U.S. Efficiency that has no room for other persons is not efficiency.

Sunday Aug 11th- The past week has been full of doing this and that so this letter did not get finished. There are over 50 members of the Am. Board here and about the same number of Y.M. and Y.W.C.A.s so I find plenty of points of contact. Then various conferences and meetings have been going on to take up the time. And I count it a big loss if I do not get into the sea every day. Mary and I went in this a.m. at 6 o'clock. The sea was very smooth. For the first time in my life I floated. You have heard me speak of a classmate in Oberlin= Geo. Wilder. He and his wife= also a classmate= arrived a few days ago with their youngest daughter Ursula. She reminds me of Dorothy.

Letters from Kuliang say that all was well there up to Aug. 3rd= What do you suppose Dr. Bement wants me to buy for her?= A 4 months old bull calf- imported stock that has already had rinderpest. It is some job to find such an animal and again some job to transport him to Foochow.

I have my schedule for seeing Peking and getting to Shanghai all arranged. I leave here Aug. 22 and the girls go with me. We stay in Peking that night and see Peking Aug 23 and 24- go out to Tunghsien for Sunday Aug 25- see Peking again on Mon. and start for TeChow Tuesday, spend Tues night there- go on the Tsinanfu Wed.- Leave Tsinanfu for Shanghai Thurs and arrive Shanghai Fri. at 9:20 p.m.- If the girls get me into Peking and awfully interested I may stay a day longer in the Big City as my steamer does not leave Shanghai till Sept. 1.

To day is Elizabeth's birthday so I am going to ask you to share this with her- and my best wishes go to you also Elizabeth for many more happy birthdays, and you may add all the words I said to Ben and Phebe above.

Yesterday Kathleen was ten years old,- she feels in most respects as big as Monnie.

Give my love, with Ellen's and Marjorie's and Kathleen's added to all the folks and help yourselves generously.

The war colors everything- even if this letter is not full of it God still reigns and He is working out His purposes as fast as the stubborn hearts of men will allow. May He keep you all in His love. Will

TARIFF CHARGES.

CONVEYANCES.

Rocky Point to West End, Lotus Hills or East Cliff.	
Donkey and Driver (single fare)	0.20
Donkey and Driver round trip not over 3 hours30
Donkey and Driver for each additional hour10
Donkey and Driver per day70
Chair and four bearers, one way80
Chair and four bearers, round trip 3 hours	1.20
Chair and four bearers, for each additional hour50
Chair and four bearers, per day (not of continuous carrying)	2.50
Cart and Driver from Peitaiho Beach Station to either West End or East Cliff50
To intermediate points40
To Rocky Point, Anchor Bay, etc.30

LABOR.

Coolie Labor by the Day (small money)40
Carpenter or mason labor (large money)50

ASSOCIATION FIXTURES.

SUNDAY.	Sunday School	9.15 a.m.
	Chinese Service	10.30 a.m.
	English Service	5.00 p.m.
TUESDAY.	Baseball	4.00 p.m.
THURSDAY.	English Prayer Meeting	4.30 p.m.
FRIDAY.	Baseball	4.00 p.m.
SATURDAY.	Concert	8.30 p.m.

TENNIS DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Tariff charges listed in the Peitaiho Directory – Season, 1918
[Directory from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **August 18, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, Texas by Gould to his grandma. He tells what they are working on in aviation training. He says he is sending a film of aerial gunnery. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Kelly Field- Texas.
Aug 18, 1918

Dear Grandma;-

Today is a beautiful day, though a little warm for comfort. There are no planes droning away over-head; the barracks are almost deserted; and everything is so quiet here that it don't seem like Kelly Field at all.

I had hoped to clear advanced 8s on R.M.A. and get to climbing out of the field, but somewhere ahead there is a stoppage and we are held up until enough can be transferred from R.M.A. to acrobatics so as to give us room. However I have been up with 3 different instructors this week and the criticism of my work was not awfully severe, so I feel as if I were learning all the time.

I got Dot's belated letter. They often get mail mixed up here and send it to other barracks so that it doesn't get to me. Tell Aunt Phebe that I did not want her to buy goggles, I find that they are sold here at the standard price so that I can get them just as cheaply as you can.

Grandpa's crops seem to be doing as well as possible. Pappa in his letter wondered whether he was going to try to raise much this year. I think I shall tell him that Grandpa raised more this year than last. Has Grandpa used his loader all season, and have Colonel and Major proved to be competent horses for the heavy haying work?

I am sending a film that I shot in aerial gunnery. A regular Pervis Machine Gun is rigged up with a camera so that when you shoot, instead of sending a bullet, you take a picture. You will notice that I only got 20% on my shoot. It was my first trial and was not good. If you examine the film you will notice little scratches made in the longitudinal axis of the plane. If these pass through the crossing of the hairs it is supposed to be a hit; it would not be a hit if the cross was directly on the plane because by the time the bullet reached the position of the plane, the plane would have moved several lengths ahead. Of course this is not absolutely accurate, but it is the nearest they can come to the actual shooting of aeroplanes here at flying school without doing the real thing.

We have just got a hospital ship on the field. It is a Curtis R. with a Curtis Vx motor, is painted all white save for large red crosses on the bottom of each lower wing, the tip of each upper wing, and on each side of the fuselage. It will be used to bring back the cross country men who thought it fun to break their necks somewhere out of civilization in Texas.

Just lately Major Kraff has taken a notion to have Retreat Parade. I really like it. The marching to martial music is really fun even though we do have to stand at attention until our feet are numb.

Will you please send me Mr. Palmers address. I am going to ask him for the third of my three sworn affidavits about pappa.

I hope you are all well and that things are going smoothly on the farm. How I do envy you with all the pears and apples coming on.

With love to all,
Gould.

*[This letter, dated **September 1, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, by Gould to his grandma. He has found a Community House run for soldiers in San Antonio. He hopes to progress to cross country flying soon and he tells about witnessing an airplane accident that week. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Cadet Flying Squadron
Kelly Field No. 2
San Antonio, Texas

[Sept. 1, 1918]

Dear Grandma:-

I got Aunt Elizabeth's letter yesterday. It gave a very good picture of what was going on there on the farm. I'm glad Grandpa got his grain in well and has it all threshed by now. I used to look forward to the day when we would thresh the rye, because there was always excitement and machinery running. Harold managed to write me one of his quarterly letters. He makes a regular epistle out of them though and they are good to receive.

We have tomorrow off, it being Labor Day. That makes 2 ½ days together that we are off. If I were anywhere near anyone I knew I would take a trip to see them. I am planning on taking an excursion ride around San Antonio and see some of the famous old Spanish missions that are scattered around here. I understand that San Antonio really has some very beautiful places about it, but I have not seen any yet. I have discovered a good place down town. It is the Community House, run for the soldiers by the people of the community. There are reading, games, music, and rest rooms, a large dance pavilion where well regulated dances are held twice a week, and an outdoor stage where entertainments are held on Saturday and Sunday for the soldiers.

Yesterday I went to the Royal Theater and saw a good show. That seems to be about all a cadet can do on Saturdays if we don't have any friends living in town.

If I progress rapidly in flying, I may get on to cross country by next week. That will be fun, although it is rather hard on a cadet's standing if he loses his way. The topography of the country is so monotonous that it is very easy to lose your way, there being few distinctive land marks. We have had only one accident this week. The cadet in the ship wasn't even scratched, although well scarred. I happened to be flying my ship home to the hangers from R.M.A. when it happened. The fellow was landing when all of a sudden I saw his tail shoot up in the air and disappear down in a cloud of dust. I landed just beside him a minute later. He had turned clear over on his back and broken the propeller.

I am sending a picture which one of my friends took of me. We went out in the mosquito [*mesquite*] about a mile and found an open spot to take them in because we are not supposed to have cameras around here. I will send others later when we get them printed.

Yesterday I found some fine looking pears in a small fruit store. So I bought half a dozen and Levitt and my self went to the park in front of the Alamo and lay on the grass and ate them. It is the first real grass lawn I have seen in Texas.

I hope things are continuing to go well on the farm. If Dr. Shelton has not spent too much time, and has not sent his affidavit perhaps you could tell him that I do not need it. I got five of them, which is 2 more than was necessary through the ambition of Mr. Carpenter in Putnam. I asked him for one and he got five. I don't know how to tell Dr. Shelton not to send one without possibly hurting his feelings, so I thought I would let him send it and thank him for it, unless perhaps you thought different.

With love to all,

Gould.

[This letter, dated **September 1, 1918**, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of some of the activities they did with Willard in Pei Tai Ho and Peking. Envelope labeled "Opened by Censor". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The Band-box
Pei Tai Ho-
September 1, 1918

Dear Ones at Home-

Such a long time since I have written! Vacations are not any more conducive to letter writing here than at home and I think you did better than me this year. I started a letter some weeks ago but can not find it.

We managed to let Willard see most of this region and of his friends. He and I with Mr. and Mrs. Danton of Tsing Hua College took a morning at the sand dunes. It was hot and Willard walked both ways. That together with several dinners and lunches out just before upset him a little so he had to lie off for swimming and long walks for a few days. He was fully recovered before we set out to see Peking.

Our last week was the busiest. Willard had the Y.M.C.A. picnic. I gave a Holyoke tea. We had the breakfast parties and two dinners. We were invited out for two lunches and two dinners. The Volunteer picnic was Monday night and Willard was the speaker of the evening. How is that for a full week!

We left here Wednesday morning August 21st for Peking on the train with Mrs. Wilder and Ursula. Mrs. Wilder had invited us there and we stayed two nights and were back for lunch one day. Our first day we spent at the Summer Palace and Tsing Hua College. It was just cloudy enough to save us the oppressive heat.

The next morning we went to the Temple of Heaven and stopped at Cook's Agency for Willard's ticket and at the banks. In the afternoon we went to see the Astronomical instruments and to the station via the Y.M.C.A. and Methodist Mission. That night we went to Tunghsien. The school was most upset but we found a bed for Willard and put up camp cots for ourselves.

We ate at Mr. Porter's because the Teachers Institute was on and Mr. Porter had had to take our work for the foreigners as the plans he had found failed to work out.

We returned to Peking early Saturday. First we went into the British Legation to see the spot where the foreigners were besieged in 1900. Then we went up to see the Union Language school. Mr. P?t? was there and showed us all about. Our big event for the day was the Museum and Central Park. For 2 1/2 hours we walked in the Museum seeing the wonderful porcelains, laquers, and precious items, bronzes etc. It is a wonderful sight but the hardest kind of "sight-seeing". We found an old well set on an elevation in the garden back of the museum buildings and ate lunch there. One little room was open that I had not seen when there before. It is the Mohamedan bath room. The room we enter had a throne chair with all the hangings. On the wall are fine[or five?] old pictures. At the rear is a winding passageway which ends in a round dome covered bath room. The well near which we ate was evidently the one which supplied the water. The fire box for heating the water was in a side room. One of the concubines was a Mohamedan once and this was fitted up for her.

The entrance to Central Park is very near the West gate of the Forbidden City where the Museum is, so we entered there. The Altar of the Five Earths is the most historic thing there. The wooden tea[?] homes with the rooms upon rooms of tables is very interesting. There are a few birds and a few animals for him[?].

Near the main entrance where we came in is a huge lotus pond. It was filled with huge pink and white blossoms.

As it was yet early when we came out we went out side the Tartar City into the Chinese City to see the shops. Alas we were not content with seeing and came away laden with purchases.

On Sunday morning we walked over to see the dairy, to the hospital and the artisan well. Willard spoke at foreign service at 5.30 and we had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Corbett. At 8.30 we had an informal song service at Mr. Porter's. Monday it rained hard all day so we stayed home and knitted. Willard got beyond the neck of his sweater so he had plane [?] knitting enough for the return trip. We had to omit the North lake and the Coal Hill because of the storm.

On Tuesday we saw the Presbyterian Mission, Confucian Temple, Medical College, and Union Woman's College. We lunched with Mrs. Ingram. It cleared so we rode all the way back to Tunghsien in rickshas over the new road. It was a novel ending and most enjoyable.

On Wednesday we all three came to Tientsin together. I stayed on the train. Flora was to stop in Tientsin and would have an hour for extra visit with Willard before his train was due. His plan was to stop a day in Tsi Nan. Today he leaves for Foochow. It was so good to have him here.

I am alone in my home. For one night Elizabeth Porter slept with me. Then I went down and slept on the Tenney porch to look after three baby boys (2, 3+ 4) whose mother was off on a trip. I shall be all alone tonight but tomorrow Miss Andrews comes to stay until I go. This is the loveliest time of all here but I have been as sleepy as when I first came up in June.

This does not sound like war times does it? Our daily routine is hardly touched by the war. Our daily papers kept us informed of all the splendid counter-attacks of the allies. I do wish that the right might conquer soon but the end does not seem so very near.

Last we heard Gould was running his own machine. I hoped for a letter telling of his sensations on his first flight, but he was too busy I guess.

We are glad to hear of the good work of the "boys" Father has to help him this summer. I hope you are all keeping well and not trying to do too much.

It is only 9.15 but I am so sleepy I must go to bed. I shall probably awake with the dawn as usual. Just think next summer I may be able to talk not write. I like to think about it.

With much love

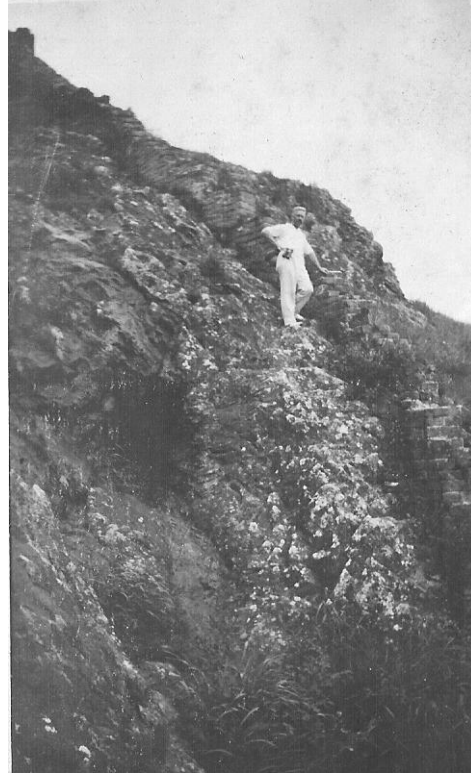
Mary.



Written in album: "Willard in the Forbidden City, Summer 1918" and "Myself" [Mary. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on photo: "Willard"



Written in album: "A good climb up side of wall to highest peak."

[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **September 6, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, China by Flora to the folks at home. They are back from Pei Tai Ho and enjoyed having Willard with them there. Their school is getting an artesian well and modern plumbing. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Sept. 6, 1918]

Dear folks at home:-

It is an embarrassingly long time since I have written you, and I have kept the beginning of a letter so long that that has become ancient history.

We closed school last June in a fine flourish and I think we were all less tired than the end has usually found us. Mary and I got off to Peitaiho the last week of June but the house we had rented for the summer was not done and we sat around our unopened boxes for a week in another house and then celebrated the Fourth by moving into a house that had only walls and floors. It was a month before it was comfortably furnished and it was just the day before we left that the last work was done. However, we managed to get our kind of vacation and it was very good to have Will with us. I fear you had fewer letters than ever from us for we were so busy doing things and going places. We came back and had a week here in Peking sight seeing before Will left. I had word from him that he had reached Shanghai safely and was to get his boat to Foochow all right.

It was as good to have Phebe's letter already at Peitaiho to greet us when we arrived and later my stockings came safely. Thank you for the bother of getting and mailing them. I hope I shall not have to ask for much more shopping before I leave for home.

Our school building has been in such a mess for we have been digging an artesian well, installing modern plumbing, and making a septic tank all at once not to mention getting another school room ready and any number of repairs done. We are on the last days of our distress though and by Sunday I hope we are to be more in order. Next week school begins. We shall have a few more than last year but not many more. Exchange is so bad that many must economize.

In a week or two our new teacher arrives and we hope to find the sixth member of our faculty.

I am going to close here hoping to be able to write you again soon. I believe vacations are getting to be more and more demoralizing- especially as far as letter writing is concerned.

Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Tunghsien,
Sept. 6, 1918.

[This letter dated Sept. 8, 1918 from Foochow, China by Willard to his children, Phebe, Geraldine and Dorothy. Willard is back from Northern China and he found people running from Foochow for fear of southern soldiers and bandits, but all is quiet so far. The village at Upper Bridge, however, was attacked by 100 bandits. Willard talks to each daughter specifically of what is going on in their lives. He tells about his trip to Northern China and his visit with Mary and Flora. Willard and Ellen are proud of Gould's success in aviation. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Sept 8th 1918

Dear Phebe [*daughter*] and Geraldine and Dorothy:-

Last Tuesday Sept 3rd at 1 p.m. I walked into our fine compound again from my trip in North China. I took two rickshas for myself and baggage from the river to the Hospital. As I passed thru the Hospital I met Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear and learned from them that Mama was down from the mountain. It did not take me long to get up to our house. She was at Mr. and Mrs. Christian's for lunch and I posted down there. Were we glad to see each other? - Well Mama even hugged me and kissed me right before a half dozen others. She left at 3:30 p.m. for Kuliang. I went up Thursday afternoon Sept. 5th to celebrate our 24th wedding anniversary, came down again Friday afternoon.

As I came in from the river over the new road, I met more than 20 carriages full of people running away from Foochow, and I do not know how many rickshas filled with people and trunks. I was a conspicuous traveler- a huang giang- moving into the city while everyone else was moving out. The people were afraid that either the Southern soldiers or the bandits would attack the city, hence they were moving out as fast as they could get carriages, rickshas and sedans. They were simply scared wild. Chinese friends of some of the missionaries had come in and whispered that Tuesday night was the time for trouble to begin. Four or five families have moved into the College buildings. Over South Side I know of one Chinese who has rented his house for six months for \$1200 cash in advance. Forty Chinese wanted to rent ½ of a small house over there for almost any amount of money. The people are afraid 1st of looters. These may be either bandits, of which China is full or they may be soldiers from the north who have not been paid for two months or so. 2nd they are anxious for their younger wives and daughters- especially if the northern soldiers start to loot and plunder.

Thus far all is quiet. There is a report that the Foochow Chamber of Commerce has offered the generals \$300,000 if they will pay off and discharge these soldiers, this seems to give the business men hope that there will be no trouble.

This morning I went to Upper Bridge to conduct communion. The preacher said as soon as I arrived that he was afraid there would not be many people at ch. for just before midnight about 100 bandits attacked the village. There were only some 20 or more soldiers to protect the village. Each side fired 4 or 5 volleys and the bandits retired. The village elders telephoned to Foochow for soldiers but none came. I met about 40 soldiers, armed, going up as I came home. They were pulling one gun on wheels. The country all about is full of soldiers or bandits. Most of the missionaries are detained from going to their stations- all of our Shaowu mission who are down here and all the Ing Tai people cannot get back now. As to there being trouble in Foochow- no one can tell anything about it. I am going on with the opening of school as if all was as usual. I look for a much less number of students than in former years, - on account of the disturbed conditions.

Mama and the girlies are looking very well indeed. Both of the girlies are swimming nicely, and they are justly proud of their accomplishment. I took my bathing suit up to go in and went in with them Friday afternoon just before starting down. Kathleen has knitted some 8 wash cloths. Monnie about 6. What do you think of your old Dad? He has a sweater nearly done- one of the large ones- 80 stitches- sleeveless, - camels hair wool. I knit beyond

the neck hole before I said good bye to Aunt Mary, and on the train ten [*or two?*] days and the steamer one day. I knit so that I have about 9 inches more with the pearling to finish it.

Phebe's letters from Cleveland are most interesting. I judge you have rather a hard job- but withal a fascinating one. I hope your work is not so confining that you will enter college feeling weary. The senior year ought to be less taxing than other years in study. You have quite enough outside work. I do not recall that you have joined a Literary Society. I wish you could have that this year. I was a mentor of Phi Delta for three years and no College study was of more practical benefit to me than my work in Phi Delta. I am glad you are to be in Talcott this year. I am trying to enclose an order on Treasurer Wiggin for \$100. Let me know all about your finances and I will try to see that your needs are supplied. I sent \$100 to you and \$100 to Geraldine in July. These amounts were to be used as you and Geraldine needed them and for your life insurance.

Since your letter received in June Geraldine I have been praying daily for your full and complete recovery. I do not believe that our Father wants you to be continually handicapped. You may remember that every day I am talking with God about you and hoping that He will make you all right. You are of course doing the same and telling Him that all of your strength and all the talents He has given you are for His use in any place in any work He calls you to. My heart gave a leap as I read in one of your last letters a suggestion that you might be preparing to come back to China.

How I enjoyed your picture of the life at Century Farm Dorothy. Have I ever written of the pull at my heart strings every time I think of you as I last saw you, as we started off in the auto in Putnam to take the train at Worcester? It seemed cruel to me that you had to be left in that way. You were standing against the woodshed that was ours in 1904 and of course tears were in your eyes and in mine too. But that is all passed now, and we are looking to a happy reunion in 1920. How Mama and I would like to be in Oberlin next June when you graduate from High School and Phebe from College. We now plan to come home in July 1920. This will bring us there for Geraldine's graduation in 1921. In your next letter I shall look to see just what you did to "help" while Aunt Phebe was away. While in Peitaiho I received your letter about your most interesting trip home by way of the lake and the Hudson river. My trip this summer to North China was very interesting- both going and coming. I have written you about going up- steamer all the way to Tientsin- eight days,- stopping two days at Shanghai and waiting one day for water enough to get over the bar at Taku, the entrance to Tientsin then a ride of 7 hours on the train, and meeting the aunts up at Peitaiho junction. To come home I took the train at Petaiho Beach with the aunts and several other friends at 10:15 a.m. We reached Peking at 8:30 p.m. We were to stay with Mrs. Wilder- an Oberlin classmate. She and her youngest daughter, Ursula, that made me think of you- were with us all day. The next day Thurs, the aunts and I visited the Summer Palace- built by the Empress Dowager to spend her summers in. It is on the side of a large lake, all surround by a high brick wall. The palace is covered with yellow and green tile. There are halls and covered walks and underground passages and little summer houses and little temples and little bridges and big temples and a large boat built of marble in the lake and paved walks everywhere. The most unique thing is an octagonal summer house, well up on the hill of bronze. It is about 12 feet in diameter. The whole thing -except the floor is of solid bronze, - all the posts, the door and window frames, the table in the center of it, the roof- all are of bronze. Of course now nothing of this palace is used, and it is sad to see it beginning to decay.

We also went to Ching Hua College- the indemnity College- being built with money which the U.S. returned to China of that which she paid for the destruction of American property in 1900. Here we saw a \$200,000 gold Gymnasium- a \$190,000 Library- a \$160,000 Science building, - a faculty of about 18 foreigners and as many more Chinese. They are training Chinese students to go to America for further study, and they hope that this will be so well equipped by the time the indemnity is all gone that the course here will be equal to a course in my American University. I met several of the young men who are teaching here and their families. They are five people.

Then we went to the Temple of Heaven and the Altar of Heaven, the oldest extant place of worship where there is no idolatry. The Altar is a most impressing place 100 ft. in diameter, with steps and railing- all of white marble. In the Temple to Heaven we saw the electric light features used by the men who a short time ago drafted China's new Constitution. This enclosure I should say is a mile square- and there are only these two structures and one or two other buildings on it. There are a few evergreen trees also. But the whole place is covered with a rank growth of weeds as high as our head. Then we saw the noted music room- spent two hours there. What did we see? Vases of porcelain- of bronze- of brass, of lacquer- of cloisnesse, of crystal. We saw large bells, sacrificial vessels of all designs - carved wood chairs and screens- tapestry of many designs, artificial flowers and fruit, - all in glass cases and miles of them, - No one after visiting this museum could call China uncivilized. Then we saw the compounds of the different missions. We saw the new Medical College being built by the Rockefeller Foundation- after the most modern plans, we saw the large Confucian temple, and the astronomical instruments all of bronze and parts taken away by Germany, and we saw a mule litter and I rode just once in a Peking cart. On Wed. Aug 28 the aunts and I left Tunghsien [*the same as Tungchow/Tungchou according to a 1940 ABCFM newsletter*] at 7:25 a.m.

went to Peking together, - changed cars and rode to Tientsin together. Mary went right on to Peitaiho Beach. Flora stopped at Tientsin to shop. I changed cars and came as far as Tsinanfu or Chinanfu- and stopped to see the Institute there- models of lots of interesting things that are of educational value, as well as photos- and drawings- a model of the U.S. White House- Temple to Heaven. - Red Cross work- Hygiene- Afforestation, Standard Oil products, etc. etc.- preaching all day., 5 times with an attendance of over 700 daily. Thurs. evening I took the train again and was in Shanghai Fri. night at 9. Stopped that night at Mr. Evans. - Sat. night with Mr. and Mrs. Main- took steamer Sun at 10 a.m. - for Foochow.

How shall I express the deep pride that both Mama and I feel over Gould's success in aviation? We pray God to care for him and use him to help all his companions to keep straight.

With lots of love your Father Willard L. Beard.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 16, 1918** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughters, Phebe, Geraldine and Dorothy. All is still calm in Foochow. Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen have moved off the mountain. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
Sept. 16- 1918

Dear Phebe (daughter), Geraldine and Dorothy:-

I am writing Gould, but as he is a bird of flight I do not dare address him in any place, so I am sending to you asking you to forward to him as soon as you have read it.

Sept. 22nd- Again I allowed something to call me away from my letter with the result that it has rested here for six days. The week has been very full as the first week of school always is. We are running full swing now with our usual number of students which is more than I expected, for the conditions have affected nearly every other school in Foochow. Some have not more than half their usual number.

Another week has gone and there is no trouble yet. All our work is going on as usual.

Mama and the girlies came down from the mountain last Monday. So we are in our own home again. Kathleen has grown fat a little this summer.

Mrs. Smith's sister- Miss Eunice Thomas is in Hong Kong on her way to Foochow, and the Ing Tai people are all waiting to see her before starting up river for their station. Monnie and Kathleen are of course glad for they see something of Eunice and Margaret Smith, who are staying at Ponasang. Charles Francis Belcher has a goat. Did we write of the one he had in July on the mountain that got hung? Well Mr. Belcher bought him another before he knew what had become of the first one.

This has been a perfect Sunday- a real cool, bright day and restful, altho I have already attended three services- and preached once.

We pray for you girls in Oberlin- and especially that Geraldine may be fully restored. We are all well. May God bring peace in His time.

Very Lovingly your Father Willard L. Beard

Thanks
 Band
 Sing 7 C. + 2nd call
 Chorus + Topping - instrumental
 Mouth organ - Band
 Sing 7 Call
 Call Band
 Sing Mrs Scott
 Band Quartette
 Quartette
 Sing 7 Call + 2nd call
 funny story
 Quartette
 Chorus + Topping instrumental
 Sing 7 Call
 Chorus instrumental
 Ser's 2nd song
 Tell about of meeting
 prayer
 College Band
 Chairman takes his seat

Long bridge

*This previous page appears to be an agenda of a meeting probably from the **Fall of 1918**.
From bottom to top (which would be right to left according to the Chinese characters):*

Chairman takes his seat
College Board
1 prayer
Tell object of meeting
Girl's Coll. song
Chin?? Instrument
Song of Coll.
Christian and Topping instrumental
Quartet
Funny story
Song of Coll and Girls coll.
Quartets
Band Quartet
Song Mrs. Scott
Coll. Band
Song of Coll.
Mouth organ- Gardner
Christian and Topping- instrumental
Song of Coll and Girls Coll
Beard [?]
Thanks

*[This letter, dated **September 29, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Elizabeth. He goes over some financial items. The son of another missionary who will be attending Yale helped out on Century Farm. Willard suggested this plan. He feels the war in Europe should be coming to an end soon. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China
Sept. 29th 1918

Dear Elizabeth:-

During the summer we have had two or three letters from you and the last mail brought Phebe M's letter. I am enclosing a letter from one of the students now in Shanghai- just to show you the English of a boy who has studied four years. I also enclose my letter to Ellen and the girlies- just after I got to PeiTaiHo.

I have written so that you all know I have had a delightful summer. It was both pleasurable and profitable and very restful. When I reached home Sept. 3rd I found Ellen here in Foochow to meet me. This put the climax on the summer's good time.

I have had two good talks with the teacher Sang Gaing where the school to which the King's Daughters- was it? or was it some other society of young ladies. The last letter received was from Mrs. Robert S. Little 23 Congress Ave Shelton. Aug. 18/1917. There came with this letter \$20. The school is doing good work again this year. The two teachers are on their job all the time and the building is full of children – about 50. The head teacher wants very much to get married. But he must have more room, if he is to do this. The school building which is also used for the church is large enough. But at present only one side has the second story finished off. The building is arranged thus. *[sketch]* He must put in about \$50.00 to finish off the 2nd story on the right side for his residence, and he does not have the money. I sympathize with him and I want to help him get married.

I have just subscribed for a Liberty Bond \$50.00 (As I read this over, I thought-why did I not put the money into this sch? Because I have put enough into this already)

Tell Mother that her letter on the typewriter was good work. I wonder if she found it any easier than a pen. I am thinking it was no improvement in her mind. I use my machine for business letters and other letters that I write on week days, but thus far I have not opened it on Sunday.

Tell Mother also that I note that she now holds the mortgage for \$1000 that Ruth had. I have indorsed the note with interest payments received as deposited in the Derby Savings Bank up to and including the last six months of 1917= Jan 1st 1918. The receipts from the Bank are not dated so I was not sure about the last one, but I counted

all I had and there were enough to make it right if that was the last one. If I am mistaken and you have sent the receipts July 1, 1918 let me know and I will make the correction.

To day has been very warm- muggy and I have been wet with perspiration all day. A shower about 4 p.m. has cooled the air a little.

I was much interested that Scoville Lyon was with you this summer. I did write you about how you came to get him. I was at his home in Shanghai in April. He was just starting for the U.S. to take the exams for Yale, and his parents chanced to say they did not know what he would do all summer. I said that my father was only 10 miles away from Yale and that he was wondering who would help him on the farm this summer. Mr. Lyon seemed to approve of Scoville's going but Mrs. Lyon thought he was not strong enough. I said that she need not have any misgivings about that for you all knew students from an experience of 30 years or more with them and you would not injure them. She was so fearful however that I did not write. He must have followed it up and I am glad it has proved so happy. When the air ships make the trip from New York to Shanghai in 50 hours I'll come home and help you get hay.

Ruth was my correspondent or go-between for the SangGaing School and I imagine she used to read to the ladies what I wrote about the school. Two years I had a little talk with them about it when I was in Shelton.

I am trying to start my garden. It has been pretty hot thus far. My cabbage and turnips look weak. But lettuce is sickly and beets "beat it" back into the ground. I have carrots and parsnips sowed but not yet up. It may be too hot for them. My celery is trying bravely to grow- plants are about ½ in. high. I am trying tomatoes again. They are 3 in. high. It rained last night and has been cloudy today and I have had the tomatoes transplanted this afternoon. I have four Hubbard squashes. I tried some summer pumpkins but no success yet. The vines are all right and sets are all right but the little pumpkins drop off when they are as large as a good big hen's egg. I have a lot of another kind of pumpkins= some 12 or more. The largest ones will weigh 50 lbs. or more now and they are still growing. Burpee did not send me any peas- I wanted these most of anything.

News of the surrender of Bulgaria has just reached us. Oct. 3- It has seemed to me for some weeks that the end of the war must be in sight. The gains of the Allies are wonderful= I wonder if Gould will get over.

And what of peace? This will be a subject of unprecedented difficulties- not a country of any note in the world but has a share. It is also the first time that the question is almost purely a moral one. It is really Might vs. Right or Militarism vs. Democracy. I am praying for the men who have the responsibility of deciding on the peace terms. May God give them grace, wisdom and love.

Very lovingly
Will.

*[This letter, dated **October 2, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas by Gould to his mother. He talks about his pay in the service. He and another soldier were able to spend a weekend as guests of some wealthy residents of San Antonio. Kelly Field is in quarantine for 30 days due to Spanish Influenza. He talks about his engines class and flying. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas.
Det Flying Cadet,
Oct. 2, 1918

Dear Mamma;-

It has been two months since I have heard from China at all. I don't even know what that part of the family did this summer. I hear about once a week from the Farm, once in a week and a half from Phebe, once in two weeks from Maud Carpenter, once a month from Dot, and once in two months from Geraldine. I also keep up an occasional correspondence with a few other boys and girls. I find out though that I have to write first to get a letter in return, and if work becomes strenuous and I fall off the least bit the incoming mail falls off as the square of the decrease.

The date when my commission comes is drawing near, that is, if I am as successful as I have been, and I will have to spend some three hundred dollars right off the bat for equipment. However, if we get one back pay before then, I will have some \$150 towards that sum. You know, don't you, that the old congress failed to make the appropriation for the Cadets pay before it adjourned, and we have been going on \$33 a month which is the pay for private 1st class. Flying cadet's regular pay is supposed to be \$75 a month, but we have had to wait until the new Congress opened and got to the appropriation and now we must wait another month for the necessary red tape and the making out of the pay roll. Every month I have gone "broke" from the 20th on to pay day, but I guess it has not hurt me at all and I have incidentally saved up some money which I would otherwise have spent.

Ever since I have been here I have contented myself on weekends by going down town with a couple of cadets and seeing a couple of the best shows, taking supper at a restaurant, and walking the streets between times. We get home about 12:00 P.M. Then on Sunday I generally take a long tramp in the morning and visit the Camp Library and the Y.W.C.A. Hostess house in the afternoon. Twice I have gone to church in San Antonio, once to the Baptist and once to the Episcopal, but mostly I go to the Y.M. Service in camp. The Cong'l church is merely existing here and they don't seem to be very cordial to strangers. Some of the churches even go so far as to serve dinner to all soldiers, since mess is served in camp before they can get back.

Week before last I had a great time in a civilian home. A Lieut. in Kelly #1 who knew me in Oberlin invited me to go with him to his friend's house. He took me to the show in the afternoon and then we went to the house for supper. The people are Mr. and Mrs. Sires; rich people who live in a large, yellow brick building in the aristocratic section of the city. When the camps were situated here, they opened their mansion to the soldiers and officers and took in four young school teachers for boarding to act as entertainers. The whole household, including the teachers are fine, well cultured people, and know the real needs of a camp stale soldier. We spent the evening in games and talked and singing, then went to bed about 12:00 P.M. After breakfast the Lieut. and myself took one of the young ladies to church. We took dinner there and then started for camp at 4:00 P.M. The whole time was enjoyable. It is the first bed I have slept in for a long time, the first real home meals I have eaten since I went to the Farm last, and the first time I have talked with ladies since that time. I am invited to drop in any time. I might add that both Mr. and Mrs. Sires are ardent Christian Scientists.

Kelly Field has been put in quarantine because of a Spanish Influenza scare and it may be 30 days before we can get to town. All the camps around here are likewise in quarantine.

Maybe I have said it before, but this bunch of cadets here is the jolliest and wittiest group of men I have ever been in. Hard luck and disappointments we have had in plenty and more loom up every day, but I have never seen a time, even while the whole bunch is cursing, when someone didn't crack a joke that set the whole bunch roaring. In the evenings after lights out has blown, wit is especially active. No one is exempted from receiving a pretty blunt knock once in a while for any peculiarity that he has, and it is the best thing for those who think they are better than anyone else.

The major in command of the Cadet Wing has made a new schedule for academic work and in it he has made all men attend engine classes until the 20th week. I am in flight 16 and our flight has already passed the finals in all subjects so we felt a little mean about going back to them. They gave us work on the engine blocks where we run the engines to practice "trouble shooting." In the regular course, the instructors taught us how to locate trouble, "trouble shooting" they call it; so this A.M. we started to put the engine on the blink ourselves. The instructor thought that the engine was O.K. and wanted to show us a good engine, but somehow it wouldn't work, and when he went to look for the trouble we would adjust what we set wrong on the sly and start her up. He soon became entirely discouraged and when he caught on to our stunt after an hour or more, he just sat back and let us fuss all over the motor.

Football practice has started. I am playing, but there is no danger of my ever getting on the first team. We have "all stars" from all over the country and ought to show some good work soon. The coaching is a little off, because of favoritisms and poor coaching, but I think we will be pretty successful after all.

I have been transferred onto Aerobatics now. That, you know, is stunt flying; tail spins, loops, Immelman turns, etc. The ships have the Duperdissen control system and it takes a little time to get on to it. I had my first ride this morning with the instructors. I did my 8 tail spins O.K. but my ordinary flying was absolutely rotten, so rotten that my instructor hesitated to turn me loose on solo work. I skidded on nearly every turn and very much over controlled the ship so that we were bobbing about all the time. Now that I have had time to go over every move I made, I think I will be able to show him what I can really do the next time he sends me up. There's one consolation anyway, I'm not so good but what there is something to strive for.

I am much amused at reading my letters to see the queer ideas people have about flying. Some think it would be grand to soar up above the clouds; well, it is, when you have confidence in yourself and your machine, but if you don't it would be torture; at least for the first time. Others don't realize that altitude means safety, the higher I get, the more possibilities there are of picking a good landing spot if your engine stops and the more possibilities of righting my ship if it goes into a tail spin. Gracie wants me to land in their back yard sometime; well, I would be lucky to get into a lot twice that size or out of it again if it was three times that size.

When I first enlisted, I sent you a small silk Service Flag. I can't remember that you said whether you ever received it or not; if you didn't I will send another.

Last Saturday I saw some persimmons down town, and you can be sure I bought and ate all I dared to. It is the first fruit I have tasted that was anything like the old Foochow fruit.

How are Kathleen and Marjorie? I haven't heard from or about them for a long, long time. Do they wear their skirts at knee height or below? Do they wear bobbed hair or long? Is Monny still bigger than Punk and which is the heavier? Is Monny still the reader that she used to be and is Punk still aggressive as she was when I saw her last? Maybe I am treading on precarious ground when I call them by their baby names, they may be young ladies now.

Best of wishes, greatest happiness, and love and kisses to you all.
Your brother and son,
Gould.

*[This letter, dated **October 10, 1918**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the dear people. She is encouraged about news from the warfront. She talks about how things are at the school. They expect the Board of Trustees at the school to ask them to delay their furlough because of the difficulty in finding teachers to replace them in wartime. Envelope labeled "Opened by Censor No. 1585." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

October 10, 1918

Dear People-

Today is supposedly Inauguration Day and I wonder how things went. The Western war front is still most encouraging with the last strong hold in the Hindenburg Line broken and the German peace terms unaccepted *[According to Wikipedia.org, The Hindenburg Line was a vast system of defenses in northeastern France during World War I.]* I have a Current Events class to conduct on Saturday afternoons so I am becoming a diligent reader of the papers. Our new American paper the "North China Star" is quite decidedly American in its "get up" and really gives the news.

Just think, we have been in session four weeks already. With five of us to run things we are not so burdened as in former years. Each of our schedules allows a little time to ourselves in the day's program. Miss Parsons proved to have had four years of college French so takes the two classes in French which were worrying us. She ?? ??, in that she has had class music, history, English etc. so we are getting along without outside help in teaching. Miss Willoughby came down for one week to help out. What a nice lot of messages we have had from home recently. Mrs. Martin was the first. Mr. Edward Lincoln Smith the second. Miss Terrill was the third. She had not seen you but brought a message from Dr. Shelton. It seems she visited the head nurse at Griffin hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Pye almost were messengers because they had visited her sister and a sister of Mrs. Hummel in Ansonia. Unfortunately she did not know of Helen or that you were so near. Mrs. Martin said she missed Ruth in the home altho she never had known her there. Her children are fine children and I am getting well acquainted now.

A week ago yesterday, Mr. Tarrin and Mr. Lieper left for Siberia for work under the Y.M.C.A. They were unable to get some warm things they needed so I volunteered to make a sweater for Mc L. with sleeves and collar. I was unable to get the wool until Saturday the 23rd. I started it Sunday morning and finished it the next Sunday before church. Mrs. Paterson and Flora did the sleeves and Mrs. P. helped sew it up by sewing the sleeves and putting them in. It was fun to race with time and succeed.

There is a wide spread epidemic of gripe abroad. We have had three cases, not very severe, and several bad colds. Another short siege of several cases came from eating some fresh tomatoe catsup one noon. I came in on that and took a two days light diet.

We have had a glorious Fall. No hot weather at all and now so cold that we started the furnace today. I have been for a good walk or two and played tennis several times. Miss Grace Parsons plays so we get out together. I am working on a course of gymnastics to give the children so as to encourage straighter standing and sitting.

We changed the rooming of the children for this year. F. and I have only boys here; the small ones are up here with me and the H.S. ones on the floor below with F. Miss Bostwick has the little girls and Jean and Grace have the High School girls. Our third house is next Wisteria Lodge and was occupied by the Stelles last year and the Galts in previous years.

We have fitted up another school room so now there is no sleeping room on the main floor. Flora, Miss Bostwick and Grace share in the charge of that room. Grace also has charge of the High School room with me.

Our system of plumbing is not all satisfactory but much better than the old arrangements. The fall of the water is so slight that we have very little force. The big porcelain tub is a joy. It is good to straighten ones legs in a tub once more. Just think I was not in a tub for June 24 to September 28. Don't you think I needed a bath!!

The girls, Margaret Smith and Alice Huggins, had a "home warming" over the week end, September 22, and I spent most of my time over there to keep the couples even. The weather was glorious and the party was a grand success.

I was in Peking for one night, September 30, to attend a banquet at the Y.W.C.A. They are having a campaign to raise \$3500 for their work. I am helping a little by giving out slips for the Prayer cycle here in Tunghsien and being ready to receive any contributions offered.

The Salvation Army have opened work in Tunghsien this fall. They called once to ask aid; otherwise I have seen them once. That was when our class pledged a \$10,000 fellowship and we wish to complete it by 1920. Only a little over half is in hand so far.

Willard sent us recently letter from Phebe and Gould. The former to ?? ?? and the later forwarded by you at Century Farm. These two are certainly making good in every way. I am wondering if Gould is still in America. He was progressing so rapidly that he would soon be graduated. I am proud to be aunt to two such young people. But I feel old to think of being aunt to such grown up young people.

Flora says that the Board of Trustees are going to suggest lengthening our term to seven years and then giving us a furlough year. I have not committed myself as to what I shall do about it. When the suggestion comes straight from the Board I shall have to give some answers. I can not tell you what it will be, for I myself do not know. My heart says go home but my reason says it is not fair to the school when it is so hard to get teachers out. An added argument on the last side is that there will be no missionary rates of travel after this October. That will make a big difference in our expenses. On the other hand, I could certainly find a sport for usefulness at home. To turn woman-farmer now would not be inappropriate. Just please give me a few arguments pro and con to help my indecision.

Please for Edith Louise's Christmas present from Aunt Mary Louise buy \$2.00 worth of War Savings Stamps or if she has started on any other method of being patriotic put the money there. I sent nothing for last Christmas or birthday so especially want this for Xmas.

I took out my second bond of \$50 a short time ago. Exchange was way down to 104.64 so it cost only \$52.82. It is up to 107+ now.

It is nearly eleven o'clock so I must get to bed. I have tried every night to get this written without sitting up late and finally gave up the attempt and sat up.

Lots of love
Mary.

*[This letter, dated **October of 1918**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. The Spanish influenza has struck and Dr. Arthur Smith was hit particularly hard but he is recovering. Mary's chemistry professor from Holyoke is coming to visit. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

October [1918]

Dear Home Folk-

Letters are getting fewer in number both in leaving here and in arriving. I suppose that must be so, as we each get buried in the new duties that we must take up in these strenuous war times. I personally am not doing much more than last year. I have knitted three sweaters and 1 ½ pair of wristlets since school opened. I have done but little to get the children to work but they are many of them working just the same.

The Spanish Influenza has struck North China all right and it struck everywhere all at once. Our cases came in small numbers but have gotten up to seventeen all total. The Chinese doctor in charge of the hospital is very good and we have been using him.

Dr. Arthur Smith is in the hospital at Peking with a rather severe attack of influenza. Dr. Mak[?] was unwilling to take the responsibility of his care. It excited the children to have the ambulance in the compound at recess.

Dr. Goldthwaite, my chemistry professor at Holyoke, arrives in Peking tomorrow. I expect her down here next weekend.

Nov. 6- Dr. Smith has been very low with pneumonia but is some better now. On Monday I went to take him some flowers and was allowed to shake hands with him. He surprised me with the strong grip he gave my hand. Little Helen Corbett is just recovering from a three weeks siege of pneumonia. Both are results of the influenza. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards (Y.M.C.A.) lost their little boy with pneumonia and typhoid combines.

Dr. Goldthwaite is in Peking and on last Monday I was at lunch with her at Mrs. Stifler's. Susan Reed Stifler is Holyoke 1908. A 1904 girl and Miss Crane, Y.W.C.A. Secretary at Holyoke for two years, were the other

guests. We had a most enjoyable time. Last Sunday was "Old Home Sunday" for the Tungchow church. Most of the foreigners who have formerly worked here and a lot of Chinese were back. They had meetings three and four a day beginning Saturday evening and ending Tuesday noon. We helped entertain the foreigners and had Dr. and Mrs. Wilder and Mrs. Sheffield as guests. Their last meeting was a memorial for Mr. Frame and must have been most inexpensive.

At last I have met Mr. Chen the head of the chemistry department in the Academy (Nov 11). He and I talked over the use of the laboratory and he is to give me my own places to use so we will not interfere with his boys hereafter.

Dr. Goldthwaite came down Saturday noon and stayed until Sunday evening.

On Saturday I let her have a nap immediately after lunch then she went to the Chemistry laboratory with me. It took all my courage and will power to say that her presence would not make me nervous and then not to let it do so. Mrs. Martin had invited everyone to tea that afternoon so we went.

For dinner we had Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Stelle, Mrs. Yarrow and Mrs. Lieper in and we ate at 7.30. The children ate at 6.15 as usual so we had a real formal dinner and lingered as long as we liked. Of course we knitted and talked afterwards; so it was eleven before the guests all left. I hope we can do so again sometime because it was a very pleasant occasion for all concerned.

On Sunday morning we took rickshas and went to the east gate to see the chains put up to fool the river Gods into thinking the city a ship. Then we stopped to see how the malt candy is made and incidentally to buy some. They were not yet at work so we saw only the room and huge vat. Then we went to the pagoda and back home in the afternoon I got out all my curios for her to see then we visited the dairy and had tea here before going to the train. It filled the time but Dr. G. assured me she was not too tired.

This is the first Monday I have spent at home in several weeks. I have looked after my plants which I had brought in for the winter and have gotten some upstairs where we can see them. I shall take the children to the candy shop this afternoon. Isn't the news from the Western front thrilling these days. My pins on my National Geographic map go by leaps and bounds to the eastward. Mrs. Yarrow loaned us a map of Russia so we can keep watch of that front. My last Digest gives a good map of the Balkan states. We stop every thing for the paper these days. Our newspaper "The North China Star" is gotten up on the American plan and has headlines so a few numbers[?] will get the big items.

We are all well of the influenza and the news from Dr. Smith is most encouraging these days. The Doctors say now he might recover.

Our Red Cross work is concentrated on knitting here as everything goes to Siberia. Our men are not in town enough with the fighting forces for much hospital work but we are in touch with refugees who need warm clothing.

I must get this off. Here is a Merry Xmas to you all as this won't much ?? then reach you before that. Think of us as well and busy and so happy.

Lots of love

Mary Beard.

*[This letter, dated **November 1918**, was written from Flora to the folks at home. They closed school because of the Peace Celebrations in Peking at the end of the war. They visited Pres. Hsu at the palace with many others. Flora and Mary have been asked to stay on at the school for another year and they will probably vacation in Japan next summer. Many Chinese have died from influenza. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Nov. 1918]

Dear folks at home:-

This has been a most quiet week end, for most every one is in Peking in order to participate in the Peace Celebrations. We got word on Wednesday noon. Then letters, telegrams, and autos began to arrive for the children to go to see the doings in Peking. The result was that we closed school Thursday noon and have been celebrating ever since. It was also the week for the big "War Work Campaign" for money and it is certainly marvelous how the Chinese are going down into their pockets for the dollars. Everywhere the proposed amounts are being over-subscribed. All the schools (Chinese) and colleges were out in the parade for it, on Thursday, and I am sure there must have been twenty thousand marching. It took an hour and forty minutes for the procession to pass us. The numbers of students made one realize that education is really going on. One sees so many boys at work in the shops and on the streets that it was a good sight to see so many thousands of students. To-day (two days later) the American children and we teachers have been helping our own city to celebrate. We went over to the building

known as the "Town Hall" where there was a huge crowd filling all the enclosure- standing. Most of them were students from the several government schools of Tunghsien, and we must have made a "line of march" over a mile long. Our school was one of the music furnishers and we marched about a mile with the line. First we stood at the side of the road and cheered the standard bearers of each school and then we fell in behind the Academy boys of our compound. They answered our cheers and later they and we sang songs as we marched along. The numerous door ways of houses on the streets were so numerous filled that each looked as if it were either a school of children or a "ladies aid" society, according to the age and size of the crowds.

The next Sunday (Nov. 24)- This is during Sunday School and the voices of children and their teachers, with the piano and little kindergartners, are floating to my room, somewhat subdued by closed doors, but all are busy reciting their lessons.

We have been off on another trip this time to be received by Pres. Hsu. We closed school yesterday noon, and went by train in a reserved car. We were quite a crowd in our rickshas- forty of us- and we arrived at 1.45 P.M. at the President's gate. We walked all around the lake and out to the island when the late Emperor was imprisoned. Then we went through a beautiful enclosure which was full of wonderful rockeries and a little house, down to another garden in the middle of which was a plain marble house, looking exactly like a huge stone box, without any windows, and just one rather small, low door. Inside stands the gold(?) box in which Yuan Shih Kai placed the three names to choose his successor from I had always pictured to myself some small, beautifully adorned golden box, and my imaginings had quite a collapse when I saw a plain iron foreign safe enameled over with yellow paint. It wasn't even pretty.

Well, after leaving this part of the garden we went through a covered labarinth and at the other end found ourselves at the Palace doors. We entered, left our wraps in the places prepared for such things and then prepared to meet the president. He kept us waiting a few minutes but no one found it boring. The place was very warm- the heat being supplied by a foreign system of steam pipes. Finally the president came- an elderly, dignified, keen man. He was not dressed in military style but had on a beautiful dark blue brocaded silk gown- fur lined and with a darker silk over vest. He had grey hair and a grey moustache. He read his speech and his interpreter read his also. The President shook hands with the two of dignified Americans who stood in front, among whom was Will's college chum Dr. G.D. Wilder, who made the return speech to the President. Then we went to partake of the refreshments, which were ham sandwiches, small cakes and tea. The children were invited in behind the doors to see the apartments from which the president came. Two years ago I saw them. They consist of small rooms furnished with Brussels carpets, plush covered chairs and walls hung with silk draperies- just retiring rooms where men can sit for smoking and talking.

On our way out we went to see the throne room in which is the gold(?) chair that Yuan Shi Kai had made for his throne. This is in a large and beautiful building with its twin just back of it. Just now it is used as an art gallery and the president had all the wonderful collection of emperor portraits hung for us to see. There were dozens of them, painted on silk and all mounted on yellow brocaded silk. They included emperors from 1600 A.D. to 2753 B.C. They were remarkable for color and fineness of lines. I was so glad to see them for I have heard so much about them.

To the children the most exciting part of the afternoon was the ride home. We were too late to return by train so we came by auto. It took five to get us back, and the children enjoyed the ride even though it was rather cold. We arrived in time for our usual dinner home, though it was a fifteen mile ride.

Well, the Trustees of our school have asked Mary and me to stay out one year more, because it is impossible, on account of the unsettled state of the world, to get any one to take our places just now. We have not given our definite answer yet, but do not see how we can decline, unless we wish to leave the school in the lurch. Neither of us is keen to be away from home any longer than is necessary, and it will mean an entire change of our plans. Beside there is a wish on the part of the business men and some of the Rockefeller people to have the school moved into Peking. Both Mary and I feel that this is a serious mistake and neither of us will consent to stay if it is done. The way in which this plan has begun seems to the Trustees of this school a bit Hunnish as though it were "money vs. politeness." However, since Mr. Green, who is at the head of the Rockefeller Foundation takes neither side, it may all fall through. The idea of the business people really establishing a school seems to us an impossibility as none of them ever stay for more than a year or two before they are up and away promoted to some higher position, somewhere else- and thereby never here to fulfill their promises- as we have already experienced such results. It certainly is an interesting experience- if not always a stable proposition- to start a school out here. Before we ever came there had been a big tussle to decide between Tunghsien and Tsingtao. How fortunate the decision for this place was! Two years ago our lives were threatened when Yuan Shih Kai's unpaid troops (about 10,000 of them in our city at that time) threatened to disgrace him. Now the Shanghai American School is trying to swallow us up by insisting that there shall be only one High School for all of China, and this latest agitation! All this while we are

going on with our every day duties and are planning for larger things in the future. I cannot feel that we are to be engulfed for the people of North China will never consent to send their children into the unhealthy climate and conditions of Shanghai, nor, I believe will the Peking project materialize, for it is so much cleaner and safer for children to live out here. Our number this year did not increase, but that can be laid to the war, and to furloughs, but our High School this year composes half our number, and this you see can be said to have a faculty, and we have spent a lot of time organizing. This last has meant most to Mary and me, for until this year we have shouldered every responsibility. Now to have only our fifth of it means that we have had the time to do a lot of the finer points. I think the children have been much more contented and have done better work than ever.

It is possible if we stay out that Mary and I may spend the summer in Japan. Mrs. Burgess's father and mother are spending a few weeks here with their daughter and her mother has invited Mary and me to spend the summer with them at Karuizawa, as I did with them years ago. It would be perhaps the most inexpensive summer for us, especially if exchange stays where it is now, as our dollar will buy nearly two yen.

We have had just two letters from you since school commenced, but Will sent us one so that we knew you were well. I still hope that you all escaped the influenza. It had a big sweep here and probably thousands of Chinese fell victims of it. They die so fast that coffins gave out. We had a lot of it among foreigners but I do not remember hearing of many deaths. Dr. Arthur H. Smith was at death's door for about three weeks but he is making a good recovery now. The practice out here of putting every one immediately to bed when anything is the matter, I think, was the saving treatment.

Wishing you all a Merry Xmas and a peaceful New Year I am- Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard.

We can't get mother's fur coat to her but hope we can in a few months. F.B.

[This letter on Kewpie stationery and dated Nov. 17, 1918 was written from Foochow, China by 10 year old Kathleen to her sisters in the U.S. She tells about a concert and a wedding that she attended. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China

Nov. 17, 1918

Dear Girls

How did you like the sugar I sent you. I like it better than the white. Today is a rainy day and we have not seen the sun for a week.

A week ago yesterday there was a concert at the church. The church was crowded with people. We sat up in the gallery. First the band played next came a prayer then one of the school boys told what the meeting was for then the Girls school sang, then a school boy played kind of a violin it was a Chinese one. It made an awful noise but he didn't mind it, he went sawing away and it screeched so loud it nearly made me deaf. Now if you don't mind I will write the rest of the program on another piece of paper. I have begun a sweater for the people up north. This summer I knit seven wash rags and last winter I knit a cap for my doll. Last Friday there was a wedding in the church. It was supposed to begin at two but the bride didn't come until four so some of the people had to wait over two hours. When she did at last come firecrackers went off and there were a hole lot of people at the door. Her sedan chair was all covered with flowers. They had a foreign wedding. She the bride was in foreign dress well as the groom. Friday night the boy scouts came in and showed the people over here what they could do. They showed how to tie knots that were easy to un-tie. They signaled with red flags and with a flag that had a white back ground and a blue stripe down the middle of it. The picture enclosed is my birthday picture. It was taken by the typhoon wall on the mountain. The baby in my arms is Margaret Leger. Mr. and Mrs. Leger boarded at our house this summer. With lots of love

Your sister Kathleen

[This letter dated Nov. 17, 1918 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children in the U.S. The armistice has been signed and Willard read the telegram to the teachers and students. They celebrated by having a 2 day vacation. Gould is disappointed that he did not get to go to Europe but happy the war is over. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.

Nov. 17th 1918.

Dear children:-

One subject engages the attention of the world today- the prospect of peace – the armistice. It is most interesting to note how it effects the Chinese I wrote you that nearly every Chinese in Foochow was pro-German until a year ago. A change has very quietly come over them, but it has not resulted in any outward demonstration. Some of the leading Christian Chinese here have been decidedly pro-German till this Summer. When the news came that the armistice had been signed there was little demonstration. The foreigners of course were almost hilarious. I had the College flag raised and of course read the telegram to teachers and students, and I listened carefully for any sign of a request for a holiday. Not a whisper till Wed. a.m. about 8:30- Three boys came very quietly and said, “We ought to do something to commemorate the armistice.” “All right”, I said. And at 10:15 all met and I asked them if they wanted a holiday and to have a procession. 11 or 12 raised their hands against it!!

But the majority ruled and we had a vacation of two days and a most happy and successful procession of 300- marching with banners and flags thru the principle streets of the city, and calling on the General- Governor. He asked the boys to sing and the College Board to play and then addressed them, - speaking of the joy everywhere over the cessation of fighting in Europe and lamenting that China was still in evil strife. Then he gave each one of us a paper flower to remember the occasion and asked the students to have tea and cake- the faculty were invited into his private sitting room. After chatting for 15 minutes we said good bye. Gen'l Li had his Yamen decorated with the flags of all nations and he was dressed in full military uniform to receive us. Of course the teachers, students and the President were mightily pleased. All but three or four of the boys who opposed the procession on Wed. a.m. joined it on Thursday.

On Tuesday evening all foreigners were invited to meet at the Foochow Club to celebrate the armistice. We all went. It was just a get-to-gether to let every one know how happy we were.

The articles of agreements are all here and we have read them. Two things stand out as I read them- 1. Their comprehensiveness 2. The absence of any vindictiveness. There is no vengeance. But it is perfectly clear that the Allies are not taking any risks. Germany has thrown away completely all things that could call for faith in her by any other nation or any other person.

Now my prayers are that God will direct the nations in the choice of the men who are to determine the terms of peace. What a conference that will be!! A whole world to reconstruct!!

Oh! may these men fully realize that the basis of an enduring peace is not in might, - whether it is force of material, industrial or commercial or educational might. The basis of an enduring world peace is Righteousness. And a peace with righteousness as its foundation will stand in China or Belgium or Germany. It will stand at all times and will endure all changes of material, industrial or commercial conditions.

The world seems able to learn only one lesson at a time. This is often taught by means of calamity- as God taught the Jews that idolatry was wrong- first by precift.[?] but at last by the destruction of the nation. And today an idolatrous Jew is unknown and other nations are re-arming. This week men all over the world are realizing what prophets have said for three thousand years- “Might is not right”. And it has taken a world cataclysm to make men realize it.

Nov. 4 I addressed a letter to Dorothy, enclosing a draft on Boston for \$50. first of Exchange. In this I will put second of exchange in case the other was lost. This money is for Phebe or Geraldine as they need it.

We received letters from Gould Oct. 26 and from Geraldine at the same time. We are asking God to be with Gould. He is disappointed not to get to Europe, but his disappointment is balanced by his joy that the killing of men has stopped. And he will be led to do that thing which for him is right and best.

Every hour we ask God to direct him, and we continually ask that Geraldine may have perfect health to give perfect service to God and man.

We have been doing our own house work for three days. Our one servant got ill with an influenza that seems to have been going all over the world, and Mama has done the cooking. He is better and on the job again much to our delight.

Friday afternoon we plan to make a call on the General. - So to look- see his Yamen. A new interpreter whom he has recently employed is a Christian man from a mission school in Peking.

My garden is coming on some- not as well as last year. - I have radishes – all gone now- we have lettuce once- on the way are turnips- cauliflower- beets- cabbage lettuce- celery- tomatoes- Chinese cabbage- Swiss chard- peas. Yesterday I picked a bunch of fine bananas about 100.

The other day the girlies were talking as they played paper dolls- Monnie said “We will take 8 to 12 including”- “8 to 12 inclusive.” She got it right the second time. Lovingly Your Father

Willard L. Beard

Of course you know that 2nd of Exchange is good on if 1st of Ex. has been lost.

[This letter, dated **November 24, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Elizabeth. Willard has been knitting a sweater for the Red Cross. The foreigners are celebrating the end of the war. He and Ellen and their cook have all had influenza. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow, China
Nov. 24th 1918.

Dear Elizabeth:-

I do not really know whether it is your turn to receive a letter or not. But I'm sending this to you just the same. Your good letter of Oct. 6- came day before yesterday. I was away at a Board of Directors meeting and got home after 10 p.m. and found a big home mail. At such a time there is but one thing to do- sit down and read it and go to bed when it is finished. It was a good mail,- from Gould- Geraldine, you, Mt. Vernon and Rose Wells and Mary. All letters brought good news, and this is conducive to a good night's rest.

Did you know that I began a sweater last summer at Pei Tai Ho. The yarn gave out when I had half the purling on the last end done and I had to wait for more from Peking. I finished it and sent it in a week ago last Friday. I suppose it will go to Siberia to help keep some poor fellow warm this winter. The report here is that 1000's will freeze and starve in Siberia this winter in spite of anything that can now be done.

How I should have liked to be home this past two weeks. The joy of the people must have been great. And the joy of the U.S. must have been greatest, and not as much chastened as that of Canada, England and France for in these lands most of the families looked forward to no reunion this side of Heaven. The loved one or loved ones will never come back to the home in Canada or England or France.

In the Congregationalist that came last week, is the notice that Dr. Wm. E. Strong's son Ellsworth was killed in the summer. We're praying that Gould will be able to rejoice altho he did not get over,- and that he will be led to find the best thing to do, now that the path in the direction of war is closed.

The foreigners had a jubilation here on Tuesday evening after the armistice was announced, and General Li invited all the men to his Yamen last Sat. 4-6 p.m. to celebrate the cessation of two days- Wed. and Thursday. Wed we had a grand procession thru the city. We called on General Li. He asked the boys to sing and the Band to play then he told them how glad every one was that the war had stopped and said he hoped China could have peace very soon. He asked about 250 students to set down to tea and cake, invited the Faculty to his private office, and he put on his military uniform complete to receive us. He also presented each of us with a paper flower to commemorate the occasion. Of course we all felt good.

All letters are full of the influenza. It seems to be all over the world. S. Africa seems to be hit hard. The girls write that it is in the north. It is in Foochow- but is not as bad here as in other places. Ellen and I have had touches of it. One cook has been in the Hospital three days. Mr. and Mrs. Scott were in bed yesterday. They are better today.- Goodnight- more later.

Monday evening,- another rainy day,- lots of rain this fall which is unusual.- I thought it would be good for my garden but it is no better this year than last. I have had lettuce once- am now letting it grow to supply the compound garden for Thanksgiving. The first radishes are all gone, and the second sowing are almost ready. But looking fine, turnips most ready to eat- cabbage fine, carrots and parsnips coming on. Celery fine. Cauliflower and Chinese cabbage are having a hard time between worms and birds.- Did you receive that Chinese cabbage seed I sent last spring? My strawberries are looking very good. I have four little yellow summer pumpkins- each about nine inches in diam. and one Hubbard squash. It is too hot here for these to do well.

Tell Edith her letter was very interesting. I hope she escaped the influenza. God has dealt very kindly with us. May He help us all to so live that He can continue to bless us-

With love to all Will

Rose Wells writes that she has given you \$10- to be put in the bank for me and Mrs. B.J. Col?? Writes that she has given you \$4- or rather that she has deposited for me in the Derby Savings Bank. I shall write these as soon as possible. Will.

[This letter, dated **December 22, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. The college boys are celebrating Christmas by selling items and the proceeds will go to Turkey and a mission in South China. Miss Hartwell received a medal from the Chinese for her work at an orphanage. He comments on the close

of war and spread of prohibition. Envelope labeled "Examined by Censor C.380." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow, China.
Dec. 22nd 1918

Dear Folks at Home:-

On this beautiful, cheerful Sabbath morning- the Christmas Sabbath, I am starting a letter to you so it will be sure to get into the next mail. It is like an April morning at home- no fires, and a winter suit is almost too thick for comfort. We have had no cold weather yet this year, and we have built a fire only a few times.

Christmas is in the air all over Foochow,- every year the Christians are making more and more of it in their celebrations. And the upper classes are at least being appraised of the significance of the season. There was talk of a big parade on Christmas Day all thru the city by all the church members. But it was a little too new and involved several factors that were too unique. The College boys are to have a young city in the College grounds. They have printed a lot of paper money, \$1.00, \$2.00, \$5.00, \$10.00, \$20.00, \$50.00, \$100.00, \$200.00, \$300.00, \$500.00 bills. They will open a Bank and there will be all manner of shops with articles for sale. They have gone into the stores of the city and will be allowed to take from these stores, piece goods, fruit, shoes, hats, trinkets and all manner of things. The would-be-purchaser must first go to the Bank and purchase Foochow College Bank Notes with real money. Only these Bank Notes will be accepted in payment of the articles bought. This is one of the ways in which they are planning to celebrate Christmas. The money which they make will be given- half to Turkey half to a Chinese mission in Yunnan province- way down on the S. West of China.

Last Thursday Miss Hartwell received from the President of China and from the General-Governor of Fukien medals and boards with mottos in recognition of the good work she had done in starting and keeping up an orphanage here in Foochow. The Christian Herald first gave money for this ten years or so ago. That fund is now used up. And the officials are giving several hundred dollars a month toward the work. The occasion of the presentation was a big one. The General and the Foreign consuls and many of the gentry were there. I think this is the first time China has ever given a medal to any foreigner for philanthropic work.

A week ago today I had the great pleasure of baptizing and admitting to the church a mother, her two daughters and her daughter-in-law and of baptizing her youngest son, 9 years old, and her grandson 9 months old. The whole family are now in the church i.e. her husband, son and mother beside those admitted last Sunday. The father used to be in the army under the Empire and "ate the government". After the revolution in 1911 his stipend from the government ceased and the preacher helped him and encouraged him to start a rice shop. He paid strict attention to business and is now a prosperous merchant; with a Christian family.

A good letter came from Mr. and Mrs. Jewett of Mt. Vernon last mail. They greatly enjoyed the visit from the girls last Sept. Their letters were so full of the visit that they forgot to write anything about their own interesting pair of children.

The last mail brought a letter also from some of Etta's children to the girls. We do not yet know anything about Gould's whereabouts. It seems as if the war stopped a long time ago, and our home papers are still telling of war incidents and still giving the numbers that will be in France by next July. To read such news (?) when we know the soldiers are already beginning to return gives one a queer feeling- it's history.

The girlies are in great demand for singing. Thurs. p.m.-Friday p.m. twice today, and I do not know how many times this next week. All the churches want them to sing at their Christmas exercises.

I am wondering if the conditions now that the war has stopped will make it any easier for you to get help. I hope it will. Just now I suppose work is not quite as rushing as it was in the warmer season and yet I know there is always enough to do. My garden is just at its best to look at now. The restrictions due to the war, cut me out of peas from home and I ordered two packages from a nursery in Japan. I got enough to sow one row about 20 feet long. I ordered a quart at once and I expect them any day. I hope it is not too late. Beets, turnips, parsnips, carrots, lettuce, onions, cabbages, cauliflower, celery and strawberries are in bloom and many already set. This makes me think I must at once order sweet corn and string beans. The girls have been trying to send me down some corn and millet from Tientsin but regulations are so stiff that the grain is or was still in Tientsin. From the grain which I brought down with us last Aug. we are eating a combination of millet, gen liong= (brown corn or caffer corn rice and wheat ground in equal parts and it is good.

This is a unique Christmas- we have just left behind the greatest cataclysm the world has ever seen, and before us lies the most stupendous task men ever faced- rebuilding the world. But God has always found men equal to every task and there are men equal to the present task. I see Pres. Wilson is not to sit in the Peace Conference. But his wisdom will be there. Hughes is a good man. It is interesting to watch the growth of prohibition in the U.S. and in the world. What effect will the cessation of the war have on the movement against the use of liquor?

All send lots of love to Grandpa, Grandma, Aunt Phebe and Aunt Elizabeth and all the others- specially Nancy,

Will.

[This letter dated Dec. 29, 1918 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children in the U.S. He gives Phebe advice on receiving money from a Mr. Bidwell. He finds it difficult to be separated from his children when it comes to needed advice. Willard learned to knit and made a sweater to donate to the Red Cross. Busses are running in Foochow now. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Dec. 29- 1918

Dear Children:-

The last mail brought letters from Phebe and Geraldine. And both wondered what had become of our letter writing ability. I hope the letters have turned up ere this, for if not you must be getting lamentably short of money. My register says I have written as follows July 15 to Geraldine.

(The above I wrote in a tea house near the head of the long bridge last Sunday morning while waiting for Mr. Neff. We were to meet there and take a launch for the Arsenal where we were to visit a recently organized church. Just as I had the word Geraldine written, Mr. Neff came and the launch whistled. It is now Jan. 1st 8:30 p.m. 1919.)

We had an interesting time at the Arsenal village. The church had its Christmas exercises that day and the best men of the village were out. We had a happy day with them and had to take a sampan home. I got home at 8 p.m.

On July 15 I wrote Geraldine. I wrote two letters to Century Farm in August. Thinking some of you girls were there. Sept. 16 I wrote Gould thru Phebe. Oct. 5 I wrote Geraldine. Nov 4 I wrote Dot. Nov 17 I wrote Phebe. Dec 8 I wrote Geraldine. July 15 I sent Phebe \$100. Oct. 5 I sent Geraldine \$100. Nov 4 I sent Dot \$50. Nov 17 I sent Phebe second of exchange for \$50.

It is most interesting to read Phebe's letters re Mr. Bidwell. I know of him from a correspondence covering eight years. I received a letter from him when Mr. Frank Brewer and bride, a classmate of mine in Hartford Sem'y where [were] here two years ago, and read it to Frank for the fun. He asked one or two questions and it turned out that Mr. Bidwell was a cousin of his. He is cracked= a little off in the upper stores. He plays the organ in a Catholic church in Kansas City, and gives private lessons on almost any instrument. He sends me about the sins of the rulers of the world. He writes of his proposal to one of the girls in his choir and of her refusal. Take all the money he sends- be sure you tell me of each amount received. Acknowledge them to him at once. You do not need to answer his letters. Send them on to me and tell him you have done so. Thus far you have reported \$10 received in Oct. I think he has sent you more since. Miss Preston has probably sent you \$12.56 before this.

I am enclosing an order on the Derby Savings Bank for \$100. I should like Phebe to take \$50 of this to pay for board etc. at Talcott, and not wait on table the last term of her course. The other \$50 use as it is needed.

I wrote so fully to Geraldine that she will- or rather has gone to Battle Creek [there is a sanitarium there] before this if it has seemed best. One of the hardest parts of our separation is the inability to be of much use in advising you at times like this. But we all know that God is a better adviser than either father or mother and every day many times we ask Him to help you to give yourself unreservedly to Him and to give you faith that He will make you all sound. You have several good advisers in Oberlin. We pray also that God will advise you thru them.

Your last letters were full of the hilarity over the armistice. We do want to hear what Gould will do. - What effect will it have on Oberlin's military course? Mr. Scott has the 1917 Hi-O-Hi [the Oberlin College Yearbook], - very interesting. We saw you in several places.

Last week we had 3 ½ days of vacation. The boys made a young city of Foochow College. They had shops- went to the street and got different shops to allow them to bring in goods for sale and they had a certain percentage on all sales. They had ready made clothes- underwear- toys- umbrellas- fruit, candy- cake- photo gallery- pawn shop, - police station, - Bank- second hand shop, etc. etc.

Have I written you about my knitting? In Nov. I handed in a sweater to the Red Cross here, that I knit in Pei tai ho and on the way down to Foochow. I have another started and about 19 long now. We are all knitting- sit about the fire and race. You would be interested to Kathleen. She gets her two knit first. Monnie gets thru next. Mama next and poor old Dad comes in last. Tonight Kathleen asked me to race to see if she could knit twice as fast as I. She knit twice across and six stitches while I knit once across.

The piano tuner is in town and is coming tomorrow to tune ours. The girlies are doing well with their music.

New Years Eve we all went to Black Rock Hill to see the Old Year out and the New Year in. We had a very jolly time and the Beard girls entered into it all and enjoyed it as much as any one.

The weather is cold. It has been quite warm till last Sunday. Today it rains and hail fell this morning.

There has been a lot more fighting in Ing Hok. The Northern forces held the place. They were driven out by the Southern forces, and among them were young men now in America- five fellows. Then the Northerners came again and drove the Southerners out. This is the present condition. All is now quiet there.

The troubles in Ing Hok have turned the minds of the people toward the church to a very large extent. Mr. Smith writes most enthusiastically about the way the people are turning toward Christianity.

Have we written that motor busses are running once in 15 minutes from South Gate to the big bridge? The time is 12 minutes and the fare 10 cents. How is that for Foochow?

I must close this now- lest if I leave it to write more, another mail will slip off and not take this.

I hope you have started my Diary for Foochow.

Very lovingly and with many prayers for your success and your happiness.

Your Father

Willard L. Beard

Jan 4

You can add a witness signature to the enclosed order in the Derby Savings Bank if necessary. The diary has just come from Geraldine. Many many thanks

Papa



Written in album: "The N.C.A. Board 1918- 1919 [From left to right] Laurence [Galt], Ursula [Miller], Victor [Hicks], Mary Helen [Stanley], Hartwell [Ayers], Bergen [Stelle], Delnose [Grant], Katherine [Larson]"
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

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1919

- Phebe K. Beard receives BA degree from Oberlin
- Versailles Treaty incorporating Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations
- Former President Theodore Roosevelt dies January 1919
- Flora is 50 and Mary is 37. They are in Tungchou, China teaching at the North China American School.
- Willard, Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen are in Foochow, China.
- Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy are in the U.S.
- Willard is 54, Ellen- 51, Phebe- 24, Gould- 23, Geraldine- 21, Dorothy- 18, Marjorie- 13, Kathleen- 11.

[This letter, dated **January 3, 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about their Christmas and New Years. There is an unpopular movement to start another school in Peking and Mary and Flora are not happy about it. Envelope labeled "Opened by Censor No. 2255." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Jan. 3 [1919]

Dear Ones at Home-

Vacation seems to be a busier time than school time. Already we have had two weeks and it seems like a few days only.

School closed December 19th. The 20th was taken up in seeing the children off and tidying up after them. We had guests for supper too. On Saturday Flora, Miss Parsons and I gave the five boys of the compound a Christmas present of a trip to Peking. We took the early train; spent the morning in the foreign shops or the Tung An Shi Chang (Market outside the East Gate); had a Chinese meal at a Chinese restaurant; went to Lun Fo Ssl (A Temple fair) in the afternoon and home on the afternoon train. It was the first real cold day and every time we saw a stove we hugged it to warm our toes. It was great fun to help the boys in choosing their Christmas gifts.

Mrs. Stelle commissioned me to buy a present of a piece of brass or cloisonné priced \$5.00. I had great fun doing it and purchased three brass articles in the effort. Every time I got the article short of the five dollars and on returning told her. I couldn't spend so much on one piece because the men were so eager to sell they took my offer too soon. On Christmas Day Flora and I were presented with a brass bowl by the Stelle family. How we laughed when we recognized the one I had especially admired of those I had purchased for Mrs. Stelle. Little did I suspect it was my own present I was buying.

Flora and I had to take another day in Peking to do our own shopping.

Christmas day was a full one and a most happy one. We started with a breakfast at Mrs. Martin's. All our gifts were these too, so after breakfast we hunted packages all over the two living rooms. Then we went down the line to see the trees and call a "Merry Christmas" to everyone. At Dr. Smiths's we stopped for a real call. We dressed again and went out to dinner at the Martin's or Leipers at 1.00 P.M. The afternoon was given over to getting ready for the children's party to be held at our home at 5.00. We had games until 6.30. Then everyone ate supper together in our school dinning rooms. Mr. Yarrow can pride himself on having kissed every woman present under the mistletoe.

Again we dressed for an evening party at the Leiper-Yarrow home. We had great fun with "pillow duck[?]", "blind man's bluff" etc. until 11.00. Then we ate some more and were home about mid night.

At our home we all pitched in the next day to help catalogue our library. We find that we have 750 books of all sort, novels, poems, histories, essays, Bible helps, reference works etc. On Thursday I went to Peking for supplies and got an invitation to go up for the Friday Club the next afternoon. I accepted with alacrity. Dr. Dennis spoke on "Territorial Readjustment after the War." It was well worth going to.

As I wrote Alice Frame, with whom I stayed, it showed that some of the compensations one could get if our school were moved to Peking are great.

The movement to move the school to Peking is on foot. Or rather the movement is to start another school in Peking and swallow us because of a lack of funds to compete. There are two sides and nearly the whole American population is lined up on one side or the other. We were quite worried for awhile but think the danger is lessening as the facts are being brought out. Both Flora and I have been earnestly requested to stay out another year because of the difficulty of getting anyone out to fill our places this next year. We have said "yes" if the school stays here but "no" if it moves to Peking. I have stated that I will return after a year at home if the trustees desire. If the school goes to Peking I ask for a raise of \$100 because one of the chief arguments for moving us to Peking has been that the teachers might have the advantage offered[?]. In enumerating the advantages nearly every one requires from \$1 to \$12 annually to be able to enjoy it. Hence I think a special enumeration is due. Perhaps you guess that I am not desirous of making the move?

I bought a lovely new gown about Thanksgiving time. It is dark old gold in color, of soft silk and made with the new side pouch, braid and fringe trimming, the round neck etc. I will have a snap shot of that and my new big black velvet hat taken for you to see. My wardrobe of 1914 which I brought out is getting very low. This is the first new hat for winter and except for the serge dress you sent the first dress except wash dresses for summer. I am having my ?? that I brought out made over and already am wearing the brown serge remodeled with some brown velvet I bought in a Chinese store.

Jan. 6- To go on with our vacation. On New Years Day Flora received with Mrs. Corbett and I with Mrs. Porter. At our home we had 75 guests at least. I may have omitted a few from my list but surely not many. It was great fun especially as I had not done it for two years now. Flora and I went to Mrs. Burgesses for the night.

Mrs. Porter wanted us there but Flora does not wish to accept her hospitality to that extent. On Thursday we had the morning with Mrs. Burgess and baby David. We took lunch with Mrs. Edwards and were off at 3.00 to do a few errands on the way to the train.

We have been having tea here every afternoon this vacation for ourselves and all who can drop in. At least three or four come every day. On Thursday when we came from Peking we all went to Mrs. Martins for tea. Her tea was coffee and awfully good.

We tried to have a home party this week end and succeeded in getting two (2) guests. Four probably guests were ill at the last minute. Others were kept in town by a reception for the new pastor of Union Church, Mr. Beers, who reached Peking last Friday. He is father to Douglas Beers who is English teacher here in the Academy.

We had a dinner party Saturday evening of twelve. We invited people here to fill the places of out-of-town guests. Later every one was over for games. We served fruit punch and chocolate cake as "a sign that it was time to go home" and our guests left about 11.00.

Yesterday morning we took rickshas and went to see the chairs hanging on the wall outside the East Gate; stopped at the candy shop; and visited the pagoda. Two of us walked home from there but the others rode all around. We went through the hospital on the way home.

In the afternoon, altho it was Sunday, we went for tea to the Yarrows. Mr. and Mrs. Ackerman were there. He is correspondent for the New York Times. Mr. Yarrow met him in Siberia. He is on the way to France now.

We had a fine letter from Stanley and Myra enclosing several snap shots of Nancy. How I long to see her! I do not want to stay out another year but are no way out unless I am ready to see the work of five years go for nothing since no new person can be gotten this year. Jean Dudley goes anyway.

Phebe's letter of Nov. 4 was the last from here. I am eager for the one telling of the peace news. We have not been any more generous in gifts this year but everywhere there is a spontaneity and freedom that has been lacking the last four years.

We will be on the look out for the linen you mention, Phebe. I hope much of the restrictions of importing will be re??ed[*relieved*?] so we can bring more freely. We are still hoping to get Mother's fur coat to her somehow.

Stanley writes that Phebe did make her visit. We are glad to get the music. Others in the compound have all but the "Consecration Hymn" so I had heard it and knew some of it. Mrs. Martin introduced some. It got here several days before Christmas.

My "Line a Day" book for 5 years gets filled August 1st. I thought to be home to replace it but will not I fear. Please send me one. My old one is "Wards, A Line a Day." In the front it is stamped 20 and it cost 85 cents. If you can duplicate it I should like it, but do not try too hard. I forget whether I purchased it in Derby or New Haven.

How about our birth certificates? We may not need them a year from now but it would be best to have them probably. We hope to traverse at least a part of Europe on the way home and I imagine passports will be pretty important there.

A Mr. and Mrs. Packard of Stratford are in Peking this month. I have met Mrs. P. but it was before I knew who she was.

A Happy New Year and lots of love and God's blessing to you all
Mary.



Myron Gould Beard in his WWI Air Corps uniform— about 1919. Taken by the Orren Jack Turner Co., Princeton, N.J.

[Photo from the family of Willard F. Beard.]

[This letter dated **Jan. 5, 1919** was written from Talcott Hall, Oberlin, Ohio by Phebe Kinney Beard to her Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma. She thanks them for the Christmas presents. Geraldine is feeling better and getting stronger. Gould is in Texas and could not get leave for Christmas. She tells of the excitement at Oberlin over the Armistice. The flu has been a problem. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall,
Oberlin, O.
Jan. 5, 1919.

Dear Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma,

One of the first Christmas presents we got was Uncle Elbert's letter with your check for all of us. We all thank you heartily for so remembering us, and so generously! With my two dollars I intend to get a leather loose leaf note book, something that I can use after I leave college, and something that looks nice and is much more convenient than the other cheaper sorts of loose leaf books.

We thought of all of our friends very often on Christmas Day. We wished you were near enough so that we could come and sing carols under your windows as we did at some of the houses here in Oberlin. It was cold in the darkness, and snow was sifting down quite fast; but we enjoyed it, and had a fine appetite for a grape fruit, coffee, and doughnut breakfast- our holiday breakfast at Tank.

Then came the tree, and all of us were very amply gifted. Geraldine and Dot gave me a pretty pair of spats; Century Farm people sent each of us one of the best studio pictures Gould has ever had, in his uniform [*see photo inserted before this letter*]; and other things were a blacking set, a blotter hand-painted, a set of crocheted panels with my initial for towels, a gab of balsam needles, a pretty calendar with an Oberlin scene in it, three handkerchiefs, a night gown from Aunt Molly, and money from Grandma Bean and Uncle Stanley. I hope you were well remembered, too.

I got Aunt Emma's nice long letter last night, but I'll answer that later. This time I'll answer Uncle Elbert's.

Geraldine is now much better, I think, both in appearance and in action. Perhaps she has written you that she is sleeping as late as possible each morning and getting her own breakfasts in her room, chiefly fruit. Her schedule is light, twelve hours, so she can retire early, and be out of doors a good deal. She has taken two treatments during the vacation, and feels better. I really think it will be better for her to take treatments here, and continue with a light schedule than to give up to special treatment unless she goes to a sanatorium. She has outside interests, enough to occupy her time progressively without strain, and association with college people, and the advantages of a college town in entertainments. If she stopped college, she would feel discouraged, I fear. She does not feel perfectly well, she says, and does not give favorable reports in progress of health; but I can't see that she is losing. I think she looks better than earlier in the fall.

Gould is still in Texas and is finding things since Nov. 11 very slow. He has moved two or three times because of crowded quarters or rats, during the vacation no flying was allowed apparently; so he had to amuse himself as best he could, since he could not get a leave permit. I imagine this was the dullest Christmas he ever spent. Almost any time now, we expect to hear that he has been transferred to San Diego, Calif. for special flying. Then he hopes to take the technical training in some tech-school. He says nothing of coming back to college. His letters have shown an interesting development, not at all for the bad. In many ways, I think his course of action is a very wise one for him. It has at least spurred him to his very best living and best effort- something that neither High School nor college ever did. I am sorry he did not have the satisfaction of active service; but he takes the disappointment like a man, and it merely transfers his aim a little farther on.

This fall has been one grand scramble to keep regular schedules going between special events. First came the S.A.T.C. [*Student Army Training Corps*] that took the men out, and threw on the girls all of the outside literary and social life of the college. Then came the Flu that stopped all work for a week, and left us in the middle of Nov. feeling that we had only just begun the semester. We had two Peace days, one a false alarm that gave us a pre-arranged schedule for celebrating the second real Peace Day. That meant two holidays within a week. In a way it seems as if we had been here for outside work, college coming in on the side when it could. But there is much value even in that sort of a year.

On the first Peace Day we were just sitting down to lunch when the fire siren started gnarring, shrieking and running scales. After several minutes of suspense we got the word that Germany had surrendered. Then we all started for the Campus, and with all the girls from other houses who came simultaneously, all running, all without wraps, we formed a snake dance line. Then we broke up and sang patriotic and national songs; and had another snake dance in which the S.A.T.C. took a little part, having by this time finished their lunch. We went to the center of town where they were firing the toy cannon they have for such occasions; and after singing and dancing with the throng for some time, most of us went home and had lunch almost one hour late. Some girls rode autos till two o'clock, and one of the matrons, a grey-haired lady, marched in the snake dance.

On the following Monday A.M. (the false alarm was on Thursday) we were awakened at 4:25 by the fire siren which blew 10 minutes. During that time we girls raced all over the house in kimonos, got the flag out, had a snake dance thru the parlors down stairs. Then when the next 10-minute silence came we began to think of dressing

and going out. At five, after the next 10-minute blast of the fire siren we were ready. Going out on the porch we saw the dusky ranks of the S.A.T.C. standing just distinguishable in the street. Then they marched on to the center and the college houses bell in behind. We stood waiting in line till it grew light. Mrs. Lawrence, our matron got us a bun breakfast at a neighboring bakery, and marched with us when we finally started, nearly all the way round two big blocks. At the end we drew up on the chapel steps, and heard the "Star Spangled Banner" played. At 10 A.M. we all gathered in the chapel for a mass meeting. The Musical Union sang "The Hallelujah Chorus" without practicing it and got thru finely. Dr. Bosworth, Mr. Hutchins, and Dr. Williams of the Second Church spoke very well, all out doing themselves.

On the Saturday night before, there had been an entertainment for the starting of the Student War chest in which all the relief appeals and Y.W. etc. were included. At this each house had been dressed in different costumes national and symbolic, apropos of the war; so each house came that A.M. in those costumes. The S.A.T.C. sang, and it was a gala affair, a holiday of course.

We have had quite elaborate meals here at Talcott all this year. All meals are good; but on Sunday and at special banquets, of which we have had three, we serve after dinner coffee. I am one of the waiters- all the houses had girls, because the men are at the Barracks. I like the work, but it is rather binding, and takes me just at the time when I should be learning to know the girls. I am going to wait till April, the beginning of the last term. Then I'll sit at the tables and let this job go.

We hoped for some men after Xmas, but the news got round falsely that we didn't want them. So till the second semester we shall still be a girl's house.

At no time has the Flu been bad here. By quarantine and precautions of all kinds we have kept the epidemic down. One Missionary's family from India has had a long siege of it, losing a daughter of 12 or 13 on the evening of Christmas Day. It was very sad, but the beautiful thing about the whole experience is the way in which both town friends and other missionaries have just flocked to help by service or bearing expenses.

Many of the Turkey Missionaries are planning to go back by the first of February on a special boat. Some have already left Oberlin; the others are preparing, and every one is much interested. We are all so glad the war is over, yet it hardly seems possible. It seems in some ways to be the signal for a slump in everything, all walks of life; but now of all times we must help up in work and active in that.

We were very sorry to hear of the deaths from Flu etc in Putnam, and of Mrs. Barker's death. The personnel of the town will be quite changed when I get back.

I hope you will both keep well, that Aunt Emma can get help in her Library work- I'm glad you are able to work with the schools so much now,- and that Uncle Elbert can get help in the yards. They are very short of clerks out this way, too, as I found when I got my new coat this vacation. Thank you again for the Xmas gift.

Very lovingly
Phebe.

*[This letter, dated **January 9, 1919**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He tells about the college boys and their Christmas celebration of raising money for Turkish and Chinese missions. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow China
Jan 9th 1919.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Vigilating at a session of uniform examinations affords a good opportunity to write. I am sitting in the assembly room of our Girl's College at Ponasang- almost on the spot where we lived during the first seven years of our life in Foochow. The windows are wide open and it is uncomfortably hot at 4:30 p.m. Last week we had three fine frosts. The mosquitos crept into their holes and we slept without nets on the beds. But last night Ellen had to get up and put the nets down- so the mosquitoes would not carry the girlies off.

To celebrate Christmas the boys of the College transformed the grounds and buildings into a young city. They had all kinds of shops. They went to the streets and brought in things from the shops- toys, fruit, clothes, cakes, umbrellas, cakes, candy, tea, pictures etc. and a certain number of students were over each shop. Others arranged tea houses and served tea and cake. Two good restaurants did a thriving business. The geomancer was there- the pawn shop- the photographer, the street vender and the policeman- with the police station. In the evening the boys gave a play. There were at least 4000 people in attendance. This was in the open air, and with almost perfect order. Best of all, the people entered the grounds through the church yard. And they were directed into the church where we held a continuous service all the morning and afternoon.

The money used in the shops was all specially printed by the College=Foochow College Bank notes. One silver dollar purchased 133 of the \$1.00 bills. Of course this made prices seem very high. An orange cost \$4.00. The boys did a business of \$17,000. and made about \$30 actual money- half of this will go to our Turkey mission and half to a Chinese mission in Yunnan.

Last Sunday I had a very interesting half day. With eight students I went to a village on the plain, we walked out- one hour and a half. This village has been reported to have no Christians in it. I have found ten thus far. We went out Sunday morning to do pioneer work. First we stopped at the one big idol temple and asked if we could come in to "speak the doctrine". Consent was at once given. Then we went thru the main streets of the village inviting the people and calling on the Christians whom we had found. 48 men and 43 children came in to listen and we talked informally and in relays for two houses. Then we held a prayer meeting right in the temple and in the presence of the idols and four of the village Christians prayed.

Our home Christmas was a very quiet one. The great bustle all around made it seem all the more quiet. We had a tree and our few presents. Flora and Mary sent us down by Mr. Leger who was coming from Peking at just the right time 2 folding lanterns that you can fold up and put into your pocket.

Elizabeths letters enclosing the one from Gould came by last mail. Thank you awfully. It has been a long time since we have seen his hand writing- Thank you for his photos that came the mail before last. He is a fine looking lad.

I must close now to get this with today's mail.

With love from all

Will

*[This letter, dated **January 12, 1919**, was written from Flora to the folks at home. She talks about the controversy of some others who want to start another school in Peking. She and Mary are staying in China another year. They may spend the next summer in Japan. Dr. Smith is growing stronger after his illness. She comments on the death of Theodore Roosevelt. She holds back in her opinions about the Japanese and Chinese because of censorship. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Jan. 12, 1919]

Dear folks at home:-

The new year is eleven days done and we feel that we are really off on another year's work. The children are back and lessons have begun with a zest that they never have showed before. It certainly pays to have a faculty of more than three. We are looking for some one to come out to teach music, drawing, household science, and a few other things. Miss Dudley goes home next year and we need some one to take her place.

The agitation about moving our school to Peking is dying out- from lack of fuel. It was such a piece of selfishness that I have always doubted the possibility of its achievement. When Mr. Green (of the Rockefeller Foundation) said that it would be necessary to have the missionaries approve of the change, and Dr. Tenney (of the Legation) remarked that there was no place within the walls of Peking, which did not have some objection, I felt the project was doomed right in the meeting. Now we are hearing from the up-country missions and so far they all are indignant at the suggested change. Probably the most cordial and most influential report was given me here in my office by one of the Presbyterian missionaries of Tsinanfu, Shantung. He said that he brought from the Shantung Pres. Mission the hearty appreciation for what Mary and I have done in founding the school- in sinking our personalities to make it what it should be- and that they had noted that the school should stay in Tunghsien, and it should have their united support. He said this carried some weight with it as three-sevenths of all the Presbyterians in China are in Shangtung. He said this not knowing where we stood. We know that the American Board is unanimous to have it here, so there is only the Methodist Mission left. We know they are split on the question but they have always been half-hearted in the project anyway and no one depends on them. Rockefeller is our only antagonist that has any might and when Mr. Green says what he did, we need not fear him. I think some of the ladies(!) of Peking already wish they had not done what they have. They act like naughty children who have been caught in doing something they knew wasn't nice. We can afford to forgive them, if they fail, for they have unwittingly done a fine piece of advertising for us. This "sifting" should result in a boom for us. We hope it may result in the Peking school enlarging its curriculum so as to keep the children at home up to the High School, so as to make this a High School, with boarders as fun as possible in the grades. We will have to receive the children (who live at great distances) in the Grammar grades, but we hope we have eliminated the primary for good. Now if the school does not move to Peking Mary and I have promised to stay out another year. We neither of us, are keen to do this but if we leave now we would be the greatest injury we could do the school and it would mean the throwing away of five years hard work. It means making new arrangements and the asking for a few purchases to be

sent out to us, for we had planned our wardrobes, etc., to the leaving for home this summer. Our sheets, towels, etc. are going to last until this summer but Mary will need replenishing about every where. I presume she will write you just what if she decides not to buy here. Sheets are \$8 per pair, and the most ordinary huck towels a dollar each. Talcum powder is seventy-five cents for a can, and so on for things that cost one third this price at home. With the price of silver so high it makes things very costly. - Mary and I are talking about spending next summer in Japan. Our summers here are very expensive and exchange stays where it is now, we could travel quite far and luxuriously in Japan for the same amount. If you want us to get some things for you just let us know and we can send them to you from Japan. As soon as we have decided we will tell you when to address letters to us for the summer. We have an invitation from Mrs. Fisher (with whom I boarded in Karuizama 11 years ago) to stay with her while we are in Karuizama but we have not thought so far as the itinerary yet. The February Trustee's Meeting will settle our doubts one way or the other and then we can definitely plan.

I wish you could see Tunghsien to-day. It is Fairy-land! There is a thin layer of snow all over the ground. (just enough to spoil the skating on the pond) and this morning there is a beautiful rime frost all over the trees, bushes, wire fences, etc., so that every thing is transformed. The sun has not come out enough to burn it off and I hope we may be able to get some pictures.

Dr. Arthur H. Smith is back from the hospital and is well enough to begin his Thursday morning chapel talks to our children again. He is still very thin and not strong, but I do hope he will not take risks during the winter but stay at home and get strong before he undertakes a trip on these rickety, drafty, trains, which have no fires in them, and expectorating going on, on all sides. One takes one's life in hand, when one travels here, and the only thing one can do is to keep well and keep as far away from the traveling millions as possible. There is little doubt but that Mr. Frame got his typhus fever from economizing on R.R. fares by traveling to Peitaiho and back 3rd class, when he was too physically worn to combat with the "louse" that he caught on that trip. It doesn't pay, yet we do take these risks continually.

I have regretted that mother's fur is not at home. The war restrictions have been such that I could not send it by mail and I did not know any one traveling home by who I could send it. I shall get it to you either by mail or by some one going this summer. We had it fitted to me around and to Mary in length. We could find nothing suitable for the outside so are sending it home for Mother to get that part herself. I do wish she had it this winter. I hardly stir out without my sheep skin (at home it would be Astrakan fur).

We were shocked (as I imagine the whole world has been) to read of Theodore Roosevelt's death. His removal from the Republican ranks will make them skurry around to find some one to take his place. I don't believe there can ever be another Theodore Roosevelt. And I wonder how much his absence will change the Republican ideals. China (or rather the missionaries and the thinkers among the Chinese) are getting much roused over the proposed exodus of American brewers[?] to these coasts, and I sincerely hope that this country is not to have its burdens added to while it is still struggling with German and Japanese propaganda. There is little doubt but that China, with the help of America, could straighten out her house if the Japanese would let her alone. I do hope the Peace Conference may be able to help out. I'd like to tell you some more things but I want you to get this letter and perhaps if I said all I'd like the Censor might find it so interesting that he keeps it for his scrap book! What a big one he must have! Some of my friends have had only a frame of their letters left when they arrived. However, we're loyal and have considered this as one of our "bits" for the war. Talking about doing our bit, our school (teachers and pupils) gave \$127.50 S. to the War Worker's Fund, and in three other collections got together over \$50 S. for the Red Cross, and besides the children have knitted dozens of articles for the Red Cross. I do not think this is a bad showing for three dozen kiddies whose average age is twelve and a half. Mary had been the one who has mothered this work. She has given hours to helping the children on their knitting, and every bit has been voluntarily done by them.

I am enclosing a paper with some business which I hope may not be too much for you to see to. I hate to bother you, for I know your time is now more than full. I wish you could have a few of our Chinese servants. At least you would have a new list of unendurables to exercise your patience. We have a faithful coolie but I think he takes "the cake" for stupidity. My sleeping room is on a corner of the house where the breezes come right through regardless of bricks, and windows, so I thought I'd try pasting up the cracks of the upper sashes of two windows and showed him where to paste the paper and left him to do it. Soon he said it was done and he wanted me to see it. I found he had carefully closed the outside edge so that they could not be opened, though the slats were untouched. Fortunately the paste was not dry, so I showed him again and pulled the lower sashes up and down to show him not to paste them, and even then he had the cross pieces in the middle of the window pasted up. We got it done correctly in the end. But once get a thing into his head and we can regulate our clocks by him.

Probably I'd better bite off my macaroni here for this letter is rather a big mouthful for me, and I'll write some more some day.

Yours lovingly-
Flora Beard.

Tunghsien,
Jan. 12, 1919.

會台聯業畢院書會理公

1919

期開陰歷一月廿二號下午二時開會

畢業典禮

所設觀巷劉公紀念堂

Commencement Exercises.

OF THE CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGES

January 22nd, 1919.

Exercises to be held in Lau Memorial Church at 2 P. M.

Program

1. ORGAN SOLO Mr. Gō Ūng Cing.
2. PROCESSIONAL Foochow Girls' College } Choir.
3. SCRIPTURE Foochow College } Rev. Ling Bāng Hó.
4. PRAYER Mr. Mā Liōng Ūng.
5. SONG Foochow Girls' College } Choir.
6. ADDRESS Foochow College } Prof. Roderick Scott.
7. SONG Foochow Girls' Higher Primary.
8. ADDRESS General Li.
9. SONG Foochow Girls' College } Choir.
10. ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS Foochow College } Dr. W. L. Beard.
11. RESPONSE Representatives of the Schools.
12. SONG 337.
13. BENECTION Rev. Samuel H. Leger.
14. BAND Foochow College.
15. REFRESHMENTS.
16. PHOTOGRAPH.

Chinese program

十一十十三十二十一十九八七六五四三二一

閉茶奏祝唱女代表唱訓唱演唱祈讀整彈

會叙樂福三百三十七首

畢業秩序表

黎牧師 格致書院

高君文振 格致書院並女書院唱詩班

林邦富牧師 格致書院並女書院唱詩班

馬良英先生 格致書院並女書院唱詩班

福建協和大學副主理 徐博士

福州女書院高等小學

李督軍 格致書院並女書院唱詩班

裨益知博士

Girls' Model School

班業畢學中院書女州福

高利端 陳慎昭 鄭玉嬌

Girls' Higher Primary

班業畢學小等院書女州福

林劉許郭張陳鄭鄭莊周
伊賽成愛增淑淑好愛雅士美
清娥慈玉英娥昭英錦愛奇珠

王王黃阮孫吳南馬柳林
秀燕孟德恩美雪淑淑碧玉
芝知瓊璋英嬌仙賢瓊花瓊

班業畢校學範師園稗幼

陳貴貞

Girls' College

班業畢院書致格州福

洪唐張陳鄭曹章
笙壽維維璧成明
歡椿帆漢光周翔
黃麗三李劉
理麗育準應
剛飛三準龍
12 剛飛三準龍
學師亮

班業畢學中院書致格

林林李游楊洪任卓陶唐陳
大存學學吉文祖敏師賢
綏惠恭細人範琛賢修賓悟俊
傳玉克綠碩蔭桂了世
仁章明卿寶庭清空龍

黃黃吳梁梁林林
可資朝同楊湛珩
莊且仁倫樹湛珩
19 敬軒 龍近福

班業畢學小等院書致格

黃吳賴林林林林李陳蔡
國貽友來景澤大增其志友
華經玉基康鈞其東田遠瑞

total 23

[This letter dated **Jan. 26, 1919** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Dorothy. They have had commencement exercises. Willard has ridden the Foochow busses. He describes Kathleen and Marjorie. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Jan. 26th 1919

Dear Dorothy:-

Another Commencement season has passed with all the work incident thereto- and you dear children have had one letter written Jan. 1. We have had only one from you during the month- from Phebe Jan. 19. We look for more regularity in the mails now. The mail that came this morning was not censored at all. It brought good letters from Mr. Hodous. Mr. Goddard and Cousin Mary Stark. She is quite a regular correspondent.

I shall enclose a program of our commencement, and in a week or so I hope to send photos. The habit of getting a photo taken on all occasions is worse here in China than at home.

On Monday afternoon (Jan 20) came the Commencement of all the union institutions. I was honored with the chairmanship, and had my picture taken three times. On Tuesday there were no commencements. On Wednesday in the morning the Meth. schools held their graduation. I left our house at 10:20 and got over to hear much of the address and two songs- saw all the diplomas given out and got home at 12:10. I caught the Bus at South Gate just as it started and again at the head of the bridge just as it started to come in. The Busses make travelling very swift- when we are going their way. A Bus starts from S. Gate for the bridge once in 15 minutes. It take 11 min. to make the trip and costs 104. We had a good day for all. Foochow College graduation is from the College. The largest class ever graduated. You will find on the program the numbers in each group with a total of 78.

Tomorrow morning we plan to go to Diong Loh to spend a week. I want to spend the time in the country. Mama and the girlies plan to stay with Mrs. Gillette.

You would be most interested in Kathleen if you could see her now. Monnie has not changed so much. She is very even tempered, staid and ever the same. Kathleen is never luke warm. She is never fairly good or bad. She is all life and vivacity or wants to sleep, or she is most happy or in tears- happy mostly, good most of the time but naughty all thru when she is naughty. Sometimes she goes at a lesson and conquers it in no time. Again she does not even want to make an effort. She has been writing to Edith Child this p.m. and she has allowed nothing to turn her from the tasks.

The last letter from Aunt Elizabeth told us that the flu had taken away cousin Charlie Fairchild- in one day. This is the second time Edith has been left alone. She saw Elsie, her elder sister and her mother and then her Father go, and now husband and only child. *[Edith is Edyth Nichols. She is the daughter of Nancy Maria Nichols Beard's sister, Hannah Nichols. Hannah married Charles Brinsmade Nichols. Edith married Charles Wentworth Fairchild.]*

I must not write more now. It is 9 P.M. and we must be up at 6- before light tomorrow morning, and the clock has struck 12 most every night before Mama and I have got into bed for over a week. But we will all have a fine rest during the next week.

I see President King has been greatly honored by being asked to head the Educational Commission for soldiers in France.

Tell us all about your life in Tank and your life in school. What are your plans for graduation- any thing special?

Do you play Basket Ball?

May God keep and bless you all and make you all a blessing. We are very glad to see in Phebe's last letter that Geraldine was feeling better. May God make her all well.

Very lovingly Your Father
Willard L. Beard

[This letter, date **February 4, 1919**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She has been very busy knitting for the Red Cross. She talks about the controversy of others wanting to start another school in Peking. Some of the school children have been pulling pranks lately. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Feb 4, 1919.

Dear Ones at Home-

Elizabeth's long letter has just arrived today. I have not much to say for it is four weeks since I last wrote. My excuse is that the call came for as many knitted artworks as possible for refugees before Jan. 30. I knitted nights and Sundays and in between appointments and studying for three weeks. The result was two sweaters, three scarfs, a

baby sweater and help on other articles for myself. From the school and compound I took in 33 articles. Not all was done in that time but the last half at least was except in case of the afghan. Now we are using up the yarn left then we are to stop. I shall feel like a lady of leisure.

Yes, we are going to stay another year in spite of the home call. I get homesick at the thought sometimes but feel that my duty surely lies here another year. The faction in Peking got together and made all plans for a school in Peking clear up through the High School. Their chief argument is "We want it". They did it all secretly and when every thing was done announced that they were to run in conjunction with us and asked us to cooperate by moving bodily to Peking. The teachers, our ?ters and patrons (outside of Peking) feel strongly that Tungchow is by far the better location for the High School. Health, cleanliness, freedom for play and from distractions, economy, all speaks loud for Tungchow. Fortunately we (F and I) had already considered a sixth year and so were not overcome. The Peking contingent say openly this is an ideal time to move because three teachers are leaving and there are great difficulties in the way of getting new ones. In Peking there are more people to help out in case of shortage of teachers. They even wrote to our patrons and asked their support, and to the con??, Business Men's Association, Rockefeller, Methodist Mission and got them to vote support the Peking School. These have been exciting times, I tell you! When I am mad, nothing would drag me away next year. When I get over it I think of you all and shrink at the thought of putting off the home going. But, if we go the school would have to succumb to the pressure and I can not think of our work of five years being for naught.

I am glad you got to the Hartford meeting for a little while. Wish you could have seen Dr. Love and Mr. Elmer Galt. By the way, Mr. Galt was here for the meeting because of the postponement. Have you seen or written the Loves? Their address is 179 Park Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. Do try to see Carol Love and Doctor too if you can. They will make another link to bind us across the expanse of ocean.

I am glad for a bit of news from Emma and Elbert occasionally. How near you two families are now with your machines!

Will Father please pay my subscriptions to the Literary Digest and National Geographic Magazines for 1919. My bill from the latter was for two years because I neglected to send a reminder last year. If it has been paid since, you know. How about my life insurance? Do the bills come regularly to father? Since it was left to have every thing sent home, I forget about it in November and April.

Feb. 6- 10:00 P.M. I have gotten waked up getting undressed so will add a few lines. Your letters telling of Edyth's double sorrow we sent on to Willard at once. I will write her soon and my letter can follow her to the South wherever she and Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild go. We received the papers with the notices. I can hardly realize that Dorothy was fourteen [*Does she mean eighteen? Or is she talking about a different Dorothy than Dorothy Beard?*]. Four years does a lot for little girls. I often look at Ursula Wilder and try to picture Dorothy Beard as being grown too for they are very near the same age.

We had Mrs. Danton and Eleanor (age 6) here over last week end. Both Flora and I have been entertained there. Mr. Danton was away and ?? was to stay over Sunday as it was an opportune time for a visit. On Sunday morning she and I and Mr. Leiper and a visiting friend walked into the city. The friend, Mr. Moyers, is enroute for America where he will complete his theological ?? "union".

On St. Valentine's Day we faculty are entertaining the children at supper and for games in the evening. Mrs. Danton is clever with her pen and wrote the cutest invitations for us. It will be a real dress up affair with refreshments at the end of the fun.

Prices of food are almost the same with us. I should like to own a chicken farm at home now. The chickens ought to run a machine even with the high price of gasoline. We get less from home each year because of the excessive freight. Now that rates are going down we may indulge once more.

Feb. 7. I had a lovely long letter from Mrs. Mason of Monticello this week. This new term we teachers have a shift of duties. Jean Dudley and I stop leading chapel and say grace at table while Flora and Grace Parsons do the opposite. I am not quite used to it yet and the pause at table is a little awkward.

I may have to take over the Student's League again. I can at least keep order and that is more than the one now in charge can do. The children are up to pranks these days. One night a boy appeared in study hall with his "pompadour cap" on. That was a white tight fitting skull cap like tied[?] with various colored ribbons at the top. He studied apparently conscient of his headgear. I made him apologize to the girls for his rudeness. Another night he donned his pajamas over his suit and started to appear. The children had a laugh on me when I said "Good night" to one of the girls as she asked to be excused from her morning examination.

I must get at lessons. I decided to finish this first tonight lest it be another day. I may go to Peking tomorrow noon to the College Women's Club luncheon if I can get work to have an extra plate laid.

We had a newspaper this year right through Chinese New Year. It is unprecedented in history for the Chinese generally will not work then. Our servants stay by but most of the families in the compound were short handed that every employee might have at least a short holiday.

I must say goodnight. Cicero and Caesar are getting impatient.

Lots of love Mary.



Written in album: "Our compound from the Academy Tower"

[Compound of NCAS photo taken about 1919. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **February 9, 1919**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He and the family and Mr. Christian and Mr. Beach took a trip to Diong Loh and then Willard and the other two men went into the country to visit villages. One day it rained and hailed so they had to turn back. Envelope labeled "Examined by Censor No. 471." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
Feb. 9th 1919

Dear Mother:-

On Jan. 30th I thought of you very much. I wanted to write on that day but I was way down in the country by the sea about 45 miles from Foochow. I had about 20 miles to walk that day in the teeth of a cold north wind and about 7 a.m. it began to rain. We hoped to start at 8 a.m. but the rain delayed us so we did not get off till 9:30. It fortunately stopped raining and we had a good cold day for walking.

The whole family started for Diong Loh Monday Jan. 27th with Mr. Christian. The launch has a reputation for - "this schedule is subject to change without notification."

Feb. 16th and when we boarded her at 10:30 we learned that she would not start for two hours. What should we do? The delay would make us arrive at Diong Loh late in the afternoon. So Ellen decided that she could make a trip back home pay and Mr. Christian, the girlies and I would go to the Y.M.C.A. near by and get a dinner. The motor-bus that Ellen had to take delayed her and the launch left before she got back so I waited for her and sent the girlies with Mr. Christian, on the launch. Ellen and I fortunately found a sampan with four good rowers just about to start down river, for a little additional they took us on and we were off half an hour later than the launch. We could not take this boat all the way, but only to Pagoda Anchorage- and then we had to walk a good three miles to reach Diong Loh. As we neared that place I saw a cloud of white steam and recognized the launch coming in from the river. Our path lay along by the creek and the girlies saw us and crowed. We got to the landing before they landed. It seems that this was one of the two days in a month when the launch goes down the main river and has to lie at the mouth of the creek for over two hours, so we had the laugh on them.

Tuesday I was off with Christian and Beach for a country tour. Tuesday noon we lunched with one of our students that used to study in the Theological school 15 years ago. That night we staid at the chapel of another student whose son graduated from Foochow College in January and is to study for the ministry. The man has under his care the central church and a day school in the church and another day school in another part of the large village, a branch chapel about three miles away to the south with a day school connected with it, another branch chapel three miles away in another direction and 1000 ft. up on a hill. In this village there are 40 or 50 families. All idols have been thrown away and the villagers are becoming Christians. Then to the north of his church about 2 miles is another day school. When he went to this place 15 years ago, it was a village of desperadoes, with several murders a

year. Now there are over 50 persons connected with the church as members and he has in day schools under his supervision some 200 children, all under Christian instruction and there has been no killing for 4 or 5 years.

Wed. night we reached a walled city on the sea coast, - Sung Ha. The preacher brought us each four deliciously poached eggs in hot water sweetened with white sugar. One of the marvels of the trip to us is what became of that dozen eggs. They slipped down our throats and we never saw or felt them afterward. I do not remember ever to have eaten four eggs at once and with nothing else. They were good. After eating we went out on the beach. Twenty children followed us and played with us just as so many American children would play. There were not at all afraid of us and they talked with us as Christians, - free and natural. After supper the preacher rang the bell and in ten minutes nearly one hundred men and women were gathered for worship. And such an audience to talk to - every one listening intently to every word. We walked out in the city with the preacher. On one long street every shop on both sides was kept by a Christian- they call it Christian Street.

The next day Thursday we covered about 20 miles. Friday morning it rained. We started for a 10 mile walk to the next place at 10:30. At 11:30 it began to rain hard and we left the stone road for a mud path on the rice fields. It is like nothing we have at home. The mud is like grease and we slipped about much. Our load man fell but did not get hurt nor did he spill anything out of his baskets. We at last reached a poor leaky, one roomed chapel at 2 p.m. We were all wet. I was wet way above the ankles. I was walking in a pair of old white canvas shoes. My coolie I had taken with me from Foochow and he was not used to such work on such roads. He was trembling all over. I at once took out my quinine and gave the whole party of five 4 grains apiece. Then we cooked and ate a warm dinner and at 3:30 discussed plans. Our proposed destination lay some 3 miles ahead over a mud road even worse than that we had just come over, and rain was falling fast and a stiff wind was blowing in our faces. In the other direction 4 miles away lay Diong Loh, home and family and warm fires and a good stone road. We started at 4:30 p.m. for Diong Loh. I was afraid the coolies would get tired out and sick if we went on.

We foreigners were immensely interested and amused to hear the coolies begin to grumble, after we had gone a mile or so and they had heard that if we had gone on the road was only 3 miles while it was 4 miles to Diong Loh. We could not explain the mental working- unless they thought they could make us give them more money.

Monday morning we started for home from Diong Loh. It rained hard and was cold. There were only about 30 people on the launch. We were kept warm by the engine and had a very comfortable trip up. I knit all the way. But from the launch to our home we took rickshas and Ellen said she never felt the cold worse in Foochow. Our feet were like blocks of wood. It hailed much of the way home and the lumps of hail pounded on our ricksha's tops and bounded on the sidewalks.

The Chinese Annual Meeting began Thursday Feb. 6, and lasted till Feb. 19.- Mr. and Mrs. Beach and Frances (6 yrs) Ethel (3 yrs) and Elizabeth (8 months) were with us from Feb. 5 to 14. We had a lively time. And as we had no coolie I had to build two fires each morning and keep our eye on them during the day.

To day has been a lovely day. I have been to our Water Gate Church. It is vacation time and the boys school, girls school, Woman's class and Kindergarten are closed. I expected a very small audience but the church was nearly full. I took dinner with the members after communion and then we had reports of the work of the church for the past year. Every part of the work had a good report to make. Those present were asked to subscribe to the preacher's salary for this year. They voted to increase the gifts of the church to his salary from \$100 to \$124, and they subscribed \$75.00 on the spot- with only one out of 5 or 6 large givers present. Last year at this meeting only \$40 was subscribed. They also plan to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the church this year.

Commencement passed off nicely Jan 22nd. I will enclose a program which will tell you- if you can read the Chinese- that 78 students graduated from all the Am. Board Schools in Foochow on that day. I shall also send you some photos.

The University held its first graduation this year. Five young men graduated-three of them plan to enter the ministry. I hope to send you a photo of this-showing General Li, Dr. Rawlin saw the commencement orator and myself with the Board of Management and Students and Faculty. I was Chairman at the Commencement exercises of the University.



This may be the photo Willard is referring to. Written on photo frame by Willard: "Lau Memorial Church Foochow City

Commencement Foochow College, Girls College, Union Normal Boys
 Military General Li of Fukien Province = large man on platform at Mr. Beard's left [*our left*]
 Provincial Inspector Educational Board = Mr. Uong at Mr. Beard's right [*our right*]"

[*Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.*]



Ellen can be seen in this zoomed shot at the far right looking at the camera.

Your Christmas remembrances came all right. I think you will excuse us for feeling a bit proud of our son as he looks in the most excellent photo you sent. Both the pictures are good, but the larger one is a little gooder. I will let the others write of their own presents. Thank you for the photos.

Mary succeeded in getting some corn and millet down to us in Jan.,- the first corn meal we had had in months- none could be gotten from the U.S. and hasty pudding and other things are awful good. I have been taking 1 part millet, 1 part rice and one part nature wheat and grinding them together for breakfast cereal. They are fine.

Your letters have come Jan. 10 from Elizabeth also Jan 19 from her. The former containing one from Gould which was most welcome. Cousin Mary Stark writes frequently- the last letter wants some tea.

God is good to us all- may He keep you all in peace. It must have surprised you to learn that the girls were to stay another year in China. This will bring them home at the same time we plan to come 1920 July.

Very lovingly

Will.

*[This report, dated **February 19, 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora. It is the summary of the North China American School for the year 1918-1919. Report from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Feb. 19, 1919]

Report of 1918-1919.

N.C.A.S., Tunghsien

My report this year might be entitled "Snap Shots from Life at the N.C.A.S. During the Year 1918-1919."

Between the wishes of the children and the teacher's planning we have certainly had a variety of agreeable experiences, more or less valuable.

The impromptu Saturday night plays and the Sunday evening concerts gotten up by the children have more than once entertained us grown-ups and once explained why "Nearer My God to Thee", had engrossed a certain youthful violinist's interest to the embarrassment of his regular lesson.

If the usual games palled in the length of Monday's play time, it was fun to hike to Hsuang Chiao, and return by train with the rest of the children, or, if the time was winter, a few tunzers made some pisa propeller happy and a bunch of children rode to Pa Li Chiao escorted by several out-riders on skates. Perhaps it was a moonlight Saturday evening and some fine ice that lured us out for a skate on the moat in our own compound, or we were invited to join a walking party bent on seeing the noted ice-lanterns in the native city. If Mr. Gordon could accept an invitation to walk, the city wall made a fine boulevard, the narrow places providing thrills enough to make up the lack of other dangers. On Feb. 22nd fourteen of the children "hopped" to Peking- since the Old Stone Road had been turned on edge in its ancient bed of lime, leaving the stones just a good jump apart. You can imagine how bowls of rice, cups of tea and "chiao tzus" vanished when this company arrived in Chin Yu Hutung.

When we found several pupils stranded here in the spring vacation, my sister chaperoned the girls for nearly a week at the Western Hills where they trapped themselves daily into a state of mind to hail with gladness the retiring bell, and came back with glowing faces and tales to tell. Mr. Beers took the boys to Wo Fu Ssu and he loves to relate how their appetites exceeded by 10 cents per, what the bill of fare allowed.

May-day came. The wisteria was a bower. Just the spot to crown a May-queen. Miss Bostwick was captured, dressed as her subjects milled and placed in her coach to be conveyed to her throne. Had it been in the time of Cinderella, and the clock had struck twelve, you would have wondered why the wheel-barrow was littering up the front walk, and what was an arm chair doing up on the dining-room table out on the front lawn!



Written in album: "Crowning Miss Bostwick as May Queen 1919"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The children going to America got a preliminary taste of the troubles to come, in trying to measure up to the passport requirements, impressed by their comrades with many a joke and laugh at their expense.

Ours is the good fortune to own one of the finest pianos anywhere about and where week-end parties bring musicians to Tunghsien they gravitate to the N.C.A.S., and so our children have had the chance to hear such music as Mrs. E.O. Wilson, Mr. W.S. Young, Mr. G. Poteat give. It was also our piano that helped to give the "Cycle of Peter Pan" last May when the Mother's Club made its annual visit and a quartette sang.

When Mrs. Corbett wanted some money raised for the Red Cross the children collected a program of their stunts, invited every one, and we counted \$16.75 as the result of their exertions. This fall our Hallowe'en fun netted \$14 more for the same fund.

I think we all felt some what solemn as we escorted Mr. Leiper and Mr. Yarrow off for Siberia, and the youngest of us had to assure the oldest of us that they weren't going to kill people but to make them well. The flag with the two service stars made us feel Tunghsien had given its bit to the big war.

The news of Nov. 11 was received with a hush, and then came waves of hand clapping. In the evening all the foreigners joined us at Wistaria Lodge in a Thanksgiving feast, and then followed a Thanksgiving service, ending with the national hymns of the Allies, - and Chinese firecrackers outside. We took two trips into Peking to see the city's decorations and to watch the parades, and another day we did our part to help the Tunghsien patriots in their celebration.

Twice our High School girls have challenged Peking basket ball teams, one from the Y.W.C.A., and one from the Language School. Although their appointments were larger, our girls won in the first game, and the other was a tie because train time demanded a short "half".



Written in album: "Girls Basket Ball – Fall 1919 Mary-Lee Ayers, Marian Newton, Ruth McCann [seated], Katherine Larson, Elizabeth Scott, Enid Waller"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

There have been excursions- several of them, and thoroughly enjoyed, too. It was joyful to eat chicken sandwiches and munch ginger cookies up in the top Tinger of Coal Hill, while we guessed what the little Emperor might be doing down under the golden roofs of the Forbidden City. The climb to the Dagoba in the Pei Hai gave all the daring ones an opportunity to break their necks, and the grotto was voted to be the ideal place for Hallowe'en jokes.

One Monday we went to the Museum and saw its wonders. Some saw them to the seventh time before we older ones had finished our first. Then we ate our lunch under the roof which sheltered the well whose waters fed the Empress's stately bath, while near by was a trained grape vine from which a coolie was waving imaginary hornet thieves.

Our good times came thick and fast. The Red Cross Fete was advertised and we went. We had Mrs. Grant and Mr. Hitchcock to thank for the tickets. The slide needed to be worn smooth, and every one was invited to take a ride. When you multiply the N.C.A.S. by ten or more rides, you get satisfaction for both sides. Nevertheless the fete was richer by some fifty dollars, because the N.C.A.S. chose to show its patriotism that day. The next morning it poured at 6 o'clock, but we had packed our lunch the night before, and there was the promise of an auto ride out to the Summer Palace, and not a soul could be hired to stay at home. Good fortune was ours for by the time we had reached Peking, the rain had stopped and the day was perfect. It is still a mooted question as to which was the better the palace sights or the rides with the speedometer registering 37 miles. Perhaps the crowning trip was the visit to Pres. Hsu. The walk all through the grounds, the fun of the three bows to the President, the queer old portraits of the emperors, and then the procession of our five autos through the narrow streets of Peking, out the East Gate on to the new road down to Tunghsien. The joy of a breakdown and the wait for another auto was just the spice that will make the ride always memorable.

Except for Thanksgiving and Washington's Birthday we do not interrupt our studies to celebrate holidays, though the other dates seldom pass by without something special. A year ago on Feb. 27th the children gave in honor of Longfellow, a dramatization of Evangeline, which they had done in class. Last year Dr. Tenney gave our

Memorial day address, and afterwards the children decorated Dr. Sheffield's grave. On Oct. 12th, Columbus Day in American and Founder's Day for the N.C.A.S., Dr. Galt gave the address. Thanksgiving Day was marked by the usual festal observance, and the Christmas season was made merry by our Carols, sung first to an audience in the school chapel and then repeated to Dr. Arthur H. Smith and Rev. W.B. Stelle, who were then ill in their respective homes. We mean to add yearly to our repertoire of carols.

Parties? Yes, we have them quite often. It so happens this winter that there are eight children living in the homes in Tunghsien, and they have birthdays, like all children- and usually attended by a birthday party. In the school, every natal anniversary is observed by a huge cake, with candles lighted, - and ice cream. This month we will have had six such joyful occasions. Then, too, our pupils receive invitations out to tiffin or suppers at the different homes in the compound, so we really have all the "social whirl" that is needed to keep us from mourning our books too much.

We teachers have regretted that hitherto our work has been too onerous to provide time to be something else than "teacher marms" to the children, but this year we decided to take time to be "ladies" and play hostess to a party for the children. Feb. 14th was decided upon for the date, and for days we had the fun of making hearts and Kewpies behind closed doors so that Valentine's Day was a veritable shower of tender tokens, - on the tables, on the menus, and in the evening's entertainment. Every one came dressed in his best and if enthusiasm is any sign, every one had a good time.

The Red Cross has been mentioned but our achievements deserve more said about them. Our school just failed of being a 100% Junior Unit. For a year the children have devoted much of their spare time to knitting. The diningroom, classes, and church services have been the only places free from it. On the ball ground some one heard a small boy shout to the pitcher, "Wait a minute till I get this stitch off the needle." Books were read, strolls were taken, Red Cross accomplishments or needs were told- all to the click of the needles. Twice a week an hour was set apart for knitting but much more was done outside of that time- and all given voluntarily. Miss Mary Louise Beard had the charge of the work and the following list of finished articles show what small hands can do when the heart is in sympathy- 13 pairs of socks, 34 sweaters, 26 scarfs, and 2 afgans. We tried a few weeks of shipping for comfort bags but the work was too slow, and too hard on the children's hands, hence the reason for raising money to pay amahs to do it for them.

During this last year the school has dispersed over \$200 in money. Two entertainments netted over \$30 for the Red Cross. Our Sunday School pennies have amounted to \$30 for the support of a boy evangelist in the Tunghsien hospital. The "fines" box, in the three years, had accumulated enough tunzers to send \$7 to the Flood Relief Fund, and to help towards the \$5 for the Salvation Army's Christmas dinner to the poor children of Tunghsien City. Sugar money made up the rest. Some of the children wanted to go without sugar on their cereal in the morning and give their savings to some charity. The full sugar bowl was followed by an empty one into which their offerings were put. One boy remarked he'd have a second dish of "choe" so he could save the second spoonful of sugar. It was wholly voluntary and lasted as long as the children cared to do it. the War Worker's Fund is the only object for which any money collections have been allowed, and all gifts were to be from the children's allowances or private money. Their gifts with those of the faculty amounted to \$127.50.

In our pleasures we have several times included our Chinese school neighbors. Our girls have been over to show their Chinese friends how to be good sports in playing basket ball, and when the teams came down from Peking, these same girls came to witness the games on our court. Their cheers for the successful goal shots were proof of our girls' success. The boys challenged the Academy boys to basket ball on our court, and were badly beaten, but not so disheartened but they wish to repeat the challenge. We invited the Academy boys over to entertain us with some of their stunts, and we are to return the compliment to them some other Saturday evening. They always ask us to give one, or two numbers on the programs for their concerts and the Chinese Sunday School wanted us to sing for them in their Easter service. When we gave the dress rehearsal for the "Casket Scenes" from "The Merchant of Venice" we invited the classes in English Literature from the college to witness the performance, and they certainly showed us a remarkable appreciation of the play.



Written in album: "Boys' Basket Ball 1918"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We have received as guests at our table over 150 different people since last February. Adding to this number the 150 people who attended the May meeting of the Mothers' Club, and the 60 who came to our closing day's program, there must certainly be a net of 250 different people who have seen the N.C.A.S. during the year. None of us has ever heard anything but congratulations for having such a homelike school and such beautiful grounds. The committee from Peking which came to investigate the school, expressed in no undecided terms, their approval of situation and quality of work done, and as a result sent us a gift of \$1000 Mex., and recommended to the Business Association to continue such support. The Rockefeller Foundation gave \$300 G. and elected a member to our Board of Trustees.

Last spring Dr. Bain, the father of one of our pupils received an urgent cable to get to Washington, D.C., immediately. Since he was in Singapore and his daughter here, the best he could do was to ask some one to take her to Shanghai, which I did. As a token of his appreciation, he sent a check of \$50 S., to be spent in giving the children a good time. The children were asked to send in suggestions for its expenditure where it would give a good time to the greatest number of people for the longest length of time. Their lists ranged from thumb tacks to a gymnasium, but the majority of notes decided upon a swing, a see-saw, parallel bars, and some maps for geography. Dr. Bain has since sent us by Dr. Reinsch two United States Survey maps, and has twice written his appreciation of our standards of school work.

The tools for manual training- a gift of the Stanley Rule and Level Co., of New Britain, Conn. - arrived this fall in perfect condition. The only reason they have not been put to immediate use has been lack of time to plan out the benches. There were no saws included in the tools, and perhaps some one can tell me where to get them here.

Twenty-five dollars were donated by some of the Shantung friends toward buying table silver for the school. Four dozen tea-spoons and one dozen dessert spoons were purchased, matching those we already had had given us. We hope eventually to own all our table silver and will be glad to receive more gifts.

Several people have given us their personal services. Mrs. Lyons of Peking, spent a half day each week introducing our high school and 8th grade to the pleasures of Household Science. Mrs. Love taught the grade

physiology, and Mrs. Corbett had daily classes, besides finishing out Mrs. Lyons' work when the doctor asked her to give up her classes. This fall Miss Laura Willoughby acceptably taught Miss Parsons' classes until she arrived. Miss Willoughby refused any suggestions of remuneration. It might not be inappropriate to remark here, that she often spoke in commendation of our work and the conditions in which we lived- contrasting them favorably to the boarding schools she had attended as a girl.- The American Board gave us Miss Mickey's services for three days when we made a good start in the cataloguing of our library. We found we had eight hundred books on hand. The Rockefeller Foundation allowed us to borrow Miss Gilfillan, whose expert knowledge helped us out of a dilemma, and now there remains just the work of writing the cards. Mrs. Martin is helping out in that, and we hope to get the work completed in the spring vacation. We have a fully organized Sunday School this year with all of its teachers outside of the N.C.A.S. staff. Mrs. Martin is the superintendent and teacher of the high school class, Mrs. Yarrow has the upper grammar grades, Mrs. Leiper, the lower grades, while the kindergarten is cared for by a rotation of teachers chosen from Mrs. Martin's class.

We have had the pleasure of listening to twenty five different speakers since last February. Some of them we have heard more than once. Dr. Arthur H. Smith has given us one chapel talk each week that he has been at home. Mr. Martin during the academy's New Year's vacation gave a series of chapel talks on the Prophets of the Old Testament. On Sundays we have a regular church service, when the sermon is especially adapted to the interests of the children. Often there is special music. Mrs. May Corbett Smith held us fascinated one evening with the story of her visits to the Forbidden City in the days of the old regime. Mrs. Stelle told us about the Siege of 1900 as we walked on the Peking City Wall and later visited the British Legation. Mr. Yarrow put the Caucasus into our neighborhood by the illuminating description of the country and his work there during the war. I have already mentioned the addresses of Dr. Galt and Dr. Tenney. Some of our out-of-town speakers have been Dr. Goodrich, Dr. Fenn, Dr. Downey, Mr. Romig, Mr. Davies, Dr. Scott, Dr. Walter Lowrie, and Dr. E. Lincoln Smith.

We have improved our school plants largely and added to its size and efficiency in several ways. We have set out over 150 shrubs and rose bushes and transplanted two trees. Wistaria Lodge was rented during the summer vacation to a lady who loves a garden, as the beauty of the flowers and the lawn testified in September. We relaid all the brick walks in Wistaria Lodge yard. In The N.C.A.S. building, all the cement floors of our fire proof stairway were oiled, walls decorated, coat racks placed, one room turned into library, another changed into a classroom. More furniture was provided. In the basement a water system was installed, providing for modern toilets, a shower bath, a porcelain tub, and hot and cold water basins. This necessitated the sinking of an artesian well and the digging for grain pipes and a septic tank. Mr. Corbett took care of these improvements and their completion has provided the necessary conditions for ensuring the health of the school. Because we turned one of our sleeping rooms into a schoolroom, and because we have now five teachers living in the school it became necessary to open the second cottage for a dormitory, which is occupied by eleven high school girls and two teachers.

During the year we have been blessed with good health. The fees Dr. Love's hospital got from us last spring could hardly have provided salt for itself, and this fall, so far our continued health and Dr. Ma's skill, when needed, have kept us in fine spirits. Aside from several cases of the influenza made one pupil lose several weeks of school and another had to leave for the year. Both had complications which needed home supervision.

Up to this year my sister and I have carried the lion's share of responsibility for the detailed care of the children. Nearly every week this year the faculty has spent Thursday afternoon in systemizing and dividing if possible conditions to give times and seasons when each teacher can be off duty and yet providing properly for the welfare of the children. Some of the duties, we have planned for, are rotation of chapel services, saying grace at the table, being week-end hostess (to free the other teachers), seeing that bells are heeded, baths taken, arranging a code of table manners so that home training may be supplemented, and many other seemingly small things, which if attended to will make our school more homelike.

All the classes in the five school days are taught this year without outside help. The work has moved along very smoothly and our mid year examinations marked the highest point of scholarship in our history. Our vocal music is making steady progress, Miss Parsons taking the grades and Miss Dudley the High School. Miss Dudley has twenty two piano and violin scholars. The pupils have occasional opportunities to hear good music here and a few have been to Peking (as their parents have desired) to hear artists there.

It can be said that we have reached the High School age this year. We have been putting stress upon the foundational work in the grades in order that our high school could attain such a standard of scholarship that its graduates could, from the first, claim any privileges that the home colleges grant. Up till now furloughs and the war have taken children home before completing our course of study, so that this June we graduate our first class. We send one student to Wellesley and one to Oberlin. Half our school is now enrolled in the High School department. The third issue of "The North China American" is to be put into printed form. The members of this year's high school are managing both the literary and financial sides. They are depending upon one hundred subscribers at one

dollar each, and are soliciting advertisements from Peking and Tientsin business houses to fill out. They offer a copy of the magazine to the one getting the largest number of subscribers. Here is an opportunity for some one!

We have secured certificate privilege for entrance to Pomona College, the acceptance of Chinese as a modern language entrance requirement by Hamilton, Pomona, and Mt. Holyoke Colleges, and have prepared, with no change of our course, one student for the Cambridge (Eng.) examinations.

These are not all the pictures that we could show, but they give some glimpses of the progress of the school and what we are planning for the future.

Flora Beard.

Tunghsien,
Feb. 19, 1919.

*[This letter, dated **March 21, 1919**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He is on a houseboat stuck in the river after a trip to Diong Loh. Gould has left aviation to work for Disell Engine works in Cleveland. Willard tells who will be going home on furlough. The prohibition has been victorious and now the brewers are coming to China. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Stuck on the Min River
2 miles below Foochow
in a House Boat.

9:00 Monday March 21 – 1919

Dear folks at Home:-

The whole family left Foochow last Friday evening- got onto a little house boat and started for Diong Loh. I had two objects in view- 1. to go to Diong Loh and go into the country about five miles to try and make peace between a church and a widow who is a member, and also a year and a half ago gave a large piece of land to put a new church on. The church is built and she says now that she wants part of the land back. I am on the Comm. to try and settle the quarrel and make her happy. 2. I wanted to attend church at the Arsenal church. Here I have a Higher Primary School under the direction of two Foochow College graduates with 20 pupils. There is a growing church here also.- Now for what I accomplished.

1. It rained all night Friday night, and the wind blew so hard that we hung up at 10 p.m. and lay quietly until day light Saturday. We reached Diong Loh at noon. It rained so that no one thought it wise to try to go into the country. It was so wet we could not do anything if we did go. So we sat down in Mrs. Beach's parlor and in a few minutes Walter Lacy, his wife, two children and his sister walked in to spend the Sunday. But Mrs. Beach fed us all and we staid there all the afternoon. Then at 6 p.m. we started back to the house boat. On the way we stopped to say "Hello" to Mr. and Mrs. Goertz. Then to Dr. and Mrs. Gillette coerced us into staying to supper and we got to our house boat at 10 p.m. Object #1, is still to be done.

Sunday morning we awoke with the sun shining and our boat tied up near the Steamer "Haeen" which we thought was leaving for Shanghai with Miss Bement of Shaowu on board. After breakfast we went on board to see Miss Bement and found another family- Mr. and Mrs. Nightengale of the C.M.S. mission, just off for England via the U.S. After a few minutes with them we went across the harbor to go to church and arrived just in time to hear them singing for the last time. We found that here at the Arsenal they have church service from 9:30-10:30 because of some Arsenal students who wish to attend church, so object #2 was partially lost. But we saw the audience and I said a few words to them and then I saw the schools.

At 12:30 we left for Foochow. Thinking to be there about 6 p.m. and discussing whether we should stay over night on board or go in to our home in the evening. But at 7 p.m. we were anchored and still in sight of the Arsenal with a good sized flood on that delayed the coming in of the tide for more than an hour and even then not much strength in the tide. But we weighed anchor about 8 p.m. and told the boatman where to tie up when he reached Foochow.

This morning we planned to get up and go home for breakfast and I planned to be at my 8 a.m. class.

But when I awoke I looked out and saw that we were still two miles down the river from Foochow. We are still there at 9 a.m. waiting for the tide to turn. The sun shines. Such is life on a house boat. The one thing we have got out of the trip is a good lot of sleep and we have not thought of classes and any other work.

What a shock Rose Well's death gave me! The Sentinel gave me the news. It will be a loss not only to her family but to all Huntington. Specially to the Huntington Church. A week ago I wrote Edith.

Gould wrote us by the last mail but one[?] of his leaving the Aviation and going to work in Cleveland in the Disell Engine works and Geraldine's letter corroborates all that Elizabeth writes about his not going back to

College. With his active temperament I did not expect him to go. In fact I wrote him in 1917 that if he left College for the war it was not probable that he would go back. But while a College Course is desirable for everyone, it is not essential, and he can be a useful man without it.

Geraldine writes that she feels better, but is not normal yet. Phebe has not written us definitely whether she plans to study or teach next year.

Your last letter spoke as if the question of help had eased up a little. I hope it continues to be better. As the men return from Europe it is natural to think that it will not be so difficult to get men and women to work for you.

My garden is mostly eaten up. Lettuce is gone- so are parsnips and cauliflower. I still have some cabbage, carrots, turnip, beets left. Celery is gone- the first crop and the second is about 6 in. high. Strawberries are giving us a taste. Corn is 4 inches high and I'll plant again today or tomorrow. String beans are 4 in. high.

Churches are taking on new life this year,- many of them are full and overflowing every Sunday- some are definitely planning to enlarge- and planning to pay for the enlargement themselves.

I plan to be in Shanghai April 22-4—first two days as members of Advisory Council of the National Christian Educational Association, then for six days as a member of the China Continuation Committee.

We are now slowly moving up river and things are getting interesting to the girlies. They have seen a herd of buffaloe cows swim across the river to their pasturage and a little calf with them which greatly interested them.

To morrow is April 1st- You are plowing for oats. I wish I was there. Our furlough will likely allow us to leave July 1, 1920. The Newells are planning to start for home about July 1st of this year. The Gillettes will go earlier. Dr. and Mrs. Whitney and Mr. Neff are off on the summer. The Whitneys will not return. Dr. is blind and Mrs. Whitney is deaf, so they can still go if they go together.

We are on the way to Foochow now and there is a probability that we shall be home for dinner.

Your letters indicate that Nancy Nichols is as much of a curiosity as ever. And I judge the world in certain spheres revolves about her. The "flu" has not been as fatal here as at home. The last letters said that it was around for the second time.

What a joy to most people is the prohibition victory. But the victory must be followed up incessantly. The Brewers[*beer brewers?*] are planning to come to China and we are doing all we can to shut them off.

My prayers are continuous and earnest for the men in France who are charged with devising a plan for a world peace. May God help them to see that such a peace must be founded on righteousness.

May He keep you all in His love.

Yours Lovingly

Will.

[This letter, dated April 1919, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. School closed for spring vacation. They visited, socialized over meals and had teas. Mary describes the Chinese Spring Festival. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[April 1919]

Dear Ones at Home-

Such a number of things have happened since I wrote that it's hard to know what to start with. The greatest event was vacation and the closing of school. The Saturday before vacation, March 22, Miss Dudley's music pupils gave a recital and everything went off nicely. We had invited all parents and so had a goodly crowd. Our sitting room was packed and several of us had to sit in the next row. Mrs. Stanley had invited Flora and me down for a part of the vacation and so accepted for the first weekend. Then both Mrs. S. and Mrs. McCann were skeptical over having ten children to Tientsin unchaperoned. The result was that I hustled about and took the children down Thursday afternoon. Mr. Davies met us at the Central Station and wanted all the Shantung children and the Stanleys and me to get off so we had a grand rush. Mr. Ballon was also there to take me to his home for the night hence Mrs. Stanley was to have her two children, Mr. Davies and the five Shantung children to put up. I did enjoy my little visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ballon and the sight of their boy now so healthy and well. Mrs. B. and baby were here a year ago and baby at 9 months weighed less than at birth.

On Friday Mrs. Stanley took me to the Stanley Club with her and we heard a most interesting paper on the "Geographical History of Palestine". The club is limited to 20 members and really most interesting. They have existed for 30 years or more.

On Saturday we shopped and went to Mrs. McCanns for lunch. Flora came in in time for lunch from Tunghsien. That evening F. and I went up to the Pei Yang University to dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Evans. Mrs. Evans was a Holyoke girl, 1904. She has two adorable babies. On Sunday we went to the Chinese church because

Mary Helen Stanley was joining the church. Her father baptized her. In the afternoon we walked to Pei Yang so as to see by daylight the avenue lined with flowering plum trees all in full bloom. It was a glorious sight.

Monday morning we saw the kindergarten Girl's School and goats. In the afternoon I went down town with Flora to shop. She stayed down at the McCann's to be nearer the station for the early train Tuesday and I found my way back alone. One takes a ricksha to the trolley line, then the car to a certain corner then a ricksha again so you see it is some journey unless one knows the ropes. I surprised myself by meeting no difficulty. Tuesday morning I spent mostly on the floor rolling balls with John (aged 4) and Billy (aged 2) or trying to keep track of all the parts of my menthol stick which the boys loved to pull apart and put together. We had Mrs. Peck for lunch and almost immediately afterward Mr. Stanley, Mrs. Peck, Portia Mickey and I started for down town. I had an appointment with the dress maker to have a silk coat fitted. After that I made a few purchases, then took the train for Peking at 4.45. I spent the night at the Y.W.C.A. and in the morning shopped and called on Alice Rydin Holyoke '04, niece of Dr. Terry of the Legation.

Flora's first words after a greeting were that we were invited to the Martin's for lunch so I freshened and went. Mrs. Howard-Smith had invited us for tea at 4.00 so we had a gay society life. The next afternoon Dr. Smith gave us an invitation for supper so he (his wife was in Peking conducting some meetings) the two single ladies and me too had a supper fairly of the "left overs" as we called ourselves. Mrs. Huggins said it was such fun that she invited us to her home the next night. The next night I had two Y.W. girls down so we took them along. I celebrated that afternoon by making Divinity Fudge because I had only a few days before succeeded in getting some syrup. Saturday morning we spent picking notets. Then we had tea at Mrs. Martins and I saw the girls off on the evening train. Mrs. Smith came over for supper. O, yes, on Friday I took a chicken pox patient to Peking and handed her over to her mother and on Wednesday night I went to see the Academy boy's play. Flora was to follow me but waited for the coolie to return with a package and he delayed so long she went to bed instead. The two Smith children came over Friday to stay with us while Mr. and Mrs. Smith went to Mission meeting in Peking. They were here until after school opened. On Monday Mrs. Lieper and I went with a party of the College Club women to the Old Summer Palace. We lunched there and Mr. Malone read a paper he has compiled on its history. Then we took a walk around the compound containing the ruins of the foreign buildings and later through the oldest part where the Emperor really lived where the architecture is all Chinese. I stayed out all night with Mrs. Danton at Tsing Hua College and came in in a ricksha the next morning. I couldn't get home anyway Monday night.



Old Summer Palace

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The Sunday before (April 6) was the Chinese "Spring Festival" when there is special ancestor worship at certain temples and the burning of offerings at the graves of the ancestors. To attain renown and success the ancestral graves must be put in perfect order before that day. Mrs. Yarrow and her children and I walked into the

city to hunt for the temple where the worship would be. By dint of Sherlock Homes methods we found it. The crowds going and coming were great. The one carried incense bundles and the other gay toys and flowers. We joined the incense crowd and found the temple. (Mon A.M.) Two special Gods were out for the occasion. The gowns were of red and gold heavy brocade silk and the headdresses of gold with red crinkled pompons. Everyone was burnishing lighted bundles of incense and it was a wonder we did not all get on fire. After lighting his incense, the worshiper knelt and three times bowed to the ground swinging the burning branch up and down each time. The courts reminded me of the days of Jesus with the number of stalls for selling all kinds of wares- food, trinkets, useful articles, etc. Gay hair flowers and toy windmills stand out especially in my memory.

I am having a Chinese tailor make me two new dresses. These and a few undergarments will constitute my summer wardrobe. I shall need a few things from home and enclose a list. I thought I had just enough clothes to get me home but the extra year will make me pretty ragged for next spring I fear. Restrictions on cotton goods are removed I think. My bedding is also giving out but I am getting Chinese cloth and sewing it through the middle. It makes a pair of sheets cost \$3.92 which I reckon is less than to have them sent out. I shall use Chinese linen for the pillowslips and I warrant you'll want to trade with me when I get them home. I have seen them used and like them very much, especially when they are hemstitched.

We had two nice letters during vacation, Mother's and Phebe's. What an exodus of friends there was to Florida. Miss Bostwick has letters that Florida had an exceptionally cold winter for Florida. I wonder if Father got his ice. We had a cold but not ice-making March. I use my fur coat all the time in Tientsin the last week of the month. I hope Mother has her fur coat for next winter. Jean Dudley is to take it to America for us and mail it from her home.

I must close and ask the noisy boys downstairs if they don't want to study their parts in the play for awhile.

Lots of love. I do hope you are all well and that you get plenty of help on the farm this summer. I would love to help garden.

Mary.

[This letter dated April 13, 1919 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children, Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy. He tells about some of the visitors they have been having. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
April 13- 1919.

Dear Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy:-

The last mail brought good and interesting letters from Phebe and Dorothy, which told us about all of you.

We received a cable from a Mr. Miller Am B'd mission in India, last Tuesday say that "The Millers were arriving the next day. We did not know how many Millers there were so we prepared for a family of some children. But there were only Mr. and Mrs. Miller and a friend Mrs. Honegger. We took Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Perking took Mrs. Honegger. The Millers I think had a good time. They ate breakfast with us each morning but were invited out to the other meals all the time. I put them on the launch to go to Shanghai last evening at 7 p.m.

Their departure at just that hour cut me out of a wedding feast. I performed the ceremony at 3:30 p.m. Mama and the girlies went to the feast and got home at almost the same time that I returned from the launch.

Mr. Main has been in Foochow for a few days. You knew they have been living in Shanghai and that he is treasurer for the Met. Missions of all China- They have an organization called "The Associated Treasurers!" Several Boards have combined and each furnishes a man to do some part of the treasurer's work. Mr. Belcher sells all his gold bills that come from the U.S. thru Mr. Main. The selling rate in Shanghai is almost always better than in Foochow, and then we can usually take the Shanghai check and deposit it in a Foochow Bank at a premium, so we save several thousands of dollars a year over the previous method of doing all our banking in Foochow.

Mrs. Main had to go home last Fall on account of Florence's health. Mr. Main expects her back in a month or so.

Walter Lacy was on the launch last night going to Shanghai for dentistry and as delegate to the Advisory Association. I must go on the next steamer for this same meeting and remain for the China Continuation Comm. These two will help me in Shanghai April 22 to 30.

I wanted to enclose a Boston order for \$50 in this letter but my Bank Acct. is so low I may not be able to do it. I will send next time if I cannot put in here. If I put it in there you three girls may use it as you need. I will make it out to Geraldine.

Very lovingly your Father.

With his blessing on you all.

Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated April 27, 1919 was written from Foochow, China by 10 ½ year old Punk (Kathleen) to her sister Phebe. She tells Phebe about a book with pictures of animals in it. She has real silkworms that are now spinning. Letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Foochow China

April 27, 1919

Dear Phebe

Thank you very much for the garters, thou we have not recived them yet. I think probubly they will come on the next steamer. I will write you another letter as to the size and everything like that. I wonder if you have read Carpenter's Australia. It tells all about the people and what they do, and about the animals. It is all very intresting. If you haven't heard of it I'll tell some of the things to you. He tells about the animals, there was one the Parson bird, he is black all over except a touch on his wings and two little white feathers at his neck looking like a necktye. He looked this way. [see sketch below] This is not a very good illastration but its enough to show you how he looks. I guess. There was a fowl that had no wings about as big as a chicken. It says long ago there were big ones that couldn't stand in an ordinary school room they were so tall, and their eggs were as big as a football. He says they found their skeletons.

Friday Marjorie and I made candy. Marjorie made Molasses tafy and I made buttersckoch. We have made candy twice before. Marjorie had half of hers pull candy and half of it plan.

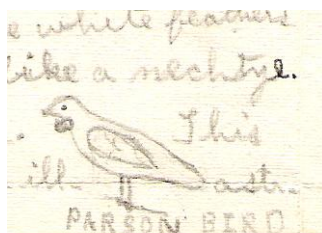
These days are very rainy and wet. Today we have a fire it is so cold.

Most of our silkworms are spining now every morning we find them craling out of their boxes. I am having mine spin quite a few little mats because I am planning to send some to Edith Child.

I hope you will axuse my for writing such a short and uninteresting letter.

Lovingly

Punk or Kak C. Beard



[This letter, dated April 27, 1919, was written from Shanghai, China by Willard to the folks at home. He is in Shanghai for meetings on education and missions. Marjorie and Kathleen have silk worms that are spinning. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Shanghai, Sunday.

April 27-1919

Dear Folks at Home:-

Again the National Committees on Education and the Mission Enterprise in general are meeting in Shanghai and these call me here. The advisory Council of the China Christian Educational Association met Tuesday and Wednesday of last week April 22 and 23. I was asked to serve as chairman of two committees i.e. Nominations and Recommendations. This always means work between sessions and late into the evening. On Thursday I gave the whole day to a meeting on Theological Education and on Friday the China Continuation Committee began its sessions which are to continue thru this week Wed.=April 30.

I left Foochow April 17th. All were well then and letters by yesterdays mail brought only good news. Ellen is picking a quart of strawberries some days from my garden and the girlies are caring for their silk worms which are just beginning to spin.

April 30- 8:30 p.m.

All work is finished and most fortunately I have a steamer that is said to be starting to night. I have my ticket at any rate. This to me is grand luck.

It has been very delightful to meet here men and women from all parts of China- from all countries, from all denominations and of all ages. There were 36 missionaries and about 16 Chinese the total number of years in China of the 36 missionaries was 810 an average of about 22.

Altho the meetings are planned to work us hard yet there is time and opportunity to talk and visit. Many of us stay at the Missionary Home and then I am getting to know or have known many people who are in Shanghai. I have been out to lunch and dinner on an average nearly once a day since I have been here.

The prohibition news from home is old now but is great- may the ball keep rolling.

May 6th is the anniversary of Ruth's home going. She brought Heaven nearer Earth and made us all better because we were with her.

God keep and bless you all
With love
Will.

[This letter, dated May 5, 1919, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about various things at the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien
May 5- 1919-

Dear Ones at Home-

Two letters- one from Phebe of March 18 and one from Elizabeth Apr 7- need replys. Elizabeths got here today- very good time. The idea of inviting Edythe out pleases us both and she's sure to get two invitations. I imagine Willard will add a word for her to include Foochow in her itinerary.

We did not have a March blizzard but we have had winds all the time for April. Last week suddenly it turned cold and we started the furnace again for two days. We've had several cases of tonsillitis since vacation. Flora had to succumb for three days but was up for our Easter service. She seems quite recovered now. I have luckily kept out of it for I am working our play and every day counts. We are to give it this week Saturday for the Mother's Club and repeat it on the afternoon of June 5th. This time we omit two scenes as our time is more limited. We are using the Assembly Hall at the Academy instead of an outdoor stage.

May 12. Well- the play is over for the first production. The audience kindly say it was a success and have bestowed many congratulations on us. I tell you we worked. We rehearsed for one or two hours every day for three weeks. The last week I was in despair for Monday evening four of the cast were flat in bed. All but one recovered so we only had to break in one substitute. There were over 80 adults here and counting our children easily as many children. The large number of men pleased us. One man remarked "How could anyone consider moving a school from this environment to Peking?" He found us pleasing even on a cloudy, threatening day when the wisteria and yellow roses are just past their beauty. I wish he could have seen us the week before!

My silk coat which I ordered from Mrs. Yanogi during vacation came this week. It is entirely satisfactory and I feel better dressed just to have it in the closet.

It is not so very expensive either- \$13.75 for the making.

I hear that the Ryders start for home in two weeks. They live in Stamford and I wish you could see them. They will give you first hand news. Mrs. Ryder was down for the play Saturday. Alice did not get here. She was in college when I was.

Mrs. Wilson was down for the play and sang some children's songs. She stayed and sang for us again in the evening. She was to be my guest till Sunday evening but some friends unexpectedly visited her so a machine ran off with her that night.

Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair (Foochow) did stay over Sunday. We had a nice visit with them. Sunday morning we all went to church because two of our children were joining the church. Dr. Smith baptized them and conducted the same in English. Four Chinese boys also joined and seven stood up to testify that they were trying to live Christlike lives. All Chinese have to go through the probation period before they can be baptized and received into the church. Several babies were also baptized.

We have had more wind this spring than ever since we have been out. But now we welcome it for the alternative might be heat. One week we had 4 very hot days and we wilted.

This week I am going to a wedding- Adele Tenny and Rowland Curr[?].

I have been having my National Geographic Magazines bound. So far I have 4 years done in 2 volumes per year. They are not very expensive- \$1.60 for cloth with leather back and corners. I shall send to the printers for a few numbers which I lack so that my set from 1912 may be complete.

Elizabeth enclosed the letter about the 1900 fellowship fund in her last letter. I think I wrote sometime to ask Father to send \$5.00 but if not please let him do it now. The address is Mrs. C.E. Buckelew

44 Washington Ave.

Plainfield, N.J.

I will try to get him to write Edna Smedley. Thanks Elizabeth for replying for me.

I took out another bond in this last War Bond.

The children are raising cane downstairs so I must say goodnight and go quiet them. Flora is in Peking.

Lots of love,

Mary.

*[This letter, dated **May 30, 1919**, was written from Hoboken, N.J. by Gould to Marjorie (Monny). He updates her on his current work and education plans. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

702 Bloomfield Ave.

Hoboken, N.J.

May 30, 1919.

Dear Monny;-

I had a delightfull surprise just before I left Cleveland. I got your longest letter to me and the longest letter Kathleen ever wrote and a fine letter from Pappa, sort of a questioneer. I'm going to start right in and answer all the questions so as to be sure and get them all in.

1. Why I left Aviation.

I hav'nt left it; I only left the Army. After the Armistice was signed real work got stuck in the Army and all we had to do was to fly an hour, if we wanted to, and lie around or go to town for the rest of the day. After thinking things over pretty carefully I decided that I was just wasting my time sticking around in the Army, and that if I had any goal in life at all I had better get about it. So I got my discharge into the Reserves. I am only waiting for an opportunity to resume aviation in civil life.

2. Life Ins.

I am continuing both the \$1,000 civil policy and the \$10,000 Army policy. As soon as I see fit I will transfer my Army policy to some civil company. I would feel grateful if Pappa would make suggestions as to which company.

3. Schools

I am not preparing for any special school as yet. I have not and will not give up my education but am waiting until I find out what goal I am to aim for, then the school which gives the best preparation for that goal, and which is suited for the pocket book will be decided upon. You must'nt be alarmed if it is some two years yet. I'm a little different from most chaps who have squatted in one place for most of their lives, however I am training myself to set on one object and take the necessary time, pains and energy to reach it. I have found out that "nothing succeeds like success." When I pulled through ground school with the 32 out of a starting class of 165, and in the 1st 1/3 of the class. I gained confidence in my ability to achieve what I was after, and after I got my commission after completing my flying course the 10th in my class of some 120 and got my flying pilot's certificate and license, that confidence was greatly strengthened. I am now after the highest position attainable in either the Aviation lines or in Diesel Marine Engine lines and I know that the only way to achieve it is to get the education. So don't worry about college for me.

4. Connection with the Army.

I am now a commissioned officer in the U.S. Reserves. (flying status). Will have to and will be glad to spend at least two weeks in active flying duty with the Army each year.

5. Uniforms.

I can wear my uniform on all legal hollidays and when on active duty.

6. Flying.

I have flown only in the Liberty Loon drive since I left Kelly Field, but until I get some regular position as aviator will I take up flying as a regular thing.

7. I left San Antonio Jan 16, 1919.

8. My Sundays have been free with exceptions of one when an engine burned out a bearing Sat. night while we were testing her ?? and she had to go out Monday. I worked all day Sunday to get her in trim.

9. I did not give a letter to any church in Cleveland. There was a Christian Church near where I lived and which Mrs. Ross my boarding house mother attended. I went there one Sunday and the next Sunday they had me down teaching a class of boys 10-12 yrs old even though they didn't know I was a missionaries son. I have practiced the habit of not telling my life or history in any new place until the people around me have gained some measure of confidence in me by merely the way I lived among them. It surprised me some when the pastor asked me to take a class. Since the Christian Church is nearly like the Cong'l and Methodist, I stayed there but I couldn't join because they demand immersion and as I told them, I am perfectly satisfied that I have been baptised.

10. Position.

I have given up my position in Cleveland and have accepted a position as 3rd Eng on a small freighter going to So. America. She is the Mount Shasta of the Globe Line, and is equipped with a pair of Winter Diesels. Work in the shop are going slow and I wasn't earning enough to stay there for the small pay I was getting, so I accepted the offer of my present chief. I had planned to go to sea continually, though not quite so soon, because the actual sea operation is absolutely necessary in order to gain a full knowledge of what is required of the engine.

While in Cleveland I tried some four times to see Mr. Lewis but each time he was in some committee meeting or was out.

Papas letter gave the first definite information as to your coming home. I am glad, because now I may be able to plan my work according so as to see you all.

This afternoon I spent with a Cleveland friend who is here. We took in the aquarium and the Woolworth tower. The Woolworth building is 792 ft high, but it looks a lot farther down to the ground from its top than it does from 1500 ft up in an airplane.

Before I left the girls in Cleveland I took them to the Peacock Chinese restaurant and set them up to a good dinner. Then I took them up to see Mrs. Ross and daughters while I packed, but they packed with me and then went over. Mrs. Ross had a little goodbye spread for me, just her family and ours.

I don't think I have written you full particulars of my next escapade. The Mount Shasta is going to Brazil then to the Mediterranean and then back home. We may be gone 8 or 10 months in all. I will have to resign my Reserve Commission in order to make the trip, but will take it back as soon as I get back to the country.

I'm glad you like the dolls. I knew you would when I saw them. I hoped I did a good enough job in packing them so that they wouldn't get broken and from what you say I infer that they didn't. Maybe I will see something of the kind in Brazil to send to you or maybe I will keep it until you get home. My, won't it be great to all be together again at Century Farm! From Pappa's letter I should judge that the education work was getting to be the larger part of missionary work. At best it seems to be going faster and getting better results than the purely evangelical.

I must get to bed soon, so good night, stay tight, and don't let the buggas bite.

With love to all of you dear one.

Gould.

*[This letter, dated **June 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Some people are having to wait to leave China because ships are being taken out of passenger service. Mary tells about various people and events. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S.
[June 1919]

Dear Ones at Home-

How the days fly! Only seven more school days, then commencement and goodbye children. I am not as eager as I should be if it meant home too. But then I might be like the people who were to sail on the "Nanking". She has been taken from service and her passengers do not know when they will get off. Jean Dudley has the promise of a sailing September 14- instead of June 24.

Last week we started in on our reunion days, just on general principals not because of hot weather. Our one hot week in May stands out against a delightfully cool spring when sweaters are often comfortable in the morning. I find myself no less busy because of so many afternoon classes, laboratory periods and play practices. But there is no study hall to watch while conducting classes and we go out doors to a shady spot to recite. Caesar class is often punctuated with remarks about the birds that alight near us or that fly by.

On Tuesday Flora, Miss Bostwick and I went to Peking on the late afternoon train to attend a tea given by Dr. and Mrs. Tenney- as a farewell to Mrs. Ryder and her daughter. They left yesterday for America and live in Stamford so I do hope you can see them soon. We had a fun time at the tea. Mr. Lieper was to bring us back in his car so we were the last guests to leave. He came for us and had to come in for coffee and cake before departing.

We had a delightful ride down between 7.30-8.30. The clouds lifted in the west and gave us a glimpse of a long brilliant rich stretch of sky just on a few minutes. Mr. Lieper came over for supper with us after we got back. I had some snapshots of myself taken in my "very bestest" and hope they came out well. I want you to see how very "swell" I am when I go stylish calling.

On Friday we compound people planned a surprise shower for Jean as a goodbye party. After our plans were well on foot, she confided to some of us that she is at last engaged to the Vice-Consul Josselyn who has been working hard the last year. Hence we made our shower gifts, engagement presents. She gave us a surprise too by suddenly deciding to make it our commencement party. It made a very gay evening.

Last night we were night owls again for a Pastime Club meeting. Dr. Harlan P. Beach and Mr. Lieper were the victims for initiation and they gave us a gay evening. The best was when Mr. Lieper had to make a social blunder to every member of the club and Dr. Beach had to straighten it out. These are a few-
To a lady- "Is that the only wig you have?"
Dr. Beach- "He's just trying to wiggle out of it."

To a lady w/ whom he has supposedly just given his seat- "Oh don't thank me, it would have been a pleasure to a young and pretty woman."
Dr. Beach- "Then it certainly was a great pleasure."

To a woman who has just said 'Rubha', because he was staring at her baby,- "Excuse me, I thought it was real."
I don't remember the reply to this.

Dr. Beach is going to preach for us today and also to baptize the Lieper baby. Baby Lieper is a dear. I love to go over late in the afternoon and play with him. He chatters and gurgles, kicks and squeals in good healthy style. We had tea there yesterday and I tended baby in preference to drinking and eating. Afterward Dr. Beach and I had a swing on the new double swing of which I wrote you. He certainly is a good sport. We have him as guest for supper tonight.

Two ladies visited us on Friday as representatives of the "Church of the Brethren" in Shansi. Their mission has children coming of school age and are considering coming in to help support this school. The Sims-Lacy Co. of Peking has made us a gift of \$400. The school in Peking solicited a contribution from them and got it. They duplicated it for us without any soliciting.

I think you must have gotten our letter regarding my magazines for my Digests are coming and the subscription is paid till 1920. But my 1919 Geographics are not coming at all. I enclose the last bill. If my other letter has arrived and the bill is paid, just start a grate fire with this one some cool evening.

I enclose some snap shots which I have explained on the backs. I must get some of our famous play "No. 13 Washington Square."

I do hope that Gould joins you on the farm this summer. It would do him and you all good. I wonder if some of you are getting ready to go to Phebe's commencement. I awfully hope you are for one's family means such at commencement time.

I have to stretch my imagination to see Daniel big enough to be his mother's maid. But he must be as big as our boys here and they take care of their rooms and do much that is helpful. I wonder if Well's cows will keep him off the farm this summer?

We are to have our first peas from our garden tomorrow also our first strawberries. The berries will probably be two or three on [or?] ?? for they will be few.

I must stop and dress for church. One can't have any face and be late when church is downstairs and the building one lives in.

It looks like rain again tomorrow. If so it will be the third time rain has hindered a trip to the Temple of Heaven.

Our Boy Scouts, with Mr. Lund as leader, have taken several tramps and are planning an all day one tomorrow. The boys are using the occasion well now they are over the first big head over being an organization. Mr. Lund is an excellent leader. He knows enough not to preach but to practice and guide unobtrusively.

Lots of love

Mary.

P.S. Last time I wrote on Ruth's birthday just after receiving ?? birthday letter from ?. Tomorrow I am 37- just think!

*[This letter, dated **June 15, 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. School has closed. Flora discusses in more detail the controversy of others wanting to open another school in Peking. She tells about the last couple of months at school. She and Mary have decided to go to Japan for summer vacation in a year and will spend this summer in Kuling instead. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[June 15, 1919]

Dear folks at home:-

It's an age since I have written to you. I have known it for some time but my head has been so full of attending to a dozen or more irons in the fire that have had to be attended to, that many duties did not get done. The big things have gone through with an impressive success, and now we are attending to some necessary details concerned with winding up the year's work and getting ready for next year. In spite of a few people in Peking who interceded to put us out of commission, we closed our year with the most successful bang we ever have. The people in Peking (or rather the committee of the Peking school) are going on with their preparations for their high school, but as far as I can find out there is to be "nothing but teachers to it". The one boy they felt sure of has orders from his father to come back here, and I believe he wants to return. Mrs. Ingram (of the American Board) who has been one of the hottest for that school all winter, has suddenly veered around to us again. Her husband returned from Siberia for a few weeks visit before he was off for another Red Cross trip. I doubt if all this fuss would have come up had he and one other husband been at home this winter. This other woman has just sent a request to all the missions for prayer for one of the new missionaries who had just come out. He is a wonderfully fine fellow in every way, physically, educationally, religiously, and so on. She also has made all the people of her compound feel "on the ear" because she insisted on everybody's moving out of their houses so she could move and get her house settled, as her husband might return from Siberia. It resulted in two students having to leave the Language School as they could find no place to live. Several people had to pack their goods and get off to Peitaiho about three weeks before they wanted to. I don't think a few prayers for common sense would be amiss for her. Well, I can't see how the Peking high school can expect to thrive when founded on such morals as they have been exhibiting. Mr. Petters has been to Shanghai and coaxed one of the teachers to leave the Shanghai American School. On what grounds he has gotten him I can't guess, but I do guess that he will be one indignant man when he gets up here and finds that he has nothing higher than 7th grade to teach- that is if he is a real man. I saw him when I was in Shanghai a year ago. He has a very pleasing voice in song and I think gets quite a few invitations to sing, but he is quite effeminate in his personal appearance. Enough of gossip.

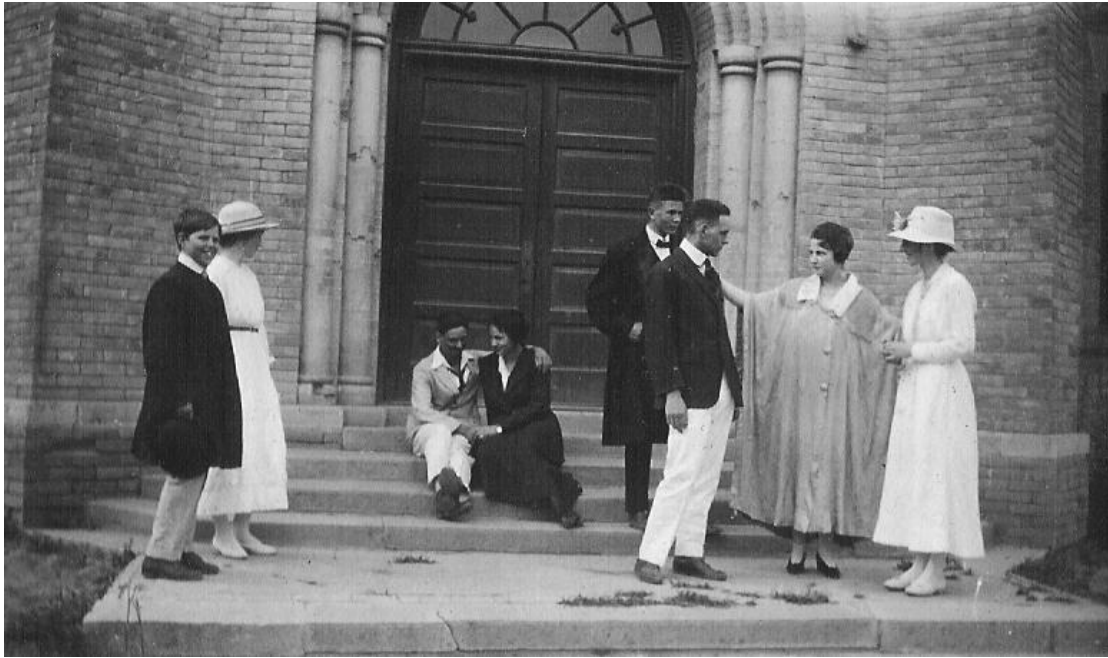
I hope Mary has kept you informed about our doings. It seems to me that my time has been spent much of it "on the road." I have been trying to get the way opened so that college entrance examinations can be taken out here, and I have great hopes that we are to succeed. The College Entrance Examination Board of New York City has sent on its blanks and we have returned them filled out properly to get the examinations to write here this year. We have found the home colleges to be very cordial in their responses and every college that accepts H.S. certificates has taken ours (as far as we have asked). Mt. Holyoke has consented to accept Chinese as an entrance count, and Wellesley consented to take our work in Med. History-which was a concession we shall arrange not to require again. Next year we may have the pleasure of fitting a young man for the Univ. of Virginia. His education has been in the schools at Petrograd. He is seventeen years old.

Well, I have had to ride out to Tsinghua College (the American Indemnity College) and consult, also, the dean of the Peking Union Univ. and found that either of them stands ready to help us out. I think it will be the latter as the most conservative colleges in America respect the New York State Regent Examinations and the Peking Univ. is incorporated by the State of New York.

We had to design our diploma which took some time and then Mr. Grant of the Government Bureau of Engraving did the work himself. It is exquisitely done and then he gave us the plates besides two dozen diplomas already engraved. Had we paid for all of this, it would have cost the school nearly a hundred dollars.

This spring- in March- we had the second piano pupil's recital and it was a fine one. Miss Dudley's scholars did her credit. Then there came the visit of the Peking Mother's Club in May when two car loads of Peking fathers and mothers and children came out here for a picnic lunch and our high school gave their own dramatization of No. 13 Washington Square. Every body went home in highest praise of the place and the play. The children really did it well, but when they repeated it on the closing day of school it was far better done. The evening of the Mother's Club visit we had a musical for the children with one of the finest soloists and pianists in Peking to give us

the music. Then there was our Memorial Day address which was given by one of the Peking Y.M.C.A. men who had been to France on behalf of the Chinese coolies. He had had some rare opportunities to see affairs in France and also told us of some of the problems of managing the Chinese because no one understood them.



Written in album: "No. 13 Washington Square"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We had a christening in our chapel one Sunday when the youngest baby in our compound received his name- Dr. Harlan P. Beach doing the honors. The night before we had had a meeting of the Pastime Club, when we initiated Dr. Beach to the mysteries of our fun, and he had to "ride" our goat humbly named "Patient Patrick". We made him do all sorts of undignified stunts, which he thoroughly enjoyed doing.

There was a school trip to the Temple of Heaven which we had to set three dates to get in because of rainy Mondays, but we finally got it in.

The children had their final school party when we made those going to America perform for us and then came the graduation exercises. They began with the Baccalaureate service on Sunday, and then on Thursday morning the grade children lead the procession with their ringing. First came the graduates, then the speaker and myself, next the "Managers" of the school and lastly the other four teachers. The girls read their essays – one of Chinese Ritual Music, and the other on Ancestral Worship. Both were excellent and on subjects not hackneyed. Then Dr. C.D. Tenney the man next to Minister Reinsch gave an address on the meaning of an education. Afterwards the diplomas were awarded by Mr. Corbett in a very graceful manner. Our diplomas are the new style and every one was delighted with them. They are on vellum 6"X8", and then placed in a flat silk case made like a ladies' calling-card case. Ours were in blue with gold lettering- the school colors, and the lining was plain heavy white satin. I am enclosing a piece of the outside covering of silk.

Well, our graduation day was a fine one in every way. It was not too hot and a lot of people came. The Traffic Manager of the R.R. provided two fine new cars for our guests and they nearly filled them,- many more than I had expected.

Our new bulletins are very slow to come out, but I shall send you some when I get them. The High School got out an Annual, but that too has been in the hands of the printers for over a month. Some things have moved at a snail's pace but we certainly have not lived a life of stagnation. In all this list of doings, we have equipped and started the work of manual training. I wish you could see our benches! They are fine! and they even have the proper vises. The boys are entranced with it and now we are ready for regular work next Fall. Besides this we have formed a Boy Scout's Patrol. It's name is the "Panther Patrol". There are ten boys in it and next Fall we may have six more to join it. A Mr. Lund (a Dane) has really done the work, but it has taken time to talk over matters and to get in the lessons when there were so many things to be done. Rehearsals and plans took so much time that the last six weeks

held no time for athletics at all for the children. Another year many of these strenuous days will be easier for the "first" things have been done.

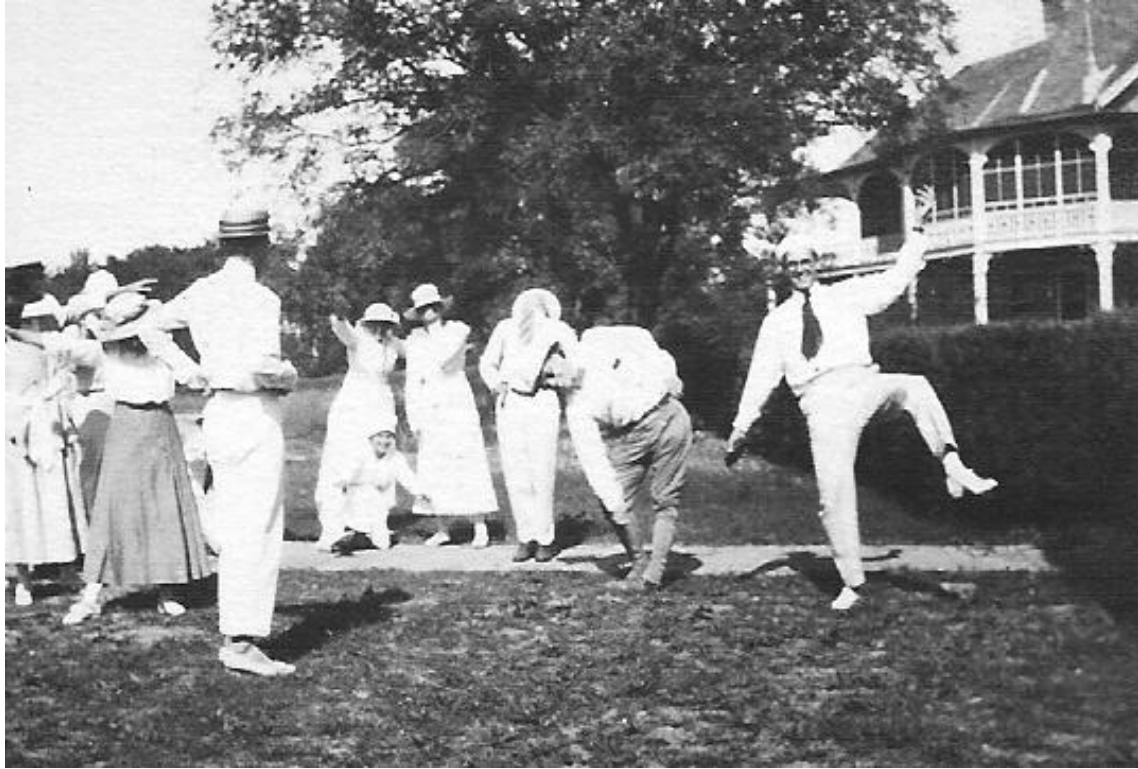
Mary and I had planned to spend this summer in Japan, but we have tho't best to put it off for another year. I think I shall plan to go that far home with Mary. She will surely go home next summer – that is if she can get there- and I hope by then there may be more nearly a state of peace in the Orient- and all over the world. We have decided to go to Kuling [*Not to be confused with Kuliang. Kuling is another summer missionary resort that is located inland- northwest of Foochow and southwest of Shanghai.*] for two months, and shall be off by June 23rd. I do not think it is to be a very expensive trip even tho it is so far away. We shall write you from there. We shall see the Lovell's – the Plainfield, N.J. relatives of Oliver's Grace. I shall be very glad to see them again.

Do you suppose you could persuade Edith [*cousin Edyth Nichols Fairchild*] to come out next summer and meet me in Japan, and then spend the year with me, while Mary is at home? She would not necessarily have to stay here all the time for we could make arrangements for her to take trips away with people to the places which every one wants to see. I would be glad to go with her at vacation times. I know she would enjoy herself and do me a lot of good with her company. It would not be frightfully expensive to live here after she once arrives and there is no place on the earth where she could find more ancient and more wonderful things to see, or finer people to know. I am going to write her and hope the leisure she will have for deciding may help her see that it is possible for her to come. At last mother's coat is on its way home- started last Wednesday night. Miss Dudley is taking it as far as Wisconsin and then she will send it on by mail. Please let us know how it fits. We made it to my measures around and to Mary's "up and down". We tried for a long time to get material for the outside but could not succeed. Out here people have the outside made so that it snaps onto the lining and then when the warmer days come all they have to do it to unsnap it and put the fur away. It is undyed, so you can wear it with the most delicate color and it will not harm.

Will you please tell Miss Brewster that I have received her letters and shall keep her requests until next summer, when I hope we may get to Japan for awhile. I will be on the lookout for some of the drawn work that she wants though I cannot remember the pattern she speaks about. The display we used to have in Peking is no longer there. The lady went to America, and a Chinese lady took it but I don't know what has become of her or the drawn work. Perhaps at Kuling, we may find something.

I am enclosing a list of things I am very much in need of. If you can find the time to purchase and send them to me, I shall be very grateful. Please inform the Shelton P.O. that you can send parcels straight to Tunghsien. However, they reach me, if sent to Peking. I am more and more giving our address as Tunghsien, Peking, as there are several Tunghsiens in China, so if it is any comfort to the Shelton P.M., write Tunghsien, Peking on the parcels sent.

With love- Flora Beard.
Tunghsien Chihli,
June 15, 1919.



Written in album: "Exercises on the lawn" and "House Party guests 1919"
 [A duplicate of the last photo was also labeled as "Seeing the guests off 1918". Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "Crowd departing June 1919" Sign says: "Tunghsien South"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **June 18, 1919**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks on the mountain. He tells about going to South Street with Marjorie and Mr. Leger. They came upon soldiers and police whipping men and arresting students. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow June 18- 19

Dear folks on the mountain:-

Things have been done. Yesterday p.m. about 2:15 Leger, Marjorie and I went up S. Street to make purchases,- We went via the General's yamen but all was quiet there. Just before we reached S. Street- on East St.- we came up with a big crowd and could see mounted soldiers and police and other soldiers. We left rickshas and walked on thru the crowd so when the mounted soldiers reached S. St. we were up with them. I saw them whipping men without mercy as they turned onto S. St., and when we got onto S. St. there were police leading students whom they had arrested and soldier using sheathed swords, whips and the butts of pistols on the students without mercy. With this going on right near us and horses prancing and police and soldiers on each side of the street tearing down placards- pounding the closed shops and shouting "open up". It was some melee. Marjorie kept tight hold of my hand.

Ing Siong who came down fr. Shanghai last week and was the cause of our boys not leaving school is in prison. I have not heard that any others of our students are nabbed.

The soldiers eventually got stationed in different parts of the city and rounded up all students on the street. 2 or 3 hundred were rounded up at S. Street. more at the Parliament buildings- The leaders picked out and the others told to go home- The authorities have control- One student slept in our college last night.

No authentic news about how many students were pulled- or if any were actually killed in Mong Chieng Hings shop Sat. night. His brother, Mong Chieng Ngo, was nabbed by students taken thru the streets by students with the police station by students- refused to- either the police were going to give him ??- then the students demanded 1. None of his friends could see him. 2. Three students must watch him. 3. handcuffed and feet in chains. 4. put with a common prisoner and no favors showed.

This in ?? is the present situation as near as I can get it.

If you have no water up there we can send up some.

Yours

WLB

*[This partial letter dated **about summer of 1919** was written by 11 year old Kathleen to one of her older sisters. The letter begins describing a wedding that she attended and may have even been in. The date of the letter is possibly determined by the "1919" that was formed by girls doing exercises on the ground. Beth and Edward Bliss attended these exercises with Kathleen and her sister Marjorie. This letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]*

...baskets were rather heavy and it was hard to stand there all the time holding those heavy baskets. The brides bouquet was a rather funny combination. It had red, yellow and orange cock'scombs and yellow and white chrysanthemums with a red ribbon tied around them!

Day before yesterday we went to Miss Lamburts exercises. Beth and Edward Bliss were down and we had them to dinner. We rode in the buss over. Beth and Edward liked it but it went to fast for me. When we got out of the buss we took rik'sha on across the bridges and over the hill. On one of the little hills Marjorie's and Edward's man lost control of his rik'sha and went smack into the head of a grave. Edward was thrown over the man but Marjorie jumped. After that we walked the rest of the way to Miss Lamburt's. The exercises were very nice. There is a big playground there that is convenient for that sore of thing. The girls first made or formed characters on the ground and they formed 1919. They had races and they did exercises with wands dumb-bells jumpropes Indian clubs. They played basket ball, tennis and volley ball all at the same time. After it was over we went in to see the industrial part of the school. The girls had made sweaters, socks mits, risters, caps and many other things. They made Japanese paper hats, we are going to have some made for us. On our way home we stoped and saw the chrysanthemum show. It was at the Y.M.C.A. There was also cockscombs and ferns there. Some of the chrysanthemums were very big. Mama counted about 44 different varieties of chrysanthemums.

Last night the boys of the Y.M.C.A. were out looting a shop. A Japanese man came along and shot one of the boys dead. Mr. Leak of the Y.M.C.A. was right there and saw it. Today they are having great doings. Papa is over south side now seeing about it.

I guess I better close now because bedtime comes pretty soon. With lots and lots and lots of love.

From your
smallest sister

Kathleen Cynthia Beard

*[This letter, dated **July 2, 1919**, was written from Hankow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She and Flora are in Hankow and on their way to Kuling for summer vacation. She tells about visitors and a picnic they had before leaving for Kuling. Mary finishes the letter at Kuling. They are staying with a Mrs. Butchard. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Hankow July 2 [1919]

Dear Ones at Home,

Flora and I left Tunghsien Monday night and have gotten this far toward Kuling, Kiangsu where we are to stay with Mrs. Butchard in Home 99. [On a map of Kuling from the book, Near to Heaven by Tess Johnson and Deke Erh, home #99 is at the corner of Northfield Rd. and Central Avenue.] We were a week later in getting off than we hoped so that Flora could get everything finished up. She did except for a few books which were left uncatalogued. The last ten days were very hot and dry, but fortunately on Sunday night a severe thunderstorm came up and broke the heat. So on Monday we packed and closed the home comfortably and yesterday on the train was quite cool; so were the two nights. We got in at 8.00 this morning and came directly to the C.I.M. home where we have layed all day. After tea at 4.00 we went out for a little shopping and have just returned. We take the boat at 9.00 this evening, get to Kukiang tomorrow morning. An auto bus takes us to the foot of the mountain and then we climb it in chairs. We expect to lunch on the mountain.

To go back to Tungchow. The Corbin and Hemingway families stayed with us until last week Friday. They had great times with telegrams, telephone calls and letters and visits to Cook's and the Legation. Finally, as we heard, they were to sail on a small transport from Chingwantao and transship at Nagasaki. They left us Friday to spend a few days at Pei Tai Ho, to get a sea bath or so. All the children were ill with one thing or another while in Tungchow but all on the mend on leaving.

The last Wednesday we took our lunch and went for a walk over to the canal. Then we ferried across and ate in front of a beautiful cemetery. It sounds strange to picnic in a cemetery but if one is to get shade one must, as only the graves are protected from the glare of the sun. It was a fine picnic. Coming back we took a little side path and had to walk several hundred yards on a narrow ledge with "wa zas" (a tall swamp edge like grass that has

feathery heads later. The leaves are broad and rather sharp edged. We had to duck our heads and open the way between the tall stalks which were well over our heads. The wind blew hard and I felt like a fiddler crab with my very active right arm and still left one. For the children we had donkeys and the coolies carried the lunch baskets. Do you suppose I will be able to carry my own bag, parcels etc. when I get to America? I guess six years won't undo the habits of thirty odd.

I had a slight attack of dysentery from days before leaving so couldn't help Flora as much with the cataloguing as I had hoped. By going straight to bed and starving I got well quick. I lived on baby food until today when I branched out a bit. Everything agrees with me, so I am all right.

We rode along the Bund on our way home from the shop tonight. On the one side it is lined with beautiful residences, banks and office buildings mingled indiscriminately. On the other is a stretch of green lawn, a broad foot path, a rail, the river (Yang Ste). At the docks are many steamers of various sizes and nationalities and kinds. There is an American battle ship of the Mosquite[?] fleet anchored near shore. It makes one think of Shanghai very much and forget that we are so far inland.

We are really quite far south, for ?? grow in the garden out our window and a fine Trumpet creeper grows way over the front porch.

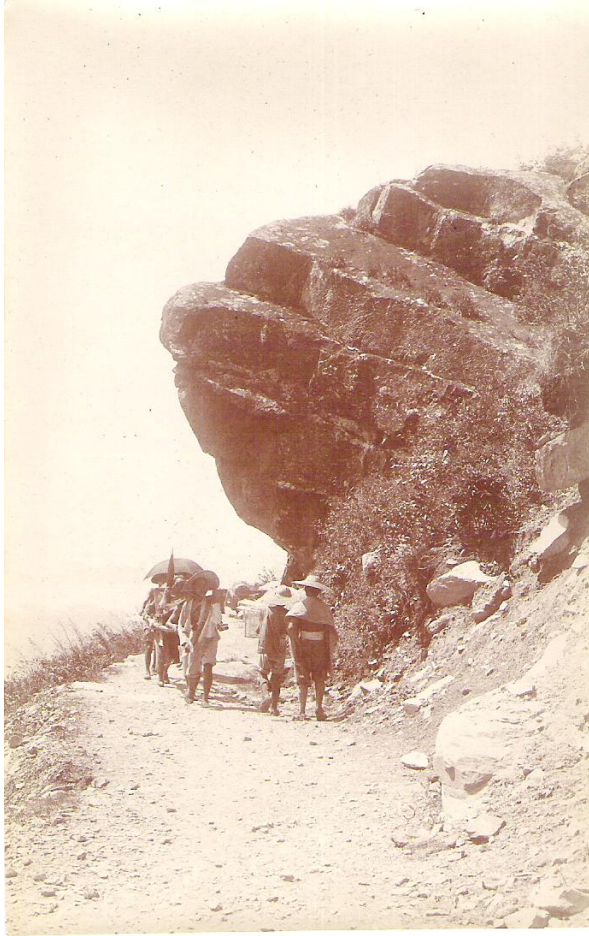
This is almost a bachelor's establishment or a "temporary widower" one for until we came there were one lady and ten men here. All the wives and families are at the mountains so the men eat here. The one lady is German but married to a C.I.M. missionary. She is very sensitive so we guard our speech.

Elizabeth that lace cap is a beauty. It came just in time for me to wear those few days I was ill. I told the people it was well I was ill or I would have had to make believe, to use it. It was so hot I kept it on the chair near by and made guests wait outside until I "dressed up" to receive them. It drew forth admiration from all.

July 4- At Hankow we got aboard to leave at 9.30 as advertised but 9 huge large loads of barrels of oil had to be unloaded after that. I never saw Chinese coolies work more rapidly or more efficiently as to division of labor. It was 11.30 before we were off. I was not sorry for that meant that we had several hours of daylight for the last of our sail instead of making the whole trip at night. We landed before 10.00. Mr. Chapin, brother of one of our party, met us and acted as buffer and manager for coolies so saved us a great deal. The system here is well worked out. We went to the "Rest Home" where we designated the baggage we should need at once and paid to have that sent "Express". Our trunks came by "freight" and are not here yet. We bought our tickets \$1.00 which all residents on the Mountain have to have; also tickets for the auto trip and the chair. All the money is paid there and the coolies with chairs or baggage have to present the signed slips before they can draw any money.

Mrs. Butchard seems very nice and hospitable. Her four children are well behaved, neither too shy nor too forward. She is a widow and has been teaching in the Kuling School since Dr. Butchard died three years ago. We have lots of notes for comparison on schools. This is her home but now she has to move to the school buildings during term time so has just gotten into the home.

The ride up the mountain was most interesting and fortunately it was cloudy so not too hot. We walked part of the way up the very steep places. The valleys were filled with mist most of the time, but the views were glorious when it lifted. The Yang Ste Kiang [*Yangtse River*] was in sight for a long long time and even at our last view looked muddy and brown.



Written on back of photos: "Road to Kuling"
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Today is the glorious fourth and we are to have a grand celebration. All the pent up feelings of last year as well as those of this year are to be let out. Many fireworks with an expert to set them off came up from Hankow yesterday with us. I can describe them better after seeing them altho Mr. Littell told us considerably about them at Hankow. [Mary is probably referring to Mr. Edward Selby Little, who founded Kuling in 1899. He named it to sound like a Chinese form of the word "cooling" according to the book, *Near To Heaven* by Tess Johnson and Deke Erh. Kuling is an inland resort, southwest of Shanghai and northwest of Foochow. Johnston, Tess, and Ehr Deke. *Near to Heaven*. Hong Kong: Old China Hand Press, 1994.]

I got to thinking of my life insurance policies recently. I suppose the due slips have been sent Father and paid last November and this April all right. They were to be sent direct to him to save a possibility of their lapsing. This is the end of my paper until my trunk arrives. This cool mountain air is wonderful after the heat of Tungchow so is the moisture in the atmosphere. Lots of love Mary.

[A missionary named Stella Marie wrote a letter dated August 23, 1936 to her friends and in it, she describes Kuling: "It is now so near to the time of my return to Ginling, that it scarcely seems worth while to head this letter with my summer's address. However I do want to tell you that I have been having two months away from the heat of Nanking up on the top of Kuling in the province of Kiangsi two-thirds of the way up to Hankow on the Yangtze River. Kuling is said to be the beginning of the foothills of the Himalyas. It is a peak over three thousand feet high, and rises above the plains which are not much above sea-level, and so it is quite impressive as well as beautiful in its green of many varieties of trees as well as flowers and bushes. There are many lovely waterfalls and mountain-streams which in no time become raging torrents in a summer shower." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Mary "Ready for an afternoon tea" about 1918-1920.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

July 5. P.S. I am enclosing these snapshots of myself which I had taken this spring. I wanted to show off my "calling costume" so dressed a little early the day we went to the farewell tea for the Ryders at Mrs. Tenney's. The draft for \$25 is to help meet expenses for things I have sent for. I will send some more in the Fall. I had just bought a \$100 Liberty bond and had to have my bank account with a sufficient margin for extras of the summer. But never yet have I exceeded the value of my checks for the summer months and I hope to keep to that rule.

Yesterday morning we went for a walk up to the Post Office and got caught in a rain. The rain is strange here. It did not get us more than damp altho it was rather a hard shower. One help is that the mountain side is heavily wooded and the path part of the way is overhung with branches.

In the afternoon we went to the exercises in Medical Hall. A Mr. Sherman was in charge and Mr. Brockman (brother of the ?? YMCA here) gave the talk. The children sang "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" and we joined in the chorus. A Miss Napier sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and we came in on the chorus. Tea was served in a near by home and the children were sent over 20 minutes ahead of the grown ups to get first change. The children's sports and baseball game had to be given up because of the rain.

The fireworks are to come the first clear night. We met several old friends yesterday; People who had been in Peking for Language study or who had spent a summer in Pei Tai Ho. Harriet Bontelle Lacy is here with her baby boy but I have not seen her yet. I do not know of any other Holyoke people but she will if they are here.

If my bills with Father are not too large so five (\$5) can be spared from this check, please give it to the Shelton Congregational Church. I want to do something for my home church altho it is little. I received the card but have left it at Tungchow.

Must close and fix my white dress ready to send to the wash.

Lots of love

Mary

Kuling, Kukiang
 c/o Mrs. Butchard.



Written on back: "Road to Kuling"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Anel.]



Written on back: "Road to Kuling" and "View from road to Kuling"
 [Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Anel.]



Kuling

[Photo from Flora's photo album in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **July 1919**, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. The student uprising has quieted down. Cholera is very bad in Foochow and burial practices just as bad. They are on Kuliang now and Flora and Mary are in Kuling. Stanley and Myra have a new baby boy. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Kuliang, Foochow, China.
[July 1919]

Dear Mother:-

It is most nine o'clock on this busy Sunday but I must send a few lines before going to bed. I have written something of the student uprising. It has quieted down and as far as I can see the students are normal now. The results of their work are still apparent in the boycott on Japanese goods and in the deep patriotic spirit still in evidence.

For three weeks the cholera has been claiming nearly 3000 a week in Foochow. To day I have spent 2 ½ hrs. in Red Cross Committee meetings. We have \$5000 from the National Red Cross to put into the work in Foochow. A sub committee of five are appointed to start a detention hospital. We have the foreign doctor and the foreign nurse volunteered. I go down to Foochow tomorrow to help find the building and equipment. The Y.M.C.A. is also active in the work. Conditions are almost unbearable. The Military General Li of whom I have often written has donated \$1000 to be used in Idol processions, beseeching the idols to stop injuring the people. Soldiers are dying rapidly. Sometimes they are taken out and left on the hill side before they die. Some of the coffins are only half burned- the grave only 12 or 18 inches deep- practically no means are used to stop the disease- the officials do not know the cause of cholera and of course they do not know the remedy. If I can do anything to help teach them it will be the best kind of missionary work.

We have been on the mountain two weeks last Thurs. The weather has been superb. Tennis and bathing have been fine. Kuliang is full. In our house we have Dr. Bement and Miss Kentfield- a new lady in our Diong Loh field. Ellen was in Foochow this past week; going down Tues. morning and returning Saturday morning. Dr. and Mrs. Whitney left Foochow for good last Thursday. Ellen went down to let them sleep in a room in our house in which they slept the first night they spent in Foochow forty one years ago.

The girls Flora and Mary are in Kuling this year. They will know all the resorts in China and will know all the people = missionaries too.

We are looking every mail to see what is the name of your youngest grandson. What will Nancy do with him? Tell Stanley and Myra I am going to write sometime. I had hoped and definitely planned to write a dozen letters immediately after Annual Mission meeting which began last Thursday and closes next Thursday. But with this Red Cross work on my hands I do not know whether I can do it or not. God is opening many and wide doors of opportunity. Pray with us that we may know how to enter them.

May He keep and bless you all-

With Love from us all

Will

“In 1919, there occurred a great epidemic of cholera in Foochow. At first, only the coolie class was affected, but the disease speedily reached all classes and spread throughout the province. Appeals were made by medical men to the officials, but for a long time nothing was done, although the people were frantic in their idol processions and on the march night and day. Finally, the Chinese pastors, teachers, and intelligent laymen organized. They secured information on the cause, prevention, and treatment of the disease and distributed thousands of handbills giving these facts. There also arose the question of how to care for the sick. The American Red Cross (Fukien Branch) secured a large grant from America and appointed some of their members to work with the Chinese. The American Board Hospital in the city and the Magaw Memorial Hospital on Nantai were placed at the disposal of this group, large numbers of patients being admitted at both centers.

More than ten thousand deaths were reported at that time, so Foochow set herself to prevent a return of the epidemic. Dr. W.W. Peter of the Council on Health Education came to the capital city in June 1920 and under his direction there was put on a most elaborate program. Processions with educational floats, charts displayed in temples, churches and schools, lectures, stereopticon slides, and moving pictures contributed their influence. Immense crowds received the educational benefit of the campaign, and the fact that in the following summer there were only sporadic and isolated cases was, in a large measure, due to his work.”

Gossard, M.D., E., and Anti-Cobweb Club of Foochow, China Fukien, A Study of a Province in China. Shanghai, China: Presbyterian Mission Press, 1925.

[Book from the collection of Mark and Jana Jackson.]

*[This story, dated **July 1919**, was written by Willard. It is an account of a visit he and the family took to Au Seu and how some Chinese wanted to become Christians. From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[July 1919]

A Great Day

This has been a great day. The sun rose in all his glory at the set moment and he has shed his welcome light and cheer and warmth all about Foochow all day.

The whole family started at once after breakfast for Au Seu, a village near the foot of Kuliang, to help in the church service. All the way we passed thru rice fields with men and plows and harrows and big clumsy water buffaloes pulling them in the mud of the rice fields. Here and there were small patches of light green. These were the beds of seed rice that have been sown a few days and had just sprouted. Then as if to add to the beauty of the landscape, groups of men and women, well dressed, and walking single file were frequently seen. These were going to some ancestral tomb on the hillside to offer paper money and clothes for the departed or to offer rice and pork as food for their deceased relatives. For this is the Chin Ming= pure brightness or Spring Festival or Tomb Festival, -

one of the important feast days in China. Would the beautiful day- just the day to get the rice fields ready and just the day to go visit the ancestral grave- would it leave many empty seats in God's house?

We reached the chapel at Au Seu half an hour before time for service. First we had to just look at the nice new school house that accommodates 15 girls and 40 boys, and also furnishes living rooms for two teachers and thus make it possible for all together and sit comfortably in the little church that used to be a shelter for school as well as church.

Then we met four who wanted to join the church. The first was the school teacher- he had been a Christian at least for five or six years but just had not taken the step. Then a little man- a silver smith. He was holding his five months old baby all the time we talked with him about his faith in God. Then a boy who had studied in this school for four years and was now in the Higher Primary School at Geu Cio Dong,- son of the leading citizen of Au Seu. The preacher had asked his father if the son should unite with the church and the father said "Yes" but I am so mixed with business and public affairs that I cannot obey the rules of the church". "Well if your son unites will you promise not to ask him to perform idolatrous ceremonies for you?" "Certainly I will promise. I want him to be a Christian."

Then we turned to another boy in the same class with this student "What do you plan to do when you grow up and graduate from school?" "I plan to be a preacher of the Gospel and save men". We wondered if this was said for effect. So there were more questions. "Where is your home?" "Back in the mountains ten miles from Foochow." "Is your father alive?" "Yes. He is one of a large tribe of aborigines numbering some 200,000 that have their own dialect. In our section there are some 15000 of these aborigines." "Is your father a Christian?" "No." "Is he willing that you should become a preacher?" "Yes, he helped my elder brother who studied in this Au Seu School would be a preacher but this seemed impossible. Do you not remember talking with him about this some four or five years ago? You have seen my father and Mr. Hodous used to call on him several times a year when he went to Buong Ka." "Ah yes I recall visiting your tribe and talking with a man who seemed to know much of the truth. Was that your father?" "Yes. Now he is determined that I shall prepare for the Theological School and go back to my tribe to tell them of God."

It was a pleasant service, five united with the church, and the preacher's little boy of three years was baptized. The fifth to unite was the preacher's daughter.

After service the preacher said, "I want to talk with you a moment. Friday night while the Bible Woman was away, thieves broke into her room and took away every thing she possessed she does not have even a change of clothing. I reported the theft at once to the police. Will you go with me to urge him to his best to find the thief and recover the things stolen?" and we went.

Then we all took a Chinese dinner with the preacher and after that walked a mile or more to the village of Deuk Seu. Here a new chapel as preaching place was to be formally opened at 2:30 p.m. When we arrived the room which would hold- not seat- one hundred and fifty was packed. This chapel is a branch of the church outside the east gate. And that church was there in force. In spite of the good weather to work fields and to worship the tombs the villagers also were there in force. Right on the front seat was an old lady. She told us she had a dream a few weeks ago. Two girls stood before her. One of them held a book to her eyes. "Do you know what book this is?" "Yes that is a Bible." "Why do you not believe it and become a Christian? You were beginning to believe ten or more years ago and since then you have turned away." "Yes I know I did and now I will believe and become a Christian. Yes I am ready to be baptized any time."

Two of us, one a blind preacher, told these country folks as simply as we could who God was and that He loved them. Two little American girls sang of God's love as the people held their breath. Then one of their own members a Christian told them how happy he was that a prayer meeting place had been opened in their village and that he hoped they would all become Christians with him.

Just then there was a slight commotion and turning of head and in came another man who had been a Christian in this village for several years. On his back he was carrying his father eighty five years of age. Without asking any one he said, "My father is 85 he is soon to go to Heaven. He believes- He does not worship idols. Will you baptize him? Of course we baptized him, with one hundred of his neighbors looking on. - That act of this son was one of the most eloquent sermons I ever heard. After a prayer for the father's beautiful entrance into Heaven the service closed.

Another two miles walk and a short ricksha ride brought us home at 5:30 - a great day.



Marjorie in about 1919
 [Photo in the archives of Oberlin College]

*[This letter, dated **July 25, 1919**, was written from the Mt. Baker in N.Y Harbor by Gould to Aunt Phebe. He is quickly preparing to leave on a trip on the Mt. Baker planned at the last minute. He may be gone a year. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

M.S. Mt. Baker.
 Lower N.Y. Harbor.
 July 25, 1919.

Dear Aunt Phebe:-

The happenings of the last few days have proceeded so fast that I now find myself on the eve of departure and only just writing you folks about it all. Wednesday the firm decided to send this ship out at all cost or let her rot in the river. They gave the Engineers and Mates the choice of going out with her carrying any sort of a crew they could supply or leaving them and there and getting paid off. After much bitter discussion we all, except the 3rd Eng. agreed to go with the ship. Last night we loaded all night long and this a.m. we pulled out into the bay. I had some pretty fine hustling to do to get my passport fixed up. I had to jump on a harbor tug and go to the ship for my Army discharge papers and then again for an affidavit they decided I must have showing my father to be an American citizen. Luckily I had one left over from the time I received my commission. When I at last went to the Globe Line Offices I found the whole engine room force of Engineers and the Captain and some of the crew waiting to go to the ship. We took the harbor authorities with us and they signed the crew on. We have a complete rigger outfit on deck, but the Engineers kicked about having nigger oilers and refused to sign on until the Captain had given his word that he would get us white men and build new quarters and mess hall for them. I signed on as 3rd Engineer and will hold that position and pay, \$165 a month. It's very nice for us all to talk about treating the negro as your equal, but when it came to having them work under me in the engine room of a solitary freighter at sea, or asking any other white man to hire with them, I balked as hard as the rest.

I'm glad that I saw you all last Sunday for who knows when I will see you again. We signed articles for Liverpool and a year or until the trip was finished if before a year. The finish of the trip being when we landed anywhere N. of Cape Hatteras. So I may be gone all of a year.

I am trusting you all to God's care and keeping and trust that I will see you all again when I return.

With all my love to the whole family.
Gould.

[This letter, dated **July 28, 1919**, was written from Kuling, China by Mary to the ones at home. She talks about some hikes around the Kuling area and of some of the other missionaries there. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Kuling-
July 28, 1919

Dear Ones at Home-

My two packages arrived this week. The Peking postmaster sent them to PeTaiHo in spite of the fact that he had my address here. Miss Bostwick rescued them. They were too much to pieces to remail so she sent them by Mr. Tewksbury so messenger, when he came for the conference. I have already worn the stockings (I was in desperate need) and start on the union suits today.

Since I last wrote F. and I have been on some fine walks. One day we started to reach the top of one ridge here. From there we saw a ridge beyond so climbed that. Then we knew we must be nearing a view of Poyang Lake so kept on to the third ridge. The view was well worth the climb. The Lake extends off and off so the mists hide the farther shore and make it seem about like the ocean. At our left was a precipitous cliff- called Lion's Leap. July 31- My pen ran dry and then I went off for a walk. We have had two other views of Poyang Lake; one from Nantan Pass where seven of us from Peking went for afternoon tea one afternoon. The view is more extensive there than from the pass that we viewed it from first. Yesterday we walked to Lily Valley where the YMCA have their conference homes and where the Chinese Secretaries have private homes. The added feature of the Lake is the lovely island with a conspicuous temple on it. In fact, it looks to be almost all temple.

I am trying to make a ?? preparation for my Botany Class next year. Fortunately there is a Club here and I am at last connected up with it. It meets on Thursday afternoons. Mrs. White, who is the leader, is a hustler[?] and knows the flowers about here very well. I hope to keep my inspiration for my class. The first few flowers puzzled me a lot because it is five years since I looked at a Manual but now things go easier, of course many species are not in Gray and we have three flowers which do not even belong to the families given, so we are stuck. The "Grass of Parnassius" is the most beautiful thing we have found yet. The wild pink "Hydrangia" vies with it though. There are four different lilies, a white one, a yellow one and the Tiger Lilies just like those we used to have by our front walk.

This is Conference week. Dr. Harlan P. Beach preached for us last Sunday evening and Dr. Patton speaks next Sunday morning. I have not been to the meetings heretofore but am going this morning. This afternoon we are invited to Mrs. Chapin's to meet Dr. Patton. I expect it is a meeting of the American Boarders. There is no work of theirs in this part of Yangste valley so the only representations are the few who have come from north or south. Hence we are included to swell the number.

Five years ago tomorrow we left home. How well I remember the day. I had thought to be back home ere now instead of wandering the hills of China still.

Well our family is intact I smile often – a widow, four old maids, three bachelors. Not quite enough to go around of the later! Mr. Evans is just a transient. He was in Siberia doing publicity work and is seeing China a little on his way out. He walked with us yesterday. Mr. Baker is an engineer who has the contract for the building of the school and some of the private homes. He is so modest that he keeps his eyes on his plate most of the time. Mr. Chapman is a Wesleyan Missionary, teacher in the Boone University and an Anistration[?]. He is jolly and full of good stories. He wants to take the long walk around the Emerald Pool and Incense Hills with us. As to the ladies! Miss Kelly and Miss Lyon are both members of the Christian Mission. Both are heads of schools. One is six months younger than Flora and the other six months younger. Mrs. Butchard has four children, the oldest fifteen and all very well brought up. She is a plucky little woman and determined to give her children the best of educations.

How about the subscription to the National Geographic? I have never gotten the magazines for 1919 yet. I rather hope they don't come until after I get back because they would be so much more to carry back.

We received Stephen Palmer Beard's cards on Monday night. They were delayed by having to take the trip to Peking. [Stephen Palmer Beard, son of Stanley and Myra Beard, was born June 20, 1919 and died April 9, 2007.]

One evening we called on the teachers of Gin Ling College. They are a superior lot of women. One, the Secretary, is Oberlin 1918, and know Phebe Kinney well. I'll get her name again from Miss Kelly.

Aug 2- This is almost a serial story with it's many dates. Yesterday F. and I took a long walk around the mountain opposite us. It looks like an innocent peak but proves to be a whole range and the path winds in and out. We got several fine views into the valleys and off on the plains. Today we hope to take the walk to "The Temple of the Clouds". It is a long way so we start early- 2.00 P.M. and take our tea.

We are becoming addicted to the tea habit. One can enjoy tea and supper greatly when we take a two hour tramp between them. Yesterday I found a fine fuzzy caterpillar on our walk and brought him home to Baird Butchart. He lay quietly on the branch until we met a green snake. I almost had my foot on it and gave a spring and yell. This jarred poor Mr. Caterpillar and he began to investigate his surroundings. As he was the stinging kind, he kept me busy turning my twig end for end lest he crawl onto me.

I should think Father would feel that his work got done most rapidly when he has it done by tractor. It must be a saving of hours and men both.

I hope that the new owner of the land opposite us improves the land. It certainly used to need it badly enough.

Willard wrote that the girls were going east this summer. I wonder if they are at Century Farm for part of the time.

The papers speak of a new engine which is putting the Diesel engine in the background. I wonder if Gould will start in on it when he returns from South America. He ought to have a fine trip and full of interest as well as one most useful to his profession.

We are most eager for letters about Stephen Palmer Junior. I wonder how Nancy likes her "new live doll." Good he is a boy with such an obstreperous big sister.

Flora sent for some Gray's Manuals the other day. I thought of asking you to send me Ruth's because she had hers marked but the later edition contains new families and species. Some of the China varieties are included so it is quite important to get the latest to have it most valuable. The "St. John's Wort's" which Ruth used to like so much are quite common here also others she had identified at home. There are sometimes slightly different but yet the same thing.

I must close so as to analyze some flowers which I have downstairs. The longest is more interesting than beautiful so I want to discard it before Sunday.

Much much love to all

Mary Beard.

P.S. Phebe and Ben have birthdays now and Elizabeth soon. Here are belated greetings for all.



Written in album: "Flora and I [Mary] Kuling 1918"
[The date should be 1919. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[From an undated booklet titled "Thirty Walks Round Kuling" by Mrs. Arnold Foster:

Incense Mills- Until the last few years these mills were turned by the main stream, but the cedar trees from which the incense was made having been used up, the mills have stopped and now in ruins; they are in a very deep valley, the picturesque rocks on hills above which can be seen from many places about Kuling.

Emerald Pool- A deep pool into which water falls down a precipitous rock. The sides of the pool are almost perpendicular and there is a very pretty waterfall. There is a deep shade here of an afternoon and it is a favorite place for tea picnics.

Booklet from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back: "The swimming pool."
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated August 24, 1919, was written from Kuling, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about some of their hikes around the Kuling area. She heard that their school will receive \$25,000 gold and hopes it is true. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Kuling
 August 24, 1919

Dear Ones at Home-

This will be my last letter from Kuling as we go down the hill on Thursday of this week. I hate to leave because it is so beautiful here and I have not taken all the walks yet. I have got in at least one each week and often two. This last week Mrs. MacMillan (teacher at Tsing Hua College near Peking) and I went to the Incense Mills for an all day trip. We went by way of the caves where is an interesting shrine, the tablet of the time of the Ming dynasty, an old Pagoda demolished during the Tai Ping Rebellion and incidentally a fine continuous view of the plains. The Mills are so in ruins that we did not recognize the brick and stone piles as such. They are on the banks of a stream which furnishes several fine swimming pools. We hustled into our bathing suits as soon as we arrived and walked home up the bed of the brook as far as we could, so kept dressed to swim up the pools. It was a hot day but we did not find it so with our frequent dips. On the way home we passed a temple near which are three trees- the biggest I have seen except around temples of the North. That is the goal of a favorite walk. The last pool in which I bathed is called Emerald Pool and the location is beautiful. Above it is a water fall about 50 feet high and it has perpendicular rocky sides of the same height so it is dark and cool as at noonday.

Another fine trip was to the Waterfalls. The walk over affords more extensive and varied views than any I have taken. From the peak we saw Poyang Lake for its whole length, the Yangste River and a broad expanse of plain and mountains and valleys galore. The Falls themselves are about 800 feet high but the water makes three leaps in the descent. The deep gorge makes it impossible to get a good near view. We had two fine swims in the pool at the top. It was wonderful to lie against a rock for safety just at the top and look out through the narrow steep sided opening. The water rushed madly through and beyond was another space with a perpendicular rocky ledge beyond.

Flora got a touch of the sun so could not go on these trips with me. 'Twas a pity for they were both glorious! She is better now. A late report says that our school is the recipient of \$25000 gold. I hope it is soon to be corroborated for we could use it well and it could be most opportune just now.

Applicants for admission are still coming in. Some brought by an advertising in the paper are not very good as so far they have been Chinese.

We have had some interesting sales up here and I have made several purchases. My latest was a dress of "waste silk". It looks more like a linen or coarse loosely woven Indian Head. I had it made up at once and have already worn it twice. I'll send a sample.

A few weeks ago we had an interesting meeting on the Korean question. I enclose a copy of the report printed in the shanghai paper. We are to send them home for publicity work. The Korean who spoke was most eloquent but the other speakers were more forceful.

My Botany work I fear is ended for the summer but it has been most helpful and I anticipate next year's work to be easier because of it. I thought of Ruth while doing it and wished I could share some of the joy in the new flowers with her.

We have not done much with birds but have identified a few by a little booklet which Mrs. Butchart had.

The name of that friend of Phebe Kinney's is Adelaide Gundlach. I find she knows two or three other friends of mine too.

This Wednesday we have a lecture by Dr. Barrie on his experiences in Palestine during the later part of the war.

I wonder if you have sent my "Line a Day Book"? Never a word have I received and I closed my old one on July 31st. That and four (4) brassiers I asked for in the same letter.

We are waiting for letters telling of your summer. I wonder what Phebe K. is to do this winter?

Will write again before school opens Sept. 10. Lots of love to all Mary.



No explanation but probably one of the Kuling waterfalls.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter, dated **August 29, 1919**, was written from Hankow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells a little about their trip from Kuling to Hankow en route to Tungchou. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Hankow
[Aug 29, 1919]

Dear Ones at Home,

Yes it's hot! That is to us from Kuling, but not so to those who have been here right along. The thermometer was "only 85" this morning.

Well the elements very nearly kept us on the mountain longer than we intended. On Monday we had considerable wind and it was partly cloudy. Tuesday morning it was very misty and the wind howled. By noon the rain was falling in sheets but at considerable angle because of the gale. It kept up without a let up all night and until about 5.30 Wednesday. Then the wind began to shift and the worst of the storm was over. Old timers called it a typhoon and the descriptions Willard used to give fit very well.

On Tuesday afternoon we were invited to a "house warming" and we went. About forty other guests also braved the storm and we did have a good time.

Wednesday morning the coolies did not appear for our baggage. About 10.00 I donned bloomers, raincoat, bathing cap and old shoes and went for a tramp.

Incidentally I called at the office and found out that no coolies had appeared and that someone had gone out on the road down the hill to ascertain the damage done. Then I visited the scene where an embankment had fallen in, knocked in the back of a home and hurled them elsewhere. Lastly I walked the length of the stream to the bathing pond. It was almost as fine a sight as the Gorge below Niagara to see the angry waters dash over the rocks. The stream had brought down so much sediment that the pool was full of mud. Later one of the men walked across it- without going above his knees in mud and water.

I was literally "soaked to the skin" for the rain used my rubber cap as a guide to lead down my neck when the wind was too strong to use an umbrella.

Yes, we are en route home. We walked down the mountain yesterday but took the auto across the plain. The afternoon we spent at the "Rest Home" or walking around the Chinese city and soon after five got aboard our steamer. We got in at 11.00 this morning and are staying at the C.I.M. Home until our train at 7.00 tomorrow morning. The slip about the Korea question I enclose.

With much love

Mary.

Friday Aug 29.

*[This letter, dated **September 7, 1919**, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and all and folks at home. He and Ellen had their silver wedding anniversary celebration at their house with many guests. Typhoons have been severe this summer and Willard had to settle on a price for the roof repair of a University building. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Kuliang, Foochow, China
Sept. 7th 1919

Dear Mother and all and folks at Home:

This is my last Sunday on Kuliang- I plan to go down day after tomorrow morning. College is to open Thursday of this week. Ellen and the girlies will stay on here for a week or so. This is the best time of the year to get good out of Kuliang. The air is very cool and invigorating, and the day closes about 6:30 p.m. and the people are fewer. They have been leaving for two weeks and this next week will see many more go.

I am writing this on a sheet that the Bride used to count the people who accepted her invitations to the party that was "only a little social gathering", on the invitation but was really a celebration of our Silver Wedding. It occurred night before last Sept. 5th. The whole day was perfect. It thundered about 6:00 p.m. but the moon shone brightly all the time and the evening was perfect. About 91 people came. "Only four or five people who had been asked to sing or read or help otherwise knew of the reason for the occasion." But after the program and just as the Bride had announced that the entertainment part was over Mr. Munson of the Y.M.C.A. said "No the program is not finished." He introduced Ned Smith who said some nice things and threw about \$70 on us. Every one seemed to have a very pleasant time. Our cottage has a large wood veranda on two sides. We took all furniture - beds and every thing out of the four large rooms, so there was ample room for all the guests, from Amoy a Mrs. Veenscoten is here. She delights all by her singing and others also helped and two read and four girlies sang a song- with a sheet

held up before them. The chorus to each verse was tra-la-la –la-la. The girlyies sat down as they sang this and held up their hands in shoes above the sheet. You have likely seen it. The effect is as if the girls had stuck up their feet.

For our souvenirs Ellen had printed promisory notes. These were each signed by the individuals present and then exchanged for pieces of paper with numbers written on them. The people took this “money” to the different booths in different rooms and brought biscuit, cake, candy, drinks etc. This proved quite amusing. The affair was a big success.

Last Tuesday we all went to Kushan Monastery. - The first day I have had this summer when there was no work for me to do. The day was perfect. A strong N.W. wind blew all day. The air was perfectly clear and cool. The Smith family, Mr. Miller of our Canton mission, Dr. MacBean (Miss) Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Goertz and Edith (9 yrs) went with us. We got up at the usual time and got back home for supper at the usual time.

Friday I went to Foochow with Mr. Scott to see the building in which the University is now. They were injured by the typhoon August 25th. This proved an interesting job. The Chinese assistant to Mr. Scott had already talked with the contractors. These had said it would cost \$180. to repair all the damage. The large damage was in the roof of the main building. They said this would cost \$80. One side was so badly damaged that it would have to come off and be entirely relaid. I asked to go up on the roof. And Scott and I turned up about 70 ft. and I found on the worst side only a few tiles broken here and there. They had told me it would take \$1000 tiles to repair the roof. I looked it over and told the contractor 1000 tiles would do it. Before we left the roof he had taken off \$38 from the price and at last I gave him the job for \$110. so we made \$70 by going down that day.

It has been a long time since we have had any thing from the U.S. - I see by my correspondence register that the last letters arrived July 30. This is very exceptional and may be due to typhoons. They have been severe this year. It is now time to go to church – 5 p.m.

Sept. 10- at Foochow

I came down yesterday morning. College is opening today for students with conditions and for the examination of new students. To morrow all must come or be fined. All are opening two weeks ahead of any other school, - at the time we set to open last November when we made out the calendar for the year. Cholera has been so bad in the outlying districts that the other Doctors advised putting off the opening. But Dr. Kinnear said he saw no occasion for changing the date.

We are expecting Dr. and Mrs. Cornelius H. Patton, Sec’y of the Am. B’d in Boston, to reach Foochow any day. He will go at once to Shaowu, and stop to see Foochow when he gets back from Shaowu.

An Am. mail came to us on Kuliang Sunday evening. Phebe K. had letters for us, and Flora has one addressed to Foochow. I think the hand writing is mothers. I awfully want to open it but have controlled my want and sent it on to Tunghsien.

It is so hot that the perspiration just runs out of me. I have to cover up this sheet with a heavy shirt to keep from getting it all wet.

The girls are back in school now, or going. We have not heard whether Phebe K. has a job.

I must close now with lots of love and the assurance of many thoughts and prayers for you all.

Very lovingly

Will.

Ellen and the girlyies plan to get down next Monday.

[Names listed on the back of the paper as having accepted invitations: Allen, Beach, Belcher, Billing, Bradshaw, Black, Cartwright, Coole, Davis, Donaldson, Eyestone, Ford, Gardner, Gossart, Haverstadt, Hutchinson, Jones, St. Claire, Waddell, Wiant, McReynolds, Shepard, Seidleman, McCarty, Tyler.]



Written on back of photo: "Birthday of 25th Anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. W.L. Beard's arrival in the Foochow, China Mission. 1894+25=1919"

[The above letter refers to Willard and Ellen's 25th wedding anniversary in September. They arrived in Foochow a couple of months later in November, 1894. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Magnified. Kathleen sits next to Ellen and Marjorie is next to Willard.

[This letter, dated **September 14, 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. School has started and she tells who is teaching at N.C.A.S. this year. Mr. Martin is in the hospital with Typhoid. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien

September 14 [1919]

Dear Ones at Home-

The first four days of school are over- and happily so. Wednesday morn brought about 25 parents and children for lunch. Two autos brought 8 more people and the evening train brought about a dozen more. When the evening train removed the surplus parents and friends we were left with 29 children to look after. At least 7 more are to come and there are 3 from whom we have not heard the second time. Then there are 5 children in the compound so we are to be 41 at the least. Last year 36 was our largest enrollment. But best of all! On Monday we had a letter from a Miss Sara Price, sister of Mr. Price of the Legation whom we have known for five years. She had come out with her brother and was desirous of getting a position and wrote to see if we needed any help in our teaching. Mr. Corbett visited her and added to our joy on Wednesday by bringing her down for a hasty view of the place. We were mutually pleased with each other and on Thursday she returned to join the faculty of the N.C.A.S. She takes the English and History which Jean Dudley had last year and which was worrying us this year. Mrs. Corbett is coming down after October 1st to help out with Music until our teacher gets here. There is only a bare possibility that Mrs. Galt has a teacher with her, if so we must wait till Mrs. Wilder has found some one.

Miss Price seems very nice. She is quiet, refined and dignified in manner and ready to help out in every way possible. If she succeeds she is ready to stay on for several years at least if not for a full term of five years.

By the way, I think you had best send me out a birth certificate altho the war is over. It would facilitate the obtaining of my passport next Spring.

To go back to school and children; eight of our pupils are returning to us after a year in America. Another is just returned but she was not with us before she went. We have two eight year olds and they are dears. They have their dolls and doll bed with them and are really little girls. We have four (4) children from Manchuria- one from Harbin and three from Mukden. The youngest of the last group has been the baby and started out to howl and shriek for "Mother" when she departed. Now he has settled down to be content and happy and is entering into things very well. He beats all but one of the younger boys in a race so they look upon him with favor in spite of his "carrying on".

Flora and I have only High School boys over here with us. So far they are only eight but at least two more are to come. Miss Parson's and Miss Price have the High School girls and upper grade girls, about fourteen. Miss Bostwick has the little girls and grade boys. One of the 8 year olds brought her Amah and she helps look after them both. We have some good voices among the new pupils so I hope our music will be better this year.

Mr. Martin who has been and is very ill with typhoid seems to be gradually improving. His temperature each day goes a bit lower and does not climb quite so high. Mrs. M goes into Peking to visit him at the hospital every afternoon. The one night she stayed up, Miss Parsons and I went over to her home to sleep. Other nights we took turns about because Mrs. M. is timid about being alone with the children. Tonight as I was calling at Mrs. Martins two Koreans came in. One is a graduate of the Peking Medical College and the other a younger man who has just escaped from Korea. The Father wishes to enter the Academy as a student in order to learn the Mandarin. He evidently understands English but he spoke but few words. The older man had copies of the report of the Korean meeting on Kuling like the one I sent you. I hope it reached you alright for it was intensely interesting.

I wonder how Stephen is? We have not heard a word since Kuling days about him. Reminders of Kuling are plenty. A commission of London Mission men visited us one day. One was a speaker at one of our Sunday services and two others had been on the mountain.

Monday A.M. This morning I have arranged alphabetically and placed on the shelf our fiction library, some 250 or 300 volumes. Also I put the articles sold from the store and added the slips. As I am to be both librarian and store-keeper I am going to ask our Household league to grant me a helper for each task. One of the girls has done volunteer service in the store and was a great help. With the library catalogued I think an assistant there will facilitate matters as well as teach the children something about how a library is catalogued. I got this last idea from Mr. Chapman this summer. He trains Chinese boys to care for his school library and had two of them at Kuling caring for the public library this summer. They were very efficient.

My classroom work this year is to be Algebra II, Latin I, II and III, Botany, Current events and a Physiology class for a while at least. On Sundays I take Mrs. Martin's High School class until she is able to return after baby Martin shall have arrived. The extras are the store, library, supervision of Household League and Athletic Association besides my turn at leading chapel, saying grace at table, acting as week-end hostess and inspecting rooms. When I think of it all I am glad of all the naps I got in this summer and of the fine pounds I put on. For

recreation I have already had one good game of tennis, a walk and several ten-minute runs with our little girls. I can stand good hard work if I take time to exercise – and I do it in spite of the fact that Miss Bostwick likes to look say and mournful and say “I never get time even to take a little walk.”

Doctor Smith took Chapel last Friday and he preached yesterday. He leaves tomorrow to be gone a month so we will have to miss his weekly chapel talks for awhile.

Mrs. Howard-Smith is Superintendent of our Sunday School this year. She also takes one class. So far Flora takes the third. The girls of the High School take turns of a month looking after the kindergarten. We will have 4 regular attendants in the kindergarten and our littlest girls who do not regularly stay week-ends are to go in there.

I have my same old room but call it my Suite now. I moved my big wardrobe end toward the wall and face toward the door. Then my chiffonier is back up to it. Behind this baurade[?] I have my washstand and mirror so I feel quite private in my “dressing room.” If I want to use the “sitting room” part for a little tea I can move the bed far to the “dressing room” end and have a nice big space.

If I hurry Flora will mail this for me this morn so here is lots of love and best wishes that God has been good to you in granting health and strength.

Affectionately
Mary.

*[This letter, dated **October 2, 1919**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. The children have started to arrive for the start of school. Mary tells of her social activities. She would like to travel back to the U.S. next summer with Willard and Ellen. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

October 2, 1919

Dear Ones at Home-

Last Sunday I unwisely took my nap before I wrote letters. Perhaps you can tell why it was unwise!!

We are “in full swing” with new pupils still arriving. Last Monday the two Galt children came also a boy of 12, Terrill Adams, from Tsing Tao. His father had written and Flora had replied by telegram and letter, but we had heard nothing further. A navy officer happened to be passing through en route for Peking so he sent the boy along. We will probably hear soon. He is a nice boy and had already been approved and his reputation established through Consul Peck in Peking.

Today the three Romig boys arrive. They have just been in America on furlough. This makes 43 pupils. Hurrah for our growing numbers!

Oct. 7- The children have just left study hall and I am delaying a little to write you. I hear a steady buzz from the South. It is some kind of a machine which the Chinese soldiers are using these days. They are practicing all the new kinds of warfare. The practice fields have seasons[?] of being criss crossed with trenches; the river is closed by night by a pontoon bridge etc. Just the cause of the buzz I know not but Mrs. Howard Smith says the fields south of them are being used nightly as drill grounds and the sound comes from there.

Yesterday I went to Peking for the first time since school opened. I just shopped and came back at noon. I had just shampooed my hair and was drying it when Mrs. Love came in. We had a fine visit of nearly two hours and I nearly finished a little coverlet I was making for Mrs. Martin. Flora, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Parson and all but eight children stayed in all day and visited the Museum. Tomorrow night four of us go up to a reception for Dr. and Mrs. Stewart at the Methodist mission. We are to return by auto since it is but little more expensive than rickisha and takes less than half the time. We are to have supper with Mrs. Corbett first.

Last week I slept over with Alice Huggins four nights. Margaret Ann Smith was off on a country trip and Alice is afraid alone. It was delightfully restful and quiet. I had breakfast with her two and as she eats at 7.00 and we were only two I had about half an hour extra in the morning for work. It was a fine scheme.

We have had a series of birthdays- Sunday, Monday and Tuesday in succession. Mr. Stanley was up to help celebrate his daughters on Monday.

The older brother of the three Becker children called to day. He is en route for Shanghai and returns for another call in about two weeks. That is a most devoted family. The children are finding friends and adapting themselves well.

I am going to write for definite sailings at once. Mr. Stanley says the ships through July are already filling up. I hope to travel with Willard and Ellen.

The ships that brought the Galts and Romigs brought a nice lot of mail too. It was welcome after a three weeks wait. Phebe Kinney's position sounds interesting. She ought to make a very successful teacher. She will be

near enough to Putnam to run down occasionally and to Shelton to get to you once in a while. How are Etta, Emma and Elbert? I came across a postcard of Elbert's the other day which reminded me you had not mentioned the Putnam folks recently.

What is Mr. Palmer doing now that May has had to go back to school?

We were interested in the ?? Smith wedding. It was a fine surprise to have Leolyn and the children all come on. Little Leolyn must be a big girl. I wonder if she is going to be very tall. She promised it at seven all right. Every one admires the photograph of the three girls which I have on my wall.

About a week ago I lost my bunch of keys. I feel lost without them because I can not get into any of the book cases, or cabinet drawers without troubling Flora to loan me her keys. It's a nuisance. I am afraid they are gone for ever because I fear a ricksha man picked them up. They would be of no use to him but he might hesitate to be honest enough to return them even for a reward.

We "changed tables" recently. I had only little youngsters and most obstreperous ones; now I have older ones and exceptionally well behaved ones. Meals are again a joy, not an effort to maintain a semblance of order. The exceptionally spoiled 10 year old entertained us with such stunts as filling her mouth with water and squirting it out; crumbling her bread and throwing it at her neighbors; putting her knees against the table edge and seeing how far she could push herself backward and not top over. (She was not afraid of going over because the window sill was so close.) These are only samples and like History, she never repeated herself, but always produced a new stunt.

We almost need a new building to house the bicycles. There are five in our basement, three at Miss Bostwicks and one or two at the girl's dormitory. They have learned how to turn out for pedestrians on the path. The alternative was to keep off it so they learned it quickly.

I must go to bed for the ten o'clock bell just rang at the College.

Lots of love

Mary Beard.

*[This letter, dated **October 23, 1919**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sisters (Flora and Mary). Gould had a stormy trip on the Mt. Baker crossing the Atlantic. Willard talks about the controversy over Mr. Peet and the Board. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Oct 23rd 1919

Dear Sisters:- *[Flora and Mary]*

This letter of mothers has been on my desk in the envelope addressed to you too long already, so here goes for a few words.

Yesterday I took Dr. and Mrs. Patton down to Diong Loh in Mr. Grieg's private launch. They had an awful good time- so did I. We spent the day there and started at 8:30 for the steamer. I left them on board the Hai Hong for Hong Kong.

We are enjoying perfect weather these days. It has been very cool for this season.

Oct. 29- Mr. Gold and Miss Harshaw - Y.M. and Y.W. were married two weeks ago today at 6 p.m. Ned Smith tied the knot - a very pretty home wedding with only a few friends both foreign and Chinese.

Dr. Cooper is again married, - to Dr. Wm. E. Strong's stenographer. They, we hope, will be back in Foochow the last of Jan. or Feb.

Dr. Gillette is starting back the last of Dec. - to open a new work at the Arsenal- he is to take Dr. Myers place as Customs and Port Physician, open a Missionary Hospital and still be a missionary of the Board.

Mr. Beach will likely become a teacher in the University sometime within a year.

I hear the Peking University has had more stormy weather.

Gould had a very hard time crossing the Atlantic- twice the water rose about the engines to within one foot of where it would have put all power out of commission. Once they sent out the S.O.S. but the Engineer got things started before the crucial moment came and the S.O.S. was countermanded.

Miss Blanchard is back and teaching at Ponasang. Miss Wiley is back and is taking over Miss Hartwell's work.

While Dr. Patton was in Shanghai the Alumni of Foochow College tried to open the old Peet case but he said to them "It is closed." Here in Foochow some of the pastors of the other missions were urged on by some of the leaders of our mission in this matter, to seek an interview. I urged him to meet them. I judge he had rather a pleasant time, but he told them the case was closed. Two Alumni of the College intercepted him as he was going out of our house for dinner one evening. They told him the College are all going to smash "Did you know that Mr. Beard let

the students have a holiday on Confucius' birthday? He is not a Christian. This is very bad." Well Dr. P. told them he had heard only good of the College. He was very unfavorably impressed by this interviewer- and I guess the two alumni left not feeling very much victors. Don't talk much about this. But I wanted you to know it. Mr. Peet has not yet replied to the letter the Board wrote him over 6 months ago urging him to go [to] N. China. And the B'd has written the mission that this action or lack of action on his part is proof to them of the insincerity of his repentance.

I think I wrote last time asking about your home going. We hear here that Mary is going next year but Flora is staying on indefinitely. How about it?

Well this is a long epistle for me. We are all well and happy and send love

Will



Willard in front about 1919. Miss Wiley sits in the back row, seventh from the left. This may be a photo of faculty members in the Foochow compound.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back: "Foochow Missionary Hospital. Just occupied after waiting for it 16 years. Taken from City Wall."
*[This may or may not be the Missionary Hospital referred to in the previous letter that Dr. Gillette was to build.
 Foochow's white pagoda is to the right. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

*[This letter, dated **November 9, 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She is concerned about her niece, Gracie, and wishes someone could whisk her away to get her proper treatment (she has tuberculosis). They attended a Missionary Association meeting in Peking. Mary talks about various other activities and people. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S.
 Tunghsien
 Nov. 9, 1919.

Dear Home Folk-

My Sunday School class is having examinations so I am going to write you since I don't have to teach. Mother's nice letter came this week. All seemed well but Gracie. Can't she be gotten away and saved? We have a student in school this year who was desperately ill three years ago, cough, hemorages and all the worst stages with high fever. Living out of doors 24 hours of the day and good food have put her where the doctors pronounce her thoroughly cured. She was just about Gracie's age as she is in her seventeenth year now. It took her two years to get back to school strength.

Last Monday the three Larson children left and were off for Shanghai and America on Tuesday. They were sorry to leave. We went in a body to see them off. Unfortunately the engine had to do some switching and the extra ten minutes made the tears flow.

Last week Thursday evening I went in to Peking with Alice Huggins to attend the Missionary Association Meeting. We all had supper together, about 200 of us, in the Gymnasium of the Y.M.C.A. We were first invited by a ?? to sit at her table, then when all were seated and the blessing asked, we got into line and got our food cafeteria style. The tables were for eight and we had a good time.

The tables were cleared by us, then the tops removed, the legs folded and put at the rear. The men arranged the chairs and we all sat down for the papers of the evening. Mr. Bentley (Anglican Church) gave the ideals of his church very concisely "Religion, worship, sacrament" and elaborated. Mr. George Davis gave the methods of his

church (Methodist) by many stories of how they worked. Incidentally we got the ideals- evangelization. Dr. George Wilder told of the Congregationalists work- comprising nothing distinctive from the other churches unless it be the sanctity of the individual; Each man a unit and each church an independent unit. The discussion is to continue for several meetings and I hope to attend some or all of them. It is a part of the interchurch movement that is sweeping China so powerfully.

Yesterday Dr. and Mrs. Howard were down for the afternoon. He is one of the new Doctors out for the Rockefeller work and has been appointed trustee of the American School in Peking. He was unwilling to advise them as to the best policy without visiting the competing school first. They seemed to oppose of us and stated that the Peking people ought to "go slow on the High School" proposition but that the grade school was needed. Also the question of the Eurasian children he feels needs more consideration.

Mrs. Howard came to my Caesar class and stayed all the period. We were doing sight translation and the prose on the same.

I'm glad I have a good class and that they did fairly well.

Our Sunday School personelle of teachers is quite changed. Mrs. Howard-Smith helped us out until November. Now she has stopped. Flora is Superintendent and teacher of one class; Mrs. Love is helping in one class. I still have the High School class and will until after Christmas vacation.

We still have on Saturday teas, and sit and visit until time to go home for dinner. The ladies are going to ask our H.S. girls in groups of two to help serve. It will be good experience for the girls in the social line.

The malt candy season is on and I indulge in a walk to the candy shop once or twice every week. Eva Price likes to get out for a walk and is a good walker and good company. She is a joy because she is sensible, a good worker and a good influence over the children. She is giving in her chapel service little practical talks to the students. One was on courtesy, one on duty, one on an ideal etc. She hits her point every time. The best of it is that she wants to make good as she can stay on.

Jean was a dear but wouldn't make the children work if it meant extra work for herself to do so. Eva will. The effect on Grace is that she is bracing up. I do hope she makes good this year after her terrible slump last year.

Tomorrow I have to register at the Consulate as an American citizen. I shall inquire as to the proper time to start proceedings for my passport. Doesn't that sound like reality?

Mr. Howard-Smith gave us a pleasant evening yesterday by bringing over his lantern and showing us his slides. He has some of China, some of Australia, England, Paris and America. He has a few funny ones, and some scientific ones to show that the earth is round, very small as compared to the other planets etc.

We are already planning for Thanksgiving. We have to get guests, otherwise they might all get previous engagements. Also we have to send out orders for bustards, the wild Chinese turkey.

My plants are doing finely except for my big prize marguerite. That began to droop last Sunday. I tested for air holes, water clogging, over heating from too much fertilizer and all was O.K. Then I overturned it and found a grub eating the roots. He is yellowish white with a reddish head, no legs, and about 1/2 inch in diameter and 2 1/2 or 3 long. His life was short! I fear he had already killed the plant but vengeance was sweet.

I am glad the fur has reached Mother safely and hope it will make auto riding more comfortable. I get great enjoyment out of my fur coat here with these strong north winds when I go ricksha riding. Yes, I too occasionally get an auto ride. We hired one to bring us down once from Dr. Stuarts reception.

I am wondering if my order for brassieres reached you. Size 36 preferable net and 3 of them is what I wanted. The amah says "very much broken, no good" when I ask her to mend mine now. I agree smilingly.

I get nice interesting letters occasionally for Ruth Butchart the seven year old in our household this summer. We were good chums and are still. The Kuling School is full and turning away pupils because they do not want to open nine bungaloes[?].

Wed. P.M. There were nine of us ladies at a luncheon at Mrs. Price's on Monday in honor of Eva's birthday which was Saturday- Flora and I went in in rickshaws. It was a fine ride. Some of the people came back after Mother's Club and got caught in the rain. Flora was one and she caught a cold but she is getting the best of it.

Mrs. Martin's little daughter, Ruth Fairchild was born Monday morning about 3.30. I went in this afternoon to take a peep at her. She is a dear. Mrs. Martin is feeling very well but visitors are not allowed for a week. Trudy and Stratton are so fond of baby sister they want us to go see her every time we meet them.

Mrs. McCann has been with us since Sunday noon. She stayed to get some sewing done for the girls by our sewing woman.

I have just had word that Mrs. MacMillan will spend next week end with me. I am so glad for I enjoyed her very much down on Kuling this last summer.

I must get at my lessons for tomorrow and my test papers of yesterday.

I will enclose a draft for twenty five dollars. Exchange was only 88+ yesterday so I bought \$25 gold for \$23.13 silver. It is fine for sending home, but how about our boards[?] in buying silver! How about my life insurance policies? I almost forget them but one is due this month I know. Did you every pay for my Geographic Magazine? I never got them. Lots of love Mary.

[This letter dated Nov. 23, 1919 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. An engineer is in Foochow to see about deepening the Min River to allow steamers to run between Pagoda Anchorage and Foochow. There was a riot in Foochow the previous week. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Nov 23rd 1919

Dear Phebe Mine [*daughter*]:-

Your last good letter came Friday. Mama and I had been over Side [*South*] Side with the girlyies to Mr. and Mrs. West's. He is the Engineer for the River Conservancy Scheme- to deepen the Min from the Anchorage to Foochow for steamers to come right up to Foochow. The girlyies spent the night and yesterday there. Mama and I found the mail on the table when we got home at 11:30 p.m.

When your first letter came telling of your trials with the school children my arms ached to get hold of you and comfort you just as I used to when you were a little bit of a girl and fell down and got hurt. But then the stubborn fact came to me that all that you had written took place more than a month before I read it, and that every morning and evening I had left you in God's care, and that in all probability before the letter had reached me you had the school well regulated, and then I told God all about it again and I know He will keep you and help you.

I am enclosing an account of the riot in Foochow a week ago today. I wonder what the papers will say about it or rather have said about it. We had classes last Monday a.m. but not a class since. The heads of ten mission schools- including Catholic and Seventh Day Adventists are now organized. The reason for the strike as the students give it is to express their indignation to the Japanese for the riot a week ago.

Foochow weather has been superb for nearly two months. Last night was the coldest yet- most cold enough for a frost. 50 degrees in the dining room as I sat down for b-fast. But the sun comes out and by nine or ten o'clock in the a.m. it is nice and warm out doors.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Reumann and baby Paul arrived Friday morning from the U.S. They are living with the Christians in the city compound.

The Ciu Buo church held its 50th anniversary yesterday and today. The church has received to membership 122. = 60 took letters from the mother church at Tai Bing Ga and since then 62 have come in. During the past 20 years 800 pupils have been in this school. Many have gone to Foochow College, many are now in far away places. One boy who completed the course here in this church school and went to Foochow College one year has to stop for lack of funds. He went to Penang, and after nine years came back last August- a rich man. He has not joined the church, but he came today and joined heartily in the service.

Our Chinese Annual Meeting begins Tuesday evening. The pastor of the City Church is very ill, - probably tuberculosis. He had a hemorrhage last year- another last Spring and he has had several this past week. It looks very serious.

This should reach you just about Christmas so it takes with it, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy Happy New Year from us all. Merry and Happy to last a whole year.

I shall try to write Gould soon, and I will address it in your care. He has been jumping around so during the past year that it has been hard to locate him and I have depended on you girls to forward my letters to you, to him to read.

Times are very much out of joint here, but God is good and He controls and always does the best possible- seeing men are what they are. The war has stopped, but war is still in men's hearts all over the worlds. May God lead men to give up being selfish.

May He keep, guide, comfort and use you.

Very lovingly Your Father
Willard L. Beard

Please return to P.K.B.

[This typewritten letter, dated **November 24, 1919**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and all the peoples. The students have been causing problems although at the moment, things are quiet. There were 45 people at the mission Thanksgiving dinner. The U.S. Gunboat Helena is in Foochow and they got to meet some of the officers and sailors. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Nov. 24th.1919

Dear Mother and all the Peoples:-

This is as Dorothy used to say. I do not dare to look at my correspondence register for the space since I last wrote you must be great. But I write some one oftener than once a week so I know you hear from us that we are all right.

The world seems not to have gotten over the war, if it has stopped fighting. It is apparent here in Foochow also. Since the student strike last June we have been kept interested by the new things the students hatch up to do continually. I am enclosing an account of the latest. This was due to the riots. What the home papers have said about the riots I have no idea. The Shanghai papers have made them much worse than they really were. For a few days the streets were bothered with Japanese and Formosans who scared the students when they met them by grabbing them and asking them to what school they belonged. But now all is quiet as far as I can see. We all go and come as if nothing had taken place. And last evening I heard that the General had telegraphed to Peking that Foochow was quiet. [*The Shanghai Students' Union published "The Students' Strike, An Explanation" which is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

We are in the midst of our Annual Meeting with the Chinese. There is not much to report on. More and more of the business is being put into the hands of the Chinese each year. This year for the first time the Chairman and the Vice Chairman are both Chinese.

A very urgent call has just come from the China Continuation Comm. at Shanghai for me to go there to meet with about 100 Chinese and missionaries from all over China to discuss the duty and opportunity of the Church in the present crisis. I shall likely be in Shanghai from Dec. 16 to 20 and if steamers do not fit, longer.

Nov. 28. We had 45 members of the mission at Thanksgiving yesterday. It took six big geese to feed them. I think we had one treat that you never had at a Thanksgiving dinner. I picked 70 ears of sweet corn. Some of them were good sized ears but some were so small that one person had two. It was a treat all right. The day was a beautiful one. We had windows and doors open and a good time all round. Two members were unable to be at dinner on account of illness and one had to stay away to take care of the sick. Mr. Belcher was just getting up for the Grippe or a hard cold. Mrs. Reumann was ill and their little boy Paul was ill so Mr. Reumann could not come. The Reumann's arrived last Friday. Mrs. Reumann is not very strong and the weather got very cold for a few days just as they arrived. It was a trying ordeal for her to be kept away from the dinner and to be the cause of keeping her husband away also.

I wonder what you did for Thanksgiving this year. You must have the house all closed and fires to keep warm by. I am writing with doors and windows open. One of the girlies is playing the piano. The Beach family are with us again this year for Annual Meeting. They have three little girls and the youngest is crying. Her father and mother are out for supper [*the rest of the letter is handwritten*] and she wants some one with her. Number two= Ethel has taken a great fancy to me. Her mother asked her the other day if she liked Mr. Beard. "I love Mr. Beard," she answered.

Sunday 5:45 p.m. Nov 30-

Yesterday we held the meeting of all ordained men, Chinese and foreign. This has been a very trying ordeal for the past five years, due to the fact that a part of the Chinese pastors refused to consent to the ordination of any new men to the pastorate. This made the candidates for ordination and the members of their churches feel badly and feel hard against these pastors. It has been the cause of a lot of hard thought and words and has blocked any progressive movements that any one could suggest.

Yesterday the matter of ordaining five young men came up again, and they were all turned down. One of the missionaries spoke very plainly and said that this action of the Pastor's continued year after year in this way was a great shame and it would be better to give up the Annual Meeting than to go on in this way. The Chinese pastors spoke of their wish to be at peace among themselves and there was a season of prayer. Then we adjourned for lunch. After lunch we spent nearly an hour on our knees in prayer. After that different ones spoke very frankly of things they had heard about others. One of the pastors told me several things that he had heard about me; - things that had no foundation in fact and fortunately I could prove some of them by witnesses who were present. We broke up at 5 p.m. at peace and determined to make peace with the preachers who had been so long refused ordination. Monday four of us met the five men up for ordination and had a long conference at which there were more confessions, hand shakings and wet eyes. I hope the trouble is over.

The U.S. Gunboat "Helena" is here. We met the officers and several sailors last Friday at the Consulate and have invited a dozen or so to spend the night with us in this compound next Tuesday.

Men are in chaos but God is always the same,- always wise and good. He will keep us all

Very lovingly Will.

Mothers good letter came Nov. 22

[This letter, dated November 30, 1919, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She is requesting a sailing date back to the U.S. on June 20th. She tells about their Thanksgiving dinner for 32 people and celebration activities. Their Boy Scouts are making a skating rink behind the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien
Nov 30, 1919.

Dear Ones at Home-

What a bumper crop of apples you must have had to have sold so many. I want to set my teeth in an apple without peeling it or washing it in antiseptic. I have just gotten off a letter to Mr. McCann asking for a sailing on or after June 20th. I'll come either route that has the earliest accommodations. We registered at the Legation last Monday. Flora has a blank form which she is to send to Judge Palmer for him to send to Washington that will be shorter than having birth certificates sent here for passports. Flora now plans to leave for home next Fall if the new head for the school comes out.

Two weeks ago tomorrow I went up to Mrs. Stifler's for a Holyoke luncheon. There were six of us. Miss Helen Calder was the guest of honor. Flora was ill with a carbuncle on her cheek so I waited to take a rickshaw up. I saw Mrs. Macmillan off on the early train and thus discovered that Miss Calder, who was down here, had missed the train. Alas It fell to me to get the guest of honor there. I couldn't get off till 10.00 o'clock and the wind was beginning to rise. It rose!! Before we got to the gate it was very strong and our men could hardly run. It took 12 minutes a mile instead of 8. It was 12.30 when we reached the gate and 12.50 when we got to the home for Miss Calder to dress. Luncheon was at 1.00 and we were just 20 minutes late. I got so cold I didn't get thoroughly warmed for hours but thanks to my good health felt no ill effects.

Yes, Baby Ruth Fairchild Martin came three weeks ago tonight and is thinning and strong. I have held her once. Mrs. Martin is very well. We all had to keep away for a full week. Today she was to eat downstairs with the family. Mr. Martin is getting along finely and is graduated from the help of a huge staff on which he used both hands to an ordinary cane.

Last Monday Flora and I took lunch with Mrs. W.B. Price who rented our cottage two years ago. She has beautiful plants and quantities of them. They are her "hobby" which she took up so as not to get lonesome out here.

We had a party on Thanksgiving night, as is the Tungchow custom. We at the school had a big dinner at noon with all the children of the compound there. We had four bustards and we carved them on the tables. There was not much left for the next day because we were over forty in number.

Dr. Arthur H. Smith spoke at the service at 5.00. All of our guests 14 in number, were here so we had a room full. It was Mrs. Sheffield's fiftieth anniversary of her arrival in China so part of our fun was devoted to celebrating that event. I was chairman of the social committee and we had made poems about varying incidents in her life for each of the 32 at table at the evening dinner. They were numbered for chronological order and we hope gave some pleasure. After dinner we had a little music and Dr. Smith read a couple of selections from some letters of a man on one of the ships between Salouta[?] and somewhere during the war. How we laughed! Then we went to Mrs. Love's home to play. We made out Jubilee Gifts for Mrs. S. to give away and we described her by adjectives beginning with the letters of her name. Then sat around in pairs and exchanged names. One odd one could call for anyone she wished. As each time names are changed, soon we were in a great muddle. Next we played "Boston".

Then Alice Huggins and I pinned names of prominent Americans on each of the backs of the company. We had extra ones and gave 20 minutes to see who could guess the rest. Then it was time to end up with a Virginia Reel, and get home so as to get into bed the same day we got undressed.

Dec. 1. Today I made out my bills from the store and took a walk into the candy shop with Mrs. Love. Besides I took a peep at Baby Ruth, watered plants and did some odd tasks.

The skating is good so the children are very busy during free time. My skates are broken so I walk and do gymnastics.

It is late- nearly 10.30- so I must get into bed lest I be sleepy when the bell rings at 6.45.

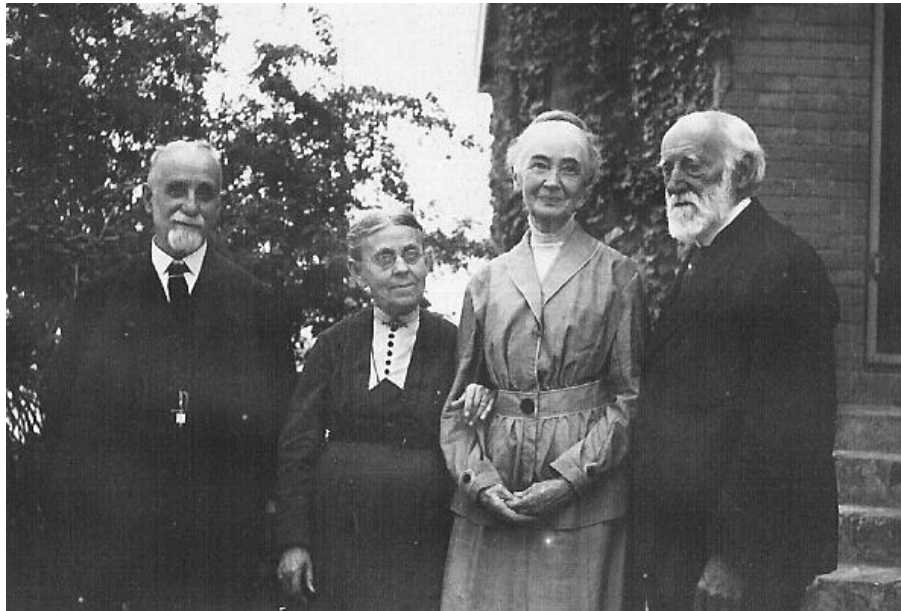
Dec. 2- Have just returned from tea at Carol Loves to meet Dr. and Mrs. VanNess of Boston. He works in the "Church of the Nations." Mrs. Lennox of the Rockefeller was with them. I had met her before the west home two years ago. The VanNess's are just touring the east and evidently like it as they [are] over staying their first date. Yesterday Flora got a sample number of a new Peking Daily Paper. It is Japanese and the new viewpoint of the Foochow fracas is interesting.

Lots of love
Mary L. Beard.

Our Boy Scouts are building, or making, a skating rink back of the school building. Just now the pond is clear and good but dust storms or snow spoil that ice. Our rink will be so we can flood it from our artesian well so good all the time. I have started calisthenics with the children once a week. They love it and I enjoy it thoroughly so it is a pleasant half hour.

Affectionately
Mary

In my last letter I enclosed a draft for \$25.



Written in album: "Dr. Smith, Miss Andrews, Mrs. Sheffield, Dr. Goodrich"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Dec. 15, 1919 was written from Foochow, China by 11 year old Punk (Kathleen) to her sister Phebe. Willard left for Shanghai for a conference and he is to come back with items they asked him to buy. An American gun-boat came to Foochow and the missionary families housed and fed them while they were there. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Foochow China
Dec. 15, 1919

Dear Phebe

It is getting near Christmas now and we are bustling to buy presents for all that we want to give to.

Papa left for Shanghai tonight. He has a confrence up there every spring and he has one now too. Of course he is loaded with things to buy. He is every time he goes up there. I asked he to buy a present for mama and Marjorie and Marjorie asked him to buy one for Mama and me. I hope he will be here in time for Christmas.

Last week there was an American gun-boat came to Foochow. There was a reception at the American consulate for them- the sailors. Mr. Chrisain asked some of them to come and spend the night here in the city. They were distributed around the compound. We had three. They were changed at every meal so every family could get aquainted with as many of the group as possible.

Marjorie and I are making a hole suit of clothes for ourselves. We are just on the drowers now.

I wonder if you could get a birthday present for me to give to Marjorie. I want a pretty white ribbon. Marjorie wears two ribbons now so I guess you will have to get two each a yard long. I would like too for you to get three ribbon-holders, two for Marjorie and one for me. If they are too expensive I think Marjorie could get along with one, but I think two would be better for her. I am still saving my Dutch-cut for you to see and Mama says you girls and Gould will have the say when it shall grow out again.

I think you can expect a Christmas present from me sometime next year. We are dreadfully late in getting them off. Now I think we will have to wait til Christmas is over because there is so much to do. You may be expecting them about Dorothy's birthday. I will have to say goodnight now for it is getting late. With lots of love to all your sister Punk



Willard, Kathleen, Marjorie and Ellen about 1919
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter, dated **December 27, 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have just finished their 7th week of school and have some clubs or organizations started. She had a carbuncle on her cheek that bothered her for a while. Mary is leaving for the U.S. next June and Flora will leave in September after a suitable new principal arrives to replace her. The students in China have given them some challenging times due to patriotism. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Dec. 27, 1919]

Dear folks at home:-

It seems an age since we have heard from you, but I expect you are just as busy as we- and perhaps busier. We have just finished our seventh week of school. It has gone well, but we are all feeling somewhat fatigued. We have the largest school we've ever had and the children are just brimming over with life and spirits. It keeps us busy to see that they are properly expressed. The average age of the scholars is thirteen years, so you can know that we have several pupils 16 and 17 years of age. We have two 8 year olds and they are the sweetest ones of the whole

group. To-day, the Boy Scouts are having a big time as the members of the Council are coming down from Peking to inspect the troupes and give them the badges that they have won. We have struck the period of organizations this year- Christian Endeavor, Basket-ball teams, Campfire Girls, and a Literary Society are on foot. They are the natural signs of development and we are glad to see them coming.



Written in album: "Boy Scout Tests Fall 1919"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Dec. 3, - You see I do really take time to think about America and you folks there sometimes. The interim between the beginning of this letter, and here, has been spent in a lot of work- reports, settling some school pranks, taking care of a lot of sick girls, and sporting a carbuncle, myself. It was exactly in the center of my left cheek and it swelled until I wondered where it was going to. Fortunately it did not keep me awake nights, and the worst of it came during the week end, so that I did not have to lose classes. I looked like "Johnnie with a tooth ache."

A letter came about a week ago which made a bright spot in our work-a-day world. We were much interested in the sale of apples and wished we lived within hiking distance. You would have had our whole family of forty out there with more queer craft-like jin-rickshas, Peking carts, or Shunzas (chairs borne on the back of two mules – tandem), or some such vehicles to carry off our booty.

Mary is booking to start home as early after June 11th as she can get a boat. I hope to leave next September as soon as the new principal arrives. Circumstances need me here until there is a person to take my place. We hope Dr. Love's brother-in-law and his wife are coming. There can be a lot saved in the work Mary and I have done, if I can stay to see things into his hands. It seems to me a poor policy to let these six years of work be lost in any way, since they have been some of the hardest ones I have ever put in anywhere. The battle is not yet won though things look brighter. The status of the American school in the orient is one hard to describe, but I believe its existence is to be a greater factor in educating the Orient than people think- at present. Good schools here, will mean better families coming here for missions, business, etc.

Dec. 27. - Another letter from home tells of your sending "The Asia" to us for our Xmas present. It will be much appreciated by us both. Mary is booked to sail from Yokohama the last of June on the "Shinyo Maru", so she is beginning to feel her face turned toward home. We have an encouraging letter from Dr. Love's brother-in-law, but it is only enquiring about the circumstances and setting forth his policy. He has the right ideals, and the desires are natural ones, and the question is rather can we guarantee the proper support. We hope to hear soon from America that we have a gift of at least \$25000- and we hope it may be double that amount- coming to us. If it comes and we can get this man for our principal, we are fixed- and I will be able to get home by Xmas of 1920.

We have had a very merry Christmas here and are still feeling a little logy from late hours, many feasts, and much merriment.

I spent a few days in Tientsin when I met a lot of the people there and they are very anxious for me to spend a longer time in the spring as the Tientsin people are getting more and more interested in our school. I am planning to go at the Easter vacation. I am having a new dress made by my little Japanese dressmaker there. I like her style and work the best of any one I've ever had unless with the exception of Elizabeth Wilkinson. I am sure you will find my clothes will stand the companionship of clothes worn at home.

I came back from Tientsin and spent Sunday with Mrs. Burgess and then we came back home to work as hard as ever we could to get our Xmas things off. We used all the cards you sent us and then some more. We were very much pleased with them and the cost less than half what we paid last year, and were twice as pretty.

Had a letter from Christine Blakeslee saying that she had a bad hemorrhage and she is spending several months at the same resort that her sister was in one year. She says the doctor's give her great hopes so she is feeling quite chick[?].

We are having interesting times in the Chinese schools just now. Last year the scholars all struck just before the end of school because of "patriotism" and things had to be fixed up. It evidently "went to their heads" so now at 10 P.M. of the night before exams they (the students here) informed their faculty that they had to go the next day to preach patriotism and they would write no exams. The times are not the same as last June, and the faculty said no. The result now is that there are dozens of hungry and cold patriots (?) clamoring to get back. No one is to be allowed to return until Jan. 2nd, and then only as the faculty decide. Will wrote that only his school and the Catholics had any students in them in Foochow. I think such a state of affairs is true of nearly all the big cities in China. It has its useful side, but I hope out of it will come a better government of the schools. This time the faculties feel the students are not wholly sincere- that they wish to get rid of the test of their studies that the examinations will show.

Enclosed is a typed memorandum which I wish you would find out and send to the Department of State at Washington, so that I can get my passport for going home. Get the Town clerk to give you my birth certificate and send it on to Washington with my old passport number. They will mail my passport to me and so save three or four months.

Enclosed also is a draft for \$50 gold with which to defray the several expenses I have been incurring during the last several months, and to pay the \$25 I wished given to the Shelton church. I will send another draft if this does not cover everything.

Yours lovingly-
Flora Beard.

Tunghsien, Peking,
Dec. 27, 1919.

Mary updates the alumni records at Mount Holyoke College in 1919:

October, 1919

Our school is still growing. This year we have forty-three. We have all grades, from the fifth through the high school, graduation our first class last spring. Our schedule gives me one science class each year. Last year it was Chemistry and Dr. Goldwaite was present for one of my laboratory periods. This year it is botany and I wish Dr. Hooker or someone from the department would call to see that work. I love my work and it is with mingled feelings of joy and regret that I contemplate leaving it for a season next June.



Written on back of photo: "This is the same tree that is in the other picture. K.C.B." and "Do take particular notice of this "same tree" (what scrap of it appears in the picture). The sturdy branch of our family tree which incidentally! got into the picture, is, - Dorothy E.K.B."

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

1920

- Pittsburgh's KDKA begins regular schedule starting the era of radio broadcasting.
- Willard, Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen return to the U.S. in July on the Empress of Russia.
- Phebe is teaching school in Berlin, CT
- Gould is working and traveling on the M.S. Mt. Baker
- Geraldine and Dorothy are in Oberlin, Ohio
- Mary leaves China in July for U.S. to obtain a Masters Degree at Columbia University. Flora remains in Tungchou, China.
- Women's suffrage amendment ratified August 18, 1920
- Mary is 38 and Flora is 51.
- Willard is 55, Ellen- 52, Phebe- 25, Gould- 24, Geraldine- 22, Dorothy- 19, Marjorie- 14, Kathleen- 12.

民國七年一月十三號致格致書院全體教員攝影



Written on photo frame: "Foochow College Faculty. This large rock- 25 ft. high and 40 ft. in diameter stands in the center of our Foochow City Compound." Willard and Ellen are the 5th and 6th person from the right in the front row. Ding Ming Uong may be the man seated next to Willard. Probably 1920. [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte and a duplicate is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **January 1920**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about their Christmas and New Years Day. One of their students contracted Tubercular Meningitis and died. The school has a new music teacher from Texas. Mary and Flora are working on getting their passports. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S.
[January 1920]

Dear Ones at Home-

Flora probably wrote you all about vacation and the opening of school. The first Sunday of vacation we were with Mrs. Burgess. She has two darling boys who are most friendly so you may know I had a good frolic. So did Flora.

Christmas Day was a round of gayities. We started off with breakfast and a tree with presents at Mrs. Martin's. Then we tried to be first to shout "Merry Christmas" down the line. Then it was hustle to get ready for our guests, for we had asked to have a dinner party this year and the whole Love family were coming. We lingered long over coffee and candy so it was less than two hours between these guests and the arrival of everyone for some children's games. Stratton Martin, aged 3, was my partner for the Virginia Reel and a more serious earnest partner I never had. Supper at Mrs. Arthur Smith's ended the festivities.

New year's Day we were with Mrs. Edwards. Over fifty men called and we had a delightful day. This was in spite of the fact that Mr. Ogilvy had died the afternoon before so no Presbyterian or Union College men were calling.

Meanwhile Marion Newton, one of our girls, had developed Tubercular Meningitis and was lying unconscious at the hospital. She lived until the next Sunday morning. All of us teachers went to the funeral on Monday and all the children who were in Peking were there. Dr. Smith had the service. He spoke very beautifully and of the part that his daughter was just a little older than Marion when she was taken (17) and that he was not with her nor able to get to her. A third sad event of the discovery that the father of another girl has a malignant tumor on the brain and will live only a few months.

One joyous event was the receipt of a letter from Mrs. Brown applying for the position of music teacher. Even more joyous was last Monday when we welcomed her to our midst. She is a typical Texas girl, frank, a little blunt, open hearted and energetic.

The Sentinel telling of Bernice Black's death came this morning. She was always such a dreary person she will be missed- or a bit of sunshine.

My last copy of the Monticello "[unreadable word]" tells of the death of Miss Julian Kellogg. You will remember her as the teacher who was at Monticello for over 40 years and a cousin of Mollie Stark who made you such a long visit. She was 83 years old and had been failing noticeably for some months.

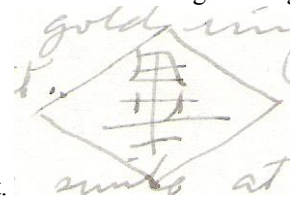
Flora and I went into town last week to start the wheels of the government to grinding out our passports. We go again tomorrow to get our pictures taken for the same papers. Many thanks for getting my birth certificate. It arrived in plenty of time. I am treasuring it along with my Liberty Bonds etc. I have the plan of the Shinyo Maru where I look at it often. If there is any special thing any of you want me to bring hurry up and write about it for I am starting in about five months (5).

We are delighted that the "Asia" is to visit us regularly this year. It will soon start making it's appearance. Once again all magazines are coming. The November numbers from New York came this last week. It was good to get a Literary Digest in real print again. Have I asked you to renew my subscription? Please do so for six months only (6 months) if you have not. I think that does not expire until February if I remember rightly.

How about my Life Insurance Policies? I forget them since the bills and receipts all go to Father. Have I sent enough gold to cover all bills? I am going to buy gold to hold for use en route home tomorrow for exchange is still down but liable to ascend after Chinese New Years.

This year I sent to American for Christmas only a few cards. I think it will be nice to give things in person

when I get home. Flora gave me a Chinese gold ring with my character on it.



A Chinese

would probably smile at my attempt but it will give you an idea.

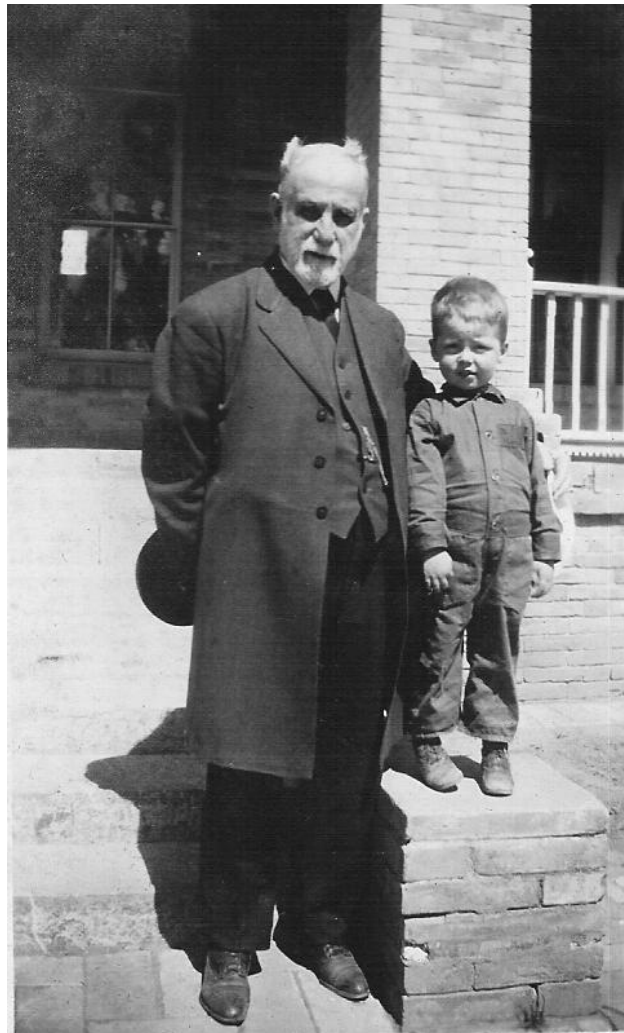
Professor Perrin of Boston University has been in Peking all this fall and winter. He was down Wednesday to tell Indian Stories to us. He is a fascinating story teller. He was forced to live for several months with some Indians in the Mount Shasta region several years ago so knew Indians who were unspoiled by civilization. He also traveled one whole summer in the Sahara desert and is coming again to tell us about that.

I had a nice Christmas note and greeting from Mrs. Lathrop this week. Only one Christmas greeting got through before Christmas. This last week brought eight or ten.

I must tell you about my house plants for they are doing so well. My big pot of heliotrope has over a dozen big spreading [*unreadable word*] of blooms. My [*two unreadable words*] is coming out nicely. Two geraniums are in full bloom. One calla has a blossom. My Chinese lily bell never did better. One bulb has six flower stalks and three others five each. My asparagus ferns are putting fourth new fronds galore. I had such a good time during vacation tending them. If you were here I'd offer you either Tungchow malt candy or Divinity Fudge. I made the fudge last evening and invited all the teachers, Mrs. Stelle and Mrs. Love in. I made it four times in vacation so feel quite experienced once more.

'Tis nearly four o'clock and church is at five. How exciting it must have been to get a radiograph from Gould. Lots of love to everyone

Mary



Written in album: "Dr. Arthur H. Smith, American Board missionary; Author of 'China in Convulsion', 'Chinese Characteristics', etc."

[Photo taken with David Burgess. From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter, dated **February 7, 1920**, was written from Foochow, China by Marjorie to her sister, Phebe. Marjorie tells about her father's birthday (Willard) given by the Chinese. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China.
Feb. 7, 1920.

Dear Pheobe,

(I spelled your name wrong, though it is sometimes spelled that way.) Geraldine wrote in her last letter, "Where is Monnie's pen?" I haven't written for months, I guess, so I'll try to write a good long letter this time to make up for it.

I guess I'll tell you about papa's birthday celebration. Mr. Ding Ming Uong (you know him) came and asked mama for papa's birthday. Mama told him, on condition that they musn't spend much money. Well, evidently the committee couldn't decide which to have the celebration, Chinese or foreign, so they had to send Mr. Ding up again to ask papa which he would rather have; so it wasn't a surprise. Papa at once said he would rather have the Chinese way. Papa had to give the feast because the celebration was Chinese style. The eventful day came at last. For two or three days before we had been getting presents, candles, a tray, a dish, and scrolls galore. All the morning of that day, too, there were presents coming. Early in the afternoon groups came with firecrackers to chuag-ang papa and bring presents.

At three o'clock in the afternoon there was a meeting. Papa knew he was going to sit on the platform, but we didn't know that we were going until we got down there. We all sat on the platform and the meeting begun with a song. Then there were speeches about ten, I think; one man said in his speech this little couplet,

Ngo sa ngo,
Go sioh bo.

Ngo sa ngo, you know, means fifty five, papa's age. The second line means that he can have another child and he will live to be twice as old, I think that was the interpretation. The speeches told all about what papa had done out here in the early years and so forth.

Then mama spoke thanking them for the royal celebration they had given us. Then papa spoke, at the end thanking them, too. That ended the meeting and we all went up to the foreigners compound to have our pictures taken. Then meeting was in the college chapel.

When we got up to the compound we found the English artist, Mr. Stains or may be Stanes, I don't know which, drawing or rather painting a picture of the pagoda, which is right across the street from our compound. It was a very good picture, I thought. His wife was sitting beside him. They were surrounded at once by the college boys and faculty, preachers and others who were invited to papas birthday.

We all had our picture taken the whole big gathering at once, and then we went to get ready for the feast.

At six we went to the feast which was in the same room as the meeting had been in. There were about fifteen or sixteen tables all of which papa had to pay for.

When the feast is about one third done, the oldest son of the man whose birthday is celebrated has to go around to each table and bow and say, "Great thanks, great thanks, I have nothing to offer you to eat." And then the people get up and bow to him. Now we (K. and I) had to be the oldest son! But we didn't go around to each table but just stood up on the platform and said it. Firecrackers were set off just then, so they drowned out all we said, and we forgot what we had to say and made an awful mess of it and the worst thing of it was that the foreigners said afterwards that we "said it very nicely!" They sat nearest the platform so they could hear.

Mama had secretly invited the whole compound and one or two others in for evening to play games and have refreshments. It was a complete surprise to papa. There was a terrible ring of the door-bell and we managed it so that papa went to the door; when he opened the door the people all sang, "Happy Birthday to You", and then they walked in. We first played a game of tossing the handkerchief, don't make me tell about it, I am so tired of writing. I'm hurrying as fast as I can to get through. Then we played, "Buzz" then "Mrs. Brown doesn't like tea or T." Then Mr. Reumann made a little speech and presented papa with seventeen dollars which all the people had contributed to. Then we had ice cream, which was the Kinnears present, two freezers full, and cake, also from the K.'s, and candy made by ourselves. So the evening ended happily. I forgot to tell you that we had dinner at the Leger's house because Margaret Leger's Birthday is on Feb. 5th, too. She is two years old. This is what Kathleen wants to say:-

The garters that you sent me before are pretty near worn out and I think they will be by the time the new ones get here. I want them about eight (better nice) inches long. Thank you very much. Kathleen

I'd like some garters, too. About 9 1.2 or 10 in. long. Thank you very much. Love to you all, Marjorie.



This photo was taken about 1920 by the big rocks and banyan tree in the Foochow missionary compound. Marjorie is 2nd from the left seated on the ground and holding a baby. Kathleen is 3rd from the left on the ground and also holding a baby.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter, dated **February 11, 1920**, was written from Tungchow, China, by Mary to the ones at home. Mary dated the letter as 1919, but Gracie did not die until December 1919. She has heard of her niece, Gracie Beard's death. Peking has cases of measles, whooping cough and diphtheria. Mary tells of various events and people. She is looking for curios to buy to take back to the U.S. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Feb 11, 1919-[should be 1920]
12.00 A.M.

Dear Ones at Home-

I am stealing time in school to write lectures because I do not seem to have any other. My class has a test so I have extra time. The last letter from home, also the papers, tell of Gracie's death. It does seem hard to see the reason why and it is hard to understand the necessity. [Grace "Gracie" Gilbert Beard, daughter of Oliver Gould Beard, Jr. and Grace Gilbert Beard. Born October 10, 1902 and died December 24, 1919 of "Pulmonary tuberculosis" according to the death record. Her sister, Olive Beard, died before her in 1915, possibly of a heart condition.]

I hope the "flu" is not going to reach your section of the country this year. It has been bad in spots. Japan has suffered extensively. There has been some about here but little of the virulent form. The danger has been from pneumonia afterward. Peking has measles, whooping cough and a few isolated cases of diphtheria among the children. So far we have escaped.

Just now our family is well and the only disorders are a few lingering coughs. Those are going.

Last week-end Flora and I spent at Tsing Hua College with Miss Bader whom we knew well at Kuling last summer. We had an auto ride from the Peking Station out there Saturday night so arrived very comfortably. That evening we looked on at an ice-carnival the boys were having. They had a lantern parade then some interesting

racers. Lastly we had brot cocoa and fancy cakes and candy. On Sunday we heard Mr. Burgess speak to the YMCA boys in the morning. We had guests for dinner and tea and were out for supper with Mrs. Starr, another Kuling summer visitor. That left just time for a call on the Pirlie's[?] and a walk of half an hour between events.

The faculty and students were all wrought up on Saturday because a new president (Mr. Lok) is about to be thrust upon them and they do not like the man. Two men, one from the American Legation and one from the Foreign Office of the Chinese Government spent all day talking and could not convince either faculty or students that Mr. Lok is the man for the job.

The student movement is still strong against Japan and on Monday the boys posted a notice that they felt the day was needed for preaching so they could not attend classes. Can't you just imagine such a state of affairs in America?

We came in early Monday morning. I went to have a visit with Harriet Bontelle Lacy and her baby, aged 7 months. Then I had lunch at the Y.W.C.A. where Harriet is staying. She is en route for America and her husband is one of the delegates to the All-Section[?] Methodist Conference now going on in Peking.

I came home Monday evening but Flora stayed up for Mother's Club and came on the 6.10 Tuesday morning.

Today is the meeting of our School Board of Managers over at Mrs. Martin's. Flora is over there of course so we are running without her. We had some of the members for breakfast and will have all of them (6) for lunch.

Yesterday we started to work on the High School play. Our committee for cutting and assigning parts tried to fix the cast. The play is "As You Like It."

Elizabeth your desire for a collar is easily fitted. I already have several in my trunk. I am not sure as to the style I sent home but there are all different and I am sure you will like any one of them. If I see any others I may get an extra one or two for they are always useful.

Two of the American Board girls are coming down week ends to help our girls start a Camp fire organization. We both have been guardians and are fresh from the work. Things are starting off most enthusiastically. I am helping them earn a bead by pointing out some of the constellations to them during the few minutes between supper and study home at night.

7.00 P.M. Time came to close school then I had to wash for lunch. My afternoon on Wednesdays is full from 1.30 to 4.00 with no breathing space. As I had conducted two meetings and made a call yesterday I had not gotten out for exercise. Today I found Mrs. Price and Miss Brown ready to join me so we went to the candy-shop.

This evening study hour is early and closes early so Mr. Stanley may read us a paper on "Marco Polo." We anticipate a treat, both because of the subject and because of the speaker.

Tomorrow we are celebrating Lincoln's birthday by a half holiday. Mr. William Spencer is coming down to give us a talk appropriate to the day. He is also interested in Boy Scout work so he has asked for the privilege of watching a scout drill. Those boys have worked hard this week to make up for all they couldn't do because of lack of practice. Even skating has become unpopular.

We had direct word from Willard through Mrs. George Davis who visited in Foochow also through Mr. Burgess who attended the same conference in Shanghai. His letters are as scarce as mine. This seems to be a busy world here as well as at home.

My trip home is a little less real just now for I have all the wheels going and now only wait for my passport to get back from America and for the exact date for the sailing of the Shinyo Maru to be set and the months to pass. Meanwhile I am looking hard for every kind of curio I want to add to my collection. You may need an addition for what I have but I will trust to that. My trunk accommodates most of it now and I will have that along.

It is time for the lecture and so I will say farewell lest this get tied up too long by waiting for another session.

I hope you are all well.

Lots of love
Mary.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 15, 1920** was written from Foochow, China by Kathleen to her sister Phebe. There was a President Lincoln's birthday party at the St. Clair's home and they played some fun games. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]*

Foochow China
Feb. 15, 1920.

Dear Phebe;

Last Thursday evening we went to a Lincolns party at Mrs. St. Clair's. This is what the invitation said, Lincoln's birthday, eight o'clock, come right in, no need to knock. It was on a little card that could open up. On the covers was the verse I just told you, and you opened two little doors and found this, St Clair's want to celebrate, wear a historic symbol, and don't come late. I wore for a historic symbol this picture of Lincoln and his family with his two dates. I pinned it on with a little American flag that you sent. Marjorie wore a split rial [*rail*]. Mama wore a picture of a slave and two pictures of freed slaves. Papa did not come till late so he did not wear any. As soon as we got down there we were given cards like this. Of course the cards did not have all the same writing on them. At our table, table six there were a small pile of cards each with a little wiggle on them like this [*a squiggle*] or [*squiggle*] or any way. With those wiggles we had to draw an American flower or animal. I drew a daisy and a horse. My partner at that table was Mr. Hubbard and Marjorie's was Mr. Scott. When the judges came around they thought Marjorie's and Mr. Scott's were the best so they had a punch in their cards and went along to the next table no. 7. The next time ours was the best so we went along and got a punch in our cards. At table 7 we came in with Marjorie and Mr. Scott again. At that table we played jack straws. When the bell rang it was a tie so M. and M.S. went along to the next table no. 8. Another couple came along and beat us so we did not go along that time. There they stoped that game and I did not get to table 8 at all. Even if I did not go I went and saw what they were doing. They saw who could make the best dolls out of tooth picks and make their dresses out of colored paper.

Then we took the line of song on the back of the card. There were three songs. Colombia the Gem of the Ocean, and two other national songs that I can not remember. Anyway each song got together and we played charades. The first one was Gal-vest-on. Mrs. Rueman put on her husband's vest. The next one was Belona. You know Belona sassage. Mr. Rueman tied a handkerchief below his knee. The next one was Watchful waiting. Mrs. Scott sat in a chair with a rolling pin and drowsed and Mr. Scott came sneaking around she woke up and ran after him. That was ours or rather I was on that side. Another one was diplo-mat. The hole side came in with hats on and bowed low three times.

After that we had refreshments. Caro popcorn and marshmallows. (I don't know whether you can read that or not.) Then we went home.

I would be very glad to hear from you from your very loving sister, Kathleen. Over

P.S. Papa and Mr. Christian came in before we played charades. Papa had his face blacked and his hands chained together as a slave and Mr. Christian was Lincoln with an ax and wood and L freed P. or the slave. K.C.B.

*[This letter, dated **February 15, 1920**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Oliver, Grace and Annie. Willard has heard of his niece's death, Gracie Beard, and mentions all of the close relatives who have died over the years. Willard is working against opium and prostitution. The Chinese had a big birthday celebration for him. They will leave China on July 3, via the Empress of Russia to Vancouver. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China
Feb. 15, 1920

Dear Oliver, Grace and Annie:-

The last mail brought us word that on the eve of Christ's birthday Heaven was enriched by Gracie's translation to become one of its citizens. We had heard that she had not been well for some weeks but not quite prepared for the news that she had gone. I shall never forget trying to help care for her when she was a wee baby while we were home on our first furlough. And each time that we came home she was always so full of good cheer and always brought sunshine wherever she went.

It is not a disturbing thought to me- that the ties that hold us so fast to this place we call earth, are gradually being transferred to the place we call Heaven- since we came to China. Grandfather and Grandmother, Uncle Charlie, Aunt Hannah, Elsie, Dorothy, Aunt Louise, James, Ruth, Olive and Gracie of our immediate family have gone on to wait for us. It always makes Heaven seem nearer to me. Every day we meet you all at God's Mercy Seat= our family altar and oftener in private talks with the Father. The news of these sad events of course reaches us only after the keenness of your sorrow has passed, but I always like to look back and know that on that very day I had talked with God about you all and had asked Him to give you the things needful for you on that very day.

There were never so many things pressing to be done here as at the present time and there were never such opportunities offered for Christian work. I will enclose a few items that I have put down showing the results of special work in a few churches.

There are so many Union Institutions just getting started or needing special attention that my time is much eaten up in these Committee meetings. Opium is coming in to Fukien again and in a very bad way- hard to fight. The officials put out proclamations to the effect that the people must be patriotic- not buy opium from outside but plant it themselves to stop outside opium from coming in. At present "out side" means Japan. The Japanese are bringing in- smuggling vast quantities of the drug. It is sold openly all thru the country districts and in Foochow the shops sell other things in front while in a back room trusted men are allowed to smoke. All these shops are under Japanese protection. The police cannot raid them until they have notified the Japanese Consul. He has ways of getting the shop ready for inspection before he grants his permission. In the country where the Chinese official is specially avaricious he commands the farmers to plant, taxing them \$7.00 per Chinese acre= 1/6 of a foreign acre. If they refuse to plant his soldiers arrest or torture or sometimes kill. To get money the soldiers also tax and license gambling tables \$2.00 per day. In fact they go in for any way at getting money- foul or fair- mostly foul. Here in Foochow the police receive \$40000 a year from prostitutes. The church that I plan to preach in this a.m. at 10:30 used to be in a good business center. Now, in front, in back, and on both sides are houses of prostitution. Well this is the other. I am spending half a day a week in trying to do something to stop the opium traffic. A year ago I was one of seven or eight to write the Governor about prostitution, but the \$40000 was too strong for us. I must be off for church now.

Sunday Evening:-

To day I have preached in a church in the suburbs, eaten dinner a la Chinese with seven Chinese, attended a church committee meeting, called on Sam Leger who is sick, taken care of a hen and 5 chicks, seven hens and 2 geese, taken a squint at my garden from which we are getting beets, cauliflower, lettuce, Chinese cabbage, foreign cabbage, kale, kohlrabi, turnip, mustard, swiss chard, spinach. How's that for an old farmer? and the strawberries are in blossom. I shall plant corn before long.

A week ago last Thursday was my birthday and we have been in Foochow for twenty five years. The Chinese are great on celebrating and they wanted to celebrate so we let them. Much of the day previous and all of Thursday up to 3 p.m. was occupied in receiving calls and acknowledging presents- altho I told them I wished they would not bring gifts.

I will not try to be exhausted but among other things are a pair of geese, a rooster, two doz. eggs, a lot [of] cakes and steamed biscuits- vermicelli of several kinds, four huge flower (paper) pieces 5 ft. high and 4 wide, 13 pairs of paper scrolls, one large red silk banner, 7 or 8 framed silk mottoes, a few pairs of vases. The program at the meeting was gotten up entirely by them. Ellen, the girlies and I were placed on the platform in front of the four flower pieces and behind eight large red candles all burning= one for each of the family. There were speeches on the work done during the 25 years- poems read etc. Then a photo taken- I'll send one if it comes out well and in the evening 130 sat down to the feast- I forget to mention gifts of packages of fire crackers that would have taken our breath away when we were boys- packages 1 foot long and many large red candles - 2" in diameter and a foot long. Well I think the people all had a genuine good time and I hope it will help in bringing God's kingdom here.

We are all well. The girlies grow and develop- what shall Ellen and I do without them during our next term?

May God- the God of comfort- be your strong hold. We are booked to sail from Shanghai July 3 on the Empress of Russia via Vancouver.

With much love Will.

[Willard includes a typewritten paper on the following:]

New Methods of Evangelism which are old.

The Foochow City and Suburbs stations of the American Board Mission have used the following new methods of doing Christian work during the past year.

1. We sent eleven students, mostly from the upper classes of Foochow College into six different villages, mostly near the City for evangelistic work. Each of these was given \$10. This money all came thru private subscriptions by missionaries and it was considered to be enough for the bare expenses of each student for the two Summer months while he was in work. These boys all had pleasant experiences and reported from two to five or six people each who had interested in the Gospel. One village asked for the work to be continued and are putting up much of the money needed. In other places the students worked in connection with another new form of work as follows;

2. Two young men were asked at the beginning of the year to become evangelists with the whole big plan to the North and East of the City with upwards of 60 villages with 100,000 people in them. It was definitely decided

not to start any chapel and school. The work was purely personal evangelism. It is hardly necessary to state that this was not at first a pleasant task for two boys on whose diplomas the ink was only just drying. But they were surprised at the reception they met. As inevitable the names of certain villages soon began to appear frequently on the reports and soon one village asked for regular Sunday Services, fitting up a room and finding seats then another village did the same thing. At the end of the year, just now, these two young men have on their books the names of 58 who have become learners, three have just united with churches. The mission indefinitely planning to open regular work in four villages.

3. Growing out of the general favorable attitude toward Christianity and out of the China for Christ Movement and out of the new spirit that is manifest in almost all places, an evangelistic Committee was appointed by the Annual Meeting which is already functioning. Each church is planning a series of special Services from three to five days according to the conditions. A week is taken in each for organization and preparation. These services are held in the afternoon and evening and at the meeting people are asked to give names and addresses if they are willing to be enrolled as learners. At the first series of meetings held Jan. 11-13, 96 names were enrolled in one church. The church which holds 300 if packed was full at each meeting. At a Bible class social about one half of them were present. Jan. 24th, Special Efforts are made to keep in touch with the learned and keep them learning.

[On the next page is a scroll that was given to Willard at his birthday party. This scroll is from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend. An interpretation was included with it:]

“Benevolent”, “Kind”, “Gentle”, “Neighbor”

“Mei Shueh (name of the person from whom this award was given) who is nearly seventy years old and has lived as neighbor to the school headed by Mr. Beard. As a result they have been very intimate friends. Mei Shueh and children and grandchildren have at different times received education from Mr. Beard. Mr. Beard has stayed in Fuchow seven years since his last trip to USA. His achievement has been well known in this community and admired by all the people he has met. He is now leaving for his homeland this summer again. Before he departs, Mei-shueh is giving him this personal scroll as a symbol of Mei-shueh’s sincere appreciation and will cherish their friendship forever.” To

Headmaster and his wife, Beard.
1920, Summer, at Fuchow
from Tsou, Mei-shueh
(written by Chen, Pao-shen)

親善鄉仁

梅變春秋將七十家在九仙山麓平遠甚側甚
先生所主格致院席對門而居平日親愛如家人兒輩就
學荷蒙

教育心實感焉溯

先生自美雅閩於今七載鄉人士仰之如泰山北斗其大
有造於閩中外共曉無煩鄙人贅也惟鄙人年老幸

獲居同里閑休感相關昔人云親仁善鄰其

先生之謂乎今夏言旋故國鄙懷不無憾於其行
也因此代贐並綴數言以抒積悃叩請

稗主理 惠存
師母

中華民國九年歲次庚申夏五福州鄉梅變謹贈

古閩鄭葆琛謹書

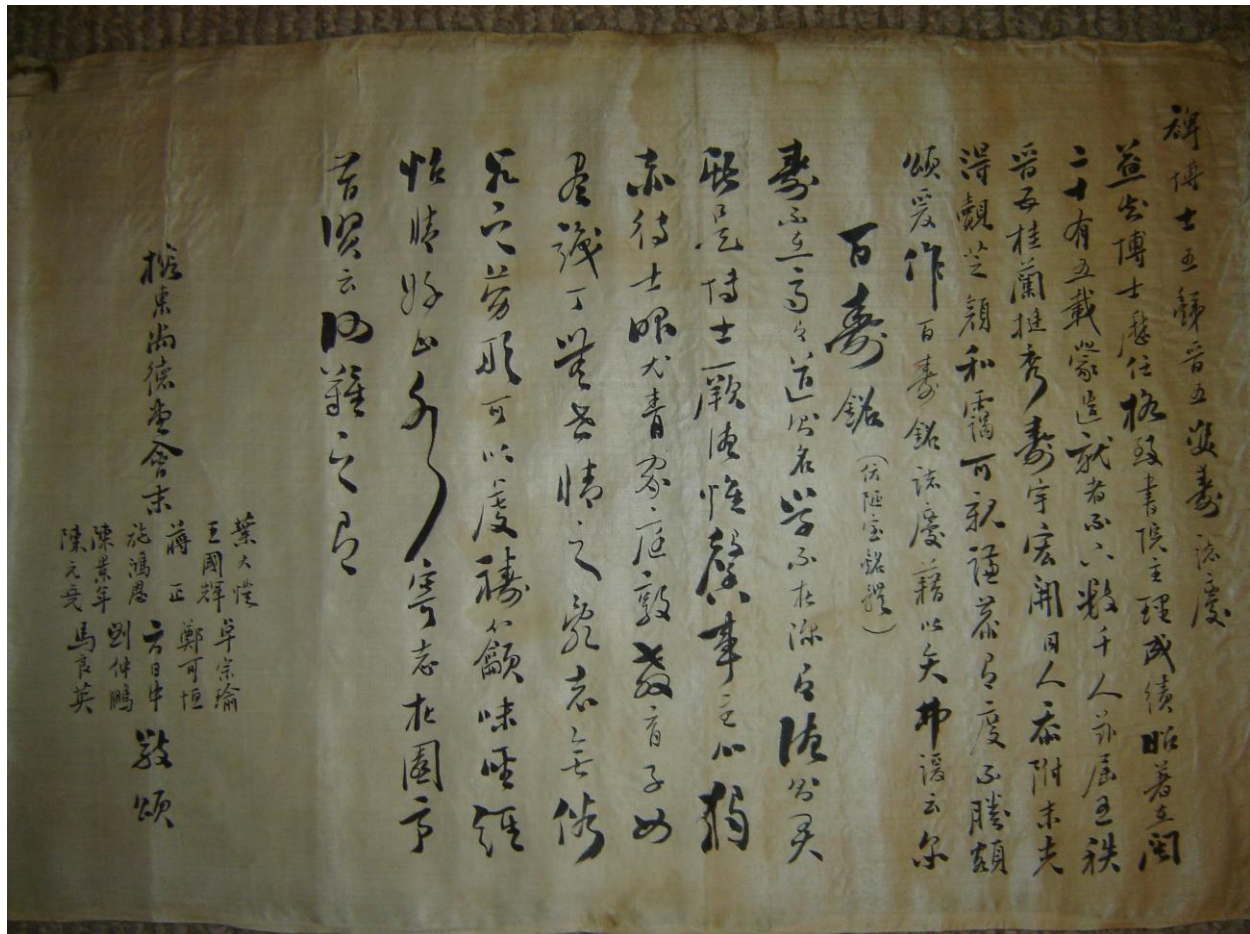
[Following is another scroll given to Willard on his 55th birthday. From the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend. An interpretation is included with it:]

“To Dr. Beard (at his fifty-fifth birthday)

Dr. Beard has been the headmaster at the school for 25 years. His achievement has been well known and thousands of students have benefited from his school. We (the following names at the end of the note) are composing a poem, (titled Longevity) to commemorate his fifty-fifth birthday.

“Life must have wisdom and knowledge must have virtue. Dr. Beard has them all. His devotion to God and his love for his fellow men and his sincere efforts in education the children make him one in a million.”

From XXXX Fraternal Society
(12 names)



[This letter, dated **February 20, 1920**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He writes on the first day of Chinese New Year. He tells about his birthday celebration put on by the Chinese. Willard's family will be going back to the U.S. on the Empress of Russia. Mary leaves China earlier. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow, China.
Feb. 20th 1920

Dear Folks at Home:-

To day is the first day of the Chinese New Year. It has been a cold rainy day- much to the disappointment of the Chinese for this is the great holiday of the whole year. On this day about the only things they do is to gamble.

To do any work is a sign that they will be obliged to work hard all the year. To use such a word as "death" will have the effect of casting gloom over the family for the whole day and will surely bring bad luck.

We are having an old fashioned rainy season. For two weeks now it has rained almost incessantly. One day was beautiful- the last one, my birthday.

The Chinese wanted to celebrate so we told them they could. They asked whether it should be Chinese or foreign style we told them Chinese. I think they all had a royal good time- so did we- and we learned some things we did not know before.

First. All the planning and the work was done by the Chinese in their own way- they did however consult me on many points- in each of which I assented to their suggestions.

Second. All the day Feb. 4 and on Feb. 5 up to 3 p.m. callers were frequent and everyone brought a present altho I had specially requested that they should not do this.

Third. The range of gifts will interest you. A pair of geese, a rooster, 2 doz. eggs, several pounds of vermicelli, 3 lbs. of peanuts (shelled unroasted), 2 pyramids 2 ft. high of sponge cakes and steamed biscuits, 4 large floral (paper with bamboo frames) pieces in each was an image of a man on horseback or a goat or deer made of thread vermicelli. These were handsome. - 7 pairs of red candles, about 2" in diameter and 15 in. long. We are planning to take home some of these. Eight of them were burning during the exercises- one for each member of the family- present and absent. 14 pairs of paper scrolls- 1 large red silk banner, 5X8 feet- 9 mottoes on silk in frames- 1 lacquer tray- 2 pairs of vases- I do not know how many packages of firecrackers there were 4 large packages left which we plan to take home and of course many were set off that day. I am not sure that I have mentioned all but enough I think to show you the range.

Fourth- The program- At 3 p.m. a delegate came to ask us to go down to the College Chapel. All the gifts- except the live stock were displayed attractively. An audience of about 130 were waiting for us. We four were asked to sit on the platform with the four paper flower pieces behind us and the 8 large candles before us all burning. The program consisted of singing, Scripture, prayer and historical addresses- a poem which had for its topic both our 25 years of work and 55 years of life. Then both Ellen and I were asked to reply, - which means say thank you.

Fifth- The photo was taken. I will try to send one home- will bring one anyway.

Sixth- Immediately after the photo came the real part of the celebration- the climax to the whole= the feast= 130 guests sat down in one room to this sumptuous repast which cost about .45 a plate- more strictly, .45 a pair of chop sticks. A celebration of this kind must be gotten up in the name of a son or sons. So Gould gave this birthday. But Gould was not present to tell the people, "Greatly thank you, we have greatly troubled you, we have nothing for you to eat." Duai sia sia. Duan ki daeng mo noh siah. So Marjorie and Kathleen did this for them, and they completely brought down the house.

Seventh- I paid for the celebration which was part of the "Chinese Style".

The only expense connected with the whole thing was the feast. The expense was \$60. But it was not as bad as seems at first sight. I knew all about it before I accepted the "inundation". And one important consideration was this. - We have not been able to entertain the Chinese as we have wanted to in our home and this gave us the opportunity to do it all at once and in a way that was in perfect keeping with their ways of doing and in a way that gave them all a perfectly natural good time- so it was acceptable and profitable all round.

This week begins the Chinese week of prayer which we are calling in China "The Week of Evangelism". Yesterday special Union services were held in three churches in Foochow. To day the same and tomorrow the same. I am one of three men asked to speak on each of the three days.

Our last Christmas boxes came this week. Two packages- one from Phebe K. of some cranberry sauce- one from Gould of three travelling cases. Your gifts came some time ago. The hickory nuts are delicious- we are enjoying a few a day- and so are our friends. The girls are keeping the mirrors for future use. We thank you all for them and more for the thought that inspired the gifts- It is Saturday night and 10 o'clock so good night.

Sunday night= Have I written you that we are now booked to sail on the Empress of Russia July 3rd, - altho we are trying to get transferred to the Honolulu route,- with however little hope of success. Mary will likely get off first.

We are approaching the time for opening College again with everything uncertain. We may not have a student and we may be surfeited. The student world in China is a very uncertain thing just now.

May Our Father keep us graciously to meet in another six months. - Ellen says that we will live in Shelton.
Yours Will

[This letter, dated **February 23, 1920**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She writes on a snowy Chinese New Years Day in North China. More room is needed at the school so it will be enlarged. Flora

is to go to Japan in four months with Mary and then Mary will leave from there for the U.S. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien
Feb 23, 1920

Dear Ones at Home-

We have gone back to winter and have just had the heaviest snow fall of the season. That is a very heavy one for North China- at least 4 inches. It tried to snow every day but the dry air and temperature about 32 degrees evaporated the snow so every night found the ground bare. Yesterday the air was thick at times, but today is clear and cold.

Eva Price and I went for a walk in the fiercest part just for the fun of the homelike feeling of soft snow on our faces. She has been lonesome lately. I think my going home, or rather having a home to go to, makes her feel anew her lack of one.

A week ago Sunday Mrs. Martin had the church service and read us one of the stories from Van Dyke's "The Blue Flower". The children as well as we adults loved it.

This Sunday Dr. Galt preached on "The Heavens belong to God but the earth has been given unto men. He always gives a good scholarly talk. This was especially good for though it was scholarly yet it was within the grasp of even our youngest child. He and Mrs. Galt were over for breakfast with us this morning. It seemed quite like old times to have them down here.

This being the week after Chinese New Year's Day we have no early morning train. We get fooled and wait around for mail after breakfast nearly every day. It is hard on Dr. Love for he can not go up the night before and the noon train gives a very short stay for getting conference meetings. The big all China Medical Conference is on in Peking this week and of course he wants to go.

Peking is having Conferences so thick they overlap. The All Eastern Methodist Conference closed Feb. 17 and the Medical opened Feb. 21. The Educational Conference is Feb. 26 and 27 and the Medical does not close till Feb. 28.

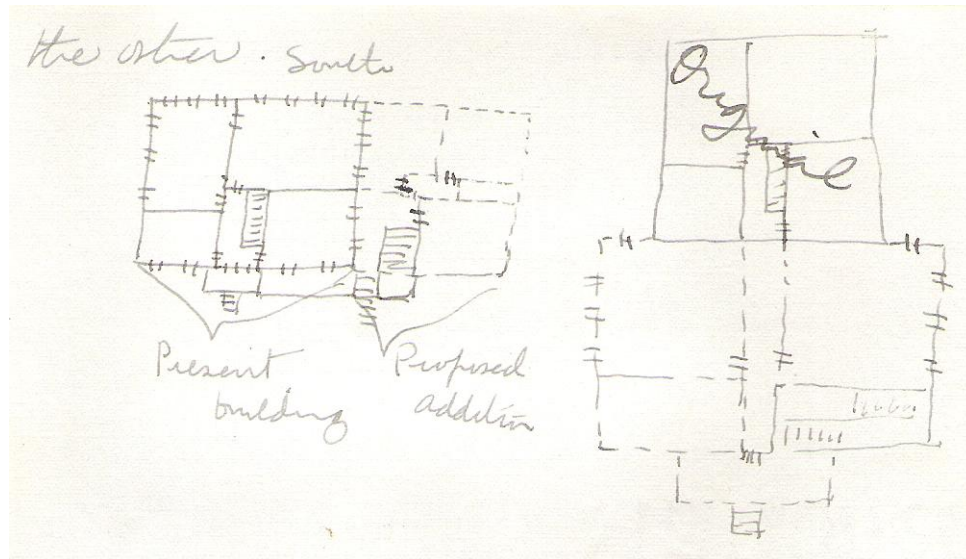
It is impossible to get a room in Peking except at the Hotels and even they are fuller than usual.

On the night of Chinese New Years- Friday- the Camp Fire girls and I got supper for one family. We made a vegetable soup just thick and had enough so there were about four bowls apiece. For desert Miss Price made the "Afterthought" in Phebes Framingham Cook Book. The girls made salad dressing and served cabbage and lettuce salad too. It was such fun that we want to repeat it.

On Saturday Mrs. Arthur Smith served our compound tea. There were several guests and we had a gay time.

I was hostess this week end and on Saturday night we played "Tungchow Train" a game we have adapted from "Stage Coach". Then we made ?? from George Washington. Last night I read a story of Ellis Parker Butler "Keeping up Grandma's Morale" that came out in the Red Cross Magazine last year; then another "One Hundred Years too Soon" in the December Scribner's. It is a time story of Kua Li the favorite wife of Kwan Hsu, the last Emperor and is very well told. Several of the children have been in the Palace where the story takes place and I have been to the tombs of both the Emperor and the wife and had pictures of them all.

Flora is eating, sleeping, talking, thinking and all the rest of the "ings" new school building. We have to have more room and the plan is to enlarge this building in some way. There are two plans and one day one appeals and the next the other.



I think I forgot to acknowledge the Line a Day Book which came two weeks ago.

Another of my side issues has been using the minutes before study hall to help the Camp Fire girls learn some constellations. The boys got jealous and have joined the fun. The ten or fifteen minutes are enough to peek at several constellations but not enough to get too cold.

This last week I tried a stunt I have long wanted to try. I had four guests in for tea in my own room. My new big tea pot holds enough for that many and my room is big enough to accommodate that number. I hope to try it again soon.

I'm planning for a dinner party for Flora's birthday this week. I've thought of home a lot lately with all the birthdays- Mothers, fathers, James, Willard, Edith, Geraldine, Wells. Just think of the cakes if you were only pupils in our school. We had a cake yesterday, another today and a third Wednesday.

In four months I'll be en route I hope. Flora plans to see me off in Japan and make a short stay there. I hope the building won't interfere.

I'm going to start home in my old suit and hat bought here. If it is too bad, I'll get Leolyn to help me get fitted out in San Francisco before starting East. So anyway, I'll be all up to date when I reach Shelton.

Lots of love

Mary.



Written in album: "Camp Fire Girls June 1920. Esther, Joyce, Betty, Ivy, Dorothy, Margaret M., Mary-Helen, Margaret T., Ruth."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **March 1, 1920**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She talks about various people and events. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

March 1, 1920

Dear Ones at home-

I am following Elizabeth's excellent example and writing two letters in close succession. We don't object at this end and I hope you don't either.

The National Geographics from 1919 came about two weeks ago and I was very glad to welcome them. I shall be glad if you will have it continued for 1920. I have had my volumes all bound and they make a fine array on my bookshelf. I find them useful too in class work.

The Asia never has arrived yet. I wonder if some other Miss Beard is getting that too. Yesterday and today brought large foreign mails. Yesterday most of the material was letters but today many papers came, so I think we have gotten our share of this last ship load.

I can not yet see Wells as a big tall boy but how well I remember Stanley and his growth during Willard's first term in China. You probably can work the same play on us with Wells.

You are right Elizabeth about definiteness of plans. I only know that I sail in the Shinyu Maru from Yokohama the last of June. Now I am hoping to go over by way of Korea. I should like to see the country that way. I hope to have a few days in Japan but can not tell for sure. Flora and Eva Price and a friend all plan to go over and if we go together it makes several to consult.

Mar. 3- I am enclosing a letter from Will that came yesterday. What an interesting birthday he did have! He was nice to let the Chinese do it their way. I think I wrote you of the foreign(?) wedding here last June. It was a queer mixture of customs. Some of them are better where the Chinese custom is followed except for the idol worship part. There the Christian ritual is put in; or better yet is to be real foreign.

Last week I spent Thursdays at Mrs. Martin's. Mr. M. was in Peking for the Education Conference. And Mrs. M. does not like staying alone with the children. It was fine sleeping out on the porch with little Gertrude for my "hot water bottle". In the early morning, Stratton always came running out for a few minutes of cuddling. Little Ruth was a dear and I planned to be around whenever I could about 5.00 or 5.30 for that is the time she may be picked up. Also I sometimes had a chance to hold her at the hour of the late evening feeding.

We had a Dr. and Mrs. Maxwell down on Saturday to "look us over" as a place for their daughter next year. They sent their application yesterday, so I guess we suited. Flora had Dr. Betow down for the week-end and how those two women did visit.

They stopped for a few hours sleep and that was about all. The Saturday tea was at the school last week and Miss Bostwicks' little room was full to overflowing. Fortunately the guests were about evenly divided in numbers as to those leaving on the 5.17 train and those coming that kept us from too great a crowd.

Yesterday I went to Carol Love's for afternoon coffee. It was my first visit in over two weeks and the first time I had been in the house since the Chandlers arrived.

The Chandlers got here last week Tuesday. They looked very tired but are now all O.K. They had all had the flu in Tientsin, so stayed three weeks instead of three days as per schedule. Mr. C. is going to take Flora's Sunday School work so now we are all free.

I almost forgot Flora's birthday. I wanted to give her a dinner but two of my guests would be in Peking Wednesday so I put it Tuesday. I had Dr. Smith, (Mrs. S. declined), Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Love and Mr. and Mrs. Chandler. Dr. Love went that afternoon to Peking to attend the Medical Conference that started Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard-Smith had a little daughter born Tuesday but she never breathed at all. The care[or case?] held Doctor Love here for three days of conference. Mrs. Howard-Smith is getting along finely and has from the start.

Last week was the "Week of Evangelism" of which Willard spoke. Margaret Smith and Mrs. Arthur Smith were out every day with bands of Chinese men. Mr. and Mrs. Stelle are down in the country and return Saturday after a two week's absence.

Do I owe Father anything? It is quite a while since I have sent a draft home. I have a gold deposit of \$150 here now. Exchange was good so I got it to be ready for June.

Mrs. Frame started last Thursday for Japan. She is to work for money for the Woman's College also for teachers. They are affiliated with the Union College of Peking now and adopted by Wellesley so are no longer orphans or strangers in the educational world.

It is evening study hall and I must get to my Virgil and Algebra for tomorrow.

Lots of love

Mary.

*[This letter, dated **March 7, 1920**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He talks about the instability of China and the students seem to be the only ones who care about making it right. Willard is encouraged by the spread of Christianity throughout China. He and the family will leave for the U.S. in four months. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China
March 7th 1920

Dear Folks at Home:-

These are interesting times in China- with the north and south still at war, with the military party in power and the country in reality under military rule, with the military officials "economizing" in every way and getting all the money they can lay hands on and keeping all they can get, with national officials and provincial officials borrowing all they can get and mortgaging anything that they can find (it is rumored that our General Li has mortgaged public lands in Foochow to Japan for money). The government school teachers were paid 50% of their salaries last year, soldiers are even worse off:- with officials compelling farmers to plant opium even at the point of the bayonet and when resisted killing people,- men, women and children by the hundred- with the student body, apparently the only body that cares enough about these conditions to do anything to right the wrongs-and these students all thru the land striking and seriously considering refusing to return to school- with these conditions prevailing all over the country you do not need to be told that China is an interesting place.

But the foregoing conditions are not all that make life here interesting. There is an interesting religion- in the Christian religion which far surpasses any thing I ever saw. In 14 different places the Am. B'd mission has held special services, or it would be more exact to say done special work for the main work has been in many places visiting in the homes, and talking with individuals. About 800 new names have been added to the list of learners and many backsliders have been reclaimed. In three instances the whole family has enrolled as learners and cleaned out all idols.

To day I went to administer communion at Cui Buu. Three men joined the church. One was an old classical school teacher. He has attended church for 4 years. Another was the eldest son of a Colporteur.- All the family but the mother are now church members. She refuses to become a Christian. Only prayer will save her. The third was a 21 year old young man from a well to do family who has been a learner for more than a year.

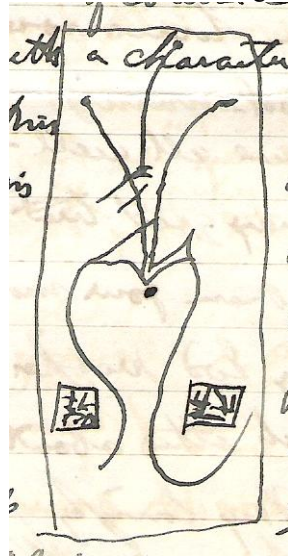
After communion we all took dinner together and listened to the reports of the different officers for the past year and then elected the new offices.

After this service I went over to the "Honorable Virtue" church at the invitation of a learner who wanted to put away all his idols. The chief idol= The King of Monkeys= was placed in his little house, which was about 1 ft. wide, 16 in. high and 8 in. deep, on the table and we held a service-sang a hymn about God's protesting love and care, a prayer by preacher Ma and then the missionary was asked to speak.

The audience consisted of the preacher, his wife, the Bible woman, two Christian girls, five church members, the man of the house, who was to put away his idols, his two wives and three sons, about 9-14 years old and a young woman and an old man who are living in the same house and who are most ardent and superstitious idol worshippers. The subject of the talk was God's fatherly care of us, with of course references to the influence which the King of Monkeys had been supposed to have on the family.

This man has been a learner for four or five years- why has he not confessed Christ before? He has two wives and knows he cannot unite with the church. This last year he has been in Formosa in business. While there both his wives were taken ill at home in Foochow. They had the priests come with incense and gongs and incantations and they got well. But they spent a lot of money, and the man knew it was both profitless and wrong. This experience convinced him that the idols must be put away. He has himself taught his wives until they both agreed to get rid of the idols.

After closing prayer he himself took the King of Monkeys that had "protected" his home for years out of his little house, wrapped him in the yellow cloth that had been his background all these years, with the little bags that had been used for incense and asked me to take him away. Then I asked what God that big one over in the corner was. "Oh! that belongs to the owner of the rice shop out in front." He took it up at once and carried it out to its owner and asked him to keep it. Then he dashed out of the back door and came in with a long ladder and put it up against the partition and was about to ascend as preacher Ma said, "Don't you are too heavy, you will break the ladder. Let this boy go up." Up went a 14 year old boy and brought down a charm. This is a piece of coarse cotton cloth 18"X10", yellowish with a character in thick red ink something like this.



The owner took this charm out of its frame and asked me to take it away with me. This was all of idolatry that he possessed. I asked his wives if they were afraid to see the household goods go. They replied with a smile "No". These gods are now adorning(?) our parlor table.

This past week I have attended on invitation two meetings of students- one with returned students and the commissioner of Education and one with the returned students= Foochow students who have graduated from Colleges in the U.S. or England= to see if some way could be found to get the students back into school- Last Dec. 1 the General closed and sealed their meeting place and to express their feelings of dissent they left school- and altho the government schools should have opened in January, not a boy returned. Yesterday was our opening day. 90 came to the Higher Primary and 14 to the Middle School. The H.S. should have had 180. The Middle sch. 250. But in the meeting yesterday the Student Council decided to send notice to all students to return tomorrow so I have hopes we can have school.

We are all well- those hickory nuts have been a very great treat. Kathleen has just said, "In less than four months we shall start for home."

May God prosper our plans and bring us to see each other about next Aug. 1.

Very lovingly

Will.

*[This letter dated **March 8, 1920** was probably written from Putnam, CT by Elbert Kinney to his niece, Dot (Dorothy). Elbert talks about Dot being 19 years old, about his car and of Phebe and Donald. He talks of clothes that Dot said she needed and enclosed a \$25 check for her to use for whatever she decides on. The original letter is in the Oberlin College archives.]*

[March 8, 1920]

-Notice-

Don't faint- I am writing.

Hello Dot. "You poor wrinkled gray haired nineteen year old, Old Maid" When I look at your picture before me with those eyes bulging with those "come hithers" you need not seek sympathy from me now. If however (which will not be possible) when you have reached twenty nine and have not become that trim matron which I know you will be, then I'll extend to you my sympathy if needed.

Never you mind if fate should so decree. You know when I build that next house that will be big enough for all my nieces and nephews to come and take care of their bachelor uncle.

From your letter you seem to be enjoying college life to the full. Do you know I am somewhat anxious. I have always understood that college was where one educated your brain and that was what I thought you were doing, but I see you are also educating your feet as well., never mind. I suppose that is part of modern education.

Well we just had one good time when Phebe and Jeanette came for the weekend.

Jeanette seem to be a regular girl, a good sport and I rather liked her. She reminded me much of a former friend of mine. Little did she know what memories she was bringing to mind as she caught me once or twice feasting my eyes on her as she sat in my big chair.

I shoveled out the whole length of the yard so I could get out Billy Dodge and believe me it was some job with the snows four to five feet deep. We went to church and took a little ride to Pomfret Monday.

Billy is having quite a rest this winter, but he behaves perfectly whenever I take him out. I am thinking of getting a new speedometer. They have one that when you reach 30 miles an hour a white flag appears. At 40 a red one appears and at 50 a grafaphone begins to play. I am going to be an angel and live where angels travel. Do you think that will hold the Speedies; it will me.

We enjoyed Phebe and Donald's stay with us Xmas. Of course Donald has told you what a time he had getting here,-the next time you write Donald. Start in this way Hello "you good looking boy" and see what he says to it. It came about like this. Mr. Merrill our minister came down to us the first Sunday they were here and said right before us all, "I wondered who that good looking boy was with you and I jollied him about it all the time he was here in fact Donald is developing into a good looking boy. One day he tried on my hat which was hanging on the tree (a new soft one not dirty) and he looked very good in it. I saw that he liked it and then just for him I got my new overcoat and let him try it on and to my surprise that fitted him perfectly. I told him he could wear them while he was here if he wished which he did, and he did look swell. I was quite proud of him they say that clothes do not make the man but they help in looks at least. I bought him a hat just like mine before he left of course you will not tell him I told you this. He is very sensitive. By the way- I am going to Springfield, Mass Mar 24 and 25 to coalminers convention and am thinking of going to see Donald over night. It's not very far from S-

Phebe left us a bunch of letters when she was here to read and we learned much from them.

I see how very short of clothes you are etc etc etc!!! Lets see nightie, skirt, waist, petticoat, stockings shoes, dress, corsets, - - - etc etc- have I got them all. I guess so. And of course Jerry can use a little extra chintz so I am enclosing my ck for \$25, which you can divide between you for what ever you want, clothes or entertainment or general expenses, but listen if you buy corsets for example, don't buy 16.50 ones as a lady recently told me she did. I asked her what was the idea, as I had seen the ad - for \$1.25. She said she did not wear that kind and I said shoes \$18. Dress and shirt 150. Hat, \$25, and I said where does the man get off that marries you, and I advised her not to tell the next prospect (for she is looking) that she wore 16.50 corsets.

Aunt E and I are going to the auto show in Boston next week - wish you were both here to go. Some party we would have. Now don't you think that I have out done myself. I do. I believe I owe Jerry one or two letters but this will make up for all of yours.

Hope you are both well and we shall want to hear from you often.

Where are you to be next summer, it will be here before we know it. We hope you will see Putnam before vacation ends.

With love to you both

Mar 8/20

Sincerely

Uncle E.C.K.

Aunt Emma thinks this letter ought to be censored. Do you?



L to R: Dorothy, Kathleen and Marjorie. This may be at Oberlin College about 1920.

[Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



*[This letter dated **March 28, 1920** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Phebe. He tells her that her little sisters in China (Marjorie and Kathleen) pray that God will help her in her class. They are headed back to the U.S. in about two months. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]*

Foochow, China.
March 28th 1920

Dear Phebe:-

It is 9 p.m. so this will be a very short letter- not at all like the good long ones you write me and the others here. Your last was specially interesting telling about the superstition of your room mate. Superstition is not by any means confined to China and the non-Christian countries. There is a lot of it in our own dear land and among the nicest people there- and perhaps thee and me may have a bit ourselves.

I wish you could hear your little sisters pray every night "Help Phebe in her class." Every night since we heard of your difficulties with those youngsters both girlies have asked the Father to help you in trying to help them.

Today has been a beautiful clear spring like day. Mama and I walked out to An Seu- the last large village on the plain as you go from S. Side to the foot of Kuliang. Only 20 pupils have as yet begun school, but the little church was so crowded with men and women that the last two men who came in could not find seats till we had crowded the little folks up. All the churches are full every Sunday.

Good night- I'll add more and get this off in the next mail.

May 31. Wed. evening- We are having beautiful Spring weather- just right. Some of the people are putting on summer clothes. College is in full swing again. We were all afraid lest there would be very few students this term. We have been registering about 400= 160 in the Higher Primary or 170 and 220-230 in the Middle School this year we have 175 in each,- due to the student's strike of last term, and we feel very fortunate.

Ray Gardner has been ill for most a month and it will be two weeks before he will be able to do anything, as he has about 22 periods a week in College it is rather hard.-

A lot of people are going home- Belchers- Hubbards have already gone, - and we'll be going in a little over two months- where will we find a place to stop? - No word from Oberlin and they say Shelton is full- We'll have to build a house boat and float in a river or pond.

How do you like the enclosed from Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness".

With lots of love

Father

Willard L. Beard

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar.
No harm can come from him to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

Whittier "The Eternal Goodness"

*[This letter, dated **March 31, 1920**, was written from the Western Hills of China by Mary to the folks at home. She is there for vacation and tells about the area and things that they have seen and done. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Probably the Western Hills]
March 31 [1920]

Dear Folks at Home-

Wish you were here to see the view. I am sitting on the bottom step of our cottage. Several other cottages dot the hillsides of various sizes, three large tombs and some ordinary cemeteries while the land is divided into all sorts of irregular shapes by roads, fences and dry creek beds. Beyond are low hills, one with a temple crowning it, a

river and then more hills. As I sit here alone it is so quiet that I hear the dull rumble of the camel bells as the trains of camels pass on the roads far out on the plains. The longest train I have seen was about 40 in number. Mostly they are from ten to twenty in number.

I am in a quandary now. As I sit here above the plain I see the two small boys of the party deliberately doing the thing I told them they might not do. I fear they will come in with huge appetites and get sent to bed with only bread and water to satisfy it unless they cease.

One very new tomb quite near us has been undergoing marvelous changes. One day we went off and left the plane barren. When we came back the front court was set with rows of pine trees. Every day more trees appear and now the whole hillside back of the place is marked out with little ?? for more trees. The family have a home foreign style (on the outside) just next the tomb and are planting trees in front of that too.

There are nine of us out here, three teachers and six children. Eva Price was sick before coming out and thinks mostly of her stomach and how it "acts". I say "yes" or "no" and change the subject because the details are tiresome. Grace Parsons puts the youngsters up to all sorts of tricks and jumbles for them every time they don't get just what they want at the very instant they want it. I forgot myself today and told her she had got to stop some of her nonsense. I guess I feel out of sorts and am weary of a vacation full of so much responsibility. But how I do enjoy it when everything goes smoothly!!

There is a funeral in one of the near villages. The drums beat off and on and the mourners blow the deep toned long horns. Just now they set off strings of firecrackers. I am waiting for them to start off with the catafalque.

We have had company here all the time. Dr. and Mrs. Lennox and children have the cottage just below us and two girls were out in another cottage for the week-end. Mrs. Lennox presented us with a bottle of fresh milk and some fudge last evening. We had malt-candy and cookies with which to return the favor. The girls gave us enough celery for a soup and four eggs just for the sake of not having to carry them back.

As you will judge, it is vacation. The last two weeks of school were very full ones. I went in to Peking time for the Holyoke-Smith play rehearsals and plans. Then on March 19 when we teachers were giving our annual entertainment for the children I went to bed and missed it all. There was a rehearsal the next day and the following Monday and I could not attend rehearsals so I had to give up my part. I did not even go to the play for I changed my plans and came to the Hills the day after school closed.

We have visited four temples, two ??, the Hunting Park and taken a stroll over the hilltops. The temple Tien Tai Shan to which we went yesterday has an interesting history. In 1661 the Emperor lost his wife and wounded so sincerely her loss that he was published as dead. Instead he retreated to this temple and became Abbot. To corroborate the story is the fact that when the next Emperor visited Tien Tai Shan the Abbot did not bow low as a priest should. Also, when the Abbot died in 1670 the Emperor sent robes of yellow (Imperial) and other gifts used only for royalty. The Memory of the priest sits in a throne with a gorgeous yellow satin robe on. Every year he gets a new one and all the old ones are kept in locked chests. The hangings in the room are all of Imperial yellow satin also.

We stopped at Shir Cheng Shan on the way back. The hill was made into a fortress by one of the eunuchs in 1520 or thereabouts. He planned to tunnel the mountains and turn the river into Peking to flood the city. Then he was to seize the throne and be Emperor. The fortress was to defend the entrance to the tunnel. His plot was discovered in time to prevent the digging of the tunnel. On the peak of the hill is a Mohammedan temple, small but with a glorious outlook.

Good news. I made myself as conspicuous as I could when I saw the boys start off. Evidently they saw me so took a ride around and came home. At least they had not been gone long enough to go to the river as I had forbidden them to do.

I have squandered 10 good dollars on a book that has almost proved it's worth on this trip. It is "Peking" by Juliet Bredon. She has devoted two whole chapters to these hills and a little foreknowledge makes the trip so much more worth while.

Everything is smooth and fine so forget my grumbling earlier in this letter. You ought to see our bloomer brigade. But bloomers are the thing for mountain climbing and donkey riding. I will mail this in the city tomorrow enroute home. We leave on a 9.30 train so must ?? and off by 8.30. Lots of love Mary Beard



Written in album: "Boarding train at Hsi Chi Men – Western Hills Trip 1920"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated April 18, 1920, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. School is coming to a close and they will be sending three of their graduates to college. They have received a gift of money for their school. She tells of a man who was trying to raise money for a Peking school. Mary has been granted a year of furlough with her salary continuing while in the U.S. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

North China American School
 Tunghsien, Peking, China Apr. 18, 1920.

Dear Folks at home:-

This is a glorious morning- birds singing, lilacs in bloom, and trees at the bewitching stage of leaving out. It is Sunday, and everything going on that a Sunday morning suggests. Our spring-time is so short, it merges into summer's heat so soon that we hold on to these temperate days just as long as we can.

School is proceeding fast. There are so many things to be finished up in the next two months that there is not much time to apace and the days go fast. We are graduating three young men this year all of whom go on to college next fall!

Monday evening:- It has been so hot all day that we are relieved to have the cool of the evening. I have been to Peking which is getting to be my usual Monday's stunt. In some way errands multiply as we grow. This time it was to get my picture taken for this year's N.C.A.S. Annual.

Events are very interesting for our school just now. We have a gift of \$15000 from the Mrs. Russell Sage Fund, but it consists of securities which have to be sold and are not yet available. In the meantime our numbers are increasing and we receive three or four inquiries each week for next year so that without doubt we shall need to prepare for at least 509 pupils next fall. We hear that the Y.M.C.A. (of which Mr. Petters of Peking a member) has voted to a majority for their children to come to Tunghsien. No one outside of Peking wishes to send their children to Peking to school. The American Business Men's Association (of which he was a member) has dwindled to nothing. Last winter it gave Mr. P. a public calling down in the paper. The American Chamber of Commerce has voted not to give the \$22000 to build his school and have answered that they do not understand upon what authority he has imposed upon them the responsibility for such a sum. He had parceled out \$100000, so that the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and the Business Men of Peking should each give \$22000 and the Rockefeller's \$33000. We know that the Presbyterians have no notion of giving that money. Now that the Chamber of Commerce has turned him down and his own people have out voted for him, it looks rather dubious for his school. Another fact against his success is that the man who is principal says the little high school that he has had this year has been the bane of the

school. For the five children in it, he has had to give up all supervision of the grade classes. It looks as though the bubble would give its last gasp soon. It has been a big bluff from the beginning and now it looks as though the Methodists might be asking to come back, as I am told the Bishop is "on to" the man who sprang the coup d'état on the Methodists church board last year. Besides the New York M.E. Board has never given its sanctions to the deed anyway. We are doing the "And the barber kept on shaving" act, and hope this would better be kept "in the family" for a while, as matters are not yet clinched here. We have our plans for a big addition in the hands of the architect now so that as soon as the money comes, we shall be ready to build. The addition is to be twice the size of our present building. Just what we are to do with our big family next year is the problem that is facing us now, but we hope we see a way through.

The N.C.A.S Board of Managers has granted Mary a year's furlough, with her salary continuing while at home. She sails the last of June from Yokohama, and I hope, now, to go that far with her. I do not yet know whether I can get away. We had hoped that the new principal would be here this coming fall, but he declined our offer, and so I stay on. Besides, I am rather tempted to stay and see things through. Things are mighty interesting.

A few weeks ago we had Dr. John Dewey and his family spend the day with us. Last Saturday we had a perfect deluge of company in the compound so that we had over seventy to our tea. The occasion was a musicale given by a woman in Peking who has a fine voice. Mrs. Josselyn (nee Miss Dudley) happened along and added her violin to the occasion. It was the best musicale outside talent that we ever have had. This Saturday we are expecting a lot more of company, then I think we shall have a lull until May 15th when hundreds of Peking people come out here to hold the May meeting of the Peking Mother's Club. We have two recitals for our piano pupils, a play, and graduation and another play to plan for so that we shall be busy until Mary goes. We began packing for her to-day. I am sending home a few things by her.

I am hoping that Mary can persuade Edith to come back with her to stay awhile here and then go home with me around by the way of Europe. It would be a fine trip for her and would keep Mary and me company on our journeys. If ever I can get caught up in my work, I am going to with Edith, but you might mention the subject to her and let her begin to think about it. Mary will have pictures and curios to show some of the beauties of the land.

To-morrow we are going to call on Acting Minister Dr. C.D Tenney and his wife at the Legation. They are giving an 'at home' in honor of Mr. Larmont who is travelling here in the interests of American industries as they can help China. He is interested in missions and the missionaries are especially invited to-morrow. Mary and I have been planning to call any way but shall not let this take the place of the call we wish to make. Last year when Mrs. Rider (Mr. Tenney's sister) and her daughter were here, we saw much more of the Tenneys.

We have had a delightful visit with Mr. and Mrs. Josselyn (nee Miss Dudley) and now they leave very soon for Chungking away up the Yangste river, where they have another year to stay before they are shifted. She is hoping their next station may be nearer to Peking.

Yours with love-

Flora Beard.

P.S. Enclosed is a price of my new crepe dress. F.B.

*[This letter, dated **May 9, 1920**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to her mother and everybody. Mary wishes her mother a happy Mother's Day. She attended a Chemistry Society meeting one day and took a walk through the old summer palace with a group another day. While eating some chocolate candy she cracked her tooth and had to have it repaired. They attended a reception for President Hsu. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S.

May 9, 1920

Dear Mother and Everybody,

Mother gets a special greeting hence I am writing on Mother's Day. We celebrated by all wearing red roses at breakfast. But the best was the good sermon we had this afternoon. Mr. Schwartz talked on decision. His reading was the story of Elijah and the Priests of Baal. He gave the three great needs of character as courage, concentration and conversation and Christ as the only safe guide.

To go back a few weeks. Two weeks ago Saturday I left at noon to go out to Tsing Hua for the Chemistry Society meeting. I was to be one of a house full of ladies at Mrs. Pierles. Three of us materialized. Mr. Peirle and the men slept at Mr. Jones' but ate with us. We had a grand Chinese feast at 6.30 then Captain Castenedrio[?], Italian, gave a paper on balloon gas. He used to be a professor of Chemistry but joined the Aviation Corp. when Italy entered war and was in the balloon service all four years. He is secretary of the Legation in Peking now.

On Sunday we all went for a long walk through the old Summer Palace and had the servant meet us with a picnic lunch at the gate of one of the Prince's palaces. Alas the Prince who now owns the place had sent word he was coming out that day. Everything was swept and garnished but not for us. We tried a second with the same result and ended by sitting by the roadside with a word of Chinese to watch the process. The brunch was extra good and our appetites keen so we had fun in spite of the obstacles. Monday morning I heard the first part of a lecture by Miss Welch. She was in Europe during 1916-1917 as correspondent; in Paris, Venice, and other towns near the Austrian front. She was thrilling and had herself an audience reduced to tears. I liked Captain Castenedrio better, stirring but not emotional.

Last week- and I gadded worse yet. On Thursday I was eating some sweet chocolate and one of my teeth cracked clear up through to the root. Dr. Love pulled out the loosened piece and I at once called a Dentist to get it filled to be safe till I get home. On Friday I took the evening train to Peking, had my tooth filled, went to Mrs. Corbett's for supper and the night. The Choral Club was rendering "Elijah" that evening so of course I went. It was one of the best productions I have heard. Mr. Congdon is always good and a new soprano, Mrs. Little, was most excellent. Mrs. Dunlap was good too, altho her voice is too small for a big ball.

I had planned to go to Tientsin Saturday afternoon anyway at noon so cut the morning too and left on the 8.35. In Tientsin I spend Saturday night with the McCann's as they are nearest Madame Yanagi, the dress maker. On Sunday Mr. Lieper called and took us to church then I went out to Hsi Kou with him after church. I took a short nap after luncheon then got a rickshaw and went to see Marion Evans and have tea. She has three darling little girls, the baby only 10 mos. Mr. and Mrs. Leiper came for me in their auto. I helped Mrs. L. put the babies to bed then we went over to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley's for dinner.

Monday morning I just sat around and talked with Mrs. Lieper till time to start down town about 10.30. I had to get some Georgette crepe and take it to the dress maker. I lunched at the Grime's and took the 2.35 train for Peking. Flora met me at the station and we started at once for home in rickshaws. She had some sandwiches which we ate and then had hot soup on our arrival about 9.30.

On Tuesday we were invited to go to Peking for 8.00 P.M. dinner at the Legation. It was full noon but we were too tired for the long ride by man power so the three of us hired an auto at 7.00 to bring us home.

Lessons, rehearsals, a little tennis and studying filled the time till Friday noon. We closed at 11.45 because we were all invited to join a party and attend President Hsu's reception. There have been several changes in the Palace and one whole series of palaces not open the last two years were free for us to visit this year. We also were taken across the lake in the picturesque barges instead of having to walk way round. Again we came home by auto, but seven to a machine at the same price.

Yesterday was our holiday because of the visit the day before. I packed all day long except when I stopped to wash my hair and again late to go to tea at Mrs. Arthur Smith's.

If you have not paid my Geographic subscription, please do so. It is going to have some very fine articles which I want. I'll let it come here and have Flora save them for me. I have a whole shelf of bound volumes.

Dr. Smith has been showing me snap shots of the big snow fall in Northampton, Mass, and shuddering over the cold I'll have to endure next winter. He does not scare me at all.

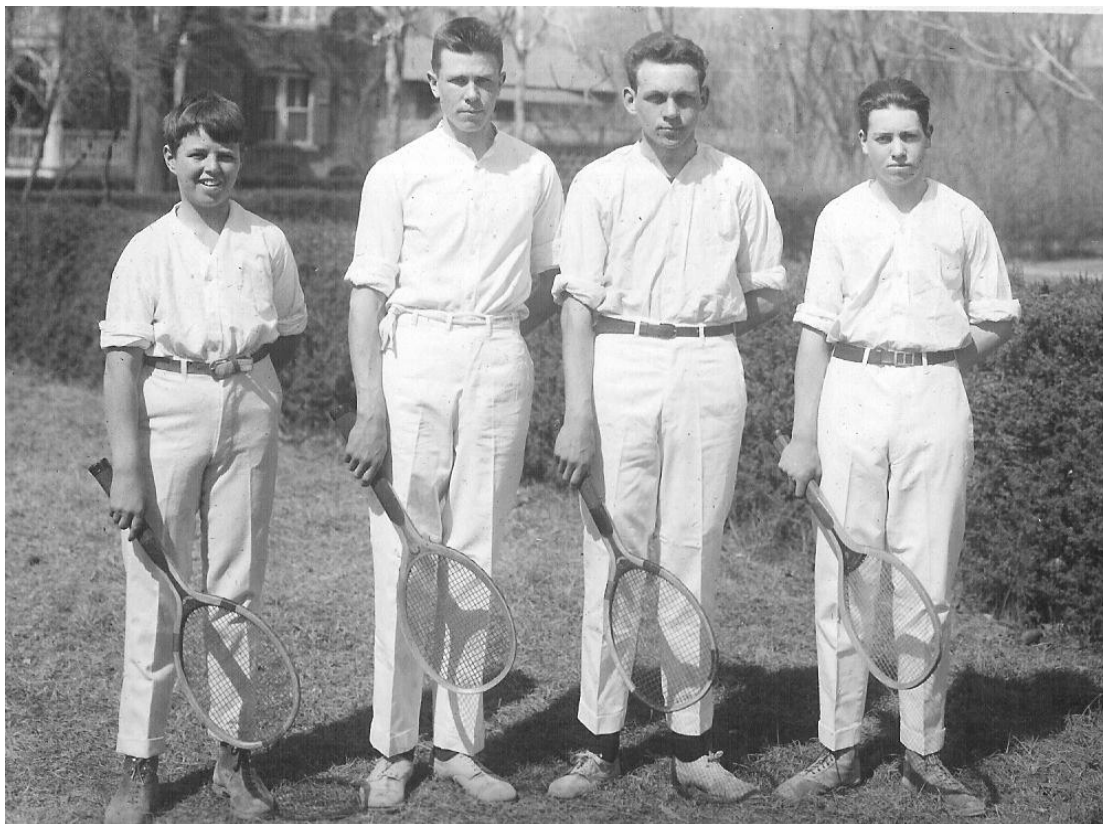
Next time I write I'll be able to give dates of sailing and plans for leaving here. My box to be freighted to Kobe is packed and I shall get it off this week. It seems as though there were little but newspaper in it when I think of the number there; but there are a few things besides judging from my list of contents.

A letter from Stanley and Myra enclosed snapshots of Nancy and Stephen. They are dears.

I am using spare time and other on reading the "As You Like It" cast. My fame is spreading. I was offered a part in the Mother's Club play and asked to read the College Club play. Perhaps I'd better change my occupation(!).

Lots of love to everybody. We are well but up to our ears in work. My exercise is playing tennis in a ladder tournament.

Mary.



Written in album: "Bergen Stelle, Victor Hicks, Hartwell Ayers, Lawrence Galt Tennis Team 1920."
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter, dated **May 9, 1920**, was written from Shanghai, China by Willard to his mother. He attended an American Song service in honor of Mother's Day. He is in Shanghai for a China Continuation Committee meeting. They will be travelling back to the U.S. via Vancouver, Canada on the Empress of Russia in July and Mary will be returning to the U.S. a couple of weeks earlier. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Missionary Home
 Shanghai, China
 May 9th 1920

Dear Mother:-

To day has been observed here as Mother's Day. I attended the American Song Service this afternoon and greatly enjoyed it. There is an audience of perhaps 300 at these services which were started for Americans some three or four years ago. They are as yet held in a rented hall and are of an informal nature, - much singing by the audience always an anthem by a small choir or a duet or solo and scripture and prayer with a short talk. They are held at 5 p.m. and do not interfere with any of the regular church services. This Mother's Day meeting was conducted much like a prayer meeting. The leader told us he wanted anyone who would rise and tell the incident in his mother's life which had most impressed him or the characteristics of his mother which most impressed him. There were at times three on their feet at once and it was most impressive. One man said his mother never punished her children. The next man said that if that was the ideal and if punishment was unnecessary his mother had wasted much time.

I left Foochow April 28th and the steamer left Pagoda April 29, arriving in Shanghai May 1 at 4:30 a.m. I took a fellow passenger to the Dr. Lacy's house and then went at once to the Missionary Home. The people were at breakfast. As I entered the dining room the first person I saw was Mr. Hodous. We were also room mates and it has been good to be with him again.

The China Continuation Committee met May 3rd at 9:30 a.m. and was in session morning and afternoon daily closing at 7:30 p.m. Friday, May 7th. I was appointed chairman of the Business Committee and had enough to

do to keep me from idleness, - only one protracted evening meeting - 8:30 to 11:30. Mr. Hodous attended all the sessions. He wanted me to go with him up the Yangtse to KiuKiang and from there to Nangshang thence overland on foot to Shaowu and down the river to Foochow. But this is at least a two weeks trip and I did not feel as if it would be right to take the time. The trip is very interesting and lets you see a lot of China. As it is I am caught in Shanghai for at least a week. A Japanese steamer left yesterday for Foochow. But in the present student situation I deemed it very unwise to go by a Japanese steamer. So I must wait till this week Friday or Sat. before I can get a boat. I have not heard a word from Foochow since I left and do not know whether the students are in school or not.

I have tried hard to get our route changed to go by way of Honolulu but there is no use talking with the S. Ship Companies. I asked an agent if he had anything the last of May or first of June- "Do you mean next year?" he said. The earliest it is possible to book is next Nov. Yesterday morning I went down to see the Empress of Russia off- or rather to see the passengers on the tender. We are booked for her next trip July 3rd. The dates as advertised are Shanghai July 3; Yokohama July 10. Vancouver July 19. Our plan now is to come East at once and see all the people, and leave Conn. in time to put the children in school, - This plan we will follow, provided there is a place for us to live in in Oberlin. This will give us about one month in Conn.

The Empress of Russia is one of the big, fast boats, 16850 tons goes 20 knots an hour- makes Vancouver from Yokohama in 9 days, carries 296 first class, 84 second class, 92 third class and 690 steerage, 1162 passengers in all. In 1916 when I came home it took 16 days from Yokohama to Vancouver on the steamer that I took.

Tues. May 11. The paper this morning says that my steamer leaves this week Friday evening for Foochow.

Shanghai is planning a big American School. The Committee has purchased over 30 acres of land and plan to erect 6 buildings- 1 Main School building- 2 dormitories- 2 buildings for staff and a Gymnasium. They hope to be using the buildings in Sept. 1921. Then there is a plan to build around this a model American settlement. In the minds of the Committee they will need to plan for 500 American children by the end of 5 years. There are now about 175 in the school.

The girlies are feeling the thrills of going home and being at home. Marjorie said the other day, "Oh how exciting it will be to set in the R.R. station and hear the train come in and see the passengers rushing about and rush ourselves for our train and rush for our seats." From the reports brought back by all who have recently been home and from our letters from home, we shall have to plan very closely in order to live within our income. This with the labor situation and the race troubles and the general unrest of man everywhere- and the fact that I have crossed the ocean seven times keeps me from having the same excited feeling that I had at other times. Then it may be just possible that after a person passes 50 years he does not get as excited over such things, as he did at 20 or 30 years of age. It is very interesting tho to see the enthusiasm of others- younger.

I wish Mary and we could travel home together but in the present congested state of the steamers there is no use of talking. Then she can start two weeks earlier than we can.

God has been very good to us all. He has kept us from calamity when the world has been thru the greatest cataclysm of history. We have all kept on in our chosen pursuits with success. We shall not see the faces of Ruth and Olive and Gracie but they are very near us and their memories are very sweet and help us to be better people. God has graciously preserved you and father and we can look forward to seeing you in a few weeks now.

I think of you as planting corn just about now. I wish I was there to help. I am sorry I shall be too late for haying- perhaps I can mow the road sides.

With Love to all Will

*[This letter, dated **May 21, 1920**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She and Flora will be going to Japan. Flora will stay to visit with Willard when he is en route to the U.S. Mary will leave for the U.S. prior to that. She tells news of the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[May 21, 1920]

Dear Ones at Home-

Elizabeth's letter telling of the blizzard early in March came yesterday. Flora had one from Hattie by the same mail.

May 21

The above shows that I had a good intention once but never carried it out. (We were reminded in a talk recently that a certain place is "paved with good intentions" so I'll try not to add too much to the strength of that floor.)

Just last Monday Flora and I engaged passage to leave here June 20 for Japan. She stays there to see Willard and take a vacation seeing things. I sail to 29th on the Shinyo Maru. Our plan for going by rail through

Korea, fell through because it is more expensive and Flora and I had not the money. I'm not paying my passage but I guess the Board will be glad to save on me.

A recent letter from Stanley and Myra brought darling pictures of Stephen and Nancy.

Would you tell Abbie that I shall have to bring Edith's coat unmade because it is impossible to get a tailor now. My tailor has several things of mine and was supposed to bring them last Thursday (the 13th) but has not appeared yet. People in Peking say many of the tailor shops are running all night as well as all day. Chong Sing refused to take extra work from new patrons last time he was down. I'll try again but doubt having success. Everyone wants to get sewing done before going away for the summer. The tailor is making over several things for me.

One of my dresses came from Madame Tanagi and it is a beauty. I hope the other comes soon for I do want to see it, altho I probably will not wear it here except to show it off.

This morning I gave the school monogram to the members of the girl's basket ball team because they won two match games with the Chinese girls of the college in Peking.

We are working hard every afternoon on the "As You Like It" for the last day of school. We have a fine out-of-door stage where we have to add only a log seat or two to fix it up.

Last week three of our pupils left rather suddenly. The father is in India and sent the older son to bring the whole family down there. He has thought every month that he would come home the next, but has given up hope.

We are getting a little taste of heat. Twice it has blown up and clouded over and given every indication of a coming storm. Both times it cleared and for a day was cool and clear as though it had stormed. The crops are getting sadly in need of rain.

Last Saturday the Mother's Club came down. We all (about 200) had picnic lunch together down by the artesian well. The members of the Club in Tungchow furnished the lunch for the children and supper for the adults. Such a joke happened. Drinks were being passed freely to everyone. We at the school had ice cream and there were four or five others who did. One guest saw us (about 40) visiting the freezer and so thought it a public affair like the drink jar. She offered her own plate and asked for cream[?]. Fortunately I knew her and so told the boy "yes". Fortunately also she knows no Chinese so did not understand what I said. Later she discovered her mistake and was most contrite. I told her I sanctioned her having it or the boy would have refused.

The Club gave a little 20 minute play and then we served tea over in the Academy Library. There was a long time to stand around and talk afterward.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant drove down in their car and arrived just as people were starting for the train. We induced them to stay for supper by using lettuce as a bribe. It was interesting to hear all about Delnoce and her work at school. They brought back a young cousin, nephew of Mrs. Grant, with them. He is an only child as Delnoce is, so I told Mrs. Grant she and her sister have just changed children.

May 22.

Mrs. Bader and her sister whom Flora and I visited last Fall at Tsing Hua, came Saturday evening to spend Sunday. We had quite a gay supper Saturday night. On Sunday we showed off our beautiful compound in spite of occasional sprinkles. Service was at 3.30 because Dr. Ingram had to get back to Peking that night. A cup of tea after service made it time to start for the train. The Tsing Hua boys had been on strike for two weeks but had announced that they would go back to work on Monday. As both guests had classes at 8.00 it was necessary to make a brief visit.

Strawberries are ripe and we have them once a day now. Lettuce, radishes and beet greens are other tastes of spring.

Trudy Martin has chicken pox. We are hoping it does not get at us and have every reason to hope for no child had been here for 48 hours before she showed a spot.

I'll save any other ?? till the middle of summer so there will be something left to talk about. Lots of love

Mary

Songs sung during supper at Miss Mary L. Beard's Birthday Party, May 29, 1920
[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S.

O beautiful for spacious lawn, For shady moat and wall,
For purple violets in the spring, For sodding lilacs tall;
N.C.A.S.! N.C.A.S. ! The fairest spot we know,
In grace and beauty over dressed, In grace and beauty grow.

O beautiful for stately flad, with folds of morning light,
'Neath China's sun as beautiful, As in the Homeland bright.
N.C.A.S ! N.C.A.S.! God's blessing rest on thee,
And on thy children every one, From sea to shining sea. — Miss Eva R. Price

Miss Mary

(Tune- Co ca che hunk, che hunk, che laily.)
When we first came on this campus, Every bouncing lad and lass,
Just how green we were we knew not,
Till we entered Miss Mary's class.

-Chorus-

Co ca che hunk, che hunk, che laily, Co ca che hunk, che hunk, che lay,
Co ca che hunk, che hunk, che laily, Till we learned Miss Mary's way.

Not the wisest do the bluffing, Not the learned look most wise.
Little proplets, all your scheming , To pull the wool o'er Miss Mary's eyes.

Chorus (When you learn Miss Mary's way.)

But whene'er you're really working, Sure you have just dandy times,
Learning wonders now in Science, Latin and old Shakespeare's lines.

Chorus (When you learn Miss Mary's way.)

When you come again to Tung Chou, Mistess Mary O'er the sea,
You will find us all awaiting, Just as tickled as we can be.

Chorus (Since we've learned Miss Mary's way.)

(Tune – Mary's Little Lamb.)

Mary had a little school, little school, little school, Mary had a little school, N.C.A. S. its name.
Every day it worked and played, worked and played, worked and played,
Every day it worked and played, till widely grew its fame.
What makes the school love Mary so, Mary so, Mary so,
What makes the school love Mary so, the eager pupils cry.
Why, Mary loves the school, you know, school, you know, school, you know,
Why, Mary loves the school, you know, the teachers all reply.
But Mary soon will cross the sea, cross the sea, cross the sea,
But Mary soon will cross the sea, what will the school do then?
'Twill work and play most faithfully, faithfully, faithfully,
'Twill work and play most faithfully, till Mary comes again.

(Tune – Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.)

Don't you hear them say she's going away? Miss Mary Beard is going home to U.S.A.
We hope that she'll come back and teach for many a day, She'll find a welcome in N.-C.-A.-S.

(Tune – Aloha)

Farewell, farewell, Miss Mary dear, We fear that you're not very sad to leave us,
We hope next year, you'll come back here, And be glad to see us again.

(Tune - ?)

They say that Miss Mary she ain't got no style! Style all the while, style all the while.
They say that Miss Mary she aint' got no style! She's style all the while, all the while.

(Tune- Merrily We Roll Along.)

Good night, Mary, Good night Mary, Good night Mary, You're going to leave us soon.
Peacefully please sail along, Sail along, sail along,
Peacefully please sail along, And then come back again.

*[This letter, dated **June 5, 1920**, was written from Berlin, Connecticut by Phebe Kinney Beard to her Grandma. Phebe is teaching in Berlin and tells about her busy week. School will be ending soon. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Berlin, Conn.
June 5, 1920.

Dear Grandma,

When we left you in Derby, we got almost a new buss and went right into New Haven. We tried to call on Mr. and Mrs. Markham, but found that they had broken up housekeeping. Eva is in New York with Eunice Kinnear, I suppose. You knew didn't you, that Eunice expects to become a mother in July, and has been critically ill with pneumonia this winter. Finney is boarding at one of the dormitories, so the landlady informed us. So we didn't see either of them.

This week has been very busy. On Tuesday night I attended a good, but tediously long piano recital by the pupils of one of the teachers in New Britain. Three two-piano duets were the most entertaining features on the program. Then again last night in spite of all the downpour Helen Cowles, the daughter of the Mrs. Cowles who is Mrs. Graff's friend, gave a vocal recital. She is soon to be married and just before the last encore Mr. Beebe her accompanist played a measure of the wedding march. Then she sang "If Nobody Ever Marries Me"! It took very well.

On Thursday and Friday evenings the school took our time first for a pleasant Parent Teacher's Association Meeting where June Briggs[?] furnished some entertainment impromptu, and then the school operetta again. It didn't go so well this time as at first, but we realized enough to make about \$122 from the two performances. Miss Lyons plans to make up the cost of the piano by taxing each child ten cents.

Bowling took our time on Wednesday night. We played the men against the girls and we came as near as eleven points behind them in one series. We think that is pretty good for the first year against experienced players.

The problem that faces me here in Berlin for next year is where I am to live. The Honisses want me, the Smiths have asked me to come back to help them keep their home together- if some one is here with them the two ladies will feel more comfortable in staying here- and Miss Lyons wants me to keep house with her. All are good places, and yet there is some difficulty in making a choice at once wise and pleasant to myself and all concerned.

The flowers came thru very well. All this week I have enjoyed the lady slippers and lily of the valley. I haven't got used to the size of those lady slippers yet. They don't have them in these parts at all in the quantities that you have them. We certainly thank you all for taking us to the woods and helping us get them and packing them so beautifully for us.

And I thank you ever and ever so much for letting me bring Jeannette down. It troubled me very much to think that we didn't meet Aunt Elizabeth, after keeping her waiting so long. I'll meet my appointment next time even if it is late!

We were so glad to see Uncle Stanley's family. Jeannette loves children, and I've shown her my pictures of Nancy and Stephen, and the children themselves are so much dearer that I was glad she could see them. They are wonderful children; we girls have often spoken about how well they were cared for and how advantageously their care showed in them.

With two sets of people to care for I'm afraid you had your hands full, you and Aunt Phebe and Aunt Elizabeth. I just hope you didn't get too tired. We certainly appreciated going down to the parade on Monday. I hope Nancy and Stephen can come up to see the circus parade this month. We were very glad to see all of you

people; and I do hope that our coming didn't cause any change in your original plans. I should have been more thoughtful than to have brought so many people into your care at once, especially just after house cleaning.

Mrs. Smith is having a granddaughter visiting her now from Ohio, just from her first year of teaching, too. She is a very interesting girl. There is also a very mysterious but fascinating lady here evidently from New York. She seems to know about everything from Eastside Settlements to Montreal and the latest stage or theatrical successes. She is a very interesting conversationalist.

Reports are going in weekly now, and everyone is so tired they are just waiting for school to end. Only two weeks more! Mr. Showalter gave us such a nice talk at the last teacher's meeting. He would make a fine chaplain.

I hope Grandpa will find some one to help him thru the spring and summer. We asked him if he didn't want us as farmerettes and he seemed to have no objections! We have heard from Vermont so summer school is assured. A good letter from Marjorie and Father came the other day. It really sounds as if they were starting!!! Aunt Mary starts about two weeks now, doesn't she!

Thank you again muchly for our pleasant visit.

Very, very lovingly, Phebe K.

I think I must have sent Gould's letter to Geraldine for I haven't it here. You shall see it as soon as I get it.

*[This letter dated **June 29, 1920** was written from the M.S. Mt. Baker in the South Atlantic Ocean by Gould to his sister Dot. He is on a ship and has been in port in Argentina. He tells all about his stay, ships and crews from other countries, the people of Argentina, their houses, stores, and women's skirt lengths and style. He went to a dance and learned some South American dances. He went partridge hunting with some men from other ships. He teased about what they might think if he brought back a South American girl for a wife. Letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]*

M.S. Mt. Baker
South Atlantic, Northward
Bound.
June 29, 1920

Dearest Sister Dot:-

I'm repenting from my hard feelings for not having received any mail for five months. Just the last thing before pulling out of Bahia Blanca I got a letter written by Aunt Phebe on Mar. 22nd and it has been lying in the American Consulate since April 23rd because she didn't put the name of the ship on it and they had no idea whom the Gould Beard might be or when he would show up for his letter. That is absolutely the only letter I have received from home since leaving Gulfport Miss. I got some, if I remember correctly from various girls (not my relatives) while in Habana, but even they deserted me. When we arrived in Bahia Blanca there was a stack of mail for us, but I was the only man aboard that did not get something. As I am about the biggest writer, it struck everyone as a huge joke. I don't really know what I have done to make you all stop writing. If you keep up your silence you can expect the same from me until some day I arrive unexpectedly home.

We had a pretty good trip down. The weather was good, with the exception of one hard blow that kept us nearly in the same spot for two days. We hit plenty of steamers when we struck Penambuca, and were constantly in sight of them until we got past Rio de Janeiro, when they thinned out. After passing Buenos Aires we saw none at all until we were in the channel going to Bahia Blanca.

Bahia Blanca and terrain are as level as a nigger's hoe cake. Only one mountain peak peeps about the horizon toward the North West. The main city sits three miles inland and has three small ports to do her commercial business. First in line as we went up came the Military Port. It is a small group of dry docks and machine shops, with a few houses, marine barracks, a railroad station etc, around there. Next in line is Ingenieria White where we lay. It is the largest of the three and it is quite a little town. There are four docks; two are open and two are covered with huge grain elevators. Port Galvan is the third in line and is mostly grain elevators. A distance of three miles separates each of the three ports. When we arrived, there were 54 ships in port. Most of them were English. Two French ships, two Japs, four American, two Argentine, one Brazilian, and on Spaniard and a Norwegian ship made up the rest. Of the English ships in Port over three quarters were German ships. Two of the Americans including ourselves were wooden. The Frenchman was a sailing vessel. I never saw the like of the English officers. Every man who held any office or ship board of an Englishman was toggged out from head to foot in gold braid uniforms. The Japs about did them one better though. The American and Norwegians always wore civilian clothes except the shipping board ship and most of her officers followed the American custom of wearing civilian clothes ashore. Shortly before one left, the Belgian training ship for merchant marine officers came in and

they took the cake for Uniform Willies. They even included white kid gloves in their shore rig. Nevertheless, even if I am haranguing them for wearing such flashy togs, the brighter the uniform, the more attention was paid you and the better liked you were among the Argentineans. We Americans did not stand much show when a gold braid was in sight of the girls; and if it had not been that we were all better paid and richer than the gold braids we might have been left out of it all together.

Argentina is just as cosmopolitan a country as the U.S. In fact all the east coast of So. Am. is the same. Germans, English, Spanish, Russians, Italians, Greeks, Portuguese and all the countries of Europe are represented and also Asia. Germans and Italians and Spanish predominate in Argentina. The middle aged and older men are very fond of the Kaiser Bill mustache, but the younger generation are mostly clean shaven as are men in the States. The people are very candid and hospitable once you are properly introduced to them, but if a stranger, you are outside a brick wall to them. The houses on the outside do not look houselike but on the inside no pains are spared to make the house beautiful. The houses are built much on the same general plan as I have represented in the sketch. A is (a) little receiving room, (b) is the parlor, (c and d) are bedrooms, (e) is the dining room, and (f) the kitchen. (B) is the characteristic places of every house. It is a garden piazza or open, usually with a tile floor but always beautifully filled with ferns, flowers, palms, and small trees. It is the most used place in summer and is not deserted in winter, for even as far South at Bahia Blanca there is only frost occasionally.

I found the stores in Bahia Blanca every bit as good as any New York store. Americans and English goods predominated although before the war German goods were in the majority. I saw fancy clocks on the Spanish style that I wanted to buy until I saw "made in U.S.A." on them. I asked for perfume, the best they had, and among others they handed me Colgate perfume. I finally left Bahia Blanca with only two men's belts of braided leather as souvenirs. Furs are cheap down here and very good furs too, but as the country is not as cold, the animals are not as thickly furred as up north, and I decided if I wanted to get you girls furs I would get them in the States.

The skirt is short, quite a bit shorter than the style in the States when I left. One of the best things about this dress is the neatness with which they always dress their feet. With the short skirt, their feet are conspicuous and they take particular pains with them. Powder and Paint are not prominent on their faces, but you rarely ever see a bad complexion. Their carriage is most graceful, not at all like the slip shod flop of some of the North American girls. Whenever you see a respectable girl in company you see her ma as her shaperone, and that unhappy individual doesn't even allow the sprightly seniorita to even sit on the other side of the dance hall from her. The young people here, men and girls, are the most graceful dancers I have ever seen. None of this bop, flop, and pump handle works, it is all gliding and whirling. If you really want to know how to dance come down here and learn it correctly. Well, how is that for an essay on "First Impressions of the Argentina Girl".

We unloaded our lumber in a week and a half and lay idle for two and a half weeks until our cargo of wheat was ready. It only took them a week to load her and if we had poured it in hulls instead of putting it in sacks we would have been finished in half the time.

I got to like Bahia Blanca pretty well before we left. You people up north think that Argentina is a wild and savage country, but I found the people just as cultured and civilized as any in the best part of Boston. The girls especially were stunningly beautiful. I very seldom saw one who was not very neatly dressed. Their clothes fit them well, their skirts hung gracefully, and they wear nothing that does not become them. They haven't got that habit of slapping on the clothes regardless of their comeliness, just because they are the style, that our girls in America have. The material is plain and usually the color is soft and mild. Some dress all in black, gray and dark maroon red and different shades of blue are popular.

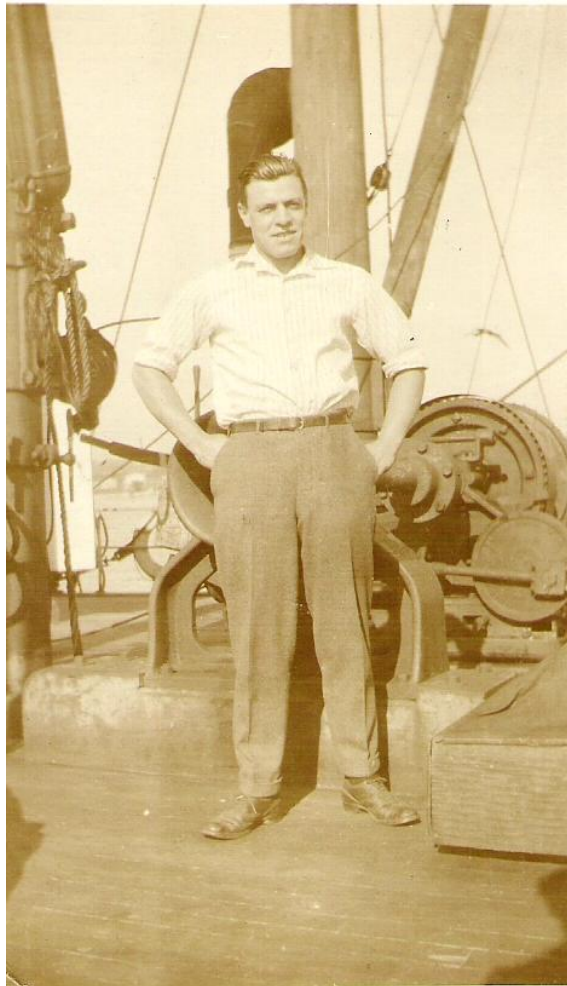
While the chief was in Buenos Aires on his last trip down here he met an Italian girl. As soon as we arrived, he beat it to Buenos Aires by train and married her. She is living aboard now. She met friends in Bahia Blanca and I being a young man had to be introduced to the girls of course! They couldn't speak any English and I couldn't speak any Spanish so we sat around at first much like idiots who can only express themselves by motion and contortions of the face. But that did not last long. When we went to their house to visit they asked me to dance, and I had to decline, but they wouldn't stand for that and so there was nothing to do but get up and make a fool of myself learning to dance and jelly of the girls toes who was trying to teach me. I ran one of them up against the wall a couple of times. Another I ran into her ma who was sitting on the side of the room and we both deposited ourselves at her feet, much to the amusement of the company. I don't think I did so badly however for they all seemed ready to take their turn and even came round for it if I tried to seat myself during the music. I attempted one step, two step, waltz, tango and fox trot. Tango and fox trot are the best. Dinner came along and the wine was served. They all drink or sip at it down here and it is a regular thing at lunch and dinner. They don't know how to drink water. They use water to wash clothes, but for drinking use wine. It took quite a bit of obstinate refusal, with a pleasant demeanor so as not to hurt their feelings, before they would consent to my drinking water. However, when the little champagne glasses were passed at the end of the meal I drank mine after the chief's wife had

explained to me that it would be an insult not to take it. I refused the cigarettes also and I guess for a time I was considered as a curiosity worthy of traveling alone. Nevertheless they always were inviting the chief's wife and myself to the house, so I guess they don't take offense if I do live up to my convictions. How would you like it if I should bring home a little Spanish girl for your sister in law?!!

Several of the skippers got of a hunting party one Sunday and the Chief and myself were invited along. The party was composed of an English skipper, a Norwegian skipper, our skipper who is Scotch, the stewards who unloaded and loaded on ship and his two daughters who went just for the ride, the Chief and wife, and last and least among them "meself". We packed into two cars, a Buick and a Hudson, and went 65 miles out onto the plains along dirt roads at the rate of 40 miles an hour. We got to our destination about 11:30 and started in at once. We took lunch at whatever time we could spare when we came in with some, at least that was the way the chief and myself worked it. Belgian hare, big, fat and furry, and partridges were plentiful. The day was cool and sunny and ideal for hunting. When we finished our hunting and took count we found that the Americans kind of cleaned up on the others. The English skipper had one hare and one partridge. The steward had three partridge. The Norwegian skippers and our skipper got drunk and that was all. The chief had four hare and two partridge. And I have five hare and seven partridge. I was feeling much ashamed of my marksmanship, for I missed two out of every three shots and that is getting rather bad, especially for a Yank.

There isn't much more to write. I might be able to fill four more pages, but you must be tired by now. We are bound for Rio de Janeiro with wheat. Will probably load lumber back to River Plato and from there -----! I'm sorry we won't be back in time to see the China detachment return. Give my love to all the sisters and everybody. Remember love to all my friends.

Reciba v. senorita, la profunds expression de mi afecto respetuooso Q. S. P. B. Brother Gould.



This photo of Gould may have been taken on the M.S. Mt. Baker. About 1920.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

From an interview with Kathleen Beard Elmer by Jana L. Jackson in 2000:
In the summer of 1920, Willard, Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen took the "Empress of Russia" from Shanghai to Seattle. It was a big steamer that held thousands of people and was luxurious and overcrowded. At night, Kathleen was fascinated watching the adults dance. She remembers that the style of dress then was elastic at the skirt. When the women stepped back while dancing, their skirt would slide up to their knees. Kathleen was about 12 then and met her 1st beau on that ship, William Gand. She was a daughter of a missionary and he was the son of a wine merchant. In a conversation with her at the age of 95, she said that they played shuffleboard and chased each other around the boat. Kathleen's mother, Ellen, did not allow dancing with boys until they were 18.

Form 100-100
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
IMMIGRATION SERVICE

Record on this blank United States citizens and citizens of insular possessions of the United States arriving at a port of continental United States from a foreign port or a port of the insular possessions of the United States, and such citizens arriving at a port of said insular possessions from a foreign port, a port of continental United States, or a port of another insular possession.

Number 6

LIST OF UNITED STATES CITIZENS
(FOR THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES)

8. 8. Empress of Russia. sailing from Shanghai. 6th July, 19 20. Arriving at Port of Vancouver, B.C. 19th July., 19 20.

ON List.	NAME IN FULL.	AGE.	Sex.	Married or Single.	IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES INSULAR POSSESSION OR IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES, GIVE DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH (CITY OR TOWN AND STATE).	IF NATURALIZED, GIVE NAME AND LOCATION OF COURT WHICH ISSUED NATURALIZATION PAPERS AND DATE OF PAPERS.	ADDRESS IN UNITED STATES.
	FAMILY NAME.	Given NAME.	Yrs. Mos.				
1	Adams.	George, I.	49	M	M	17th Aug. 70. Lina. Ill.	Portland, Ore.
2	Beard.	Willard, L.	56	M	M	5th Feb. 65. Huntington, Conn.	Oberlin, Ohio.
3	Beard.	Ellen, Lucy.	52	F	M	29th March 68. Union, Conn.	Oberlin, Conn.
4	Beard.	Kathline.	11	F	S		Oberlin, Ohio.
5	Beard.	Marjory.	14	F	S		Oberlin, Ohio.



Phebe's senior photo from Oberlin College- Graduating class of 1920, Sociology major.
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter, dated **July 12, 1920**, was written from Burlington, Vermont by Phebe Kinney Beard to her Grandma. Phebe is in summer school in Burlington after visiting at Century Farm. She describes the countryside and what courses she is taking. A large group from the school visited Ausable Chasm. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Envelope postmarked July 12, 1920 and
addressed to Mrs. O.G. Beard, Shelton,
Connecticut Box 164]
28 Brooks Ave.,
Burlington, Vt.

Dear Grandma,

Just about a week ago I left the Farm for Burlington. The visit to the Farm was very very happy, and it was good to see all the people again before leaving for summer school. I was very glad that I changed my mind and came to Shelton instead of to Middletown. Geraldine and I didn't get quite caught up, but we had a good talk anyway.

Last Monday as we traveled up from Springfield we wondered how Nancy was enjoying her first Circus parade; and in the evening we thought of the others of the party at the circus. If the weather was the same with you as with us, it was a beautiful day, though rather hot.

The country is lovely. As we came north, the hills closed in around us, fir trees were more and more common and rocks cropped out of the hills everywhere. The streams were full of little smooth stones; and their gullies were often very deep. I never saw a whole field of devil's paint brush till that day, and then I saw many of them.

Burlington is a beautiful city, but not so large, as we are accustomed to think of large cities. It seemed to take forever to reach here, stopping every fifteen minutes at some stations. Of course, so long a ride was a bit tiresome, but we were an hour or two late.

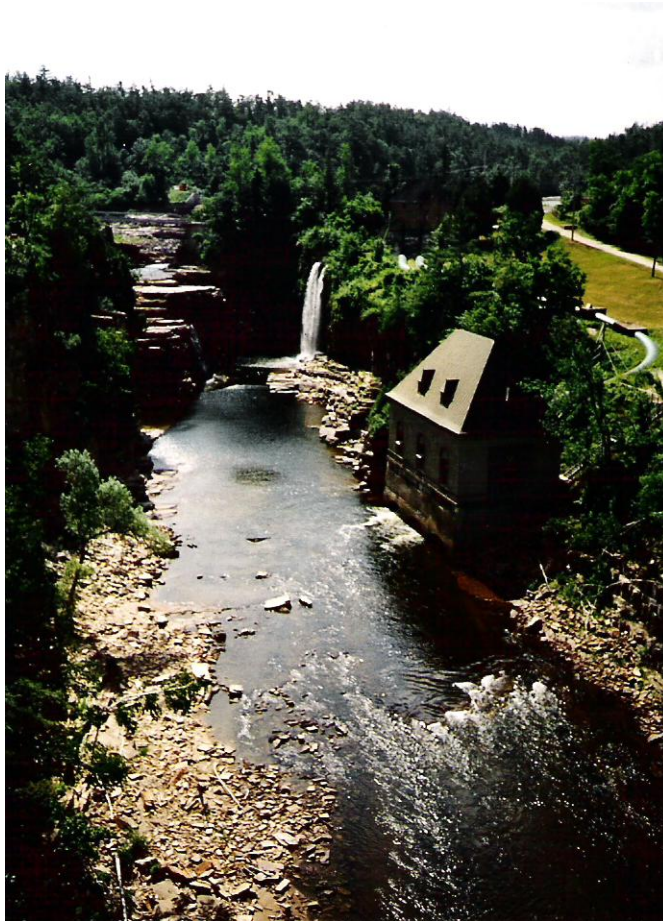
For two nights we had a lovely room in Converse Hall which we had to leave in order that I might get a piano to practice on. The music department is evidently undeveloped here, though the teachers are good.

On the first night we all went to a musical contest where six piano students and fourteen prospective vocal students performed for the prizes or five lessons. They were really very good, and the concert had more interest than most.

The courses and professors seem good. I have a Mr. Bliss, from Montclair, N.J. in Principles of Education; Pres. Hill of Missouri Normal in Secondary Education, a fine man; and Mr. Myrid[?] in French conversation, a stiff course; and Mr. Agle, a Southerner, in Latin. All courses are interesting and alive as far as I can see. Mr. Messenger, the director is as cordial and energetic as he can be.

On Thursday night we had a reception and dance for a get-acquainted evening, and on Friday A.M. we had a community sing. Yesterday about three hundred of us went to Ausable Chasm. I wish you all could have gone with us. The boat ride over, the short train ride, the stairs and stairs and stairs were fun. But the rock in all its formations, the water, the trees and grass were marvelous. We walked down and back, having lunch first, and went into all the caves, and other places there were. Niagara surpasses this in water volume and grandeur, but for natural beauty of the river gorge and variety this is way ahead.

Today we have just rested. At meals we have the happy company of three delightful Chinese students, and a girl from Wisconsin. Work is not very heavy, and everyone is friendly. Weather is really warm, but the air is cleaned and dry. We've had a good deal of rain since we arrived. My address is at the head of this letter. Please let me know if there is any new word from the China people. I hope Aunt Phebe settled the mishap we had on our way to the car last week. I'm sorry it happened and I hope no trouble came from it. Give my love to all, Jeannette sends love, too. Phebe K. Beard.



Ausable Chasm, NY- photo taken about 1998 when Kathleen, Jill and Cyndy visited it.
 [Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

*[This letter, dated **July 13, 1920**, was written from Silver Bay, N.Y. by Dorothy to the folks. She is waitressing at Silver Bay. Dorothy tells about her work and some of the fun she is having there. She visited Ausable Chasm at a different time from her sister, Phebe. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Silver Bay, N.Y.
 July 13, 1920.
 Box 23.

Dear Folks,-

Silver Bay agrees with me alright but I can't help getting a little homesick for the farm once in a while. This is the first summer I haven't been there for a long time. I'm going to see you if I possibly can before the summer's over, tho! I think if the folks go there to start for Oberlin, I'd like to start from there with them if they don't go too early.

The first conference we had here was the college Y.W. It was a large conf. And the first two or three days we each waited on three tables for three sittings a meal. We can't understand how we ever did it. Soon they got more tables, and some of the college girls offered to wait for their board and room, so we each had two tables and two sittings. The conf. lasted ten days and the very day that one left, the college Y.M. came in, so we had no rest between. Some of the waitresses had to good a time at that conf. and were spoken to after the boys left. That was the easiest and best conf. to wait on so far. The boys were not fussy at all, and they were so informal at the table. They cleared off the table, and helped in every way possible except when they wanted seconds, and I never trotted so much in my life as I did after seconds for those ravenous boys.

Between that conference and the one that is on now, we "emps" (employees) had four days off. Those four days were filled with picnics, trips and fun of all kinds. We had a crazy base-ball game between the boys and the

girls. The boys dressed in girls clothes and played left handed. Such a crazy game!! The president of the Silver Bay Ass. was the umpire and he was as crazy and kiddish as the other boys. He's the best sport. If any fun is going on he's right in with the young people, if proceedings are sane and allowable.

The second day, 15 of the emps took a trip to Black Mountain, the highest peak on the lake front. We had a long launch ride across the lake, then we started to climb. Not all who went climbed to the top. About ten stayed at the foot. There was a good trail all the way up, but in some places it was good and steep. I made it in 1 hr. and 15 min. resting four or five times. Ish made it in about 1 hr. and 5 min. I was the fourteenth one up. One of the boys tried to break a record made two years ago. A Canadian made the climb in 42 min. This boy ran all the way up, not resting once and made it in 48 min. When we reached the top, we got the most wonderful view. We went up into the watch tower and looked through the glasses. It was a perfect day. The photographers brought his camera up and took a dandy picture of the group of about sixty of us. It took us a little less than an hour to come down and the chefs had a good dinner all ready for us at the foot. Then came a wonderful moonlight launch ride home.

The next day four auto loads of us went to Ausable Chasm. We had a ride of over 100 mi. before we got there. The chasm was beautiful, and at the end of the trip we shot some rapids. I sat on the outside of the bench in the boat and when we shot into the foaming rapids I was dowsed from head to foot. Then came the 100 mi. home again. Oh, it was great fun.

Each waitress has one day off every conference. Last conf. Ish, and one of our roommates and I got off together and found three boys, and went across the lake to Spruce mountain. That isn't quite as high as Black, but it is much worse climbing, because it has no trail whatsoever. We scaled rocky cliffs and had to go on all fours some of the time. I just love mountain climbing.

Next Friday Ish and I have our next day off. We have a party of six and are going up to a little lake way up in the mountains somewhere. They call it Jake's Pond. That's about the only trip I haven't made around here now. I have one mountain right back of us to climb yet. That is Sunrise. I began with the smallest- Inspiration and climbed it at 9:00 P.M. with no light and no moon. Quite thrilling!

Last Sun. night Dr. Paton preached at church. I didn't even know he was here. I spoke to him after the service and he was quite surprised to see me here.

Phebe wrote that she and Jeannette were coming here soon. I'm so glad that they can come because I did so want some of my folks to see this place.

Every Sun. afternoon we have an Emp's meeting down in the hall in the boat house. They are the peppiest meetings I've ever been to. All of the young people- boys as well as girls- are interested and take part very readily. The hall is full every Sun.

Every morning we hold morning watch for 15 min. before breakfast, and it is wonderful to see how the people turn out to those meetings. We hold it in the corner of the orchard on the stone wall, and everything is so lovely early in the morning when the sun has just risen. I lead last Thursday morning.

Another thing I love about this place is the way the young people get together and sing hymns- as on the launch ride home from Black Mountain we sang everything imaginable then somebody started a hymn, and everybody joined in and we sang hymns all the rest of the way. It seems as tho we sing songs most of the time here. It's lots of fun. When all the waitresses are shelling seven or eight barrels of peas, or stringing as many beans, we sing all the time. We have a large number of pretty Silver Bay Songs.

It's time to "crawl in" now so this bears lots of love to you all, from
Dot.

*[This letter, dated **July 20, 1920**, was written from Berkeley, California by Mary to the ones at home. She has arrived in the U.S. and is enjoying her time in the San Francisco/Berkeley area. Mary will be headed East by train soon. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[postmarked July 20, 1920]

1639 La Loma Ave
Berkeley

Dear Ones at Home,

My letter written on the steamer has assured you of my safe arrival at Berkeley. On Saturday we went into San Francisco and I got my ticket and shipped my baggage. I leave here July 21st, Wednesday on the Pacific Limited and arrive at Chicago Saturday at 4.00 P.M. and have engaged a berth on the Pennsylvania Line train leaving at 5.30. That gets me to New York, Sunday evening at 5.28. (5.28 P.M.) I shall write the schedule to Stanley and hope he meets me and takes me home for the night. I'll be home Monday to interrupt the washing, I hope.

I sent my trunks on on Saturday when I bought my tickets. They sold my ticket clear to Derby and my trunks are checked clear through. I'll bring the checks and the trunks will be ready to go home at once. I fear you could not get the trunks earlier even if I enclosed them.

On Sunday we went for a fine long drive and had a picnic lunch. It is so good to be in real America and be able to talk to anyone I see in my native tongue.

Today we all went to Golden Gate Park for the day. The children went on the swings, slides, donkeys, merry-go-rounds and goat carts to their heart's content. We went to the Art Gallery and Museum and watched the children. It was a fine day.

I have to wash a dress for train wear tomorrow and a few pieces of underwear so as to keep presentable en route. I don't know if we go anywhere or no.

Fortunately I fell into the hands of a kind custom's officer who did not maul my things nor charge much duty. I parted with \$14.10 only. I am so eager to unpack and show you my things!

Here's till Monday next. It is lovely to visit here and I am not sorry to spend the time here, only sorry to delay my arrival Home.

Lots of love

Mary.

Monday P.M. Everybody sends best love. They say they are having the time of their lives. So am I.

*[This letter probably dated **late summer of 1920** was probably written from Shelton, CT by Geraldine to Papa and Mama. The girls went to nearby Birmingham, CT. They are requesting that Willard and Ellen find some school books that they will need. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

[Probably late summer 1920]

Dear Papa and Mama

Everything has gone splendidly so far. The girls had a good time at Birmingham [*Connecticut*] on Tues. Marjorie did not have to come home at 2:10 as she expected, because there was a car at 4:25- so they all came on that.

We have forwarded several letters- two from Flatbush, one from Phebe, one from China –And one came from Mont. Ward's, which I am holding here. Have you got them all?

The beans are holding out like the widow's curse of oil. And everything else seems to be plentiful.

The order for our International Law books has been answered saying that the firm has no more. So I should very much like to have you try to get one there or in Cleveland. Any one of three will do- but the first one is preferable-

1- International Law – Wilson and Tucker

2- “ “ - Woolsey

3- “ “ - Lawrence

And Dorothy would like you to get a copy of Young's Astronomy if you can.

Kathleen wants me to tell you about “her experience”. When out at Birmingham, they all went in wading, and she – not satisfied with wetting her feet – sat down right in the middle of the stream. When she got home – she was wet thru to the skin so that every stitch had to be changed.

She's none the more for it tho,- perhaps a little cleaner. They built a fire and fried pancakes for the main part of their lunch.

Tonight Dot is out at the arboretum at a P.T. picnic, so I asked Gertrude and Eloise Layman in to lunch.

We've managed quite nicely so far, but we'll be terribly glad to have you back again.

Love from all of us,

Geraldine

*[This letter, dated **about September 1920**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. There has been looting of shops in Tungchou and the missionary compound had to call the Marines for security. Some of the Chinese took refuge in the compound. She tells the news about school since it opened. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[About September 1920]

Dear folks at home:-

My last letter, I fear, ended rather like a chapter in a serial story for I did not know how it was to go on. I am sure that you have seen by the papers that nothing has happened. However, that is hardly the truth. We are just now finding out how narrow was our escape. Last week the man who owned the shop where Dr. Smith had Mary's plaques made came to deliver my June order. He said he escaped the looting because his shop was next to the only shop that had taken precautions, by hiring 30 men, whom he had had guarding his place for a month. Every one had been guying[?] this big shop for paying out all the money for nothing. The night of the looting the 30 men were on hand. When the first band of looters came, met the remonstrance, fired, and received a volley back, they said "Oh, they were just going out the North Gate", and left. This happened several times and the store is the only one in that section which escaped. The pottery man said that the looters intended coming our way in another hour, but were never able to carry out their plans. The battle that I mentioned never took place either. They rounded up the looters, and took most of them away. Our marine guard went home after staying eight days. I think it was Monday, Aug. 30th they left. On Thursday the Chinese began to pile into the compound again, with the rumor that the troops which were to leave at midnight were going to loot us at 10 P.M., and then leave by train. We did not place much value upon the rumor, but it became so persistent that at 6 P.M. we telephoned for the marines to return. Before 8 o'clock Mr. Spiker was here with 11 men, and we put them into the beds we had arranged in Wistaria cottage. Since the riot was to take place so early, the auto truck stayed until after midnight, but nothing happened. On their way into the city there was some delay in getting the gate open and then a shot was fired just as they started on. Mr. Spiker explained to them (the Chinese soldiers) where he was going, and they were allowed to proceed. About a half hour before our marines arrived a train came from Peking, and we heard some fine bugling, better than anything Tunghsien has been acquainted with. It was the arrival of 600 cavalry. It seems that these troops had refused to be removed at noon time, until they had carried out their plans to finish up the looting of the city. They knew they were to go at midnight. They had not planned for a big guard of cavalry to be here to superintend their departure, so they finally had to leave with out carrying out their pet scheme. Our refugees stayed a few days more but they all left and ever since it has been quiet. We all feel that the worst is over for this season. One of the marines said the Chinese would not do any more fighting now until next summer as they never did fight except that the weather was warm enough to keep them warm at night. I hope we have had our last for this time. The marines left on Sat. Sept. 4th, and we were to open school on the 8th! The compound had a meeting and appointed Dr. Smith and me to call at the Legation to plan for help if there were further disturbances here, since we were to have so many children here. I thought people would not want to send their children but Mary Vegey is the only one who has stayed at home, and more than half expect that finances have been half the reason. All but the Jenkins were here on the day of the opening. They were detained because Mrs. Jenkins had been ill and so could not get the children ready on time. They came yesterday and seem like good people to have here. We have 42 pupils here and five more possibilities. That will be our utmost limit.

Well!! Mary is missing some of the school fun. In the Peking school the k'dgr has nine pupils, four of whom cannot speak or understand English. Mr. Gleystien is converted to Tunghsien. His daughter Margaret has 7 Eurasians for classmates. Mrs. Young has returned and Anita's only classmate is an Eurasian!! She wants Anita and James here!!- The Methodists are actually going to take up the school matter in their Annual meeting next week!! Dr. Honkins has remarked that the affair with us has not been treated fairly. We now have two Methodists in our school and the Gibbs want to put three more here, so we hear. Mrs. Corbett says, there is a great deal of dissatisfaction expressed about the kind of nationality that is coming into the Peking school. Really events are happening much faster than I had thought possible. In the meantime the Presbyterians have promised to double their appropriation, word has come that Boston will consider the same for the Amer. Bd., the deputation is now here for the Church of the Brethren to settle their plans, and we are jammed with the finest bunch yet. School has opened most quietly and every one is trying to cooperate- even Miss Bostwick and Mr. Lund, tho I have to be the buffer. Miss Bayles arrived with the first bunch of children and is doing her part with generosity and professional ability. She is perfectly able to and capable of taking care of No. 1, but that in a way is a relief. So far we have no music teacher, which is a great misfortune as we have more than ever asking for music. We simply have got to have some one if we have to pay double the price. The Presbyterians have elected Mrs. Corbett and Dr. Wylie to represent them in our Bd. of Managers, and Dr. Scott and Mr. Romig from Shantung. I do not know who our fourth member from the Amer. Bd. is. We feel as though the bottom had fallen out with Mr. Corbett off the board, though Mrs. C. of course will have him for conferences.

We have 23 boys and 19 girls on roll now, and we are just in that chaotic state that comes before dawn clears up the darkness. I hope to have everything cleared up before another Sunday. Having to entertain the marines so much, and having the Chinese so upset put back our plans a full week. The carpenter, plumber, and painter will be around for a week or two yet and we need some more new furniture to make every one comfortable. Mr. Lund

keeps Wistaria Cottage so immaculate that one most slips up with its cleanness, and the boys act as though they liked it. Of course it is too early yet to say much about it.

Our new pupils have come into such classes that the 6th grade is our youngest, which means a lot less work. I wish you could see our fine Belgian girl, who makes me think of Geraldine when she was small. Our baby is an aristocratic little Russian 9 years of age last June. I have been sitting opposite Glenn Dildine who is the image of James at his age. He is an adorable boy. Enid Waller is back and seems supremely happy. Lawrence Grimes is much improved in health, manners, and in every way. Again, I say, we have a wonderful group to live with this year.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.



Written in album: "The Faculty 1920-1921. Mr. Gartz, Mrs. Gordon, Miss Bostwick, Miss Cummings, Miss Nourse, Miss Price, Flora [bottom left], Miss Parsons"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Sept. 19, 1920 was written from Berlin, Conn. by Phebe to her sister Kathleen. Phebe is teaching high school in Berlin, CT. She and two others registered in town so that they can vote in the election that year and in the letter she expresses her thoughts on the registration process. She expresses a little homesickness to be with the family. Letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Berlin, Conn.

Sept. 19, 1920.

Dear Kathleen,

Yesterday I mailed you a card just to let you know that I was here and things were going well, and now I'll write a real letter. Lately Papa and I have got into the habit of writing at post offices-so I wrote your card at our office. We had Betty Showalter, the baby you saw at Mr. Showalter's, with us; and Mrs. Smith had a tremendous amount of mail. Jeannette takes care of it and forwards all first class mail.

I wish you could all have been with us when we took our citizen's oath. Mrs. Horiss[?], Jeannette and I were the one hundred second, third and fourth women to register and "be made". When we had visited for a few minutes with the ladies of the committee, we were put into the town clerk's office where three men sat at a table on which were papers and books. Two or three other persons were about doing odd jobs. I went first to the Three! They made sure of my name and put my age down after it on their list. For some unknown reason I started to tell

them that my age was 23 instead of 25! Then, where was I born? and how long had I lived in Berlin? The fact that I had lived here only ten months as a teacher came near losing me that franchise; but a nice old man said that my residence was here officially and I was to be here this year so that wouldn't prevent my voting. And what do you suppose came next? With Grammar School, High School and College Diploma, I was asked to show them that I could read! Well, they didn't know about those diplomas, and they asked me to read only a few words as a matter of form- for they knew I was teaching here- but it struck me funny. I knew I'd have to do it. Next I had to state my party affiliation. Because I didn't really know what I did believe politically I joined the most popular side this year, so I'm a republican with an R. before my name of the town list of voters. [*Passed by Congress June 4, 1919, and ratified on August 18, 1920, the 19th amendment guarantees all American women the right to vote. Phebe registers to vote one month later.*]

Before we gave any information we had to raise our right hands and promise- swear was the word used by Mr. Woodruff the clerk- that we'd tell the truth. After we three had finished all our quiz, he again swore us in by asking if we would promise to do and work for the best gov't of Berlin, Connecticut, and the US, so far as we knew it, and abide by its' laws. We with raised right hands so swore.

For such an important procedure, and far-reaching privilege the manner of administering the oath, and the time taken was insignificant, and didn't make one feel any responsibility or importance at all. For all the foreign citizens coming into power there ought to be something done to make them feel the importance of this step- and for the Americans there should be some sort of impressing of the need for them to vote intelligently and rightly. Where a nation is concerned, an individual in place should feel the same call and pressure of duty as a soldier in war. I'm sorry Mama and Papa can't vote this year.

Now you'll wonder about school. When I reached here Monday- Labor Day- I found that the H.S. wouldn't begin till Thursday, tho grammar school opened Wednesday. That gave me a chance to help them straighten out the books for the different grades and to visit a class in New Britain H.S. My books didn't come till school began, so I had nothing planned.

Thursday A.M. Mr. Showalter took the H.S. class in charge for the hour, till the registering was all done. There is quite a bit of feeling against the school- people would rather send their children to New Britain- so he did all he could to cheer them up, and praise the Berlin H.S. up.

The sessions on Thursday and Friday were rather broken, since it was a new thing, and because some children from East Berlin had to leave before the last period to get their train home. This week Lady S., as we speak of Miss Scollow the principal, mixed up the schedule badly for the good of the French class. Now we are on a new schedule arranged by Mr. Showalter and things are back at normal again.

I like the H. S. teaching much better than grammar school. Four periods a week, tho, I have the seventh grade in special work- physiology drawing, science, etc.

We take our dinners each day, and Aunt Cora does put up the nicest variety of sandwiches, and surprises such as candy, pickles, dates, etc. When it is pleasant we eat on the front lawn, or just around the corner, on the side of the building. One day we went down to Ruth Slaght's and ate with her.

All this week I have thot of you people as unpacking your trunks and boxes; of doing dishes after supper together, of having family prayers, etc. Kathleen goes to school later than Marjorie in the morning, and both go at the same time at noon. You are both digging at arithmetic and Marjorie is in the H.S. How does she like it? I am glad you have got acquainted so quickly, Kathleen.

Just now you are probably doing your Sunday dinner dishes as we were doing a while ago. Can you guess where I'd like to be now? You heard Mr. Van der Pyle this A.M. and next Sunday you will hear the choir. I hope Dot will join this year and yet her schedule is pretty heavy.

I was so glad to get Papa's letter and yours. Do write again just as soon as you can and tell me all about school and college opening, the houses and the people. We had a wedding about a week ago in the church, and next Sat. we are to have a community Barbecue with 12-15 sheep roasted whole! It sounds rather barbarous, doesn't it? I must stop now to write to Gould. I'll write oftener and tell Monnie it's her turn to write. I haven't heard about the girls' Putnam visit.

I'm well, and growing fat. I hope you are all well. Very very, lovingly, Phebe.

[*Added to margin*]

Tell Geraldine and Dot to give my "Secret Garden" to Marjorie if they have it in their book box. Thank you.

Jeannette sends love. P.K.B.

Ask Papa for his measurements for a sweater and what color he wants it and write me soon.

*[This letter dated **Oct. 26, 1920** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Willard to his daughter Phebe. Willard is in the U.S. now. He advises Phebe to vote Republican in the next election and goes on to analyze both sides. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

120 E. Coll. St.
Oberlin Ohio
26/10/20

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]-

In your last letter you mentioned your undecided mind on the way in which you would vote next Tuesday. During the past week I have heard four men talk on the political situation, two Republicans, one Democrat and one Socialist= he was advertised as a Protestant. The two Republicans simply had nothing to say. Vote the Republican ticket. The Republicans party has saved the country in every crisis. The Democrats have had an eight year swing- have run the country into the ground. We'll save her if we are given the offices. The Democrats are for the League of Nations- largely because the Republicans are against it I should think. I think that if I were given the vote this year I should vote either for Cox because he is for the League or I should vote a protest ticket-either Socialist or Republican. Cox is not a good example of a clean man to set before the American youth either in morals or in his attitude toward the prohibition movement. One man said he should vote for him and pray God to forgive him. Another said he should vote for him and then ask God to make him straight. I was told last night that 200 men in Oberlin were following Pres. King in voting for Cox.

The most lamentable factor in this whole campaign as I hear it and read it is the absence of any talk by either of the old parties on any of the real live issues of the day H.C.L. - Housing Conditions= Coal shortage- Profiteering- Labor and Capital- immigration- International Relations (except as they are touched as in remarks on the League) freedom of speech and of the press.

Well I did not set out to tell you how to vote but to let you know that I am thinking about you as you make up your mind in this bag of political apathy,- for the people can find nothing to get enthusiastic over.

I sent a card a few days ago saying Mama and I hope to see you sometime during the next 20 days.

Lovingly your
Father



Willard and Ellen at 120 E. College St., Oberlin, Ohio – about 1920
 Note the “120” on the house next to Willard’s arm.
 [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated Nov. 30, 1920 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Willard to his daughter Phebe. He tells Phebe what her sisters were doing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

120 E. College St.
 Oberlin, Ohio. 30/11/20

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]-

This is my third letter since supper. Geraldine has gone to the Library. Dot has studied and wants to Ko Kaung. Monnie is still struggling with a theme or some literature assignment. Kathleen has helped Mama “do the dishes”- has kept up an incessant talking all the evening which crossed paths with Dorothy’s study of Economics, and Mama has done dishes and helped Monnie with her writing. We are now about to have prayers- after which I’ll try to finish this.

Has Jeanette sent that Young’s Astronomy to Dorothy?

When you come to Oberlin will you bring with you your Life Insurance Policy with all receipts and other papers that you have that pertain to it. I want to get these Insurance Policies straightened out and I want to get to understand them. Just last week I got a snare in my own 1914 dividend straightened out after working on it since August.

The chicken from Shelton came Tuesday evening while we were all at the Detroit Symphony. Dot fussed that night and reached home first. She had the box open when we all arrived and there he was- the rooster and there were the apples- which- but rooster and [*apples*] are no more. It was a delicious Thanksgiving that we sat down to. Mama remarked- and I had thought of it several times- “I can understand now how the Chinese take so much pleasure in getting up their feasts.” Well Mama and the girls certainly did enjoy preparing that dinner. We finished the last of the dinner yesterday.

I bought of a farmer ten bushels of apples- Baldwins, Greenings and two other kinds yesterday \$1.25 per bushel- they are very large.

I wonder will you get here in time for the Holiday Concert- The "Elijah" I think this year.

From Putnam I got home Thursday at 1:01 p.m. - and found 4" of snow on the ground. The girls had a fire in the furnace and a warm house. Mama came Friday 8:59 p.m. Perhaps the girls were not glad to see us!!!

Sunday afternoon last I went over to Berea and spoke in the evening at the Cong'l Church and spent the night with a Mr. and Mrs. Matthews- had a very pleasant time. We are getting ready to send letters and candy to Houston, Texas to meet Gould. I have written for his Houston address. God is very kind to us. Monnie slipped on the stairs last night, but the sprained ankle is better so she walked up town this p.m. Lovingly Father



Ellen in about 1920

[Photo was taken by Bernier's Studio, Geneseo, Ill. where Ellen's cousin lives. Ellen may have had it taken on the way back from China. Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Seated L to R: Willard, Marjorie, Kathleen, Ellen

Standing: 2 unidentified Chinese gentlemen – possibly two of Willard's students

Note: Bottom right of photo has the stamp of "Rice, Oberlin, O". Maybe this was taken in Ohio in 1920 and the students were attending Oberlin College.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **Dec. 2, 1920** was written from Oberlin, Ohio from Willard to his daughter Phebe. Phebe has told him that she would like to go back to China with him and become a missionary and Willard tells her who to write. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

120 E. College St.
Oberlin Ohio
Dec 2, 1920

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]-

In your last letter you say you have decided to go back with Mama and me, and asked to whom to write. I should write direct to Boston offering myself. Write to

Miss Helen B. Calder
503 Congregational House
Boston, Mass.

If you have not had correspondence with her tell her briefly your history and your reasons for offering yourself to the W.B.M.= Woman's Board of Missions. The chief result of this first letter which you write will be to put you into definite relations with the Board as a candidate for the work in Foochow or wherever you ask to be sent. Then they will ask for your statement of belief- your physical exams and for the name of several men and women to whom they can write for testimonials

Dean Bosworth told us on Thanksgiving Day – with husky voice from deep emotion- that his personal cause for Thanksgiving was that his son had decided to be a minister. My joy is as deep that you are going as a missionary. Very lovingly Father

*[This letter, dated **about December 22, 1920**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to Mary. Mary is in the U.S. and Flora writes the news about the teachers and operations of the school. They are going to use the moat for a skating pond this winter. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

North China American School,
Tunghsien, Peking, China.

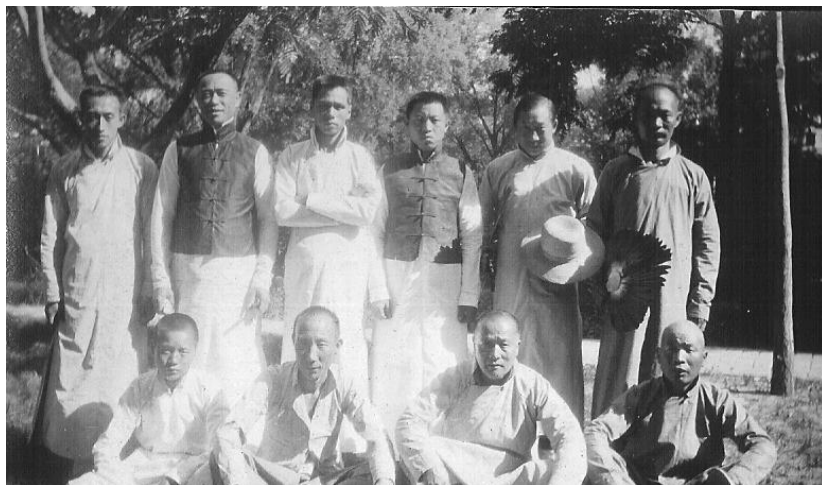
[About December 22, 1920]

Dear Mary:-

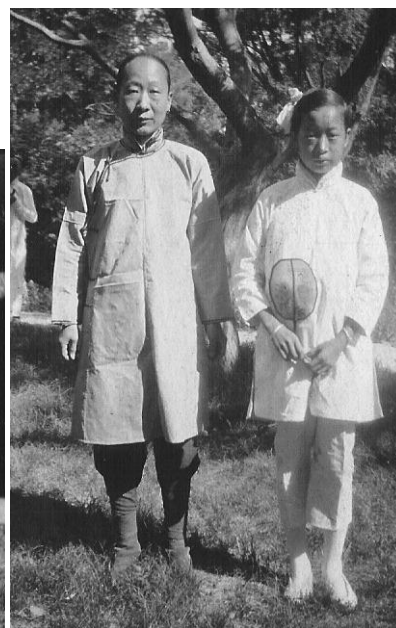
It is ages since I have written to you or the home folks. Fortunately for me you have been better correspondents.

The year started off with a bang- in fact several bangs- and in one way or another it has kept up all the fall until I feel banged to a jelly. I am still at it, just the same, even if I am somewhat weary. Well, that week of no workmen, has been chasing me until now. We could not get time for curtains in our house, and we have lived so tightly that it has been continual jostle and nudging of elbows and feet all the time. I have had to adjust and re-adjust, and am still at it. I have bought chairs, dressers, washstands, wardrobes, etc. etc., and still there is not comfort. We have had every available place full, and Miss Price had to move over to Miss Huggins to sleep, because there was no time, when our new teacher Miss Cummings came.

Miss Bayles came and is gone. She proved a perfect vixen and has gone without paying her bills. I will not honor her to the extent of a lengthy explanation. She had a \$1200 diamond ring which got lost mysteriously. She wanted all our servants to be put to torture. In the effort to find it Chang Nai Nai [*or Wang Nai Nai?*] took it so much to heart that she ate the heads of two boxes of matches and it took Dr. Love all day to save her life. She is all right again. Very mysteriously and psychologically it turned up the morning the children left for home. I do not know whether we shall ever know how it went or returned. We are well rid of her, and now we are finding out about her 'doings' in Tokyo.



Written in album: "School servants 1919-1920"



"Wang Nai-nai and her daughter"

[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We had another teacher come just after Thanksgiving and I do hope she will stay for years to come. She is a cousin of Mrs. Elmer Galt's. Perhaps you remember Mrs. Galt's saying she had a cousin whom she wished would come out here. She is the one. She likes us so far, but has only said it will be "quite a wrench" if she decides not to stay. Now, the Board of Managers want you to secure your friend Miss Thompson (is it?) at once if you can. I am sure she will fit in well. Did you even get a letter from Mrs. Hunter's friend Miss S.R. Percival 314 Randolph St., Champaign, Ill. for teaching music? If you haven't, won't you please write her at once? Mrs. Hunter has written. If you can get her won't you ask Mrs. Wilder and Mr. Stanley to help you in getting some once for the music. We have a Russian- Mr. Gartz, who is taking our music, but he teaches only piano.

Well, our cooking went from bad to worse though Mrs. Stelle, Miss Bostwick, and I spent over three hours one morning trying to help Tien Ehn to see the errors of his way and to do things better. Suddenly came the opportunity of getting Mrs. Gordon (Mr. S. Moore Gordon's mother) and Mr. Gordon's famous cook. In two hours we dismissed Tien Ehn, and his cousin Yi Ming and installed new cooks in the kitchen, so that there was not a jog in the eating arrangements. Miss Price moved to Miss Huggin's and Miss Bostwick came over here. I have four little girls in your room and Miss B. has the other room. She has made a perfect home of it. This arrangement economizes her and my time greatly as I now sign all checks and have to know about all business transactions. I believe she is really happier in this place than she was for things had gotten so bad that complaints were coming in from every place. The condition in which we found the kitchen and vegetable room made me wonder how we had escaped something dreadful in sickness. I threw away a peck of bad food, moldy muffins, rotten vegetables, old cooked dishes, etc. We found little dabs of flour, and other little quantities of food set behind things showing how our things had literally walked off. We have had delectable food and never a heavy muffin or waffle since our new regime. Mrs. Gordon devotes her whole time to keeping the house clean, and everything about the dining-rooms and kitchen. Even the towels are white and Eu Chin is being instructed how to care for his silver. Miss B. still has the washing and No. 34 under her care.

We have had our experience with Mr. Lund, too. He wanted to have the boys left entirely to his care, so I kept my hands off entirely. One Sunday evening two of the boys were missing- Douglas Jenkins (the Harbin Consul's son) and Parker Grimes. The scamps ran away to Peking, intending to go on home. They were going to stay all night in the Chien Men Station and take the morning train. They got hungry and a bit lonesome, so they went around to Mr. Peck's house in the Legation and they were kept all night. They were two disappointed boys the next morning when I went to get them. I found out then that Mr. Lund was whipping the boys for every little miss deed. He did it by having the boys put their head between his knees and he spanked them. Soon I got letters for all boy's parents and for a time it was not very pleasant for Mr. Lund. I had many talks with him and will still have to have more. For a while it seemed as though we should have to let him go but after explaining that he was asking unnecessary humiliation of the boys I think things are patched up enough to get through the year. I do not wish to

try it longer. He has not proved himself disciplined enough to be intrusted with children, although he has on occasions shown himself to be a man versatile. He and Miss B. make the fun fly of each other; but at present they get fewer chances than formerly.

So far we have had 48 pupils enrolled but several are not returning after Christmas. Evy Shields goes home to America, the two Grimes are to attend school in Tientsin (a new American school), a new girl is too homesick (a spoiled child) and Jack Stuart is having his teeth straightened which needs to be done daily. He will stay long enough to finish the 1st semester, and then attend Peking school until June, when his Father expects to send him to America. He is driven to do this in order to get him away from his mother. (This is not to be mentioned). We have Dixie Freeman, the daughter of the new Community Church pastor in Shanghai. She is here because she is such a popular girl wherever she goes that she can never get down to lessons. We are hoped to be apart from the world far enough that no young men will ever find her. So far only one has. He is one of the new students in the Legation who came out on the same boat with her. She bore herself very dignifiedly, and he had to make the advances. His horse slipped its bridle and kept him four hours trying to catch it. This gave an added opportunity for glimpses of Dixie. She is a nice girl and I hope we may help her to find out how to study. The other day came an application for Baron Fittingoff to enter our school. He is the sixteen year old son of his father who died a few weeks ago at the Hsia Kai Lou. They had fled to Urga, where his father had large possessions- gold mines, etc. They are at present living at the Wagon Lits. They are coming out to see me day after to-morrow. I am fearful for his "Baron" in this democratic place, but he is a very attractive young boy, quite the opposite of Vladimir. He has a round good natured face, and was dressed in very careful taste.

We have two Rockefeller students and Mrs. Young has entered Anita and James for next fall. She wants Anita to come now. The Methodists have unanimously voted not to support a boarding or high school in Peking, and the sentiment is steadily growing against these two all around. This, and other signs, show that our present quarters are going to be entirely inadequate next Fall. I wish it were possible to hurry up the gift from the Russell Sage fund, for with exchange as at present it would build our new dormitory and leave a fair sum for endowment. Both Dr. Maxwell and Dr. Baxter have said that the Rockefeller's will help us out if we ask for it. We are not yet well enough informed as to their possible policy in giving, to ask for their money. Can you do anything to hurry up the New York people? Just at present they (the N.Y. people) seem to think the Peking and Tunghsien schools should agree to unite in work, that the high school should be here and the grades in Peking. This probably means another several years before we get much financial help. I have decided that the next building needed is a dormitory to be built out back of the tennis courts and by the big swing built on an angle thus though we need also the addition to the school in order to provide us with a chapel and extra recitation room, and manual training space. I have just today finished making the central attic room in No. 34 light an warm enough for the boys to work in. I have had all the walls white washed, and the openings closed so that the stairway door can be left open on the days the room is to be used, and the heat can go up there. So far the boys have not done much either in the way of Scout or M?? training, but I hope their hatchet is buried deep enough so that they can now get to work, and do something.

I have received two books and a pamphlet from you, all of which I have enjoyed though not finished. I am keeping the books to be used by the Mother's Club if necessary, but I think we shall need our open date for finishing our curriculum work. We have had a very interesting and I think profitable discussion taking two full meetings. Now I want to have the work go back to the committees for the finishing touches and then let us hear the results in the April meeting. I shall wait until you return when I want to make out our curriculum in detail. I think from what I got out of our own team's discussion that we shall be most interested in the 6-6 plan. Won't you find out what you can about Junior high school work?

As soon as Miss Bostwick gets her books finished up to date, I hope to have her finish cataloguing the library. Mrs. Ditmer of Tsinghua has promised to come over to help me some time. I am writing to her soon about it. I don't know whether I can manage affairs so that Mrs. Ditmer's ideas may be the predominating ones, or not, as Miss B. thinks she knows so much about it, but I hope it can be worked.

Little Marion Dudley arrived at the home of the Josselyn's last week, I think about Dec. 17th. Every one is very happy about it. The Hunters expect to be likewise happy some time next May, and the Wickes in April, so you see our population is increasing. Dr. and Mrs. A.H. Smith have given \$6,000 to build themselves a bungalow somewhere in our compound during this coming year. Mr. Martin breaks ground in the spring for his new building. I wish I could say as much for the N.C.A.S.!

Will you please be on the out look for filing records for school reports- pupil averages. I want to get ours begun before June, if I can. That is something that Miss Bostwick can do, if I begin the work; and then I can finish in the summer time.

I am asking for the Annual meeting to be held as early in February as possible this year, and if it can be arranged, I want it held before the Xmas vacation hereafter. Feb. is too late to get anything done in that year. If you

can secure your friend won't you cable Corbett, Peking, one- meaning you have Miss Thompson. If you can get Miss Percival cable Corbett, Peking, second. If you can get both cable, Corbett, Peking, two, and I will understand. Miss Price thinks she cannot stay with us longer anyway, and especially since exchange is making matters worse for her as she wishes to be near or with her sister. She has already applied for work in the Tokyo school, and I shall be glad to recommend her. I fear, she will never stand the life with her sister's lively boys added to her school work. She has found life too full of noise and responsibilities here, when I have made every adjustment possible to save her strain. She has been almost unbearably nervous for the past two months. She was in bed for nearly a week, and if Miss Bayles had not resigned, I do not think Miss Price could have kept her balance at all. In fact every one was just on the ragged edge. We are just now getting back to something nearer sanity.

Every one in North China is doing his utmost for the famine sufferers. Such awful tales come to us and the people who go to their rescue come back full of more tales. The Chinese themselves are doing their part. Miss Huggins girls are making babies' garments, and we are giving all our old clothes or new cloth to help them out. They are very enthusiastic about it. All the schools and colleges in and about Peking had tag day "Dec. 18th" and raised several thousand dollars. It was a 'dust storm' day so the amount was less than they expected. The Xmas exercises at Lu Ho Academy was a 'pay' affair this year and I believe they netted over a hundred dollars- all for the famine relief fund. The American Red Cross sent out \$250,000 to be used, so every available person has been released to go to distribute it. The people will have to be fed until the first harvest some time in June. Whole families are dying of hunger. Mr. Corbett is in Shuntu fu district, Dr. Galt near Shih Chia Chwang, Mr. Hunter two days in from Paotingfu. Dr. Tucker has a lot of men working for him, and Shansi is just as badly afflicted. It is the worst thing for many, many years.

I received the underwear and gloves some time ago and have gotten the gloves nearly worn out. I need some more. Won't you tell Miss Brewster that I have received four books from her this fall and several papers, and I shall write her personally about them when I can get the time? I sent no Christmas gifts home this year, for I had no time to get them. I did send by Mr. Hodous a parcel of photos to the folks at home, and hope, that they reached their destination O.K. I do not care much for the likeness, but they may be better than nothing.

We have dammed up the moat so that we have our own private skating pond this year. It gets used a lot more for being so much nearer. Just how successful it is going to be is not yet proved, as the current is swift enough to wear the ice out in some places. There is quite a lot of water going over the dam all the time, though the moat was perfectly dry until the dam was finished. The pond dried up entirely, and Mr. Martin had all the edges dug out, and then turned the water in from the canal. It took a week to fill it, and our fall was so late that I thought it would be evaporated before it would freeze. It is since the children left that it was pronounced safe for skating. The moat froze sooner. I have not yet put on high shoes, tho I think I shall if it gets much colder. Last week I put on my flannel petticoat, not because I felt the need of it but because it was so far past the time to put it on that I just did it. We had no killing frost until after Nov. 1st and then it caught us, badly.

Just because this letter is too long now, I am going to stop. Please let the home folks read this too. I have to make a New Year's resolution to write more often. Lovingly – Flora

[Following note added at the top of the letter:]

Dear Will,

I tho't you would enjoy this. I may need the word regarding new teachers etc. later. Lots of love Mary



*Written on back: "Skating on the moat."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

1921

- Willard and Phebe K. Beard leave for China in August. Phebe teaches at Girl's School in Ponasang, Foochow. Ellen remains in the U.S. (Oberlin, OH) with Geraldine, Dorothy, Marjorie and Kathleen. Gould is in the U.S. working in Houston, TX and Wilmington, NC.
- Mary leaves for China with Willard and Phebe in August to return to Tungchou at the North China American School with Flora. She has spent one year of furlough in the U.S.
- Mary is 39 and Flora is 52.
- Warren G. Harding elected President of US
- Radios become popular for family fun
- Willard is 56, Ellen- 53, Phebe- 26, Gould- 25, Geraldine- 23, Dorothy- 20, Marjorie- 15, Kathleen- 13.

[This letter dated Jan. 21, 1921 was written from the M.S. Mt. Baker in Houston, TX by Gould to his sister Marjorie. Gould is out of the army now and working on the Mt. Baker. He is currently in port in Houston but the ship may be leaving for Puerto Rico soon. He talks about a possibly going to college in Ann Arbor, Michigan if he has saved enough money. Original letter in the archives of Oberlin College.]

M.S. Mt. Baker.
Houston, TX
C of Texas Chem. Co.,
Jan. 21, 1921

Dearest Little Sister Monny;-

I think I have written to nearly every one in the family except you and Punky Doodle [*Kathleen*]. Punk's turn will be next. I got all your letters that came to me in one envelope and they all made life more cheerfull for me. Phebe wrote me a long letter and I got it yesterday. She sent me a handkerchief in it, and as if to respond to the present I caught a delightful cold last night and have need of many handkerchieves. However, the best letter writer in our family is our father; his letters almost total all the rest in numbers.

Last night I looked up Dr. Harrison and found that he was out of town or rather not in this pastorate now and the pulpit was occupied by Dr. Willisford. The Willisford's are very fine people and Dr. and Mrs. Willisford and their dignified daughter (age about 11) and myself spent two very interesting and enjoyable hours together. Sunday I am going to church for the first time this year and I am going to eat dinner with them, and they have invited me to come to their young peoples supper next Wed. Their oldest daughter graduated from Pamona College in Harold Gardners class. Dr. and Mrs. Willisford are well acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Whitney (now living in Cal.) and Dr. Ide of Mt. Vernon. So you see, we found several points in common on which to form a very warm acquaintance.

Now for a few matters of business with Pappa. When I reached here I expected to have a car load of mail. When that did not arrive the Captain added a note in one of his telegrams to the Company about our mail. Having received no satisfaction and the Marine Superintendent having arrived the officers of the ship took it up with him and he telegraphed especially for it. Reports were then received that the mail was on its way but we have seen nothing of it so yesterday I wrote a rather cutting letter to the general mgr. If I am in danger of loosing my War Risk Insurance I will bring suit against the Globe Line if I think it advisable.

This last week I purchased eight shares of stock of \$125.10 each in the Southern Motors Manufacturing Association Ltd. and received an Associate Trusteeship in the same concern for five years. I paid \$500 down and will pay the rest within six months. I think I will draw back some of the money I sent Aunt Elizabeth and Jay the whole as soon as possible so as to draw interest or dividends on the whole. The Southern Motors is the largest Mfg. concern of pleasure cars, trucks and tractors in the southern states and its products are good and the company has more orders than it can fill at present. I think it is the best investment of its kind I have seen this year. I surveyed all their plants weeks before last. The president of the Southern Motors, Mr. Blevins is president of four large banks in the city of Houston. I think I have made a good investment. I wonder how much money I have in the Shelton Bank. If it is much I might not think of going to college until I get more saved up. I have, though, been thinking seriously of going to Ann Arbor Mich, if they will accept my entrance credits to Oberlin. I would have to take a half year preparation in math- algebra, geometry, and trig.-before I could take up with any engineering course in any good university.

At last these fresh rumors and statements about the future of the Mt. Baker have rested firmly on a cargo of rice for Porto Rico. Then a cargo of sugar back. It would be a four months trip in the way that Mt. Baker would travel it and with the Mt. Baker's dispatch in port, I am almost decided not to go with her, although I may be out of a job for some time if I leave her now.

Dot's letter came day before yesterday telling of the arrival of the smallest of the truck [*trunk?*], have you received the rest yet? Monny, I believe you were a great reader were'nt you. Well, have you ever read "Coffy Ricks, or the Taming of Mat Peaseley". I finished it a few days ago. It is a good story about shipping business of the West Coast. Rather more pleasant and amusing than the real thing but on the whole a very good book.

I'm going to buy a new suit of clothes tomorrow. It will be the third since leaving the Army and the first in a year and a half. My last suit I got in Liverpool. Had it made to order, and it is still in good condition, only I want a change once in a while and then the suit is not one I can go out to evening entertainment with.

Well, here's a good by and kiss all around to every body in the dear family.

With love to all,

Your own brother,
Gould.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 9, 1921** was written from the M.S. Mt. Baker docked in Houston, TX by Gould to Kathleen. He discusses a week of social activities and his thoughts and hopes for the future. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

M.S. Mt. Baker,
C of Texas Chem. Co.,
Houston, Texas.
Feb. 9, 1921.

Dear Kathleen;-

This will have to do as a valentine to you and the whole family because I am unable to get off early enough to buy some before the stores close. We have had great doings since I wrote you last and I had better write them in diary form so as to get everything straight. I can't remember correctly before last Wednesday so I will begin Thurs. We (I mean my pal the 2nd mate, Mr. du Gardine) stayed at home or rather on board Wed. evening. Thursday we visited Dr. Willisford the present pastor of the Con'gl. Church here. Friday we attended a memo and boy's banquet at the Church. Saturday we entertained the Willisford family and the Woodward family aboard in the afternoon but stayed aboard for the evening. Sunday morning I went to church alone. I went to Miss Woodward's home for dinner. About three o'clock I went to Dr. Willisford's. At 5:00 P.M. Mr. du Gardine met us at their house and we went over to the church for the evening service. After the service there was a light supper for the young people then the young peoples service. This is the first one they have had and I had been asked to lead it and choose any topic I wanted to. I spoke on "Social Standards and Relations between the Youth of Opposite Sex in Our Country and in Foreign Lands I Have Recently Visited". We had a good meeting with about fifteen present. The discussion between those present fell into the matrimonial phase of it as I had feared and had guarded against. I wanted to present and discuss purely the Social phase of the subject. After the meeting I called up Miss Brisbane as had been previously arranged between Miss Harrison and myself. Miss Harrison and Miss Brisbane drove to Dr. Willisford's and got us and we spent the rest of the evening at Miss Brisbane's home. Both the Misses Harrisons were there and another girl and fellows from Rice Institute. Ms. Brisbane is a very hospitable and entertaining host and with the young people we had a fine time.

Monday evening we went to town and to a show alone. We mailed invitations for a banquet aboard the Mt. Baker. Tuesday we met Miss Harrison and Miss Brisbane and went to a Mexican dance which Miss Harrison chaperoned regularly every week. Miss Brisbane brought along her sketchbook with intention of sketching any striking pose she saw but when we got there she decided not to. The whole dance was carried off very nicely. If all dances were run as that one was I would see nothing wrong about it.

Wed. we had Mrs. Harrison, Miss Helen Harrison, Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Miss Woodward, Mr. Allen Woodward and Miss Brisbane on board for dinner. We trimmed the saloon with flags and the Chief's wife gave us a dinner on the Spanish style. We had a rousing good time. Thursday we were going to visit a Mr. Pearson but found the whole family out, so went to the Majestic Theatre.

That brings our doings down to date and our evenings are all spent along this line here in Houston, so you see we are well acquainted already.

Nobody knows what the old tub is going to do yet. There are wild rumors about everything and all parts of cargoes for ports in every part of So. Am. and the Caribbean sea but none of them have become stable as yet. As the time draws on my chances for another trip in the old tub diminish. I told the Marine Superintendent that I would by no means go on a trip that would take me away for Easter vacation. About the only trip that she could take now is to Tampico and parts with general cargo. That is if I went with her. We are working hard to repair cargo winchs and donkey boiler so that we will be ready for anything that comes along. We could set the main engines ready in two days more but are working on the others at present. The donkey boiler is an awful job, but after three weeks work on it with seven men we hope to finish it tomorrow.

I have just received Geraldine's letter telling me when Easter vacation comes. I will be home then at all costs. If I can stay on board until this old tub goes it will help me out financially quite a bit. I have invested and deposited in the bonds so much money that it doesn't leave me but a scant sum with my wages to pay my army insurance and my Union dues and other necessary expenses and keep a reserve for my going home when that comes.

Maybe you folks at home do not realize what "coming home" means to me. It means that my whole life will probably be changed. The work I have done, the profession I am very nearly becoming an expert in, the experience gained will all be laid aside and I will have to begin again anew somewhere. Probably I will go back to college somewhere and whether I will make good there now after nearly three and a half years away from it, I don't

know. I begin to realize now the truth of that old saying "it is hard to get into any profession and harder to get out of it".

I had better stop writing this letter now for if I should write all my thoughts wanderings tonight you would have a very long epistle indeed.

When I come home I may possibly bring my pal Arthur du Gardine with me for a few days visit. He may leave with me and will be going to Philadelphia or New York. I would very much like to have him live in a real American home. He is very enthusiastic about America except the home life and that's because he hasn't seen it as it goes on every day.

Tell Geraldine that I had not at all intended to sell Mr. Landis my suit. I did not have any more use for it and gave it to him. Could I properly tell Jessie to use the money for her own needs and if I did would Geraldine in further explanation. I will do nothing about it I assume until Geraldine writes me so that all will be understood.

Give my love to all the family. Give mother and father a goodbye hug and kiss for me.

With best wishes for you my little sister,

Your loving brother,

Gould.



Geraldine and Dorothy about 1921

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter, dated **April 2, 1921**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to Mary. Flora talks about raising money for the school and what teachers they hope for. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien, Chihli
Nee ASTOR HOUSE HOTEL,
SHANGHAI

[April 2, 1921]

Dear Mary;-

A few days ago I started off a 6 page note to you in company with some of the letters which we are sending out for help over our present financial strain. I shall send you one more bunch. I wish you could get Dr. Danton to send out some. I want to write to them and think I can send them some direct. I feel confident that we shall have no trouble in raising our money but I hope it shall get more than we need, so that we can do some things that we need money for.

The Ch. of the Brethren are asking to come in with us. This gives us \$2000 mex. for our school plant. We must have an isolation ward, and so we are planning to make Miss Bostwick's former suite into that. It will lend itself very well to it. We shall put on a sleeping porch from the front steps around to the bay window which will accommodate 28 or 30 boys- upstairs and down. We expect to have Mr. Lund here and hope you are to secure Mr. Romig. At any rate we must have a music teacher. Mrs. Martin and I talked over her bringing out some music with her, and I suggested that she spend about \$50 in music to be sold to the children next fall. I am enclosing a copy of our musicale this year so she can see about the grade of work our children can do. If she could make some arrangements with some music house for future purchasing, it would be fine. I do hope you can get Miss McKinney's friend. If you can't I wish you would write to Miss Isabel Bonell, care of Dr. Burnett, East Orange, and ask if she would consider coming or if she knew of any one who would come. Mrs. Packard knew her in Vassar, and her mother was one of my best friends in S. Orange. Would Miss Costikyan know of any one? By the way, would Mrs. Frame know of any one to whom we could send out appeals?

A lot of papers have just come telling of the frightful accident on the Shelton trolley, and of the bank trouble. I am rather anxious to know if Stanley is going to lose a lot. I hope not.

Did I tell you that we are hoping to have a trained nurse next year in connection with the hospital? Miss Connolly is the one we are asking for. She will have full charge of the clinic of our school, and so save Dr. Love's daily oversight of the children. I hope she will live with us, but I don't know whether Miss Huggins will agree to that. Mr. and Mrs. Wolf will probably be living in our compound next year as Mr. Martin is to begin his building. Next year has promises of much constructive work- both in material and educational lines here in our compound.

I am anxious to hear from you about teachers, and hope you have secured your friend, already. Will you please cable by May 15th so that we can have the data for our new prospectus?

Will write more in a few days. The boys and Mr. Lund returned from their 8 days hike in good condition.

Lovingly-

F. Beard.

Apr. 2, 1921.

[This letter, dated April 3, 1921, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to Mary. Flora tells Mary some of the plans for the school and that the board has voted to keep the school where it is as opposed to Peking. Flora asks if Mary has engaged passage to come back to China yet. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

NORTH CHINA AMERICAN SCHOOL,
TUNGHSIEN, PEKING, CHINA.

Apr. 3, 1921- 3rd letter.

Dear Mary:-

Your letter to Miss Huggins has answered my query about what you are studying. I make out the last two as Mental Adjustments and Advisors of Women and Girls. The others we understand. "Curricula" will be of a lot of help to us as we have a committee to place ours in black and white. The committees of the Mother's Club did a lot of good thinking and discussion which has resulted in crystallizing some of the wishes of the people and finding out our needs. The people here want us to run on the 6-6 plan, which means that we are nothing but a high school with the 6th grade preparatory. I have been looking over some of the Junior high school books, and are much interested in their different point of view, and I think we can easily readjust our work so as to fit the Jr. H.S. idea if every one wishes it. Our committee is Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Galt, and myself. We shall co-opt you upon your arrival. I want to do some work on it this summer so as to be ready for your criticisms when you get here. We have set September 7th for our opening of school next fall. Have you engaged your passage yet?

I am enclosing the propaganda that Dr. Howard is sending out. Our board has decided that the N.C.A.S. must stay here. The Peking arrangements, so far, do not include any dormitory arrangements and we decided since we had to build them anyway, that it is better to build here. The P. people so far, have not been able to buy land anywhere except back of Mr. Porter's house. When the University moves out this place would be away off to one side. Did you know that the University had actually purchased land just in the left hand corner of where the road divides,

one part going to the Summer Palace and one on to Tsinghua? Dr. Stuart goes home this June to see about money and other plans.

Well, the future is somewhat more hopeful for us, as the Ch. of the Brethren have definitely asked to come in with us. Dr. Barton of Boston is to visit us next fall, and will find out some facts first hand which should help. The Boston Bd. has raised the age limit for children returning to 15 yrs so that is a real recognition of our being of some good.

The propaganda for the P. school and ours will cause some agitation and it must result in clearing the air for us. It is a long game and I believe our lack of haste will prove the best in the end. We want a good grammar school in Peking, and perhaps they do need the night school. By the way, did Sam Dean tell you that his father is to be the new principle of the P. school?

I wish you could do some school visiting in the private schools about New York and Conn. I would like to have you visit Kent Place in Summit (where Delnoce was) the big boys' school, and girls' school in Morristown, N. Jersey, some of the schools in Conn., such as the ones in Norwalk, near New Haven, and Waterbury- perhaps near enough to auto out to. A study of their management would be a help I am sure. You may find others more accessible than these, which would be better.

I am enclosing a list of purchases which I would like to have you bring out with you, if they don't take up too much room. If they do just mail them. Lovingly- F.B.

[This letter, dated April 24, 1921, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They had the worst Gobi dust storm that she has seen. Flora tells about some of the disease outbreaks in Peking. They are sending out letters requesting financial help for the school. Flora is disappointed that Mary will not be back in China for the first week of school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

North China American School

Tunghsien, Peking, China, Apr. 24, 1921.

Dear folks at home:-

This year started out with a riot, and we've kept the fuss up in one way or another all the year. Just now it is Gobi dust, measles, mumps, conjunctivitis, new babies, getting up a play, and a pageant, and trying to get our every day work done. Last week we had the worst Gobi dust storm ever heard of. It has been blowing all the morning, and for hours before the cloud arrived it would be seen off to the north and west. We lighted our lamps at 3.15 P.M. in order to see to study. Most of the time we could not see the houses across the campus. We got over to supper all right, but before the meal was over the servants were covered with dust. The rooms were so full that we were in a cloud. I did not even then realize how bad it was, for when I started back to school with a servant, our lantern went out and we could see no light, and we got lost. Several of the children wandered over to the village before they found out where they were. They all got safely to the school and started to study, though by this time the lamps were so choked by the dust, that they gave little light, and the room was in a cloud. At 8.30 P.M. Mr. Lund came over with a rope and we sent the children home. One of the big boys took the lead, the girls held on to the rope, and Mr. Lund brought up the rear, so they got home O.K. The out-door sleepers had to move in and sleep on the floor. All of us had to sleep with windows closed. My bed had a half inch of dust all over it. The dust was coming in so fast that I did not try to get rid of it, but crept in between the sheets and tried to sleep. I tied my head up but you never would have known I had taken any precautions the next morning. You could not see the design on my rugs. The dust was whipped on to the window panes just as snow is whipped sometimes. The next afternoon the storm cleared and the children cleaned the high school room the second time, and we had study hall. That was all that we studied that day. I took two Standard Oil tins of yellow dirt out of my room, and I have no idea how much was taken out of our whole building. Mrs. Howard-Smith took 40 such tins off of each of her verandas. Our out of door plants were all whipped to pieces so that we are having very scrubby lilac blooms this spring. It is very dry. We have not had any rain since Easter morning. That date seems to have been a dry St. Swithin's Day to the Chinese, for they say the snow of that morning meant forty days of wind and dust. So far the record has been kept. It is so dry that it seems as though we would all be crisped soon if it does not rain. Here it is the 24th of April and our strawberries have only just started to grow. The rose bushes are just leaving out and to-day the peonies have showed that they are something more than mere stems. I doubt if we have strawberries, or peas, or lettuce before the children go home the 9th of June. We have about an inch of the yellow dust all over the compound, so that we look quite like a desert. The violets are struggling up through it, and the alfalfa seems not to care.

Peking has been full of every disease you can mention. There have been several deaths from that horrible diphtheritic-scarlet fever, from small pox, typhus, and many, many people have had the minor diseases of measles,

mumps, etc. We caught the German measles and had over a dozen cases of them. We had three cases of whooping cough, and now there are seven children sick with the real measles, and two with mumps. Four of them are in school here. Mrs. Dildine came in response to a telegram, and we have a Chinese trained nurse. All the patients have had a good case of measles but so far Mary Dildine is the only one who has had any complication. She is very uncomfortable with bronchial pneumonia. She is not yet out of danger, but she seems to be gaining. If we continue to take Peking children, we shall have to make some rules for our protection from diseases they bring to us. We have already in view more children than are leaving, so we are bound to be a full school next year. We have six pupils for a fifth grade, but the Bd. of Managers voted to have our lowest grade the 6th, so we shall have to say "no".

We have sent out letters to collect five or six thousand dollars to help us over this year's financial crisis and we already have one thousand dollars in. Mary will be interested to know that the College Club of Peking gave us \$300 Mex. It seems they voted to give the Peking school that sum, and Miss Paine, Mrs. Hall, and Dr. Miner had some words to say about limiting their gifts to a single institution, so they treated us to the gift, also. The "Church of the Brethren" have voted to come in with us, and that means, we will have money enough to put a sleeping porch on to Wistaria Cottage this summer. I am planning to get back here by the middle of August to superintend it, if necessary. I want to go to Korea for a few weeks if I can get away during July, for my efficiency will be much enhanced if I can get away from every thing for awhile. This has been a riotous year, and if Dr. Love and Mrs. Martin had not sacrificed themselves we would have had to close the school. I hope out of it will come some constructive additions and decisions as to what is necessary. We are to have another meeting of the Bd. of Man. In June when I hope we will get other important measures started.

I am much disappointed that Mary is not to be here for the opening of school, but I suppose it can't be helped. It just means that some of the work will have to be done twice. Probably it won't make as much difference as it now seems it would. I do hope she gets Mr. Romig and the music teacher anyway. I hope Mr. Romig can get an early sailing. It won't matter so much if the music teacher is a little late, so long as she is here by Oct. 1st. We have had a Russian this year, and I have not been especially attracted to him or his interpretation of music. He had done well by his pupils though. I must close. Dr. and Mrs. Fenn are spending the week-end with us. He is to preach this afternoon. Lovingly- Flora Beard.

[This letter dated May 6, 1921 was written from Wilmington, N.C. by Gould to his father, Willard. Gould is living and working in North Carolina where he is helping build concrete vessels. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

403 Dock St.,
Wilmington, N.C.
May 6, 1921.

Dear Father:

I got here O.K. yesterday morning. Met Frank Zuber at the station and went down to the ship yards with him. I am working in the Newport Ship Yards. They are building seven small concrete vessels and one large 5,000 ton concrete tanks. The job is not quite what I thought it would be, but as I have my freedom to do my work about as I please, as long as I follow specifications, I can't kick. The men are genial and easy going like all southerners. Thursday while in Washington I made two tours with the Gray Line. The first in the morning through the White House, Bureau of Printing and Engraving, the Smithsonian Institute Museum, the library, and the Capitol. In the afternoon I took a tour out to Arlington and saw the National Cemetery. In the evening I walked up through the capitol park and grounds and around the capitol building then up to the library where I stayed for an hour enjoying the beautiful building. By my special request I gained admittance with another chap to the Library stacks. The head librarian took us around and showed us their whole system of book ordering and delivery by special belt conveyers and automatic dumpers.

I took my train of 9:30 for Wilmington. The Atl. Coast Line is a good fast line and very easy to ride.

I have a room fare for \$18 a month. It is not too large, very well furnished, and the land lady and husband are young people just up from Atlanta, Ga. They are very nice people although I have not had much to do with them yet.

Hoping this will reach you at Mr. Goddard's

Your son,
Gould

*[This letter dated **May 8, 1921** was written from Berlin, CT by Phebe to her mother, Ellen. Phebe is teaching in Berlin and Ellen and the family are in Oberlin. She sends wishes to Ellen on Mother's Day. She has been accepted by the ABCFM as a missionary and will attend training in June. Phebe wonders if her mother has decided whether or not she will go back to China with her and Willard or stay in the U.S. with her younger siblings. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

[Berlin, CT]
[May 8, 1921]

My own dear mother,

It is a lovely day for Mother's Day here. The sun has been bright and warm, the air balmy, and the little birds have been singing their merriest. The atmosphere is so perfect that we have all been in the highest spirits- a grump simply couldn't exist today!

This morning I wore a little yellow rosebud to church for you. I was disappointed that there was no special notice, beyond a few words about it, in the service today. Our Putnam meetings were so beautiful. What did they do in Oberlin?

Papa is now in New York State somewhere. I hope the children are all with you. Wouldn't I like to be with you all today; or have you here and take you out for a quiet walk thru our lovely fields and lanes?

Doris has just been smothering her mother with kisses and hugs- her usual pastime during Sunday dinner dishes.

So often during these two years in Berlin I've thought of the ideals that you have stood for and taught me. Sometimes it has seemed hard to stick, but they always come back and always with greater feasibility and power on their side. I've thought of it many times during the weeks since Christmas and Easter. You have given us children something no one can take away. I have always taken much satisfaction in remembering when we were together as a family in Putnam, and in Foochow. Just the thought and memory of it have given me strength to go on being myself in spite of many things that have gone wrong. And you have the message that Matthew Arnold gave in a time that wasn't so rushed as this, when people were more careful to do good work, -the message of perfection. And he said that those who held to this goal of perfection would be the minority and always would be.

On this subject Mr. Fiske and I were talking this afternoon, and we agreed that if one felt that he had anything to do in this world he would have to go forward and do it regardless of opposition from others. Heat is inevitable, and we must work on in spite of it. It has come home to me very forcibly this last week in many ways.

I hope, then, that this Mother's Day will give you a new strength of convictions and a new faith, to help you to go on living the life that has given us our inner strength and the example for it. May it give you, too, a renewed realization of how much we all love you, and want you with us in all our activities. May God continue ever to be your strong Councilor and Friend, the strength and inspiration of your life!

From my letters home you know that I have been accepted as a missionary, and have even got applications for my minister's railroad reduction ticket. Miss Calder and Miss Lawson have both sent me many very nice letters; and I am planning to be at the Training Conference from June 7-17 in Boston. Sometimes, when I think of all the needs, and of my general preparation it does seem as if this were a hasty step. I seem so unprepared, and so incapable of doing anything worthy of being supported by the Board. But I suppose we have to take the opportunities as they come to us, and do our best. I still have all my preparation to make. My list of purchases, my reading, and many other things.

I keep wondering and wondering whether you will go back or not with us. What have you decided about it? And is Papa going to take the Presidency of the College again or not? Evidently the California trip is off. You will of course, come East, then in June. How glad we shall be to see you again!

Yesterday Jeanette and I got our wedding dress material. It is a pink organdie, of the finest quality, and is very pretty. It is to be made in a graceful style, too. I wish you could be here for the wedding. At Ruth's wedding, I am to play the wedding march and have the music end of it thro the evening. Today I tried my hand at my new violin. It is very loud, but a sweet toned instrument. Not very well adapted to a small house. I am not sure that I shall do anything with that.

Now I wonder what you have that I would give as wedding gifts to Ruth and Betty? I'd like some nice Chinese center pieces or table cloths. Have you any of the Madiera or eyelet work in large pieces? Or do you have some of the print runner sets for luncheon tables? I shall leave it to your fine discretion what to send; for I want it the nicest thing I can get. Please let me know the price, because I should have to get one anyway. Linen, if possible.

You haven't sent the address of that woman's club report on something that you planned to send me.

Next Sunday is Jeannette's birthday. I think she would appreciate a little note from you; for your birthday notes are so lovely. She is the kind who would deeply appreciate your letters. I am giving her a good many things, so unless you really want to, a gift will be unnecessary- from the quantity point of view.

I got a new hat for \$5.95- a really good one, straw, dark blue, in a novel shape, that they all think is becoming. My suit skirt can be fixed up, too, to look much better, and the silk is on hand!

On the 21st we go to Mt. Holyoke to the May Day celebration and the Jubilee anniversary of Miss Wooly the President. On the 29th Papa is here. Then I go to Boston. We wanted to go to New York this week end, but we were both too tired. That trip will have to come this summer.

I am going to send you a bundle with two things in it soon. I hope you will like them. They were very reasonable, so you mustn't let it worry you.

This week Jeanette sent 3 large suit case boxes of violets and other flowers to Ruth Cowles in New York for a nurses' party they were having there. I hope they reached her safely.

I must stop now. I hope you are all well, and taking enough rest and care of yourselves. I hope you can come to Berlin for a day before we close school. Plan for it. Give my love to all the children, and ask each of them to kiss my Mother once for me!

My very dearest love to you, mother dear!

Your

Phebe

*[This letter dated **May 9, 1921** was written from Wilmington, N.C. by Gould to his father. Gould feels that Willard better understands the direction in life that Gould is taking. He refers to his mother staying in the states with the girls while Willard and Phebe go to China. He describes his job. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Keep till I come and
don't tell anyone.

Father

403 Dock St.,
Wilmington, N.C.
May 9, 1921

Dear Father;-

I called this evening at the general delivery window and I got your letter. I certainly shared your feelings in parting. I feel now that I know you and that you know me a great deal better than we ever knew each other before. Before I came home I had the feeling by your letters that you did not clearly see what I was aiming at but I know that you now know that all this is a stepping stone that I have shown as a means to an end. Although not many men do it my way, I feel sure that if I stick to it I will come out where I have aimed for and possibly better.

Mrs. Lawrence and I had a fine little chat while going up to Cleveland, and she told me she was glad to see that Ethel and I were good friends.

In regard to Mother's staying I have seen the thing taking shape for the last month. Especially Geraldine would remark "if mamma stays". I had said nothing to anyone about it until I spoke to you that morning. There is no doubt but what the girls and mother will decide on the best course to take.

I don't know whether every letter to you addressed to Mr. Goddard's house will reach you or not. The nature of the work is not what I expected but entirely different and in some ways a surprise. It is installing direct connected; not electric drive engines. The ships are concrete and I am watching the various processes of construction with great interest. I am supposed to take care of odds and ends in the installing that the regular installing engineer doesn't have time to look after. Just now I am making of all the high pressure air fittings that will be put into the next boat. #1 is completed and I was supposed to follow or copy the lines as laid out in it, but I saw where I could save the company some 50 ft. of H.P. copper tubing on each boat, also some tons of fittings and I showed the boss about it and got his O.K. to put them in the way I wanted to.

Frank Zuber will not be here over two weeks more. His work was only to fit the generators onto the small generator set because they had to ship the engines before they got the generators from the electrical people.

I suppose I will not get any more mail now until those letters that I wrote to Oberlin and Shelton are answered which will be Saturday at the earliest.

I will address your next letter to the farm.

Hoping that you and your companion are enjoying the tour. Remember me to him and give my regards to all my friends that you meet.

Your only son, Gould.

*[This letter dated **May 13, 1921** was written from Boston, MA by Willard to Ellen and the girlies. Willard was in Boston and headed for Providence with Mr. Ding accompanying him. Willard feels it is wise for Ellen to stay in the states with the girls rather than go back to China with him. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

THE AMERICAN BOARD
BOSTON

May 13, 1921

Dear Ellen and Girlies;

Yesterday I reached Boston. Mr. Ding got here the day before we spent Monday night with Dwight. He was alone. Mrs. G. has not yet come from Ann Arbor. Mr. Ding spent all day Tuesday with Dwight, and Wed. a.m. went to see the Babson Statistical Bureau at Wellesley Hills and then Dwight took him into Cambridge where he found a friend from Foochow. But when I got here at 10:45 a.m. I found him at the outer door of the Cong'l House waiting anxiously for me and ready to start back for Oberlin. I took him to the Y.M.C.A. here where he still is. Last night I spent with the Belchers and plan to stay with the Donaldsons tonight. This morning two little pouty[?] nightgowned people rushed into my room and got rustled and had a good frolic. Both Francis and Lucille are looking very well- as are all the Belchers.

Tomorrow I go to Providence to spend the Sun. and I plan to take Ding along. He speaks very acceptably.

I do not hear anything from Oberlin. I talked with Mr. Willard yesterday about the possibility of your canceling your parting. He said if I let him know by the middle of June it would be all right. The Belchers have heard that the Bliss girls at Auburndale are not happy. They are not doing well in their study. Mrs. Bliss is coming home with Edward and they are glad on account of the girls in Auburndale. I am convinced that it is by all means wise for you to stay with the girlies.

This will necessitate some changes pretty soon in our plans. I hope you and the girls will talk them over soon.

Phebe's Candidate Conference is the 7-17 of June. I have written that I would be [in] Berlin May 22. I wonder if my reply to Lake Geneva has reached you and been forwarded to me.

Lovingly

Will and Father.

*[This letter dated **May 14, 1921** was written from Boston, MA by Willard to Ellen. He sends Ellen a check for household expenses along with a brief note. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

THE AMERICAN BOARD
BOSTON

May 14 – 1921

Dear Ellen,-

I am sending you a check for \$25.00 for household expenses. I hope the money I left is still holding out.

Last night I spent with the Donaldsons. They are now living in a flat at Nahant, Mass. on the coast. They plan to go back in the late fall, and will then have four children to take back!!! Susan is gaining steadily but surely. She is a deal shorter and lighter than Frederick who is a sturdy boy.

I am enclosing a letter from Gould which you will all enjoy.

It looks as if a Miss Armstrong who has taught at Mt. Herman for some five or more years was to be secured for Foochow College.

I will have another talk with Phebe before deciding about Jeanette Hines. The people here seem to be favorable to her going. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard have asked for an extension of their furlough and plan to sail in Dec.

Lovingly

Will

*[This letter, dated **May 18, 1921**, was written from Wilmington, N.C. by Gould to his father. Gould tosses around the decision of whether to go to Ann Arbor to study or work at a high paying job and asks for his father's advice. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

403 Dock St.,
Wilmington, N.C.
May 18, 1921.

Dear Father:-

This evening when I came home from the yards I found this letter waiting me from Ass. Dean Butts of the U. of Mich. He must be from Missouri! I can show him all right, its been my business for the past four years to show people that I could do things and I haven't had a set back in the line of a failure since I joined the army.

This letter has set me to thinking. I have just been recommended by the Winton Eng. Wks. and the New Port Ship Building Co. for the position of Chief of one of these little River Vessels at \$225 a month. I consider that that job would be only a stepping stone to something better in a year or so. The salary is more than the average man is getting after working at his trade for ten years or more. Only one of the bosses here from the Gen'l Mgr. to the lowest foreman has ever been to college and that man is a civil engineer employed to make alignments on the forms for costing the concrete ship. The question naturally arises whether it is worth the money and effort and time to take four years out for theoretical study.

On the other hand I have set myself for a long time on completing a theoretical course in engineering at some institution. This is the only great object that I have come up against that I have not realized its accomplishment, and there is a challenge to tackle it again. Mr. Butts increases that about ten fold when he says he must be shown that I am worthy to be allowed to study at Ann Arbor.

These are my personal feelings on the subject. There is no use trying to convince Mr. Butts that I can run the Chief job on the R.V. #2 and study Algebra, Geometry, and German at the same time. If I take that job I will not be in a place to get a tutor. If I intend to enter the U. of Michigan at all it must be next fall, and if next fall I will have to give up this position and go to Summer School there. It will mean a great deal of extra expense besides the loss of the two hundred dollars I hoped to clear if I only stayed on this job without getting the Chief's position. If I start this thing I want to finish it and I want to know that I will have money enough to finish it.

I will await my reply to Mr. Butts until I hear from you. I am ready to go either way at the present time. Four years of education is a pretty costly thing for a man who can rise above the crowd without it. I will await your answer and then decide once and for all. If I decide to go I will have to quit here June 25th come north and see you all and get out to Ann Arbor by July 3rd or 4th.

Remember me to everyone at the farm and to all my friends.

Lovingly, your son,

Gould.

*[This letter dated **June 19, 1921** was written from Wilmington, N.C. by Gould to his father. Gould has quit his job and tells his travel plans ending in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

403 Dock St.,
Wilmington, N.C.
June 19, 1921

Dear Father:-

I got your last letter yesterday and read it with a lot of pleasure. I guess Mr. Ding had the time of his life on that trip.

My plans are as follows-Leave Wilmington at 7:00 P.M. June 25th. Arrive New York about 2 P.M. June 26th. Either stay over night in N.Y. with Frank Zuber or go straight to Bridgeport. Aunt Mollie and Uncle Raymond will be up on Lake George N.Y.. Go to the Farm about the 28th. Go to Putnam the 30th and stay until Saturday or Sunday. Then go to Silver Bay and then to Oberlin and try to get to Ann Arbor for the 5th of July. I don't know how things will work out so I am not planning very definite dates. These are the essential places that I want to visit. I would like to see Aunt Mollie and Uncle Raymond if possible.

The people there are sorry that I am going because they will have to get another man down from the factory to do my work. I have tried to break in two men to do it, but they don't seem to catch on to it as they should or as any man with intelligence and mechanical knack should. However I don't feel the least bit badly for them because I have paid my fares both ways and have't received much for my services here.

You said you would be going out to Shelton July 4th. Then we will be about passing each other on the way because I intend getting to Oberlin about the 2nd or 3rd if there will be any body there. I will pack up all my goods and chattels and take them on with me to Michigan because I intend to make a go of it and be there until I finish.

I'm awfully glad that Aunt Phebe and Cousin Zina are actually going to get out to Oberlin. I was almost afraid none of the Beards from Shelton would ever see that place. I think it will please Harold immensely to have one of his family visit the place where he put in 5 years of study.

Remember me to all the dear ones.

With love to the whole family
Gould

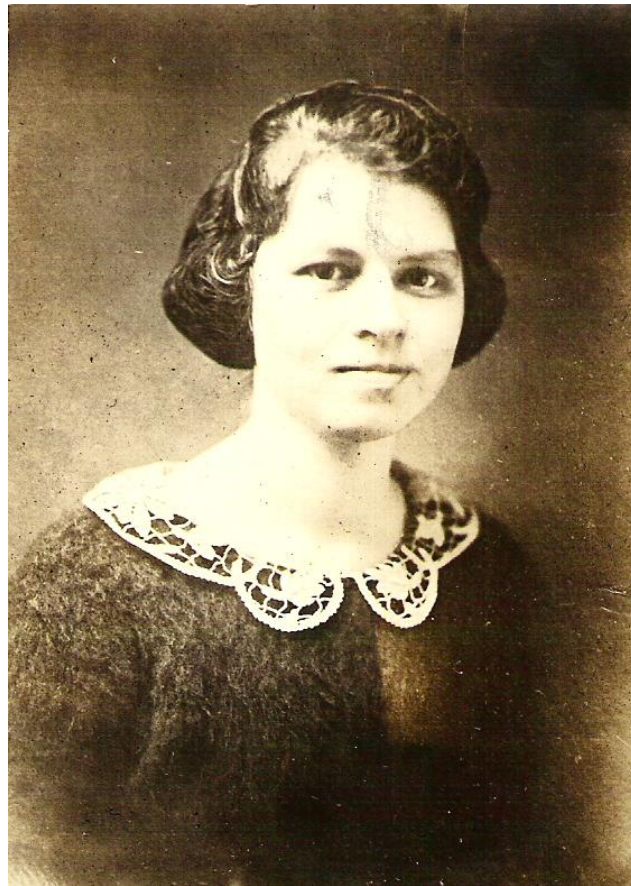
*[This letter dated **June 1921** was written from Berlin ,CT by Phebe to her mother. Geraldine is graduating (probably from Oberlin College). Phebe is experiencing some unexpected attention now that she has become a member of the ABCFM. Her commissioning service is the following Sunday. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

[Berlin, CT]

[About June 19, 1921]

Mother, darling,

It is late, late; but we have to make time these days if communication continues! Geraldine graduates tomorrow morning at 10:30, and tonight Father near died with the class. So did all the "descendants" I suppose, and the wife! How I would like to be there!



This may be Geraldine's graduation photo from Oberlin- 1921
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Tomorrow night I suppose Geraldine and Dot go to Silver Bay. And Aunt Phebe is there with you, and the girlies are thru school!



Silver Bay Resort on Lake George, NY- photo taken about 1998

[Photo from Jill Elmer Jackson]

Aunt Phebe's visit here was so lovely! I have long hoped she could visit Berlin while I was teaching here, and at last it has come true. We wished she had not changed her plans and had stayed over night.

These two weeks have been terribly busy. School reports, two nights out to supper, a trip to Hartford; and a supper tonight for our two brides have kept things humming. This afternoon the graduating class of the Junior High had Class Day. Tomorrow is graduation, and tomorrow evening there is a reception for me in the church. Becoming a member of the Board is fraught with far more publicity than I had even dreamed; and all the substance I ever had has suddenly dwindled to such a tiny speck, I wonder how I ever had the nerve to volunteer. But I'm trying to live up to a reputation I really never suspected!

Mr. Fiske has been very nice about arranging my commission service for next Sunday. I am still hoping that Father can come to offer my dedicatory prayer. I do wish you could be here, too! Francis Cobey, one of my boys is going to sing for me, and either Dr. Strong or Mr. Clark is to give the commission. Aunt Mary thinks some of them can come from the Farm, and perhaps Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert can come from Putnam. Do let me hear soon as to Father. And how about you going to China? I do want to hear!

I must stop now.

Much love to you all,

Phebe K.

Our dresses for the weddings are lovely! My silk is stunning. Where are my wedding gifts? If you haven't got them, use the money to come here next Sun. at 5 P.M. for my service! Don't get them now. I got some others for a shower that I can use. We aren't going to have the shower.

Tues. night.

Berlin.

Service of Commission

FOR

Phebe K Beard

Missionary of the American Board to Foochow, China,
Supported by the Woman's Board of Missions.



MISS BEARD

BERLIN SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

SUNDAY, JUNE 26, 1921.

4:00 P. M.

Front of program for Phebe Kinney Beard's Commissioning Service
June 26, 1921

[Program from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Phebe's Commissioning Program continued.

Brief History.

Phebe Kinney Beard was born in Foochow, China.

She spent her early years there, coming to this country for her education in 1910. She received her High School education in Putnam, Conn., her mother's home, and from there went to Oberlin, graduating in 1919. In Oberlin she was very active in the Student Volunteer Band.

The past two years have been spent in Berlin teaching. In position as teacher and friend she has won her way into the hearts of all the Berlin people.

It has been her long cherished hope to return to China, and now as she answers the call and returns to the land of her birth and desire, to become a teacher, in the girl's school at Ponasang, Foochow, she takes with her the sincere loyalty and best wishes of her many friends here.

Commission Service.

ORGAN PRELUDE

ANTHEM, "As Pants the Hart," SCOTT

SCRIPTURE MATHEW 28, 18 20

HYMN 39, "Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning"

ADDRESS, REV. W. E. STRONG, D. D.
Secretary of American Board

SPECIAL MUSIC, FRANCIS COBEY

PRESENTATION OF COMMISSION, REV. W. E. STRONG D.D

RESPONSE, MISS PHEBE K. BEARD

PRAYER OF CONSECRATION, REV. LEWIS HODOUS
Harford School of Missions,

COMMISSIONING "1 HYMN NO. 411, Ye Christian Heralds
Go Proclaim"

BENEDICTION.

Poem probably dated June 1921.

The following handwritten poem regarding her upcoming trip to China was found in Phebe's scrapbook:

O Phebe dear, what can I write
To cheer you on your way,
As you go sailing on the sea
On your voyage to Cathay?

You know dear that we love you true
You know for you we pray
You know we all shall think of you
When teaching in Cathay.

I'd like to send some wondrous charms
Some magic word to say
To help you over places hard
And trials in Cathay.

But that, dear love, I cannot do.
But from this summer's day
I'll draw a lesson for your use
When you have reached Cathay.

This morning's sun rose bright and warm

But soon the skies grew grey;
The thunder rolled, the rain fell fast
Does it do so in Cathay?

All day the clouds have hid the sky
The sunshine could not stay.
I fear your sky may clouded be
Some days in far Cathay.

But patience dear - the hours went by
And just at close of day
The storm clouds lifted - so they will
I'm sure in far Cathay.

The sun shone out-right gloriously
The clouds all slunk away.
Keep up your courage- so 'twill be
When teaching in Cathay.

[Unsigned author]

[Poem from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **July 7, 1921**, was written from Peitaiho, China by Flora to the folks at home. She is taking a month vacation in Peitaiho. Because she has not been able to get enough teachers, Flora must remain in China for the full school year. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Peitaiho, July 7, 1921.
NORTH CHINA AMERICAN SCHOOL,
TUNGHSIEN, PEKING, CHINA.

Dear folks at home:-

I arrived here on July 1st and am returning to Tunghsien Aug. 1st to do a lot of repairing needed on our buildings. We had some money left over this year and since we have not enough to do the building we need, we are going to fix every thing over as fresh as we can. I did a lot before I came up, but have the boys dormitory all to do. Then, too, the Sowters are coming over to Peking for August and I have invited them to make their home with me while they sight see. I am not going with them every day, and some of the time they will stay in Peking. School finally closed with a fine spirit, though we were nearly done to a finish. I managed to faint away the Sunday before the close but spent the day in bed and got through the rest of the time by being careful. I am feeling O.K. again now. Am taking life very easily here. Am at the Gould Cottage and my room is clear at the east end of the long house, where I can be as quiet as I choose. It is like walking the deck of the steamer to go to my meals the distance is so great, and I have the water in sight and sound all the way, but I am enjoying it very much. Miss Kelly (the lame[?] lady whom Mary and I knew at Kuling) is here. She has been doing famine relief work in Paotingfu and so is spending her summer here with Miss Breck. Every one is just at the first stage of resting up so the house is quite quiet, but it is fast filling up. I am fortunate to have one of the two single rooms, so I will have the quiet of single blessedness the whole month.

I am enclosing a subscription blank for Mary's Geographic which she wants paid. If she has left before this reaches you will you please pay it and let her know by letter?

Last spring, I had an opportunity to send my watch home by Dr. G. Wilder to Will in Oberlin. He, I hope, has taken it to Shelton for repairs. I hope Mary will bring it back with her. The new watch piece you sent me I like very much, but it is costing me both my watches at present. The watch is a poor one and three times now I have had my watches fall to the ground, and they do not care for such gymnastics. At present I am wearing Miss Huggin's wrist watch. She happens to have two. I must say I don't care for wrist watches- at lease with leather straps.

Mother's letter came last night, but I have mislaid it somewhere. Found it. After re-reading it I find there is not much to answer in it. We have not been able to fill our needed teaching staff to the needed number which

means, I shall not be able to leave for home before next summer, unless some one can be found during the year. We shall be only Mary, Miss Bostwick and myself of the old staff, so probably it is a good thing, for the school for me to stay, tho I am pretty tired, and do need to come home. Then too, Mary and Miss Fenn do not arrive until after school opens, which means they will have to submit to our plans for work. I do not know now how the work is to be done, but it will get done in some way I suppose. We shall have two people on our force this year that will make some things hard because they will do certain things and no more, but I do hope our new people will be adaptable. I had such a year last year that it seems as if I could not go through another. Our new Bd. of Managers is fine. They have finances planned so that when our money gets here for our new dormitory, we shall be fixed. I'll send you one of our bulletins when they come from the printers. Lovingly- Flora Beard



Kathleen in about 1921- possibly in Oberlin, OH
or Putnam, CT
[Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



L to R: Gould, Willard, Ellen, Geraldine, Dorothy,
Phebe, Marjorie, Kathleen about 1921
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Standing L to R: Phebe, Gould, Geraldine, Dorothy
 Sitting L to R: Willard, Marjorie, Kathleen, Ellen
 About 1921-this is probably the very last formal photo of the family while Phebe is alive.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte, and also, Jill Jackson.]

*[This letter dated **July 10, 1921** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen. It sounds like he has taken them somewhere, possibly Putnam, and on his way back to Shelton he visits relatives along the way. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]*

Shelton, Conn.
 Sunday, July, 10, 1921

Dear Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen,-

All has gone well and as planned since I left you last Thursday morning. I got out to the R.R. just in time to take the train as it came along. The heat was not oppressive and I reached N. Tonawanda about 2:30 p.m. daylight saving, and found Etta, Willis, Myron, Fulton, and the twins all well. We men folks went to see a base ball game about 7 p.m. A slight shower made the temperature fall 7 degrees, and the night was a fine one to sleep,- too fine for me for it was 6:30 the next morning when Etta knocked on my door, and I had just 35 min. to dress, shave, eat and get the car. I made it. This Friday morning was quite comfortable- but about 4 p.m. - after noon I never knew it hotter. I reached Tarrytown at 6:09 and walked onto the ferry just as it started. Stanley's family appeared soon after I reached Nyack, with Mrs. Fairchild. She had been spending a few days with them and was going to meet Bessie Haveland and go with the Haveland family up to Mr. Palmers Saturday.

On Saturday a.m. I played with the children until about 11 o'clock. Stanley came back from the Labrotory then and the family and I started with a lunch for Mt. Vernon. We ate lunch while on the ferry and reached Mt.

Vernon Uncle Raymond's about 1:30. We just made a short call and I took a 2:19 train for Bridgeport and there I got a 5:20 car for Shelton. Mary was speaking in Orange today and mother and Phebe and Elizabeth had gone to New Haven taking Mary and leaving her in Orange, and picking me up on the way home.

Today we have been to church and Mary has come home. It has been very hot and very wet for over two weeks. Father cannot get his hay. The little [he] has put in the barn was in very poor condition.

A card from Gould to Mary tells us that he went from Cleveland to Detroit on a boat that was so crowded he could not get a berth. If he writes I hope you will send it on to me.

Next Sunday I speak in Shelton. I have heard nothing from Phebe. But her passport has come here so we think she is planning to come here soon. This I believe is all the news.

The weather is very bad for having [haying?]. I picked up some Red ? apples last night that were red, and tomorrow we will go huckleberrying.

Lovingly

Will and father

*[This letter dated **July 24, 1921** was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to Marjorie. Gould finds he must study harder after having been out of school for four years. He asks if she knows what Willard's travel plans to go West (and onward to China) are yet. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

805 E. Haron St.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
July 24, 1921

Dear Marjorie:-

I got your nice letter last week and should have answered long ago. Yes I have received everything you sent. The keys and the two books got here O.K.

I have not received many letters since I got here, I have written six or seven every week to friends and relatives, but for some reason they never reply. I'm going to write Dot and Geraldine tonight and see if I can get any word from them. Have you got Father's plans for going West yet? How are you doing with your ward? Is he giving you any trouble now or does he take things patiently like a good boy? I suppose you and Punk are having lots of fun taking early morning hikes and bike rides etc. You have the tennis court all to yourself now, don't you?

Tell Mother that I have been over to see Mrs. Ohlinger again and hear all her woes and stories of hard times. I don't see how a person lives who has such a woebegone outlook on life. Constance is a very modest young lady, very retiring, and not at all beautiful physically. I can't quite see what she hopes to do professionally in the line of vocal music unless she keeps up better appearances and a little more social demeanor.

I am doing little more than study these days. I am getting along in the lessons pretty well, but I have to bone down to work until twelve every night to get it. Staying out four years is not productive of study at all.

The one exception I do have in my days routine is a swim twice a week. There is a river here and a municipal bathing house. It gives me a bit of recreation for the week to spend a couple of hours down there twice in the week.

Everything is drying up around here. There is even talk of prayer meeting for rain. The roads are awfully dusty and the crops are all covered with dust along the road side. I guess the farmers will need a good deal of rain to repair damages and I guess the Government will have a good bit to do in tiding the farmers over until next fall financially.

I went today to look at a room for next fall. I have taken one that will cost \$3.00 a week. That is 25 cents better than I am paying for this one. Most rooms are about \$4, \$5 and \$6 a week and I count myself lucky. I could have had a room for \$2.50 but it was very poorly ventilated and very poorly furnished.

By the way Marjorie, there is one little thing more you could send me. I left that little clothes brush there somewhere. I used it last when I went to dust my trousers while I was pressing them. Could you send me that if you can find it?

Remember me to all the friends and give my love to all the family.

Lovingly your brother,

Gould.

*[This letter, dated **August 1921**, was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother. He is in the middle of final exams and will not be able to visit until Christmas or Thanksgiving because of little odd jobs he has. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

805 E. Huron St.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.,
Wednesday.
[August 1921]

Dear Mother:-

Just a note to tell you all that everything is going as well as can be with me under the circumstances of final exams. I had Algebra this afternoon and think I came out O.K. but am not quite sure. Spanish and Trigonometry come tomorrow so here's where I hit them hard for the last nights study this term.

I will not be down this vacation as I have a position for my board and prospects of enough odd jobs to keep me partially occupied and in pocket money. I'm as sorry as you are about it, but what must be, must be and we have to meet it. I'll manage to get down for Christmas any way and perhaps for Thanksgiving.

Arthur wants to be remembered to you all. He is still on the Mongolia sailing between Hamberg and New York. He doesn't like Europe so well as he used to and not as well as America.

I got a letter from Jannetta from Berlin and one from Phebe on the train mailed at Geneseo, Ill. Father also enclosed a note.

I suppose you are getting ready to move into some special part of the house now. If you really need any help at it just tell me and I will come down any way, it won't make such an awful difference, and I would like much better to some home.

With love to the whole family,
Gould.

*[This letter dated **August 25, 1921** was written from Pueblo, Colorado by Phebe to her mother. She writes from Pueblo, CO while waiting for their train. She talks about their visit with Cousin Carl Chamberlin and Addie Paul in Geneseo, Ill. She describes their tour of the Garden of the Gods and Cave of the Winds while in Colorado Springs. Original letter in is the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Putnam, Conn.
[Actually Pueblo, CO]
July 15, 1921
[Actual date was 8/25/1921]

Dear Mother,

This is neither Putnam nor July. It is Geraldine's birthday [August 25] and we are at Pueblo, Colorado. And thereby hangs a tale. But I'll tell that in its order.

In my last letter I left our travels just before reaching Geneseo. Cousin Carl [Carl Chamberlin, a relative from Ellen's side of the family] met us in his horse auto, and we had a fine ride in. Cousin Addie [Addie Paul, from Ellen's side of the family. Addie and Carl are cousins to each other and also to Ellen. Addie is 55 years old in 1921 and Carl is 46.] didn't just know how to take me; but after I had buttoned myself into an apron and peeled the peaches for supper she thought I was at least not harmful. I had her room and I have an unpleasant suspicion that she didn't undress all the time we were there. She reposed on the couch in the sitting room. Our diet was largely vegetable, Tilden salad and some meat. Cousin Carl seem to be fairly well, and eats well. We said all we could to make cousin Addie comfortable and happy. She came in twice to talk, and on the last night stayed quite late. I assured her that you and the Putnam people were always ready to come at a moments call. What would be best for both would be another trip away, separately if possible.

Sunday P.M. we two and Cousin Carl drove in to town and heard a fine lecture from their Chautauqua platform. Geneseo has the only independent chautauqua near them- not connected with a circuit. Mr. Rathborne was the speaker- one of the sons of one of Lincoln's near friends. He gave us the choice of hearing the story of Lincoln's last days as seen by his father or an address on "America's Opportunities". We chose the latter and were not sorry. It dealt with all the important problems foreign and domestic in an idealistic and patriotic way.

On Monday we rode in, shopped and I was vaccinated. Tuesday we took the train. But on Monday I nearly finished my coat and the belt I did Tues. A.M. It wasn't a very big job and I did it as well as I could. I shall always remember that visit from the melons we had there. The finest Honeydew melons you ever saw. We are

taking seeds back with us, so you will have some. Cousin Addie to get one eaten cut it before supper and we ate it then. A rice pudding I hardly tasted in three successive meals because we had so much other stuff. We were glad we stopped, for it must have done her much good. Her trouble is anxiety over Cousin Carl's possible death. She isn't entirely over her change of life and that troubles her.

When we took the train on Tues. our party of five were all together. Miss Fenn Aunt Mary's new teacher is a new graduate of Vassar, a smart decided little body, very attractive yet not pretty. Miss Wannamaker you saw, then we three. We took lunch enough so we haven't had only two meals on a diner. Miss Wannamaker and I bunked together the first night. At about 12 yesterday, Wednesday, we stopped in the midst of the limitless fields of Kansas. A freight had been wrecked there and we waited an hour for it to be cleared away. When we reached Colorado Springs we found that the heavy rains they have been having around here had washed out the bed of the road so that no trains could run. That meant all night there. So we got a hotel and secured rooms, then took auto and started for the Garden of the Gods. You went there on your way out 27 years ago. The air was so clear we couldn't measure distance at all. One of the stones we saw looked so we could easily touch its top. When Father stood by it, he couldn't reach the top. The entrance gates, two huge jagged rocks very thin from front the back, one a brick red as are many rocks there. All thru the garden the rocks were washed so as to form the shapes of animals. There was a lion in a white deposit on one cliff, the seal and bear on another, kissing camels, the toads and mushrooms, the sleeping Indian, and many others. In one place there was a pueblo-like house built into a cliff called the Hidden Inn. Another curio shop contained a petrified Indian, very like the prehistoric men. He was wonderfully clear and outlined.

At the end of that park we debated as to rising at 2 A.M. for an auto ride to Pike's Peak and a sunrise for \$6 apiece, or going on the Manitou Mt. and the Cave of the Winds for \$8 the party. We took the latter, and saw first a large curio shop where they had a well preserved Indian Mummy. In the basement we drank from a natural soda spring. I didn't care for it any more than for soda water like which it is.

From there we went on up a one way very narrow gorge with rock formations in strata like Ausable Chasm and caves and holes. You can go by burros if you wish, and they had a lot of the dear little animals for hire. After the Williams gorge we climbed a steep zig-zag road to the top. A shower caught us halfway up.

The Cave of the Winds is a large natural cave like Mammoth Cave, Ky. Underground water has washed it out and there are the ribbon formations, stalactites, from the ceiling, stalagmites from the bottom, and crystals like star fish or chestnut burrs and frost. Three levels were there and they had the cave lighted to bring out the reds, greys, blues, greens etc. in the walk. Crystalline deposits in places had been rubbed so smooth by tourists they looked like marble. Some parts were still forming. Others were fixed. It is wonderful what water and chemicals can do. No water was in the cave but what was slowly dropping, the name Cave of the Winds came from the fact that at one time the wind blew a gale thru the cave thru a hole thru which two little boys discovered the cave. It is now stopped up. One room in the bridal chamber where several couples have been married on the novelty of it. One other place all unmarried women have left hairpins of all types-guaranteed marriage in a year. That is the old maid's kitchen. We walked $\frac{3}{4}$ a mile thru the cave. Huge!

Coming down, we turned at least ten hairpin curves, with the road running in parallel zig zag down the hill.

After a fine sleep the sun rise this A.M. woke us at 5 with a wonderful pink, color all over the huge jagged range in which Pike's Peak stands. We can always see this in the city.

There were lots of Indians, negroes, and mixed people there. It was the last day of a ranch Wild West meet and cowboys and guests were everywhere.

The air is lovely. Now we are resting in a park near Pueblo which is not an attractive city, for our train. We tried to go by another to get the scenery and see Salt Lake City. But there were no berths, so we got off here. Miss Armstrong was on and we saw her a few minutes. All the rest are sleeping, so I guess I will. Wish you were along! Health and happiness to all. Very lovingly, Phebe.

[Chautauqua- "The name 'Chautauqua' represented first a lake and a town in western New York State; then, an institution with religious and educational meetings there; then, the extension of cultural influences to a large number of people who spent vacations at Chautauqua, taking courses of study and listening to addresses and musical recitals, and then continued their study throughout the year in their own communities by correspondence and reading circles. Local 'Chautauquas' have successfully emulated the original on a lesser scale in a number of other places. More recently [1927] 'Chautauqua' has become the institutional name of many circuits of tent meetings throughout the country which bring to each town speakers and plays and musicians and magicians for programs of a week or less. Of that period each day's program is different, with the first day's 'talent' moving on to illuminate or entertain the first-day audience of the next town on the circuit, while the second day's performers

come on from the preceding town to take their places." This has made it seem a carnival, but "Nevertheless the programs of the better circuits have been a real boon to the serious-minded members of Chautauqua communities who would other wise have had access to no such advantages."

Article from The Outlook, March 16, 1927, Volume 145, Number 11, page 325-6. Magazine from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **August 25, 1921** was written from Pueblo, CO by Willard to Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen. He tells about their visit to Geneseo, Ill., their tours in Colorado Springs and now their stay in Pueblo. A train derailed ahead of them and then flooding caused a washout causing their train delay. They expect to arrive in San Francisco a day late. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Pueblo, Colo. Thursday, Aug. 25, 1921

Dear Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen:-

We are sort of "inching along" toward San Francisco. Everything went as planned at Geneseo. I think Phebe and I did both Carl and Addie good by stopping off with them for three days. Carl has gained nine pounds since last February. I suppose that says a good deal about his condition. Phebe and I and Carl did most of the dish washing and Carl prepared most of his own meals, and a good deal of the meals for the rest of us. He met us at the depot and took us into the Chautauqua Sunday afternoon and into town Monday afternoon and to the train Tuesday afternoon where we found Mary, Miss Wannamaker and Miss Fenn.

Last evening-or rather yesterday afternoon we reached Colorado Springs at a little after three. A freight car jumped the track as we came up to it about 11:00 a.m. We waited an hour for them to clear the track. When we tried to get our places on the train that left or was scheduled to leave at 6:38, we found that a wash out had taken place the day before near Grand Junction. The same train we were on had tried to cross the day before and had fallen thru a bridge. The engineer and a passenger were killed and 50+ were injured. Our train was "annulled" at Colorado Springs. So we had to go to a Hotel for the night. We were told one might go on at 11:58 a.m. today. We got on the train but found it overflowing and had to get off here. We will wait till 8:10 this evening to go on on the same train we left last evening. This will make us just one day late into San Francisco.

Yesterday afternoon we took in the "Garden of the Gods". Mama will remember seeing this twenty seven years ago, and the "Cave of the Winds". This is a cave 7000 ft. above sea level, and with curious formations of stalactites and stalagmites- the whole cave is lit with electricity. The drive up the winding steep road and down the spiral roadway- ten sharp curves was most interesting. I am afraid Mama would not have enjoyed it all. The Garden of the Gods has changed only in that people go to see it in autos instead of carriages as we did 27 years ago.

We got to bed early last night and had a long night of good rest. Our rooms looked out at Pike's Peak. The taxi driver wanted to take us up to Pikes Peak starting at 2 a.m. today and getting back at 7:30 but we did not go.

Pueblo is a large city of 43000+ but nothing of interest here. Phebe and I are writing while the other three are resting on the ground in the Park. The weather warms us at noon and in the afternoon but is cool at night. Cloud bursts are frequent all about here this year. At Pueblo the flood a few weeks ago did much damage. Coming in on the train we saw several small houses lying on their sides or on their roofs and one big steam boiler turned over. A family with a blind man and two women and two little children sat in their tent near the railroad, - they had lost all.

Dr. Barnard had not sent in his bill for the last work he did me. I hope he will not think I skipped off. I told him I would settle it when Phebe and I had finished. She paid for her work. Will you ask him how much mine was and pay it?

They are putting in a macadam road [*small stones bound with tar or asphalt*] from Geneseo to Davenport- right by Addies house so they will not worry about mud hereafter. The road is now closed and we had to go west up to the corner and follow around two sides of their farm to get to town. It was so wet that they could not work on the road while we were there.

Here's love to Kathleen and love to Marjorie and love to Mama

From Papa

*[This letter, dated **August 26, 1921**, was written on the Denver and Rio Grand Rail Road near Grand Junction, Colorado by Willard to Mrs. Cyrus Dretcher. He thanks her and the Kings Daughters for their contribution to the*

mission work in Foochow. He tells about the work there. A train accident in Colorado delayed their travel en route to San Francisco. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Denver and Rio Grande Rail Road
Near Grand Junction, Colo.
August 26, 1921

Mrs. Cyrus Dretcher
Prospect St.
Shelton
Conn.

My dear Mrs. Dretcher:-

While at my father's in July my sister Elizabeth gave me \$25.00 from the Kings Daughters for the Christian work on Sang Gaing at Foochow. I was there for the Christmas exercises one year ago last Christmas= 1919, and just before I left Foochow= the last of June 1920 I was there. I could not help contrasting the school as I saw it then with what it was ten and more years ago. Then there were thirty or forty boys-possible one or two girls but I think none,- the teacher was like most of the mission day school teachers of those days,- a Christian of the old Chinese type of teacher who taught the Chinese Classics, the Chinese Bible and the Sunday School lesson.

A few years ago- about 1914 I put a graduate of Foochow College in charge, and in 1919 the school and the work had so grown that I sent over another graduate of Foochow College to help the first one. The two are working together well. In 1919 the first teacher was married. So there are now three Christian workers there. The people number about 75, with ten or more girls. Boys from other places in the country have asked to come and there were four boarders in 1920.

The pupils still study the Chinese Classics, but in addition they are doing sums in Arithmetic with chalk on a blackboard and are studying Geography and learning to sing,- and as one of the teachers knows a little English he is teaching the pupils a little. They study the Bible and the Sunday School lesson,- but not entirely by memorizing as former. They think for themselves.

Educationally the biggest contrast in this school of today with the one of ten and fifteen years ago is this. Then most of the pupils come for one or two or perhaps three years and left. Now each year finds three or four graduating from the four years course and some of them going on to higher schools= High Schools or Junior High Schools for further study. To those who have been instrumental in raising the standard for these schools. This desire on the part of the pupils to stay and graduate is very encouraging. It spells success. A graduate never forgets his Alma Mater, and is fitted to do something- even if he does not go on to a higher school.

Even more gratifying is the fact that some of the older pupils are learning Christians and uniting with the church. They have an Endeavor Society and the boys of 12 and 13 years conduct their own meetings.

When you began giving to this work your money was sufficient to meet the needs. But as the school grew and as the standard was raised it required much more money. For the past four years I have put into Sang Gaing from \$100. to \$112. mex. For the past four years I have put into Sang Gaing from \$100 to \$112 mex.= silver. Ordinarily that means from \$50 to \$56 gold. Until 1920 a man in Kansas City, Mo. has sent me enough to keep the work going with your gift. The past year he has not sent as much. But the work and the workers have so commended themselves to the mission that it is sure to go on.

As the quality of the workers become better the pupils also gave more, so that the pupils themselves are giving a little more than half the salaries of the two teachers- one of them married. I think you all know that this is the only Christian work carried on for the people on this small island in the Min river near Foochow. And I am sure you will pray often for the teachers and for the boys and girls.

Grand Junction, Colorado is a very important place just now. Two days ago there was a cloud burst a little east of here. The west bound train on the Denver and Rio Grande R.R.- the train that corresponds to the one we are on, only one day earlier went thru a bridge that the flood had weakened. The engineer and one passenger were killed and 52 passengers were injured- not seriously. All these passengers are here at Grand Junction,- four more trains from the East are held up here,- and these are long trains- one of 14 cars, so you see there is a crowd here. We passed the wreck this morning over the temporary bridge. Because of the wreck we had to stay one night in Colorado Springs.

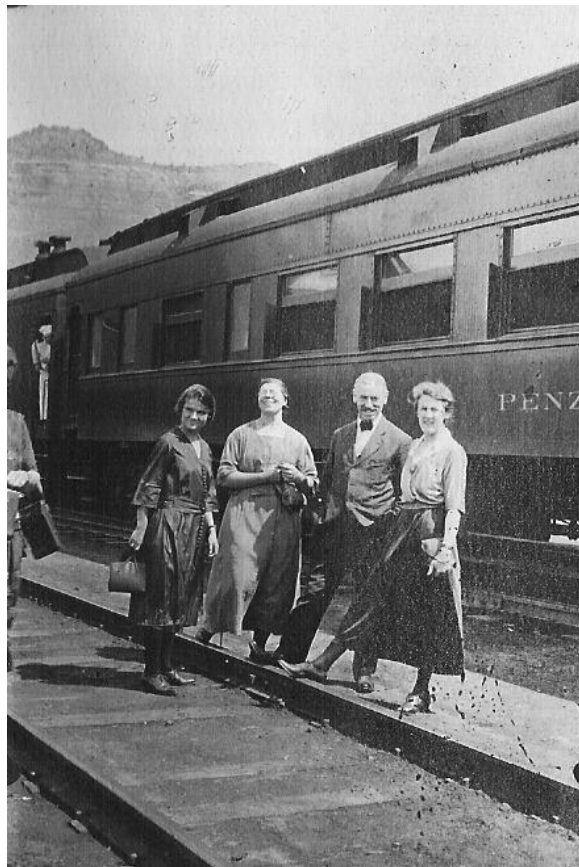
Last night other heavy rains fell and other bridges have been weakened, so we are still here- but the promise to start us out to night.

With thanks to the Kings Daughters for their gift and interest in the work on Sang Gaing.

I am Very Sincerely and Cordially Yours
Willard L. Beard

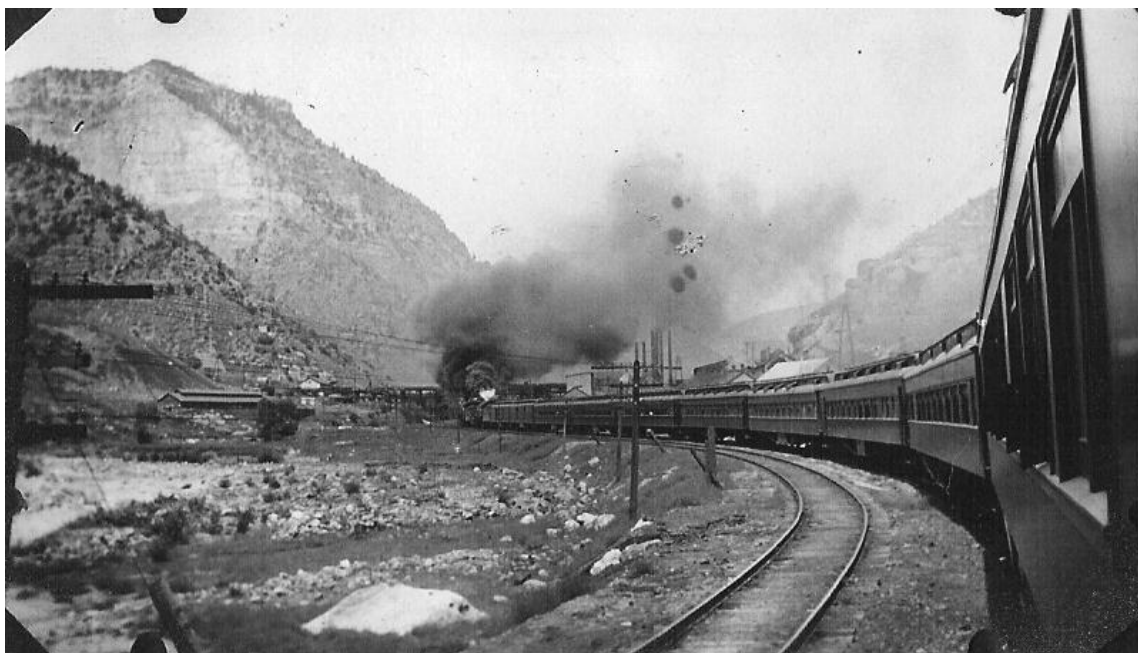
P.S. Lest any one showed fear for our safety- Mary, my sister and Phebe my daughter are with me- I will just add that this wreck has made the railroad men extra careful.

WLB



Written in album: "Across the Continent via Denver and Rio Grande"

[Mary and Willard are the two in the middle of the bottom photo. Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "Our train"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **August 29, 1921**, was written from Berkeley, California by Willard to the folks at home. He, Phebe K. and Mary have traveled across the U.S. to San Francisco via Ogden, Utah. Willard is taking twelve Rhode Island Red chickens back to China. Twenty four missionaries will be travelling on the ship, Golden State. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1693 La Loma Ave
 Berkeley, Cala
 Monday Aug- 29- 1921.

Dear folks at Home,-

Here we are at 4 p.m. all safely at Leolyn's. We saw danger all right, but God has brought us safely all the way with us inconvenience- except the thought of delay. We have been quite comfortable- in fact the breaking of the journey has kept us from feeling tired of travel. At Ogden we went to the movies. The longest single stretch we have had was from Ogden- San Francisco- Sat night 11:45- Monday morning 8:10.

We got breakfast this morning- went to the Board office, found a whole lot of others come in at the same time= hired a taxi and I took 8 girls to the Chinese Consulate then to the Japanese Consul then to the Income Revenue office then to the S.S. office. It took us just two hours and cost us \$6.00 or 66 2/3 cents each, and no hopping trolleys and doging across streets.

I have 12 R.I Red chicks somewhere here for me to take to China. Crate and all 60 lbs.

There are 24 A. B'd Missionaries sailing on the "Golden State." A luncheon is arranged for us at the 1st Church here. 173 are or were to sit down- more may be added. I understand Dr. Kelsey has sent a wireless to Honolulu that we are coming.

Leolyn is a fine young lady- a month older than Marjorie.- I did not know her- and Gwendolin and Elaine are fine healthy girls and the twins are contented healthy and happy- a fine family.

Our steamer is to sail Wed. at 2 p.m. We are in fine condition- not tired at all from the trip across the continent.

My brief case is a joy forever. Thank you Father for the gift you sent by Mary.

Very lovingly to all from us three

Will

*[This letter dated **August 31, 1921** was written from Berkeley, CA by Willard to Ellen. He sends a brief note stating that they arrived in California safely. He is taking a dozen chickens to China with him. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

1693 La Loma Ave.
Berkeley, Cal
Aug 31, 1921, 7:10 a.m.

Dear Ellen-

This is a last word before leaving the home land again. God has been very good to us all the way across the continent, and has brought us here in safety, has given us friends all along the way, and yesterday 17-18 outgoing missionaries of the Am. B'd with 7 or 8 children were bunked by people of the First Congregational Church here. It was a very interesting and pleasant time. The pastors from several churches in near cities were also here- Dr. VanHorn was here.

I saw my chickens yesterday. They were 12 fine looking birds.

We have lunch on board today at 1 p.m. and are to sail at 2:00 p.m.

May god be very real and dear to you and may you have his guidance in everything. May his place be yours.

I love you

Will.

Here love to Marjorie and Kathleen and to Gould when he comes home and to Geraldine and Dorothy when they come

Father

*[This letter dated **Sept. 3, 1921** was written 500 miles West of San Francisco by Willard to Ellen. He writes aboard ship after a delay leaving San Francisco because of engine trouble. He talks of their sleeping arrangements and the other missionaries on board. Willard's sister, Mary, is travelling with them. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

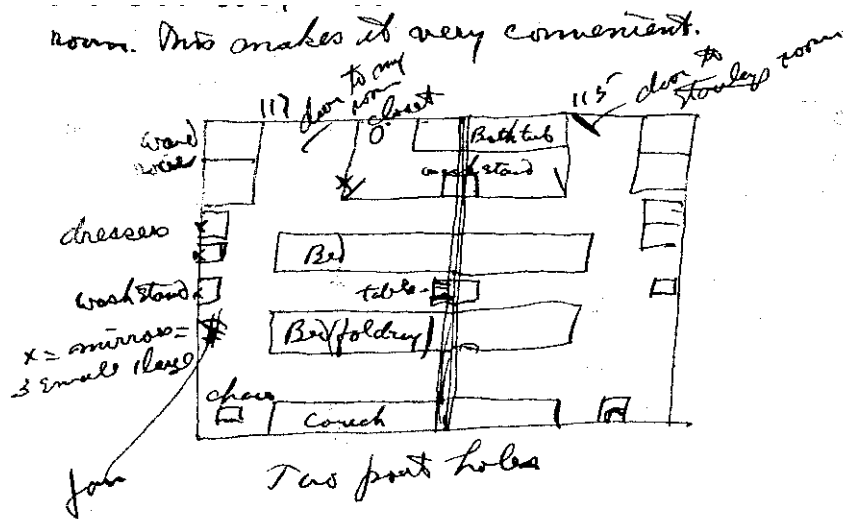
S.S. Pacific Mail Co.
Managing Agents
United State Shipping Board
S.S. Golden State

500+ miles West from San Francisco.
Saturday, Sept. 3, 1921

Dear Ellen;

As the last letter- the one containing the Passenger List- told you we left the dock at San Francisco at 2 pm Wed. Aug 8! but merely steamed out into the Bay and anchored with engine trouble! I hope the Passenger List got off with the Pilot boat all right Friday morning. We started at 5:57 a.m. Friday morning and went 99 miles up to noon and 412 from yesterday noon until today noon. The sea is, and has been very calm. Phebe and I have taken refreshments whenever they have been offered and I believe Phebe has called for something in the morning before getting up. Mary [*Willard's sister Mary is also going back to China*] has not been so fortunate, but she is up now and was at lunch all right.

The Stanley family and I occupy two rooms with a bath between. Mr. or rather Dr. Stanley and Mrs. Stanley and Billie are in one room and John, Alfred and I in the other. The rooms are fine large ones with two beds and a couch in each- no berths. Then there is a table, two wardrobes, two dressers and a washbowl in each room. This makes it very convenient.



We are very comfortably situated. The food is as good as on any steamer I ever traveled on and the service is good. The companions are good. Stanleys, Hugh Hubbard's family- and three Eltrichs, Rev. Mr. Nichols of St. John's Shanghai, Mr. Taylor whom we met in Oberlin, Y.M.C.A. Harvey and his family: are old acquaintances. Miss Fenn has for her room mate (in the room you and I were to have had) Miss Eltrich, Miss Huggins is also here = of our N.C. [probably North China] mission. There are 18 of our Board on board and 22 of the Christian Mission, several Presbyterians and some Baptists-some 30 more in all. Charlie Storrs and family are here also.

Tuesday Sept 6. I have learned since writing the above that there are 180 passengers of whom 120 are missionaries.

Your package was given me the day after we started by Mrs. Storrs. Thank you for the remembrance and for all the sentiment it brings. I shall carry it all the time, - as I do the locket you sent me when I was out alone before. Will you tell Geraldine that I found a 1922 diary in Colorado Springs- just what I wanted so I bought it. She will not need to get me one this year. The collars and the pen cap came all right. I am writing with that pen now.

We thought of Geraldine and Dorothy yesterday and spoke of how busy they were packing and getting ready to leave Silver Bay. I hope the summer brought to Dot as much pleasure and strength as did the summer of 1920 and that Geraldine got as much out of it as Dorothy did, and now they will have a few days with Aunt Etta and then a few days at home with you and the girlies and then College work begins. Here's wishing both of them a happy term and a successful term.

Dr. Kinnear is just about leaving and the Partridges are your neighbors now. I wonder if Monnie's job will continue during school time.

This is an oil burning ship. Gould could be Chief Engineer on her. They tell us that our delay was due to inefficiency of those in charge- Government owned and graft and lack of discipline.

Phebe is a good mixer- people like her. I'm proud to be her father. You would be proud to be her mother on board.

We are getting South where it is warmer but there is a fresh breeze and the electric fans in all parts of the ship make it comfortable. The bathing pool was put up this morning. But I have enjoyed the salt water bath each morning with the fresh water cool spray to wash the salt off. Phebe and Mary do not have the tub in their bathroom.

My next will be sent from Yokohama I suppose.

Kiss Marjorie and Kathleen for Papa

Lovingly

Will

Please give the enclosed testimonial to Mr. Lau. Tell both the boys I forgot how to spell their Mandarin names.

[This typewritten letter, dated **September 4, 1921**, was written from the ship, *Golden State*, en route to China by Mary to the ones at home. She is on board ship with Phebe K. and Willard. They have had some seasickness. Other missionaries are on board including the new ambassador to Japan. Phebe types a few paragraphs in this letter

while Mary goes to have her hair shampooed. They have seen flying fish. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Third Day out. Sept. 4, 1921.

Dear Ones at Home,

I suppose you want to know what kind of sailors we all are. Contrary to expectations Willard has been on deck all the time. Apparently without a qualm. Phebe and Miss Fenn have been on deck but not quite so happy. Miss Wanamaker made some hasty retreats from the dining room but took no pity on the poor hungry fishes. So you see it was up to me to look after them. The first day I gave up to that, see to the fishes. If only the steamer had the habit of frequent stops as our train had, it would have suited me finely. Even half an hour of quiet would have been sufficient.

This has been a beautiful day. We had service this morning at 11. Mr. Nichols, and Episcopal missionary, and Mr. (no Dr.) Stanley had the service. The only drawback was that we missed morning soup and crackers by attending.

We have 180 first class passengers, or, as someone put it 60 passengers and 120 missionaries. How is that for a chartered ship? A Mr. Tappen who went out on the Mongolia with us in 1914 is on board with his bride. The Stanley family, The Hubbard family, the Storrs, several young ladies, either new or returning, and our party were a very good nucleus for friends.

Willard interrupted here to take me to tea. He, Phebe, and I made up the group today. Mr. and Mrs. Storrs joined us with their two children. We have been walking the deck since. Would not you like to have to get exercise by deck sports or walking the deck? Here one longs for some real work. Yes, fixing vegetables for canning would be most welcome as a change.

Fourth Day. Last evening we had a very successful song service if one may judge from attendance. Mr. Hamilton of the Christian mission played for us, and one of the new men of the same mission acted as leader. Again the room was full and the singing was good. Willard sat in the chair and asked for desired hymns.

Today all the officers are out in white. They look very fine and cool. Our rugs are relegated to the use of cushions and coats are left below. Flying fishes are frequently reported. The sea is like glass so everyone is up. Only a very few continue to look wan and white.

Phebe and Cleora Wannamaker have washed their hair and are on the upper deck to finish the drying. They used the electick fan to start the process. I am going to be extravagant and have mine done at the barber shop after lunch. It is so very dirty I despaired of doing it myself.

Two cousins of Miss Bostwick are on board. Also there are two ladies who knew Miss Parsons and her people, at Ohio Wesleyan.

Gould wrote a steamer letter for each one of us. He is not going to Oberlin between terms as he has a job. Ellen was hoping he would as it was lonesome with Will and Phebe gone. I suppose the girls from Silver Bay would soon be there to help out.

On my way across the continent I gathered baggage. At Oberlin a Chinese asked me to take a folding camera to a friend. At San Francisco, Mr. Bostwick added two small packages and a book. I have read the book, "Sister Sue" already. Willard is so deep in "Main Street" that I have been unable to drag him away for any game this morning.

We have as fellow passengers the new ambassador to Japan, Mr. Warren. He is accompanied by his wife and three sons. His secretary, a tutor for the boys, and a governess for the youngest complete the party. He sits and reads books on the Orient most of the time. At table they all join in the conversation, even the eight or nine year old.

There are several Coronas on board and one small machine not a corona. It folds but not in the same way. So far I have used mine in my stateroom. It might disturb my neighbors on deck.

We get an extra meal on this ship. At ten o'clock apples and oranges are brought around. I call it the best meal of the day. Such oranges I have not seen since California days, big and yellow.

Phebe will continue while I go for a shampoo.

This is the first time in a long while that I have used a typewriter. For the last three days letters have grown slowly. Now that we are so near Honolulu we are getting them ready to mail there.

Two of us girls washed our hair before lunch and after drying it before the electric fan in our cabins finished the process on the upper deck in the sun. Just now we are seeing a good many flying fishes. At first I thot they were birds for they do look like swallows.

Today in honor of the approach to warmer regions all the officers came out in white duck suits. They do look very neat and cool.

For some reason I am forgetting my capitals. This has been fun to use the machine and now I think I'll use the pen on some other letters. Aunt Mary will continue when she returns with clean hair!

Continued- My hair feels fine after its washing, but I will probably wash it myself next time because it is too expensive to have it done. Just think, \$1.50 for a simple shampoo. Never mind, she got her moneys worth of dirt I am sure. I fairly feel light headed.

The Edith Wherry who wrote the book Miss Brewster gave me, is the daughter of old Dr. Wherry of the Presbyterian mission of Peking. Miss Fenn knew her. It is the book which Mrs. Ritchie loaned to me first. Miss Brewster told me on that last call that she had not let Mrs. R. give it, because she felt her unable to do so. Miss B. evidently paid her for it.

Thanks for sending the bathing cap. I thought to need it for our private shower but do not. It is the style with six sprays, but the two top ones do not work so our heads are not in any danger.

My poison responded to my drastic treatment and died. Only small places which are skinning give evidence of its former presence.

When we went for our steamer reservations several people found no such numbers as their tickets showed. The 11 days had been used to take out nearly half the staterooms. There were many very small inside rooms and the passengers complained so of the lack of air that it was thought best to remodel before another trip. I can feel with them because the hairdressing room is one of the old inside rooms and I surely would hate to sleep in one of them all the way across. Most of those who were thus deprived of space have dandy big rooms on the upper deck. At the office, two girls were asked if they would pay \$160 extra to be moved up. They said, "No", but they got the room just the same. Willard is up there too.

I am going on deck now and correct this. You will see evidence of much change.

Lots of love to you all

Mary.

Monday P.M.



Written in album: "S. S. Golden State 1921"

[Phebe, Willard and Mary. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **September 5, 1921**, was written from The S.S. Golden State on the way to Honolulu, by Willard to his sister, Phebe M. Beard. They had a nice stay at sister-in-law, Leolyn's home in Berkeley, California. Willard has a nice room on the ship and shares it with two sons of another missionary. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1400 miles from San Francisco toward Honolulu- Monday 6:40 p.m. Sept. 5, 1921.
S.S. Pacific Mail Co.
S.S. Golden State

Dear Phebe-

Mary and Phebe K. have announced that each has written you and I may put in a letter also. Of course they have told you of our very pleasant, tho brief visit at Leolyns. I was greatly and very pleasantly surprised at the great change in her whom we used to call "little Leolyn". She is taller than Phebe and heavier. She is a very well behaved, loving, lovable girl and very efficient in housekeeping. I visited with her Monday afternoon- a week ago tonight while she fixed potatoes- both white and sweet, and put them into the oven to bake. She washed and dried dishes= changed dishes between courses etc. etc. quietly and efficiently. I am proud of her.

It was the first time I really came to know Mr. Morgan and I like him. Gwendolyn and Elaine are sweet loving, lovable, little girls and the twins model babies. - The bell for dinner has rung and I suppose I had better go.

Tuesday afternoon= I was much interested in seeing the Unitarian Theol School. We learned that the Faculty consisted of two Professors- Mr. Morgan and one other man. There are two class rooms- each as large as our bath room at Century Farm- maybe a trifle larger. They are however building a new Library and have ground on which to erect other buildings. They are well located right near the big University- with its 10000 students.

I might spin out pages describing our fellow passengers. But I'll spare you. There [are] 180 of us, 120 "Church people"- mostly missionaries. Being an unattached male I am tucked in with two boys of Dr. Chas. A. Stanley of N. China= I'm not finding any fault tho. We have real rooms with wardrobes, dressers, wash stands, beds- not berths- and a fully equipped private bath room for each two rooms. The clock is turned back over half an hour each night so our rest time is long. The sky has been clear and peaceful and the sea the same ever since we started. This makes the cook work.

My 12 R.I. Reds are thriving on rice, cabbage, onions and left over bread. They have for companions a little puppy and a great large grey hound.

We think of you all often and much. You certainly have interest in China. Very lovingly to you all
Will.

I miss the good times I had this spring and summer while shaving[?] in the kitchen as the maid was getting breakfast.

*[This letter, dated **September 6, 1921**, was written from the ship, Golden State near Honolulu by Willard to his sister, Elizabeth. They are having a pleasant voyage en route to Honolulu. Willard notes a couple of changes in ship travel since he and Ellen crossed in 1894. He reminisces of the recent summer on Century Farm and the Sunday family reunions on the front porch. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Within 300 miles of Honolulu
Tuesday Sept. 6. 2:30 p.m. 1921

Dear Elizabeth-

That was an exceptionally good letter that met me in San Francisco from you as I got on the "Golden State" last were Wed. for some of its philosophy I shall preserve it with a very few that I have saved during the past years.

We had our troubles crossing the continent and getting out of San Francisco harbor but all has gone perfectly since, as far as we know. We are making a little better than 17 miles an hour. The sea is calm. The ship steady. The company congenial, the food plentiful and good and our appetites periodically recurrent. In the evening the sky sparkles with stars. The sea sparkles with phosphorescence and the four days old moon promises lovely nights.

It is hard to realize at times that we are on the water. Sitting in a long easy steamer chair, half reclining looking at moving pictures is very different from our = Ellen's and my experience 27 years ago when we first crossed. Travel on this little lake has undergone tremendous changes.

We should be in Honolulu early tomorrow a.m. It was whispered that Dr. Kelsey, Am B'd Sec'y in S.L. had sent a wireless ahead to the people in Honolulu telling them that 18 Am. B'd missionaries with 8 children were on the "Golden State". So we may have a time of it there. You know Honolulu is owned by the children and grandchildren of Am. B'd missionaries.

It's great to have a daughter and a sister along, - much more like real life than going all alone as I did 9 years ago. The other two members of our party, Miss Wannamaker and Miss Fenn, and we have added another= Miss Lanktree, going to Foochow for Ing Tai= are lively ones- Miss Lanktree is getting initiated. We wrote you, I think, that our Pullman conductor declared to a friend that was looking us up that he had no missionaries on his car- "no one that looked like a missionary." I guess we are keeping up the reputation.

How those few weeks in July on the farm stand out in my mind. The hours on the mowing machine- the hay wagon and then the spin in the overland at the close of the day- and the quiet talks in the sitting room or elsewhere and specially the family reunions on the front porch Sunday afternoons. What a lot of good times God has allowed us to have !! Very lovingly Will

*[This letter dated **September 6, 1921** was written just a day before arriving in Honolulu by Phebe to her mother. Phebe sends her congratulations to Ellen regarding her 27th wedding anniversary. She tells about their stay in California and preparing for the trip. She talks about going through the Golden Gate, life aboard ship and seeing the phosphorescence of the sea at night. Original letter is in the archives at Oberlin College.]*

Sept. 6, 1921
One day from (before)
Honolulu.

Dearest Mother,

You certainly come next, in my line, for I intended to write you yesterday in congratulations of your twenty-seventh wedding anniversary. Mrs. John B. Suietto has a letter just finished from me. And as there is only today left to write letters, we are all at work hard.

Father has probably told you more or less about our trip so far. We feared you might see the news of the washouts and worry about their being baneful to us. It only meant that we had the beautiful trip to the Garden of the Gods, and the Cave of the Winds; were delayed for two days in reading San Francisco, had an eight-hour wait in the park a few minutes by trolley from the station in Pueblo, and waited from six to eight hours at Woodside for a track to be laid. At Pueblo we saw the wreck of the train that first crossed the washout- the baggage, mail, date card either on end or side and ?? cushions scattered all about. The engine had run itself far into the ground, nearly half buried in the sand at the roadside. Then at Woodside we saw, the ends of the ties of the old track were just barely visible above the muddy water of the stream around which we crawled on a new track that was being watched even as we crossed it by the men who had built it. At Ogden we girls took Father to a movie, where there was a wild west show; and a funny and some fine current events pictures. I was very sorry not to be able to go into the Tabernacle and hear the organ.

The process of getting our passports was really an experience. At the board offices we found nearly all the outgoing missionaries and Mr. Hinman and Miss Blanchard. Then ten of us filed into an auto and went to the Japanese and Chinese Consulates for visas to the offices of the Internal Revenue office and the steamship agents for tickets. We found three agencies the Pacific Mail offices, Bennett's Travel Bureau which sold me mine, Cook's Agency that dealt in tickets. It took us almost two hours of waiting and working to get our rooms and tickets.

Aunt Leolyn has a very beautiful house and family. The twins are darling babies, the little boy as regular and perfect as can be, dark like his father. Pauline is as pink and white and fat as you could ask for a perfect baby, but she isn't quite so regular. Gwendolyn and Elaine took me all around the house, showed me everything, and told me all about their playhouse and the tiny taub in their back yard, and fed me blackberries. Leolyn thought they would tire me out, but I enjoyed it.

On Tuesday the new missionaries had a grand luncheon given them, and some spoke afterwards. It was a very pleasant occasion, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. At my right was Mrs. Nash the wife of the Dean of the Theological school in Berkeley and a self-satisfied woman- Dr. Nash is wonderfully consecrated, and he gave us the farewell from the church. One of his expressions in the fine address he gave was that we were "going out into the face of God"- such a beautiful, solemnizing expression, and one that is to be my watchword henceforth! When we finally had set sail, a little tug drew us about the harbor until dinner time. We waited and watched for the Golden Gate, till finally, we started from the middle of the harbor and, blowing our whistle joyously, sailed straight on the Gate. *[She is only referring here to the entrance to the Pacific Ocean. The bridge spanning this "Golden Gate" was not built until the 1930's.]* But it wasn't long before we slowly came back to the starting point, there to lie all that night, the next day and the following night. As a result we have been able to cool our engines, and go on increasing speed till now it is 17.3 K. an hour for yesterday.

For some reason I was not seasick. I took no medicine, and did nothing but eat when I was served and stay on deck. I've slept wonderfully, and eaten voluminously and am looking much better than I did when I left home.

We have met two ships every day but today since leaving on Sept 2. On the 3rd we met the "Wolverine State" and passed within three boat lengths. We gave flag signals and dipped our stern flags mutually on passing. Yesterday the "Buckeye State" passed just as close, and at night we saw another ship all alight. This morning the smoke of a ship was visible to the south east.

Two movies have graced our trip, neither of them high class, but "funny" as Miss Armstrong says tolerantly. The unique feature about them is that every once in a while, always just before the consummation of an exciting incident the film severs, and then is light followed by darkness for a season till the patch is made.

Last night we watched the Phosphorescence at the prow of the ship. I never saw it before come in great light flecked circles or wreathes or crescents. Sometimes these would be little bomb-explosions of light, and as the ship turned the water over in spray it could be all luminous with their light. Stars in the water and stars in the sky.

We have seen whales and flying fish. Our sunsets and cloud effects have been wonderful. I do nothing all day but eat, sleep, talk, walk, and play games when we can get them which is twice so far.

Before I forget I want to thank you just ever so much for all those things I left behind. The waist came in very handy already, for I have worn my green dress constantly for three days. It is very beautifully mended, and I am very glad of the iron rust remover. Thanks ever so much for the package.

As Father has probably told you the Ambassador to Japan and family and retinue are on board. They are an ideal family, and the little boys interest me greatly. They all went swimming in the pool today.

Tomorrow we land at Honolulu. I wonder what we'll do. Perhaps the Board has things arranged. For there was a wireless promised them from Dr. Kelsey.

There are other very nice and interesting people, especially a Mr. and Miss Gillies, an American N.Y. coffee merchant and his sister. He looks like a frog. Also like Washington Irving and is very nice. She is a stately lady, dressed in costume, coat, stockings, dress, hat all same color. She has cold blue eyes, but is very nice.

Give my love to the girls and Geraldine and Dot. More later.

Very much love,
Phebe.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 16, 1921** was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother. He tells about a money making business he and a friend have started hauling baggage of incoming students. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

508 Hill St.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Sept. 16, 1921

Dear Mother:-

Have been kept busy every minute of my stay here this vacation.

About two weeks ago my partner, Joachim Seilzer, and myself decided to take a chance and try to make more money than the usual 40 cents an hour paid for all college-men help about town. We lit upon the plan of pooling our little reserves and buying a couple of trucks and cart the baggage of the incoming students. This we did. Whereupon the Ann Arbor Taxi Company signed an agreement with the Railroad for the exclusive rights of soliciting for baggage on the station platform and on trains. We are meeting this by sending out 1000 circular letters to students asking them to give us the trade. We have got our names plastered up all over campus and our cards all around in the boarding and rooming houses so we don't look to be set back much. Anyhow I am getting good business experience as I am the one doing the engineering of this stunt. We intend to make it an all year affair. With about 11,000 students coming in and going out we ought to make it pay well.

I suppose Dot and Jerry will be pulling along home pretty quick now. I wish I could get home, but with this business I will be tied up until Xmas vacation.

Have you heard anything from Father or Phebe since they left for Frisco? Who have you got for house mates? When does Oberlin open session?

With love to all the family.

Your loving son,
Gould

[This letter, dated **September 1921**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. Flora is frustrated because school has started and Mary and some other teachers have not yet arrived. Infantile paralysis, or polio, is prevalent among the Chinese and a few cases among the foreigners. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[September 1921]

Dear folks at home:-

These are days full of promise but when I have to sit with folded hands in the midst of fifty of the finest children the world can produce it gets my nerves. The opening of school has been a farce as far as a faculty is concerned. Miss King is the only one on hand. I am not expected to do much teaching this year as there is so much to be supervised that it will take pretty nearly the entire time of the principal to make all things run efficiently and smoothly. We are expecting a Miss Harper from the Philippines but for some reason or other she has not arrived. Mary has never written a thing about what Miss Fenn is to teach, so I can't plan a thing for the work of the school and it is almost unbearable to have all the children here and nothing for them to do. I am getting organizations started as far as possible, and the children have been adorable. I am afraid of homesickness and mischief creeping in during these days of enforced idleness, so it takes all my time to plan for the moment and then I have the real work to plan for at the time we should be all settled in the year's work. I have been back at work ever since Aug. 1st. During August I had our servants put up a bushel and a half of tomatoes every other day, besides 250 lbs. of apples, a lot of grapes, and besides had all our furniture done over, floors oiled, and walls decorated. We have had to squeeze in ten more pupils by fixing a room in the attic and spilling over into Miss Huggin's house.

During August I had three friends from Japan with me and we went sight seeing two days out of every three. The weather was unusually cool so that we had a most enjoyable time. I would spend that third day with my workmen so that we did accomplish a remarkable amount of work. I just wish you could see the rows and rows of cans filled with all sorts of concoctions that are based on apples, tomatoes, grapes, and peaches.

We are to have fifty six pupils this term and two more are to enter in the middle of the year. We have eliminated some pupils who have not been helpful to the school and this present group is one that should do a great deal towards the realization of our ideals for the school. When (and if) we ever get a faculty, we should accomplish happy results in character and work. I realize I should be going home and hope I can get away soon. I don't want to leave until a few more things are settled, but think they will be during this year. Things seem to point toward our new building being a reality, and that Peking is coming to her senses about that school. It is an interesting fact that three members of that board are keeping their own children home this year because there was so much illness last year, and we already have two families from the Rockefeller in our school with the promise of another in the middle of the year.

Infantile paralysis [*polio*] is quite prevalent among the Chinese and there have been four cases among the foreigners, one child (in the Rockefeller compound) one young lady among the Salvation Army people, and two mothers in the American Board. Three of these cases took place at Peitaiho. It just means that I shall do my utmost to keep these children's resistance up to the highest mark. It will do no good to worry. Thanks be, we have a marvel of a matron in the dining-room with a cook in the kitchen to match, so I hope we can keep the children well. In my mind that is the most important part of our school life, for all else is based on what kind of health the children have. Crops are wonderful all through this part of China, and fruit plentiful and of good quality, so we should have the right things to eat. Our doctor's examinations tell us what we must look out for and our regulations in eating, exercise, and sleep help much to keep folks fit.

This year we have a faculty of seven full time teachers and three part time teachers. We have eighteen servants on our pay roll, so you see there are quite a few people to be managed- about eighty in all, counting the children. We have boarding, the garden, the school, teaching, commuting (week-ends), sight seeing, special speakers, and other things that have to be attended to which takes time and planning to get them done.

To day I am telegraphing to Mary to have the word in Shanghai ready when she arrives- we hope on Monday and we hope she may reach Peking on Wednesday night. I shall meet her with an auto and come right out to Tunghsien. The American Legation has secured a "pass" for me so that we can get the city gates opened to come out at night.

It has been some time since I have written, for the days have been so full and things have been so topsy-turvy until now. Mary will be your "steady" correspondent, and perhaps I may improve.

Mother's letter written on Aug. 16th reached me this morning.

Lovingly yours-

Flora Beard.

P.S.- Enclosed is a draft for father for the pencils, etc., which he paid for last year. This will put my indebtedness on the right side of my account at home. F. Beard
Please pay the subscription for Mary's "Geographic" F.

[This postcard postmarked **Sept. 19, 1921** was written from Japan by Mary to Miss Phebe M. Beard. She talks of her tours in the Tokyo area. Postcard is in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Miss Phebe M Beard
Shelton
Connecticut
USA.

We had a fine day at Tokyo, the first clear one they had had in 2 weeks. At Kamakura we visited only the Daibutsu and went inside where this shrine is. At Tokyo we went by auto all over the city, to the big university where we saw about 5000 people viewing a ball game between Univ. of Washington and Japan. Mr. Abe was there. We ended by one of the Jap. meals which we worked ourselves as I told you of doing a year ago. We were off the boat four or 3 AM till 10:00 PM. Tired!! Yesterday was rainy and rough. A good day to be still. With love Mary 6:30 AM Mon



[This typewritten letter, dated **before September 20, 1921**, was written on a ship nearing Japan by Mary to the dear ones at home. She and Phebe K. took a tour of the ship's engine rooms. They are entertained with shuffleboard, bathing, teas and musical skits. Since Honolulu they have slept out on deck. They went through the edge of a typhoon. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Before September 20, 1921]
Thursday Evening
Nearing Japan.

My Dear Ones at Home,

I'll begin with today and progress backwards. To begin Phebe and I slept until the breakfast bell. Luckily there is no stigma attached to being late for meals. After breakfast I typed some songs which some of us were to sing tonight. At 10.00 a party of us went down into the engine rooms. We visited the dynamos which generate electricity to light us; the turbine engines; the boiler rooms; the refrigerator plant; the machine shop; the shaft which

turns the propeller; and the engineers rooms. In the first boiler room the temperature was between 138 and 140 degrees Fahrenheit. In the second it was nearly 160. A few of the party went up one flight of stairs in the first room and the thermometer read 180. As each room had grown a little warmer we were, in a way, prepared for the intense heat. Our propeller is 16.6 feet across and sends us forward 17 feet with each rotation. The guide said the high ratio meant high efficiency. All the men in the engine rooms were Americans, or at least had taken out their first papers.

The Turkish bath necessitated a bath and clean up before luncheon. After luncheon we had a rehearsal of our songs. We were not through when a call came for Phebe and me to play shuffle-board. It was a tournament game so the call was not to be ignored. We played and won IE [*mistype for 83*] to 47 in the nine innings. That makes us champions for this trip.

A practice game and tea took all the time till it was necessary to dress for dinner. There was a musical farce written by a fellow passenger to be presented this evening. That means a rush for seats because there are never enough for all.

The hits were on the delay at San Francisco, and the large number of missionaries on board. A Mrs. McCullum did some clever acting and the best singing. Mr. Nichols as the Captain was also good. The joke is that both are of the missionary band. In the second act, the pirate called for some entertainment and brought on a soloist, the rag doll which won first prize at the fancy dress ball, a solo on a "Peruvian Goolash", and a silly song by a group of us. The strange instrument is ordinarily known as a bicycle pump. By keeping good time and going up or down with his notes Mr. Hubbard makes his tunes recognizable. But it is a scream, with the funny little shrieks and squeaks.

Yesterday noon we got all excited because word came that we were to meet the "Empire State" at noon. We watched and waited but no ship. She passed so far south we could not see her. She sent us a wireless that she had met a typhoon just out of Yokahama which had seriously delayed her. We got the edge of it yesterday afternoon and today.

Friday morning. It got so late that I decided to leave this in the machine and go to bed last night. Wednesday was a full day too. Phebe and I played off the first of our shuffle board matches and of course won or we would not have played the next day. The end of the typhoon made some of us like the quiet of our deck chairs. Phebe and several others spend an hour or more out on the prow where the waves dashed high. They were wet when they came in but their spirits were not at all damped.

Tuesday was the day of the baby show and childrens entertainment. There are fourteen babies on board. Mrs. Warren had had a large frame made at the carpenter shop and the parents posed the babies as they pleased. Two were in fancy crepe paper costumes and the others in some of their own clothes, or their birthday ones supplemented by a crepe sash for a cupie or only a pair of stork panties.

The childrens entertainment was the dramatization of some Mother Goose rhymes. They were very cunning.

Since we left Honolulu, Phebe and I with four others have been sleeping out on the top deck. We have great fun getting up there. There is only one staircase leading from the "A" deck to the promenade deck, unless we pass through the end of the steerage deck. The latter is full of sleeping men so we prefer to brave our fellow passengers. One night we met someone at every turn. Mr. Gillies, a very proper bachelor well chaperoned by a guardian sister, was the first. He wished us good luck. On the next landing sat a group of several men and women. They asked if we were having dress parade for the fancy dress ball the next night. As we went through the dining room we remarked that it almost seemed as though it were raining outside. When we reached the roof we were no longer in doubt. The canvas was only a sieve which partially limited the downpour on the deck. We of course gathered up our things and returned the way we had come. We met the same people and announced that "this was the real thing." Soaked! O no! Drowned, rather!

The afternoon of the childrens play the sea was like glass. That is said to be a weather breeder and I guess it was. It is a little rough now but I have my sea legs back and have just had two good games of shuffleboard.

I like Miss Fenn very much. She wears well, is full of life and a good sport. She has been on one of the committees and I get the best of reports as to her ability to produce ideas as well as to carry them out. As a small boy [*said?*] last night, she was fine.

There is a lady from Mills college on board. I met her only yesterday. She gets off at Yokahama, but will visit Peking later. She is out in the interest of the college. I hope she calls at the N.C.A.S. There are several others who are specially interested in missions, some with money and some who have access to it.

My pet baby on board is Henry Storrs. He is a little younger than Stephen. He talks but little but loves to try any word one suggests and has a most adorable smile. One poor babe has had a terrible time. His mother wants a good time so she got a little girl from the steerage to tend the child. He rebelled and wept so the mother had the girl

bring him around to our deck. We had the wails all one day, then I could not stand it and took the baby. He was most grateful and cuddled and smiled adorably.

I hope for a letter from Flora at Yokahama and am going to send her one. Were it not for the baggage I should get off there and go overland. As we can not get a rebate on our ticket and the cost of travel is high I do not feel like putting the school to the extra expense.

We have eaten two of my boxes of candy only, so I may have some left to take to my destination.

One night on deck we had a wonderful rainbow by moonlight. It lasted a long time. The sunrises were worth the necessary early rising; as the boys had to have the deck to wash at six so they will be dry when we get out after eight.

We are to reach the next post office tomorrow. Probably we will be in port two days. Then two days in the inland sea, two days at Kobe, two en route for Shanghai and off for Peking as fast as we can.

Hope you are all well. We are.

With much love Mary



Written in album: "Watching the waves"



"View of front of ship from prow"

[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "The promenade deck"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Sept. 20, 1921** was written on the S.S. Golden State just 30 hours from Shanghai by Willard to Gould. Willard relays the events of a Japanese ship hitting his ship and causing damage just a few doors down from his room. They arrived in Shanghai and his chickens have survived the trip. Mary left for Nanking and the rest of them are headed to Peking the next day. Original letter is in the archives at Oberlin College.]*

SS Pacific Mail Co.
 Managing Agents
 United States Shipping Board
 S. S. Golden State

On the China Sea, within 30 hours of Shanghai
 Tuesday evening Sept. 20, 1921

My dear Boy:-

Do you remember passing over these waters eleven years ago and watching the fishermen in their little sail boat, trying to catch fish and at the same time trying to keep out of the way of our leviathan of a ship? If so you know where we are now. And do you remember how you disgusted mama by saying that you were going to be a fisherman just like those men when you grew up? Well you have got a little beyond fishermen already, and you are still going.

As we were at lunch today we came very near having a serious accident. We were in the narrow channel just west of Moji. A small Japanese ship tried to pass us. The current was swift. A little farther on was a barge with some cars on her. The Japanese skip, to avoid sinking the barge, struck her nose into us and scraped our starboard side for nearly 100 feet, denting one of our plates in about 6 in., and cracking the panels in 121 state room. My room is 117. /117/119/121/ But as it was way above water line, the damage was not serious. It was close enough tho. One lady rushed up stairs after her baby and fainted on the landing. A man got on two life preservers.

Friday Sept 23

We reached Shanghai yesterday a.m. and got to the Missionary Home by noon day and baggage and chickens – all alive.

Aunt Mary was off for Nanking last night. Others of the Peking party left this morning. We will be together tonight and go on to Peking together. We docked about 6:30 yesterday morning. One family got off and caught the 9:30 am train for Peking. How's that for hustling?

Phebe is living over her days in China. It is interesting to her father to watch her. She even got up last night and chased rats. She is one fine girl.

May you have all success in your work this term

Very lovingly,
Father



Written in album: "Will's chickens"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This typewritten letter, dated **September 20, 1921**, was written from a ship by Mary to the ones at home. They arrived in Yokohama, Japan and did some touring there and also in Tokyo and Kobe. They visited Mr. Abe Tso while in Tokyo. While approaching Kobe aboard ship they were hit by a Japanese steamer and sustained damage. Willard had to tend to one of his sick chickens while in Kobe. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Last day out, Sept. 20, 1921.

Dear Ones at home.

We had a wonderful day at Yokohama. Mr. Gresset, who with his family was on the steamer with me last year met the steamer. I went up to his home just for a short call and then met the rest of the party at the Sakurakgo station to go to Kamakura. We could not find an auto so we walked up to the Diabutzu. It was very interesting to stroll through the streets at leisure and gaze our fill at the shops. We were so hungry that we hunted up an eating place there in spite of the scarcity of language on our part. The menu was both in English and Japanese. One interesting item was "pouding", another, "chicken rice". There were several other omissions of that sort. We had some very good chicken and Spanish rice with tea to drink.

From there we took the train to Tokyo. There were just ten of us so we filled two motor cars. We drove all over the city. At the university we saw Mr. Abe. We had to call him out from a ball game between the Wachida boys and a team from Washington University. The Japs were ahead one point when we were there. We could look over the fence and see the crowd. One part of the city was having a celebration for its special shrine and the streets were decorated with lanterns and flags. At frequent intervals were small open theaters. The actors were dressed in long flowing robes and had wigs with hair to their knees and long bangs. Such faces! One man had a nose several inches long, another a beaked nose. All wore some grotesque mask. They were sparring with huge swords or merely going through strange gyrations. Occasionally we saw groups of children carrying small shrines, each striving to get the better place to hold on. There was one parade of grown men all in elaborate costumes, and one group of men carrying what looked like a coffin shrouded with a white cloth. That night we went to a Japanese restaurant and got

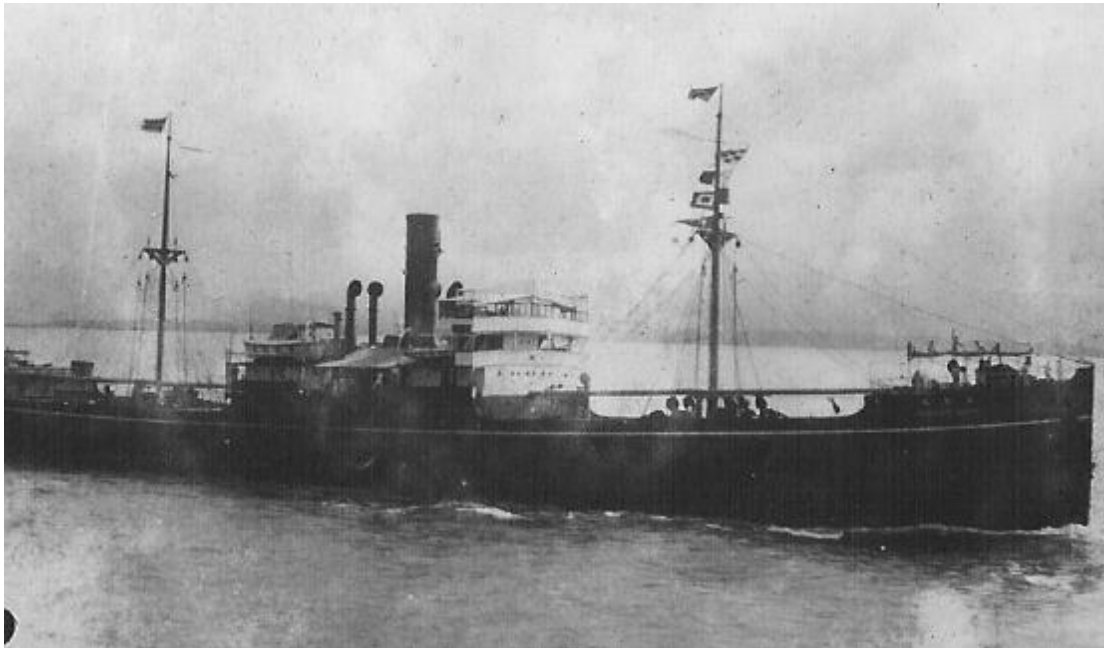
a “kunabe”. That is the dinner one cooks for ones self. We had meat cut in very thin slices and one green vegetable besides the rice. It was good and we had huge appetites to add flavor. We got back to the boat at 10.00 P.M. and we were tired.

We had the roughest sea yet enroute to Kobe. It was very comfortable to sit still in our chairs. On the other hand there was much to see as we were passing islands continually. One looked at the scenery but did not read or write much.

At Kobe we walked about and spent money. Phebe got a tea set. The rest of us got lesser things but all spent considerable Yen. I got a silk waist for only 6 Yen. As a dollar changed for one Yen and two Sen that was cheap. I also got a cotton kimona for three Yen and a half. It is blue with chrysanthemums embroidered on it. We were so enamoured with the native food that we had another dinner. That time it was even better. They gave us more vegetables; onions a green food typical of the orient, something that looks like scallops, sliced mushrooms and the thin cut meat. We could not exchange a word, so nodded “yes” to every suggestion the little maid made. As a result we had two tall bottles of Lager Beer brought out. There is a new style in the feasts now. We were each given a raw egg, and supposed to dip the hot food in that before putting it on the rice. We did that properly, then put the extra egg in the pan and scramble it. The maids were a little amused but most courteous.

We went up to Kobe College to call. There are two Holyoke girls there and an Oberlin girl whom Phebe knew. We were fortunate in finding Miss DeForest there too.

Yesterday we came through the Inland Sea. It was beautiful. We got so near some of the islands it is a marvel we do not hit. At Kobe we took on a Japanese pilot to guide us through. At Moji, the end on the Inland Sea, we stopped without anchoring. Some of us had gone down to luncheon. Suddenly there was a bump and a rasping, grating sound. Of course we jumped from our chairs. A Japanese steamer had tried to pass too close and had hit us and scraped the whole length of our side. One woman fainted and one man donned two life preservers. We finished our lunch and got on deck as quickly as we could. The Straights were too narrow at that point to stop. Both ships steamed to a more roomy point then stopped. A launch came out to take the pilot off and the 1st Officer got into the launch and took a ride around to the wounded side. He shouted to the captain on the bridge that the scrape was too high to be dangerous but extended two thirds the length of the ship. In cabin 121 the side is so stove in that the woodwork is injured. We can see the scratch by leaning over the side so we knew even before the Officer made report that it was way above water line.



Written in album: “Moji The boat that bumped us”
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Miss Wannamaker has been taking the children from three to six for kindergarten every morning since the first two days out. The parents showed their appreciation by giving her a ten dollar bill the morning we were at Kobe. Another passenger gave her a tea set. I tell her I am going to learn a trade so I can earn my passage next time.

How the children have loved it! Another girl tried to help with the older ones but there was not the need and she was useful only to umpire a few deck sports.

We lost the Japanese Ambassador at Yokohama. The Secretary proved he was really human before they got off. He had held himself very much aloof from the dancing, card playing and gay times. The last day a bunch of us started a Virginia Reel on the deck. Our music was the clapping of our hands and we were having a regular frolic. We had an odd number and he happened along. Without any ado he offered himself to fill out. How he did whirl us!

I think I wrote we were sleeping out on deck. We kept it up until we reached Japan. There is no awning on the upper deck now, so we have to stay down. The first night it was terribly hot but last night it was not bad.

In Kobe harbor one of the chickens got sick so Willard had to spend a long time doctoring it. He thinks it got put too near the steam exhaust. Last night we had hard work telling which it was so it must be all right. The coolies struck for higher pay in the midst of unloading at Kobe and it took two hours to get them back to work. Hence we left at eleven instead of nine. A bunch of us stood on the top deck and watched the unloading then the putting together of the hatches, and tying down of the cranes. Afterward Miss Gillies invited us down to her room to eat candied fruits. Her brother opened up the tea set they were giving Miss Wannamaker so all the party could see it. We were in bed by two AM. How is that for a party of staid missionaries? Miss G. and her brother are on a trip to visit India especially. The delay cuts Peking out of their trip this time.

Phebe and I got ivory shoe horns with carved handles for prizes because we won out in shuffle board. Hers has a dragon and mine a phoenix.

There will be a party of sixteen of us to go up to Peking together. We can not tell when we start until we get there, but it will be either Thursday or Friday morning.

Miss Fenn is getting quite excited for it means home to her. She had a letter from her mother at Honolulu and again at Yokohama. I expected one at the latter place from Flora but did not get it. Miss Huggins had one from Alice who was at Tungchow with Flora, and going over to sleep with her nights. I expect Flora was there to oversee repairs. I wrote to Tunghsien from Yokohama hoping the letter would arrive before we do. From Shanghai I shall telegraph the date and hour of our arrival.

The Chinese have a new scheme where by we have to make out a declaration slip. We are all wondering if it means we have any duty to pay. I am taking a tea set to a lady in Shansi. It was purchased by one of the Kobe College teachers to be sent by the first messenger. I hope to get it through but can not be sure. If the new rule means duty on packages for others it will put a stop to the free and easy way of getting someone to carry packages around so much.

Did I write that I finally succeeded in getting a game of Rook at Oberlin? I have not yet opened it. We were so many that we could use up the extra time in talk or sleeping. On the steamer I played "500" one night. The trouble is that games mean going in side as the breeze is so strong out side. I really prefer more activity on shipboard. The deck tennis is real exercise, and requires a bath and redressing each time.

Yesterday afternoon Phebe and I did a large share of our packing so we are not so rushed as those who left it all till the last minute. My trunk was so broken when it got here that I am taking my Corona out to lighten it. Now that we are getting to the land of coolies I am not so desirous to keeping a limited amount of handbaggage. I have declared six pieces so you know I have added some. The packages for others are responsible.

We have made a record trip for speed in spite of the fact that three of the four blowers to supply oxygen to the engines broke. For two days we made 17.5 or 17.9 knots an hour. Our greatest run was 428 miles in a little over 23 hours. At Yokohama we got new blowers so have speeded up again. For a little we were making only 16.2 knots.

We have had such a fine trip and such a good time that we are all going to be sorry to have it end. Then too there are the friends one makes and wonders if they will ever see again.

With lots of love

Mary.

[Added in Willard's handwriting:]

Dear folks at Century farm:

Mary says I may add a few words. She has doubtless told you all about the journey- continued clear skies- smooth sea-pleasant and congenial companions- polite Captain and officers and crew- good food well served and good service, a very pleasant day in Tokio- saw Mr. Abe Tso (my classmate in Hartford) at a base ball game with 10,000 spectators- another good day in Kobe- got bumped by a Japanese steamer in Moji- due to be in Shanghai tomorrow morning.

The bell for lunch is ringing, so here's good bye and love to all-

Will

[This letter dated Sept. 21, 1921 was written nearing Shanghai by Phebe to Gould. They have had an easy voyage across the Pacific. She describes the Captain's dinner with balloons that everyone played with. She describes their stop in Japan and of shopping and eating at restaurants. Phebe is a bit nervous of what is expected of her in her new job as a missionary. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Nearing Shanghai
Sept. 21, 1921

Dear Gould,

During this last week the girls have started their college work, and you have been preparing to do the same in the next week. I hope that this year will grow easier for you as the weeks go by, and that you may find the work practical.

Your steamer letter was very interesting. Your ambition relative to Father and Mother is very fine and I'm glad there is someone in the family who can do it. Daniel wrote me a letter on the same paper as one to Father and one to Aunt Mary, a very kind one and an invitation to write him, which I shall not fail to do. He was an inspiration to me in my sixth grade year of teaching!

As Father has told you we have had a wonderful voyage. It has really been too smooth for excitement, but I have not had the heart to wish for rougher weather when just a swell had put some of the ladies miserable to bed. Three times we went bathing in their dinky little tank that slopped over at every roll and replenished the sea and swamped the steerage deck. One afternoon five of us played puss in the corner, and such duckings as we gave each other!

On the last night out came the Captain's dinner at which the Captain was conspicuously about since we reached Yokahama at 9 P.M. Like the other two big dinners we had, we were given balloons to blow up and bonbons. The saloon was decorated with flags and lanterns and all renewed their youth with the playthings. The Ambassador's table and the dignified people all around the Stanley's included, blew up their balloons just to break them and we all played ball with them. Explosions were quite in order and frequent!

The night before this some of the passengers gave a musical comedy written by two of the men on board, and it was very good. I have the airs to some of the choruses. We as a group had to sing a song when a pirate had taken the ship and ordered an entertainment. We sang this:

Some folks jump up and down all night,
And d-a-n-c-e,
And then they go to church to show
This brand new h-a-t.
They hide their fare beneath the clouds
Of p-a-i-n-t,
And then they laugh at us
Because we're s-a-v-e-d.
Allelulia.
G-l-o-r-y to know I'm f-r-double-e,
I'm h-a-p-p-y- to know I'm f-r-double-e,
Once I was b-o-u-n-d- in the chains of s-i-n,
But v-i-c-t-o-r-y to know there's peace within!

Isn't that rich? Miss Wannamaker taught us that!

At Yokahama we did a little buying, but went to the Daibutsu, at Kamakura. After getting souvenirs and cards we got chocolate made in Japan! Little did I ever dream of doing that! For dinner we went to a foreign looking restaurant behind a bamboo fence where the woman spoke no English. With the help of charades and the men, and catching words that we used with motioning we got a very good dinner of rice and chicken served with chopsticks. Some of us rode to the station in rickshas and some walked.

From there we went to Tokyo. Three of us were thirsty so in great thotfulness I piloted them up to the dining room above the waiting room of the station and we ordered drinks. We waited and waited, and finally got something thin with ice but no ice cream in it for soda. When we had it about half gone some cakes came on, and then some one called us to go for an auto ride around the city. So we swallowed the rest whole and asked for our bill. The Jap that came said "Krank you very much" as he scattered off to get it. You can't imagine our chagrin to find that it cost us 1.00 for the drink and \$.50 for cakes!

We had a fine ride thru many of the streets of Tokyo, the horn honking all the way. We always turned to the left as in Canada.

It happened to be a festival day in a part of the city and the streets were decorated with gay paper lanterns and sprays of pink and white flowers. We passed troops of boys carrying paper temples with a gilded bird surmounting them, and men carrying cataphalts. On several of the street corners there were temporary stage with plays going on just such as we saw in China. The costumes were gay, the music was of drum and pipe and the action pantomime.

At Wasida University we had to go out to the ball field to find Prof. Iso a classmate of Father's. There was a big game on between Washington University at Seattle and Wasida, and the ten-thousand spectators were cheering in good American style. The score was ninth inning 1-0 at the time, and I have an idea Wasida won. Then we rode thru Hibaya Park, a lovely spot broad and well laid out, and passed a moat around one of the forts. After a call at a Y.M. and a Y.W. we went to a restaurant where we took off our shoes and had a "gunabi". The pretty maid brought in brass frying pans and lighted the gas plate in our low tables. Then after pouring in some sie in she put in meat in thin strips, onions and bean curd. After it was done, we dipped it into our raw egg and ate. The rice was awfully good. Three of the girls had never used chop sticks and they did very well.

We walked around in the stores for a time and they took what seemed a long ride back to Yokohama. From the train we took rickshas to the boat and it was a lovely ride, all of us together there, riding thru the dark silent streets in the moonlight with our silent coolies trotting ahead.

From there we came to Kobe over the roughest area so far. We had a long day there shopping and a gunabi dinner. I got a traset and a cut velvet picture, but the rest of the things couldn't find.

We went into the engine room one day and saw all the 56 burners that make the ship go. Only ten blowers were working so it was hot there, 140 degrees in the aft room 160 degrees in the fore. I went up onto a ladder where it was 180 degrees and I nearly burned up. We have a 16.5 ft. ?? screw, and we go about 17.5 knots an hour.

Tomorrow we dock at Shanghai. We hate to break up the party, but so it must be. We have about 10 people going to Foochow and we hope to get a boat out soon. Somehow I can't get it into my head that I'm almost there. I'm half thrilled over it, and then when I think of all that is expected of me I wonder! There will be many changes I know, but it won't be long before I shall be thrilled with seeing the old city again.

I wish you might have been with us. You would have enjoyed the trip so much and I thot of you when we went up onto the prow in the gale and stood wet in the spray of the dancing waves.

We have many interesting people on board, and they have been very nice to us missionaries.

As we went thru the straits at Moji Yesterday at the end of the Inland Sea a Jap. boat scraped against us and gouged our side a bit. I took several pictures which I hope will come out well.

All good wishes to you for this year. We'll both be working at a more or less new job, and we're both going to succeed!

Much love from

Phebe.

Write me often!

*[This typewritten letter, dated **September 27, 1921**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She has arrived in Tungchou and started school ten days after it opened. She tells about their stay in Shanghai en route to Tungchou. Mary describes some of the changes while she was gone. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Sept. 27, 1921
Tunghsien, Chihli, China

Dear Ones at Home,

Today is the first day of school for us newcomers. We reached Peking Saturday night at eleven thirty. Flora, Mr. Fenn, Mrs. Fenn, Henry Fenn and Miss Bertha Reed were on the platform to meet us. The Fenns of course took charge of Martha. Miss Reed took Cleora. Flora and I went to Mrs. Josselyn's for the night. Every one was in bed so we crept in as silently as we could. It was too exciting to go to sleep at once and we talked for a long time. Breakfast was not till nine the next morning so we slept late.

I had missed a reception on Saturday afternoon (a Holyoke luncheon) and the joy of meeting the members of the educational commission. President Woolley is one of the members here. Flora went and had made an appointment for me to see Miss Woolley on Sunday morning at nine thirty so I did not linger long at breakfast.

Friday P.M.

This has been a busy week as you might guess. School had been going ten days when we arrived. Mrs. Martin had my Latin classes well started, perhaps better than I could have done. Miss King had the science class on its way. All I had to do was to review and find out they were all right. But! The poor girls in this house had had no bath schedule and some of them no bath. The high school pupils were happily perusing the subjects they desired, regardless of a scheme for their whole course. Only today have I gotten them straightened out. Flora had purposely left them for me as I had always done that when here.

Today I had to attend meetings of the Household league and of the T.A.A.A. Those A's mean Tunghsien American Athletic Association. The children made some very good changes in the athletic work the last year.

Last evening I had supper with Mrs. Martin. It was their night for waffles and ice cream. Trudy and Stratt were allowed to sit up in honor of my being there. Tonight both Flora and I are to have supper with the Hunters. Mrs. H. has the domestic science for the girls, and we will probably talk business.

We have four new young teachers. Miss King is a southerner with a delightful accent. Her young brother is one of the first year pupils. Miss Harper is a little older and has some experience. She helps in the high school work. Miss Young is the music teacher and is here only four days a week. We have 58 children in session and two more on the way. Nearly forty of these are in the high school.

To go back and finish the journey. We found Shanghai very full. Willard took the Foochow party to the Missionary Home. Mr. Stanley and the party for the north went to the Burlington hotel. That is very far out so we spend most of our time going out and back. I did go to see the American school. Rather than spend the night there seeing nothing, Cleora, Martha and I took the night train to Nanking and had the day there. We took a carriage for the day. In that, we went to Ginling College first, and received an invitation to return from lunch. The buildings are Chinese style with the courts and many scattered buildings. Two of the buildings are two storied the others only one. We attended chapel which was very formal with all the faculty on the platform. From there we drove to the south gate to see a Chinese school at the head of which is Miss Kellogg whom we met at Kuling. She was away so we saw nought. After lunch we visited the examination halls. The only ones now left in China are there. One groans to think of spending days on those tiny spaces. Over one thousand still stand and several rows have been pulled down. Evidently the other buildings are to be used for some kind of exhibit; for show cases were being built. Next we were off to find a shop to purchase some cookies and chocolate and then to another school. We were lucky and found Miss McCullum home so went all over the grounds.

At the college we added two to our party. The parents of one of the teachers was there and they were waiting for some one to travel with to the north. They are the most dependent people I ever saw, with no idea of what to do. It was like chaperoning two babes in the woods.

At Peking, we were met as I have told. When we got on the train for Tungchow we found Dr. Barton, and Mrs. and Dr. Young with their small boy. Dr. Barton was to give us a talk that afternoon at service. He told of the work of the commission to the Far East with which he was connected. It was very vivid. Also Flora and he talked American School at length. He had attended a meeting of the Rockefeller School committee and was posted on their attitude so wished to glean facts about us.

Alice Huggins was having a house party last week and I came in for supper the last night. Many had gone home so I did not meet the new people. It was nice to see old friends.

Sunday A.M. Mrs. Stelle returned last night and her welcome was worth returning for. The Wickes also arrived from PeiTaiHo. The older child has been ill with dysentery.

Last Sunday all the children were at the front gate to greet us. I may say to greet me. They sang the school song as we came through the gate and waved the school banner. Then I met the new teachers individually and the children collectively. Mrs. Martin and Trudy and Stratt, Mrs. Love with Junior and Betty were there too. Before night I had seen everyone on the compound including baby Ruth Martin. It was very thrilling to be the object of so much attention. Dr. Barton said laughingly that he felt honored to have a share in the royal welcome. The children were sorry it was Sunday because they could not give the school yell and shout. Luckily Miss Fenn stayed with her family in Peking till Monday noon so the yells only had to wait over a day. Mrs. Fenn came with her so she too had someone to share the ovation. We teachers went onto the platform while the children climbed on the walls to wave as the train came in then hastened to from lines at the gate to sing and yell. It is pretty to see the fence and wall draped with girls and boys and it gives a thrill to feel it is for oneself.

Yesterday Flora was in Peking and Dr. Love brought over to see the school Dr. Armitage of the Rockefeller. Also Dr. Smiley and his father Sir Walter Smiley to see the school. Dr. A. said he always had to answer the question of school facilities when he asked for recruits. The English school is very expensive for those children there even with the Rockefeller salaries. He spoke very enthusiastically of our plant.

Flora is greatly pleased with the eversharp pencil especially. It went into immediate use. She had had an "orphan" one that was broken so it needed careful usage. The slippers were also most gladly received as I knew they

would be as hers wore out before I left for home. The names she needed too. Her sheets she says are getting low so the extra one will see her through. Now she says she will not leave before next June. She is not teaching at all but trying to get the records, the laundry, the plans for the new building, etc. up to date so as to leave everything ready for her successor to take up.

I have found surprisingly few changes. A tree gone, a new swing and extra flower bed, two new babies, one new single man for the Chinese academy, a new automobile road from the front gate (which few use as they prefer the old one), are the most conspicuous. The dining room is very full with five tables in one room and three in the other. That is not room enough when all are here so we have one in the hall too. Mrs. Gordon has charge of the kitchen and dining rooms only and keeps them right up to the scratch. We do not use them for any purpose but eating. Afternoon tea is a regular institution, but we have to be out of the diningroom by 4.45 to let the boys start setting the tables. Such care pleases me greatly but I note that it frets both Flora and Miss Bostwick. It means no sorting of laundry in the diningroom where the big tables are so handy to spread out the piles for each pupil. But there are no flies and a minimum of dust. Maybe Mrs. G. and Mr. Lund will get on my nerves later but not yet. I do hope my philosophy and psychology will stand me in good stead. I do not want to fret others nor let others fret me.

Yesterday we had word that President Woolley is to be in Peking until Oct. 10, so I wrote at once to see if the longer stay would enable her to visit Tunghsien. I understand part of her reason for staying longer is to see more of the place. We think we are worth at least a half day. Some of the educational commission were down this week but did not deign to look at the NCAS. Alice said she was glad for most people spend the major part of their time with us. As I think of it, she is right.

This morning I took up one of my oldtime pleasant tasks. I gathered the monthly roses and other flowers and arranged bouquets for church. The gardener has some fine asters, cosmos, snapdragons, snow-on-the-mountain and other things so I had a choice. The cosmos are very slow and only a few are yet out. We are to have some fine plants for the winter and this new man is already taking them up to get them started and used to the pots before they must go in the house.

I found everything O.K., even a bottle of toothpaste half used was on my washstand as though I had left the day before. Tomorrow I hope to get my pictures hung and then I will be settled.

Flora wonders why I did not get a typewriter with the elite type. Had I thought of it a month or so earlier I might have but I am thoroughly satisfied with this, so who cares! The school has a Corona so has Miss Bostwick. I suppose the idea is that I might have been distinctive with a different type.

It seems like a long time since a word from home but I know that a letter before this would have had little news as it would have followed my departure so closely. From every stop I sent a card at least and hope they got through all right. We had a letter from Willard yesterday. He and Phebe were still in Shanghai waiting for a boat.

I have just washed the last of boat and train dust off. Work had to come first, exercise next so a shampoo waited till Sunday morn. The tennis courts are in fine shape and all the new teachers play so I anticipate some good games. Alice Huggins and Mrs. Hunter also play.

Two days before we got here a thief got into the store room and took a new box of butter and one of crisco. The crisco tins had been soiled so had been washed and all labels removed. Evidently the thief realized their worthlessness for he left them a little way down the back road. F. and Mrs. G. have been on the warpath to seek the butter. On Friday Mrs. Ingram was down. She remarked on her joy in finding some two pound tins of butter in Peking early in the week. F. went up to the store at once and bought some of the cans. On searching she found more in a second place. As ordinarily these stores do not keep the two pound cans and can not tell a straight story of how they came to depart from their custom we are very certain it is our butter we are buying. If only we can find the man! As one of the servants left very suddenly on very slight pretext and a man of doubtful reputation was around the place the night of the theft we are inclined to think those two the guilty parties. The police of both Peking and Tunghsien are on the job.

My National Geographic Magazines are coming all right. I hope the Literary Digests start soon. Miss King is to have it till Nov. 1. If mine is here by that time it will be fine. Hurrah! I do not have the Current Events any longer. The History teacher takes it, as is proper.

Flora says she has already sent a draft home for \$27.19. That was to pay for the Peckham Little bill. I realize I never gave you an account of money spent for her so enclose one. I had just \$50.00 from father for Flora and gave him the Liberty bond for \$50.00 that she sent home by me.

I have discovered another new thing. The compound had invested in some pigs. The piggery is over under the city wall well out of the way with its smells and noise. Also the Jefferson Academy has a herd of goats which graze over the campus. We have a rare white barked pine which had grown small in the year of my absence. Today I discovered three of the goats eating as fast as they could off the lower branches.

Mother you will not get your thanks from Flora just yet for I have saved the envelope till Christmas. If exchange were good I should relent but it is only about 1.78 or 180 so we can hope for better times. The envelope is safe in my trunk.

I took two of the new teachers to the top of the Academy tower this afternoon. It was too misty to see far. The pagoda was just visible and the far wall of the city not at all.

[Handwritten:]

I hope all is well with you at home. I'd like to run home for the week-end. Yes, even if it meant a speech to prepare too. And I'd like a peek at Stanley and his family, Ben and Oliver too.

With much love,

Mary.

*[This letter, dated **September 30, 1921**, was written from Shanghai, China by Willard to his mother. After returning to China he remained in Shanghai for meetings and sent Phebe K. and other missionaries on to Foochow. Willard heard John D. Rockefeller, Jr. speak and met and talked to him. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Missionary Home
Shanghai, China

Sept 30- 1921

Dear Mother:-

This morning I mailed a parcel post package in Phebe M's name containing a pongee table cloth. Its for the family and it's a cheap thing. Put it on and use it- so you will not have to wash and iron the set between breakfast and dinner any more. I could not find just what I wanted but I thought this would answer. I shall mail to Phebe another table cloth or something that will go on a table of grass linen- white. This I should like given to Helen Peck. I am enclosing here \$3.00 in stamps which I hope will cover whatever duty there may be on both cloths. We had a few dollars of American silver left and as it is very cheap here if we try to exchange it for Mexican dollars. I have bought U.S. stamps with it and will send them home. In this way we lose nothing on exchange.

Later I shall send to you one dozen grass linen white napkins. I plan to take these to Foochow and have a B embroidered in the corner of each and send them one or two at a time. I am sending the table cloth to Helen because Fred sent me no bill for the glasses and I can get partly even with him in this way.

Last evening I put Phebe, Miss Armstrong, Miss Langtree [*Lanktree*] and Miss Blanchard on the steamer for Foochow. They had a very pleasant party. The Meth. Bishop his wife and two young couples and an osteopath Dr. = Miss Johnson= more than a dozen in all. I hope the weather continues as fine as it has been for the past week here. It was tough to give up the pleasure of going into Foochow with Phebe= back to her birthplace = but there are to be important committee meetings here next week to prepare for the big all China Mission Conference to be held in Shanghai next May. They have not succeeded in getting anyone to come up from Foochow and one week more of delay for we will soon be forgotten. I can help the interest in the next year's conference in Foochow by staying and perhaps be of use in the committee meetings.

Mary wrote a postal just before she got to Peking. She left Shanghai the evening of the day we arrived.

Last evening I heard Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr. speak before a select crowd of about 800- mostly Chinese. The address was good- markedly Christian,- altruistic- missionary-simple- and based on the Golden Rule in business and in all the relations of life. His clean face and bright eye and simple manner gave weight to his message. After his address he stepped from the platform and shook hands with and chatted with all who came forward. I shook hands with him and chatted a brief time with him.

Wednesday evening Phebe and I took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Raven. Mrs. Raven was Elsie Sites- a little girl in Foochow- daughter of a Meth. missionary when we went to Foochow 27 years ago. Mr. Raven is head of the Raven Trust Co. here and of the American-Oriental Banking Corporation. This is the Bank with which I do business= my Shanghai business. They came after us and took us back to the Missionary Home in his auto. We were one evening at dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Marin[?] of whom you have heard us speak and at tea with Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin. So we were not lonely. Yes and one evening at supper with Dr. and Mrs. Huntley. They were in Oberlin last year. I am not sure whether Phebe met them when she was there.

At I Chang 600 miles up the Yangste there is very heavy fighting. The Szechuenese are fighting the Peking government. There were 6 or 7 people on the Golden State who planned to go into Szechuen. They are held here and face the probability of spending the winter here- owing to the closing of all traffic on the Yangste above I Chang. Steamers go all the way from Shanghai to Chung King in Szechuen in about 12 days.

You are picking winter apple now and husking corn. I must wait another ten days at least before I hear from you or the dear ones in Oberlin.

My best love to all
Will.

*[This letter, dated **October 8, 1921**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She has been back in Tungchow for about two weeks and tells the news of the school. Some of the children of the Rockefeller Foundation are now going to N.C.A.S. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tungchow, Chihli, China.
October 8, 1921.

Dear Ones at Home,

Two weeks ago at this hour I was just leaving Tientsin. Yet it already seems as though I had been here always. Such is the result of landing in the midst of work. Not having any beginning, how can it be otherwise than that it always was?

I have given two tests. In Latin 1 the class did its two teachers proud. In 15 there is one failure and that lad is not yet awake in anything. The science papers are yet to be looked over.

This week brought two home letters, one from mother on Sunday the 2nd, and written the 7th of September. Is not that good time? Phebe's came yesterday, the 7th although it was written the 3rd of September. I was reading it without looking at the date and found the reference to Mrs. Buchner's visit to be, not as past, as Mother spoke of it. Such is the trick of the mails. A letter takes the first steamer out. If it is northern route it can beat one on the southern route by many days.

I am so sorry to hear of Uncle Dan's accident and hope the next letter gives more favorable reports. A bruise plus a blister must be most painful.

Miss Gordon was not on my steamer. I know the mother and sister who have been in Peking for two years at least. Flora says another sister arrived recently, so we think that is surely the friend of Florences. I shall surely see them soon and will make sure. The Englishman whose name Mr. Lynch gave Stanley was not on either. Probably he got an earlier sailing when our boat was postponed. We lost several passengers who got to the coast and were able to get quick passage.

The Dantons were out today. They were feeling regretful that I had not been with them. Their boat was ten days late because of trouble with her crew. The mutinous crew had scared many passengers so there were many empty cabins instead of the crowd first booked.

Last week I went to Peking and paid 20 cents for four small apples. It was painful after the beauties we had at home and Mothers letter telling that they were not yet all gone.

Yesterday Miss Ingram gave me some nasturtium slips. She has a pot of beauties. There were none in our garden nor the neighbors for me to beg. I told you of my splendid luck with them in the house in the past. I am so glad Mother that you have such variety of colors in your dahlias.

Does the ad for a man mean that the one you had when I left was another misfit? He couldn't be any funnier than the one who wanted to make us count our mercies and talked all the time. The help question has not been an easy one here. One man broke the dishes so fast we could not afford to keep him, another decided to leave without being sent. Just now we have a full quota and they are doing well. Mrs. Gordon is very nice with the men and tries to help them to make good.

I warrant Aunt May had a circus with those children. Nancy I note is still loyal to her notions about her baby brother. How I would like to hear "Tevan" [Stephen] in his further efforts to talk. I thought of them on the steamer when we had so many fine balloons and mostly grown ups to play with them. Just think, three at once for four times.

My invitation to President Woolley to visit me could not be accepted because she is too busy. I had hoped she could come when she had to stay over. Next Saturday I go to Peking to the opening luncheon of the college club. Probably Miss Fenn goes with me. I was a member before I went home and a furlough does not sever membership.

Last evening I was over to the Love's for a birthday diner for Dr. Love. We had roast goat meat and it was delicious. Mr. Hunter has started a herd of goats as a business proposition for the compound, also some pigs. We will probably have roast pig for Thanksgiving dinner and roast it in the big school oven.

"Do not use but one side of the paper", says the booklet, I am going to try doing it and see how it works.

Elizabeth, the jelly drops are just being eaten. They are delicious. We had so much to eat on the steamer that I deliberately saved some of my candy for days of less bounty. Now I am glad I did. Flora had a box from the

parents of two of the girls and the one from Miss Brewster so I waited for those to be gone and thus prolong the goodies.

I must stop because the girls are in bed and this noise may be disturbing them.

Sunday morning. This has been a busy morning. I had to go over to the school to get such pieces of laundry as did not come to me. Then I hurried back to take the bath for which the water was ordered at 9.30. Then I manicured my nails, cleaned two pair of white shoes, and polished a pair of black and a pair of brown shoes. It is eleven o'clock and I am ready for the days tasks.

Last night the second year high school pupils gave a little play which one of their number wrote. It was clever and the children did it with vim and enthusiasm. Next weekend I am on duty and the old students are to entertain the new. Probably we will have a picnic supper and games afterward. There is a fine picnic spot, with large open space for sports in the compound.

Did I write that the week I arrived all the children were here. There were several cases of scarlet fever in Peking and the parents telephoned down and asked to have the children stay. The school in Peking was closed on account of the fever. Dr. Barton thought the event one great argument in favor of the country for the foreign school. As a result we gained one small boy for the sixth grade. Before I went home the Rockefeller Foundation offered \$40,000 to the Peking school if they would raise \$60,000 before next July. So far they have only \$20,000 and have scoured the country pretty well. Now the Rockefeller people are beginning to send to us, as they are feeling with the missionary that the better air, bigger play ground, quiet life, etc. is, for the older children of sufficient advantage to pay for having to send them away to school. We have five of their children this year, all who are old enough for us to accept them. I judge that they have an excellent Principal this year. He is an elderly man, father of a Mr. Dean who has been out for three years teaching in one of the government school and after a year at home has just returned.

Last Wednesday six of us teachers went to Peking on the last train to attend a reception given by Minister Schurmann for all Americans. Five of the members of the compound also went up so we had a jolly time coming back. We met at Jean Dudley Joselyn's house instead of trying to get together at the legation. A new ruling at the legation gate did not allow the rickshaws to go inside the compound. It made it much more quiet and peaceful within, and I wonder it was not done before.

The Sentinels telling of the new bank, with Mr. Palmer at the head were very interesting. Myra and Stanley are coming out much better than we feared with 90 cents on the dollar. I rejoice for them and the others too. I note that there are many depositors not yet found.

Flora was asking about Mrs. Wilkinson who was so badly burned. The papers said nothing so I judge her condition remains unchanged.

I had from Tientsin papers telling of the shipment of my box from Boston on September 3rd so I can hope for it to arrive in about 6 weeks. I'll be glad to welcome my things.

If Berman or any of the stores which are handy have a sale of woolen dresses at any time please get me one, size 42 or 44, preferable the latter. I ought to have gotten one before leaving as I shall need it before the winter is over. Except for that, I find my needs pretty well met.

I am finding this machine very useful. I have typed my questions for tests, using carbon paper so I made six copies at once. Store bills are more impressive typed than written off by hand. Incidentally they get into less space.

I began "Creative Chemistry" yesterday and I wonder that I delayed so long. It is fascinating. Professor Slosson uses some most original comparisons. Apparently he retains all he reads and he used familiar quotations freely, the Bible, Shakespeare, Tennyson, modern statesmen, daily papers, contemporary writers, etc. Yet with all there is nothing irreverent nor distasteful in the usage. The style reminds me a little of Dr. Arthur Smith.

Exchange is still low. Last Monday I got only 1.60 silver for a gold dollar. It was up to 1.80 in the middle of the week. I hope it is there tomorrow. I go to Mrs. Edwards to lunch and to give the order for Edythe's luncheon set, probably. If I am sufficiently pleased I may order the one Leolyn wants also. Leolyn has given me a commission to get a rug too, but not to hurry as they do not want the bill too soon.

Tomorrow is Lun Fo Ssl day and I am going up. I may fill part of Miss Brewster's order. Nearly all of us are planning to go. If the foreigners are too numerous prices will soar and I may not be able to get things as cheaply as I like.

Yesterday I had a scare. Seeing Mrs. Stelle wear her amber beads made me think of mine and I could not find them. I looked every where I could think of and no beads appeared. I was wishing I had left them home where they would have been safe at least. In the night I woke with a start with the thought that I had put them in the case with my white fur coat so they could not roll out and get lost. Sure enough I found them there when I looked after breakfast.

This noon my pictures which I took en route came from the photographers. Out of 18 films, 17 are good. The ones I took of Myra and Stanley and the children are excellent.

By the way. Of the films I left home with Stanley, there are a few I would like prints from.

The two Phebes - - Myself, Phebe K, Ellen.

The three group pictures - - - Leolyn.

I know Leolyn would appreciate the three which show all who were present on that day.

I am going to take a nap. The house is delightfully quiet and suggestive of rest.

Lots of love to all. I hope to hear that Father is better after taking a rest.

Mary

Monday A.M. I just thought of something funny. Alfred Corbett wrote his mother that Miss Mary Beard was back and that she blended into the life of the school just as well as ever. I wonder if I am a perfume or a blend of tobacco. It is in connection with those that the word is generally used.

*[This letter, dated **October 18, 1921**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Willard has returned to work in Foochow easily after his furlough and is now President of Foochow College. Some disease killed eight of his chickens that he brought from the U.S. Phebe K. is doing well in China. Willard tells of the death of two young women missionaries. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow China

Oct. 18, 1921

Dear folks at Home-

At last I am in Foochow and it is good to get back. As I spoke in response to a welcome given us last Wednesday morning I felt as if I had perhaps been to Shanghai for a couple of weeks instead of to America for 15 months. You see when I came back after our first furlough I had been away two years and came back for Y.M.C.A. work- entirely a new work. After the second furlough I came back after three years in the U.S. to the College Presidency- a new work. Now I return after 15 months and slip into the same grooves that I left so short a time ago. Much the same people are here in much the same places. I began teaching Wed. morning at 8:15- arrived Monday about dark and Friday I took over the Presidency. The mission voted that I should be President and Mr. Neff acting in my place while I was away.

Dr. James L. Barton and Mrs. Barton reached Shanghai a week before I left and they came down to Foochow with me. It was of course very pleasant to be in their company so much. They left this morning for Canton.

Some disease struck my chicks and 8 are dead- I hope the ravage is over. I should like to keep enough to raise some here. I had sold 4 = 3 hens and 1 rooster and had a check for \$50.00 silver in my pocket. I have had to return it.

Work piles up already 18 periods of teaching a week. I have made one address before in Chinese before the Y.M.C.A. and I preached in the city church here this a.m. Next Friday I address the Anti Cobweb Society on Conditions in the U.S. in English. But I do not have 50 or 75 compositions to correct this term which is much relief.

Phebe is commanding the admiration and respect of all. You would be proud if you could hear what people say of her. It was very clear to both her and me that it would not be best for us to ever ask to live together. The young ladies at Ponasang need her much more than I do. She appears very happy. It is interesting to see how she slips into everything as naturally as if she had not been away from Foochow for almost 12 years. The language comes back very naturally to her. She "takes" to the Chinese and the Chinese to her.

Yesterday morning we attended the funeral of Alice Lay- born in Foochow a very few years before Phebe. She returned about 3 years ago to work in the kindergarten. The language came back to her as it does to Phebe and she was getting to be a very helpful young woman in many places. A week ago she was taken ill. Last Thursday she became much worse. The doctors operated and found appendicitis and peritonitis. She passed away Friday. Last evening a telegram from Shanghai told us that Miss Grace Coppock, National General Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. for China had died of pneumonia. No young woman and possible no young man had become so useful to the Christian work in China as had Miss Coppock. She combined business sagacity, a sweet spirit, and the ability to work with others to a very remarkable degree. We shall deeply miss both these young women.

Apples are mostly gathered- how I wish we had some.

Love to all

Will.

[This typewritten letter, dated **October 23, 1921**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about a picnic she took with the children. She mentions the special issue of the stamps that she is putting on the envelope of the letter. They are working on plans for the new school building. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., Tunghsien, China. Oct. 23, 1921.

Dear Ones at Home,

I have been the gay lady these days. I have dined at Alice's, at Mrs. Love's, at the Howard-Smiths, at the Arthur Smiths and twice at the Martin Home since my return. Tonight I start of the return invitations and am having Alice in for supper. Margaret is off in the country so I take this time to save Alice having one meal all alone.

Last Monday I chaperoned the children on a picnic to the Pei Hai and to Coal Hill. It was a cool day so the discomfort from thirst was not as bad as usual. We had five hours at the Pei Hai so took our time on the long walk around the lake. We were most fortunate in getting a good guide who knew the place, was interested in showing and willing to take us everywhere. I think Mother has a snapshot of the Porcelain screen with the nine dragons on it. That is one of the things we saw. There is an artificial mountain of wood protected by a fancy roof, too. The very winding path that leads to the top ends under a dome through which one sees a gilded dragon. There is an artificial hill made from the dirt dug to make the lake. On the back are underground passages from the Dagoba (a kind of Mohamedan tomb) to the foot of the hill. The children had great sport playing "Hide and go Seek" in those tunnels. In front and leading to the Dagoba is a series of temples reached by long flights of steps. Under the lower flight and the landing above are more tunnels, a network of them. That was a second scene for "Hide and go seek". I sat on the coats, cameras and lunch boxes while they played. The old goddess with the thousand arms, thousand legs and thousand heads burned in 1918. She was about 50 feet high. There is a small goddess there with about twenty of the appendages. One enclosure was for the raising of silk worms and the preparation of the silk. A few Mulbury trees are still standing. In a building near are two looms, one large and one small. Big hand machines, strong enough to last through the ages, even if hard used. A King (bed) of teakwood was in another room. The decorations were carved phoenix so we knew it was the bed of a royal woman.

This week we are to have a meeting of the Pasttime club. There are 12 who do not belong so it will be initiation night. I am chairman of the entertainment committee with Dr. Love and Mrs. Howard-Smith to help. We have the program all made. The individuals will get off easier than Flora and I did because there are so many. One stunt each will take all the time. We are taking in two of the children in the compound, one a graduate of last year and one a senior now. It is a trial but we do it to give them a years experience socially before they have to go home.

I am putting on this letter one of the new stamps. It is a limited issue and this may be the only one I can get to send. The central head is that of the president of China, at his left is the Minister of Coin and on the right the Premier. The stamps are to be issued for three weeks only. It was some days before I succeeded in getting them for my school store. Now I give out one set only to each child, hence one set only to myself. Three are four denominations, the one, three six and ten. I'll put the other three on a later letter.

Our Founders Day Oct 12 was a successful one. Dr. Shurmann gave a fine talk and showed a great interest in the school. His wife and two daughters came down with him. There were no guests from Peking and that was a little disappointing as we generally have a few.

The opening meeting of the Peking Womens College Club was last week Saturday. Miss Fenn and I went up to the luncheon and entertainment afterward. It was an opportunity to meet many old friends. Now I have seen nearly everyone as well as meet many of the new comers.

Yesterday was Mrs. Arthur Smith's birthday. Mrs. Stelle had the weekly tea in her honor. She is 74 I think. Both she and Dr. Smith seem very well considering how ill they were last winter.

We have started the architect on plans for the new building. Word seems quite authentic that it is a question of months only before we get the money from the Russel-Sage Foundation for the building. Dr. Barton takes home word that we are a permanent institution for sure. Mrs. Schell said that was what the committee were waiting for.

Mr. Stanley surprised us by arriving this noon. He was in Peking on business so took this free time to run down to see his son. His wife was here a week ago. They are slowly unpacking and each trip bring a package of books to sell or give to the school.

Last Sunday the Hunters had Bobby baptized. Dr. Goodrich, the oldest member of the American Board Mission baptized him. It was impressive to have the tiny babe just starting lifes journey and old man of 85 nearing the end, together. Dr. Goodrich had failed much and seems very old. His body and mind are both weak, and his voice quavers as he speaks. The Hunters lived with the Goodriches when at language school so invited him to christen the baby.

We have had some cold weather but no bad killing frost yet. The tomatoes and eggplant are gone but the flowers are safe. The cauliflower, cabbages, celery are still in the ground. Last week came the winter supply of potatoes, 7,000 cabbies. (A cabbie equals 1 1/3 pound) Part of that goes to the others in the compound as it is cheaper to all order at once and have everything come in one name. We have two huge root cellars to store those and the garden produce later. A big cold frame shelters lettuce sufficient to keep us all winter. Some plants are three inches high and some less than one. Yet we are using that out of doors.

I am working on my little scheme for a student participation government. This week the girls organize for dormitory care. At the Household League meeting on Thursday I hope to prepare for the dissolving of that organization and the formation of the new. The students so far seem enthusiastic in the plan.

Poor Miss Bostwick has been having a siege of boils and they still continue to come. Dr. has now begun to use serum and hopes for results.

I hope you all keep well and that the winter is a comfortable one. I shall take joy in thinking of my year at home. I only wish it had been longer and I could have been right with you more. I do and did begrudge the days spent away but I feel every day the value of the work I did. The degree in itself is not so valuable, but the helpful knowledge and suggestions are priceless. I know the greater knowledge of human nature will stand me in good stead when I have to take up the reins of control. The faculty are only human and each has his or her peculiarities, so do I. Whether I shall be able to deal wisely with all remains to be seen.

Lots of love

Mary.

I enclose some snapshots you may want for the home album.

*[This letter, dated **October 23, 1921**, was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother. He talks about the Michigan, Ohio and Oberlin football games and about his part time job. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

508 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Mich.
October 23, 1921

Dear Mother:-

Received your long letter. Yes, it was good to see your own writing on paper. You folks in Oberlin have outdone yourselves in writing lately. Today I got the suit case O.K. Will not need the sweater at all as I have another like it with me. I was glad of the coats because it has been getting awfully cold up here of late. The region about here is aglow with autumn color and as we have hills here we can see it better than you in Oberlin can on your flat plains.

Oberlin seems to be making the most of her luck in beating Ohio State. Up here they don't think much of it, because that week the whole State team had been shifted around and the head coach was trying out more men in preparation for harder games. The defeat that Michigan took was not deserved. Michigan outplayed O.S.U. most of the game. The first touchdown was made on a fluke and was luck for State. Michigan had her five best men out of the game as casualties from the Mich Agricultural game. Three of them will be laid up for the rest of the season.

For the past two weeks I have been working 3 hrs in the afternoon as asst. cook in a boarding house, but as that arraignment is too confining, I am changing to a dish washer job in a restaurant where I can wash during meals and have most of my afternoon off to study in.

I have taken in very few activities outside my regular work so far. I hav'nt had time for them. My Sunday mornings have been occupied with my work, namely, preparing the Sunday dinner and I hav'nt been able to get to church yet. My room serves as a good place to study and sleep in; beyond that I hardly see it for the whole day. My trucking business has completely stopped and I am selling both trucks one of them is almost sold now.

Geraldine writes that Oberlin had quite a surprise in its first Artist Recital. I should have liked to have been there then to hear the comment then to see the act.

Wishing everyone the best of good cheer and with love to all.

Your loving son,

Gould.

*[This letter dated **Oct. 29, 1921** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould. Willard arrived in Foochow on Oct. 10. He must now write more letters than previous stays in China because as the family members grow up, they move out on their own and are scattered. Nine of his twelve chickens died after reaching Foochow]*

from some unknown illness. Foochow College has a record enrollment of 437. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

October 29, 1921

My Only Son;-

It's back in Foochow I am and struggling hard to get a letter to some of my own dear ones back in the home land at least once a week. It seems as if more letters were called for each time I come out. When I returned alone in 1912 and in 1916 with Mama and the girls I could send one letter to Putnam or to Oberlin and it went to the whole family. Now you are separate. But it's a pleasure to write. I wish I could do more of it.

You are much in my thoughts for several reasons. I know how hard it is for you to buckle down again to study. I went thru the same experience after four years of hard work on the farm. And the first term of three months was one big fight to see whether Ceasear's Gaellin wars in Latin would come out on top or whether I should master them. Every morning when I put on my necktie clasp I am reminded of you and the same is true every time I put in the necktie pin you left me for the damiosine one. Your photograph talks to me from my mantle. And of course every morning and evening and at other times I talk with God about you. This is the next best to talking with your own self.

It was a great privilege to be so much with you in March and April and to see a little of you in July and again in August. I can feel much closer to you. Someway all thru the summer of 1920 you seemed a long way off- almost a myth. It's all different now.

On Monday Oct. 10 I reached Foochow just at dark. Wednesday at 8 a.m. I was in the class room- with a schedule of 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. periods a week. It is good to find that I am wanted. The teaching is only a small part of the work that takes my time. Preaching every Sunday and once or twice during the week- committee meetings etc. Just getting back there are many things I must do that are sort of extra. - I must go to bed now to prepare for tomorrow = Sunday. I can't express the joy it is to have Phebe here.

Sunday evening - This has been a day full of pleasure. This morning I had my regular normal class of a dozen boys who teach a Sunday School class in the afternoon. After this I went at once to a church over near the river- a church that has been going down hill for ten years under the heavy burden of a pastor who gave more attention to law suits and the money he made out of them than he did to his parish. The old man left a year ago - 72 years old - and went home to the country and a young man took the church. It is a different place entirely. A fine congregation, good order, with some twenty young men in to service. They were observing Children's Day which one preacher said Mama was instrumental in starting along with Mother's Day. I spoke for 10 min. Then to Ponasang for dinner with Phebe a nap on her bed. Then to Vesper Service on South Side at Tai Main at which I preached. Then home to Ponasang with Phebe for supper, a little chat with her and a walk into my own room here. All the other ladies were away today so Phebe and I had the compound to ourselves.

We had one letter from Mama at San Francisco and I have had a letter from Shelton- otherwise neither Phebe or I have heard a word from any one in the U.S. of our family.

A big Educational Commission from the U.S. has been going all over China investigating schools. They are due here this week- tomorrow or next day. Barton and his daughter of Chicago- Russell-Butterfield Mass. Agriculture are some of the names I recall.

Did I write you about my dozen Rhode Island Reds that I brought out? Three are still with me. About a week after I got them to Foochow something struck them and they died like rats. These three are a cock and two hens. I hope they will stick till I can get some chicks. I had four sold thru d'Almeida for \$50. and the check in my pocket. I returned the check.

Foochow College has the largest enrollment in its history 437, a good spirit among the students and good work being done by both teachers and students. We are to have a full week of athletics for all schools in Foochow next month. The Military General is giving it.

We are watching the news for all items re the Pacific Conference at Washington Nov. 11. I hope something will be done there to indicate the method of disarmament and to lay some foundation for world peace.

May God give you all the best things and teach you how to use them to help men and glorify him
Lovingly Father.

*[This letter dated **October 30, 1921** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Dorothy. Willard and Phebe do not live together in China but are able to spend time together otherwise. He tells about some of the people there. Out of the original dozen chickens that Willard brought to China, only three remain alive. The others died of a disease after arriving in China. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

October 30, 1921

Dear Dorothy;-

It must be your turn to get the letter this week. There is none to answer from any of you yet. All goes on very nicely here. I am teaching eighteen periods a week and doing a lot of other things. Circumstances have given Phebe and me the privilege of seeing much of one another altho we do not keep house. Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair with whom I am staying were away at Diong Loh. Phebe came in Sat. evening and stayed till Monday morning. Sunday we walked out to Cieng Bang- Mama and the girlies will remember where it is. It was a beautiful day- just as lovely as the day mama, the girlies and I went out two or three years ago. We came back by the North gate and stopped to see Dr. and Mrs. Taylor. Dr. Taylor is laid up with a lame leg, and Mrs. Taylor still has erysypyles [*erysipelas?*] or neuritis or something of that sort. But they were both looking as well as I expected to see them. They are rather shut in and were glad to see us. The Medical College is closing up. But Dr. Taylor has the satisfaction of looking on some twenty four graduates all doing good work and most of them in mission work.

During the week I am able to get my usual number of Chinese meals – three or four. Phebe and I had a fine dinner at Cieng Bang last Sunday. I had one with pastors, preachers, teachers, etc at Quarterly meeting Tuesday and another at a funeral Friday.

Today I taught a normal S.S. class of teachers and boys at 9, walked to Ciu long Die for service and found them observing Children's Day. The preacher told them that Mama started this together with Mother's Day. Then I walked back to Ponasang and lunched with Phebe. All the other ladies were away so we had it all to ourselves. After a nap and a little reading we went to Tai Main to Vesper Services. I preached. Then home with Phebe to supper and then a walk in to my home here.

Ask Mama to tell Mr. Lau that I have sent his suit case home by Dr. and Mrs. Barton. They will take it to Boston and send it to Mama. They leave Hong Kong today I think. So Mr. Lau may look for his suit case about Dec. 15 or a little before.

How Marjorie and Kathleen would enjoy Betty St. Clair. She is just toddling about and a wee mite. The other day she got into my room and found my ink bottle and she made good use of her pinkeys as her whole face- two hands- dress, the floor, the paint and the wall testified. She was not in the least phased. She looked as much to say, I did it. What are you going to do about it? Billie Leger is all right- lies on his back in the carriage as does the Reumann baby. These three families are all that have babies or children in the compound.

Miss Armstrong and Dr. Dyer are in our old home. I have the study still. They are using our dining room furniture and some of our chairs. I had rather they would be in use there than lying up in the Hospital attic.



L. Gene Dyer, M. D.

HER skill and poise as a doctor; her keen mind and gift of literary expression; her musical talent and understanding of people – make her a valued member of our circle.



Susan E. Armstrong

HER devotion for boys finds full expression in her work at Foochow College. She is indefatigable as a teacher, unshaken as a friend and unstinting as a hostess.



Roderick Scott

THE mission ship need fear no storm with such an anchor. As individuals we have empiric proof of the abiding values of having a philosopher as friend. He steadies our efforts at clear thinking as our chairman par excellence who in the words of our Irish friends is known all over the world and many other places besides.



Mrs. R. Scott

THE musical sprite of Fukien Christian University entices the students to soar with her into realms of music with great delight to them and us.



Fred P. Beach

PROFESSOR of psychology and tennis who makes his rocky hillside at Fukien Christian University blossom like the rose.

The Scotts and the Beach's are going home in 1922 -The Beach's in Jan. The Scott's in June.
Three of my chickens are still alive. Some disease struck them a week after they got here and they died like rats. Mr. d'Almeida had given me a check of \$50 for four. I returned the check. One rooster and two hens are still here. I hope they will pull thru so I can get some chicks.

May God bless and keep and guide you all and give you each the best things and then help you to use them to help men and glorify him.

Tell Kathleen I took supper with John Davies in Shanghai.

With lots of my best love to all.

Father.

Tell Gould I am addressing his letters
508 Hill St.
Ann Arbor

I am sending Willards Review to Shelton and
asking them to send it to Mama.

[This typewritten letter, dated **October 30, 1921**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to Gould. She mentions Gould's return to college and tells him the news of her school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien, Chihli, China.

October 30, 1921.

Dear Gould,

That was a meager little note I sent from the steamer, for the nice one you sent me. One of my other letters told of an acquaintance who has taken a position in Ann Harbor [*Ann Arbor*]. Dr. Preston Slosson, who has been on the editorial staff of the Outlook, has engaged to teach in the University of Michigan this year. You would enjoy meeting him. He is very much of a scholar and student. It was with his Aunt Sadie, Mrs. Spaulding, that I lived in New York part of last year. She was a dear to me and I did enjoy meeting Dr. Preston and his parents too. The parents are not in New York now, as Dr. Edwin Slosson has a government position in Washington, D.C.

I do hope that every day is showing you the right of going back to studying, and that the summer helped to make the readjustment easier. I was sorry not to see more of you. We will have to make up by writing a letter once in a while. I want to know what you are studying and what famous men you are privileged to work under. The man does make a difference! When I think of that seriously, I marvel that I have the courage to teach.

We have 60 pupils in session, the greatest number by about eight. If we had the room to take more we could nearly if not quite reach the hundred mark. This year we have nothing below the 6th grade and had to refuse 8 applicants for the 5th. The first year High School class has 15 in it. The other H.S. classes together are 18. Hence you see the upper grades have the largest numbers.

I am in the dormitory with the older girls. There are 16 girls, three teachers and the Matron sleeping here. The four 3rd and 4th year girls are next door. Our neighbors, the unmarried ladies, have rented to us three rooms and the girls and two teachers have those. The girls all sleep out on the porch so use one room only. In this house we have six girls in one room so they will have to sleep out all winter as the room would not hold the beds even.



Written in album: "Girls' Dormitory 1919-1920"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Our last word is that we may go ahead and plan our new building. That will be the girls dormitory. For the present the boys have fair accommodations in Wisteria Cottage. There are 25 living there but no more than four boys to a room.

Our trip out was a most enjoyable one, because we had such good company. One of the greatest of the joys was being with your father and Phebe. Some days we had little chance to see each other but we had the feeling that the others were around. The five of us that started from Chicago together had a table together on the steamer with one girl added. We felt acquainted before we got here.

The ladies of the compound had helped out, so classes were all running smoothly when Miss Fenn and I got here. That meant plunge into the midst of work before we even took time to unpack. I felt as though I were running a race the first week and was always a little behind everyone. We were ten days late.

This last week we had a Pastime Club meeting and took in ten new members. I was chairman of the initiation committee so of course had a good time. The people had not a single meeting last year. This year I imagine we will be more gay as we have four young teachers and the Academy one young unattached man. We made a new ruling by which we take in children living here when Seniors, so had one student to initiate. It is to give them a chance to see what the society of their elders is when not restrained by being teacher, parent or other in authority.

Dr. Sailer of Teachers College was down here this week and we teachers had a good talk with him one night. Dr. Schurman, the new American Minister to China, gave us our Founders Day address. His wife and two daughters came down with him.

Already the dam is nearly ready for our skating pond as soon as it gets cold enough. Two weeks ago we thought that day not far off but it has warmed up somewhat. Still we have our furnace fires all going. The gardens are not all gone, but the more tender vegetables were nipped the first frost, on October the tenth.

I have been writing home every two weeks as of yore and today is not the day. If you are writing to Shelton and would send this it may have some things in it that Aunt Flora and I have not written home.

At last I am getting to where I can write on this machine nearly if not quite as rapidly as by hand. Surely I write more legibly.

Yours with much love

Aunt Mary.

P.S. Note the stamp on this letter. It is a very limited issue.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **November 7, 1921**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. She tells about a farewell for a student and about a Holyoke dinner she attended. Flora took a trip to the Western Hills. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

North China American School.

November 7, 1921.

Dear Home Folks,

Last week I wrote to Gould and suggested that he send on the letter to you so perhaps you got a letter from him and me. A week ago Saturday we had a farewell tea for Joyce Howard-Smith. She was leaving on Monday for Australia. She was one of our last years graduates and though a quiet girl very popular with everyone. The Campfire girls, a few others and the grown ups of the compound wrote her letters so she had at least one for each of the 35 days which she will have alone after her father leaves her at Kobe. The things filled two small bags and included letters books candy gifts, and all kinds of things. She was starting as I did in 1920 without knowing anyone on her steamer. I hope she has better luck. I had a few very good friends but the rest of the passengers either I could not converse with because of differences of language or did not care to.

Our first reports came out on Wednesday last. There *[were]* some tears and a few smiles. We get these out early to give plenty of time for redemption if such is needed. It is a good time to talk over difficulties and suggest methods of improvement. Two Mothers have been here to visit this last week. Several helpful suggestions have come from the talks with them.

On Friday I went to Peking to a Holyoke dinner at Helen Russel's. We had a most interesting meal. I can not call it a feast as I feel like as we were assured it was home food not a feast. We started with tinned clams, the kind with fluted shells. We had little Chinese forks to pick them up with and dip them in the ginger sauce which stood by our plate. Third was rice with shrimps cooked with water chestnuts, eggplant, and a sauce like Worcestershire. Next was Chrysanthemum soup. It was made on the table. The stock was poured into the Chinese Chaffing dish and bits of hard cooked flour pastry, rice flakes, chopped parsley and the petals of white Chrysanthemum added. It was

delicious. Lastly we had fruit, apples, pears, persimmons, grapes, and then tea with Chinese candy and sweetened dates. This differed from other meals I have had in having so little meat and such a variety of vegetables. Always had I heard that the Chinese are not a meat eating people, yet always did meat predominate the meal. Dr. Kin explained it by giving this as a typical meal when there are no guests. Of course it is the food of the higher class, not the poor people.

We had a most interesting meeting after dinner. The girls have been sending home things to sell for the Holyoke Endowment fund and had just had letters telling the results. They sell for considerable profit. After deducting the cost at this end and the duties at that end, the buyer gets 40% and the seller 60% of the profit. It is considered more trouble and bookkeeping to sell than to buy. Some of the girls have gotten the buying to a science.

Flora and Mrs. Gordon went to the Western Hills on Saturday and expected to stay till tomorrow, Tuesday. I am so glad Flora had this chance to visit the hills as she has never been out there and some of the most interesting temples are out there. It has been a beautiful week end here. That may not signify anything as a few weeks ago a party got soaked out there and we had not had a drop of rain here.

On Saturday afternoon Cleora Wannamaker came down unexpectedly and was my guest for the night. I had considered inviting her and had put it off till I should be more at liberty as I was taking Flora's weekend duties for her and having charge of giving out supplies for Mrs. Gordon. Since it was a surprise visit I could do all the other things and not feel neglectful whereas I could not if I had planned the visit.

Dr. Smith spoke at service yesterday, on the book of Jude. He suggested a comparison of that book with the 2nd chapter of 2nd Peter. There is a great difference of opinion as to which copied from the other. The great use of triplets was one thing he spoke of in Jude's writing.

There is a strong wind blowing today so I hope the people at the [word left out] will not try to come in. Mrs. Gordon's son is living out there and it is he they are visiting.

I tried to get some of Miss Brewster's things at Lun Fo Ssl a few weeks ago but prices were soaring so I made no purchases. I will try again when there are not so many extra foreigners in town.

Is Miss Brewster sending the Saturday Evening Post, or who is it? It is postmarked either Shelton or Derby so comes from some kind friend there. I would like to send thanks to the person for I do appreciate it I assure you. Three copies have come so far. My Literary Digest has not started yet but Miss King's has not ceased either so we are not inconvenienced. Today the first copy of the Teachers College Bulletin arrived, so I know that is all right too. All the extra numbers of the National Geographic are here too. If the school does not decide to take the School Review I shall do so as it is the best magazine on the Project Method that I am eager to get to reading.

I purchased yarn in Peking for a knitted scarf such as was so stylish last year. My dresses with the loose sleeves are a nuisance with sweaters as these sleeves will not go in easily. A scarf belted in will give the warmth across my back where I need it as my desk is back to the window.

The people are soon off to the noon train so I will pick up my things go over to my room get a stamp and envelope and let this start on its journey.

With love to each and all.

Mary.

[This letter, dated November 13, 1921, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He and Phebe K. are not living together in Foochow but they see each other often and he is happy to have her with him in China. Willard talks about the athletics in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

President's Office

Foochow College

November 13, 1921

Dear folks at Home:-

Christmas is in the mind of all here. Christmas letters must be ready to mail this week. I have been sending a part of my Christmas gifts to you at the farm. Before this reaches you, you should have received three "Weekly Reviews". In each should have been a napkin. I will continue to send till twelve have gone. Will you please forward this "Weekly" to Ellen at Oberlin. I am enclosing in this a linen handkerchief for father. O no. I want his surname put in one corner so I must wait till another mail.

I cannot tell how I enjoy Phebe's being here. We are not keeping house together but we see each other almost every day. She has spent two or three nights at Mrs. St. Clair's where I live this week, and I have been at her

home in Ponasang for several meals. It is interesting to see how we cross and recross each others paths. Yesterday Mrs. Leger said she had asked Bishop Hind to dinner today. He was to preach at our church here this morning. Mrs. Leger wanted me to come to dinner also. I accepted. Phebe was at my place at Mrs. St. Clairs. But I had a good visit with her. She is receiving the respect and confidence of everyone and I hear many good things said of her. The language comes back to her in a very gratifying way.

For more than a week now an Educational Commission of five has been in Foochow. They are a part of a larger number who for over two months have been investigating education in both government and mission schools in Japan and China. Dean Russell head of Education in Iowa State University was one of those who was with us. They have been very helpful.

This is the season for athletic sports in Foochow as well as in the U.S. Our boys are getting defeated right along. But it is good for them. Last year they won in Volley Ball and some of them confessed that it was the big head that caused their defeat this year. Yesterday in the cross country runs they got not a point. They came out first in 1920 and in 1919.

Next Friday the big provincial athletic meet start and Nov. 18, 19, 21, 22, 23 all of our schools are to be present and participate.- This is the first time anything so large has been attempted. The expenses are to be borne by the Military Governor General.

Last Tuesday the Annual Meeting of the Chinese Congregational Church began. The spirit in this meeting has given many of us great concern for six or seven years. This year thus far the spirit is good, and I trust it may continue so to the end.

Two good letters came from Geraldine this last week. She writes that Oberlin beat Ohio State University in football. Of course I am greatly pleased that the Bankhardt family are in the house with Ellen. It will so lighten the expenses of rent etc. and then she will not have to care for the furnace. The coal bill will be no more for two families than for one.

You are having frosts and perhaps frozen ground- I remember how cold it was a year ago Nov. 14. We are having most delightful weather,- just cool enough so one can wear full thin union suits and an ordinary suit of clothes. We have had little fire two or three times for fun.

The Pacific Conference in Washington which opened yesterday is much in the minds of the Chinese Christians and of us as well. We pray much that God may bring out of this Conference something that will help the world to live in peace and the nations to be mutually helpful.

May God give you all, the best things Lovingly Will.

[This letter, dated Nov. 20, 1921, was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to Kathleen. He tells about the antics between the freshman and sophomore class at University of Michigan. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

508 Hill St.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Nov. 20, 1921

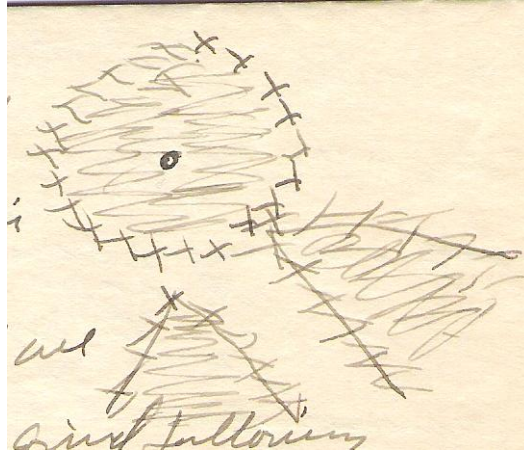
Dear Kathleen:-

I got your fine letter and intended to answer it before now. Also I have mother's and Geraldine's and Dot's yet unanswered. So I will have to kill four birds with one stone and answer all of them at once.

For the University in general this has been a lively week. There are so many lectures, concerts, club meetings, dances, etc going on that I have cut them all out in an endeavor to get ready for mid semester tests.

Yesterday Morning the Frosh and Sophs had their fall scraps every evening this week either one or the other class has held a pep meeting to rouse spirit for the contests. At 8 a.m. Saturday the Sophs gathered in hands in various parts of the city and marched to the library where our meeting place was. On the way we caught any unlucky Frosh who was on his way to his meeting joint, and we painted him red all over. All the Sophs painted their faces red and the Frosh were painted green. They outnumbered us about two to one but we were better organized.

The scrap consisted in capturing three flags at the tops of three 20 foot poles. The Frosh had to guard the poles and if they held each flag for ten minutes they won. They massed themselves around the pole and locked arms. The Sophs formed two wedges in Phalanx formation and drove into them something as the sketch shows.



As we charged them I could see them get white under their green paint and their eyes bulged out, but they held until we hit them. The impact and the grind following sounded like mashing potatoes and meat going through a grinder. We went about 20 feet into their mass. Then they went straight up in the middle from the pressure. The center must have risen a foot and a half. We reached the pole, which had bent over almost 45 degrees from the pressure, and locked arms about it then the fellows in the rear hoisted some light men up onto the mass and they stomped or crawled over our heads to the pole. We took each pole in less than four minutes. The Frosh were so scared that they did not fight hard and only a couple of men got badly hurt.

Yesterday afternoon Michigan wound up her foot ball season by walking away from Minnesota to the tune of 38-0. I doubt if there is a conference eleven that could have beaten our team yesterday. We have lost only one game and tied one and save for the first two games we have played the biggest teams of the West. The stadium was not filled to capacity, only about 38,000 being present. At the Ohio State game we had 41,000 spectators.

I'll have to thank you all for those fine socks you sent me. I completely forgot until Tuesday that I had a birthday last Sunday.

Mother wrote me the week before about it, but I forgot it in the rush of events. I can't quite become reconciled to the fact that I am 25. I feel more like a college lad. Perhaps that is because I am doing just what I was back in 1916 and '17, washing dishes for an education. Well, I hope in some future year to finish college, but it looks a long way off.

Grandma sent me a box of apples with my bath robe that the girls gave me in Oberlin. I had forgotten that I had it. It will be just the thing now.

It's only about three weeks now until I will be home for Xmas. When does Oberlin vacation commence?

Thanks again for the birthday gift.

With love to all,

Brother and son Gould.

[This letter, dated November 27, 1921, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. There was an athletic meet in Foochow and Willard was one of the judges. There was a Congregational Church Annual meeting in Foochow. He and Phebe spent Thanksgiving with a few other missionaries. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

President's Office

Foochow College

Nov. 27 - 1921

Dear folks at Home:-

Two weeks ago I wrote you enclosing in the letter a napkin. I will put another in this letter. This one makes six in all, if my count is correct.

This past two weeks have been broken into badly by our Chinese Annual Meeting and by the Provincial Athletic Meet. This was held in Foochow and quite near our homes. There were contestants and participants from all parts of the province- both from government and from mission schools- over 700 entries. Last Monday was the big day. I was one of five "judges at the finish." It was my job in all the running events to spot the second man in and give his number to the head judge. Monday last we were on the ground at noon and on our feet constantly till

5:30. I was not the only one whose knees ached. Tuesday the work was not as hard. Last evening a feast was given by the Military Governor to the heads of the Athletic Meet. I was already engaged to spend the night last night with Mr. and Mrs. Newell- at Sie Buo- on South Side about four miles from here,- so I sent my regrets.



This may be where the track meet was held. We know the missionary compound is across from the white pagoda. Foochow's white pagoda can be seen to the left. Willard said the meet was held "quite near our homes."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Our Annual Meeting of the Congregational Church of Foochow closed a week ago Wednesday. It was the best meeting we have had since 1914. There was a good spirit and a desire to be mutually helpful. Since 1913 we have not ordained a pastor. A clique of Chinese pastors got together and so managed that no one could get ordinations. The matter sort of settled itself this year. The ring leader of these pastors has become more and more dictatorial each year. The result is that he has been put out of all offices in the Cong'l Church here and is left on only one committee- that a Union Committee of little real power. The meeting voted to ordain six men.

Phebe and I took Thanksgiving dinner with Miss Armstrong. Dr. Dyer and Miss Atwood. Miss Armstrong came out with us and is to teach in Foochow College. She is now studying the language. Dr. Dyer is a Doctor of the W.B. and going home on her first furlough next year. Miss Atwood is a nurse just arrived. They are keeping house in our old house that we left a year ago last June. It was a very pleasant occasion and a good dinner. The turkey was fish but the pie was real pumpkin. In the evening Phebe and I went to the Consulate for the Reception given by the American Association and from there to the Y.M.C.A. building to the Thanksgiving dinner given under the auspices of the American Red Cross.

Friday a Dr. Stifler was with Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair and myself for lunch. They brought 15 pounds of millet from the girls in the north. We simply put it in a double boiler and cook it as you do oatmeal, and eat it in the same way. I do not know why we do not use it in America. I tried to get some in Oberlin last year. I found a few pounds that had been saved for seed. The price was 13 cents a pound.

We think much, speak often and pray much about the Pacific Conference. The Chinese are very much interested in it and they hope for much from it. Others of them are pessimistic. It looks to me as if there would not be very much done,- but as if something would be done to make it possible for the nations to reduce the terrible burden that all nations feel increasingly each year of keeping up our building new battle ships and in other ways preparing for war. May God have his own way with the men now in Washington discussing the problems so vital to the world's well being.

The 10 o'clock bell has rung so good night. I hope you all had a Merry Christmas and I hope this will be in time for my Happy New Year- pass it on to Oliver, Ben and Stanley and all the members of their families. May our Father be very gracious to you all

Lovingly Will

*[This typewritten letter, dated **November 28, 1921**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. She tells about their Thanksgiving and the fun afterward. Their skating pond is beginning to freeze. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

North China American School.

Nov. 28, 1921.

Dear Home Folks,

The Christmas cards came this week. They are beauties, and we do thank you for all your trouble. We have opened them to take a peep and that is all. For sending to America I bought some out here. Mr. Fenn, brother of Martha, has started a printing shop and makes Christmas cards. His patterns are all copies of cards from the states and they are very good. They are also very cheap. I'll send you one to see.

Our Thanksgiving day was a busy one. I did not have a minute to think of the good time of last year. Mrs. Martin had a bad cold so we of the decorating committee had to help set the tables for the dinner as well as to decorate them afterward and make out the seating list. Setting tables mean borrowing tables, chairs, linen, silver, dishes, glassware, etc. as well as arranging it after it arrives. There were only 32 of us because several sent last minute regrets and Mrs. Gordon and Mr. Lund stayed away without even sending regrets. The fun afterward was great. The committee had practiced up for an Ultra-Bolshevic Band and had a program all duplicated for us. We started with a band selection then Folly 1, then band selection, etc. The band had a drum, a horn, several combs, and clappers and cymbals which occasionally were heard. It was most entertaining. We were divided into four groups and each had to present a ten minute play. We had Eliza crossing the river on the ice. The ice was Mr. Howard-Smith wrapped in a sheet. Another was that old pantomime of the girl receiving a succession of callers and making them into a table, chair, hat rack. A third was the story of Aeneas in three scenes. I was Dido. The fourth was Pyramus and Thisby. We ended with the Virginia Reel as usual. But one of the men guests played and as we whirled the partners down the line he played faster and faster till we could hardly stop. It kept things lively.

At school we had a duck dinner at noon. Flora and I carved the six ducks before we sat down so as to have pieces of more uniform size. Also we wanted to have them carved American style not Chinese. The Chinese hack birds to pieces regardless of joints. There were 49 of us at that dinner. Our boys went to Peking in the morning to play the boys of the Peking American School in Basket Ball and beat 27 to 7. They would have kept their opponents from scoring at all but they put their second team in for the second half. "It was too easy to be fun," They say. They wanted to send the second team only as the boys up there are smaller but we requested to send their best. Today our girls go up to play the Yenging college girls. I fear they will not meet with such easy success as several of the best girls are not playing, for health or scholastic reasons. Our rule is that a team must be made up of students whose rank is 85 or the colors may not be awarded for success.

I have had my muff made over and the worn parts removed. Not yet have I had my wool dresses out, but if it gets much colder I shall have to. It has been cold enough to freeze ice three inches thick. Our skating pond started to freeze with all the leaves in the ice and the boys have had a great time getting the bad ice out. It all had to be broken up and pushed through a narrow opening about two feet wide. They worked hard every minute of their play time for three nights. As they got it out it would freeze a little more at night because they could not finish.

I have my scarf over half done. It is 101 stitches wide so does not go as fast as I would like. The wool is English make and a mixture which goes well with that sport skirt I bought at Howard and Barber's with Phebe. Phebe that knife gets good usage these days. The little scissors got the hardest use on the train, when I cut out paper dolls with them, for a small neighbor who was making life unhappy for us all.

We are having a good local dust storm this afternoon, after a glorious morning. Already my window sills desk and other furniture are dull lead color.

I have a most interesting book to read. It is Easy Lessons in Einstein by Edwin Slosson, the nephew of Mrs. Spaulding who has gone to Washington for government work.

I had a nice letter from Miss Brewster this last week. The book she spoke of sending to Flora arrived some days before and Flora has it most read. "Wang the 9th" is a book I have heard of much but not yet have I had the chance to read it. I am asking Mrs. Stelle to read my "Wanderer on a Thousand Hills." She is a native born and better able to judge of its merits. It has received very severe criticisms, she says. One would expect that as it pictures such a dark side of life here.

A week or so ago I had a chance to send a package to Foochow by personal messenger so F. and I sent 15 catties of millet for him to grind for cereal. That in pounds would be about 20. As a "cumshaw" I sent Dr. Stifler

some of the malt candy. I do wish I could get some of that candy to you. But it is like molasses candy in that it gets soft if warmed.

Two weeks ago I sent some Chinese postcards to Mr. Horesce with a Christmas greeting to show him I did not forget my promise made the day we tried the Dodge. My gift for Joel and Grace has not yet arrived but I sent a card for Christmas.

I wonder if the request for a repeating of the Pageant came again. Phebes tale of the vall [*call?*] of the Sherks and Sylvia's stay made me think of it. Please give my regards to the Sherks when you get a chance. Has he no job yet?

Today I received my address list of Holyoke alumnae with a request to send a dollar to the secretary for pay. Please send on (\$1.00) to Miss Florence Clement, Alumnae Secretary, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass. for Address List, 1921, sent to me.

I shall send shortly a box of little bags. If you want any they are 50 cents. If you sell them elsewhere they are \$1.00. If you have to pay duty as seems to be the custom now, please deduct the duty before crediting me with the value. If the duty is too high make the prices 60 cents and \$1.25, for I am not making much. I shall put on the price in silver here. Every thing has gone up in the year I was absent. Not yet have I found the things Miss Brewster wanted but I will try in vacation when there is time to linger. Today was Lun Fo Ssl day but I was too lazy to go up as there were duties here for me to do. Mrs. Lowry is back so I think I can surely get the large cloth like the small doily.

I have agreed to play tennis at 4.30. It has been many a day since I have been out on the courts. My Round Robin came yesterday and today the starter of a hurry up Robin of the Holyoke girls of China. We are to send our pictures so we will feel better acquainted.

Here is the best of love for each and all of you.

Mary B.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **December 4, 1921**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. She has received her shipment of books and her Literary Digests are arriving. Mary talks about a variety of subjects – coolies, shopping, tooth powder, ice skating. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tunghsien, Chihli, China.
December 4, 1921.

Dear Home Folks,

I must write today because my box of books came Friday and I know you will be glad with me that everything came through safely. The mud plaques are sound after their trip to America and back. I shall have them framed at once. Evidently the box was opened at customs for the top was all loose. Father remembers how well it was nailed and I am sure will say with me that it could not have gotten off without aid. At once I ordered my bigger bookcase as already I had a row of books in the closet on the shelf.

The Literary Digests have begun to come. The first number was October 22. November 5 is already here. It is almost in time to fill in after Miss King's subscription. I never did get the Independent from Dr. Preston Slosson. He has left their staff so now I fear I will not. 'Tis sad as one does not subscribe for two papers which fill so near the same need. I am sending tomorrow some tea to Miss Brewster. Prices have gone up a bit. To get the same grade of tea I paid more. I think I charged 85 cents a box for the other. This will have to be 10 more or 95 cents.

I will try to get the little bags off also. Once more we may send packages by sample post. That does not mean a days work to mail anything. I was waiting till I had everything ready because when it was a question of going to the customs it meant an hour to do it and one could save time only by accumulating errands and going seldom.

The Japanese Post Office still would send sample post so were getting a large amount of the trade. Either that or the movement to do away with the foreign Post Offices have caused this return to old accommodations. They are desirous of being extra helpful now and volunteer the suggestion that sample post is again allowed. In fact they were eager for Mr. Martin to send his package that way the other day.

Phebe, I wonder if you still keep up your morning exercises? I mean to but with only half an hour to dress, I get left occasionally if I take an extra few minutes in bed. I must average about five mornings a week. Often when I get left in the morning I take them at night, unless a game of tennis or basket ball has made me feel no need of so doing.

This week Martha Fenn had a birthday and we had quite a celebration. Her mother and father had sent down a cake so we had that for afternoon tea, together with candy, and fruit from the same source. In the evening

some of us made divinity fudge, cocoa and cheese crackers over in Miss Young's room. We were very circumspect and were home soon after ten. Today one of my girls has a birthday and her mother sent her a cake. All the girls in this house and I have just been eating a cake which her mother sent. There was candy, nuts and fruit to go with it so I am thinking of cutting tea at four.

Dec. 6. I went down stairs to go over to the school for some stamps on Sunday and found a caller. Mr. Anguston, the Salvation Army man who has been in the city, was here to bid up goodbye. He is transferred and we get a young woman again. He stayed for tea and talked a lot. Then it was a hustle to get to church.

On Saturday last, Flora had to dismiss the coolie who has been with us since the school started. He wanted more money but could not see why he needed to be more efficient to get it. I think he thought the school so dependent on him that we could not let him go. He got a surprise. Mrs. Stelle had had to dismiss two servants because they could not agree, in spite of the fact that both were good men. We took one of those on and he was installed that very night. Choe He was one baffled man. He has always been of the variety of who Dr. Smith says, 'One is torn between the conflicting desires, either to raise their wages or dismiss them.' We had raised the man's pay from \$6.00 to \$7.50 per month. That may seem small, but a cook gets only \$9.50 or 10.00.

Yesterday I was in Peking all day. It is the first day I have done that. Flora and I went to some interesting stores outside the city. I have several chains. I will send some to you. If you can sell them. I'll send price lists when I get them off. If beads are as stylish as last year these ought to be easily gotten rid of. I have the beads Miss Brewster specially ordered too. We went to a Chinese restaurant for lunch. We had rice, fried chicken giblets, egg soup, omelet, and another dish made up of bits of meat, onion, celery and a green vegetable I have never seen at home. After eating we were given towels wrung out in boiling water to wipe our hands on.

I have not made up my mind what to do with Mrs. Nettleton's \$3.00 yet. Flora had it spent before I even read the letter, in her mind. I may put it with some other and help out the library. We have a woman coming in vacation to catalogue the library, or rather finish up the job begun several years ago. Flora goes to Tientsin the day after school closes for dressmaking. The only trips I have in mind are a possible week end at the Hills and New Years Day at Mrs. Fenn's if the decision is to receive on Monday.

I sent on Monday two packages of tea to Miss Brewster, one for Mr. Sanford and one for herself. I did have to go to customs after all. There I was guilty of taking my turn out of turn. There were a number of Chinese servants ahead of me, but I went in at once in spite of that fact. It is strange, but they stood back as though they expected me to go ahead. Do you wonder we are spoiled when we come home? That we expect deference and favors? It is a bad habit we form.

This morning I made use of some of my last year's notes in chapel. I shall use them right along now, the ones of Dr. Fosdick's lectures. Some day I must take a compound prayer meeting for some of the people are saying it is not fair to keep any new ideas for the children only. I do not agree but - - -.

Elizabeth, could you send me the prescription for your tooth powder? I forgot to bring any and the little powder left here is getting low. If I could get yours I would like it for I prefer it to any other. I would try getting a full prescription filled and am sure I could add it to my store supplies with profit unless the druggist charges too much to fill it. I have tooth brushes, soap and shoe strings beside school materials already. We will have to enlarge as we grow because it grows increasingly harder to look over each child's supplies. I failed to mention hand lotion which Dr. Love makes.

The ice is safe and the children are having glorious times on our school pond. The boys did some good work in clearing the sticks and leaves off.

It is nearly time for my 2.15 class and I have to look over part of my lesson so I will stop. If I leave this to write more, no telling when it will get off. It has been here three days you see already.

I hope this finds everyone well. It may be in time for a Happy New Year but a little late probably. One letter lately written on the 3rd of November I received on the 26th, and answered on the 28th. How is that for speed? One week more of school and then vacation.

Mothers letter tells of the warm fall. Our killing frosts held off well too. I have not put on any warmer clothes except tight kneed union suits yet. Most of the children have though.

May God bless you all.

With lots of love

Mary Beard.

[This letter dated Dec. 5, 1921 was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to Monnie. He thanks Monnie for sending him a box of goodies for Thanksgiving and for his birthday. He is busy studying but will be with the family for Christmas. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

University of Michigan
1837

508 Hill St.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.,
Dec. 5, 1921.

Dear Monny;-

I guess it is about time I scribbled the family a line and I guess it is fully your turn to get the letter.

That Thanksgiving and birthday box was a wonder. I had two feeds off of it and saved a piece of cake to munch on before going to bed every night. If I had such goodies very much I shure [*sure*] would get sick. The box made Thanksgiving seem more real. The rest of the day I did my regular work at the restaurant and studied. This is the first Thanksgiving I have eaten home cooking since the Army. I may be 25 years old, but I hardly feel it.

I just wrote out a mid semester test in Chemical Engineering I. I think I did pretty well on it. I ought to have because I studied hard enough for it, began reviewing a whole week before.

I'm coming home either Saturday the 16th or Sunday the 17th. This will be my first Xmas since 1917 with any of the family. When does vacation begin in Oberlin?

We had a good snow last night. When I went to bed at 2 a.m. it was snowing hard and continued snowing until nearly noon. I would like to see one of those regular old blizzards again. We'd have fun in the snowdrift Xmas time then.

I must get to studying again for a test in math and one in Spanish.

Sorry I could'nt write more.

With love to all
Gould.

[*This typewritten letter, dated **December 12, 1921**, was written from Foochow, China by Phebe K. to her Aunt Mary and Aunt Flora. Phebe and Willard spent Thanksgiving with three other women missionaries. She holds a figure head position as foreign secretary to the Union C.E. Society. She and Willard visited Diong Loh. Foochow held a large track meet in November. Their mission Christmas party will be soon. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

Phoebe K. Beard

Foochow, Fukien
Dec. 12, 1921.

Dear Aunt Mary and Aunt Flora,

Aunt Mary's letter with the handkerchief and Thanksgiving greetings reached us some time ago and we were glad to hear how you were doing. With as live a group as you have, a student council would be a grand success I should think. It must be fun starting it. I am enclosing a fine letter from Aunt Elizabeth that Father sent to me some days ago. She would make an interesting essayist on the philosophy of life, don't you think? I am also sending your pictures. Some are good, especially those of the steamer. The one of the group at Helper[?] is delightfully characteristic of each, I think. Isn't the one of you and Martha Tow on the deck fun? I'm glad I tried it! My teacher has come so I'll finish this later.

Dr. Russell is the son, I believe, of the one at Columbia. He gave us a very humorous address on the scientific method in spelling and experimented on us much to the chagrin of most of us! My Geographics have begun to come and are a joy.

Father has probably told you that Dr. Dyer, Misses Armstrong and Atwood had us to Thanksgiving dinner at noon that day. It seemed good to sit down with a small group and feel like a family. We did not any of us go to the baseball game in the afternoon, but heard it was good. The Consul's reception was really enjoyable- we used to dislike receptions at college so much. Then came the big Red Cross dinner at the Y.M.C.A. with four huge U.S. flags as decoration and patriotic songs between courses. For entertainment the committee gave us an uncensored film that drew a big audience and didn't disappoint anyone.

This is four days later. The week has been delightfully full of a variety of things. On Monday and Wednesday evening Miss Carter and I saw the last two divisions of a serial film at the Y.M.C.A. entitled

"Vanishing Trails". Tho there was not much plot the horses and riding and the Western scenery was beautiful. The Chinese audiences were large, and several missionaries were very regular attendants.

On Wednesday four new pastors were ordained. Father was at the feast and all the ceremonies in the A.M. and I was much interested in the ordination in the P.M., the first I have ever seen. Already I have official duties in a Chinese organization as foreign secretary to the Union C.E. Society- - a mere figure-head. Their first meeting came this week. In between times Eunice Kinnear Boger and I have practiced violin duets for the Christmas Concert of the Anti-Cobweb Society, which came off last night. A choir sang carols, there were vocal and violin and piano solos, and a reading of one of Stevenson's Christmas letters to a friend in Canton having very fitting thots and sentiments. Eunice Boger is going to be a great addition to the community with her violin, and the Methodists have a new lady who is a fine pianist. The program was of fine quality all thru, not at all like the general idea of missionary entertainments. It was held in the house that was the French consulate when you were here, Aunt Flora, and later Mrs. Vintzner the fine pianist lived there.

Foochow students are going to make demonstration of protest against the way things are going in Washington this afternoon, I hear. Ever since the Pacific Conference began, the theme of our school chapel-talks, of sermons, and of prayers everywhere has been this conference. I fear China has expected too great things of it. Professor Munroe of Columbia who was here for three days in Nov., said China had not progressed at all since his last visit some years ago. He tried to show them that China's elements needed a binder before she would find herself as a nation. Things look rather sad for her don't they?

Last Sunday week Father and I spent at Diongloh. Father took a ten mile walk and horseback ride with Mr. Topping and Miss Nutting and I climbed a high hill back of their house. Coming down we were overtaken by the dark while scrambling down the stream bed and had the excitement of finding our path with the knowledge that tigers were not unknown in those parts. But I can recommend Diongloh for scenery and hiking possibility.

About the middle of Nov., Foochow had an epoch-making provincial track meet of ten days. She carried off first and third prizes against Amoy, but the mission schools have got some work to do to get and keep the athletic leadership as against the government schools, that took highest place this time. The most important day in the girl's world was the girls' exhibition and meet in the P.M. of one day. Dr. Grey of Shanghai who was umpire for the meet, said that no girls could have done better than the three hundred under our Wenshan physical instructor did - - - tho none of our girls were in the group. He also said that that was about the first time that girls have appeared in public in athletics in all China.

Our Christmas boxes for the girls here at school have come and it has been a happy surprise to Eunice to find the things so appropriate. Christmas is only a week off and celebrations in the churches begin tomorrow. The weather is so balmy still that I can't make the season real. You will be having a vacation soon. I hope you will find it restful. Merry Christmas to both!

In my language study I am starting to read Mark in character. The feeling for it is only just beginning to make itself felt, but it is fun. This last week the festival for helping the spirits of the dead over the Chinese River Stix have furnished much material for conversation with the teachers. One night some of us went into the city and saw a few of the shops arranged as booths and decorated with the richest heavy gold embroideries I ever saw. The crowds were large but on the whole very quiet.

My latest diversion is a bowl of four gold fish. They are pretty and I like to watch their mild antics.

Our mission Christmas party comes next Sat. night in the city. Being a lone lady with no family unit for the celebration of the day is a new feeling, and I can sympathize with Father in his four years here alone now. But we shall have so much to see about for the girls and the church doings that we sha'nt miss ours I guess.

We are both well and manage to see a good deal of each other at parties and meetings. I am now going in to unpack another box of family things with him.

This brings all good wishes for your health and the success of the school. We shall be very glad to see the photos when they come - we are waiting eagerly for them. If you want any more of mine I have the films and you can get them - - - the duplicate prints - - any time.

Very much love to you both,

Phebe K. Beard.

Lucy Lanktree left me her typewriter, and electric iron, so I am making the most of my opportunities! I still need practice!



This may be the ordination of four pastors that Phebe refers to in the previous letter. Willard stands in the back middle with Phebe K. Beard sitting in front of him. Willard writes on the back: First Class of Pastors trained in the Theological Seminary, Foochow, China. This was prior to the Union Theological Seminary. Giu Ging Nieng, Ung Huai lu, Bi Ek Di, Ma Liong Ing.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This typewritten letter, dated **December 18, 1921**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. She tells about the school and various social and entertainment activities. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

North China American School.
December 18, 1921

Dear Home Folk,

If I make mistakes, please lay them to the dark, for I am writing in poor light where I can see my keys but not my paper. The furnace in this house is out, because there was a part broken and there must be a new casting made. Two grate fires each with a register for the room above keep us fairly comfortably warm. We hope for the new parts by Friday.

Last week-end I spent in town with Cleora Wannamaker. It was the afternoon for College club but I could not get away so went up by the evening train. Cleora and I went to the movies at the Peking Union Medical College (commonly called the P.U.M.C.) It was an especially good film that night, Dorothy Gish in "Battling Jane". We chuckled all the way through. On Sunday morning we went to the P.U.M.C. again. This time for church, in the same auditorium. The British Legation rector spoke and gave his usual excellent, polished sermon. Mrs. Dunlap sang and was never in better voice. The day was fine and we two walked home in fine spirits. That afternoon we went to Miss Craig's for tea. That was at the P.U.M.C. too but at the nurses home. Then we were off to the Peking Hotel for the orchestra music. That would have been perfect if the audience had not contaminated the atmosphere with so much cigarette smoke. There were no flaws on the music. The Death Dance by Sibelius and Il Trovatore were my favorites on the program. That evening at the house we had some more music treat. Miss Lum and Dr. Farnum gave us some duets on the piano. Both are excellent musicians.

On Monday morning I received a note from Flora asking me to cease playing and chaperone some children who had to have their eyes tested. One boy was to have tests to determine whether an operation on his eyes were needed. I was at the hospital from 11.00 A.M. till time for the train. I did get in one piece of fun. I went to Language School for the first class.

Another week-end trip!! The men who were down for Thanksgiving wanted us (7) to come up two weeks ago for some fun at their expense. Unfortunately only two of us were free that week. We sent regrets and a suggestion that our vacation would be a good time for us to be away in large numbers, and the 17th was free if they wished to have us then. We went up at noon. It was Lun Fo Ssl day so we were lucky. I went and spent all my spare cash and some that I fear was not spare. I got a vase like that one I always called the Mohamedan one, shaped like this. *[sketch]* I also replaced the brass kettle which Grace took. My new one is not quite as large and is decorated. Nevertheless I got it cheaper. Some way the men wanted to sell and were ready to make prices reasonable. As we said, the Rockefeller crowd had inflated prices the last time I was there. Now Chinese New Years is not many moons away. The choicest purchase was a candle stick. At the bottom is a turtle (do not say it aloud, remember). Resting on that is a long legged stork. In his bill is a stalk of water lily, I guess, and for a flower is the holder for the candle. I have wanted one or two of those but have never seen one there before. It comes apart in three pieces so is handy to carry about.

We went to the Dean ['s] house for dinner. Mr. Sam Dean out here when we first arrived in 1914 and was one of the Peking folk I saw in New York last winter. His Younger brother and his father are now here. His father is principal of the much talked of Peking School. With them there are three other men, Mr. Glickoff who is Sam's assistant Dr. Bailey (I also saw him in N.Y. last winter) and Mr. Eshalmann. Mr. Crosby, Britisher, Bob Shaw from here (Tungchows only single man) and Carrington Goodrich were the men. There were Alice Huggins, Alice Harper, Frances King, Genevieve Young and myself from here. Martha Fenn was ill so could not come. Mable Craig a P.U.M.C. nurse was the only other girl. We judged that the chaperones were "Daddy Dean" and Dr. Bailey as they are both widowers.



Written in album: "Carrington Goodrich"



"Mable Craig and Bob Shaw"

[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Dec. 21. The folks came in for supper the other night and I went over with Flora and we addressed all those cards which you sent out. Those for the south had to be off to arrive on time.

To go on with the house party! We had a six course dinner so when we were through it was too late for the P.U.M.C. movies. But the men had promised movies so took us to the Pavilion where the opening is at 9.15 instead of 8.15 as at the other place. We missed the preliminary pictures but were in time for the serial film, "The Heart of a Child". It was good but showed a picture of high society life with which I am not familiar. I wondered with one of the other girls if people ever did act that way off the screen. We parted with the agreement to meet the next morning at 9.15 for a walk around the wall. Alice Huggins and I were together at Mrs. Cross's and thought we were late when we left the house at 9.30 but we were the first girls to arrive. It was 10.30 before we were off. The men had sent the lunch ahead by their boys to the Pin An Men (one of the city gates). We were glad to get to it, I tell you. It

was so late that we took a cross city route home instead of finishing the wall. One of the men knew an interesting Temple near that gate so we visited that. It was the place where there are tablets to all the emperors back to mythical times. The huge size decorated and the columns which support it are tremendous. Along the back are alcoves with the tablets to the emperors. Anyone can worship there and the messages are supposed to get sorted somewhere and reach the right ancestor. One old hunchbacked attendant is in charge. If Mr. Dean sends me a print of myself which he took as I was sitting on one of the old turtles I will send you one.

We got back from the walk just in time to get the afternoon train for home. As Flora had left for Tientsin with the children and we had not a single plan made for Christmas, I was eager to get here so we could get busy early Monday morning. Mrs. Love had the regular service and read a charming story by Van Dyke.

Now for the school history. We had quite a siege of colds the last three weeks. One of the boys had a return of the cold after a two weeks of being up and came nearer to pneumonia than we liked. He came down so late that he is still here. Being a boy we sent him to the hospital and he was there till yesterday. Since two people, one a trained nurse, are going to his home on Friday for Christmas, they are to take him.

I have been making candy galore. We girls who were at the mens parties are sending them a huge box of candy for Christmas. It fell to the lot of two of us to do the work. Besides that Flora and I plan to give candy to some of the men in the compound. Today Margaret Smith and I made three batches of fudge and one of peanut brittle for soldiers. Different ladies in the compound furnished the materials. The Y.M.C.A. ladies send around every year and solicit candy for these Marines. Tungchow is feeling grateful to them for the protection they gave when the looting was done. Some of the ladies are making their own, so you can picture a number of boxes of good size going up from here.

The Academy boys are having an entertainment on Saturday evening and today we Foreigners began to practice for a double quartette. We ten teachers who are to be here are giving the Christmas supper here. We are making it a Christmas Eve supper since the real day is a Sunday. All the above entertainments is on that evening and is scheduled to open at 6.00 we are supping at 5.00.

With much love to each of you and a birthday greeting for Mother.

Mary.

Dr. Farnum, mentioned above, is from New Haven. She has long been interested in missions. She asked at once if I were one of the Shelton Beards. It seems that once she was out at Shelton to speak at a Mission meeting at Ruth's invitation. I think from what she said it was for the girls mission class she once had. Do you remember her?

We had Millet bread and milk for supper last night. It was so much like the corn bread at home that it made me homesick. The school gets only six quarts of milk for our big family. We do not dare to cut the amount during vacation for we did it once and the dairyman took on an extra customer. When we wanted the milk again we could not have it. Hence the luxury of bread and milk. What would happen if you, Father, did such a thing?

The Christmas parcels are here. Thanks later when opened. Mary

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Written in album: "December 19, 1921 A Chinese courtyard from Peking city wall."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **December 21, 1921**, was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Gould to his grandma. He writes her a thank you for a check. He drove to Oberlin from Ann Arbor in a Ford Touring car. Gould will be with Dorothy, Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen for Christmas. Ellen adds a note of thanks onto Gould's letter. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

University of Michigan
Department of Engineering

120 E. College St.
Oberlin, Ohio.
Dec. 21, 1921.

Dear Grandma:-

We received your nice letter with the check, and the family want me to thank you all for it. They will write individually soon.

I drove down here in a Ford Touring car. I exchanged my truck for a touring car and considerable money and hope to sell the car down here. Anyway I am giving the folks here a few rides while I have the car.

It has turned cold here also, not as cold as you speak of, but enough so to make fine skating and to make people glad of their warm houses.

Dot and Geraldine finished school yesterday and Kathleen and Monny will tomorrow so we will all be home for a week together anyway. We are very glad to hear that Grandfather is getting better, and hope he will be able to enjoy Xmas day in good health.

While driving down from Ann Arbor I had only one stretch of bad road.

Here's wishing you all a Merry Xmas and a happy New Year from the Oberlinites,

With love to all

Gould.

[The following is written in Ellen's handwriting:]

Dear Father,

Gould is letting me fill the space he left on his letter, to say a very sincere thank you, for the very generous gift you sent in that check which is very timely and greatly appreciated; only I feel it is more than we deserve. The parcel marked, "Not to be opened till Christmas", and indicated as coming from you people at Century Farm, Phebe

and Elizabeth if I remember correctly, and addressed to me, arrived safely about a week ago. One very genuine thanks for that too, as a preliminary and more after Christmas; when visualization has made a more intelligent impression possible. Yours with the season's heartiest greetings to all, - Ellen.



Geraldine Beard, possibly taken about the time of her graduation from Oberlin – 1921
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



September 1921
50th Wedding Anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Smith
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1922

- King Tut's tomb discovered
- Political conditions around Foochow are still unsettled.
- Flora leaves China for U.S. on the President Wilson in August never to return to China. She is 53.
- Mary remains in Tungchou, China. She is 40.
- Willard and Phebe are in Foochow, China.
- Ellen, Gould, Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen are in the U.S.
- Willard is 57, Ellen- 54, Phebe- 27, Gould- 26, Geraldine- 24, Dorothy- 21, Marjorie- 16, Kathleen- 14.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 5, 1922**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. The new school term is beginning and some students are ill while others are still on their way. Mary details her week of social events and Christmas. They will begin building the new school building thanks to the \$15,000 from the Russell Sage Foundation. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S. Jan 5, 1922

Dear Home Folks,

This is last Sunday's letter. I'll progress backwards and tell the news. Today is the first day of the new term. We start with six absent. One has had flu and is not yet strong. A second is having a relapse of flu. A third had a slight attack of Diphtheria. A fourth is coming in to get placed before the second semester and was not fully ready. Another went a long way and either is awaiting a boat or trying to get through snow on the mountains. With him comes a new girl. Whether we are two more short depends on whether the girl who was so ill last term gets well to come later or not and whether the girl who had small-pox gets well soon. The latter was a pupil in the Shanghai school and was transferring here because we are more accessible. Yesterday we had additions to the family both at noon and at night. I was in town for the afternoon to get nine trunks which belonged to the fourteen children who came on the late auto. They arrived at 1.00 A.M., three loads of them. The buildings have all been scrubbed and polished.

We are having a new bookcase built into my school-room. It is to be big enough so the books will not have to lie on their sides to get them all in. Flora has accessed over a thousand books already and expects to have about five hundred more. If all were up to date instead of so old they are castoffs it would be fine. I do not object to castoffs except in Dictionaries and Encyclopedias and such reference works. Miss Ullum, of the Dunkard Mission is helping catalogue.

We teachers all went up to the Fenn's for New Years day. We were nine to receive so were glad of the spaces between callers. Mrs. Steinbeck who lives next door and received with us was a pupil of Phebe's at Framingham. She has two boys about seven and nine. They are new people for the Presbyterian Mission. She said she was back last commencement for reunion and the girls were wondering where Miss Beard was but were not able to find out. You will appear on the records of her class once more, Phebe. But think how far the word will have traveled! She was Miss Dickson(?) before married. Not sure.

We teachers were swell and returned by auto Monday evening. Two of us had expected to stay all night and the others were to come on the afternoon train so we compromised and took an auto. It was cold but five in a Ford closed car fills it so full there is no room for cold. We had the front full of bags so the second man had to ride on the running board. It would not be a typical Chinese machine if that were not so. Real high officials have from two to four outriders on the running board. Luckily the roads here are such that they are fairly good or impossible for autos. Also there are no hills and only a few inclines so slight that they have to be surveyed to identify them.

Last week Monday was College club and I went up and stayed with Cleora Wannamaker. I had invited her to go with me but she was ill. Instead I took Mrs. Sheffield. The entertainment was the reading of the lines of "Enter Madam" one of the successes on the New York stage last winter. I had not seen it and was glad to hear it. There was no attempt to act.

I returned Tuesday noon and went up again on Wednesday to attend a wedding. It was a horrid windy day but the wedding was a pretty one, all pink and white. On Thursday I again took the train. This time for a Holyoke tea. We met with some Chinese English speaking women to talk over some of the potent questions of the day. It is an effort to get the real Chinese point of view of national and international questions. If we are always as frank as that time we will all benefit from the discussions. We took as a started for discussion the article in the Nov. Atlantic on "What Delays Disarmament?" It bears largely on the Chinese question as the key note to the difficulties. As to the results of the talk, I am like the girl in my class; I do not know enough to talk yet.

I think I wrote about our week-end in Peking as guests of the men. We girls sent them a huge box of candy for Christmas. One of them wrote that he did not know such candy could be made! How is that when one other girl and I made it all? I had a regular candy spree. Margaret Ann Smith and I got our hands in on that for the men so offered to make for the soldiers if the people here would furnish the material. The result was four messes of fudge, of four cups each and one of peanut brittle. Then F. and I were to give candy to all the men in the compound and that meant considerable as there are seven. I had thought to have some for the compound supper which we teachers were giving but my courage failed as it meant make it all alone. The only new kind I tried was caramels. Mrs. Martin had the responsibility of those but I helped with the elbow greece.

We decorated the dining rooms for the supper and had candles and flowers on the table. The Stelles had the Gilbert Ried family down for the holidays so they came too. He is the man who was so pro-German that he was given free transportation to the Philipines during the war. I fear their reception in Peking is not very cordial. She is a

dear but he is a boar. I used my new candle stick of which I wrote and burned one of the bayberry candles. In was the honered centerpiece. No-one at the table had ever seen one except F. and Miss Bostwick.

The Academy boys always give an entertainment the night before Christmas so we did not linger long at our supper. Eight of us had been practicing to sing some songs as part of the program. We made a hit as it always pleases the boys for us to take part in their fun. They gave a play, several gymnastic stunts, a pantomime, two series of Chinese songs and I know not what else as we were an hour late in arriving. Their big idea is to give one their moneys worth.

On Christmas morning Flora and I and the three members of the King family were guests at the Martins. We had sent all packages over the night before and the two boys had fixed the tree and hidden the gifts. It took a long time to find them all and get them opened. Mother I put your gift given last August among those I sent over and was careful that Flora not I found it. She was surprised! I got four pretty handkerchiefs, a string of beads, a vase, a bureau scarf, a tape measure, two books, a fern, a box of candy, a dress pattern (from F.), a box of writing paper (from Hattie Beard), and many cards. I left out two of the best, a bunch of pictures from Phebe K. and one from Cleora W. on the trip out. I sent snaps to them too.

At last the \$15,000 from the Russel Sage Foundation is assured. We got the word on Christmas day. The architect has gone to work anew on the plans and we hope to start digging by March at the latest.

I am sending a letter from Phebe K. which is full of bits of news you will like to read.

The girls are going to bed and it is my rule (now that I have neighbors with only a door between) not to use my machine after lights out. I insist on their being quiet. By what right do I disturb them?

Best wishes and a Happy Birthday to Mother on the 30th. I wonder if the tea cloth will grace the table on that day or the new one of which I have heard.

I have part of my curtains up. They are made of the ?? you gave me mother and are very pretty.

Lots of love to all,

Mary.

I do not know Mrs. Steinbeck's maiden name, Phebe, nor does Martha. It may be Dickson or Alden as those are her boys names.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 16, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. She refers to a toilet being installed at the farm. Flora has been dizzy lately. Mary talks about her latest purchases of Chinese merchandise. She took her science class out to look through a telescope. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S., Tungchow

January 16, 1922

Dear Home Folks,

Yesterday a grand surprise arrived, the new dress. It is a bit too large so will have to be refitted on the shoulder, but is just what I am needing. My old brown dress has been doing duty for everything. I like the style too, the long lines the military braid the buttons and every thing. Many thanks for all the trouble of getting it and sending.

On Saturday there was another surprise, a letter from Mother enclosed with Miss Bassett's. I was glad to hear that Father is better. What a joy the new toilet will be. I wonder that we, or you had not had it before. I can picture it on the house all right. But where do you have your bed now, Mother? The door must be back of where it used to stand.

Flora is better now. In the beginning of vacation she had a return of the dizziness she had that summer we were at Kuling [*not Kuliang*]. It lasted all vacation but she would not give up as she had her heart set on working on the library. When school opened it was no better so she has been taking a partial rest cure by going to bed early and getting up too late for breakfast. She came over about 8.15 for hers. She is now better, but not all right. Today she goes in to Peking to the LunFu Ssl as it is the last day we can get there before Chinese New Years. As all debts must be paid on that date it is a good time to get things reasonable at the Chinese fairs.

I received two of my luncheon sets from the Gung Chang this week. Would that I could send them so you could see them, for they are beauties. One goes to Edythe and the other to Joel and Grace [*cousin Joel Beard, b. July 3, 1859*]. I think I must get you one with the large individual doilies as they are pretty. The one in colors (not blue only) for Leolyn is not done yet. They got out of green so had to wait.

You must have been surprised at the engagement of David Booth. I wonder any woman has courage to accept one of those confirmed old bachelors. Lets hope she has the right hold on them and makes them less queer.

This morning came the photographs of Nancy and Stephen. We think them very good. The photographer must have been a good one to catch that full face one with those lights in both their eyes.

We would like a little of your rain, Mother. We had about half an inch of snow two weeks ago and that is all the moisture we have had since I arrived in September. That did not last long for the air was so dry. At first it evaporated before it reached the ground. The skating has been fine. Our pond was reflooding and now a sprinkling twice a week or so keeps it smooth and nice. I went last Saturday evening for the first time. Alas my left skate would not stay on well so I did not spend the whole evening. I am taking my shoes to the shoe maker to see if he can fix the soles a little heavier for the clamps to cling to.

Monday evening, after my trip to Peking.

Yes I did find things reasonable at Lun Fu Ssl. I bought two candle sticks. The base is a lily pad with a toad crawling up it. The standard is a stork with a branch of a lily in its mouth. A lily pad with a cup for a flower holds the candle. It is bronze and the stork has one wing flat to his side and the other raised.

Tues. P.M. when one gets in at 4.30, takes time for tea, puts away ones purchases, reads a letter and washes off the dirt of the city, it is nearly time for supper. Monday is my night in study hall and that means I do not get back till time for lights out. As four girls sleep next me and I insist on their being silent, I have to live up to the same rule. Today is our coldest day. The thermometer was only 2 above zero at 7.30 this morning. It had risen to 12 at 12.30.

If anyone admires your cross stitch piece and longs for one, I can get them one of that size with six oblong doilies, and six napkins to match for from ten to twenty dollars. The difference in price is determined by the pattern as some take more time and thread. If they want any color other than blue it will also be more. They make a fascinating pattern with a Peking cart, a man carrying two things on a pole, a donkey, a big pilo (arch) all in colors. Miss Harper paid 8.50 for the work only on some home linen she had.

Do you remember the high brown shoes I got at Hubble Brothers? I have just used them for a pattern and had another pair made. It is not so much cheaper getting them out here for I paid \$18.00 for them. For two days I have worn them all day and find them satisfactory. I am using the others for skating and have an extra heavy sole put on.

Stupid me! I have lived in the same compound for four months with Robert Shaw and just last night learned that he knew Phebe K. Gould and Geraldine at Oberlin. There are over 50 Oberlin graduates in China. All the Shansi work is supported by them and largely manned by them.

Last week I took my Science class out twice to observe the heavens. First we studied constellations and the last time the moon was too bright for that so we borrowed Mr. Martin's telescope and looked at the moon. The instrument is a small one but a very good one. It was made by a Mr. Brasear whose business was grinding lenses but who worked for the love of working and charged only enough to cover expenses. In fact on this instrument he was out something because it was a special order and it cost more to make a single one. It was sent Mr. M. by a Miss Hazen whom I knew slightly at college.

Last Friday night we had a Pastime Club meeting in the form of a country school. I played schoolmarm. You should have seen me! I wore that old black silk coat that was Aunt Louise's with huge puffy sleeves and a fit like a kid glove. For a skirt I borrowed from Mrs. Howard Smith as she is taller than I and very short waisted. Mrs. Gordon furnished a high lace collar as I had given you, Mother, my last one. For long sleeves I used a shirtwaist and put deep frills at the cuffs. My hair I did on top of my head in a tight psyche knot. The children were all very young to judge from dress and style of hair dress.

We have just gotten over a siege of flu. One day there were seven in bed. All those are out and one new case started today. This extremely cold weather calls for constant care to see that the children wear sufficient clothing.

I must get to studying my science lesson as I am leading the class for review instead of trusting it to the pupils. Next week is review till Thursday then examinations for three days.

[The following was handwritten:]

A Happy birthday to you Father. I do hope it finds you feeling better too.

With much love

Mary

Wed. P.M. Jan 18th 1922.

P.S. The committee is still working on the plan for our new dormitory.

Mary.

[This letter, dated **February 1, 1922**, was written from Tunghsien (Tungchow), China by Mary to the home folks. She met with other Holyoke grads and they discussed the political situation in China. The bricks have arrived for the new school building. She tells about the various people they socialize with. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien, Chihli. February 1, 1922. [*Tunghsien is the same as Tungchow/Tungchow according to the ABCFM. Looking at an old map, it appears that Tunghsien is an area in which Tungchow is located.*]

Dear Home Folks,

Someway my Sundays are too full to get in letters these days. Last Sunday I was in Peking. The Holyoke girls met for the second time with the Chinese ladies for discussions. We started with current events in China and had a very clear presentation of the situation. 'Liang Shir I' was originally invited because of his wealth. He has lost that as the present state of the Bank of Communications shows, he having been the power behind that. Altho he is southern, yet the northerners have not entirely lost faith in him. They are in the position of "watchful waiting". If he proves good all right, if not he goes as the others have. Wu Pei Fu is also being weighed in the balance and Chang Tso Lin has entirely lost out except as he has control of his army and is feared for that reason. Susan Stiller wanted me to stay till Monday so I did. She had Mrs. Porter in for dinner on Sunday and we talked till late to get my train anyway. Mr. and Mrs. Steinbeck were in for supper.

On Monday morning I had a good time with 20 months old Martha. She is not perfectly well yet not sick. But it makes her somewhat hard to get acquainted with. Billy, aged 5 is a dear, a bit quaint because his mother and father are so scholarly that he has a vocabulary of big long words one does not expect in such a little fellow.

Last week was examination week. Mine came on Thursday and Friday mornings so I was able with a little extra effort to get them all corrected before going to Peking. My grades, I finished yesterday. Two children are failures in my work and I am recommending them to go back.

A week ago last Thursday we had a very anxious time here. Bergen Stelle of whom you know had been ill with a slight attack of the flu. That night he was taken with a heart attack and nearly died. Once the heart missed twelve beats. His exceptionally good health during his fifteen years and Dr. Loves immediate presence pulled him through. He is improving steadily but slowly. This makes the second of our seniors to have to stop work. Both are full young, graduating before sixteen. Both had flue and after bad results.

On Monday, Jan. 23 the first bricks for the new school building arrived. Over 70,000 were here before Chinese New Years and many loads have arrived since. The piles begin to look imposing they are so big. A little sand is also here. But the plans are not yet complete. The architect told Flora last week that he would be down this week with them. They have had to be cut and cut to get a structure within our means. The first draft would have needed 60,000, or twice what we have.

Three times lately I have had a nice walk out the new road toward Tientsin. It is a nice place to walk because it is less dusty than the much used roads, and because it is comparatively free of traffic. Since it is incomplete and not open to traffic, only an occasional rickshaw or foot passenger uses it. Villages or boundary posts mark convenient distances for short, medium or long walks. I have yet to take the very long walk.

On Monday last we were gay here. Most of the mission schools are having holiday so all the ladies from Te Chow are in Peking. Five of them and two young men from Harbin, Y.M.C.A. were down for the afternoon. The men came to us with letters from the father of two of our girls and knew all the Harbin crowd. As the "crowd" are all girls and they wanted to show off the campus, I became chaperone and went to see the "round corner", the goats, the pigs, the dairy, and to climb the Academy tower for a view of the campus and surrounding country. Miss Huggins had a special tea so everyone would surely see the Te Chow people.

On Tuesday a party of seven ladies came down by pisa on the canal. They brought most of their lunch but Flora made soup and coffee for them. Then we gave them tea before train time. As they were not special friends of the people here we did not invite in extra guests.

Feb. 3. When I had finished the first sheet of this letter, I put on a sheet to make out my list of books I would like added to our library and that covered the whole sheet. We were to make a very full list.

Yesterday we had Mrs. Sheffield and Mrs. Stelle in for tea. That takes more time than when we are alone. Afterward Miss Fenn, Mrs. Hunter and I went for a walk as far as the gate. We did it rapidly so as to get good exercise altho but little of it. Mr. Hunter is in Peking and his wife does not like to stay alone so Martha and I went

over there to sleep last night. Then we stayed for breakfast too. It is nice occasionally to hear the bell and not heed it. Our bells ring so loud that they are heard all over the compound, even when rung inside.

I am sending a snap-shot of Flora. It is very good, especially of the new coat. I had mine taken at the same time to show off my stole that I knitted but though the stole is good, I am so awful that I shall try again.



Written in album: "Flora 1921"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Among other things I have a multitude of feet. Mine are big enough without duplicating. The other picture is of the house in which I am living this year. The windows with the crosses over them are mine. They face south-west, by west. The upstairs porch of which you see the end is where ten girls sleep. The front windows are those of a room for four girls. All the downstairs windows belong to the dining rooms. In the rear are the kitchen and servants quarters.

Phebe, I talked of Mr. Sherk to Flora but she was not enthusiastic. I am, for I know the man and have faith in him. Just before your letter, came the one from the man who is marrying a girl all know and for her sake he has a big pull. Also a man out here is a possible candidate and his nearness is an asset. I know very little about the whole thing. I have been informed that someone has applied and that the application is highly pleasing to all. Naturally I felt a little queer under the circumstances. One thing, it relieves me of any feeling of responsibility. Now I hope to spend next summer with Willard and Phebe, since I am thus free.

I had a nice letter from Hattie telling of the fine trip Frank and Nellie had. I wonder if Nellie is not the better for it?

I wonder if you have succeeded in getting more men? Little Ethel seems to be making good as far as she goes. I remember the day she was "still doing dishes", and wonder that she sticks to the job. With nine to feed and clothe I should think her parents would be glad of what she can earn.

I am sending a letter of Phebe K. altho it is dated November. It gives some of her first impressions very graphically and I know you will enjoy it. If you have had the same thing already, just do not read it.

I am still hopeful that someday I can write accurately on my machine. You know the story of "Try, try, again." I did all my examination questions on it and it took less time to correct them than when I have done it at earlier dates. I go to the dentist Monday to get my broken tooth mended. Lots of love to you all Mary

[Tunghsien is pronounced toong'sien according to the ABCFM.]

[This typewritten letter, dated **February 12, 1922**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She suggests that the home folk could get a commission for selling her Chinese merchandise. They went to the Lantern Festival but because of the presence of soldiers not one lantern was lit. Some Chinese authorities did not want the missionaries to be disappointed over this, so they sent them a big box of fireworks with a promise to build a stage to shoot them off. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S. February 12, 1922.

Dear Home Folk,

Last Monday I sent by 'sample post' a parcel to each of the three ladies. These are the contents;

Mother's : bureau scarf and tray cloth.
Phebe's : chain white carved beads,
 " white (glass?) beads
 " blue pressed beads.
Elizabeths : 6 bags and 1 bib.

If you are to be agent for selling and I for buying, you ought to get a commission. The girls out here are carrying on regular business at the following rates. After costs here at current exchange (buying price and postage) and costs at your end (possible duty) have been added then the buyer gets 40% of the gain and the seller 60%. That means, as is true, that the seller has the hardest job. Hence I will give my actual cost prices and you can charge what you judge things are worth. In some cases I may suggest prices, but please do not consider them binding. If you want anything for yourselves, they are at cost price. silver

Bureau scarf - \$1.75 @ 170 is 1.00 gold. Postage 20 cents
Tray cloth at 1.00 @ 170 is .60 gold. Postage 20 cents
White beads 3.50 @ 170 is 2.10
Blue beads 2.50 @ 170 is 1.50 postage 24 cents
White glass 2.50 @ 170 is 1.50
6 bags @ 40 cents each
 2.40 @ 170 is 1.50 postage 24 cents
Bib .35 @ 170 is .20

I should suggest charging at least the silver price; and double the gold for the linens anyway. I hope I wrapped the things securely and that they arrive safely. Phebe, please do take the money as you suggested and repay yourself for the \$20 for my dress. Miss Brewster will be sending \$6.03 someday also .90 cents for the tea Mr. Sanford had.

I also owe Father \$18.40 for life insurance which he paid in November. So if I go over please give the extra to him. I send a draft perhaps, but it is better to send things if you want them for it supplies your wants and pays my debts too.

A week ago last Sunday I was in Peking at Susan Stifler's. We had a second meeting of the Holyoke group and the Chinese ladies. Mrs. Read was our hostess. We admired her house and got an interesting story. The owner is very artistic and put much heart and soul into planning his home. It has foreign windows, a cellar, glassed porches to protect it from the north winds, double windows, the protection of servant quarters in the front and other things. When he got it done he entertained his chief and showed him all the fine points. Says the chief "It is very fine. Tomorrow you may move out and I will move in." He had to do it. Now he rents only to foreigners in order to keep the man out. We did not learn how he manouvered to get the man out at all.

On Tuesday I had tea with Mrs. Howard-Smith. We planned for a Mrs. Wiggs party to be given at her house, on Friday. Every one was asked to dress for a special part and we acted impromptu some of the most dramatic scenes. It was a jolly evening, but a long one. Mrs. Howard-Smith gave a first and second prize. I got first. It was a half dozen place cards. Do you remember the little dolls dressed in silk and with double fronts? They had been taken and split so both faces could be used. Then they were pasted on stiff paper with a butterfly cut to look as though it were held by the figure. That was for the name. If there are any left and you want to use them thus, please do. They would be darling for a childrens party.

Last Wednesday evening seven of us had a party in Miss King's room. Her brother had been ill and she had provided grape juice for him. But he recovered before it was gone. Hence she made some grape sponge to use it

before it could work. We had cake, apricot pits, crackers and cheese, and cocoa also, hence quite a feast. We read several chapters of Mrs. Wiggs aloud in preparation for Friday night.

I have been making a list of misspelled words from my science class. Writing the above sentence reminds me of it. One boy used "allowed" in a similar phrase. Did you ever use "sault" on your table? "Dose" the "due" fall or rise on a damp night? The wind "blue" very hard here one night, and "shoke" the house. I realize that I live in a glass house mother, but yet I chuckle over the above.

Saturday was "Lantern Festival" and in the evening all the boys went into the city to see the sights, also Mr. Martin and four of us teachers went in another party. There was not a single lantern. No ice lanterns had even been made and the shops had not lit the few lanterns they had hung inside. There was not a flower-pot but only a very few Roman candles and crackers. We were prepared for the disappointment, as the soldiers of Chang Tsao Lin who looted the city a year ago last August are still in possession and if a shop keeper had any money he is not parading the fact. Soldiers were every where, standing around or marching along the streets. They were rude and bumped one quite unnecessarily. There were a few people on the streets but no crowd. Evidently we were observed by some in authority, for yesterday came to Mr. Martin two huge boxes of fireworks and the promise of men to erect the stage necessary for putting them off properly any night we wish. The accompanying note said the doner understood that "several Little Preachers" went into the city to see and hear on Saturday and the giver did not want them to be disappointed so sent the fire works for us. The man is one who knew Dr. Sheffield very well and feels a keen interest in all us foreigners. The boxes are so big and heavy that it took \$2.00 to fee the men who carried them out.

Just at present all are well. We have had a few colds but nothing worse. Bergen is mending slowly. His heart is not right and the Doctor will not let him even feed himself yet, nor see any one. Gertrude Martin has had a very slight case of scarlet fever so is in quarantine. No one says the name out loud and the period for fear of more cases is getting near its end.

I must get a new ribbon [typewriter ribbon] for this is quite gone in spots. I wonder if they are the ones I used so hard when I first started? I surely do use this machine, for letters, tests, lists and every available chance I can.

Did I write that Bob Shaw who lives in the compound knows Phebe Kinney? He is an Oberlin man of recent date. Mr. Mior has been here over Sunday but did not remember any of the Beards. He knows two or three who graduated ahead of her.

If you want a good book, light but wholesome, read "Much ado about Peter" by Jean Webster. "The Children of the Whirlwind" by Leroy Scott is another good one. But it is not as good as "No 13 Washington Square" by the same author.

We teachers have taken some nice walks these last weeks. We are of one mind, that exercise is a necessity of life and there is always one who has energy to pull the rest out. The new road is a pleasant place to walk too and that helps.

Lots of love to every body.

Mary.

Finished Feb. 23.

Dr. Smith gave us a fine talk on the Moslems yesterday. He had maps to show how they had spread and told how it was done. "Every Mohammedan merchant is a missionary of his religion."

*[This typewritten letter, dated **March 1, 1922**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. The flu has caused more serious sickness in a few people of the compound. They had a track meet celebration for their new school ground breaking. Mary participated in a meeting between the Holyoke girls alumni and Chinese women where they discussed the intermingling of western and Chinese customs. The unstable political situation has not disturbed their work. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

North China American School.
March 1, 1922

Dear Home Folks,

Longer than I like has passed since my last letter. We are having a siege of colds again. I took a "knock out dose" last Saturday evening and got over mine without having it. Miss King is not so fortunate and has gone to bed today after fighting a cold for some days. Two of the girls are down too. Hearts or rheumatism are the favorite turns

for the flu now. Both mean a long siege and they seem to get confused and the patient to have one one day and the other the next.

We had a joyous occasion here last Wednesday, the 22nd when we broke ground for the new building. Flora called us all with the bell. We formed a huge semicircle and Dr. Smith stepped out and removed the first shovel-full of dirt. Then all of us took a turn. The sister classes made joint holes and there was great rivalry to see which would get the biggest one before the luncheon bell should ring. In the afternoon they had a mock track meet. We teachers had to run one race, a 100 yard dash so we ran it crab fashion. Every child wanted to enter every event so more numbers were cut out than run. I timed the relay race and it took 35 minutes. Flora had a teachers meeting for the late afternoon so we left early. I was glad of an excuse to go for it was a cold raw day and one got chilled standing around.

I must get a new ribbon [*typewriter ribbon*], but every time I have been in town lately there have been so many school errands that I have not done a thing for myself. I am helpless inasmuch as I may not get off except on Mondays.

Last Saturday I went in for another meeting of the Holyoke girls with the Chinese women. Mrs. Frame was with us for the first time. We talked of home costumes, marriage, and funeral costumes. The present mixture of Chinese and foreign make any statements only conditional. One unfortunate thing is that the non-Christian element is adopting the trivial and meaningless little things of our marriage ceremony and not the more serious. Our Chinese friends seemed to feel that was in danger of becoming a serious danger as the same ones tend to drop the serious part of the native costumes also. Of course the Christian element recognizes the better part and holds to it. These transition days are interesting. But if the people learn not to reverence their household gods but do not learn to reverence anything in its stead, one can hardly expect them to adopt anything but the superficial. It is the same with styles. The highest heels are on their shoes instead of the native flat soles; the ornate in furniture, not the simple lines. Just like the foreigners who come to America and whom you see so much.

I wish I could share my malt candy with you. I am munching some as I write. I had some made with peppermint in it to take to Susan Stifler last week. It is hard to get a little made so I had a whole dollars worth. Part I am saving to take to Mrs. Ingram next week. She has invited both Flora and me for the week-end. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton is out for three months and there are to be receptions for him on Saturday and Monday and a special service on Sunday at which he speaks. He spoke last Sunday for the first time but is to be here for three months. His daughter is teaching at Yen Ching college.

Mr. Josselyn, Jean Dudley Josselyn's husband has had to go to the Phillipines with the Minister and party as official interpreter. Jean and baby have moved to her sisters and Dr. Boynton and daughter have taken her house for the five or six weeks Mr. J. is to be away. The party have gone to the Islands for the wedding of one of the daughters. If they stayed here a big function would be expected and the bride did not want a big wedding. Of course it sounds well to say that one wants to be married on American soil. I do hope that our next representative has a family of whom we can be more proud. These girls have the name of being "game" for anything, drink, tobacco, etc.

Last Saturday was Flora's birthday. Yet I missed all the celebration by going to Peking. I had planned a tea with birthday cake, coffee candy and sandwiches. Meanwhile Mrs. Gordon without a word had a big dinner all planned with all the compound invited. It was to be a surprise for me too. But alas I had accepted an invitation for dinner in Peking that night so had to accept. I told her it was not wise in this busy world to try to surprise too many at once.

I have received two Sentinels recently. The first told of Mr. Hall's death and the last of the funeral. He will be a great loss to our church. The paper did not say the cause of death. The Mason funeral must have been impressive.

This week has brought letters from Gould and from Stanley. Also one from the matron of Monticello [*school in Godfrey, Ill. where Mary taught*] the last two years I was there. Her daughter has married an officer and he is being transferred to Peking. She would like to get a job out here and wrote me to see if I could help her out. I have recommended her to the board. That is all I can do.

Dr. Arthur Smith brought me an interesting letter to read today. It is from a woman who was teacher at Monticello when he was there as a boy. His father was pastor of the local church and the family lived in the school. She had read the account of the golden wedding in the Missionary Herald. She is 91 and three quarters years old, but writes a clear hand, in pencil of course.

We read much in the papers of political conditions but nothing of it all disturbs the peaceful routine of our work. As far as we can ascertain the premiership is still a mottled question. Everyone predicts that there will be a conflict of arms before the affair between Wu and Chang is settled. Like the armies of Caesar's day, the Chinese wait for warm weather before starting the conflict.

Friday afternoon. This has been another rainy day, that is it has been very damp and a fine mist has descended most of the time. It has been cold too. Tomorrow Flora and I go to Peking for Dr. Boynton's reception, and the week-end with Mrs. Ingram. Mrs. I. gets good reports from Robert who graduated here last June and is now in Oberlin College.

Stanley's letter said nothing of the little trinkets I sent the children and which ought to have arrived soon after Christmas. There has been considerable trouble about packages reaching their destinations and I wonder if they too are lost.

I am going to send this off lest it get stalled over Sunday. I'll have my new ribbon before I write again.

With lots of love

Mary.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **March 20, 1922**, was written from Tunghsien (Tungchow), China by Mary to the home folk. The teachers are planning their teacher's party. She includes a recipe for caramels. The workers have been digging for the cellar of their new building. She hopes to go with a group to visit the Western Tombs. Money has been given for an infirmary and electric lights. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tunghsien, Chihli, China.

March 20, 1922.

Dear Home Folk,

I have been so busy being advertising agent and also one of the "all-star" cast that my school work has had a hard time not getting neglected. Tomorrow is the great day, March the twentieth. "The Rajah's Revenge", a movie of surpassing interest, a masterpiece, a mile of smiles, would make a horse laugh, first production and only such like expressions I have clipped from advertisements or printed in colors, nine sheets in all. Perhaps you guess what is going to happen! The much anticipated Teacher's party is about to come off, but it is to be a mock movie instead of the usual evening of games. We start with a dinner at 6.45, extra courses, decorations, menu, pretty dresses, etc.

The doors to the theater are to open at 8.20, but the play not till 8.30. Flora is the Rajah of Bjaddjab and for a cigar has a flash light like your big one. It is delightfully funny when she takes a big puff and makes it light. I am the heroin and have a toy dog with which I play incessantly. The Vamp powders her nose every few minutes, especially just before she stabs herself because the hero is true to me. I elope with a second man because the vamp has tried to steal my lover. I give him my ring and when he is killed by the Rajah I hunt through his pocket and find the ring. You see we have taken a tragic plot and made it ridiculous. We had to auction off the two boxes at the theater because they were in such demand. One went for 1500 pins and the other for 1502. When all is over we are returning the pins.

After the play everyone adjourns to the room downstairs and we serve ice cream and cake. To keep up the movie illusion we are borrowing a victrola and some jazz and other light music.

Last time I wrote Flora and I had just been to Peking for the weekend if I remember rightly. It was a good time and a restful one too. We visited the Shaw baby, had lunch with Cleora Wannamaker, went to church and talked. On Monday I visited all the rug shops and then went to Mrs. Fette and ordered Leolyns rug. It will have a border of water waves and rocks and a big dragon sprawled all over the center. It is some different from what we talked of but her ideas were very hazy and she said to get what I thought pretty.

Last Sunday Cleora spent with me. She came on Friday night and had to return Sunday evening. We made caramels and they were good. This is her receipt [*recipe*]. The easy method appeals to me for I helped Rose Martin make some and it meant standing over the stove for over an hour and stirring constantly.

1 pound brown sugar

3 squares chocolate

½ cup milk (or more if you wish).

½ cup molasses or corn syrup

1 cup chopped nuts.

Cook all the ingredients together except vanilla and nuts, to temperature 254F or till it forms a hard ball in cold water. Add nuts and vanilla and pour out immediately. Do not stir while cooking.

It will be chewy when still somewhat warm and very hard when thoroughly cold. Mrs. Gordon said it needed a day off to eat it after it was cold. That was because I waited until it was hard before cutting it and it was such hard work I left it in big pieces. Regular all-day suckers.

The American Board had a joint meeting with the Peking station last week so we had a big crowd down. Then too our girls had a match in Indoor Baseball that afternoon and many came down to watch that. There were enough to fill a whole car going up. Our girls won 23 to 18. For awhile it was a tie and excitement ran high.

On Wednesday morning a gang of men came with picks and shovels and began work on the cellar of our building. We were getting jealous of Dr. Smith as the digging there began on Monday. Now ours is so deep we can not see the diggers as we pass. Mr. Martin opens ground for his building on this coming Saturday. Bricks, dirt and lime pits are every where with the three buildings.

About noon today the wind began to rise and the dust has been thick every since. Those here last year make believe they can not see it there is so little of it. The sunshine is now coming through but it is blue in color.

We have had a nice lot of papers recently and this week came a book "In Red and Gold" from Miss Brewster. I did enjoy the "Wang the Ninth" so much. I have some lace collars which I shall send next time I get into Peking, there is one for each of you. I do hope you have spring suits or dresses that need them. I have one of the Italian Filet ones on the black dress you sent and it dresses it up beautifully. I am glad it is black and just the style it is. It gets so many complements that if I took them to myself I should be to vain for endurance. I wear it for week-ends to town, for teas, to read a paper for the Mothers Club, for church etc. It is my one and only as the gown is too soiled to feel comfortable altho it does not look as badly as it feels.

I also will send a dozen hair nets of the kind I get for 50 cents a dozen. If you like them, better let me keep you supplied. I can get darker ones sometimes but these were the darkest they had the day I was in the Exchange. That industry was a part of the famine relief work. As it is still in demand they keep it up.

Yesterday we had the second recital of the year. Jean's violin pupils all played, and did exceptionally well. One girl especially got feeling out of her instrument. One of the girls expressed it nicely, "She looked out of the window and it was as though she got her music from the tree tops."

We are now wondering if we will not be preacherless today. Mr. Shwartz was to come down by auto and altho the wind has abated it is far from calm. A raised road across a plain is an ideal place to catch the wind, as I know from experience.

Phebe and Elizabeth, will you please write me what colors you would prefer in a silk dress. I will get your preference if I can. As I shall get them to send by Flora there is no great hurry altho I may need to look more than once to get what I and you want. (Please lay the awful error on word order to the effect of teaching Latin where the above would be correct.)

Evening. Mr. Shwartz did come and give us a fine sermon. The theme was visions of worth and worth of vision. He is a man with vision therefore a good one to give such a talk. They had a closed car so his wife and four year old son came too. They are leaving for America in June. The P.U.M.C. in letting him go and planning to put a Chinese in his place. Too bad. Mrs. Shwartz knew Mr. Williams who preached in Trumble [possibly Trumbull, CT] once.

All the girls are in their rooms tonight as Flora thought to save one trip through the dust for most of them by not having a song service. Mrs. Gordon has some in her room and the others are down in the dining room reading. Our room lights are not good enough to read by. Did Flora write you that we had \$2000 given especially for an infirmary and \$1000 for electric lights? Fortunately the gift came in time but we are to put them in and trust that the rest will be forth coming.

I do hope the next mail brings word that all is well with you all. It is long since we have heard but I dare not talk for it is two weeks since I have written and I fear longer since Flora did so. Vacation begins this coming Thursday. Some of us hope to get to the Western Tombs for a few days. I have been once but want to get away and the crowd is a good one to go with.

Much love to every one of you. If Stanley is around, extend birthday greetings.

Mary.

[This typewritten letter, dated **April 8, 1922**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the folks. There is a World Student Christian Federation Conference in Peking with over 800 delegates. She tells about her vacation and the visit to the Eastern Tombs. Preparations for the new school building progresses. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

April 8, 1922.

Dear Folks,

I am surely absent minded to start this way. But you will forgive me I am sure. School reopened on the 6th. All are back except the Merrick

girls who are staying to get their tailoring and shoe making done so as not to have to leave until the last minute to get their boat for home on the 3rd of June; and the Dildine children, both of whom have been ill.

If I remember rightly I wrote last before vacation. I went to Peking on the morning train on Friday the 24th with the children, and did some necessary shopping and left a dress to be cleaned. The afternoon I spent in correcting papers as I had given three tests the last days and most of the papers were to be done after the children left. My marks were not all done when I left on the evening train Saturday for the meeting of the Holyoke girls and Chinese women. We met with the bride of eight weeks and there were eleven of us. The subject was the renaissance movement in China. The anti-religionists had just come out with their articles in the papers and it seems that the Chinese papers had been having them for some time. The movement started in Shanghai and has spread so that city, Tientsin and Peking are all big centers. Dr. Mott says it is a good thing to have them in the open, and he plans to have interviews with some of the most noted leaders. The head of one of the largest government schools in Peking is a strong anti-religionist, so are some of the literary men of note. The World Student Christian Federation Conference is the cause of the present outburst.

There are over 800 delegates to the said conference so no visitors are allowed. I hear there are 34 nationalities represented and all are in native costume. The negro, a man of fine physique and strong character is attracting much attention. The costumes are much talked of too. You see we are getting only the superficial setting yet, as the meetings last till tomorrow evening. On Monday they all go to Tientsin for a reception by Ex-president Li Yuan Hung.

To return to vacation. I came down on Monday by the noon train. Four of us were to go to the Hsi Ling, or Eastern Tombs, on Wednesday. That meant leaving here Tuesday night as the train leaves Peking at 7.30 in the morning. We had not all been together to complete plans so Alice Harper and I were to do it. Alas, I found she had gone to the city to see a friend who had telegraphed they were there for two days only. I gave the orders to the cook and got some of my things ready. Tuesday we packed food, dishes, bedding and personal things and were off on the night train. In the meanwhile I had been to a tea at Miss Ingrams and to call on Mrs. Howard-Smith. She had heard of her Father's death and Flora and I did not want to let the vacation go without calling.

We stayed at the Hostel of the Language School. If they have room they are glad to take people in for 75 cents a night and 50 cents per meal. I shall patronize them when I am to catch early trains and use a stopping place as a convenience with no time for any visiting. On the return, I was there from 8.30 P.M. till 5.30 A.M.

We had good weather, altho it was a little cold nights and mornings. The yamen has stone floors and no heating facilities. We wore our fur coats to eat in when at the rooms. I took my camera and got some fine views, 23 in all. One film got light struck so every one I took was good. The others took a few, about a dozen. It was good to go again for now I have a clear idea of the whole while before it was most confused. There is so much to see, it needs time to keep it straight. I'll send you some pictures with the description soon.

I got home from there on Saturday morning. Alas I got up for the 6.00 A.M. train and missed it by three minutes. I was cross with myself. The servant was not up when I got to the gate and I waited for him, instead of going on and letting him get the train if he could. I had to get here for a shampoo, pack, unpacking and repacking so came down by rickshaw. It was 9.30 when I arrived. The baggage was in town so I had my ebolutions [*ablutions-cleansing*] before lunch to save time. It was out of the question to go back on the noon train because the other girls had gone on to the wall and there was no one to see to the food and things we had brought back. Hence I got up for the early train on Sunday morning and was off for Tientsin to visit the Merricks. As it was Saturday, there was a tea at Mrs. Stelle's and I went. Mrs. Love invited me for supper and I accepted. At the Merrick's we had a nice quiet time. They could have no guests for meals as they had disposed of much china and could set a table for six only. We went to church that night and hear Dr. Darwent. On Monday I shopped with Flora all day. It was hard work but I like it. We looked for silk for you girls but found nothing so very fine we had to have it. Soon we will hear what to get and be on the lookout for it. Flora left early Monday but I stayed on till evening and came up with the children and down by auto. It was just midnight when we got here, a record trip. On Wednesday I was too sleepy and tired to amount to much. I was glad I had finished my grades before going off to Hsi Ling.

Today we have had a treat. Mrs. Dunlap, Mrs. Josselyn, Miss Stahl, and Dr. Detweiler came down and gave us a concert. All are excellent musicians, Contralto, violin, piano, and tenner [*tenor*]. They had asked if we teachers would join them for picnic lunch so we did. It was cool enough so we had to wear wraps but not too cool for comfort with them. All but Dr. Detweiler are well known to the children and were greeted with applause. He was too after his first number.

Tea was at the Love's and we had a goodly number as there are several week-end guests here. It is time for the girls to be in bed so I may not play this machine any more tonight.

Sunday, waiting for the breakfast bell. Mother's letter came yesterday and was most welcome. News of snow seems strange when we are in our summer clothes and the grass is getting green. This will be equally out of

season when you read it for things will be green. Violets are out but not yet thick enough to give the violet hue to the landscape. We found the Pasque flowers and the tiny forgetmenots at the tombs. Breakfast bell has rung! Miss Harper and I have been talking clothes for nearly an hour. We do not change in tastes you see nor in interests! I have just fixed an order for 139 prints to be made from my Hsi Ling prints and some school ones the children want. Hartung ought to be a friend of mine, do not you think?

The compound sports a dog these days. Mr. Kendall, our architect, had a hound and was forced to keep him most of the time in a small court yard. The dog was so frantic for exercise that he nearly devoured any visitors and people were afraid to go there. He is perfectly docile here where he has the run of the big compound. Formerly it was a rule that no pets were allowed, but the change in personnel has overlooked some of the old rules.

The flowering almonds, peaches and cherries are getting gone.

This morning came the Sentinel telling on Captain Durrschmidt's death. It is hard on his parents. I wonder what the investigation will bring out as to the cause of the trouble.

The excavation for the new building is nearly done. They are digging around the edges for the foundations now, and will begin to tamp it this week. Also the new tennis courts are ready for rolling. We are putting in four where there were only three before, by extending the space on both sides.

I sent the three collars, one for each of you. I did not label them for one of you may be in need of the longer one and I not know it. I just had a tatting collar made for my suit in an effort to have one thing different from every other woman out here. I love those filet collars but there were at least five at a gathering I attended recently. I was one of the five, too.

We read much of the political turmoil but continue on our way undisturbed.

With lots of love to everyone
Mary Beard.

[This letter, dated April 25, 1922, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. She discusses the political situation between Chang Tsao Lin and Wu Pei Fu. The troop trains are delaying regular train service. The school is getting ready for the commencement play. There is chicken pox and scarlet fever within the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

April 25, 1922

Dear Home Folks,

I'll favor (?) you with a sample of my handwriting because I am writing in school. I forbid the pupils to play on the typewriter to disturb the people studying so must obey my own rules.

You'll be getting all sorts of reports about the political situation and the movements of Chang Tsao Lin's troops and Wu Pei Fu's position. To be sure we are periodically cut off, first from Hankow, then from Nanking, then from Tientsin and troop trains have the right of way so service is much delayed. But if there is any danger, it lies to the south of us nearer Paotingfu or TeChow. Not even the Chinese here are excited and we all go on with the even tenure of our ways. We read the papers, when trains run so we get them, with special interest. The latest reports seem to expect a peaceful settlement as Chang Tsao Lin was expected in Tientsin to talk things over. He is losing in reputation as all his movements are offensive while Wu Pei Fu is merely holding his troops to take what comes.

We have two sets of troops here, one in the city and semi-hostile ones all around. That saves us from danger of looting as neither will let the other do it; hence it doesn't get done.

Two girls who live in Tientsin and who sail for America June 3rd had expected to be with us till the end of May but have gone lest we be cut off and they can not get through. Troop trains are delaying the service so it takes six or eight hours from Peking instead of four or three.

Summer is upon us with a vengeance and it is hot. We have had no rain yet and the farmers are delaying putting in crops. No winter wheat was planted for lack of rain and a famine to exceed that of 1921 is predicted unless we get rain soon. In the south floods are inundating the fields so planting is impossible and drought here!

Our gardens are coming on because we irrigate. Strawberries and peas are doing finely. We have had asparagus and rhubarb already as well as horse-radish root.

The Seniors want us to give "The Rivals" by Sheridan for commencement so these last two weeks have been spent largely in getting it ready. We had to cut it badly then make typewritten copies as we can not get hold of the books in sufficient numbers for the cast to use. Instead of using every one as in former days, we had competitive try-outs. There were so many good ones it was not easy to decide but we made the announcements last Friday.

Most of the children who are proficient on the typewriter were busy getting the copy out for the annual, so I had to do a large share of the play copy. Finally three of the children came to the rescue and we finished yesterday afternoon. There are thirty sheets and we made from three to ten copies.

Last week end (Apr 15-17), Easter Sunday. I had Helen Russell, a Holyoke girl, down to stay with me. I had to be over here for the preliminary try-outs on Saturday evening so she came too. The boys gave a lot bit of a play first, which showed the type of original productions which have been popular this year.

On Sunday morning we walked into the city and saw the pagoda, the shop where the mud dishes are made, the chains and the ordinary city sights.

There was a big funeral of the wife of a military official which caused us to flatten ourselves against the walls for awhile as it took all the street. In one chair was carried her portrait, life sized; in another, a tablet for her spirit. There were paper flowers, paper scrolls of silk, paper men, a paper chair and other fancy things to be burned for her spirit. The catafalque was a most elaborate one with a huge paper wreath of flowers at the front. There were 32 bearers. 'Tis seldom a woman gets such glory.

Two weeks ago we had great excitement here. Miss Bostwick's cousin came down with scarlet fever the day after she had played for us in song service on her violin. The danger season is over and no more cares, so we breath easily. A week later one of the boys came down with Chicken-Pox. He is out in a tent in the yard and we are still on guard for the eleven who have not had it to come down. (Only 1 of the cast for the play has not had it.)

After church. The thermometer says 88 in the shade. I have been over and closed the blinds on my south windows of the school room to make it look cool at least. Flora has gone to Peking and I fear will have a hot afternoon.

Wed. A.M. We read the play through yesterday and it is still a trifle too long but whether we cut it more now I do not know. Mail came through from Shanghai yesterday for the first time since Thursday last and this morning a lot arrived. A paper, March 18, addressed by Phebe came among other things. I am glad to read that the Woman's Club is prospering. Mrs. Lathrop's report on her library work was interesting. You certainly will miss the Sherks. I did wish our Board would have sent them an offer. Mr. Mengiss[?] comes well recommended but is very young and inexperienced.

Must close and get this off.

Lots of love
Mary.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **May 1, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. Trains have been taking troops out of Tungchou and the gates to Peking were to be closed. The Teng Shih Kou compound in Peking is full of refugees. It seems that Wu is beating up on Chang's troops. The situation is causing problems with the mail and exchange. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tungchow, Chihli, China.
May 1, 1922.

Dear Home Folks,

I know you home folk and Will will both want to hear all about these exciting days, so to save time, I will duplicate that part of my letter. Exciting, did I say! 'tis a misnomer! We are going on about our work just as usual and only an occasional rumble or series of rumbles to the south reminds us that we are near the scene of battle.

It was Saturday morning that we awoke to the sound of distant firing. As a real thunder storm arose, I for one suspected nothing till the storm had disappeared and the thunder did not stop. Then too we began to have trains every two hours or so. They came empty and went full. That delighted us, as, if we were to be in any danger, it would be from the soldiers here. Hence the more we got rid of the safer we were. For days empty trains had been here awaiting the troops which were marching in from Je Hol, and we were glad to see them move right through. But it was a thoroughly orderly movement. We were not disturbed at all and unless we were listening hardly heard the deep chug chug of the loaded trains. The first reports said we would not be able to get into Peking as the gates would be closed at once. We had expected to have the Campfire Girls stay down for Saturday night, but sent them in lest they not be able to get in the next morning. The boys were to camp at the Prince's tomb, about three miles this side of Peking but stayed here and camped near the pond. The Legation had sent out orders for no one to go to the Western Hills for the week end. Chang Tsao Lin's troops were out there in large numbers.

Mrs. Corbett, who had come down for Sunday with Mrs. Martin was for going home lest she get stuck here. Finally she stayed. We had trains every two hours all night and all day yesterday, for transferring troops. But

we also had the regular three trains sandwiched in between them. This morning Flora, Miss Harper, Miss King, two of the girls and I all went to town, did our shopping and got back at noon. Peking is much more upset than we are. The Teng Shih Kou compound is full of refugees, seeking refuge from their fear as there is nothing else to flee from thus far. The streets are quite deserted and some of the shops will not wait on customers because of their fright. "No, no, they have nothing to sell". I did not meet that as I was told where not to go and was too limited in time to seek adventure.

Here in Tungchow, all is serene, but every train load of men that leave add to the feeling of security. We have had a few requests to take in refugees. But unless the real trouble comes we shall not. Then we will take people but not things under any circumstances. The Legation knows we are here and stand ready to send us up to twenty men as guard if we send for them. The compound committee is now in session, deciding what we shall consider near enough danger to require aid and protection. Looting is the only cause for worry and the looters do not want foreign stuff as it is too hard to get rid of afterward. Neither the Legation nor we anticipate any trouble here but in this land of surprises one prepares for every conceivable thing hoping to hit the right one.

We get the most confliction [*conflicting*] reports from the 'front'. For instance, this morning the first report was that Wu was retreating and Chang was persuing him. That meant that the firing line was moving south. On the train the report was that Chang was retiring and Wu persuing him. As in Peking the noise of canon was growing louder and as one of the Legation men was down at the battle front yesterday and had reported that Chang seemed to be getting the worst of it, we are inclined to believe the second report.

The most inconvenience is that mail is so interrupted. Today we got the April 23rd Shanghai paper. We were glad to get it for it means things are getting through, all tho slowly. Two people got through last week from Shanghai, but that was before any fighting had begun.

We are bothered too a little about money for the cooks find it hard to get change on the streets. We used to pay our cook in \$100.00 checks. Last week he asked for \$50.00 ones as the banks were not carrying enough funds to cash the larger one. Miss Huggins had her cook return a five dollar bill as the shops could not change it. Our train this morning had on what looked to me mighty like some bags of money. They were small, of the usual style, and evidently very heavy. Also they were cared for by several men.

Life is not all war rumours by any means. On last Saturday we had a fine treat in another recital. This time, Miss Olive, the music teacher at Tsing Hua came and sang some Schubert songs for us. She sings so easily it is pure joy to listen. Her voice was just as clear on the last song as the first altho she sang a dozen or more. The last was the Ehrl King. "Who is Sylvia", "The Peddler", "I must have a Husband" were others on the program. Miss Young of our own faculty played a group of MacDowell compositions also. She plays very well. I am glad to say that she has decided to stay another year. Her brother is sure of being here so she will still be able to be with him.

Last weekend we finished typing the play and on Tuesday we gave out the parts and had a reading of the whole play. It went well. We had one more rehearsal but it was not very valuable as the children had not had time to learn their parts. The next is Thursday and we hope for results.

Two books came from Miss Brewster on Friday, "Mr. Wu" and "The Bit of Benin". I have started the latter. It has an oriental flavor all right. The other I have not even looked at. A letter from her says she has given Phebe a check for \$8.50. Phebe also writes of receiving it. That left me more than paid up on the dress but I fear I owe something since the April life insurance had to be met. That is somewhere about \$9.00. Ask Mrs. B. if she did not add pay for the tea that was a gift. Her sum is more than mine.

We got Phebe's letter telling of Stanley's operation over a week ago. Of course the tie up of railroads has kept the last two mails from coming through so we have not gotten any further news. I sent to Myra last week a silk baby sack and shoes to match. I hope "Susie-John" wears them out. The tails of the pussies will appeal to big brother and sister I know. It will probably be a bit big for at first but I calculated on growth. I took one like it up to Adele Cross this morning. She was delighted. The silk may not be awfully practical but the babies are so dear in them I wanted Myra to have one for hers. I do hope that the next mail gets put off at Japan so we get it soon, for I would like news of Stanley.

We did have two tiny rains this week so the air is a bit damp but the soil still calls for rain. We had more dust that rain, as we had two dust storms also. The raining came near making another mud storm like two weeks ago, when rain not wind brought the dust down.

Today I got Leolyn's rug from Peking and am enjoying the use of it on my floor. I shall use it till Flora goes as it is safer from moths in use than wrapped up. Also it can then pass as a used rug and the duty will be less heavy. I like it and only hope that Leolyn and William will too. I have their luncheon set also so am nearly caught up on things I was to buy. I will look for another turquoise matrix chain some day. I love to do it but have but little time for so doing. I have the jade pendants but am waiting for something more bulky to send with them.

I enclose the hair nets I got for you girls sometime ago. Try them. I can get darker ones generally, if you need them darker. They do not come in separate packages unless we pay more than double and then it would not save you much. Let me know if you want more.

Lots of love. I hope Mother and Elizabeth are better and Phebe got to Pearl River if only for a day.
Mary.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **May 8, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the family at Pearl River, Ruth and all. There is still fighting between Chang and Wu. Soldiers were sent to stay in the Tungchow compound for protection. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tungchow, Chihli, China
May 8, 1922.

Dear Family at Pearl River, Ruth and all,

I was so delighted that our trains began to run soon enough to not delay Harriet's and Mother's letters. I think Chang Tsao Lin and Wu Pei Fu must have known the important news that was en route and cleared the lines for it. The first mail in three days brought the announcement and it had not been unduly delayed either. The next brought Mother's and this morning came one from Phebe dated the 28th so it gave news of Stanley and Seaver and the Spaces but not of Ruth Blakeman.

These have been interesting days but not dangerous ones by any stretch of the imagination. On Wednesday last, April 3rd, Flora wanted to go to Peking on the noon train but learned that there was to be none. There had been none on Tuesday either. We had heard no firing since Monday night. But it had been very heavy and steady all day Monday and Sunday. On Thursday morning there was no train and rumors kept coming in that Chang was in full retreat. In the afternoon Dr. Love tried to get the legation by telephone to see if they thought we should have our marine guard come down. There was difficulty because the legation was trying to get us to say that they were going to send them since things were in a very upset state. Finally connections were made and when we came back from our rehearsal where we had missed all the excitement I found ten beds all in a row on our front lawn and a cook installed in our domestic science rooms to cook for our guests to be. There was a table set up and coal was arriving as well as supplies of towels, soap, basins etc. About nine they arrived, delayed by a bad blowout in the city. We were ready for ten and seventeen had arrived and all must stay the night as it was a long job to fix the car. We hustled around and got beds and bedding enough. For the night they camped out down by the moat. It was thrilling to see the row of beds. The next morning Mr. Stelle got out his tents and Mr. Lund produced the one lent by the marines to the scouts.

The officers tent is just under our chapel window and the other two are on the level below as the terrace is too small for all. Thursday was taken with getting them settled. On Friday the men planned a base-ball game but it rained. The game came off on Saturday and the marines won 25 to 20. The watchers said it was interesting.

We ladies had a sewing bee that afternoon for Mrs. Love. The Amah who helps out on sewing has been ill so none of us have been able to get much done by her. It is harder on Carol than on the rest of us, for she expects a new little Love in June and it would mean having the two other ones short on clothes for someone else to care for.

Our speaker from Peking did not dare to come down yesterday altho we had our full quota of trains, and autos could get out of the city. We had our first visitors on Saturday when Mr. Gibb came down by auto to get his children. The gates were opened from nine till five to let people through but kept closed between times. Mr. Besel had tried to get a train for us Saturday night but Chang had taken all the engines and most of the cars to Tientsin and pulled up the tracks behind him. Wu and the government were busy trying to get the break fixed but had not completed the task. It was good to hear the train whistle altho it was a different engine.

Dr. Smith took the service and some of the marines came. Last evening we invited them all over to one of the houses to make candy and sing. One or two are quite musical and we had a good time. I made divinity and Alice Huggins made regular fudge. The plates were clean when we left. I heard more funny songs than I had heard for a long time. Yesterday morning I went to breakfast with Maude Hunter and Lieutenant Mills was also a guest. I had met him before and thought him a stick but he was a happy surprize. We had a very jolly breakfast. He thinks he knows the daughter of a friend of mine. Her mother wrote me that her daughter had married a marine officer and was en route for Peking. But she failed to mention the married name so I have been unable to locate her. I only know that her first name is Florence.

[The following is handwritten:]

May 11. Our marines left on Tuesday just after lunch. We gave them a rousing cheer as they departed and took their pictures in the big tents.

Mother's letter of the 11 is here. We're glad to get such good news of Stanley, Myra and Ruth. Still we are wondering what kind of a reception Nancy and Stephen gave Ruth.

If the rumor that we at Tungchow fled to Peking, deny it. We stayed home and worked as usual. Neither did we have 500 Japanese soldiers in the city. The city organized itself for protection of itself and had no outside help.

I must get this off. Please send home as I know the Long Hill folks will like to hear every particular and I am not sure I shall repeat all facts in another letter.

Love to all

Mary.

I mailed a package for Ruth Blakeman two weeks ago, care of her mother. Mary



Written in album: "Our marine protectors 1923 [*probably means 1922*]"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This typewritten letter, dated **May 11, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. Guards sent by the American Legation camped out at the compound for five days. The gates of Tungchow and Peking were closed for fear of looters from Chang's army. Train service is sporadic. Because Flora announced that it was safe, visitors came from Peking for the Mother's Club picnic. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tungchow, Chihli, China

May 11, 1922.

Dear Home Folk,

A letter from Willard this morning shows us that reports are circulating which might make friends feel anxious about us. Place no faith in them. We have not been called into Peking, nor have we had 500 Japanese soldiers down here. When Chang Tsao Lin started to retreat somewhere in this direction and no one could tell where he was headed, the American Legation sent us a Lieutenant, a Sergeant and twelve Privates as guard. They came Thursday evening, May 4th and stayed till Tuesday noon, May 9th. From Thursday morning till Sunday morning we were without trains or any communication from Peking except by telephone or telegraph or by the Legation truck which was down twice. That was because the city gates of both Peking and Tungchow were closed and only official orders could get them open. Fugitives from Chang's army were coming in and there was fear that they would loot if opportunity were given. A few were admitted to Tungchow after being deprived of their arms. I understand that Peking did not admit any.

On Saturday the Peking gates were opened from nine till four to those who presented proper credentials and the father of two of our pupils came down in an auto for his children. We could have had a train except that Chang Tso Lin had taken all the rolling stock to Tientsin in transporting his troops and had pulled up the track

behind him. There was not an engine in Peking to pull the few freight cars left. Traffic between the capital and Tientsin is still irregular. We had three trains on Sunday and they have continued, very nearly on time too. We no longer keep the compound gates closed, neither does the city, but Peking still did yesterday.

Our guard was called on for no duty. Their presence seemed to be enough protection. They had two interesting baseball games with an all compound team. As each side had one game we rather hoped they could stay another day and play the rubber. We gave one evening to a candy and song party and the hostesses had just as good a time as the guests, I am sure.

As our houses are all full this year we could not take our guard into the homes as we would have liked. They wished to be all together so we loaned them tents and they camped just behind our school building. The domestic science kitchen provided them with the only real plumbing in the compound.

Our Corner-stone laying was set for the 8th of May and for a few days we thought we would have to celebrate alone, but Flora went to Peking on the noon train Sunday and saw the speakers to assure them that all was right to come and had it announced in the Union Church service. As a result we had several guests besides the speakers and those concerned in getting them here. Dr. Boynton, the preacher for the Union Church for three months gave the talk. Dr. Arthur Smith gave the dedicatory prayer. Mr. Howard-Smith read the scripture and Mr. Gleystone presided. That gave representatives of the Congregational, Presbyterian, and London Mission boards each a part of the program. Our marines were here so they attended too and gave the appearance of a goodly assembly.

Elizabeth, I thought of those lovely pussies many times this spring. We have nothing of the sort here. Our willows bear little inconspicuous pussies that one has to look twice to find. We have yellow roses and Wisteria in profusion and they are our crowning glory in the line of flowers. This year the violets are less beautiful because it has been so dry. The alfalfa is less than a foot high instead of nearing two feet. The gardens are doing well, thanks to being watered. The peas are beginning to look as though they would provide us with peas soon and the strawberries are well blossomed. A good thunder storm last Monday evening wet the deepest of any rain yet, a little over an inch.

I am sorry Mrs. Fratcher has forsaken you. She was at least convenient, even if she was undependable. Little Ethel must be getting bigger so it does not seem so incongruous to have her for helper. The phrase "robbing the cradle" was lurking in the fringe of my mind when she was there.

Mar. 14. Things are still quiet around us altho there are rumors that Chang is going to make another stand. If he does it will be to the north of us so we will be in the line of the victors not the defeated. Yesterday word came that we would be without trains again as they were being commandeered for moving troops, but we have had more than our number today. A pass gets easy access to the city, so to be trainless would be inconvenient only.

Yesterday was the Mothers club picnic and there were over a hundred down. The Camp Fire girls gave a typical ceremonial and received their ranks. They had learned several new and appropriate songs, and the fire with the costumes made a very pretty picture. The scouts pitched their tents, gave several complicated drills, piled up in a pyramid, took down their tents and stood at attention. Everyone did very well. The whole was not so long but that we had ample time for tea, which was served at Mrs. Martin's. For that tea all the members of the club contribute so it is not all on one household. One of the cutest things was the crowd of children that Jim Hunter took to see the four baby goats born that morning. He looked like the Pide Piper of Hamelin. Babies of all ages from two to high school age went.

Monday. This morning I went into town and mailed a package to Leolyn. I also bought a square which I will send to fill the order of Miss Brewster. I could not buy much as I paid for Leolyn's rug and shall be hard up till I get the money back. I have asked for that to be sent to me lest I get too hard up this summer. Miss Brewster's large square like the doily I brought out is at last here. The pattern is one no longer made so there was delay in hunting up a woman who knew how to do it. Then the package got held up in the railroad blockage of the "war". When at Mrs. Lowry's a few weeks ago I got a smaller piece as I knew it was no longer made and I like it well enough to want a sample for my own.

Peking was perfectly quiet. The only suggestion of any trouble is the baracading of the gates still. The sand bags are still there and each train must wait for them to be removed. Then the soldiers are still encamped just inside the gates, and on the walls. Stores are all open and doing business as usual. We have not been deprived of our trains again. There were only three engines in sight in Peking though.

We have been so glad to get frequent letters telling of Stanley's steady improvement. 'Twas too bad to have the pus form but I hope it soon cleared up. I like to think of Stanley back home and Myra up and around with baby Ruth the center of attraction and the 'big boy' and Nancy happy with a little sister.

I hope you have some desirable neighbors in the Space house. You will miss them altho you and they were too busy for much visiting. It was nice though to have one real civilized neighbor.

I'll get a sample of the dog toothed edge for mother next time I am in town. I thought of it today and saw a beauty but lacked money enough to get it. I have to go in soon for properties for the play and can take cash enough then. A cloth of the home spun with that edge will be a beauty.

I hope Seaver Smith and Aunt Ella both continue to improve. You did have a lot of hospital items in the last letters.

Flora and I are at present very well. F is very tired and worries greatly over things. Are Mother, Elizabeth and Phebe all well and rested again. I hope so with all my heart.

Lots of love

Mary

May 11, 1922

Lay Corner Stone of New American School Building; Tungchow
[*Newspaper from the Tungchow area*]

The North China American School has for years been too large in numbers to be accommodated in its own quarters, so that it has been housed in American Board residence in the compound. This year the school has enrolled 63 students, of which 38 have [*been*] pursuing college preparatory studies. The others are enrolled in the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Grades.

During this last year the money arrived which had been given by the Russell Sage Foundation, so that a large new building is now in process of erection, which, when finished, will contain a dormitory for girls, a large dining-room, a play ??, besides a suite of rooms for an infirmary. The new building just west of the present school building, and at the south of the four-acre campus.

On Monday, May 8th, 1922, the corner stone for the new building was to be laid. The following is the order of exercises.

Rev. W.H. Gleysteen, Presiding.

Part 1 Our of doors

1. Salute to the Flag

2. Hymn – Our Native Land.

3. Laying of the Corner Stone- High School Senior and Junior Boys Filling of the Corner Stone. High School Senior and Reading of the list of contents – Miss Flora Beard.

4. Song N.C.A.S. Students

5. Dedicatory Prayer Dr. A.H. Smith

6. Reading of Scripture Rev. T. Howard Smith

7. Hymn- Laying the Corner Stone

8. Tribute to the donors – Rev. Wm. H. Gleysteen

9. Address Dr. Nehemiah Boynton

10. Benediction Dr. A.H. Smith.

[*Newspaper article from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

[*This typewritten letter, dated **May 28, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. They attended the discussion group again and they heard about Chinese men who had started businesses only to have them taken over by force by officials once they became successful. Dr. Arthur Smith has not been feeling well because of dizziness. Mary is making costumes for the commencement play. She is hoping to go somewhere different from Pei Tai Ho for the summer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Tungchow, Chihli, China.

May 28, 1922

Dear Home Folks,

Phebe's nice long letter came on the morning of my birthday. It was an ordinary busy day till the evening. Flora had invited in several people for dinner and we had a very gay time till about 10.30. It was delightful out on

the porch because it was hot. I received three handkerchiefs two white ones and one with a green border. The home letter was the best of all for it told of all the sick people being better.

Yesterday I went into Peking at noon. The College club was giving two plays in the afternoon at 5.00. One was "Suppressed Desires" a delightful take off on psychoanalysis, and the other "Alice-sits-by-the-fire." Both are very funny so we had a jolly time. Afterward I went for dinner with Mrs. Frame who was entertaining the Discussion group of which I have written before. We had a most interesting time trying to settle the question of how soon China can dispense with the services of the foreigner in her industries. I did not realize before how the government thwarts every attempt to advance in that line. Miss Zee told of one return student who started a silk worm industry out at the Western Hills. Just as it was getting where it was paying and promising to yield good returns, an official called and announced that he would take over the business. Another man who was an engineer got the necessary papers which would permit him to work some gold mines in Mongolia. He invested a considerable sum in machinery and got it out here. Some little kink arose with a petty official and he was not allowed to take the machinery beyond the petty official's station. It is there getting rusty as there is no redress, without a central government which can enforce its access. There are some fine laws on paper for the Republic but they have no one able to enforce them. Some hope that Wu will be able to do so. An article in the paper today says the Christian Science Monitor has no faith in either Chang or Wu but looks to Sun Yat Sen as the Man of the Hour. The North is far from agreeing there. "The climate of the north does not agree with Sun".

We are feeling anxious these days over Dr. Smith. He and Mrs. Smith went to Te Chow the 19th. Dr. Smith complained of feeling dizzy when he arrived and had been ill ever since. Monday A.M. Yesterday the latest word was that he was slightly better, fever down to 99.

Miss King leaves for home today because her mother had Typhus fever. The latest telegram said, "Serious, not hopeless, come." She and her brother spent all day yesterday packing so they can have this afternoon for errands in town and leave on the early train tomorrow. Fortunately a doctor was visiting Dr. King at the time she was taken ill and has stayed right with her. Otherwise it would have been at least two days before a doctor could have reached there, as they live far from the railroad.

I was in Peking for the play and when I returned I found out last chicken-pox patient out of quarantine. That means that we are all out and in health once more. The little children of the compound have Whoopingcough, but we are keeping away from them. Only two or three are candidates so we are not fearing much from it.

You ought to see my room! I am using it for the work shop in which to make costumes. Costumes in blue, red, yellow, purple, pink, green, etc. are scattered over everything. At night I clear the bed and one chair for me and my clothes and forget the mess. When a costume is complete I put it away in a chest of drawers in the hall. Three are there, and two others most ready. They number twelve.

Thanks for the account, of things sold, Phebe. I'll note it when I get the letter from Flora again. I'll get the chains when I get into town, probably after commencement as costumes and properties hold me here except on Sundays and that is not a good day for a missionary to shop. The stores which carry curios are open all right! Next Sunday is the beginning of commencement so I could not go if I did wish. Dr. Furgerson is giving us the Baccalaureate sermon.

In my diary I noted the other day that a year ago the 21st of May I had my last exam and hustled after it to get a train home that night. How well I remember it! It was hot too. A year ago yesterday we gathered the first strawberries. We had our first on Friday for decoration on my birthday cake, here this year.

When I go into town, I realize how little rain we have had. Not more than an inch of rain at once since I arrived last September! The fields are still brown, and only a few even plowed. There is no use wasting seed putting it into dry ground! A few small truck gardens, where irrigation is possible, are tended with exceeding care and are green and flourishing. Our gardens are good, thanks to the wells from which we irrigate. The lawns are brown and I have had the greatest difficulty getting wild flowers for the botany class.

Two of the Chinese girls who have been in our discussion group this year are starting for America in July. One, Miss Zee, is to be at Columbia next year. You would enjoy her if you were able to have her up. She is well up on everything Chinese, and has a wonderfully clear understanding of conditions. I am sure she would make a good speaker for some meeting if you want her. Her English is very good and her accent only slight so she would be pleasant to listen to. The way in which she has entered into the spirit of our group has pleased us all. I will give her your address. You could reach her by addressing Miss H. Zee, Teachers College, New York City.

It is good to think of Stanley able to be back at work again. I hope Aunt Ella continues to improve. The winters are hard on her. Does the warm weather help Mother and Elizabeth too? I wish I were there to help as I did last year. I really think I would rather get breakfast and pick strawberries than make costumes and search for properties. The teaching I love. But I would rather make my own clothes than a lot of things for the boys and girls.

Tut, Tut, what a growl that is! Don't mind it, it is just to let off steam and not to be taken seriously. Altho I would like first rate to be home.

Not yet do I know where I shall be for the summer. Letters addressed to me here will be forwarded wherever I am. I would like to go to Shansi, but do not know if I can get a room. Neither do I know if I could get out early if heavy rains should fall. But I have been to Pei Tai Ho three summers and would like to try a new place. Further more the train service is not yet started through Pei Tai Ho and no one knows when it will be. At present the only access is by water. That is expensive and a bother as it means several changes, from train to boat, back to boat and perhaps a long trip by donkey as per olden days before the train ran to the beach.

I must stop and get at costumes. I'll write again before commencement if I can. Please all keep well for I am most seriously considering coming home after my three years for a visit at least. I can not get a furlough salary for the short term, but I do not care. I'll live cheaply till then so I won't have to worry about that. If I sell enough jewelry I can do as I please.

With lots of love
Mary Beard

*[This typewritten letter, probably dated **June 10, 1922**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. All went well with commencement and the children are on their way back to their families. There were some personality conflicts with Mrs. Gordon, Flora and Miss Bostwick. Mary will go to Pei Tai Ho for the summer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

June 1p, Q92W.
[Probably June 10, 1922]

Dear Home Folk,

I found a lovely item in the Spice of Life in a recent Literary Digest. Perhaps with that as key you can interpret my epistles more easily in the future. Having practiced on me, I think you can decipher the song.

Commencement is over, the children are all flew except four. Two Harbin girls instead of going early as anticipated have had to wait over for sailings. Train service is not yet established beyond Shan Hai Kuan at all and only official trains run that far. The girls go to Dairen by boat and from there by train. They leave on Thursday. The other two are the Tucker children whose parents came up for William's commencement and who are now waiting for a train to take them to the shore. Report says that a train leaves tomorrow, another Tuesday and a third on Wednesday. When another goes is not promised. These are supposed to get the crowd up there. Some are wondering how supplies are to be gotten. No freight train is promised yet.

Commencement went off finely, even better than usual. I am so glad since it is Flora's last one here. The seniors did unusually well and had interesting topics; Ants, The History of Shansi, and The Red Cross Famine Relief Work in Shantung. Consul Fuller gave an inspiring talk. He first told in brief the story of Alexander Hamilton's life, that showed the sterling qualities of the man that assure his success. Thoroughness and care of detail were two he emphasized. The idea that success is won by hard labor not a gift of the gods was preeminent.

"The Rivals" in the afternoon went off with a finish not attained before by our plays. We were more than happy to have it so since it more truly than ever represented the work of the school. We had literally made all the costumes, as we had to start with the goods in the piece. This is to be the start of our "green room" and thereafter the costumes of any worth will be kept for state occasions only. We did not have as big a crowd as sometimes but it was an enthusiastic company. No one of the class is from Peking.

I was asked to sit in Trustee meeting on Wednesday, so was away all that day. Since Flora will not be here to carry out any of the new measures it was thought advisable to ask me to be present. I was a mere listener except for an occasional remark.

Mrs. Gordon departed with the children of Friday morning. I never saw a better example of the "logic tight compartment" theory of the mind than she is. Every thing to be moved, but it is none of her business since the item is not mentioned in her contract. She had trouble sleeping the last few days in the rush, so did the rest of us. I am glad she went though. (Do not ever tell Flora that!) She and Flora and Miss Bostwick get on each others nerves till it is almost unlivable in the house with them. Tis a gamble as to which gets most unreasonable. It is more physical work but less friction.

We have had a letter from Mother since I last wrote. It is good to hear often. Little Caroline Love arrived last Monday. She and her mother are both fine, so says the Doctor father. The five older children and little Ruth Martin have the whooping cough, the railroad is not comfortable for travel, hence Mrs. Love is wondering what to do when she leaves the hospital.

It is after ten and cool enough to go to sleep on the porch, so I think I will go to bed.

I shall be here in Tungchow about three weeks longer, then to Pei Tai Ho probably. Mrs. Martin was most enthusiastic about my coming to Shansi but has grown cool. Hence I shall take the still enthusiastic roommate, Martha Fenn.

With lots of love

Mary.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **June 26, 1922**, was written from Tunghsein (Tungchow), China by Mary to the home folks. School has closed but Mary is keeping busy with the various things. Mrs. Wickes one year old daughter died from illness. The building continues to progress. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tunghsien, Chihli, China.

June 26, 1922.

Dear Home Folks,

Have just read a letter from William Morgan [*husband of Leolyn Seaver Beard*]. He sends me the money for the rug I am sending by Flora and for the luncheon set I got made for them. They are all well, Gwen has had the chicken-pox. Billy creeps but Polly is happy to say "dada-dada". I can now really consider starting for the summer. Really I had not enough money to get me to Pei Tai Ho, to say nothing of paying board and room rent in advance. This and my June check will put me on "easy street" for awhile. I will now hunt for the chains Cora wishes.

Since school closed I have been working on the new prospectus, helping Bergen with his Virgil, outlining the work for Betty Scott who is inspired with a desire to complete her years work and get Flora's signature on her diploma also, helped some in moving to make room for the Whittakers etc. The Tuckers were all here for two weeks waiting for a train to the shore. They left last Friday. Mrs. Arthur Smith was the most relieved as she had the parents and two small boys with her. We kept the two who had been in school.

The Whittakers came last Wednesday. They have four children, aged from eight to six months. They are real children and keep this house alive from top to bottom where the keys are available. The baby is a dear.

A week ago last Saturday, little Francis Wickes died. She had been ill with something like dysentery but not entirely like it. Of that she was better but she lay very quiet and listless. Dr. Love saw her the last thing before going to Peking Friday night and both he and Dr. Tucker thought her better. She was worse twice in the night and at 7.30 had a convulsion. Still there was no great alarm till about 10.00 and at twelve she died. It was meningitis, probably cerebral. We spent that evening covering and lining the little box the carpenter made for the coffin. It was dainty soft and white when we finished. The funeral was the next morning at 9.00. Several of the Peking friends came down either by train or by auto. I helped the children who live here to fix the grave that morning. We had to get up early to gather the material so that it would be fresh. Mrs. Wickes was wonderfully brave and composed and wrote a beautiful note to send around. It was her wish that no one see the baby on Sunday so that we remember her as she was in her well happy days, for she was a wonderfully bright happy child, though only a little over a year.

This week end Flora and I spent in Peking with Mrs. Young. We were to have gone in for shopping in the Chinese city but it rained all the time. I went to the movies on Saturday night and we had to wait nearly an hour for a letup in a severe thunder shower. We got more than our moneys worth for they started up the music and films again for our entertainment.

The rains started on Friday with a thunder storm which lasted less than two hours but wet down five inches. The moat rose about five feet. The sunken road was a river while the storm lasted. It rained Saturday evening as I said and all Sunday morning. Then it cleared for the afternoon and evening. On Monday we were outside the city for shopping but got caught in a severe shower, so had a cup of chocolate at the Bakery and went home again. Today is glorious, cool, clear.

The building is growing apace. The slates are here at last and the roof is fast approaching the place where it needs them. All the lath are on the walls. The men did that while waiting for the slate. The war held up the delivery of the slate because it was purchased to be delivered here whole. That meant getting proper transportation, and Chang Tsao Lin had everything, proper and otherwise for a long time.

On Sunday morning I went with Mrs. Young to see the Porters off for America. They had been down for a farewell visit to Tungchow the Sunday before. They will be in New York as Mr. Porter is to fill a professorship at Columbia for two years.

Last night Mrs. Gordon returned to get her things for the shore. She is taking her meals with Mrs. Whittaker. She evidently feels the lack of hospitality at our house. Having done all her after school work both Flora and Miss Bostwick are ready to blow her up. I am provoked with her but a little relieved that she has not been here

because she and Miss B are at cross purposes all the time and I was dreading the days when they would have to be at the same table. Flora is far from friendly but has been able to speak without a sharp tone some of the time. Miss B. can not. I was ready to take the train back to Peking when I saw Mrs. G. get off. She has not been near the school and evidently does not intend to go there. I hope she does not for it makes F about ill to have to interview her.

This week sees our servants thinned out a little, Mrs. G. takes one, Mr. Shaw's party take two and Mrs. Whittaker takes one for a month or more. Three are to get their walking tickets. That will leave us three cooks, a table boy two coolies, one washerman, a house boy, and amah. Do you think we ought to have all the service we need?

Dr. Smith is here and slowly getting stronger. He had a set back in the shape of a carbuncle, which had to be lanced.

This long letter and I have not mentioned the heat. The thermometer had fallen from 103, the highest, to 84 today. It is quite livable now.

This morning I helped Bergen with the last 100 lines of the last book of Virgil. He has the test on that tomorrow and the final on Saturday.

Tis time for an afternoon nap if such is to be indulged in. The children are napping out loud most joyously. Perhaps I will get to sleep and perhaps not. My floor is my napping place as the porch is too hot in the afternoon. It faces west.

My summer address will be , Care of Dr. C.H. Fenn,

East Cliff,

Pei Tai Ho.

This will probably be too late for you to use, but letters sent here will be forwarded.

Have been reading some papers sent to Flora recently. I wonder if you talked with Mrs. Ewing. She was not far from here, but has not been out much since we have been here. Miss Bostwick knows her and her husband.

Would you like me to send some small things for a church sale sometime? I would send a limited amount as my contribution and you could have all you can get. When do the sales generally come? I can send ahead when I see something appropriate, unless you think of something you know would sell.

*[This partial letter dated **about June 26, 1922** was written from Oberlin, OH by Ellen to Marjorie. Monnie is at a camp for some kind of conference. Ellen tells Monnie what her other siblings are doing. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

[to Marjorie from Mama]

[About June 26, 1922]

....Gould's being here and getting off early Thursday morning and Kathleen's going Thursday afternoon and Dorothy Wednesday. I hope it was delivered Saturday evening so you could have a fresh dress for Sunday. You must have taken the organdie sash to that yellow dress of Geraldine's for I cannot find it anywhere.

Did you know there is a big Y.W. Conference here in Oberlin? I did not know it till today but heard the Chapel bell ring all day Saturday and once Sunday. I thought it was for the summer school.

I went to Elyria with Kathleen and bought her a proper traveling dress for none of hers were suitable to travel in. It was dark blue silky material, light weight and cool and she put it right on immediately- perfect fit. Then I put her on the train 5:43 from Oberlin, which Lydia Perry and her party had taken at Oberlin.

We found her easily, and I had a card from Kathleen written at the Shredded Wheat Co's factory which I'll send and you may bring home.

I telegraphed Aunt Molly to see if she could entertain K. over Sunday so as to make it easier for Lydia, than to put her on to the Pearl river train. An answer by telegraph said "Out of town for two weeks." So it was fortunate we did not send her on, simply sending a special delivery announcement of her coming.

Gould started early Thursday morning and expected to arrive Saturday evening. Hokhalter went with him, as far as his home, somewhere in the east.

Dorothy got off Wednesday evening all right and I have had two cards from her since, both strictly business. But Ruth Garland let me read a letter from Betty which told a lot of their experiences which I'll tell you when you get home.

The Bankhardts are very busy packing and moving today. They may be gone when you get home. They have found a house in Cleveland.

If possible, write Marian Hahn a letter from the camp. She will appreciate it. You know you did not answer that long letter she wrote you last winter vacation.

I have done nothing toward moving yet, as I have been so busy getting people and their clothes off. I have sent a box to you, one to Kathleen this morning which it took all Saturday to prepare and one to Dorothy Thursday. I shall have to get one more off to Kathleen and one to Silver Bay before I can do anything to moving. Geraldine sent a telegram this morning asking me to send her cello at once. So now I must close this to go down to the office to see about that.

Enclosed it \$1.00 and hope you get along all right and enjoy all the conference as much as you have enjoyed thus far. Be careful of boating and swimming. Very lovingly Mama.

*[This letter dated **June 27, 1922** was written from Pearl River, NY by Kathleen to Ellen. Kathleen tells of her travels through Niagara Falls on the way to Pearl River, NY to stay with Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra. She is there to take care of cousin Nancy while her cousin Stephen has Diphtheria and cousin Ruth is only 11 weeks old. Kathleen finds that Nancy is a challenge to take care of. While in Niagara, she visited the Shredded Wheat Factory, the Falls and Cave of the Winds. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Pearl River N.Y.

June 27th [1922-Ruth is mentioned as being
11 weeks old. She was born in
1922]

Dear Mamma,

This is the first time I have had a chance to write you a real letter. I just bought this stationary this morning. Do you mind very much if I don't send you all of my leftover money right now because I may need it. I will send one dollar now as far as I have estimated it costed me about \$28.50 for traveling and about two dollars on extras. I bought two ice-cream cones and a 20 cent chocolate bar on the way and a pair of socks, whiting and stationary this morning.

Now I'll tell you all about my trip. After we got to Cleveland we went straight to the boat and Lidia and I took Miss Suliver's cabin. Fortunately it was an outer. We sat on deck until the boat got quite a ways out. That was until two. I got slightly sick but not to speak of. I woke up very early in the morning and Lidia said we had not sighted land so went back to sleep. Lidia woke me up and we could see land then. My lunch lasted me for both supper and breakfast but was not quite satisfied so got a 14 cent breakfast in Buffelow. Cornflakes and cream. We got a ten thirty train to Niagria [*Niagara*] and two of the girls took the gorge trip but three of us Lidia, Rubby somebody and went to the Shredded Wheat Plant. They weren't taking visitors around then so we got a 40 cent lunch and then went back again.

First we went into the reseption hall which was very nice and cool and waited for the party to start around. The next place which he took us to was a sixth floor veranda where we could see the river and a little of the city. Then we were shown the proressess of making the boxes and sealing them and then we had a part of a biscuit with bananas and cream and sugar and a flat biscuit with butter. This was in a very nice room with a lot of little white topped tables. Next came the proressess of shredding the wheat and making and baking the biscuit which was hot (from the ovens) as well as very interesting. Then he showed us auditorium where the employees could dance, hear lectures and see movies and a rest room with magazines for them to read and two nurses to tend to them and then their toilets and baths which were immaculately clean. The guide said that they were given fifteen minutes twice a day to rest and read. The whole building was just a picture it was so clean and everything was white.

After we left the Shredded Wheat Plant we went to the falls where we walked around and got wet. We went down in an elevator to the base of the cliff and Rubby took some pictures. Then we went over on (as far as I could make out) Goat Island. That's across the bridge where we didn't go before when you were there. We saw there, the Cave of the Wind's (where you go under the falls) and the horse-show falls. We saw a party that had just come from the Cave of the Winds, in their rain proof clothes. I got a little barrel with pictures of the falls in it for fifty cents.

We got into Buffelow and I got another 40 cent supper there we got onto the train. We got into New York at 11 and after getting help from the travelers aid we Lidia and I came across to Jersey City got some dinner and after a wait of two hours got a train to Pearl River. Uncle Stanley met me at the train and then it was that I found out that Stephen was sick. June 29 Dr. Clark or rather clock gave us all the shick test [*The Shick test is a skin test for Diphtheria*] that I told you about. I felt quite faint after it but was all right after supper. I did not get a chance to go to church Sunday and it doesn't look much as if I would at all. I lay down and took a nap with Nancy but she didn't go to sleep. She is a very naughty little girl and has a very decided mind of her own. Monday when she was going to bed for her nap she didn't like something and flew into a tantrum. Her mother whipped her but it didn't do

any good. She did the same thing at dinner today. She wanted her meat just so and she couldn't have it that way so away from the table she went. She came back after a while and was good. This morning she wanted to put her feet in my lap and get my dress dirty and I told her she couldn't so she slapped and kicked me and finally bit me so hard that it made me cry. That made me homesick and it has been hard to keep from crying since then. I certainly do not like her at all. Once in a great while she is a little cute but I will be glad when Stephen gets well. Its getting pretty stale here now just playing with Nancy all day.



Kathleen and Nancy became close cousins in later years- this photo taken about year 2000.

[Photograph from Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Ruth is a darling baby. I have held her twice. She is eleven weeks old and sleeps about all day. They don't pay much attention to her and I wish they would.

Stephen is a good deal better and wants to get up but he has to stay in bed. My shick test is getting all red, which shows that I am not immune but Uncle Stanley says that he doesn't think I need to take any anti toxin yet until I feel symptoms of diphiria. That doesn't mean that I will though.

They have lovely food here and aplenty but I always get hungry before meals. I have been late to breakfast once already but I'll try not to again.

My duties are first to dress Nancy in the morning to clear off the table, to make all beds to play with Nancy, to get her ready for meals and to put her to bed for nap and get her up and play with her again in the afternoon and to put her to bed at night. Besides that I do all kinds of errands for Aunt Myra that she wants. They have a collared maid named Parthena that gets meals, washes dishes, washes clothes etc.

Gould isn't painting the house yet but is working in the garden and fixing the chicken house. I feel a little more at home with him here.

Mamma please send me clothes. They only do washing once a week and everything of mine is dirty in the line of dresses except my traveling dress. I'll have to have some more socks or stockings and nightgowns. Please hurry quick. I got Gould's camra here all right.

Lots of love Kathleen.

[This partial letter dated **about July 1922** was written from Silver Bay, NY by Dorothy to Ellen and Monnie. Gerry and Dorothy are working at Silver Bay for the summer. Dorothy is glad to hear that Uncle Elbert will be taking Ellen and Monnie to Putnam for most of the summer. She requests that Ellen send her a new swimsuit. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Send to Gould please,
and Gould send to Phebe in his letter.

The Silver Bay Association
For
Christian Conferences and Training

Silver Bay, N.Y.
Box #47
[About July 1922]

Dear Mamma and Mony:-

I was shelling peas on the porch rail when one of the girls bro't Mamma's card to me. I was so surprised and so thrilled that I nearly fell off the rail. Jerry was down on the tennis courts. I couldn't let her wait a minute longer, so I sent for her, and she too let up a howl of excitement. Well, we have been hoping and praying that you two would find something to get you out of Oberlin this summer. Tell Uncle Elbert that he came along as an answer to our prayers. Now the whole family is having a real jolly time this summer. I can enjoy my vacation ten times more now that you are out of Oberlin.

I'm glad you were all moved before you left. How long did you stay at Aunt Etta's? Who all was there? I suppose you plan to shop all day Wed. in Albany, don't you. Now it would be a mean shame to come so near to Silver Bay and miss coming up, unless business calls too urgently. I do wish you could come up Thurs. to see us. If you don't on the way to Putnam, you will on the way back, won't you. Now that you are out East, don't miss the chance.

Yes indeed, I have been wanting things terribly that I wanted to go to Ticonderoga for, but lack of time and money prevented. First of all- my bathing- suit. I haven't had one. I have been using Jerry's when she doesn't use it. I don't know what size to tell you. I guess you get them by the bust measure. Get about a 38 or 40 bust. Be sure and get it long enough and big enough thro' the hips to allow for shrinkage. Please don't get a cloth one - one like Jerry's is best- a one piece wool or part wool suit. Please don't get one with sleeves - a wide strap over the shoulder like Jerry's. In fact, if you remember Jerry's- one almost exactly like hers will suit [*remaining letter is missing*]

[Dot]



Swimsuits of the 1920's

[This is actually Jana's ancestors - her father is the youngest in the photo. Photo taken in Ohio about 1922]

*[This letter dated **July 16, 1922** was written from Pearl River, NY by Kathleen to Ellen and Marjorie. She talks about riding in the car to see a deep swimming hole. Cousin Stephen is feeling better from diphtheria and she and cousin Nancy had to take anti toxin to keep from contracting it themselves. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Pearl River N.Y.
July 16, 1922

Dear Mamma and Marjorie,

Neither the parcel nor the letter that I was expecting came. You see I only have three dresses to wear at all so I really need some more seeing that I can't have them washed and ironed any time I want to. I finished my lavenled sweater and bought a set of collar and cuffs and cleaned my belt and shoes and wore them today. Aunt Myra said she thought it was very pretty and I do too. It fits me very well and the whole suit look very natty I think.

We went for a ride this morning in the car. We went to the forty foot swimming hole that Jerry spoke about but not to go in just to see it, there were some men in bathing suits and one without any sitting around on the bridge. One dived off the diving board while we were there and one went off a swing that was over the water. It was just a little place where a little stream ran but it is very deep forty feet they say and Gould said it dropped right off from the bank. He went there once with Mr. Green. We saw on our ride a very old place where a movie was being staged about a week or two ago. I really took a nap today and Nancy didn't. She said she had to hold her doll so she couldn't lie down.

Stephen is up now and downstairs. We have to be careful still about touching things that have been in his mouth but we are all so glad that he is down. He seems to like me pretty well and I just love him. He will talk to me for the longest time in his funny way. He has quite a hard time talking and sometimes screws his little face all up doing it. He calls me "Hapaleen" and never says any s'es. He calls himself "Tephen" and Nancy "Nanty".

I went over to Miss Pope's tennis court the other night and played with three other ladies. One of them could not play any better than I can and the other two are good players so each of the good ones took one of us worse ones and we had lots of fun. I don't believe I have laughed so hard in a long time. The ladies were so funny and so many queer things happened that it made me laugh so hard that I couldn't play sometimes. We played until we couldn't see, till nine o'clock.

I am having a very nice time here on the whole though at times I have my hands full with the children. We have ice-cream about twice a week on the average and I have all the milk I want. I have gained a pound a week since I have been here and now weigh 98 lb. including clothes.

8:00 P.M. We went out riding again this afternoon over in New Jersey. That sounds far away but it isn't only about ten miles. Just this evening Nancy and I took toxin anti toxin for diphtheria. That is so I will never get it after about two months. It didn't hurt at all and it only itches a little now.

Lots and lots of love Kathleen

*[This letter dated **July 30, 1922** was written from Putnam, CT by Monnie to Kathleen and Gould. Monnie was excited that Miss Gertrude Warner asked her to sing in the junior choir at church. She has seen may friends and old classmates since being in Putnam. Monnie took a car trip in Uncle Elbert's car with Aunt Emma, Aunt Etta, Fulton, the twins and Ellen. She tells about the trip from North Tonawanda to Putnam. Original letter is in the archives at Oberlin College.]*

32 Center St.
Putnam, Conn.
July 30, 1922

Dear Punk [*Kathleen*] and Gould,

(I got this ink downstairs in the book cupboard and filled my pen with it. I don't know what it'll do to the pen!)

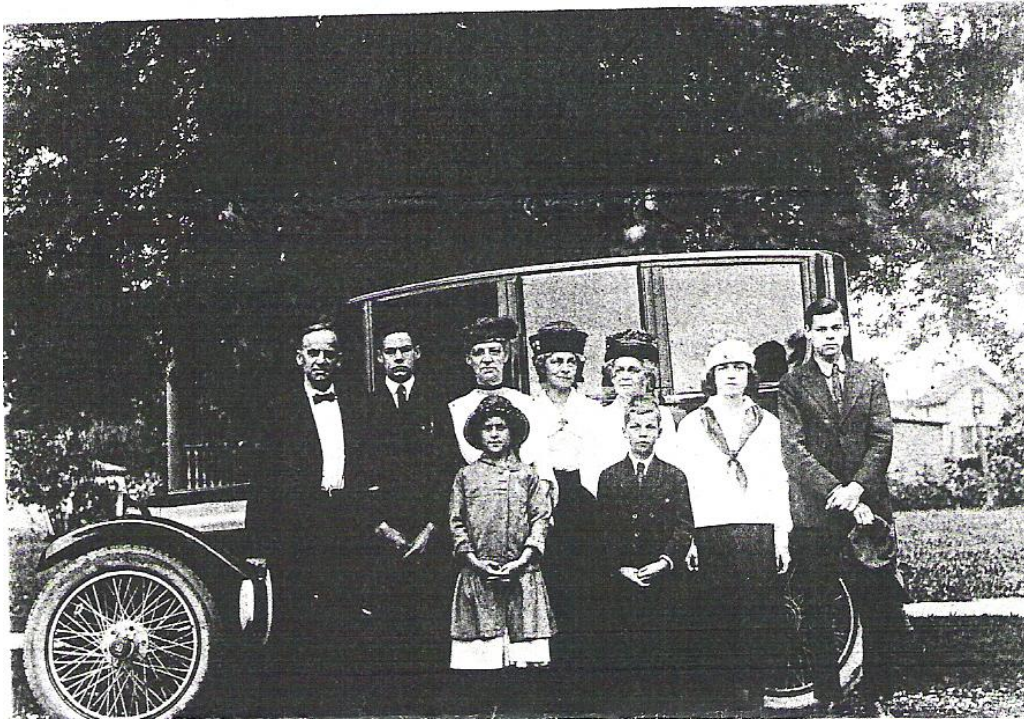
I'll begin with today. This morning I sung in the junior choir! Miss Gertrude Warner [*Gertrude Chandler Warner, who was 32 years old in 1922, became the famous author of the popular children's book series The Boxcar Children. She was a lifetime resident of Putnam, CT.*] called up yesterday or the day before and asked if I would be willing to help them out in that way. So I told her I would be glad to. There were several girls in the choir whom I knew. Flora White, Mary Child, Edith Child, Ruth Child, Silvia and Elizabeth Wheelock and do you remember that

little Helen Morse who used to be in your class, Punk? Well, she was in it. She looks exactly the same. Did she use to wear glasses then? She does now. And she wears her hair bobbed.

Last night Uncle E., Fulton and I went downtown to get some eatables and Aunt Emma over at the library.) (My pen didn't fill with the purple ink so I went downstairs again and found this.) While downtown we saw a lot of people that I knew. On the street we met Hazel Geeson, and we saw her in church again this morning. She is so grown up. But she is real pretty. Then of course we saw the Bartletts. I have only seen Ruth but have spoken to Dorcas twice. They both wear earrings and look vampish generally. I also saw Ina Aldrich but did not speak to her. (This pen is acting awful.)

Edith Pease, Florence Danforth and Lib Rafferty, Bertha Child and Clara Keller ('member her) all have their hair bobbed. Edith looks very good. It has improved her looks wonderfully. She is really pretty now. Oh, one person more. I saw Miss Dingwall my S.S. teacher today too. Now, I will write something that Gould will understand!!

Billy Dodge [*Uncle Elbert's car*] started from N. Tonawanda [*New York*] last Monday morning chuck full. There were Uncle E., Aunt Emma, Aunt Etta, Fulton, the twins, mamma and me. We left Uncle Willis and Myron alone. At N. Bergen we left Aunt Etta and the twins for a visit with one of Uncle Willis' former parishioners. Then the car was just comfortably full- two on the front and three on the back seat, and a lot of suitcases of course. Uncle Elbert had taken me out alone and given me a lesson in driving the Sat. before, because he wanted me to spell him on the long drive home. This was before he asked Fulton to come. Then Sunday he asked Fulton. And all the three days I didn't drive a speck! Fulton drove when Uncle E. didn't.



I believe that from left to right we see Elbert, Fulton, Ellen, Etta, Emma, Marjorie, Myron and standing in front, the Hume twins, Millicent and Harry Stewart. Willis Hume, Etta's husband, may have been taking the photo. This photo may have been taken on the trip that Monnie describes in this letter.

[Original photo is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Well, we made Auburn that night and as we came into the town we passed Auburn prison which is a mammoth gray stone building. It reminded me of the Men's Building, only all the windows were iron-barred and there was a high wall around it. We could see only the highest floors, but the lights were on (as it was almost dark) and it gave me such a queer feeling to think that the men in those lighted rooms were prisoners and not students. We women slept in the Women's Union Building that night and the men in a Hotel.

We started on at about seven thirty the next morning and slept at Schenectady that night. The third day we stopped for about an hour in the morning at Albany. While the two women shopped Uncle E. stayed with the car

and Fulton and I went up the hill to the Capitol and went through it with a party under a guide. Fulton had been there before so he had seen most of it. At the end the guide went around to back of the men and asked fifty cents and I was so afraid that Fulton had no money, and I hadn't. But fortunately he did.

That afternoon we went over the Mohawk Trail. The scenery was wonderful. And there were no less than six souvenir shops along the trail, if there weren't more! And, Punkineenie, in the first one of those shops that we came to I bought your birthday present! It isn't much, so don't get your hopes too high.

Just before we got into Springfield that night we had our supper, (we had all our meals by the roadside) and after we got out of Springfield it was a straight run, so to speak, to Putnam and Uncle Elbert knew the way. Fulton and I tried our best to get to sleep but did not succeed until we had reached Woodstock or some place like that near Putnam. But we woke up before we reached Putnam. We arrived at the house somewhere around one o'clock a.m. Thurs. morning. We had to throw stones up at Hattie's window to wake her up! Just before we went to bed Uncle Elbert played "The End of a Perfect Day" on the Sonora.

Since Thursday we have done little besides rest up.

Sat. I went over and saw Edith for the first time. She is going to have some of the girls that I know, at her house Monday afternoon to see me!

It is so funny, all our letters these days have three addresses on them. First Oberlin; that is crossed out by the Garlands and the N. Tonawanda address put on. That is crossed out by the Humes and Putnam put on! Our letters have to run around quite a bit to find us!

Do write! We received Punk's good letter yesterday and read it aloud at dinner! Love to both of you, Monnie.

*[This partial letter dated **about July or August of 1922** was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Kathleen. Phebe inquires as to how Kathleen liked her job at Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra's. She tells about some of her social activities and a hike to Kushan and the Monastery. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

[to Kathleen]

[About July or August 1922]

...as chaperone and had a fine time. The water was fine and clean, but I found I was out of breath and out of practice. I played two tournaments with Nan Woods, Mr. Wood's daughter; won the first and got knocked out of the second. We both did poor playing then.

Father and I went into mixed doubles, and came up against Dr. Montgomery and Miss Walsham, a fine English player, for first game. We got 1 game out of two sets with some hard playing but we got fine practice.

Rena Nutting of Diongloh came up for Annual Meeting a [and] brought five friends of hers with her. We entertained them one night at our first dinner party. On the next Tuesday they went with us and four Y.W. girls to Kushan. We walked to the top and got the superb view of all the lower Min Valley, fields and villages. Then we dragged down to the Monastery, had dinner, a rest, and a trip around the buildings. Rena's party then went to Kushan point to a houseboat that took them to the Peak and we, home. The Monastery was very natural, all but the new paint and decorations they had just added. I have forgotten my way around, but as I came to each turn it all came back to me. The priests seem more used to foreigners and not so devout as I remember them. I want to go back again and look it over at more leisure. Eunice got a basket full of botanical specimens some of which I pressed, others we analyzed. Both she and the baby are well, growing rosier and fatter every day. Ellen fell down and cut herself twice one day not long ago. She and Billy make such a noise we can't see sometimes, but they are cute and we love to have them in the house.

I have been writing the Annual Letter for the Mission this summer, and have at last finished composing it. Now I am copying it and using my Corona to do it.

Last Saturday night we had a concert at which Eunice and I played a violin duet. As there was no rack for our music, Father and Mr. McConnell held it for us. They seemed to make as much fun as any of our work. Isn't it great how these men get in on things?

A good deal of my time has been spent in helping a green washerman with the ironing, and teaching him how to do it. He is very nice and I'd like to keep him; but our big washes have tired him out and scared him away.

The St. Clairs have been up to supper, and we have entertained Miss Bement and a Y.W. lady to dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Storrs came tonight. Mrs. Bedient has been sick so much I couldn't ask people as I have wanted to. Now she is better and I hope to have several groups. We are planning a picnic party for next week and the Wood's are coming over next Tuesday, so we aren't badly out of it. Calling I have done none of.

Last week we had several extra practices for the cantata the Forty-Sixth Psalm by Buck to be given next Tuesday night. It is very pretty and not very difficult, but we seem to be taking a good deal of time and trouble getting it. Did you sing the last summer you were here? Annie Smith, Margaret Bissonette, and Margaret West are in it this year with a lot of Chinese girls.

Tennis finals come off soon- next week, so I am keeping those afternoons free. Today Mrs. Bedient and I go down into the bromie[?] for tea with Stella Cook and her family. This is the first time I have been.

I hope you liked your nursemaid work at Pearl River. What subjects are you taking in school and what is your new home like? What is Jerry doing, and where is Dot's room? There are so many things we want to know and all of you were so busy in June you didn't write. Just as I haven't written for some time! What did Marjorie do all summer? How did you find the people in Conn.?

Did you get your package with the fan for you that I sent some time ago? I hope so.

Mail time is here. Lots of love to you all, keep well, and do write soon.

Your sister Phebe.

[This typewritten letter, dated Aug. 6, 1922, was written from Peitaiho, China by Mary to the home folks. She talks about sailing, swimming and playing tennis at Peitaiho. They are all glad to hear that Flora will work at the Tientsin school when she comes back. There are many engagements in Peitaiho. There is an Italian gun boat off of Rocky Point in Peitaiho so they feel safe from Chang Tsao Lin's soldiers. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Aug. 6, 1922]
East Cliff, Peitaiho
Care of Dr. C.H. Fenn.

Dear Home Folks,

Mother's letter found me at Peitaiho. Flora was already on the high seas, I got in the sea every day, and have been on it once.

On last Wednesday a party of ten of us went to Ching Wan Tao in sail boats. It took two and a half hours to get over. There was a fair breeze only. Only one of the girls was seasick, and it was not I. We climbed over the cliff to the bathing beach and had a fine swim. Then we dressed and ate our supper out on the rocks. It was passed the first quarter of the moon so we had a fine moon. At eight we started back. The wind was all gone so the men had to row all the way back. We were out for the moonlight sail so made the men row slowly to prolong the fun. Even so it took only three and a half hours. The sea was like glass.

Do you remember that gay bathing suit of blue and green and yellow stripes, that I bought last summer? I wore it for the first time on the sailing trip. We wore our suits under our bloomers and middies and the skirt of my other was too bungling for comfort. Perhaps I was not easily visible! when I took off the outer layer! I have since been wearing it on the regular bathing beach, just for fun. No joking, it is fine to swim in.

I have gotten more tennis than ever before when off for the summer. Generally I have figured that I pay nearly a dollar a set. Already it is less than that, and only a third of the ice[?] gone. I played both mixed doubles and ladies singles in the first tournament and am in for singles in the August one. Henry goes with a party to Je Hol before the end of the week so we did not enter for doubles again. There are a lot of new people here, especially a large group from Mukden who were too late for the tournament. For them especially a new canvas was made. A Mrs. Bullard, husband [wife] of the man out to help the Deans in their business, is our star player among the ladies. Flora will appreciate the fact that she beat Miss Waller fairly easily, getting the first two sets so the third did not have to be played. A new lady, Mrs. Austin, is likely to be a close second if she does not win. Most of us were glad to see Miss Waller's defeat for she was so sure of victory and spoke so scornfully of "all the chaff one must wade through to get a real game".

There is great rejoicing every where over Flora's decision to return for the Tientsin school. The Tientsin people feel it spells success for their venture and the Tungchow that it means good fellowship between the two schools. I first heard of it at Dr. and Mrs. Tucker's silver wedding from Dr. Tucker. The wedding was a great success. It was a rainy day but the porch was crowded all the afternoon. I saw nearly everyone I know at Peitaiho and met a lot of new people besides.

We have had two applications from people for work in the grades. Both have been turned over to the Tientsin committee. One is that Miss Smith who wrote from Honolulu some time ago. She is in Shanghai now. The other is a lady who wrote from somewhere in New Jersey. Mrs. Evans has the letter so I can not tell any more about her.

Mr. Corbett writes that he has secured Miss Burgess and Miss Muir from Tsing Tao has accepted so our staff is full. Miss Carlisle is somewhere in Japan or China. I have letters sprinkled over the country to meet her but have had no word, altho she came on a boat which landed in Shanghai the 29th of July.

Two weeks ago there was an epidemic of engagements here. At a big party given at the Lieper house two engagements were announced. One was Max Lieper's. That same week we had letters telling that Francis King and Mr. Joe Lee were engaged. Francis insisted on carrying out her plans and completing her college course so sailed for home just the same. She returns next July to be married at once. The folks at the King Cottage had a party the next week and of course all wondered if there were "a reason". A house party on young people like that is a good place to generate romance. But we were doomed to disappointment. A conjurer produced the excitement, together with a fake announcement for the swallows who had built over the front door.

We have a unique party here. It was a cafeteria supper, Club sandwiches were the only article of food, but the variety of materials to be put in were many. For desert we had a soda-water and ice-cream counter, and served drinks and sundaes. Afterward we played games. Martha and Henry had worried a bit lest the guests be bored for they dance at all their parties and Dr. and Mrs. Fenn do not allow it here. I think it was a relief to most of them to have a change. At least it was a sincere appreciation that we got for our hard work.

On Monday last I went over for the night with Cleora Wannamaker. It was the birth day of Miss Kentfield, a Holyoke girl up from Foochow. There were thirteen of us, Pa, Ma and eleven children. Mary McClure who is taller and broader than I were the twins. We dressed in nightgowns as babies. The others were boys and girls. If the pictures are good enough I will send you one to show what "a dear baby" I can make. We went calling afterward on the Stelles, Mrs. Sheffield and the Stanleys. 'Twas great fun.

Alice Frame had the Holyoke reunion this year. There were seven of us and Mrs. Mather did not get here. Miss Kentfield gave a touch with other centers. All the rest were Peking or Tientsin.

Last night our whole family went for a picnic over to Light house Point with our neighbors. The neighbors are English and served us a regular dinner with plates, knives, forks, etc. Yes even after dinner coffee, and a wee bit of icecream. It was a good dinner though. Afterward we came home and had a moonlight swim. Another beech party did likewise so the shore looked as though we had mistaken the hour for that before lunch. Dr. and Mrs. Smiley were of the party. They have a baby boy only four weeks old, and got down this last week.

Mrs. Lieper has been ill ever since she came down. The doctors dispared of her getting well here because that is such a lively household, so her husband had gone to Peking to the hospital with her. Both the parties who announced their engagements wanted to be married from that house near the end of the summer. The excitement was great and not conducive to rest and quiet.

This is the first Sunday that I have not been down to see Caroline Love have her bath. It is also our first really rainy day since I came up. It feels and acts like a North-easter. We are all in the house as there is not a dry corner of the porch except where Martha's and my beds are. We are not so certain of that being perfectly dry so have spread oil skins over the beds. Also it is cooler. That is a relief for the day and nights have been very hot for two weeks. It has taken three sets of underwear to keep comfortable, one till swimming time, one till after tennis, and a third for the evening. All were wet when removed, especially the tennis ones.

As Dr. Fenn can use his eyes for only two hours a day, we do a lot of reading aloud in the household. Martha and Henry are off for parties more than the rest of us so Mrs. and Dr. Fenn and I spend our evenings that way quite often. Mrs. Fenn is much worn out nervously but has not the ability to relax. It makes it somewhat hard for the rest of us at times. But Flora will tell you that Martha and I are not all that is to be desired when it comes to living with us. On the whole we are a happy family with much in common and enough not so, to provide material for conversation. We can gather bits of gossip and anecdotes for each others edification.

Tonight I am going to supper with the Burgesses. They have a new house built Chinese style. Tomorrow there is an all Congregational picnic, and the next day a N.C.A.S. picnic. Also on Tuesday I am to go over to Rocky Point for lunch with the Hugh Hubbards. I must call on the Stanleys then too, as well as on the McCanns.

The CampFire girls have been camping out at the Lotus Hills and come in tomorrow unless they have decided to prolong their stay. Yesterday was their at home day. I should have gone out to call had I know earlier. But there were sports on for the afternoon and the picnic at 6.30.

Rumor has it that Chang Tsao Lin is investigation [*investigating?*] Ching Wan Tao and regathering his force beyond Mukden. At least Wu dares not go south of Lo Yang to settle the trouble there. He has sent trusty generals instead. With six American destroyers at Ching Wan Tao and one Italian gun boat at Rocky Point we have nothing to fear. It is probably only a bluff on the part of Chang to get his official title which has been denied him.

Parliament has convened and had a stormy session in which no business was transacted except the vote to adjourn. They did get a quorum which was something. Twice we have looked in vain for the air-plane on a Friday afternoon. This week they sent posters down to announce their arrival. No airplane and no explanation!

I hope that Father did get Gould to help with the farm this summer. It would be good for both parties I am sure. What is Kathleen doing on east? Or is she just on a visit. I wonder if the older girls are at Silver Bay again. Does Ellen stay west or has she come on too.

Mother I tried to get some other edges for you. Francis King promised them. Then her mother was ill and she went home. That and getting engaged evidently drove it out of her head. The one I sent is the most common and the only one I have been able to get so far. It is pretty only I wanted you to have a choice.

Your tales of cherries make my mouth water. I had not even a taste this year. The Chinese ones are better than nothing but no more can be said for them. The one tree of foreign cherries died this summer so we will not get even one cherry each as we have sometimes.

I was glad to hear that Stephen was over the worst of the diphtheria. It was hard to have him sick with a new baby in the house too. Thanks for sending on Leolyn's letter. It was interesting. She too had a siege with sickness.

Mother says nothing of Anna, so I suppose there is no change. Oliver is much in my thoughts these days. I hear the jingle bells of the postman. The trains are pretty near on time these days so the mail is fairly regular in the hour of arrival. I got a registered letter from Mr. McKnight with regard to his daughter, nothing else.

I shall be interested to hear about the new neighbors when they do call. I hope they prove nice for you need nice ones next door.

Heres best wishes that the weather did allow Father to get the hay without too much further wetting. I'd like to be there. I'd give up the parties, picnics, swimming and all for a chance to see you all.

With best wishes for good health and happiness.

And with lots of love,

Mary

Aug 6, 1922

*[This partial letter dated **August 10, 1922** was written from Kuliang, China by Phebe to Kathleen. Phebe writes on Kathleen's 14th birthday and gives her advice about being a good person. She tells of the typhoon that hit Swatow, China and the devastation and deaths it caused. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Kuliang,

August tenth. [1922]

Dear Kathleen,

We have been looking forward for some time to this day, Father and I, tho we haven't written you for it. For you are fourteen years old, aren't you? Today, I can imagine you feel about equal to your task of being Aunt Myra's helper, now you are fourteen! Mother wrote us two Sundays ago about your going East for the summer. I'm so glad you had a chance to go and see the new little cousin, Ruth. You must write and tell us all about her for we haven't heard anything since her announcement card came. And how are Stephen and Nancy? Probably growing as fast as they can.

Well, I started to wish you many happy returns of the day, and I hope you had a really happy day. Perhaps you had a cake and a sort of party with the little cousins and Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra and Gould. I hope too that every birthday is helping you to judge what is right and best and truest in all you do, and think and say, so that as you grow older you may find it easier to do the things that are yours to do, and to check all unkind and unworthy thots and words. We sometimes think that when we're grown up we'll be perfect and like the nicest people we ever knew, just because we are grown up. But we must begin to be like what we want to be right away, or will always be a little behind. That's the way with me now! So you start early.

I've got heaps of things to tell you about Kuliang; but it's late, and the mosquitos are trying to eat me up, so I think I'd better stop and go to bed if anything is left of me to send you this letter tomorrow. Lots of love and good night.

Since Wednesday the biggest news of this region is that about the Swatow typhoon. It started on Wed. night a week ago, laid all the native houses flat, tore down great portions of hich and other strong business houses, and a great wall of water 12 ft. high washed over the city and the surrounding country for 40 miles people say. Not till the next Sun. A.M. when a boat came in did they get word out to the outside world. The dead are numbered from 10,000 up, and relief is being sent from Shanghai. When we heard our American Red Cross held a meeting decided to send \$200 and volunteer medical helpers, and then took it to the Evangelistic meeting then in session. Before we left the church yesterday, \$2000 had been pledged, and this A.M. before noon more was paid in check

than was pledged! Several are planning to go down as soon as boats will and can take them to help care for sick, wounded and dead.

We have only had two tail ends of typhoons that stopped tennis for a while. The weather has been cool and pleasant most of the time.

What will you think of your sister when I tell you that I've been into the tank just once all summer? I went with the Smith girls and Harold Brewster and Margaret West. [*Remainder of the letter is missing*]



Written on back: Union Theol. Seminary – Foochow. 1922.

Graduating Class with Faculty and the Board.

Seated left- Rev. U Sik Sing, Bishop John Hind, Rev. Ding Nguk Ming, Rev. Ling Tia Cu, Rev. W.L. Beard, D.D.,
Rev. Sam Leger Ph.D., Rev. Ling Buo Gi, Bishop Ding Ing Ang.

Graduate Len Suoi Ling, Su Hie Huang, Christopher Chen – American Board.

[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

[*This typewritten letter dated **August 10, 1922** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Kathleen. He writes on Kathleen's birthday and recalls her birth fourteen years before. He tells about the Swatau (Swatow) typhoon and the devastation and death caused by it. He talks about the family and their activities in many places. Willard and Phebe are currently living on Kuliang. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.*]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

August 10, 1922

Dear Kathleen;-

Do you see anything suggestive about the date at the head of this sheet? Phebe and I have been talking about it for several days. And I have promised myself not to let the day go by without writing you to make sure that you knew we thought of you on this day. You do not remember it but I very well remember fourteen years ago this afternoon when you first made a noise with your mouth. And that was the first time you ever sucked your fist. How fast the time has flown! You are a big girl going to New York to help take care of three little cousins. I was surprised and delighted to read in Mamma's letter that she thought you were entirely capable of getting out of New York and up to Pearl River alone, but of course she would prefer that someone older should be with you. Here are my very best congratulations, and I hope you have a happy birthday and that many more will follow.

Phebe and I frequently meet conditions that make us think of you all here when we were all together. We have not had a typhoon this year yet. News came a day or so ago that they had had a very bad one at Swatau. This morning a lady from Hong Kong told us that it struck Swatau a week ago Wednesday. It blew very hard for four or five hours then there was a calm and the wind blew from the other direction as hard for several hours. Then the water in the river rose and swept away all the buildings on the river for forty miles up the river. The city of Swatau is built on the river and is all low. The business blocks were destroyed and it is estimated that 40,000 or 50,000 people were killed. The dead were lying in the streets and all about so that none of the passengers were allowed to go ashore lest they should be quarantined. It was four days after the storm before the first steamer got to the place. They are entirely destitute of food and in want of doctors and horses. In ten minutes the foreigners assembled in Conference on Evangelism subscribed \$2000 and telegraphed it to Hong Kong. The wires are all down in Swatau so we must communicate to Hong Kong. To aggravate the situation the Longshoremen in Shanghai are out on strike and no steamers running between here and Shanghai.

Your last letter told about your being shut up with the measles. Mamma's last told about your going to Pearl River. Marjorie had gone off to some encampment for a week. Geraldine and Dorothy were in Silver Bay. I am sorry that I have not had the energy to write any of you so that you would get the letters at your summer homes. Perhaps you and Gould will get the letter I sent to Uncle Stanley before you leave Pearl River. Both Phebe and I will look eagerly for letters from you and Gould to see how you are enjoying the summer and to see what kind of a new little cousin you have found in Uncle Stanley's home.

Kuliang is much the same as when you were here. Tennis, bathing, walks to tipping rock, Moon Temple and Kushan are just the same. We went to Kushan Monastery two weeks ago, with Miss Nutting and her friends from St. Louis, and the Y.W.C.A. ladies. Phebe is just now getting up a party to go to tipping rock.

This week is Convention week and next is Educational Ass'n week. Then I hope there will be a hold up in meetings. We want to know very much where you have moved to. There will be only three of you in the home.

By the time this reaches you I suppose you will be in Oberlin. Lots of love to you all. May the Heavenly Father keep us all loving and kind and good and useful and let us all see each other again in good times.

Father or as you say Papa

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
IMMIGRATION SERVICE

Record on this blank United States citizens and citizens of insular possessions of the United States arriving at a port of continental United States from a foreign port or a port of the insular possessions of the United States, and such citizens arriving at a port of said insular possessions from a foreign port, a port of continental United States, or a port of another insular possession.

LIST OF UNITED STATES CITIZENS
(FOR THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES)

8. S. -----President Wilson-----sailing from -----Kobe, Japan----- Aug 1st-----, 1922, Arriving at Port of San Francisco Cal.---- Aug. 17th - 1922

No. on List.	NAME IN FULL.		AGE.	Sex.	Married or Single.	IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES INSULAR POSSESSION OR IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES, GIVE DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH (CITY OR TOWN AND STATE).	IF NATURALIZED, GIVE NAME AND LOCATION OF COURT WHICH ISSUED NATURALIZATION PAPERS, AND DATE OF PAPERS.	ADDRESS IN UNITED STATES.
	FAMILY NAME.	GIVEN NAME.	Yrs. Mos.					
1	Bostwick	Emily S.	52	F	S	Medina, Ohio. Nov. 15th 1870		Mill Valley, Calif.
2	Beard	Flora	53	F	S	Huntington, Conn. Feb. 25th 1869		Shelton, Conn.
3	Campbell	Maile	51	F	S	Maquokita, Ia. Aug. 25th 1870		819 5th St. Laurel, Mass.
4								

[Passenger list from Ancestry.com showing Flora Beard traveling from Kobe, Japan to San Francisco in August of 1922 aboard the S.S. President Wilson.]

[This typewritten letter, dated August 13, 1922, was written from Peitaiho, China by Mary to Willard and Phebe (K). She is enjoying her vacation at Peitaiho visiting, playing tennis, sailing, and spending time on the beach. She feels that Chinese politics are in a mess. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Please return to F. B

East Cliff, Care of Dr. C.H. Fenn,
Peitaiho,

August 13, 1922.

Dear Willard and Phebe,

When I received the papers addressed to me at Tungchow, I was reminded of the long time since I had written you. Flora wrote just before I came up here, which was on the 18th of July. Flora and Miss B, were in Tungchow till the Monday after that. I have had letters from Tientsin and Yokohama so know they are well on their way.

These are days full of many good things. I was over to Gould Cottage for Anna Kentfield's birthday. We had a children's party and a right good time. It has been good for the girls there to have the friends from the south as it introduced a new element and kept them all interested. Miss Louise Mebold and Cleora have been kindred spirits and made fun for them all. They were Jack and Jill at the party, Anna was big brother Tom. Mary McClure and I were the babies. The others were Ma, Pa, and the big brothers and sisters. The pictures are good. I will enclose one to show what a dear baby I make.

I have been strong on tennis this summer and play nearly every day. There are two courts very near when one can get partners. The crowd is down on the hill top where the two best courts are. I went into both tournaments but got knocked out in the first round. The last time I had to meet the lady who promises to be next to champion. She is very sure but not a swift player. I got two games in the first set and one in the next. Hence I do not feel so bad. Henry and I played doubles in the first, but he was off on a trip to Je Hol for the next.

This beach in from of the Fenns is a good one. We have a raft when the wind has not driven it in shore. We put it out the day I got here. The storm last Sunday drove it far up on the beach and it was Thursday before it was possible to get it out again. Yesterday there was an east wind again and in came the raft. During the moonlight evenings we had several swims. There has been almost no phosphorescence so far, and the jelly fish have not been so bad as some years.

One day we went over to Ching Wan Tao by sail boat. As we entered the harbor the jelly fish were thicker than I had ever seen them. They almost touched each other as they swam about. We wondered about swimming but met nary a one on the swimming beach. It was nearly full moon and not a ripple when we came back so the men had to row all the way.

This has been a regular matrimonial bureau this year. This morning I heard of two new engagements and there have already been three. It seems to be in the air. Some are summer products and some the culmination of a winter's siege. All have given joy to the friends so far. I am wondering what is going to happen as a result of the Je Hol trip. There are some parties on that about whom there has been considerable talk.

Our new building was well on its way to getting ready for us on the 13th when I left. Not a word have I heard of it since except indirectly. I expect to have to go back the last of the month to see to the moving. Mr. Wolfe is to send me word when I can get to work. The Whittakers have one of our houses. I stayed with them till I came down, and hope to be accommodated when I go back if they are still there. I grew very fond of them, especially the baby. The Foochow friends are to spend part of a day with them and see the Tungchow station. They leave this week so I can not help do the honors.

Last week I spent the day with the Hugh Hubbards over at Rocky Point. Emma Rose is a husky much tanned little girl, hardly recognizable. Miss Ullham was there. She had recently had a letter from Phebe, she said. She was such a trump last winter in helping us with our library. Flora and I finished it up this summer before I came up here. It took two days hard work and some of the third.

I will send Mother's last letter and one received from Flora en route. Flora has probably written you that she returns next year to help start the Tientsin American School. That advertises as a feeder for the Tungchow school. They will start this year with the lower grades, perhaps through the fourth or fifth and wait for Flora to organize the others. We have had two teachers apply for lower grade work and have handed the letters over to them. Why could not the Peking school have started with this feeling of fellowship! Or rather, why could it not have continued to be in a state of good feeling, for it started that way!

This has been a hard year for babies here. Mrs. R.K. Evans lost both her twins, aged about one year. Last week, Dr. Love came to ask a favor of me. A family by the name of Boynton had just lost their only child, a little girl of two. They were strangers and had only one woman to do for them. Mrs. Fenn and I made the little coffin all in white. I went over to the funeral next day too. Dr. and Mrs. Love and I were the only ones there. Mr. Ballour took the service and did it well.

Last week we had a N.C.A.S. picnic over at the Scott's. 27 of us sat down for supper. It was a rainy day so we had to picnic on the porch. Baseball and a swim had been the program arranged for. Each one brought certain things. It so happened that all but one of the sandwich people stayed away, so did all the cake people. Mrs. Scott could make up the bread and pie and icecream made an excellent desert so we had enough. There are about 28 or 30 N.C.A.S. people here if all had appeared. The campfire girls were out camping for two weeks. They invited the new girls to join them, so they will be acquainted with some of the rules of the organization before they join us.

I have the first installment of the "N.C.A." here. The printers are waiting for the corrected list of subscribers before sending out the orders. This has been the worst year yet in delays. Mr. McCann says he has found these publishers impossible because of their proneness to never get anything out on time. I fear they have lost themselves a job for next year! The bulletin had to wait for the annual because it needed some of the plates.

What do you think of Chinese politics? Was there ever a worse mess. The weekly review of events in the Peking paper tried awfully hard to say something, but with poor success. There was nothing but a wrangle to report.

It is Monday morning and I am waiting for one of the boys to come for some help on the Algebra work he is doing this summer. He has been over every Monday for an hour of help. Aside from that my time is mostly my own. I have made a dress and some underwear. Mrs. Fenn brought up a hand sewing machine and kindly lets me use it. It is almost an East Cliff affair for so many friends come in to use it. One of the brides to be is making her wedding dress and comes up here to stitch.

If you want to send this on home it may give them some bits of gossip not included in my other letters. I hope you are having a good summer. Phebe's letter to Flora gave a jolly household. Mrs. Christian tells me Phebe was to spend a fortnight at Sharp Peak. I hope it was a cool time. We have had terrific heat here. We get reports of much sickness at Kuling and Foochow.

With love

Mary Beard.

Have mislaid Mothers letter and the photo of myself as baby. Will send later. Mary.

[This letter, dated Aug. 13, 1922, was probably written by Stanley and Myra to folks. She talks about Gould helping paint the house. Traffic is getting heavier. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Pearl River, N.Y.

Aug. 13 1922.

Dear Folks:-

Myra says we did not write at all last week so we must be very very good this week. Gould has had a very good week and Mr. Edgrist has painted with him so they have the first coat on the house about half on. There are lots of things to do on the first coat that won't turn up on the second so that is quite some headway. The children have not gotten badly into it yet. I think the color will be pleasing when the second coat is on.

May [*probably May Palmer, Myra's sister*] came Thursday evening and to-day we all went over to Bessie's for dinner. Ester Sutton was there. We had a fine time and got back so supper was over and the three early to beds tucked in. Myra, Gould, Ruth and I are sitting up yet 9.30 P.M. Traffic across the river gets heavier all the time. To-day going over it was all right but coming back we had to wait for the third boat about an hour, and there were hundreds of cars on this side waiting to cross. I feel sure they would have to wait three hours. There was a double line west for two blocks and south as far as we could see.

Our dahlias are coming nicely but not any better than last year. One root that I divided for Dr. Clock, Bessie and myself died with me and Dr. Clock, but Bessie has a fine one. This is where I filled my pen. Our own corn is ripe and we have all the vegetables we can eat. I am sending some old letters from China. I wonder where Flora is. How good it will be to see her.

[*The above was probably written by Stanley and the following by Myra:*]

Thank you very much for the corn and apples which Gould brought. We have enjoyed them very much.

Miss Cooper writes that she will try to be here sometime the middle or last of Sept. to let us take a trip. She can't tell just when just yet. The invitation to Phebe to go to still holds if she can make it. We have no idea where we are going but that wouldn't matter, would it?

Lovingly from
All of us

[*This typewritten letter, dated Aug. 27, 1922, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. The school building is getting the finishing touches but still has no plumbing or electricity. New people are arriving. She took a trip to Shanhaikuan. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Tungchow, Chihli, Aug. 27, 1922.

Dear Home Folk,

I got back here on the noon train Thursday. Mr. Wolfe wrote me that there were questions about closets, shelves, etc. that he would like advice on. It is good I came. I find that there were no closets at all planned for any of the teachers rooms except that of the nurse. Now the only thing to do is to put in plain board ones for the walls are all done. It will mean small space, but it is infinitely better than none. It is strange we did not notice it before. I asked Mrs. Gordon to come to see about the pantry but she could not, so I have gone ahead. We are putting in enough shelves to start on and leaving room for more later if they are desired.

The building looks fine, and as though it would be comfortable to live in. The woodwork and floors are getting paint and oil, two coats each. The screens are partly in. Alas there is no plumbing nor electricity. Mr. Wolfe is making an estimate of costs for both and Mrs. Corbett is going to appeal to Mrs. Schell to see if the Russell Sage money is able to help us out. That will necessitate a makeshift for the year.

I finally got the book list that Flora left me to finish off to the publishers. Mr. Scott is going to see about the correction of proof, etc. He has very definite ideas about what he wants and thinks it would be easier to do the rest himself.

I had word yesterday that the Menzis landed on Friday. The paper says they got in at midnight, so I do not look for the Menzis before Tuesday or Wednesday. I do not just know what to do with them. I thought to have Alice Huggins take them in, but she has the decorators coming to do her upstairs walls on Monday. It will probably be the Whitakers who make room. They go on Friday so it will not be for long. I shall set up my dining room on Thursday if not before. So far the only work the servants have had is to open about 40 packages of books for me. I expect another lot by the Empress of Asia in on Friday.

Please let Stanley know that the Scribners started with the July number all right. My second number has just come. I waited for the second this time for last time I got fooled by the one copy. I had a nice letter from Stanley and Myra shortly before I left Peitaiho. The pictures of the children were good too.

I came up on the train with Mr. Gage, of Chang Sha as section companion. He is very interesting. Evidently he knows many people, for there were several men who came in the car to talk with him. One was a son-in-law of a Mr. Little who has the finest summer residence on Kuling, and the biggest estate if not the best house at Peitaiho. He was delightfully English. [*According to the book, Near to Heaven, by Tess Johnston and Deke Erh, "Mr. Little's only daughter married a Mr. Hawkings and had five girls..."*] Another sat on the arm of the seat,

talked soto voice so I should not hear. I had the Scribners and a good book, so I was happy. I might even have withdrawn for him had there been any where to go. Alas the diner was full of Chinese and so were all the seats in our car.

Just think, I got my name in the paper! I played in the tournament at East Cliff and all the matches were reported. I got three games from the woman who got only four off the champion. Yet I lost three straight sets to Mr. Martin yesterday and only one game in them all. My racket went bad at the end of the season and the strings are so loose I can bend them back and forth. It has no twang at all, and needs a very hard stroke to get the ball anywhere. I shall take Flora's and plan to pay her when she returns. I shall also get mine restrung for it is, or has been, a good one. Genevieve and I have vowed that we will keep up our tennis. It makes one feel so good to get the few games every day. It is the quickest way to get the needed exercise that I know of. The long part is the need of special dressing before and after.

Have just been interrupted by a call from Miss Carlisle on the telephone. She and some friends are going to motor out this afternoon or tomorrow. I liked her voice. She has several letters here from home and she is eager to get them. Mail is also coming for Mr. Menzi.

I enclose two letters for Flora which need no explanation. The one from Nicholas Fittinghoff, I have answered. To Mrs. Newton I am sending a card saying that her letter has been sent on to America.

We are having service today. There will be just eight of us. Miss Mary Andrews leads. She is getting restless to get back to work. I really think she envys us who are on the job. We are not so envious of ourselves. I had lunch with Miss Andrews yesterday because Alice was in Peking all day and she does not like to be left alone. We played her favorite letter game for an hour after lunch. It was my busy day. Mrs. Whittaker found that the baby cried out every time anything touched her left ear. Hence she took her to the doctor in Peking by the noon train. I was in charge of the two children left. That was easy for they went to sleep and slept till nearly four. I make a daily round of the building so took them with me. Then it was nearly time to send them to meet their parents.

The sleeping porch looks less promising than the building. It was not under cover so had to be badly delayed by the heavy rains. It has been the wettest summer in many years here but the driest at Peitaiho. Mr. Martins big hall had not grown at all. The dining room is getting on nicely. There was trouble because of rain but worse yet there was no brick. Our building, Dr. Smiths house and the dining hall took up the brick even faster than it could be burnt.

'Tis time to go over to wash for lunch. I have provisionally promised the children a little time for a story after lunch and may have the call mentioned so will close and not trust to time this afternoon.

I hope soon to hear that the last packages arrived safely. I find three here that evidently Flora wishes mailed. When I get into town I can see about them. I shall plan to go so as to come with the Menzis if I can find out when to go. Miss Muir is in town and I want her out some day this week.

I hope you have all gotten rested and well this summer. Alas, summer is not a restful time on the farm, I know it. I think of you all when I am having the joy of needing tennis for exercise, and having swims, picnics, tramps too, and wish I could divide up with you.

Did I write of our trip to Shanhaikuan? We went just for the day. It was a strenuous day but much fun. 4.30 A.M. till 12.30 the next morning and hard going all the time is conducive to long hours of sleep and some stiff muscles. We had the latter and took the former.

Lots of love,

Mary Beard.

[This typewritten letter, dated Sept. 3, 1922, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. School has started and she describes some of the teachers and new people. She lists the engagements and weddings of the summer. She and Mr. Menzi make sure they get daily exercise. She hopes that Flora makes it home on time to see their ill niece, Anna. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Please return to F. Beard

N.C.A.S. Sept, 3, 1922.

Dear Home Folk,

My second Sunday back at the scene of my job. First I will give the school news. On Monday Miss Carlisle came down and had lunch with me. She had telephoned on Sunday afternoon but was not certain when she would come, so I was not at the station to meet her. Alice Huggins was on the train so she was cared for. She is very nice, small dark and rather vivacious. She appears very young. But I think is about 30. She has bobbed her hair and that inclines to make one seem young. On Wednesday, Miss Muir came down on the noon train. Mr. Menzi had arrived

the night before in Peking and I looked for him. He and Mr. Hutchings missed it, as I found out later. Miss Muir is tall rather dignified very good looking. I noted that her third finger wears a solitaire. I was very well impressed with her. She seemed very sincere and solid, as though one could depend on her through thick and thin. She had good ideas but was not effusive at all. She is to be married next June or earlier so one year is all we get. I consider the man lucky.

Mr. Menzi arrived Wednesday evening so he and Miss Muir met as we were going to the train. On Thursday we spent all day in the office. I had to go to Peking on Friday for money to pay the servants so he went too. We got the money and some things for the store but were crowded for time. It rained hard all night and till nine o'clock. For some reason we were very late leaving here. It was the morning the Whitakers were leaving. They had breakfast with us so it was at 6.15 because of the children. We got to the station in time to get the train to the river and did so to get out of the rain. It was 7.45 before we left the river and it was nearly nine when we reached Peking.

The bulletins are here at last. I have not sent the ones to America. The prints are on a little stiffer paper and it makes it difficult to get them into the envelopes when folded. I am to get some of larger size for those I send home, especially if more than one are to go into an envelope. Mr. Grant has made the size a trifle larger than before. I wonder if it was done purposely. The prospectus of the Peking school is exactly the size of our old ones. Theirs has a cover slightly lighter than ours and smoother. The Shanghai announcement has a wonderful mottled cover. Did I write that Miss Burgess is sister to Mrs. King, mother of Frances King of our faculty last year? She will be along soon as Dr. King wrote she was leaving last Monday, Aug. 28th to meet her.

Have I written the list of engagements and weddings of the summer?

Mr. Lieper and Miss Harbinger, Engaged and married.

Mr. Fuller and Miss Straith, “ “ “

Mr. Sam Dean and ? , “ “ “

Mr. David Dean and Miss Lehman, “ “ “

Mr. Bob Shaw and Miss Hawes, “ only. (What about poor Miss Fenn?) [*penciled in*]

Dr. Wilson and Miss Lane , “ only.

The David Dean wedding came off yesterday out at the Temple of Heaven and was very private. The Lieper-Harbinger wedding was a big affair but the Fuller-Straith was very small and Sam just went to Shanghai and no one knew what for. From what I hear, he was not certain of the outcome of the trip.

The building grows perceptible in interior finish every day. I visit it at least once a day and often twice to show that I am interested in getting the thing completed. Our men began on cleaning windows yesterday. The top floor is ready for the floors to be oiled. All the floors are scraped. Part of the walls are tinted on the second floor. Mrs. Gordon is worrying herself lest the place be so damp that we all die off in a hurry. I can not get excited for we suffered no harm when we went into this building under similar conditions and then we had to live here 24 hours of the day. Thank goodness Mr. Menzi has common sense and does not take Mrs. Gordon's worrying too seriously. Both she and Mrs. Smith are praying hard for us under the trying conditions, so we must come out all right. That is not sacrilege as it sounds perhaps. Only I can not pray unless I work too and just at present it seems as though the Lord needed my time for work, more than for several hours a day at prayer.

Both Mr. Menzi and I are used to a somewhat strenuous physical life. Hence we swear off about five and get tennis or a hike. We omitted to do so the first day and he had bad dreams to tell of the next morning and I had walked for a long time in the night. That does not pay for me, I know. Margaret Wilder is coming with her father and lands in Shanghai the 8th. It will be quick work to get the wedding off before school opens, but we plan to do so. Probably it will be in Tientsin at the Stanley's and we will have to welcome the pupils without the first Principal. If there is delay, we plan for the Martins to give the wedding on the Friday after school opens. The children would love the latter I know.

The teachers are coming on the 9th for staff meeting. That will give a chance to detail duties so we can manage if Mr. M has to be away.

Major Stillwell and family called yesterday. The boy aged 10 and a half is coming to school. He has a reputation of being one of the most spoiled boys ever known but one of good stuff. His father had taught him at home as he was afraid of sending him through the streets of the city to school. I have heard nothing more from Commander Warner so fear that some of the Peking people got hold of him and he is lost to us.

Books are coming in well. Six big packages came yesterday. Most of the music is in. No supplies are yet here. I hope for some pencils so I shall not have to buy here. I am getting all paper from Henry Fenn. He will make up anything we want, pads, notebooks, etc.

I sent my home letters all to Willard. I was so glad to hear that Stephen had recovered from the Diphtheria and was on the high road to recovery. I only wish the same might be true of Anna. I do hope that Flora gets there in time to see her. Why must it be that Oliver has this to bear! *[Oliver has already lost 2 other daughters.]*

It is nearly lunch time. Do I always end my letters with a call to eat? It seems to me that I am prone to do so. Phebe would end hers with a call to get something to eat for the family. I would like to try that for awhile. I hope to hear a favorable report of the health of the family. I do hope that the summer has brought more ups than downs for the winter seemed to bring otherwise. Uncle Dan and Aunt Ella are doing well to get along as they do. I do mean to write them. But I have been most neglectful of all correspondence for myself. I will find my friends all leaving me if I do not look out. I will try to hold the family by frequent letters. Even the school may suffer for them

I have found someone who can not keep up with me on the typewriter. Mr. Menzi is the one. He has not done any for a long time. "Chih Fan," says the boy.

With love

Mary.

From an article in The Bridgeport Telegram, Bridgeport, CT dated **September 14, 1922**: "Miss Flora Beard of Pekin, China is spending a vacation with her parents on Long Hill avenue. Miss Beard expects to spend some time in Shelton before taking up her duties as teacher of English in China."

[This typewritten letter, dated Sept. 25, 1922, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. All of the teachers have arrived. Mary heard from Flora before she was to cross the U.S. on her way back home from China. Mr. Menzi was just married. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., Sept. 25, 1922.

Dear Home Folks,

Some folks made good resolves and break them. I seem to be of that class, for it is three weeks since I have written. Much has happened as you may surmise. I think that Mr. Menzi had arrived when I last wrote. We spent every day in the office and got a lot done in the way of letting him learn the routine. On the 9th all the teachers arrived and we conferred all the afternoon. The dormitory was not ready so we camped in the Wickes house to be. It was fun but trying since one of our objects in early arrival had been to get ourselves settled and ready to receive the children. We are not yet settled as the teachers closets are just getting their last coat of varnish today.

Sept. 27 We are having the strangest weather. This morning we were wakened by a hard thunder storm about 6.00 A.M. It has been showery all day and has thundered occasionally. I ordered the furnace started a week ago last Sunday in the new hall and have not dated to let it go out because it has been so cold and the house is still damp.

All of the teachers are now here. Miss Wilkinson arrived on Thursday of last week. She has been in bed so far this week with Ague, but in expectation to be out tomorrow. Mrs. Gordon has been in bed all the week. The cook is running the dining room alone and doing it well. He does not pass as cook this year but as "boss". (I guess that would be the translation.) Hsu Hai is back and apparently doing well. One complaint came in and I reported it at once to him. Nothing more has developed. He agreed not to run his private establishment.

I had a letter from Flora written before she had formed plans for crossing the continent. The strike seems to be over, so I hope the delay for that was not long. Phebe's letter told that you were still in doubt as to the date of F's arrival. We were in the throes of opening when P's letter arrived. We are still there because the carpenters are still with us.

Please remember me to Dr. Tracy when you see him. I like to think of the Huntington church under his care, since both he and the people seem happy together.

I was so sorry to hear of the death of Zina. *[Zina Chatfield Beard, cousin of Willard, Mary and Flora. Born May 23, 1863 to Theodore Edward Beard and Julia Ann Wheeler Beard.]* He will be missed so much by the girls at the mill. I wonder what May and the boys will do? Will they keep the house and take boarders as before, or will May go to be with one of the boys where his work is?

I have not written to Oliver. I can not seem to do so. I do wish you would tell him that I think of him often and send much love.

You have the bulletins ere this. The two teachers to be appointed are Miss Muir and Miss Wilkinson. Both seem efficient. Wonderful to tell everyone, although chosen so haphazard apparently, has fitted into just the thing we needed. We had everything cared for except Math, Geog, and History. Those are the preferred subjects of the

last two to arrive. Miss Burgess is one of the kind that I have to look out for lest she give up too much for the others. She is too self sacrificing, for her own good.

Last Friday Mrs. Ingram gave a big reception, for Miriam who leaves for America soon, for Isabel and her friend who have just come, and the Menzies and Dr. Ingram's brother. I went from the school. There were six of us to come back by auto. The College Club has its first meeting this Saturday and I plan for Martha to go if she will. It is a meeting to discuss finances and will decide whether we are to get the \$300 or not. Mrs. MacMillan is making things unpleasant a bit, so I am wondering what will be the outcome.

The Smiths are in their new house. They were moving the same time we were. I have not called yet. The Howard-Smiths leave their house this week but will be with the Martins for a week before going into Peking for sometime. The Wickes are slowly settling. Mrs. Gordon is in my old room. She keeps it till the new house gets dried out somewhat.

Our guest room was christened last night. Lottie Lane Hildreth, a college classmate of mine came for the night. Tonight Mrs. Lewis is there. She had written Mrs. Stelle to take her in, but Mrs. Stelle is off in the country on a trip with her husband.

I think I did not write about the welcome to the bride and groom. Mr. Menzi left here off the noon train Monday, the 11th. Margaret was due in Tientsin that night and the wedding was to be the next afternoon. They returned to Peking on the late train but stayed at the hotel, and came down third class with the children the next day. We had gotten a lot of colored paper and cut it in small bits for confetti and hired two rickshaws which the boys decorated with old shoes, strips of colored paper, flags, and flowers. Two of the boys acted as coolies and brought them in style to the house. Mr. Menzi had nothing with which to beautify the rooms so we teachers had loaned table covers, pillows, rugs etc. and fixed things up very homelike. The room Miss Bostwick had is their room. So far Dr. Wilder has occupied it over Sunday. They would like to have him continue to do so. It may be used by anyone for a gentleman if empty. They do enjoy their sky parlors and Margaret does not seem to mind the stairs thus far. It is interesting to see how little the children seem to take notice of the fact that the new Principal is a newly wed. Perhaps it is because they are not at all sentimental in public, but most business like.

I must close and let this get off to keep it from being four weeks between letters. Tomorrows lessons are still to be looked over. The book bills are here already so I am trying to get those on the first bills. Did I note that Miss Muir has had much experience in keeping books and we have given her a light schedule so she can keep them? She has a system much like that Mrs. Corbett uses so we hope to have the books up to date.

Margaret and John McCann were late for the opening as they stayed to see Robert who arrived the Saturday after school opened. They brought the books and papers entrusted to Robert. We were glad to get them.

Lots of love till next time. No more promises for I did not keep the last one.

Love to all

Mary.

[This typewritten letter, dated Oct. 14, 1922, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. She gives an update on various people there. She has read that Foochow is having troubled times. They have been having furnace problems in the school. She expresses concern over her niece, Anna Beard's health. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., Oct. 14, 1922.

Dear Home Folks,

This is my week end on duty and today I had to spend considerable time entertaining the parent of our little Polish girl. The mother speaks English very brokenly, but better than I suspected when she brought her voluble son to talk for her. She is most grateful for all that is being done for Raya. She brought the substantial proof in the shape of some "Easter bread" which she had made herself. They are not very well off but seem like good wholesome people.

This week we have had a sad case of a nervous break down. Isabel Hemingway has gone all to pieces. Her left side is especially affected. She is in bed most of the time, but gets up for a good sunning while the children are in school. Our infirmary is useful at once, you see. So far we have only one bedstead for it so the second sick person has to stay at home. Mrs. Sheffield and Mrs. Stelle have given \$500.00 for fitting up the infirmary and the plans are started but not near completion.

At last Miss Bailey has been able to get away for a night here. She got plans on foot yesterday for the old girls and for training the new ones as well. They all had supper outside by the moat, corn chowder. The scouts were away last week end so everyone has had some outing.

I went to Peking last week Friday evening for the first of our Holyoke meetings. I did enjoy them so much last year that I shall make an effort to go again this year. We were five, Mrs. Reed (where I stayed), Mrs. Frame, Mrs. Sweet, and Dr. Vincent, just out for the P.U.M.C. Mrs. Willner was out at the hills. Her husband is ill with a return of tubercular trouble which he had some years ago. I was in again on Monday for the Mothers Club. Jean Josselyn was entertaining and I stayed there too. It is just inside the city gate so most convenient for catching the early train, which leaves from the station just outside. Mrs. Dean of the Anderson Meyer Co. gave a good paper on the Junior Red Cross for which she worked when at home. She is also much interested in Camp fire and has been a guardian at home.

Jean is coming down every week for lessons for awhile. She is studying at the Language School and her class meets on Monday mornings so she can not get the pupils in. There are seven taking this year, so she has a busy afternoon. She says, "Yes I do this so as to see my friends in part, but it does not seem as though I should see them much."

Mr. Wolfe has looked in on us twice since school began and is expected this week. Meanwhile I have gone ahead and ordered the built in dressers in the two east rooms. We are short two since we must supply for one extra teacher and for Mrs. Menzi. The fixed furniture in the hall will give more space than an ordinary chest of drawers.

I expect the last girl in tomorrow, Edith Mae MacKnight. She had a sickness soon after her return from Scotland and has only just gotten the doctors consent to come.

I read from the papers that Foochow is having as troublous times as Peking is subject to. The newspaper accounts remind me of those here last year. Miss Wilkinson came with wide eyes the other [day] because the cabinet had resigned en mass. I only wish I had counted the times that has happened! There are reports that after the Chinese government take over the Post offices, we will have to pay 15 cents for foreign postage, four for domestic, and some considerable on package, papers, registered mail, etc. I wonder if they think that will pay!

The LuHe Academy dining room is done. Warner hall is now growing fast after the rest of the summer. It reminds me of the way our hall went up last spring. I think they are racing with time to see if they can get it covered before work must stop. The weather is better for work for the unprecedented rains seem to be over. We have not been able to let the fire go out at all since the first Sunday. Fortunately we can burn the coal powder so the bills will not be quite so big. The boys of course felt cold when we had a fire so started one of their furnaces. We had a fire in the school building till the furnace burnt out. "Big Li" is fixing it so took the part in to be cast. The boiler over at the school sprung a leak too. We had it soldered and it seems to be holding. The new cook stove is about six inches shorter than the old one. That is just enough so that there is not room for enough brick between the two fire boxes. After using the stove for three weeks it burnt out, so we had an iron plate put in. That has held for a week at least. I thought it was a noisy job to have the brick stove built over during the night. But there is more made in fitting a large piece of iron.

The carpenters put the partition between the dining room and the chapel in tight, so I made them pull it all out and make it removable. That partition and the raised platform for the speaker and the piano, make the new chapel most pleasant. The first Sunday, everyone was most unhappy and bemoaning the fact that we had no better place to meet. It is pleasant to have them change their minds as they are doing. I am interested to have them ask for the pictures on the walls. I put pictures in the guest room yesterday and the next is to get to the chapel.

Martha Fenn fell over a pair of stilts in coming for supper last Friday night and sprained her ankle. She is spending the week-end with the Hunters. She was out to church today on crutches. On Saturday the teachers sitting room was used enough to make up for all the days it has been unused. Martha held her classes there and we had the compound tea there. As per usual, most of the teachers were ready to help but not on hand to do so. Miss Carlisle shines in a case like that. She says nothing but when the time comes appears and asks what she may do. It is a continual surprise as she appears so superficial and frivolous. I doubt if she stays long as she craves excitement. She is off to Peking every week so are Miss Muir and Miss Young. Miss Wilkinson started this week. I hope she does not get that habit too. I think Miss Muir is planning to leave at Christmas time, from a chance remark dropped by Miss Carlisle. Of course it depends on the plans of her fiancé.

I am thinking seriously of taking up the camp-fire work, to insure my getting the proper amount of exercise. If it were a school duty, I should hold myself to it. As it is, I let servants, children, papers, all interfere.

Dr. Arthur Smith gave us our Founders Day speech and was very good. He was at his best but has been out but little since. They are enjoying their new house and are more settled than we. Mrs. Smith kept up her trips to the hospital so the settling progressed slowly.

The Howard-Smiths have made their farewell visit to Tungchow, as they leave for furlough this week Friday. She was down for lunch with me yesterday. He has gone to the P.U.M.C. for an "overhauling" before his departure. Mrs. Fenn and a college friend were also down for the afternoon. Luckily for us there were four people in bed, also I would have had to accept the offer to send out some pupils when our dining room got overcrowded.

I will make sketches of the arrangement in the dining room. That is full to its capacity now; no room for growth there. Everywhere else there is plenty of space. We could put up 8 more girls easily, but not more than one or two boys. If we take the Howard-Smith house that will fix that.

I have had two big packages of papers lately, one from you and one from Willard. Also one from Miss Brewster, not so large. I was interested in the new Shelton Post Office. I see that the block dances are still in vogue. Does Dr. Phillips go to Hartford again this year? Please give Mrs. Philips and Dr. Philips my best regards. I recall with pleasure the fine ride into New Haven the day I went up for commencement.

The latest engagement came out last week and Carrington Goodrich and Ann Swan. They became engaged at PeiTai Ho but thought Cupid was being too lightly treated up there so kept it till the storm blew over and surprised everyone, even those who had been fellow guests at Alices houseparty, the week before.

Please send \$1.28 to the American Book Company, New York, and ask them to send me "The Trend in American Education" by James Earl Russell. It is just off the press and according to the notices contains some most readable matter for a teacher. I invested nothing in such literature last year because I had gotten so much the previous year, but must keep up this year. Please state that I am a teacher in the North China American School as the price is for teachers only.

Miss Lathrop's exhibit of work of the foreign born sounds interesting. She is still a keen minded woman, sure enough. If you see or have occasion to telephone her, please give her my love. I have neglected all my friends, not that I love them less, but that this new building requires a guardian most of the time and I am it.

I await your letters with joy and fear both. Each tells of Anna as failing. The last where they would not allow you to see her, is the most ominous. Poor Oliver! Why must he have all this to bear. Is it as Will writes that the Lord knows he can bear it! and still keep smiling!

It is so warm today that I am writing before an open window. Not many days have been that comfortable. The heat is down too, altho it was on for an hour this morning. I am beginning to think that our servants eat Standard Oil tins, they can use them up so fast.

This week-end Mr. Menzi has taken off and loafed. It is the first time he has done that since his arrival. It does me good to have him do so, for he was getting very tired. A few days with Margaret will set him up for the week. I must be off to meet the train lest I allow the new girl and her mother to arrive ungreeted. All the girls are to be on the wall to wave.

With lots of love and an uncorrected letter. I'll send your last on to Will, both Phebes and Mothers.

Mary.

[Handwritten on the back of the letter:]

I enclose a few nets too dark for me for you.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **Oct. 22, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. Postage is increasing 50%. The school faculty is enjoying the use of typewriters this year. Swatow has had a flood. The school building is still being worked on. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S., Oct. 22, 1922.

Dear Ones at Home,

I have been reading again some of the Sentinels recently arrived. This last mail brought a nice letter from Leolyn telling about Flora's stay there. Mrs. Corbett has had three applications also, as a result of her stay. The possible matron sounds good to me. We do not yet know all of the teachers who may stay, but it seems doubtful if any of the short term ones do.

I ought to send all my years letters off these next two weeks, for the increased rates of postage go into effect on the 1st of November. I am off to Peking tomorrow to buy a few Christmas gifts and try to get them off by the lower rate. An increase of 50 % will make a big difference. We got the poster with the full announcement this week.

Everyone is full excited, for Brewer Eddy is scheduled to visit Tungchow this Wednesday. He lunches at the American School, and is here till 2.15. In the evening there is a compound supper at Miss Huggin's house. In

between he has to see the hospital, the girls school, the Academy and take a trip into the city to see the city church. I imagine that the goats and the pigs and chickens also get looked at.

Isabel Hemingway is a trifle better, but is awaiting the arrival of her father to escort her home. She is in the farthest room of the infirmary where she gets the least possible noise and it seems to help a bit. She seemed fairly quiet this evening.

Cleora Wannamaker has been down for the week end. She came by the noon train Saturday as she had to leave tonight. We had a fine visit and a good rest. She read a whole book and yet got in a nap today. I finished my book but did not get the nap. It was one of Tungchow's popular week ends. Mrs. Young was at the Martins, Mrs. Scott at the Stelles, Henry Fenn and Mr. Robinson at the Hunters, and Miss Leuders and Miss Craig at Alice's. Cleora and I called at Alice's several times. Miss Leuders brought down a two pound box of chocolates. They were good!

I just found out today that the carpenters took all the wire netting ordered for both our house and the Smith house and put it all in our buildings. They, poor things are entirely without any kind of screens till they get some out from America again. Our carpenters were desperate apparently. At last Warner Hall is growing rapidly. It is almost as mushroom like as our building was last spring. I went all over it and the Lu He dining hall with Harry Martin yesterday afternoon. The dining hall is fine with lots of room for growth. They have about 260- now and can feed over twice that number.

Leonard had gone to the Ming tombs and Great wall, with Dr. Young and Dr. Wilder. Margaret and Mrs. Young were to have gone too but Margaret has a bad cold and is running a slight fever so since she could not go, Mrs. Young came down here.

We had a bit of excitement on Friday night, when the engine ran off the track. It was switching and someone had neglected to turn one of the switches. The whole engine was off. Luckily it was on the empty track so no one was hurt or even jared. The passengers sat and watched it happen beside them. Mrs. Young stayed the night but the load of Chinese stayed patiently on the train till it pulled out about ten that evening.

Just had a letter from Mrs. Josselyn tonight that she will be detained at home for a week at least since the baby has the measles. She has been down twice only.

Typewriters are all the style with the faculty this year. Miss Burgess runs an Oliver and Miss Wilkinson a Corona. We make quite a bit of noise when we all play at once. Mr. Menzi thinks my machine a better one than the school one. I think it has been used more carefully and by fewer people. My examinations are the hardest task it does.

I read in the paper that Foochow has been taken. Also that no damage was done to the foreigners. The extra marines were not needed for active service. I await with eagerness some word from Willard. First hand information is so different from newspaper tales.

Lottie Hildreth told me somewhat of the Swatow floods. It seemed that the reports had been almost mild in stead of exaggerated. Her pictures were also those of absolute devastation. Her own house was injured but among the best ones left. A new sleeping porch hardly more than christened, was blown off, as was part of the roof. The Chinese city was leveled.

I never knew the "smelly sisters" to be so thick as they are now. They get into this house even though every window is screened full length. They seem to be able to eliminate the third dimation entirely.

Tuesday. Yesterday I spent the morning in town and the afternoon here doing up packages. I got the beads, or some. The blue ones were not in stock made up as I wanted. He will have some next week for me. Those I got are green with jade rings. Here are the prices for the last lot sent also for the new ones. A letter must have been lost for I am sure I sent the prices.

Miss Brewster's tray cloth -----	\$7.00
Blue pressed bead chain-----	4.00
Brown bead chain-----	3.50
Linen square (small)-----	1.00
“ “ -----	2.00
“ “ (fancy)-----	4.50

Articles sent now:

2 green chains @ 4.50 each-----	9.00
turquoise matrix-----	8.00
white carved beads-----	2.50

2 white jade pendants @ 1.50 each---3.00

green pendant, carved----- 1.50
pink pendant----- 1.25
2 carved peach stones @ 10 cents---- .20

If you girls want the blue pressed chain, please keep it. I am having to give from 50% to 100% more for all the beads. For the blue pressed ones it is about 80% more.

I have no clear idea as to how I stand on money at home. I hope it is enough to pay my Nov. life insurance.

Pardon the change of paper. My blue is locked in my desk and the key is at the school house.

Dr. Watson is here to have William examined by the specialists of the P.U.M.C. He feared a mastoid operation but the doctor says not. But there is to be a removal of tonsils soon. Dr. wants to leave the boy here, and has telegraphed to his wife for permission to do so. I am wondering if there has been a desire on the fathers part for the boy to come all along! William is eager to stay. He knows several of the boys already so will have a nucleus of friends.

Dr. Watson will probably take Isabel Hemingway home instead of having her father come out on purpose. He says he will undertake the job, but is not eager for it. It will be a task for she has such poor control. The excitement of the journey is liable to make her worse while the excitement lasts. She eats and sleeps well and yesterday seemed decidedly quieter. Not so today.

The little Scotch maid, May MacKnight is finding her own. She is naturally quiet and coming in late was a bit hard. She is still on a diet without meat but gets enough to eat all right. I have written her mother one reassuring letter.

My latest duties are to be having sleeping bags made for the boys. I have been asked for two and several others have spoken of them. I think next year there will have to be a note on the prospectus for the parents to provide for them. The "Whirlwind" is busy so it is not easy to get her. I have her making bloomers. Some of the old girls deliberately came back without bloomers, "because it was so easy to get them made here. Miss Bostwick always did it". I let them do the job themselves. All I would do was to send for the "Whirlwind" for them. They talk so much better than I that it is the easiest way.

We had the plumbing in the school building thoroughly renovated and the bill of \$50.00 has just come in. Luckily we had the old tank soldered instead of purchasing a new one. The Peking tinker assured us the grate broke. It was just in place when the grates in the domestic science stove dropped out. Also the pipes in the heating system next the furnace leaked badly. I think now we are ready to go ahead. I am taking a look occasionally to see if the ashes are kept cleaned out so as not to overheat the grates.

I got a line on oil shortly. The patent lock has lost the nut on the underside and all that was necessary to get oil, all one wished, was to lift up padlock, catch and all, and the oil flowed fluently. A wire holds it fairly well and the boy knows it is there and that I try it every day to see if it is holding. The same amount lasted us three days longer after I made that discovery.

Enough duty notes. We have the nicest afternoon teas in our new teacher's sitting room. It is cozy and we do not have to hurry off to let the tables be set. "Four Chickens" waits on us and feels most important. Now he wears a white gown and looks the part. We are using my tea set instead of having the school ones brought up. I have hung some of my extra pictures on the walls too to relieve the barrenness. Chairs are what we are most lacking in. That lack is everywhere. Miss Fenn is going to furnish the students room for them, so that is quite bare as yet. Did I write that she is paying her own salary this year? Mrs. Corbett pays her board only. She had planned to do so when she joins the mission and so gives us the benefit of the help too.

Miss Young goes to Tientsin Thursday to meet her Mother. She comes out for a year. Mrs. Fisker has a second boy, so Genevieve has to go to meet the mother.

Lots of love to everyone.

Mary.

*[This letter dated **October 22, 1922** was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Marjorie. Chinese Independence Day was uneventful but the girls put on a political play. There has been kidnapping of many of the missionary's Chinese workers for use as soldiers. During the night of Oct. 12, there was much fighting and firing by their East Gate. Southerners are now in control of Foochow led by Sak Ding Bing. They have had some anxiety and loss of sleep because of the fighting although they feel safe. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Today Monday I got a letter from Father to him from Ralph. We got a few good suggestions and are glad to know you are well.

Foochow, China
Oct. 22, 1922

Dear Marjorie,

In Dot's letter two weeks ago, I acknowledged your good one written on birch bark. It makes very pretty paper. Father and I were glad to get news of you for we have had almost no letters from the family all summer. Even the Farm people have forgotten us, for three U.S. mails have come with no letters for us from anyone in the States.

Yes, I found the little Chinese combs with a lot of other odds and ends in the box I sent the jade in to Jerry. Did you and Fulton finally take the drive to Pearl's that you planned? All this summer I thought of blueberries and blackberries. The cluie-bo-bo have been very scarce. We had them only once, and they were poor. When is Mother going to send the blackberry seeds for me to plant? I am going to try some slips from Nanking next spring. Already I have lettuce transplanted, and several kinds of flowers started. Thru losing our washerman we have had to press into house service my gardener who was my washerman last summer, so the garden is going to ruin until we can find another boy. Gan-Gan is too slow to keep here regularly as houseboy.

In Dot's letter I told you of the soldiers from the S.S. Regals who were not allowed to stay. The Bank of Fukien was able to pay enough on its notes to keep peace so we have heard nothing more from soldiers.

On the 15th of Oct. came the Chinese Independence Day. Because of the upheaval in the city nothing happened- no parades, no public meetings; but our girls made excitement here all right. We had vacation and they spent the time preparing for a play at night. It was introduced as a dream that one girl representing a student had. She had read of all the oppression and danger of the people in 1909 and hoping students could do something she fell asleep. Then came a student's Conspiracy, the student revolutionary army, and a battle. For that, the girls had covered their umbrellas with brown paper, and put little silver paper bayonets on- excellent likenesses of guns and the battle was so sharp and realistic that it was quite startling. Then came the Red Cross nurses, and all was very true to life. They closed by singing "Long live China, Long Live the Republic" to a lively Chinese tune. Early in the morning they had sung the same thing in procession to firecrackers before we ladies got up.

Father has probably written you how the city people had to give personal cards to their cooks to go on the street with to prevent their being kidnapped for soldiers and army cooks. One gardener was caught, but came back. We kept our men close. Mr. Christian, chaperoned his cook and Miss Atwood's when he went shopping, so they wouldn't be taken. For a few days about Oct. 11, there were practically no rickshas on the streets and the men that were there were old or weak.

During the night of Oct. 12 there was firing and fighting at the East Gate from 1-7 A.M. Our girls were fairly quiet till, about 8:20 some men being chased to be taken as soldiers or army assistants ran into our gate for safety. That started the fright and we had some crying girls. My teacher didn't come, so I had nothing to do till Father came out about 12 to tell us of the battle. Francis Brewster (he is here in the new American Oriental Bank just opened by Mr. Raven of Shanghai, Elsie Sites husband) also came from South Side, and told us that Gov. Li had fled from the city about 7 and gone to all the consulates for help and protection. As he crossed the bridge on foot, his escort fired to clear the bridge for him and surprised our U.S. sailors going to breakfast. They were about to fire back but were prevented as the shots were general, not for them, fortunately. Then, the story goes, Li and his brother each grabbed two of our sailors by the arms and tried to take them as body guards. Li, as we finally heard later took refuge in the Japanese Bank, whence he was taken to Admiral Sak's prison ship at Pagoda Anchorage. Since then (about Friday Oct. 13) he has not disturbed the city. We thought he showed himself a very brave soldier. Li fled because his soldiers lost, and the Southerners had possession of the city from then on. Father told these things to the girls in their dining room and made them quite calm and happy.

The next day, Friday the 13th, while Father was telling me how the yamen had been left open for the people to take what they wished, because the Southern soldiers thought there might be bombs there, in walked Mr. Peet so trembling, and hot that he did everything I told him to though he said he'd do none of them. He sat down and took tea, and tried to control both breaths and trembling enough to tell us that troops were expected that night, since Li's men up river, not knowing of the battle here, had been defeated and were on the run to Foochow.

We had scarcely got his message clearly in mind when in walked Mr. McConnell, Consul Price and the Captain of the gunboat with four officers. They were indirectly trying to scare us into "sensible" precaution. They tried to persuade us to go with our 150 girls to South Side as soldiers could not be sent here. Eunice Thomas was ill, so I came up and consulted with her. We decided to stay as we could see no possible danger here, between the two places where soldiers were- South Side and the city. Well, Mr. Goertz better come and stay with us then, the soldiers said. We were to hang our flags and send messages if anything happened. Yet they all said we were safe!

At 10:30 we heard a great commotion on the horse road in front of the house which lasted for half an hour. There were lanterns and yelling and we thought it was a fire or looting! But we were rather apprehensive. At about 11:30 Mr. Parker the new Y.M.C.A. boys work secy' came in to stay all night. We were very glad and relieved to see him.

But while I made his bed and prepared his room, he went all over the compound with Helen Carter and Mary Pike, up into the roofs of both buildings and roused some of the students. When he finally went to bed, we changed his room in order that he might have a front one commanding the scene of the trouble. We thought a watch was unnecessary and told him so, then he sat up all night!

In the A.M. Helen found him in the tower pistol loaded in hand, a sheet over the parapets, two or three towels on poles which he had been using to signal the consulate. It was too funny for words, because we really felt no anxiety, and he was making it a matter of life and death. All of us nearly injured ourselves laughing at his antics, though we appreciated the care for our safety.

At 10 that day Mr. Kelley of Mr. Newell's school came to relieve him. We don't like him and didn't feel the need for a day-time guard; but the Nantai people were all so worried about our willful disobedience of orders that we put up with it. He had our gates all blockaded, and went to investigate a group of 55 soldiers who had moved into the temple near Gek-Siong pang. He thought things were serious. But Mr. St. Clair had gone to see the consul and had told the folks there how we felt so Mr. Kelley was withdrawn that night and we could sleep in peace- from conducting our protectors about the place. On Sat. A.M. there was a battle that lasted until about 2 P.M. at West gate.

Sunday, the next day our girls all went to Gin Cio Dong across the street.

On Monday things were so quiet that Helen Carter started temporary work at Hai Gie at the university. She is filling in for two profs. delayed on their way from home. Father came out and took Mary and me in to see the hospital with 160 patients, three with legs off and one unconscious.

Tuesday afternoon three of us went to the consulate to meet Admiral Anderson the head of the Pacific Fleet. He is a kindly elderly man, but we saw little of the soldiers. To me it was a treat to see the people I haven't seen since I came from Kuliang. That was my first time on Nantai since Kuliang, and only about the first time in two weeks out of the compound. We found that Vernon Parker was feeling very badly about having intruded so on our privacy in trying to protect us, and we tried to make it right with all South Side.

I never was in a place where the ideas and feelings of one half the community were so little considered and believed as here. The South Side people think we in the city are about to be killed and they are nearly dying of fear for us. We know we are as safe here as anywhere and don't want them to trouble about us.)

Though we have had all sorts of rumors about Wu Be Fu's coming with a big army, and about looting, all has been quiet, except for a big fire over near the river one night. It burned over 200 houses and got us all up until we knew it was not near enough to hurt us. One of our school girls has recently died, and Ding Bing Ngieng, Miss Hartwell's manager died of cancer of the stomach last Thurs. Four girls have been sick, and gone to the hospital, and yesterday, due to more rumors, 28 of our girls left school. Our first exodus. Some are going to Anam, some to Amoy and Shanghai. People are still moving away, but most the stores are open and doing business.

Helen Carter and Mary Pike were in the city last night to help nurse the soldiers. I expected to go tonight, but they don't need me. In half an hour last night almost 40 girls made from cloth by the yard 202 bandages for the hospital. We folded it in 5 yd. lengths, then the lengths in 11 breadths for the widths of the bandages, and giving alternate ends to two girls we tore them down, 11 at one pull. Then the rolling took very little time.

At present Sak Ding Bing (or as it is in your papers Admiral Sak) is the controller of the city. Wong is the military head and Hu Ciong de, and a man named Li are under him. Sak is a fine old man, unselfish, not looking for money, and respected by the people, also a Foochow man. The others are outsiders, of very questionable character, young, not inclined to be friendly among themselves or to work for the good of the people. Foochow may have hard days ahead, but as my teacher says, since the Southerners are here, it is nio buak. Li is more or less independent with a picked-up army. Wong and Li are supposedly answerable to Canton, though the whole thing is very loose.

We have been wondering what the papers at home have been giving you - (Since Mother knows how brave and aggressive Chinese soldiers are) we have believed that you would not be worried. Absolutely nothing of an alarming nature has come anywhere within a mile of us yet. Father has repeatedly gone to the battlefields to get the wounded, and I have been on the streets alone several times in perfect safety.

The Consul has sent us directions as to our action if anything happens in the future. We are gently advised to go to Tai Main, but as they have no underground dining room as we have in case of firing, we feel justified in and safe in staying here. Food and bedding being a necessity we would have to take, we feel that we are right in not going to that bother. Since the bridge is a point around which fighting may occur, we don't feel like exposing our

girls to fire by marching over the bridge. We don't feel that the time will come soon when we have to make a choice of staying or going and hope not at all.

Meanwhile I have been doing my language study and teaching. I have given a Christian endeavor talk in Chinese, and I have made my first prayer in Chinese- in chapel! It was quite a wreck but I managed just a short one.

We expect Miss Perkins about Nov. 15 and we shall all be glad to have her here.

I am enclosing a note from Mrs. Sherret-Rogers. She was very friendly to us this summer, and loaned me a number of English women's papers, call the "Queen" that corresponds to our "Ladies Home Journal". I got fed up on the doings and pictures of royalty, and learned a good deal about Scotland. She has spoken of sending more, but I don't quite expect them.

A while ago I read "Ramma". Have you read it? It is a very pretty story tho sad; and the picture it gives of the treatment of the Indians by the U.S. Government is very grilling. I think just at your age it would be most thrilling, but it seemed a bit over done to me. Now I am reading "The Virginians" by Thackeray, and the Emergency in China by Pott.

We are thinking that you were getting home and settled in Sept. so we are hoping for letters soon. Do tell us where you are living, what you are studying, where Jerry is, and how all the Conn. folks are. I have just got 3 new pairs of rubbers from Jean Neete, and a book on Etiquette from Aunt Emma- both things that I ordered. We trust that you are all well and happy and getting on well in your work! There has been almost no entertaining in Foochow this fall. We went to dinner today at the Goertz's, the first thing I have been to since Kuliang except the tea at the consulate all due to the trouble here.

Write soon. Very much love to you and to all the others. Please send this to all the members of the family and to Putnam and Shelton without the first and last pages. Also Aunt Etta. Love Phebe.

Missionary Preparation Committee's				
Language Examination Slip.				
Name... <i>Phebe K. Beard</i>				
Date... <i>Jan. 21, 1922</i>				
Subject	Hour	Examiner	Grade	
<i>Eng. Quik. ingt</i>	<i>9am.</i>	<i>Mr. Christian</i>	<i>A+</i>	
<i>" " II</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>Mr. Agos</i>	<i>A+</i>	
<i>Classical Reading</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>Mr. Dong</i>	<i>B</i>	
<i>" " II</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>Mr. Agos</i>	<i>A+</i>	
<i>2. 6 Proverbs</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>Mr. Agos</i>	<i>A+</i>	
<i>Gen. Comm. and history</i>	<i>"</i>	<i>Mr. Christian</i>	<i>A+</i>	
Comments				
N. B. Student will kindly bring this slip to examiner.				

Missionary Preparation Committee's				
Language Examination Slip.				
Name... <i>Phebe Beard</i>				
Date... <i>April 2, 1923</i>				
Subject	Hour	Examiner	Grade	
<i>SBCT'd</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>Mr. Hubbard</i>		
<i>Eng. Quik. ingt</i>	<i>3-30</i>	<i>Dr. Beard</i>	<i>A</i>	
<i>Hebrews</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>Mr. Perkins</i>	<i>A</i>	
<i>Psalm</i>	<i>4</i>		<i>A+</i>	
<i>Apoc. and</i>	<i>4-30</i>	<i>Mr. Christian</i>	<i>A++</i>	
Comments				
N. B. Student will kindly bring this slip to examiner.				

An example of two of Phebe's Language Examination Slips.
[From Phebe Kinney Beard's scrapbook in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **Oct. 29, 1922** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Ellen. Because of recent events, they are treating soldiers in the hospital. School has been running again but attendance is low because of families moving away. Willard refers to recent news from his daughters. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

American Board Mission

Foochow, China

Oct. 29, 1922

Dearest Ellen;-

It is 6 p.m. and I have just come in from Ma Ang two miles outside North Gate- where we have a nice church. I'm tired for I've been going since 6:20 a.m. But I must start this to make sure it will get off in the next boat. I know all of you at home must think often of us here these days. It will be very interesting to get the home papers a month hence and read just what happened to us. I suppose we shall really not know until some one in America or England tells us for most of us have gone on with our work as usual- only we have added a lot of extra work by taking a share in the care of 550 wounded soldiers in the hospital. 160 of them have been in patients who require much care in many ways. There are still some 50 here. Until a few days ago we had a force of doctors and nurses in the day time of ten and at night of six. The South Side people- missionaries of both missions and some of the business men have been very good to come in and take much of the night work.

Monday- Our job now is to get the money to pay the bills we have contracted for the soldiers. Last week one official Hu Ciong De sent in \$500 in paper money issued by the Japanese Bank of Foochow. This brought us \$471+. Another Li Hok Ling sent in \$400. in dimes. This was worth about \$365. in Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank checks. Another official Uong Dai Ui sent in \$30 in dimes, one soldier gave us \$9.00 in dimes, and another \$10.00 in dimes so we have about \$875.00 toward an estimate expenditure of \$1500. I plan to go to see Uong Dai Ui tomorrow to try for \$500. We have thus far lost only 18 of the 160 that have been very seriously wounded. Until within the past few days Dr. Gebhardt has not had time to do any but the most pressing amputations. It took all his time to care for the cases as they came in and to look after the most pressing needs. During the past few days he has been searching for bullets in various parts of several men's anatomys. He finds lead pointed bullets and bullets encased in brass sheaths. One of these he found in a man's knee joint. It had struck the knee pan and split and part went down and part went sideways,- shattering the bones badly. These are very bad bullets and are inhuman. But so is most everything connected with this war. It is said that the Polio Commissioner under Gen'l Li promised his men on Saturday Oct. 14 that if they could defeat the Southerners and get into Foochow City, he would allow them the freedom of the city for three days. I.E. They can loot, burn and kill and rape as they chose. I must say that thus far the southerners have been quite decent. There has been very little looting- except of the official residences and offices of the officers who ran away. Mr. Nga told me this morning that his father went back to Lo-Nguong after the battles (he was in Smith Hall the Thursday of the first battle, and Mr. Nga's mother and his wife and little boy were also there). When the Southerners arrived they arrested the LoNguong magistrate and his three secretaries of whom Mr. Nga's father was one. They told him that they knew he had been upright and fair in all of his work as a secretary, and they would let him go free. They kept the magistrate and the other two secretaries, so occasionally honesty is rewarded even in China.

School has been running as usual for over a week now- perhaps 40 boys have left- their families have moved to Hupeh province,- to Amoy, to Che Kiong and other places. Two of our boys, students in the 5th year are captains in the Southern army. They know nothing about a captain's duties but they know a little about books. Business is slowly coming to normalcy.

Will you please buy me a diary- you know what kind I use - a vest pocket diary-leather cover-one that will last a whole year. I meant to write for it a month ago, so as to have it for Jan.1st

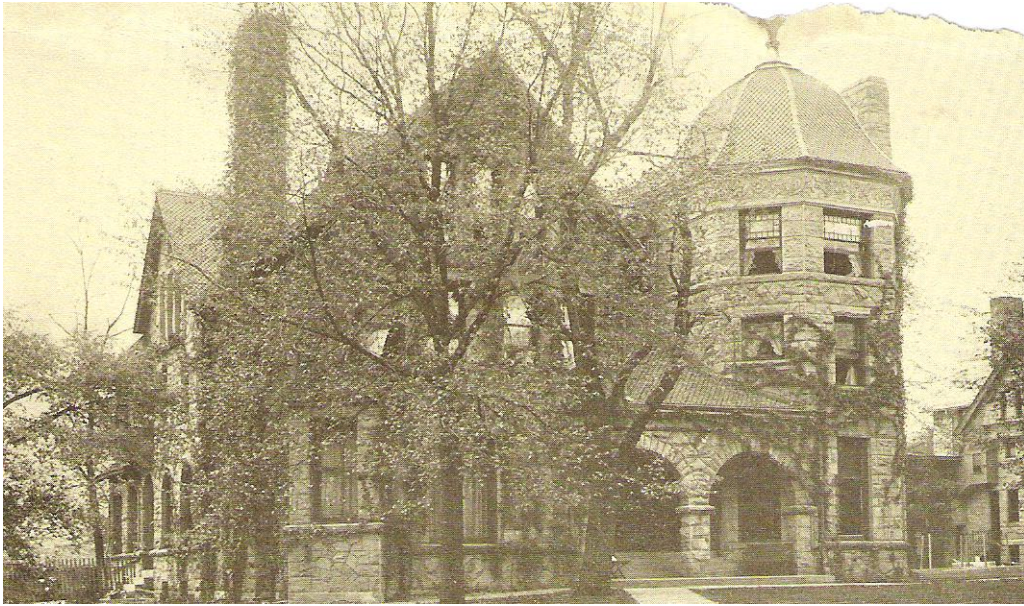
The last mail brought Kathleen's most interesting letter. This is the first that we knew anything about where you had moved to. Dorothy's sprightly account of the 500 mile hike which was really only a 50 mile hike came also in the last mail and a good letter from Gould telling of his interesting summer. Ozora Davis had a very lovely letter in this mail that Phebe has already read two or three times. It is full of a simple faith in Jesus that grips one- and is most refreshing in this age when people are given so much to materialism and questioning the reality of the comfort and aid of Christ's presence. Ozora has tested Christ's power to help in several ways. He has been ill with a serious disease and only by strict dieting is he living today. He has been surrounded by selfish, egotistical men who did not help him in his endeavor to build up a strong Theol. Seminary- and he has felt very keenly the lack of a simple faith in Jesus on the part of many of his collaborators. He has also had a hard financial struggle to get money for the Seminary.

We have just had a brief visit from a Dr. Mrs. Richards- representing the Am. Board. They left the States in 1919. He was the medical head of the Near East Relief Expedition that went to Turkey. They were in Turkey

until last June- sailing from Smyrna just before that city was taken from the Greeks by the Turks and burned. They went to Ing Hok last and got back Sat. and went to Anchorage today to take the steamer tomorrow for Shanghai.

Phebe and I want to know more about you and about Geraldine. Dot seems to feel very pleasantly located in Baldwin. When I was a student in Oberlin I looked on Baldwin as sort of a Delmonico- the classy women's boarding place of all Oberlin. Board was \$3.00 per week- the very top motel.- It was where Madam Johnson lived,- and I boarded at Stewart Hall that stood at the "end of the lane" and where board was \$2.00 per week. I'm glad Dot is there in Baldwin.

With love to all Will



Baldwin dormitory at Oberlin College

[This letter dated Nov. 5, 1922 was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Kathleen. She talks about how Kathleen and Marjorie are both in high school. She fills them in on various people and visitors and of her latest purchases. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Wen Shan Girls School
Foochow, China

Nov. 5, 1922

Dearest Kathleen,

I suppose now, since you are in the Freshman Class in High School, and write such nice dignified letters as the one we received about three weeks ago, I don't dare to call you by such a childish epithet as Krack. I can picture you and Marjorie as you start off each morning to school together, and come home at noon together, too. You must both be glad that you have each other's company, for one of you spoke of it. I remember before I left, that you always had to go alone.

You didn't tell us anything about your Grammar School Graduation last June. Don't they have any? I hope you did. Don't you like Algebra? When you get the idea of how to do the examples they all just roll off as easy as falling off a log. I used to do them in the study period that came right after Algebra class and I usually got them done then, with no trouble. I like Latin, too, and English with stories and comps I loved. I hope you will like your science, for that is such an important part of the learning of the present day. Write and tell me what you are doing and how you like H.S. methods etc.

By the time you get this you will probably have been invited to the football banquet! Who took you and did you have a good time? Or don't Freshmen go?

Marjorie is a Junior! Before long I'll have to be sending her a graduation present. What college is she thinking of?

These last two weeks have been so quiet and commonplace after the highness of our association with naval officers etc. that it hardly seems worth writing to a Freshman about. But on Oct. 25 we got a letter from "The Secretary of the Army" telling us we were within the boundary of the battle area, and must move at once unless we wished to be involved in fighting. As there was no official seal, and as it came from South Side we thought it false. But as a safeguard Eunice took it to the Consulate to be looked up. Since we have heard nothing from it we have decided it was a fake.

Some friends of the Smiths came to see Foochow, Dr. and Mrs. Richards of Fall River. They came here to tea, went to Ingtau the next day Wed. and were back here by Sat. 4 P.M. How's that for speedy travel?

Mrs. Bedient's baby has come, a dear little boy. Philip Edward. I went over to see them one day in the M.E. hospital, and as I came home I had to pass under a bar in a gate at the far end of the big bridge. It was held up for me to pass. That is a safeguard to the people from thieves and fire bugs. We have the gates all thru on streets.

Last Friday night I went into the hospital to be night nurse, but as none was needed I came back next A.M. with a full night's sleep at St. Clair's to my credit.

Katherine Ling's baby was born 8 days ago. She was due last of last China New Year's brides from our school and faculty. Yesterday the baby died of acute indigestion, and the parents feel very lonely.

One of Mr. Smith's boys is to be married during annual meeting and has asked me to be bridesmaid. This is the first time here as bridesmaid, and this is to be a big church wedding. At that time too, the school girls are to sing two pieces at the concert, and I have to lead them, I suppose. It terrifies me to have to stand up before a church full of people and beat time. I hope there will be a piano, and I can play myself.

Mr. McLachlin has sent for Mr. Leake's violin which I used this summer for Helen to take lessons on. As I have not been able yet to send my own to Shanghai to be fixed I have none to play. Edith Goertz is taking lessons of me, so far she has come twice. She started as a very promising pupil, tho she seems not to have much stick-to-it-iveness.

Mrs. Williams asked me some time ago to buy her some Jasmine tea. Last Thurs. I went with Father to a big tea shop on South Street and ordered the tea, 180 lbs. for \$159.24. They gave me four bags to address for the outside wrapping and in all we had 20 tin boxes containing 9 lbs. each. It took us over an hour the next day to get them off- stamped, thru customs and ready to go.

Yesterday I bought \$26 worth of silver chains with catseyes, spoons, cuff links, etc. for her to sell. I love to buy when I am not using my own money! You see the things and get them, but don't have either the expense nor the trouble of care of the things.

Helen Carter has been teaching at the university for three weeks to substitute for two English professors who had to turn back to Vancouver for some boat trouble. They are expected on the next boat, so she will be released by next week they think. I fear life will be rather slow for her after so much traveling, so much reading of interesting papers, and doing bigger things.

Our new dormitory is nearly done. It was set back two weeks by a mistake in the placing of the partitions which all had to be moved. Upstairs they had all been muddled so that had all to be done over again.

To be ready for Miss Perkins arrival, I am moving into my new room over the kitchen and over looking the back yard, in the shade of the camphor tree tomorrow. I sleep there tonight for the first time, but my things all go in tomorrow. A wardrobe and table from Father's furniture are going to complete the set of bed bureau etc. for my room till I find out whether we finally go into the other house to live or not.

Thanksgiving will be over when you get this. I wonder if you will go to Baldwin this year! Don't miss an opportunity if you get one! Greetings to all!

As postage is up to 15 cents a letter since Nov. 1 I am going to add a note to Dot. Lots of love to all, and loving graduation congratulations to you my littlest sister.

Phebe

Nov. 6, 1922

DIED

BEARD—In this city Nov. 5, 1922, Anna Gilbert daughter of Oliver G. and Grace Beard, in the 27th year of her age.

Funeral private from her late home, No. 135 Beechwood avenue, on Wednesday Nov. 8th at 1 o'clock.

Interment at Long Hill cemetery Shelton, Conn.

Anna Gilbert Beard.

The funeral of Anna Gilbert Beard will be held tomorrow afternoon at the home of her parents, 135 Beechwood avenue. She was the daughter of Oliver G. and Grace Beard, and she died Sunday, at the home of her parents. Burial will be in Long Hill cemetery, Shelton.

From The Bridgeport Telegram November 6 and 7, 1922

[According to her death certificate, Anna died of Chronic Pulmonary Tuberculosis with a duration of three years. Anna's sisters, Olive and Grace, died in 1915 and 1919 both at the age of 17.]



Left to right: Grace, Anna and Olive Beard, daughters of Oliver Gould Beard, Jr. and Grace Gilbert Beard
Probably taken between 1907-1911. Sadly, all three were dead by 1922.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated Nov. 9, 1922, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the folks at home. Mary is making sleeping bags for the boys. She enjoys purchasing Chinese items and sending them back to the U.S. Mary likes the new school building. The Peking American School is putting up a new building also. She hopes that Mrs. Schell can get the Tungchou school money for water and electricity. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel]

Nov. 9, 1922.

Dear Folks at Home,

I have a new job! My latest is ordering goods for the making of sleeping bags for the boys. Mrs. Stelle has the women working in her house and just now while she is away her Amah is superintending there. Some are made of new material and sometimes of comforters that the boys have. I am having two outing flannel bags made to fit each. Those tie in and can be removed for washing. Before this cold snap, the boys said they were too hot if they used any bedding over the bag yet the bag is the thickness of a fairly thin comforter. (only three pounds of cotton to a bag).

Two days ago the thermometer took a sudden drop and yesterday at three P.M. it was only 32 on our front porch. I had sent for the man to fix the storm windows and he had not appeared. A new rather peremptory summons brought him inside of two hours. Before night the school house was enclosed in its winter windows and doors. Your room, Flora is a regular barn. I am going to try an extra window on one of the west windows and see if it makes it usable. I gasp at the coal bills we will have, but no one else does, so I forget it.

This letter progresses slowly. Here are a few of the interruptions.

I. "Miss Beard, have you a hot water bottle. Dorothy Dodd has a pain in her back." I get the bottle.

II. "Pardon the interruption, but the girl who is supposed to take a bath at 8.10 has not appeared and soon it will be too late for the next girl to get hers." I go call the girl as it is one of those on my floor.

III. I think of the comfort which is for sale and which Miss Burgess has said she would like. It is cold and I fear she needs it, so go and take it to her. She is grateful, so I am repaid.

IV. I was cold myself last night, so get out one of my extra pieces of bedding.

V. "Miss Beard, have you a book review?" I do not have one up my sleeve, but hunt up one in a magazine. Before it is done, a second girl comes with the same request. It was a time saver as I had the things out.

VI. A great noise on the next floor down (Marjorie and Margaret live there) which no one seems to quell, so I go down. A word sends the girls scuttling to their rooms.

Today Mrs. Dildine and Mary were down for the afternoon. This cold weather made them think of the trunk of bedding that had been left here. They also took the rugs and the couch. One of the rugs was on the reception room floor as it was the only unmarked thing I found. Last week I found Glen's rug like it so had known it must be theirs. We had a fine visit. They have been moved to Peking and Glen is attending the Peking school. Mary is not able to go anywhere and has only just gotten so she can study at all. She looks and acts better than she did last summer.

I have had three letters from Miss Bostwick. When I give up teaching I think I will take up purchasing for other people. Does Flora have all the things you all want? Perhaps it is that you have not seen the luncheon set and rug that I got for Leolyn. Mrs. Bostwick would like them both practically duplicated. Tis sad, but the Exchange takes no more special orders. I fear I will have to ask Leolyn to use the set only in the busom of the family and roll up the rug when she has guests. I have already bought two of those embroidered table cloths with napkins to match with some money Miss B. sent. They exhausted the \$50.00 gold which she sent. She got a draft on Peking so I was able to collect at once.

I got a luncheon set at the Exchange which was marked down because of spots. I am sending it to Mother. If you like it better than the one containing the card, please change. If not sell for \$8.00 or 9.00.

Mrs. Menzi has been ill for nearly three weeks with a bad cold. She thought she was over it and got up one day, came over for lunch and stayed up about half an hour afterward.

Miss Bostwick writes that I owe \$1.50 for a strap that Flora bought for the rug. I gave you \$3.00 with which to buy a strap, was it not enough? Phebe asks what I sent to Mother. It was the pin made of the blue glass of the lienzas out at the Temple of Heaven. We had it made when in Peking last spring vacation.

I am sorry, but when I was about to move over here, I cleared out permanently as many things as I could. Among them, I mailed the packages to Phebe. It was an expensive job, over three dollars. Also the gardener came and had a tale of woe. All the other servants had \$1.00 from Miss Beard, and he had not. Mrs. Smith had written me about it earlier so I gave him one for you. \$.40 cents came back from \$1.00 given Mrs. Smith to pay coolies, rickshaw men etc.

Smily Li, the tinker and carpenter Tsao have been here helping lately. Both express deep regret that "Big Miss Beard" is not returning to Tungchow.

My life insurance is due about now. I hope that I had enough money home to pay it. If not, use what comes from the stuff sent last week. I have lost all track of where I stand. I mailed some things, not for sale as silk petticoats for the girls, the lunch set (the other to be substituted if you prefer). Do you know if Joel and Grace Beard ever received a package from me? I sent one the same day that I first started Edith's on its way, but have never heard a word. I wrote also that I was sending it, so that it would be expected and there be less possibility of loss. I am taking such solid pleasure from the blanket they gave me, that I hope they are enjoying the lunch set.

Fanny Wickes had a box from Honolulu recently. In it was a winter coat. I have bought it for \$9.00. It is somewhat worn but will do very well to wear around every day. I have just had my fur one done over, the outside turned and the fur cleaned. It looks like new. So I shall not get a coat as I had planned for dress up wear. I have also resurrected my brown velvets suit and had that fixed. I am quite dressed up in my old finery. I thought I was getting a piece of silk from Ching King but there was a slip and so I am having to wait. Meanwhile I had my two silk dresses cleaned and they are much improved.

Friday evening. I was impressed anew today with the wonders of this building. It is so compact and is so usable, every inch of it. We have had permanent dressers with cupboards over them built in in both dressing rooms on the second floor and on the first. In the infirmary, behind the door is a cabinet with drawers in the bottom, and enclosed shelves running to the ceiling. The carpenters did not build in the big hall cupboard on the plans, and this is an attempt to meet the need. We have had someone in the infirmary ever since we opened it. Miss Carlisle is no fool. Terril Adams heard of the fine food served so immediately took a bad cold and had to move to the infirmary. He could not get up any temperature, nor other outward symptom of illness but professed to feel very bad. He had to stay two whole days and live on a soup diet and nothing else. I doubt if we get any more fake patients. He is reported to have remarked on never having been so hollow before.

Alice Frame was down with the Loves last week end. She took dinner with me on Sunday. I had a fine visit with her. She is such a busty lady that it is hard to get more than a look at her. She has been relieved of her Bridgeman work but is Dean of the Womans college.

The Peking American School laid the corner stone for their new building two weeks ago. Mr. Tuttle sent invitations to Mr. Menzi and me. Unfortunately Mrs. Menzi was not so well that day and I was in town with the understanding that he was coming in. Hence no one represented us. There is to be a big reception for the faculty of Yen Ching next Wednesday evening at 9.15 P.M. at the Legation. I think all the American community are invited. I would like to go but fear I have not the right thing to wear.

Mrs. Earnest Shaw has been down for a week with Mrs. Wickes. Baby Eleanor is a darling. She is most friendly to a certain point, but beyond that very wary. I did not get time to really make friends. Mrs. Burgess was down for a day with both children. I knew it not till she had seen the family off on the evening train and came to hunt me up to take a walk. The boys are both very well but she is very tired and nervous. She would like to put David in kindergarten but the class is all Chinese and Eurasian and she does not like it.

We have just had word that the China Council is to give us 500 this year and the China Medical 5000. Those gifts pull us out of the woods as far as travel money and salaries go. Now if only Mrs. Schell gets the 5000 gold for water and electricity!

Mr. Lund has fixed up the back room at the boys house for a sitting room and it is most attractive. Martha Fenn is fixing up the girls room. So we are getting the social rooms ready slowly but surely.

Mr. Wolfe has ordered an iron ladder which will be put on the west end as a fire escape. The funds did not guarantee getting a real one till other things were assured. The latest report is that we may be able to get it after all.

Mrs. McCann was up for several days last week. Also Mrs. Tucker was at the Smiths. Mrs. Mitchell is due for the day tomorrow. She is to take home all the extra unused things with which Lucy is encumbered. Her room mates are desparate over her 'truck'. Our three 'foreigners' seem to be working in well. Sadie and Raya were the greenest of the green.

The parents had, and still have, a streak of sending food to the children. Candy was so common that it was no luxury and the children were about to bankrupt the school buying castor oil and salts. Now all packages are delivered to me. If food is in them, I take the goods. The child may have it in small quantities after meals and at 4 p.m. but only then. Friends may be treated if desired. I am surprised at the little treating that is done. I am the one who had to practice self control with boxes of candy and bags of nuts and boxes of wafers in my care but not to be eaten. I even practice refusing every time I am offered as this might be construed to be a ruse to get candy.

Mr. Bessell says he can get reduced rates for our children. I have a nearly completed list of where each child is to go for vacation and hope to get the reduction. I can only send in the requisition and try. If we get it, it means we can buy the round trip tickets here on special forms sent for the purpose. The Chinese boys do it, why not we?

It is bed time. Lots of love to all.

Mary.

P.S. Dr. Smith had a letter from Mr. Revell acknowledging the receipt of the scroll Flora delivered. Dr. Smith send regards to Flora so did Mr. McCann and Mrs. Mitchell, Dr. Lewis, Mr. Martin, Dr. Wilder, Mrs. Sheffield, Mrs. Stelle, Caroline Porter, Mrs. Tucker are among those recently enquiring and wishing to be remembered.

[This letter dated Nov. 12, 1922 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. The political situation changes daily and Willard feels it is for the better now. Soldiers are taking ricksha men and farmers to carry the loads for them. The Annual Meeting had to be postponed because of the uncertain situation at Ing Tai. The schools have low attendance now but Willard expects the next term to be full because of the closed government schools. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Foochow, China

Nov. 12, 1922

Dear Geraldine;-

For various reasons I have been addressing letters home to other members of the family for several months. This one goes to you altho you are not likely to be in Oberlin to get it.

I wonder if the hair nets I sent last May got to you and Dorothy all right and if you could make any use of them. I do not remember to have had any word from either of you about them.

Dorothy's letter describing the trip from Silver Bay to Oberlin was most interesting. It must have been instinctive as well- for you get a much more thorough knowledge of the country if you travel slowly than when you whiz thru on an express train.

The political situation is changing every day,- as far as I can see changing for the better. The man whom the papers call Little Hsu came to Foochow and outlined his plan of campaign for bringing all China under his sway. The Foochow people do not care for his scheme and at once right in his presence – so it is said- began to pull his plan to pieces. Then they began to talk publicly against the plan, then posters appeared against it on the streets and the day before he left posters were posted all along the streets urging the people to rise and put Little Hsu out. He left the night following the appearance of this poster.

Then the people elected their own Civil Governor, - a man whose home is in a village not far from Pagoda. He has students in the Anglo Chinese College. His name is Ling Seng. The man next in authority in his yamen is a student, Pang by name, 4 years in Foochow College- a fine, clean looking man of 40 years + . The head of the Bureau of Industries is Li Ung Bing a Foochow City man- as is Pang- and a graduate of Cornell University. This makes three young men with modern education- knowing Christianity, in the highest civil magistrate office.

The military situation does not clear up much. There are four military generals in Foochow in the Military General's office Uong Ing Ciong.

Under him Hu Cung De
Uong Dai Ui
Li Hok Ling

These three say they will leave Foochow shortly. Their soldiers are everywhere. They are impressing ricksha men and farmers and any one who can carry a load or pull a cart to carry ammunition and guns to various places where they plan to fight and also to carry their rice and furniture. One church member from outside East Gate was impressed and compelled to work 10 days and then let go. Looting is going on all the time- not very bad- both in the city and in the country. There are very few rickshas on the streets and those drawn by weak men not wanted by the army. It makes travelling tedious. The busses are jammed and the people rush for them and crowd into them just as they do into the street cars in New York City.

Miss Perkins arrived last Friday and Miss Allen with her. Both are looking well. Miss Perkins informed me that she had fallen in love with Phebe. The Girls School at Ponasang is pretty well off now-They have five young women on the job for 110 girls. Phebe was in for lunch Sunday. Mrs. St. Clair had asked Miss Allen and Miss Armstrong in also. I walked home with Phebe in the afternoon- instead of finishing this letter.

The U.S. "Ashville" is still here- at Ma Muai and there are still some five or six other men of war there. It is reported that Shaowu has been retaken by the North and again lost by the North. The county districts are very much disturbed. Conditions are so uncertain in Ing Tai that no one dared to leave for Annual Meeting so we are postponing it indefinitely.

College is now going on as usual. We have lost about 50 boys on account of the war and the conditions it produced. Miss Armstrong came back ten days ago and is getting into the teaching. This relieves me of four or five classes a week that I was trying to take for her. Mr. Nga told me the other day that we were likely to have a fuller school next term than this, because every building of the government schools is occupied by soldiers and also the whole Educational Board – Presidents, teachers and all- has changed with the change in government. Just now there is not a vestige of a government school in Foochow that I know of.

The churches are doing their work also under difficulties- as several of the members have moved away. The day schools are affected in different degrees according to their location. The one at Iong Gio Haeng is nearly empty. Most of the pupils there came from well to do families all of whom have moved away. But people still come to church and there is plenty to do. God is still on His throne and is still guiding men as best he can - seeing men are what they are. May he give to you all the best things because you use them well. With love to all Father.

[This letter, dated Nov. 13, 1922, was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to her brother, Gould. Phebe writes Gould on his 26th birthday on paper decorated by Mr. Christian's boys. She talks about a church service she and Willard attended at Au Seu. Mrs. Gillette invited her to help entertain 8 officers from the Gunboat Asheville. Phebe led her first prayer meeting in Chinese. There are three former mission school students in the new government. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Foochow, China.
Nov. 13, 1922.

Dear Brother Gould,

For some time I have been looking forward to this day with the thought of writing you on it. Today- and you are just about getting up to your work now as I write, - is your birthday, and you are past the quarter-century mark. How does it feel?

For you the years have already brought much of philosophy in connection with your work- for you have had many problems. I know from your letters and other things that you have asked the question that keeps coming to me- what am I going to do in this world? For you as for myself, a life only of self-entertainment and pleasure would be obnoxious, and from your summer and your offer to take the girls home in your auto, I know that you, too, find the greatest satisfaction in doing the little everyday things that help people.

Somehow as a milestone like a twenty-sixth birthday one stops to breathe and look around, to look forward and see that his time is, that he can't look ahead as a child and say, when I am grown up I will do so-and-so but he must say, What is at hand? This I must do now.

Both you and I are still in our preparation period, tho; you studying for your work, and I in apprenticeship for mine in language and methods. I find I still like to play pretty well, and sometimes it doesn't seem as if I really did anything. Yet I am carrying eleven music lessons, eight periods of singing and an English class, a week all as afternoon work. My mornings are given to language study, and I know I work then!

Before I go to bed I want to give you my very best birthday greetings and congratulations on the use you have put your years to already. And I also send my best love by the funny little Chinaman on the front page. Don't you think he is cute? Mr. Christian showed me this paper that his boys are making for Christmas use here, and I was so taken that I took a lot then and there. This is the first letter I have written on it.

I hope your birthday will be a very happy one for you, and that you will get some messages on or near it from the family. Good night for now, I'll finish later.

Nov. 19. You can see how busy I am by the time it takes me to take up my letter again!

I wish you could have gone with Father and me to the Au Seu church near the foot of Kuliang. We walked out and got there just in time to see the school boys charging around a corner and down the street into the church. Not much religious dignity there! We sat on wide backless benches and Father and I sang the hymns to the obligato of several other tunes and voices generally. The only brake to a perpetual smile on my face was the fact that the pastor or preacher rather continually glanced in my direction. The wee tike that took up the collection shot the box into each pew even if he didn't expect a contribution, and at the end he just gave it a preemptory shove in front of some little girls on the way- not even stopping. One girl capered all over the church and played peek-a-boo with the audience between the palings of the stair rail in front of the audience. I wish we could push on the village work as fast as the city work. But you will still have old China when you come to visit us.

Miss Perkins is back and at work again. She arrived nine days ago at 2 A.M. and two of us got up to greet Miss L??as and her. They had got stuck in the river on a sand bar and just had to sit and wait. I think we are both happy to be working in the same school, and I really enjoy her very much.

Yesterday, Sat. we all went in to tea at the new Kindergarten Training School. It is built in Chinese style and has carved paneled windows, grey round-tile roof, with eaves and beds painted, and the lions and dragons on corners and ridge pole beds. The Chinese pretend not to like it, but if they don't start right in to copy the architecture in their own plans, I miss my guess. The temple architecture here is the most distinctive and unique in China; and I hope the Chinese will come to use it and associate their best in house art with the best in education and religion. Tea was served on the little stone false garden at one side with unending steps up to towers or into caves, and little seats and bushes over all. I like the building and the place very much and I hope their work will prosper.

At the Methodist College last night we had a real American Red Cross supper. Our party used the new auto lunch-suit case with plates and cutlery that Miss Perkins brought us. As we ate we sang songs and cheered the note??. Miss Chittenden and Miss Wells were there and it seemed so good to see them again.

Do you remember seeing Miss Lamberts drill where the girls marched, used dumbbells and wands? She has a big playground now, where she has three sets of games at once, tennis, volley ball, and basketball. Here we saw a long drill and games last Fri. P.M. in full sight of the river and Kushan. Everything shrinks as I see it after so many years, but tho the thrill and grandeur of this exhibit wasn't as great, they did just as well, and it was all in charge of Chinese teachers. Our exercise was representative of boxing and fisty-cuffs, the notions all being taken from pushing strokes. The kindergarteners did the May-pole dance and were too cute for anything their short-legged little boys, and knee-high goose-steps marching. Ah, you must come back to renew old times in China!

I must dress for tea now at the Y.W.C.A. on Black Rock Hill.

Since I put this down I have been down to Pagoda [*Pagoda Anchorage*] for a dinner party and stayed over night. Mrs. Gillette was entertaining eight officers of the gunboat Asheville which is protecting us here, and she asked me to go down. Miss Blanchard and I missed all the launches, so took a sampan and rowed ourselves part way down. We beat the 3-hour record by doing the trip in 2 ¼ hours.

For dinner we had a Chinese feast and the men enjoyed it hugely. One was pretty good at the chopsticks and patted himself on the back after each of the 23 courses. Afterwards they wanted to dance, but we being missionaries didn't feel right to do it. They were pleasant and I think we all had a good time.

Miss Blanchard and I were planning to come back on her horse, taking turns at riding. But she didn't come over from Diongloh so we came by river and stopped at the University. I saw Mrs. Bedient and Billy, and the baby. Their new house is very pretty in quite Chinesey style with dragons and lions and dogs perched all over it.

Tomorrow we are going to have Mr. and Mrs. Skerrit-Rogers to dinner at Mrs. St. Clair's. Father wants to entertain them in the city so we are doing it tomorrow night.

I have led my first prayer meeting in Chinese. One of our girl teachers gave the talk so my part was small, tho it took special phrases to put it thru.

About two weeks ago at our first Anti Cob meeting Mr. Christian waxed humorous on his trip to Manilla and Borneo this summer. He said that Jap and Chinese consuls were asked to decorate their passports and asked several dollars for the signatures. They could scarcely see their little boat, and took it only because they had no rubbers that were adequate protection from the little puddle they had to cross. In spite of his funniness he gave a good account of Borneo. It is governed by a company like the East India Co. of history that tried to find the East Indies under Drake. Mr. Neff later told about the condition of Manilla where he taught for some time.

Sometimes I wonder if gay parties are worth the trouble. You have to skip work that ought to be done; you have to do extra work later; you get greatly excited and have an inflated idea of yourself, then suddenly when all is done you thump down hard on the level of fact and work again. I suppose that is because you don't get it often?

This will get to you almost in time for Christmas. I hope you will have a jolly holiday season, and go back to college all the more ready for study. What are you taking?

Mr. Goddard is planning to come to Foochow next year they say. It will be nice to see him again.

What do you think of U.S. labor conditions and business now? Are prices coming down? Ours are constantly going higher here. All curios, foods, labor of all sort and materials are going up.

No trouble is anticipated from the soldiers now. Our new government with three former mission school students, but not graduates, is getting things started and we hope will get the idea of justice into working order.

My eleven music pupils and six music classes are doing fairly well. It takes lots of time, but it is satisfying and interesting.

On Thursday I am to be bridesmaid for one of the Chinese boys at father's school. I don't know yet what I am to do.

Do write and tell us what you are doing and how you are. An American mail came today with not a letter for either of us.

Christmas and birthday greetings and much love from sister Phebe.

[This letter dated Nov. 22, 1922 was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother and sisters. He thanks them for sending him a package of goodies to eat. Dot and Gerry visited him at the university. He hopes to come home for Christmas.]

508 Hill St.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Nov. 22, 1922

Dear Mother and Sisters;-

Your big package arrived last Friday morning and you can't imagine how surprised and glad I was to open it and see all the luscious things to eat in it. I'm sorry I did not have time to write my thanks to you before, but I can do better justice to my feelings about it, now that all the things are inside me and my mouth is still wattering from the memories. I ate the last of the cake today. The rest of the "upper Story Frat", join with me in thanking you.

I suppose Dot has told you most of the doings here during the three days they were here. I was sorry I could'nt have been a better host; but I could'nt get a substitute for my job because there wasnt any one who knew it. I had to let the girls get to the house as best they could and they had to get to and from the game themselves also.

Time was so short and events so crowded that I did'nt get a chance to show the girls $\frac{1}{4}$ of what I wanted to. We took "first things first" and the rest will have to wait till next time if there is a next time.

Dot's letter asked me (for you) to leave the paint on the car. I am afraid I better not because that would be running a clever thing into the ground and possible cause a bit of comment, not favorable of "those Michigan Boys". For the Ohio game that was a real stunt, but to carry it much longer would be placing the name of Michigan "in public places" like fools names and monkeys faces. [See photo below.]

Now that the football season has finished I have until after Xmas before winter track commences and I hope to be able to land a job to fill in the time or that will be enough better to keep all year. I will probably be down Xmas time. Anyway for Xmas day, for I may be able to do pretty well on a job during vacation.

Thank you again for the cookies and that pretty birthday cake.

With all my love to you all,

Your loving son and brother,
Gould.



Gould's specially painted car.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **November 26, 1922** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his one loved one (Ellen). Foochow is full of soldiers. His gardener was taken and held for five days and robbed of his money and clothes. It has gotten cold and Willard is having trouble writing because of it. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Foochow China
November 26, 1922.

My One Loved One;-

Today has been a perfect day in Autumn.- The coldest day yet- 36 degrees on the west side of our house this morning and 44 degrees in my bedroom. That's a drop of over ten degrees since yesterday. But it is very dry, with a strong west wind blowing, so it makes one feel good. I am writing in my old study and its pretty cold so that my hand aches but with plenty of clothes on it's all right.

I could not get a special letter to you, my dear, in the last home letter mailed Nov. 23. But that one addressed to Kathleen had in it a lot of love for you just the same.

This morning I preached here and conducted communion. Eighteen united with the church,- One woman and seventeen students. The people all looked cold. As I went into the church a lot of boys stood outside near the door as you go in where the sun was shining very brightly and where it was warm. It seemed almost too bad to call them in out of the cheery, warm sun. Pastor Li has had another slight hemorrhage, and is not at all strong. He has definitely given up the work of the church and is likely to be a sort of Secretary or helper to Mr. Goertz who has charge of the churches of the whole station now.

Li Gong was married in the church last Thursday. I sent the wedding invitation in Kathleen's letter. The lower part of the church was full of spectators. Phebe made a very pretty bridesmaid. I had Chinese dinner at noon and a feast at night out of it. And Phebe stuck to the bride till after 9 p.m. I was there from 8 to after 9 and then walked home with her. Phebe said she was very fearful of the Nau Bung. But all went off very happily.



This is probably the wedding in which Phebe was a bridesmaid. Phebe is standing next to the bride. Willard is just behind the groom.

[Photo from Phebe Kinney Beard's scrapbook in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We expect Brewer Eddy here before next Sunday to be here a week. We will stay with Mr. and Mrs. Christian,- according to the present plans.

Did I write that Mrs. Siek Ding Gai = Katherine Ling who taught in the Ponosang Girls School and played so well, had a little boy? It lived only about a week and died suddenly. I think it was not perfect.

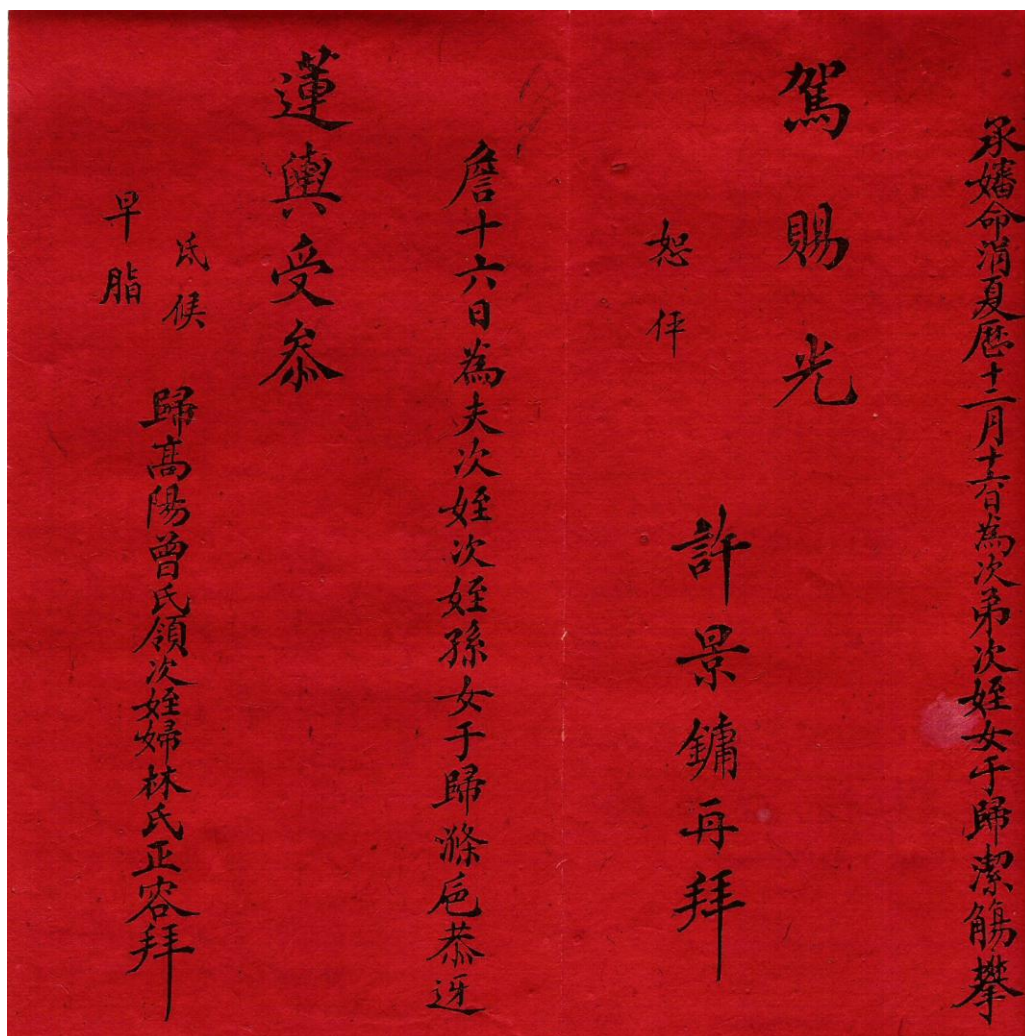
Conditions among the Chinese are very hard. The city is full of soldiers. There are four generals. Each with a few thousand of them. Every government school temple and some of the Guild Halls are full of them. I may have written that our gardner was seized, shut for 5 days and relieved of all his money and extra clothes. That was really a hold up and these hold ups are not infrequent. These four generals are hard up for money. General Li has

been squeezing the people of the whole province for five years, and the business of the city has been at a standstill for nearly two months now- supplies cut off from all sources and nothing going out. Prices are high. Pork is 30 cents a lb. Beef has gone from 112 to 176 cash a lb. in the past six months, rice is \$9.00 a dong. Wood is very high. Some few people of course are making money.-Those on South Side with houses to rent. But there is sure to be lots of suffering here and in many parts of China this winter I keep thinking. What very thrifty people the Chinese are- They work and get a little ahead and then a grasping official takes it from them and we think they will give up but no. In a few days they are at work again and seem to forget their bad fortune. Poppy is being planted in the southern part of the province in large quantities. This will bring much money to the planters, but they will be deprived of it for the army is protecting them in planting it and they will surely get their pay!

It's so cold I cannot guide my pen properly and its time for supper so I will say good bye till after C.E. meeting and try to finish this then.

The last two mails have brought nothing from home for Phebe or me. She almost felt homesick the other evening when Miss Rubins and Mrs. Thomas and Miss Carter and Miss Rike were reading theirs and she had nothing but we both had good mails the mail before the last.

Mr. Bidwell sent me in a recent mail a check for \$10.00. I am enclosing to you Dear for any Christmas present. I hope you can buy with it something that will make you more happy and that will make you think of me. Here's my love to the children and to you Will



This is a wedding invitation found in a similar red envelope in Phebe Kinney Beard's scrapbook. It may have been the invitation to the wedding mentioned in the previous letter.

[Invitation from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Interpretation of Wedding invitation shown with Phebe's letter dated November 26, 1922

Having chosen the sixteenth day for the marriage of my second nephew's second daughter and for her removing her home to that of her husband, the shining cups are in readiness that we may respectfully welcome you as you come in your ceremonial carriage to witness the marriage.

We eagerly await your arrival and we pray that you may early adorn your face and come.

Mrs. Hu (before I married into this honorable family of long ancestry, my maiden name was Cing) and Mrs. Hu Jr. (my older brother's second son's wife of the family of Ling) bow ceremoniously.

This invitation issued to women only in the name of the oldest woman of the clan- the bride's great-aunt on father's side, and of her own mother.

[This typewritten letter, dated **December 5, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. Mary's niece, Anna Beard, has died (November 5, 1922). Isabel Ingram is tutoring the new wife of the last Emperor of China. Vacation will begin in a week. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

December 5, 1922.

Dear Home Folk,

There are three letters for me to answer in one. The card with the promise of the Elite [*magazine*] makes me most happy. Think how popular I shall be!! I am looking eagerly for the first number to get here so I can get the style for the new crepe dress. The goods is not yet here but I am hoping for it, to get made for Christmas vacation.

I have put the letter about the money in the French bank safely away. It will join the other material which Flora left. Some new lettering has appeared on the windows of the bank. Perhaps we get something and perhaps not. The papers have had no news about it for some days.

The second letter told of Anna's death. [*Mary's niece, Anna Gilbert Beard, born April 25, 1896, died November 5, 1922 of "Chronic pulmonary tuberculosis with a duration of 3 years" according to the death certificate.*] I do not know what to say. It is merciful to have and so sudden, but hard too. I sent a card to Oliver for Christmas and it ought to get there for the day.

I have had two lots of papers lately from you and two from Miss Brewster. The book and candy from Miss Brewster came on Saturday just as I was getting ready to be off to Peking for the week-end. I stayed with Jean Josselyn. We went to College Club Saturday afternoon. Dr. Yamai Kin gave a talk of the Chinese theater. It was a brief talk because she had a sort of puppet show there to illustrate. They gave two short plays the story of which we had in our hands. Dr. Kin had prepared it for us. It was clever. I am hoping to get [*them*] down here for the children some day. They are not expensive.

Thursday P.M. I have had much correspondence about getting student rates [*probably for the trains*] for the children. My efforts are not in vain for the Tientsin children, the Tsinan ones and all who go in groups of six or more get them. They are given for third class only, so third class is even more popular than usual.

Mrs. Herman was here for the night this week. She brought Walter, aged 10 who will enter next year. Victor is in Wheaton and enjoying his work, so she says. Mrs. Hicks is en route for China. Too bad we did not get her for matron here. She would have made a good one I believe.

Mr. Miller walked in unexpectedly the same day. He is the same as every, fat, jolly, self complacent. I was glad to have them come as it gave me an idea as to what the people on the Hankow line wanted me to do about tickets. The children said to follow the same plan as always, and that made it impossible to get rates for them.

Bergen Stelle has completed his senior work. It just came to me that his diploma is not ready for him. It has gone to Mr. Grant for the name. I heard in Peking during the week-end that Mrs. Grant is back. I would like to see her. Isabel Ingram says that at first Delnose [*probably Delnoce*] was not popular with the girls because she was so reserved. But she won great favor in the end. Her ability helped her.

Isabel is or has been tutoring the little new empress. She had received no word as to whether her job was to continue after the wedding last I heard. Then the Ex-emperor and his bride gave a reception to the officials of all the countries represented as well as to the representatives of the Chinese republic. Mr. Johnson the tutor of the emperor was in the receiving line. Isabel was one of the guests. The paper reports that only once was the gravity of the royal couple broken, that was when the Empress recognized Miss Ingram, and smiled a welcome.

For the first time the infirmary is empty. It has been so for three days. It does not pay to get sick when the skating is good and vacation is only a week off! Every child is going home or visiting. The Menzi family go to

Tientsin to the Stanley's for most of the time. I am going to Paotingfu to the Hubbard's for most of the last two weeks. Miss Burgess goes to her sisters. I do not know what Miss Carlisle and Miss Muir will do. Miss Young's mother is out here staying with Mrs. Fiskens so that will be a happy family group.

Both the Jefferson Academy and the N.C.A.S. have written to William Fenn for next year. From a bit of a letter of his, I think he would prefer the N.C.A.S. but the other offer came to hand first so he is in a quandary. Mr. Martin says, and rightly, that he can get teachers more easily than we as the work with the Chinese appeals to more people. This is too new and too much like home teaching. The board meeting will perhaps settle it.

The order for pencils is slow as usual. Everything else is here. I had word that it left in August, addressed to Mr. Grimes. I hope it comes before the new year for I am almost out of pencils. Every day I fear I must say no more for sale. The Geometry class will begin on constructions first thing after we get back.

I have some more things that I had hoped to get home for Christmas. There is a ring for Daniel that I know he will love, a belt buckle for Wells, some toys for Nancy and Stephen. They will be so late now I will have to label them for birthdays or 1923.

Mrs. Wickes wants to pay for the canvas on their porch. It is the first thing I have wanted the price of that Miss Bostwicks books have not told me without difficulty. I hunted quite a while without success. I have not given up hope yet. Mrs. Wickes and husband have loaned us 300.00 toward a piano without interest. There was \$100.00 and a bit over credited to the piano account on the books. The Robinson Co. will and have accepted that \$400.00 and we pay the rest as we collect it, no interest either. I think that most nice of them. The instrument was \$600.00 plus cost of packing, shipping, etc. I am expecting the man to put it in tune tomorrow or next day.

Genevieve has her first recital tomorrow afternoon. It is strange that all the people who are at all advanced are boys. Only boys play for chapel these days. Mrs. Josselyn is immensely pleased with Alfred Stanleys work this year. He is pulling hard work into it. He plays tomorrow.

Minister Shurman's granddaughter was born last Sunday morning. The Hugh Hubbard's have a little daughter, born the 28th.

Flora writes that she would like to sell my coats. I am not yet ready to part with them. The marked things I should love to have sold. I have not seen coats that I would take for the ones I have. When I do I may want to sell. Not now, thanks, just the same. I can not have a great deal left, for both Elizabeth and Phebe have written of selling articles. Shall I send more beads? I have not been shopping for many a day but have one string on hand. Not yet have I gotten a fraction of the things that Miss Bostwick would like. I bought till the money advanced was exhausted then stopped. Every day I expect a new draft. She got one on Peking so I cashed it at once.

Miss Wilkinson is back at last. With two teeth out, and the assurance of three doctors that she is sound, I hope that we are over our troubles with her. She has taken up full work. The poor classes are in a desperate state.

Miss Burgess and I are going out to mail our letters, to get them off by the morning train and to get some exercise. We had to stay in for rehearsal with the little children this afternoon.

Lots of love and best wishes for the new year. It is too late for Christmas greetings I fear.

Lovingly

Mary.

I shall be interested in returns from Flora's trip.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **December 20, 1922**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. She will be attending a conference for all American schools in the Orient. She feels the bandits are fearless but she feels safe under the guard of Feng's soldiers. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel]*

N.C.A.S.

December 20, 1922.

Dear Home folks,

Mothers letter with the enclosed one from Miss Bassett came this evening. Already two numbers of the Elite arrived. It has been three weeks since a home mail of any kind, hence four Literary Digests also came. Alas such a big mail when time is too limited.

A few weeks ago came a notice from Shanghai inviting all American schools on the Orient to meet at a conference on December 27-29. At our Trustee meeting just before vacation, they asked Mr. Menzi and I to go. I at once wrote Harriet Lacy that I was coming and tonight came a telegram to come for Christmas. Hence I am off Friday morning. Mr. Menzi goes on Christmas day so as not to be absent from Margaret longer than necessary. Mr. Tuttle, Principal of the Peking school is going and perhaps one or two of the trustees. The head of the Tokio school

is coming over. It will be intensely interesting. I wish Flora were here. She knows things here so much better than any one else. These are the topics suggested for discussion.

1. Problem of securing teachers from home
2. Desirability of "mother" teachers.
3. Co-operative solicitation of funds from America.
4. Acceptance of Orientals and Eurasian children.
5. The dining-hall problem and childrens table manners.
6. Change in the curriculum due to location in the Orient.
7. School accounting and fees. Cost of operation.
8. School records, physical, educational, etc.
9. Standardization of curriculum, text-books, etc.

Do you think we can talk for two days. Or do you think we will get stopped on some topic and never finish?

Lucky for me, I spent Sunday afternoon addressing cards so am ready for departure. Also, I nearly finished wrapping things for Tungchow and Peking. The candy making will have to go undone.

For the first time, no representative of the N.C.A.S. will be in Tungchow for Christmas. I have had word from all the stations that everyone got home safely. I did get student rates, for Peking and Tientsin. It is a 50% reduction on the round trip, so traveling is cheap. The Tsinan children could have traveled so, only not on the express. In cold weather, that is impractical. The train was two hours late "as usual" as Hahn Romig writes.

On my way back from Shanghai, I plan to stop in Tenghsien at the Dodds. Mrs. Dodd was up to have Caroline's eyes looked after. She stayed and took Mr. Romigs place on the Board. Bandits are so bad that the men did not dare leave. Mrs. Cochran was the other representative. Mrs. Mathe was here, one member bonefide. Jean again could not get here. Her amah took opium to kill herself the night before. The son had been caught stealing from the Josselyns and she took it hard. Jean had to stay and look after the baby.

Caroline Love grows pretty every day. She looks like Betty but lacks the irregularity of feature. She is fat and rosy and full of smiles. She can sit alone now, if not jarred. How surprised she is when she rolls over!

I enclose a snap of the letter box in its new location. It will be fine, do you not think so, Flora. Also Flora you will be interested in the dining hall on the Academy. Was that begun when you left? I have one on our dormitory, but Mrs. Hartung got the order wrong and sent only one pring [*prong?*]. I had promised Mr. Kendall a snap, so will order you another. I will send two, so the home folk may have one too.

We are all reading the papers to learn what will be done about the murder of Mr. Colmanin Kalgan. Todays paper reports a hold up on the Tunghsien-Tientsin auto road. Bandits seem to be fearless. We feel safe with Feng's soldiers stationed here. Mrs. Arthur Smith is entertaining Mrs. Chang, wife of the head of this camp at luncheon sometime soon.

How do you like the school paper? I will have it white next time, I think. Or else have some more done in white if this proves popular. The half sheets that Henry did by mistake with the heading on the end, have sold well. They are cheap, 25 for 15 cents.

Miss Wilkinson handed in her resignation by request and it was accepted. She went to the same school as Miss Parsons. I shall think of that as our dump. I see Grace occasionally. She would like not to see me, but I insist. Then she is gushing. The fire is down in the furnace, and my radiator cold, so I must get into bed to get warm. This is almost a birthday letter for Mother and a wedding one too. Best wishes and love to all.

Mary.



*[On the back is written:
 There is a message rare and sweet
 That we are sending you
 It is the Christmas message sweet
 And Happy New Year too.]*

*The messenger is "The Elite"
 Who every month will sail
 That you a wardrobe most complete
 May have in each detail.*

From us all at Century Farm with much love-]

[This letter, dated Dec. 30, 1922, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She tells about Christmas week and includes the program for the conference that she attended. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Dec 30, 1922

Dear Home Folk-

Tonight I am starting back for Peking after just a week here. We had a fine Christmas. I helped decorate the tree for Creighton and had the fun of helping unload the pkgs in the morning. Harriet gave me a lovely Canton ivory medallion; Mrs. Bontelle an apron.

The conference had six sessions all intensely interesting. We talked everything. I enclose the original program with some of the changes. The topics were not changed only the order.

I spent Thursday night at the school as there was evening session. ?? I returned here. On Thursday I lunched with Mrs. Main. Florence and the youngest boy were there also Mr. Main. It was a delightful visit. She sent love to Flora. Mrs. MacFuller has sent regards but I have not seen her. Nor have I gotten to Mrs. Raven's.

Mrs. Bosworth was over for last night and up for lunch today. She sends her love to Flora.

Today I spent a little money, the first except for Sunday collection and our car fare. A Fordum[?] vendor came and I got some silver ?? I got some baby pins for Caroline Love.

I am ordering a spring hat from Mrs. Bontelle, Harriet Lacy's sister. She is a fine milliner. My hats are getting the worse for wear after two full summers, besides the use at home.

I hope this gets off with a U.S. ship. It will be the last, as the Post Office closes tomorrow for ever.

There is great talk about the increased postage rates and the poor taste of initiating them at this particular time.

I am stopping in Tenghsien at the Dodds for about 24 hours, and returning with the Shantung crowd and down by auto to school. I shall be ready for school, I guess. But this has been a different vacation from most of mine in China. With love and hearty wishes for 1923 to all
Mary.

Birthday greetings to Mother.

SUGGESTED OUTLINE PROGRAMME

- First Session, 9 a.m. Wed. Dec. 27
Election of Temporary Chairman
Election of Committee on Programme and conduct of Conference
Other Business
Discussion: - Changes Necessary in the Curriculum due to location in
Orient by Mrs. Taylor and Miss Beard
Other topics
- Second Session, 2 p.m. Wed. Dec. 27
Discussion: - Standardization of Curricula, text books, etc. Led by Mr.
Stone
Other topics
- Third session, 9 a.m. Dec. 28
Election of Committee on Permanent Organization
Discussion: - The Problem of securing teachers from America, salaries and
Allowances, led by Mr. Bartlett
Other topics
- Fourth Session, 8 p.m. Thu. Dec. 28
Discussion: - Co-operative Solicitation of Funds in America, appeal to the
U.S. Government. Led by Mr. Menzi
Other topics
- Fifth Session, 9 a.m. Friday Dec. 29
Report of Committee on Permanent Organization
Discussion: - Dining Room Problem. - Led by Mrs. Sultan
Other topics
- Sixth Session 2 p.m. Friday Dec. 29
Discussion: - School Records, physical, educational, etc. Led by
Miss Cutler
Other topics
Adjournment

OTHER SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. School Accounting and Fees
2. Acceptance of Eurasian Pupils
3. Free Text Books
4. The challenge of Inter-School Spirit
5. Purchasing of Books, Supplies, and equipment
6. How the Shanghai School secure funds
7. Survey of conditions as a basis of appeal
8. Musical instruction
9. A definite programme for physical, moral, and social training
10. A general summer camp



Willard, another Western man and Chinese men in a scenic photo. A banner with Chinese characters can be seen held by the top row of Chinese men. Photo probably taken in the early 1920s.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Willard and seven Chinese men. Probably 1920s.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1923

- Warren G. Harding dies, Calvin Coolidge becomes US President
- Widespread Ku Klux Klan violence in the US
- Nancy Maria Nichols Beard dies September 3, 1923. She was 80 years old.
- Earthquake destroys 1/3 of Tokyo- about 140,000 in Tokyo and Yokohama were killed on the same day that Willard's mother died
- Political conditions around Foochow are still unsettled.
- Mary is teaching in Tungchou, China. She is 41. Flora is back at Century Farm. She is 54.
- Willard and Phebe are in Foochow, China. Ellen, Gould, Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen are in the U.S.
- Willard is 58, Ellen- 55, Phebe- 28, Gould- 27, Geraldine- 25, Dorothy- 22, Marjorie- 17, Kathleen- 15.

[This letter dated Jan. 7, 1923 was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Geraldine. Phebe asks Geraldine about her new teaching job in Michigan. She refers to the death of their cousin Anna. A Red Cross Bazaar was held to raise money to cover the expenses from the October war. Many plays and performances were given for Christmas and New Year's festivities were beautiful. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006]

Foochow, China,
Jan. 7, 1923.

Dear Geraldine,

It was very good to get your letter a few weeks ago, and know that you were really teaching. At least for the first year it is very pleasant to be near the family, and it makes me envy you to be within calling distance of both Gould and the family. For Gould it must be a treat to have you so near as 28 miles, for he has always been so far away that his seeings of us have been few and far between. We have heard from three of the family about your football party at Ann Arbor, so I think it must have been a grand success.

Even tho you don't like Junior Highs, and tho your town is small and the school run to athletics, it will be a fine experience for you to have had. See if you can't put into the children and teacher body more of a studious spirit. Aren't teachers supposed to change conditions in their schools as far as they can?

I am interested in the kind of people you have in town, and the amusements. How do you get on with the teachers and of what caliber are they? Being in Michigan would make me judge that the people were not very cultured, or the amusements very intellectual; and the teachers might easily be shallow and silly. Do you have any trouble with discipline, and have you supplies enough? Has anything been paid about teacher's conventions or a teacher's association to which you have to pay dues? I hope your first year will be worth the doing and get fun out of all you can. Keep up your music, too.

By this time you are probably back at work in the New Year. The family was all together in Oberlin I suppose for Xmas and New Years. I am sorry I didn't send anything; but mine went earlier in the year. Did you ever get that package I sent in June with fan, embroidery, etc in it? We had cards from oodles of people and boxes from the farm, Aunt Etta's, and I got postals from the Chinese from Aunt Emma. We shall be more than eager to hear of the party you had at Oberlin.

Of course we were prepared all summer for the news from Bridgeport. I hardly know what to write Aunt Grace and Uncle Oliver and since reading "The Vocation of Grief" in the Dec. Atlantic, I am glad I have not written before. I thoroughly agree with his sentiments. I can't be sorry really for Anna, and I am glad the parents are taking it so bravely. As you said it seems such a waste of time, suffering and strength. If their lives had been more full of a constructive gospel, there would have been more joy in the memory of them. If their death had been surrounded with less sadness and trouble the memory of their lives would be worth the suffering.

Mother may have let you see my last letter of about three weeks ago. I told about giving a paper in Foochow's Arts and Crafts at the Anti-Cob [*Anti-Cobweb Society*]. I am thinking of revising and adding to it, and possibly printing it. Of that we shall say later. Our last two Anti-Cob have been most enjoyable. The one before Xmas was a carol evening. A trained choir gave several familiar pieces in such a finished American way, as we hear only at such occasions. After the flatting, discords and gaps where held note should be that I hear in the school all the time, I am really evaporated into air at hearing pure real music. Last Friday night we were at Black Rock Hill- the Y.M.C.A. house. The University men gave a play that came out in the Atlantic two years ago- "If Shakespeare were here today". Their attempt at an English brogue was very funny! But it was good. Then followed the number of the evening- a play in which Eunice Thomas was the leading lady called "Suppressed Desires". It is pretty good so far as feeling for marriage is concerned, and it was played very well. Our next meeting is a District School, and our supper is to be a box lunch and an auction! Aint' it fun? Really you wouldn't know Foochow now. There is so much society doings, and the missionaries are as much of it as anyone.

The biggest excitement before Xmas was the Red Cross Bazaar that the community gave to glorify the \$1000 expenses incurred at the time of the October war by the mission hospitals. Mrs. Price gave the Consulate for the building and different ladies took charge of various booths. When I went in the Canton and Swatow booths stood at the right in front. There were marvelous embroidered nighties and doilies etc., silver, carved ivory and other lovely expensive things. Next came the Foochow booth filled with Chinese writing paper, silver pins, spoons, etc, Lacquer, Chinese umbrellas, and even stockings that are made here. In the Shanghai booth were cloth for dresses, hats that were lovely, men's silk neckties, silk stocking Chinese dolls, etc. There was a white Elephant booth where second hand bedding, books, and odds and ends made fun; a fancy article booth and one of the largest displays of gold lacquer I ever saw. It was an education to see it. Upstairs was a toy room where there were Chinese-made doll's furniture sets, dang sticks and the cutest little baskets, round and square, and pails; Chinese doll's shoes, paper dolls, knitted sweater sets, and everything you could imagine. The baby bottle came in handy

and was very dainty; for there are lots of babies coming or come. In the hall was the candy booth which our American sailors from the gunboat Helena patronized well. From that alone we made \$216, for all the materials for the candy were given by stores and individuals. Tea and a cafeteria supper were served in a tea room that was very attractive. Orrin Maine and Dr. Lacy came in at the last on a boat from Shanghai that brought us a lot of Xmas mail. In all I believe they made about \$1300.

On Friday, the next day came our lunch exercises for Xmas at Geu Cio Dong. I had trained the Go Deng or Grammar School girls to sing for it, the H.S. girls, and the boys in the church school. Besides I had to play a violin solo also. The most interesting number on the program was the little play the church school girls gave of the Wise and Foolish Virgins. A screen was the house into which the bride groom dressed like a Chinese groom went with the Five Wise ones. Everything was so simple, and all done in real Chinese fashion that it gave me a new vision of the story. It almost shocks you to see these stories you have always considered more or less sacred dragged out and played with no reverence at all. Yet that is their way, now- a childish way, and I am not sure they don't get a good deal more from seeing it than from the reading. So it was in the Mediaeval Mirade Plays.

Friday night our girls sang carols under our windows, and I was so tired I barely heard them. They went home on Sat. for the weekend to Monday.

Sat. P.M. the mission Xmas came, and I enjoyed seeing the children say pieces and sing songs. Santa Claus nearly scared some of them out of their lives, but Billy Bedient wasn't afraid. I left before it was over, and took our girls to sing at a Y.M.C.A. entertainment. The Y.W. gave six tableaux of the scenes of Jesus' birth, and the girls sang a verse of a card to go with each scene. They also sang a song of this ??? The last number was a movie- Uncle Tom's Cabin that I saw from the stage, the back of the picture. Topsy was the main part of the play and the Chinese did appreciate her pranks. Mrs. Cong a Bible woman was greatly impressed with Little Eva's pity and eagerness to teach Tom to pray and write and that all Chinese should see it for that reason.

On Sunday Father spoke at Sang-Bo my church. I stayed to a feast there and had a program in the afternoon. Before that was over I had to rush into the city to help with a program there. On Monday A.M. Mrs. St. Clair had two Chinese families in for a Xmas tree, then we went around the compound to see the other Xmas. I came out to get our own tree for the girls ready for the night.

We had a little program of Scripture carols etc; then Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus came in covered with snow, from America and gave out the gifts from girls. Two of the girls acted the Santa Clause parts dressed in our hats and coats. It is amazing how many gifts they are beginning to give each other; for in the houses they have no celebration of any kind, even the pastors. I got several interesting gifts- a teapot, a handkerchief, a silver pin, candy, and a lovely pair of bedroom slippers like field woman shoes made of velvet. I prize them highly.

School has been going on as usual since then; we didn't have vacation for New Year's Day.

Last weekend Father and I took Dr. Sydney Gulick down to Hai Gie- the University. We spent the weekend with the Bedients and enjoyed little Philip the new baby, and Billy came in on Sunday A.M. and got into bed with me for a good talk. We walked around and saw the sights in the A.M. and had a meeting in the P.M. All the faculty eats Sun. night suppers together and that night we had a very good Chinese supper. The Prices and McConnells were also down and went back with us that night on the launch.

Yesterday I gave a concert for all the organ and piano students in the school. We sent out ticket invitations thru the week, and practicing has been deadly monotonous and persistent all the week. At 2:30 not a soul seemed to have come, but after we got started people appeared from nowhere till the room was full. One girl attacked the piano so violently that all the children laughed. But on the whole it was fairly good. Tea and cakes afterward seemed to hit the spot.

A week ago Wed. Father and I enjoyed a party at Mrs. Reeves'. We played singing proverbs, and charades, and they were rich. Miss Lambert suggested that we ladies all lie on the floor and pretend illness to illustrate ill for illuminate and we did it- mixed company, too. Refreshments were like a little supper. The English are delightfully simple and refreshing in their parties.

On two different nights recently the army in Foochow has celebrated our New Year with a parade. Seldom have I seen such beautiful lanterns, and such interesting placards and floats. The one I saw last Sat. night was the dragon, with an immense head, followed by a tail nearly 300 ft. long. It was built in little humps like that mounted on boards held together by a wooden pin, and carried on the shoulders of men about 4 ft. apart. All was beautifully lighted with candles. Next came a gold fish as high as a man- a marvel in red. Then came several bundles of flowers as high as the fire gates along the streets. Each flower and some of the leaves were lighted by candles, and to see these gigantic carnations, trumpet flowers, lotus flowers, tube lilies, etc., coming along in perfect form was beautiful.

The New Year vacation is only three weeks off and I have not planned to go anywhere. One of our ladies is going up near Shaowu and if she got back in time I should go with her. But I may teach a Y.W. class in Chinese

at the conference they have this vacation, so I must be on hand. There are many trips I can take by the day, and I shall study Chinese. Last Thurs. I passed three more exams not awfully well, and by April I want to finish all my 2 years' work if possible.

I have all the music for graduation so I feel busy. The girls are singing the "Lost Cloud" in three parts and are doing it well. Also "Follow the Gleam".

Will Dorothy graduate- that is take part in the graduation festivities as a graduate this year in June? If so I want to send her the gift for graduation now. Please let me know soon so it will reach her in time.

Do write and tell me of the family and of yourself. Do pass my letters much so you will all get all the news. I'll try to resolve this year to write every week. I am proctoring a study hall now and it is easy compared to one in America. Lots of love, best New Years wishes, Phebe.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 9, 1923**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. The railroad strike has delayed some students arrival back to school. The compound gateman's house caught fire and awoke Mary in the middle of the night. Postal rates have returned to their original prices. The school pipes burst over the holiday and Mary's ink bottle froze. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

January 9, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

Back at school and deep in work. Not all the children are in yet. Poor Franz Crumpacker and Edith Watson got to Shih Chia Chuang and were delayed by railroad strike. Franz after two days got on his wheel and got home in three days hard riding. So he got there for Christmas. Edith could not do so, being a girl and living twice as far away. She finally got there on the 28th. School had closed the 15th. Franz returned yesterday and we look for Edith tomorrow. Isabel Hemingway is coming then too. She has quite recovered.

We are all excited over Kathleen Parlow [*violin virtuoso*]. 18 of us are planning to treat ourselves to seats on Thursday afternoon. She plays at the Peking hotel at 5.15 so we can easily return that night by auto. The papers give wonderful accounts of her recitals in Tientsin.

I will go to back history. I stopped on my ?? trip for twenty four hours at Tenghsien to visit the Dodds. It is an awful place to stop at for no train arrives at a civilized hour nor leaves at one either. I came up by the Mail to get there at the best hour possible and that was 11.00 P.M. It meant sitting up all night too for the Mail carries only 1st class sleepers and my ticket was 2nd class. Mrs. Dodd was a thoughtful hostess and insisted on my having breakfast in my room. She put it on the score of the New Years guests she was expecting and the need of having the house ready to receive from 150-200 Chinese at an early hour. Anyway I slept till 8.00 and got rested. All the foreigners came in for tea that afternoon and we had a right good time visiting. I came up with the children and we came out by auto, getting here soon after midnight. Hot cocoa tasted good, for it was cold!

I got some kind of infection on my face and got the swelled head on the left side. Dr. Love did my facial decorations in iodine for a few nights and the thing responded right away so now I am nearly normal, but skinning. That and a cold made me feel tired so I took a weekend off, went without suppers and had breakfast in bed. It has saved me something, I know not what. For I feel all right and ready for work. You see I did not even write letters, but slept most of the time.

On Saturday night, we had a scare. I had gone to bed and was asleep. A disturbance or the light wakened me. My room was flooded with light. I was out of bed right soon and at the window. The gateman had a huge pile of fuel, enough to last him all winter, piled near his house. That is not so very far from the dormitory! It was all ablaze. Fortunately there was very little wind and that toward the west, hence away from us. Mr. Menzi was out there and had started the men to pulling out the bundles of straw that were not afire and so saved about two dozen good sized bundles. The gateman and his family had withdrawn into the house, and closed it tight and were waiting to burn, I guess. Leonard pulled him out and set him to work. He tried to have them shovel on enough dirt to save part of it, but the man got tired and our servants would not work if he lay down on the job. The stuff blazed low all night till after 7.00 A.M. I think the man must have sat out by it to watch it, for I awoke about two and he was there, and he was there when the train came in. All the children were down skating. Mr. Lund showed wisdom in finding out that they could be of no help and making them stay. I prevented any wild excitement.

The magazines are coming all right and are getting read too. We wish I had gotten the model for the rack from Miss Bostwick, as we talked so often last year of it.

My Digest still comes. I think I paid for two years before coming out. I had that in mind to do and thought I did it. I feel sure I must have for since October 28 I [*have*] been receiving two copies. Please write and ask to have my subscription extended for another year, instead of doubled as they are doing now.

The government changed the postage rates back to the former ones on the first of January. Several provinces had refused to recognize the increase and it was a mess. If a letter went out of the province the four cents was collected at the receiving office, if it stayed in nothing happened. Chihli, of course, could not revolt, but the papers could talk.

When we got back, the thing we have kept from happening for seven years happened. The servant had not kept enough fire and the pipes in the school house were burst. In all the north rooms and one section of each radiator was broken. "Smily Li" is still at work fixing them. We are taking out the pipes in the store room and using the good coils to replace the broken ones. Owing to the way the system was put in, we can use the good radiators and all the south rooms. A stove in the study hall makes up for the non use of part of the system. Flora's old room is like a barn. Recitations that are scheduled for that room, are conducted in the teachers sitting room over here.

My ink in the store was frozen. By some miracle, the bottles did not burst. I would have been a mess had they done so, for I made up three quarts last fall, thinking it would last most, if not all the year.

When in Shanghai, I met Mr. and Mrs. Yard. They were in Nichols once. He is a Methodist minister. She is still most fond of the Plumb girls and corresponds with each of the three. Ruby is evidently the one for who she has the greatest fondness and admiration. I remember, that they spoke of a friend, a missionary in Szechuan. But they are now transferred to Shanghai and live in the same compound as Harriet. She has three fine girls, the oldest either a junior or senior in high school. Mrs. Yard looks young enough to be a senior herself. I expected her to show me some infants when she spoke of her children.

I enclose one of the two letters that Mr. Scott has sent me. Flora may be near Springfield as able to call. I must close this and answer the two letters recently received with questions galore. I know I have not written of all the important happenings, but I think none of the most important are left out.

Letters from Margaret Smith still say she will not return for several years. Frances Gray is engaged to Mr. Hayes. He is nearly her age. Everyone seems happy about it except the Methodists who lose a fine helper. They will get married in the spring. Mrs. Martin has not been well all fall, so Jim Hunter took the Sunday School. She is better now, and will take her class back when Maude has to give up hers to care for "Jean". Franz Crumpacker has been bubbling over since his return. It is partly his joy at getting back, and partly the joy that his nose is to be broken before many months, as he learned during vacation.

I did not get the box of toys etc. off before going to Shanghai. I could not mail it here (Tunghsien) and was not foresighted enough to take it to Shanghai and mail it at the U.S. post office. I'll save postage now with the reduced rates.

Lots of love
Mary

*[This letter, dated **January 18, 1923**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould. Willard comments on the popularity of football in America. He writes from Ponasang because in the present reign of terror the women teachers want a man around for safety. He talks about how the army is seizing coolies off the street for labor workers. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

Wen Shan Girls' School

Foochow, Fukien

Jan. 18, 1923

Dear Boy [*Gould*]:-

Your good letter came about ten days ago and I read it and Phebe has read it and reread it I suppose and just returned it yesterday. The girls have both written most enthusiastically about the football game. Dorothy was hilarious about it and Geraldine says the people in America are football crazy. The papers say Yale has filled her Bowl twice this fall with nearly 80000 people each time and has had several tens of thousands in it at other times and has taken in about \$150000 in gate receipts- enough to build and equip and run for ten years a school like Foochow College with five hundred boys. And this \$150000 is only a part of the cost of the game to the visitors. Think of what many parties paid in auto hire, tolls, hotel bills etc. from New York and Boston and other places. Well the people in the dear, old home land are not all bankrupt.

There are many things in my daily routine to make me think of you. Each morning as I put on my tie I catch it with the clasp you gave me several years ago. Every time I go to any thing special I put in the stick pins you traded with me. It takes too much time to put it in every day. And when I go away for the night I have you along in

the form of my travelling case with every thing in it that I need for the night, or rather in the morning. I wonder if you have ever worn the dress coat I left.

I am writing this at Ponasang. All the ladies were away except Miss Pike and Phebe and in the present conditions, they kind o' like some one around. It seems strange to sit down to write a letter with a good chance of being able to finish it at one sitting. It is very quiet here and no teacher, student or other person knows where I am. In the city I very seldom have an evening to myself. Last evening three men came in after supper- each for a private interview. At 9:10 p.m. the last one went and I was free to see Phebe home to Ponasang- 10:30 p.m. found me back home and ready for bed. It was a nice crisp night and we enjoyed the walk. These walks together are a very great pleasure to both of us. They do us both good too,- often it is impossible for me to get the exercise I ought to have in the day time, and a brisk walk out to Ponasang and back is as good as a fire to put one to sleep and keep him there all night. Then we have the road all to ourselves at that time of night in these conditions and we have most helpful talks.

Day after tomorrow examinations begin. Commencement comes on Jan. 31. Then a vacation. Do you know that no student is more grateful for vacation than the teachers are. Phebe is debating whether to go to Sharp Peak for a week- to Diong Loh for a week or to Shaowu for three weeks during vacation. I have promised to go to Diong Loh.

The term has been a hard one in some ways. We started out very auspiciously with a very large enrollment- the largest of my fall term in the history of the College. The teachers were in their job and the boys were doing fine work when the war came and of course put every thing on the "blink". Conditions all thru Oct., Nov., Dec. and Jan. have been very unsettled and it has been impossible to do good work. We lost some 60 boys whose families moved out of Foochow to other cities to escape trouble and some boys left to go into the student army- which is a great farce.

For a week now the city has lived in terror. One of the armies of 10000 are planning to leave in a few days. They want 6000 men as load coolies. To get them they send the soldiers anywhere to arrest anyone who looks as if he could carry a load. Tuesday I spent the whole day to get a ton and a half of rice in to the College from just beyond Ha Puo Ga. Not a coolie could be found anywhere who would risk to pull a cart. We found one who would go for \$2.50 (for 2 hrs. work) if I would go all the way with him and guarantee to bring him back home. Well the rice shop proprietor and I finally took an empty two wheeled cart- pulled it to the rice shop, loaded it with 10 bags of rice each weighing 140 pounds and with three men= his clerks to push and pull, we started. Only a few rods away from the shop we stopped to repair one of the rear legs of the cart. The shop man stepped into a shop about 5 rods ahead of the cart. As he came out of the shop a man seized him. I happened to be looking the other way. I heard the other men shout "Keuk niah, Keuk niah." They have seized him. He is seized. I looked around and sure enough a young chap of some 20 years was pulling the man along by the arm. I pointed my cane at him and shook my head and he instantly released him. But with his pal the young chap came on past me and only 4 or 5 doors beyond entered a carpenter shop and pulled out the proprietor and hustled him along by me. I stood in the middle of the street and the poor fellow clutched my arm and begged me to help him. Before I could say a word, both brutes had their knives out and threatening to disembowel him. He of course let go of my arm and was hustled off to some pen where he would have straw to lie on- no covering, no stool or bed and two bowls of rice a day, until the army is ready to move. Then he will have to carry a load to no one knows where if he does not die before. The city is full of mourning women and children whose husbands, sons and fathers have thus been forcibly seized. Yesterday some 2000 women of the poorer classes besieged the Army generals to pity them and let their men folks out. I never saw a city so shut up. Not a shop open. Every morning some of us foreigners must go out to buy vegetables that are brought in by women.- Even teachers and students are taken. The women that empty our commodes have not been near us for three days. The villages out on the plain are all closed and the people do not dare even to open their doors. It is a reign of terror. The people come to us begging us to go and get their men out. Three women were waiting all the afternoon to get Miss Wiley and me to go to try to get their men out. We are practically powerless.

Well this is the civilization of China and only Jesus Christ can save China from this. The number who see this is few but increasing rapidly. And when we hear and see that the Christians to a very large degree escape,- for the pastors and preachers are on the job- they are in little danger of arrest. We realize that the Gospel not only saves men's souls but their bodies. It seems sometimes as if parts of the world had turned back and taken up the civilization of the Middle Ages- Turkey, Greece and China.

It's bed time. Write me how mama is and how she and the "kid sisters" are situated. Are they comfortable. God bless and guide and use you my dear Boy - Lovingly Father

*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 21, 1923**, was written from Tungchou, China, by Mary to the home folk. They received \$5100 to complete their dormitory (plumbing and electricity). The contractors installed the stairs incorrectly and they are now sagging. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S., January 21, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

We have been having a dust storm today, the first for a long time. The house has been cold too. But the heating plant is doing fine work. We can dress in comfort for the steam comes up so quickly. I turn off my heat because I can not get my room cold enough if I leave it on. Yet I can dress comfortable if I turn it on the minute I am out of bed.

The chapel with only pipes near the ceiling, and three north windows, has been too cold. Hence I have had the stove that used to be in Martha's room put up there.

Mr. Menzi has been in bed with Pharangitus(?) for the past two weeks. He is better now, but it will be several days before he can get out. Those poor people, one of them has been ill most of the time.

I went in on Friday for the reception at the Legation for all Americans. A talk with Dr. Ferguson will be of benefit because he is to come down early in the new Chinese year for a talk on art. He is giving a series to the Peking children.

I stayed with Jean and the Smiths and Heintz of Tsing Hua were there, also Alice Huggins. Since I had to stay in, I made the most of the night and went to see "Enter Madam", given by Peking talent under the auspices of the Art Institute. Everybody was there. Lura Aiken and her mother, just recently returned to Peking. How they were dressed up! Lura is giving piano lessons, English lessons and studying music. Professor Hymans seems to have taken her up.

Better than the reception or the Play, or the dinner, was the news that Minnie Corbett gave me after the play. She had received that day, news that Mrs. Schell had granted us \$5100 gold with which to complete our dormitory. HURRAH!! The money is here! Can you not see the Delco plant! the fine fixtures! set tubs and seats!

But the contractors did a dirty job on the stairs. They have hung them in midair without proper stays and they are sagging so one is almost afraid to use them. On the top ones where the use is least, the drop is over three inches. Li is at work making proper stays and will jack them up, and put posts from the first floor up. It will be less artistic, but more secure.

Jan. 28. Li looked over the job of fixing the stairs and apparently accepted it, last Monday. Nothing has been done. Dr. Love sent yesterday to enquire and received word that he was too busy to do it. It is a matter of feeling because the job was let to out of town men I fear. Meanwhile the stairs are slowly slipping each day. I have not gotten him to do anything this year. He scorns my small jobs.

With love

Mary.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 28, 1923**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. Moore Gordon talked to them about the orphanage he founded in 1917. She would like a "Tip Top Duplicator" ordered for her. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

January 28, 1923.

Dear Home Folks,

I have a letter started, but had to remove it to type examinations and can not find it. If I find it I can still enclose it. Exams are over for the children, but I am still in the throes of correcting. So far grades range from 25-97. Miss Burgess beats me with a 6 and a 98.

Last Saturday the Peking American School boys came down for an ice hockey game. It was exciting! There was no score during the four quarters so they played two extra five minute periods. They scored one goal during the first five minutes, so won. They skate better than our boys but we had the best team work. Erick Thunder shot the goal. It was the speed with which he did it that accomplished the end. He escaped the outer guards and only Stanley had to be dodged. Tomorrow we play them on the Legation rink. The boys have worked hard all week and we hope for success. It is hard to get good practice here now, because the ice had to be cut this week. The field is cramped, especially as there are other children who want to skate also. Instead of fixing the moat this year, the athletic associations have hired a man to sweep and water the pond. We did not recognize the "exclusive" rights of the Chinese boys to the pond, but asked for a division of hours for the "compound pond". No one made any objection, the division was made and all has been well so far. For one thing, fewer Chinese boys than ever have had

skates. Four at once is the most I have seen. They skate along with our children and enjoy the fun. Miss Young and Miss Carlisle have been very devoted to the sport, so the question of chaperone has not been any bother. That is lucky for the girls!

One Sunday, Moore Gordon came down and told us about the work out at the orphanage. It was a bit long but thoroughly enjoyable. He started with the reason for founding it, to care for orphans left by the floods of 1917 and then again by the famine of 1919 and told the story. The special point of moral that he emphasized, was obedience. They have a waiting list of several hundred. Two boys broke rules and went to Peking. On their return, the boy who had a home he could go to was sent thither in spite of petitions and pleadings. His place was needed by a boy who would appreciate it. The other, who had no home, and for whom it would mean sure death to be turned out, was put in the reformatory where there are only the barest necessities of life. But it meant waiting his turn at the end of the list of hundreds before he could hope to get back to the comforts he had been enjoying.

On Monday Chan Nai Nai's daughter came home ill. She has not been well for several months and I have asked Alice to get her home before she should get too ill to get well quickly. She did not want to come, and the authorities up there would not insist. Now she is here with a well developed case of Tuberculosis. Dr. Love has taken her into the hospital and says there is a good chance for recovery, but now it means a year or more. The poor Amah is of course quite broken up over it.

Miss Bailey is living up to her reputation and noting on the inspiration of the moment. Wednesday was the camp fire birthday. On Monday, I got a note asking if she could come for the dinner on Tuesday night. She did. And I think all went well. She had a ceremonial afterward, the first this year. I attended, and found it interesting. We are working on the question of room order. No teacher was ready to undertake the inspection last semester, and I had too many things to do. Hence I shut my eyes, rather than talk and not do. Now I am letting other things go if need be and doing careful inspection. Any clothes on the floor at any time, of day or night, I confiscate. During some hours of the day I take anything that is on the chairs or trunks too. Yes, I had to give in and let trunks stay in the rooms. We had not chairs enough to furnish seats and one can not insist on the girls standing all the time they are in their rooms.

Phebe's letter came Friday the 26th, just a month on the way. That very afternoon, came a bead man, and so I have most of the things you want already bought. I was very glad of the account, for I had no idea where I stood.

Here is the list of what I bought to send you.

1 turquoise chain to sell for	\$4.00
1 blue bird pin " " "	1.00
1 turquoise pendant " " "	2.50
2 " " " " "	1.75 each
2 brownish " " " "	1.75 "
1 set white jade " " " "	3.00 pair or 1.50 each

These are perfect and hard to get now.

I have some white chains, but nothing that is as long as Miss Schnieder wants. I am going to restring them before I send. I hope to get the cord in town tomorrow. You wait and see if they are not prettier than some of the others I have sent! None of the chains this time have the little boxes. I suppose they are too bulky for the peddlers to bring around.

Did Miss Brewster ever get a turquoise matrix chain? She originally wanted one. Please let her know if you are telephoning, that I am enjoying the New York papers very much. I am sure you can assure her that I am not using a great deal of time writing letters.

We expect two new boys tomorrow, Arthur Hersay and Norman Long. That makes 32 boys in the boys house. There will be 14 on each porch. Another one will have to sleep inside, for there just is not floor space for another bed. The four oldest boys sleep inside. They are not returning and did not want to purchase sleeping bags for the one year. We are sorry to loose Arthur Romig as he is such a fine student and always pleasant to have around. William Cochran sends a small brother to take his place. We all hope he is as interesting.

I am enclosing an advertisement of the "Tip-Top" Duplicator. Miss Mason had one at Monticello and it was most useful. This slip has been lost till I moved over. Since then it has been on my desk waiting for me to remember to write about it. I have marked the size I want, also the supplementary parts it would be wise to have sent at the same time. I should think, that Flora might like one for Tientsin too. I should like to get it here for the next examinations if possible. This is an old advertisement so prices may have changed. They were about \$3.50 before the war. I hope they have gone down.

I am sorry I was so slow in getting the second luncheon set off. Some way there was a long time between opportunities. It is more like the ones you have seen. Did I put a price on it? It would be \$9.00 or 10.00. The other is

much cheaper, \$5.00. I write this late purposely, so Mother will take her real choice, unhampered by thoughts of price.

I have had letters from Mariel Evans, Eleanor Mitchell, Miss Lathrop, recently. The Mitchells are on Riga, Latvia and having interesting experiences. The Yarrows are in Rowayton, Conn. if you want to hunt them up. Did I write that Grace goes to Smith and her mother wrote for her grades? The Dildines are in Peking. Mary is so much better that she starts school this new semester. Mrs. Dildine writes that she hopes to send them back here, but if that school comes up to grade, she must keep them home as the doctor does not yet give them a clean bill of health.

Mary was down for the game Saturday and it hurt her to have to root for any team but ours.

With lots of love,
Mary.

I enclose the bill for my Geographic, \$3.50.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **February 11, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the family. They have had hockey games this winter. Mary sends prices for some Chinese items sent back home to be sold. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S. February 11, 1923.

Dear Family,

Mothers letter came this week. Rain and mud sound good to me. It is, of course, terribly dry here. A high wind on Friday gave us a local dust storm, but it was short lived. Mrs. Gordon was out today for the first time in over a week. She had the influenza such as has been going the rounds. Mr. Menzi was back on the job this week, after an absence of three weeks. It was good to have everything in full swing again.

Before Mrs. Gordon got ill she was in the nervous state, that is familiar to those of us who know her, when everything was wrong. She sat on the poor children in the dining room till it was most trying. But she brought them to time by refusing to make birthday cakes if they refused to heed her repeated requests for less noise. Five missed out on cakes, then the noisy ones began to feel that it was too much to impose a punishment on others for the sake of the enjoyment they were getting. Also Mrs. Gordon began to feel that she had been too hard. The result was a joint party for the five and Mr. Menzi who had been in bed on his birthday. It was a success and I hope will be useful in keeping order in the future.

Last week Cleora came down for the week-end. I made the first Divinity of the season. It was excellent. Maude brought over some cherries and we added them. It was so good that Jean and I had no difficulty at all in cleaning up the dish when she was down on Tuesday.

Alas we lost the third hockey game. There was no score for three quarters, then Millard Arnold shot a pretty goal. No one could get another in. But the Puck traveled back and forth so fast it almost made ones head dizzy following it. Our boys did wonderfully well. It was a hard fair fight, with the most friendly spirit all through. I went with the Tuttles for lunch and a committee meeting for the curriculum committee afterward. We talked so hard and interestingly that it was 3.50 before I thought of my train. I rushed off and thanks to the train being late, made it at Tung Pien Men. It was a forlorn team that waited for the train; tired and no thrill of victory to cheer them.

I mailed two packages to you on Monday. One was the toys etc. that I have had done up for so long, the other contained,

3 turquoise pendants; 1 of hard stone and 2 of soft.
2 colored glass "
1 chain beads.

The prices are on them all, in gold, as you out to sell them. I shall not label any others, lest it get you into trouble with customs. Have you had to pay anything on the stuff I have sent? Most people are groaning over duties, on goods sent home. If you do, please add to the prices and reimburse yourselves. We are selling cheap enough, so there ought to be no kick.

I am going to have "Four Chickens" mail here on the street, four packages tomorrow, contents may sell as follows:

I.	III.
blue-glass beads -- \$2.50	Turquoise matrix (solid) -- \$8.00
white bone " ----- 2.50	" " with knots - 7.00
	crocheted lingerie top ----- 3.00

II.
Blue glass beads----\$2.50
Pink bone "----- 2.50
Humpty-dumpty ----- .40

IV.
2 bunnies----- .40 each
humpty-dumpty----- .40
brown beads-----2.50

I have seven more strings to send some time, but have not gotten them done up. I took time last week to make extensive purchases at Tais. The new year is at hand and even Tai was eager to sell. The things sent last Monday, I got from "Jerry" when he came down.

I had Alice Huggins over for dinner this noon. Miss Burgess had Miss Ingram, and Miss Fenn went over to keep Miss Sailer company. I am going to start and entertain the compound people. It is too late to get Maude until after the baby comes, I fear. Bobby is a dear, so happy to be out after being in for several days with the flu.

Katherine Dodd has a small victrola and it has been going all day. I have not minded, because she has no cheap, trashy records, but many good, classical ones. It will not be the demoralizing influence, that Dixie's machine was. I have got to get hold of Katherine, she is all right here, but her attitude toward her mother in heart rending.

Monday—I sent to Flora last week several prospectuses and some of the booklets giving the book lists. I did not understand that the booklet was to have anything but the books desired in it, so that is all it contains. Some of the other things are,

a safe
a victrola
outfit for teachers rooms i.e. sheets, towels, pillowcases, etc.
another piano
table linen, table cloths, 2 yards square, for ten tables.
napkins, 2 dozen.
large type revised version Bible for chapel.
money for servants quarters.

Flora knows the needs better than I, for she worked more on that problem

I wonder how much you got for the fur coat? I am glad it is sold before it gets moth eaten or otherwise injured.

Please give to the church for me \$5.00, out of the funds that you collect from the sales. I mean to give something every year altho I am so far away.

When you get tired of selling things, just say the word and I will cease to send them to be sold. I enjoy doing my part, but do not want to over do it for you. I sent the four packages to the office, so they ought to travel with this letter, and leave the 16th.

It is getting spring. I have had to turn the heat off and open my window. Also the ribbon on my machine is winding itself up all crooked. It is a Remington ribbon, and I may have made a mistake to be so economical. It costs the same price as the Corona and is nearly twice as long. By winding it over onto my spool, and cutting it, it should work.

I must write Miss Bailey. She has written early that she plans to come down, so I must answer. She wants to make gowns and have two ceremonials during her vacation.

Carrington Goodrich and Ann Swann were married last week Friday. I got an invitation on the evening mail of the wedding day and the wedding reception was at 5.30. I did not attend. Bob Shaw is in the seventh heaven. Ruth is coming north for two weeks.

Lots of Care
Mary.

[This letter dated Feb. 11, 1923 was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Ellen. In it she talks about her recent trip to Sharp Peak where she was born. She ponders about being an old maid as her 30th birthday approaches. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Foochow, China.
Feb. 11, 1923.

Dearest Mother,

We are in the midst of a real Foochow winter; cold that finds and hugs you everywhere except as you hug a stove, cloudy days, and sometimes rain. In spite of the untoward weather, Reiltia Allen, Miss Hartwell's new secretary, Miss Bosbyshell, and I started last Saturday for Sharp Peak and a week of party. Father had started the day before for Diongho and stopped here to have me put up his lunch. Just before he left your package came, and I

tore it open in time to let him see his tie and the pictures. These last are very good I think especially of "The four children" rowed up according to age. Father is most desirous of having a set for himself. Please send a duplicate as soon as you can get it here. Maybe Uncle Willis is sending him some.

Marjorie has grown so that we both thought her Dot. She is wearing Dot's Honey I hat, isn't she? Just before you get this you will probably get Dot's birthday gift of lacquer. I hope it reaches her O.K. and that she likes it. She ought to keep the room rather medium temperature and a pan of water on the radiator to make dampness enough to prevent cracking. If Dot likes hers well enough, (keep this secret, please) I hope to send Monnie one like it, or if she prefers in green or black, for graduation next June-1924. Please find out what her feelings are in this matter.

Well, I must hurry now, after all this that started to be an introduction to this message, to thank you very much for this lovely paper. I was sorely in need of this and Gould's beautiful box as all my nice stationery is gone. I love to use pretty paper, and I shall love this, really, all the more because you sent it. Lots of love goes with the thanks.

At Sharp Peak, I wished, as I stood in the suite where I was born that you and Father might have stood there with me. I love the place because it is near the sea, and I love the sea! Perhaps I do because I was born near it. No place was familiar to me; and I didn't get to the beach, for our hurried departure. That I think I would have remembered. Some summer now, I want to go down for a week or two, and see it under pleasant skies; for I like the place.

These days since Wednesday have been full of unimportant things, paying last bills before the new year, receiving furniture- my very first set, which really makes it most important, and just kicking around in general. It seemed strange today to go to Geu Cio Dong and see only a handful there, mostly not school girls. A schedule agrees with me I know. I get more things done, and planning a day's work is less energy-consuming. The name, old-maid is nearly mine, I guess. Thirty is fast approaching, and unless I hurry, I'll still be an old maid. So far, my last letter to you still stands. I wonder what you will or have replied.

My new magazines came last week, and I felt so happy to see the "Etude" and "Current opinion". The Lit. Dig. [*Literary Digest*] is excellent, but it comes so fast that I have no time to keep up. Rates are about even; but I shall have more self-respect if I at least approximate reading this thro. Gould said in his last, that he didn't know what to send for gifts. Perhaps if I just mention some things it will help. Records for Vic. [*Victrola*] I sent a list of last summer. Late books, either good fiction or worthy non-fiction are fine. But for fiction you'll have to get them right off the press, for we have already read "This Freedom" and "In the days of Poor Richard". Missionary folks are readers. Both Xmas'es so far we have had a lot of candy, and for appearances sake I've eaten most as much as anyone. So a nice box would save my face at Xmas. It is a luxury, and I should get on without it- and be called a child or a tight-wad, I suppose. But-----!

The family has written us very regularly this winter and we appreciate it! Please keep it up! We watch the mails eagerly. Silence we take for "All's Well", however we never cease to pray that you are well. Very much love, and many thanks again for the lovely gift, from your eldest girl- Phebe

I am enclosing just a tiny sprig of a flower I found at Sharp Peak. It was originally pink. I wish I could have found a wild lilac on the way to the boat!

[This letter dated Feb. 11, 1923 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Kathleen. He tells her about his somewhat humorous walking trip with Mr. Topping and "Frank" to the station, Diong Loh and back. He talks briefly about the current state of affairs in China. Kathleen is 15 and he celebrated his 58th birthday. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

Feb. 11-1923

Dear Kathleen:-

Last week I was in Diong Loh and no one got any letters for two reasons. (1) Last Sunday Mr. Topping and I rose at a village called Kong Cheng. We walked from Diong Loh there= about 16 miles on Saturday. We had Frank, Mr. Topping's horse with us but he could not find a coolie for one load so his house coolie took one load and we put the bedding on Frank. He acted as if he thought that was Kong King ing[?] him but he carried it and Mr. Topping on top of it for a while=about two miles. Then he stopped and refused to go. Mr. Topping got off. Then Frank went on all right. Sunday morning we found another coolie to accompany the house coolie and they took the

loads on 14 miles to where we were to spend Sunday night. We took Frank and went to Nang Long a village about 1500 feet up above the plain. This is a very interesting place. One of the leading business men of Sing Ha, a large village on the sea comes from Nang Long. His family lives there. He is a very earnest Christian and his influence is very positive for Christianity in all that region. There are only 50 families in Nang Long. They have given up all idols and every form of idolatry. No more do they use wine at feast and superstition is gone. It is much like a Christian village at home- not all the people are Christians but they are all favorable to Christianity. Most of the men are in Sing Ha in business. We held a service at Nang Long- had dinner there and went down to Sing Ha in the afternoon. The road was pretty steep some of the way but Frank carried either Mr. Topping or me most of the way. We reached Sing Ha a little after 5. The wind was blowing very hard and it was some cold. We had to eat wholly Chinese food at Neng Ing and that evening we had to have a feast at Sing Ha. Down on the sea the wind blows fiercely.

Monday morning it began to rain about 8:30. We had breakfast then we had set before us each four eggs poached in sugar and water. I ate for breakfast 1 poached egg and two fried eggs. Mr. Topping took them all =six. Then just as we were starting a woman came in with two bowls of Hung Gang=rice vermicelli with an egg on it. He ate the egg=seven. We walked about ten miles and stopped at a village and had another dish of rice vermicelli with two eggs on it. He ate both= nine eggs Mr. Topping ate for breakfast last Monday.

You should have seen us as we left Sing Ha. The members sending us off with fire crackers. Frank is not yet used to them and they were so near they flew all about under his feet. He just danced for two or three minutes with Mr. Topping on his back. When it finally occurred to him that by going forward he could get away from the noise- he just scooted.

We reached our next stopping place Siu Lai about 1:45. This was on the way home toward Diong Loh. Going down we had made a detour to stop at Nang Long. The last two hours of travel before reaching Siu Lai it rained hard and the wind blew right in our faces so hard that it was useless to try to hold an umbrella. I was wet as a rat from my feet nearly to my hips. The wind blew the flaps of my overcoat about so that the rain got against my legs. My cap was soaked. But the loads came about 20 minutes after we got to the chapel and I took a good rub, put a blanket over my shoulders and was all right. Just before we reached this village we had to cross a brook some 4 rods [*about 66 feet*] wide. Mr. Topping was waiting for me and said we would both ride over. I laughed and said that little pony could not carry two of us. But he got off- I jumped into the saddle and he tried to get on behind. But he landed on the pony's tail. The pony tried to kick but with two big men on his back and one of them right on his tail, his hind feet did not get very far into the air. Mr. T had to get off and the next time he landed near the saddle and Mr. Frank took us over all right.

We had a nice service with over 30 people that afternoon. Next morning we started for Diong Loh and got home a little after 5 o'clock Wed. a.m. I stayed and examined Miss Nutting in some language work. Thursday a.m. I walked 8 miles to Long M??? and took the launch for home- Foochow. The Diong Loh launch left at 5 a.m.- too early.

Your letter is with Phebe so I cannot answer it in time. But it was a very good letter. 9+ [*maybe he means years in school*] shows that you are developing in the use of your mother tongue. My how would you like to see the first letter you ever wrote me. I have it preserved in my trunk. Mama's description of the task is almost as interesting as is the letter. Gould and Geraldine write as if it was good for them to get home for the few days at Christmas.

Both the Southern generals have left Foochow. Hu Cung Do- left the day that I left for Diong Loh. The soldiers are still siezing a few men to carry loads but the streets are again supplied with rickshas and the shops are open and in general Foochow appears natural for the first time since last September.

Commencement passed off very nicely. Civil Governor Ling Seng spoke at the exercises. Ten students from the middle school course and nineteen from the Higher Primary received diplomas. We are still buying land and houses for enlargement.

My 58th birthday was the day I walked in the rain and got wet thru. I shall remember it a long time. The evening after we returned to Diong Loh the station were invited to dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Hubbards and to my complete surprise a cake with birthday candles came on.

How you would enjoy the Topping children. Wilma is a little more than two years old. Her hair is very striking. Mama would have given a good deal to have had a baby with one tenth so many curls. Her hair is all curls and it stands straight up all over her head. I never saw hair like it. Her mother cannot brush it down. Each hair seems so full of kinks all the whole length. The baby is nearly six months old and sleeps from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. without disturbing anyone. A new boy's school building is going up at Diong Loh and also one at Ing Hok. The new house on the site of the old Gardner house is roofed in so the men need not fear the rain. The new Women's Hospital on the land that used to be my garden is just getting the roof on.

Every one is very busy planning the work for next year= I mean next Chinese year. The whole mission is \$3000 mex. short we have appointed a committee of twenty to raise this here in Foochow. We shall be on the job when this reaches you. Please all of you pray that the money may come. I have talked for this method of raising money for the work for a long time. This is the first real attempt that had been made. I hope it will be successful.

China is a much distressed land. Conditions are as bad as they were under the old monarchy, but she has more hope- for there is a deep thirst for knowledge at least for an education and a Christian Education is her only hope. Many mistakes will be made as she changes from chaos to order and many men will be killed, for life is very cheap here as any previous letters have shown. Rattle brained young men and young women will make fools of themselves and cause misery. But out of it all will come a China that will help the world.

May God be very good to you all

Very lovingly
Father

I'll look for a burette.

The young man who came with 5 others into my study three weeks ago and demanded that the Foochow College students go in a procession to the various officials to demand the stopping of siezing men for carriers shot himself last week, accidentally- a good thing for Foochow.

[This typewritten letter, dated **March 2, 1923**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the folks. She tells about the various people and families of which she is acquainted with. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., March 2, 1923.

Dear Folks,

I know I have been delinquent in writing and fear that another Sunday will pass without a letter. Hence, I am writing instead of eating. That is not as bad as it sounds, for I had a most scrumptious tea at 4.00 and only a short walk since.

Two weeks ago I went to Peking on Saturday afternoon by rickshaw to hear Kathleen Parlow a second time. My man was a good one, but 5 miles this side of town he sold me to another fellow. This second was slow- s l o w. I would have arrived in time for dinner and no concert had not the Gibbs been trying to attend the same concert and by auto, not rickshaw. I stayed in for the week end with Jean. We had Alfred Stanley and Margaret McCann for Saturday night. We all went to the movies and saw a good story of the Yukon.

On Sunday Jean and I went to the hotel for the music. It was an all classical program. A Mr. Ellis, third Secretary, just new invited Jean over to hear his new piano, and try it as accompanist to her violin. Paul and I went for audience. Mr. Ellis is delightfully Naïve.

The Burgess family were down here for two weeks camping out in the one time Howard-Smith house, now the N.C.A.S. property. Mr. B. was very ill with something similar to Typhus during the Christmas holidays and the doctors forbade him doing any work till after the first of March. Hence the migration of the whole family. I was over there for lunch on Washington's birthday, and had the whole family over here for Sunday dinner. Vinton developed ear ache, so Stella and the boys made a hasty departure by auto Monday morning.

Jean Hunter arrived about 8.39 two weeks ago today. She is a darling. I saw her when four days old. She is gaining and Maude is fine. Bobby gets terribly excited when we ask after the Shao baby. Bobby was most ready to give us all up as no good. A kite had gotten tangled in the outer branches of one of the trees. It floated most delightfully in the wind and was a most desirable plaything. Yet we only tossed him and played get it. He really wanted it!

The Faculty Entertainment was this last Wednesday night. We had the Chinese Players down. They gave four plays, taking about two hours. After the first one, I invited small groups to go behind the scenes and watch the man manipulate the figures. It was like a Chinese audience after that with constant going and coming. But the children enjoyed it that way, so why object!

Jean Josselyn, Minnie Corbett, and Lura Aiken were our only guest this year. As usual several did not even reply. Flora can guess one or two names. I think I shall recommend dropping them from our list of patrons.

Tuesday evening. I had a fine time at Tsing Hua, though not a very exciting one. We just talked on Saturday eve. They had had "Way Down East" the night before so there were no movies. On Sunday, two people from the German Legation were out, Mr. and Mrs. Gipperich. They were very interesting people. He was born out here and spoke beautiful English. She was not very fluent. I went to the Heintz for supper. On Monday morning, I read in the library all the educational magazines I could find. It was like college days at Columbia.

Today Jena was down for her violin lessons. We went for tea at Mrs. Martins, the Alice Huggins and Miss Sailor walked down the Tientsin road. I found that Dr. King had arrived by the evening train. She was expected last Friday, but bandits had fired on the outgoing auto so the autos were not running. The trouble proved short lived.

I have much work and several business letters, so must turn to those.

Lots of love.

Mary.

*[This letter dated **March 2, 1923** was written from Foochow, China by Charles M. Neely to Willard. Charles M. Neely writes to Willard in praise of Willard's daughter Phebe and her work as a missionary. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

會 年 青 女 教 督 基
YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
巷 庇 吉
GEK PUOI HAENG
州 福 國 中
FOOCHOW, CHINA

Mar. 2, 1923

Dear Dr. Beard;

I've just been writing a note to Phoebe to thank her for her help in the Conference and it struck me you might be interested to hear how much help she was and how sincerely I appreciated having her. I couldn't visit the Bible classes but I know Phoebe led hers well and that the girls enjoyed their discussion hours greatly. They said so.

And then, you know, Phoebe stepped into the gap that was left when the music director got stuck in Amoy and couldn't come.

I've got the world more or less roughly divided into two classes- the people who give you a pull down as you touch and those who give you a lift and certainly Phoebe is one of the latter.

Sincerely-

Charles M. Neely.

*[This letter dated **March 5, 1923** was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Ellen. Phebe talks about working with and being inspired by some Chinese ladies. She is enjoying the start of spring and her work in the church with Easter preparations. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Foochow, China.

March 5, 1923.

My own darling Mother,

Later and later it has got and I have not written you to greet you on your own day, the 29th of this lovely spring month as it is with us. This note brings you my warmest love, and special birthday wishes. May the year that starts for you on that day lead you forthwith new fields of usefulness, a new start in learning-for we are not happy unless we grow and learn, and all the happiness and inspiration of knowing yourself needed by and useful to many loved ones and friends. If Mrs. Cong and many others here knew I was writing they would ask me to say Gung- Li for your birthday, for they often ask for you and ask me to send their greetings. I think it would please them to get a word from you some time.

Since I wrote you last I have had a very rich and beautiful experience. During the week of Feb. 19 I was with the Y.W. Conference at Sing Ding School. Living so intimately with the secretaries, the three English ladies there, and Anne Kentfield was a privilege. But working with and having two Chinese ladies from the Peking and Shanghai association was an inspiration. They are every bit as fine as we are, and it gives me fresh courage to try to see in my girls here the kind of women they were, the contact with the girls, the use of Chinese in the discussion group on Christianizing Relationships, and the responsiveness of the girls were all a very happy education to me.

Isn't it wonderful that Easter comes in the spring? I have been sleeping on the porch with Miss Pike, and every morn we are wakened by the 'Chinese Robins' wide rollicking repertoires and other bird calls. Each day sees new growth in the leaf buds on the old trees in front of our new house, and the sun rises earlier each day. Some days bring a warm damp earthy smell that intoxicates me with joy. And sometimes as I sit in chapel I look thru the

window at a curtain of green leaves and grown trunks and the sun shining thru the swaying leaves is enchanting. What little things bring joy or sorrow!

I am doing evangelistic work at Sang Bo with the Bible woman and our girls who go there to help on Sunday. We are doing intensive education on Easter and its story for the next month. After a Sat. afternoon of calling revealed discouraging ignorance and indifference in church members, it was very reassuring to see the turnout we had Sunday A.M. Nearly all were men and women as opposed to mostly children at other times. And when Mr. Goertz preached a short sermon after the pastors, the audience was most attentive. Pray that I may be sensitive to the needs of other people, to suggestions sent by God and to His influence in this work.

My Easter Greetings to all the family. I hope you are all well and are not over working. When you get this all the glory of spring will be bursting about you. I can almost feel it!

Tell each of the girls to give you a big hug and birthday kiss for me, and Gould too if he is there. How I'd like to do it myself! Listen to the Easter music for me, too. I'll be teaching the Hallelujah Chorus and the Easter piece for our concert here this next month.

Very much love from your oldest,
Phebe.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **March 18, 1923**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the folks at home. She found one of her teachers smoking in the building late at night. She inquires about the rumors that she has heard about Flora not planning on returning to China. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

March 18, 1923.

Dear Folks at Home,

Phebe's letter mailed the 13 of Feb. reached me the 8th of March. Mothers, mailed the 6th was two days later in reaching me. Such is the irregularity of the mails.

Yes Mother, the pipes all got fixed, and very quickly for this country. There are some leaks yet, but nothing serious. Finally, I had a stove put in the chapel; we were paying out 10.00 per week for oil for heating. We still pay out a lot, as the Menzis use the oil heater most of the time. Last week the servants used all the oil in five days that usually lasts seven. I made a terrible row about it, and now they want me to watch every move. I say no, either they can be trusted within limits, or we can not use them. I was done up with a bad headache and fever to 101.6 for three days so did not watch as closely as usual. I do not feel like trying it though, either physically or otherwise.

Alfred Stanley is to get up tomorrow for the first time. He had the scarlet fever lightly and was over the worst before we knew what it was. Jack West is down with a bad sore throat, but so far no rash has appeared. There are no other suspects. Mrs. Stanley was here for three days but went home. She may return when the nurse leaves and it gets lonesome for Alfred.

Several times lately I have been wakened by a strong odor of tobacco. Once I went down stairs and all seemed serene. The servants were all in bed so was everyone else. A week ago, it happened again. I had been in bed for most of the last four days and was too weary to go investigate. Last night I went down, Miss Carlyle it seems indulges, "late at night, so what difference does it make". I asked her to please go out doors hereafter, not smoke in the house. She has decided not to return for another year and is evidently going to be as reckless as she pleases. I thought Miss Muir was indulging too, but she was not. She is a most capable woman, but spoiled by her life overseas or else naturally unprincipled.

What fun to have a family party on Mothers birthday. I should have liked to have been there. I am glad Mother is keeping the colored set, it is more unique. If you can sell the other for anything over \$8.00 I shall make my usual allowance on it. If that is too much, get what you can. Do you want such things to sell? I can buy as men come around, if you do, or get in Peking.

How hard for Nellie and Hattie, to have Frank [*cousin-in-law, Frank Ernest Blakeman, husband of Nellie Elizabeth Beard*] taken. And how hard to have to see him suffer so. Leaks of the heart are not always fatal. Bergen Stelle has a rather bad one. To be sure, it is a constant source of worry. He is still in bed with a cold that would hardly have bothered the rest of us. He runs a low fever every day. Mrs. Stelle and Clarkson are going home with Bergen this summer. Mrs. Stelle says that she could not be happy nor could Mr. Stelle to let him go alone, after this siege.

Monday A.M. Mr. Bentley preached for us yesterday. The children volunteered remarks on his sermon and every one was impressed with it. He used the story of Micaiah, II Chronicles, 18, and brought home the lesson of doing ones duty, hard though it be and against popular feeling.

We have had good rains right along and the country side is all plowed and partly planted. Miss Ingram, Miss Burgess and I are going to take our tea and walk off somewhere this afternoon. She has a class till 3.15, so we have gotten the tea things and will meet her at the Academy. My lunch box that Miss Bostwick gave me is being used. It is so warm that one hardly needs a sweater even.

What do the rumors about Flora's not returning mean? Are they true or only rumors? I think that I wrote that Miss Smith had proved most satisfactory. Mrs. Evans is giving a course in History that she is working up for the little folks, and I get glowing accounts of it. She is writing it in the form of a scroll, beautifully illustrated, and it fascinates the children. Also they get the facts and retain them.

There is a fad for Womens papers here. One has started in Shanghai and one in Tientsin.

March 23 I am going to make an end of this letter and get it on its way. All the children were off yesterday morning. The Shantung crowd traveled on the new steel train and were most delighted. It has compartments even on 3rd class. There are three berths on each side, and the seats are leather. It was most clean and unscratched as yet. In the day time each compartment is supposed to hold eight. Our party was just sixteen.

There are seven of us here, not counting, the scarlet fever patient and the gastritis patient. Both are most well. Philip will probably be out next week but Alfred has to do most of his peeling yet. We seven are planning for the hills next Thursday to stay till Monday. We go to Tan Che SSu, that being the one place to which no one of the party has even been. We read Juliet Bredon on the place[porch?] last night, to the enjoyment of all.

I am going up tomorrow to attend the College club also to hear the Persian Garden, on Monday. I am staying with Cleora at Teng Shih Kou. I have been to Jeans every time this winter, because she has been here and given the invitation personally.

We are having guests this evening. The dining room is too full to have much company in term time. We will have to improve the few days we are here, if we get around.

Last Sunday Mr. Luders and two friends were here and accepted my invitation to stay for lunch. I got a thank you note and a check for \$50.00 two days later. It pays to entertain, at that rate.

With lots of love,

Mary.

*[This letter dated **March 18, 1923** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Marjorie. He tells her about seven Chinese men who wanted to join the church and the superstitions of the boatmen. He talks about his chickens and the children living in the compound. Willard has some issues with some property he bought with graves on it. He laments over the current political situation and the abuse of soldiers and the poor by the militarists. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

March 18, 1923

Dear Marjorie;-

It must be your turn to get the letter this week. Last week I wrote to Gould, and asked him to send it to Oberlin.

Today has been much like a day in May at home. The sun has shone all day but not hot and bright. There has been a dampness in the air that has made me wear an overcoat all day. This morning I went to the Upper Bridge to church. There were seven men-learners who were thinking of joining the church. We talked with them and admitted three. One of these was an old man 74 years old. His two sons were already members. Another was a young man whose brother has been a Christian School teacher in our mission for several years. The third was a near relative of a teacher in Trinity College. There were two others pretty ming bek. (Do you know that means? Ask Mama). But they were boatmen and knew no character and had not been learners very long. One was about fifty years old and ran his boat with a crew of ten between Foochow and Upper Bridge and Kienning here, - where Archdeacon Phillips lives. The pastor = Ung Huai In and the church members were afraid he did not know quite enough of the Truth to join the church yet. There is very much idolatry and superstition connected with a boat captain's life. He must burn incense and shoot off the tripod when he starts up river, and he must go to the temples built near the bad rapids to burn paper and incense to the idols to propitiate them so his boat will not be wrecked. It takes a very earnest boatman not to have anything to do with idolatry.

After admitting these three men four little babies were Baptized. One was a two month old son of pastor Huai Li,- one was a four month old grandson of his,- the little boy of his oldest daughter who I married a little over a year ago. She was one of Phebe's pupils at Ponasang.

Yesterday Mr. St. Clair and I started at 12:15 for Kuliang. It was very cloudy and almost raining, so we went prepared for rain. We took rickshas to Deuk Sei, half way across the plain, walked to Huang Sei the last village before you reach the foot of Kuliang, took chairs from there to the foot and walked up. I went specially to look at Miss Todd's cottage and at Mr. Belchers. Mr. and Mrs. Storrs want Miss Todd's cottage. Mr. Newell I think has bought Mr. Belcher's - for an investment. We walked all the way down and across the plain to East gate where we found rickshas. I stopped at Deuk Sei to see some little chicks that were just hatching. I gave the eggs to Nuik Ciu the Christian fruit and vegetable man to set under his hen. I found 12 or 13 hatched out. He is to bring them to me tomorrow. Then I shall have a regular chore night and morning to feed and care for them. I have now seven hens and one rooster over in my old chicken house. This month thus far I have brought in 82 eggs. I received 3 cents a piece for them.

Mr. Munson is very much better. He has been down stairs now for three of four days. They plan to sail from Shanghai early in April.

Mrs. Cong asks me over and over to remember her to Mamma. She thinks a great deal of Mama and tells me that Mama loved her very much.

The compound is quite lively with children these days. Mrs. Rogers Ellen, Mrs. Leger's Margaret, Barbara and Robert, Mrs. Dumason's Paul and Marian, Mrs. St. Clair's Betty. These are playing together all over the yard. They have a slide in the corner of the terrace near the big rock,- the other side of the walk, and they enjoy it hugely. They slide down one at a time or two or three at a time and sometimes on top of another. Betty has a doll as large as a new born baby. Ellen is crazy to get it and shows much ingenuity in making plans to get Betty out of the way so she can play with the doll. For several days Betty was out doors with the other children in the morning. Ellen quietly slipped into the house, found the doll and played all alone with it for an hour or more. But one day Betty did not go out and was playing with the doll herself. Ellen came in and saw the condition of things and asked Mrs. St. Clair to send Betty out to play. Mrs. St. Clair said no Betty could stay in doors then what do you suppose- Ellen got to work to induce Betty to go out and she got her out and playing with the others, then she slipped quietly in and got the doll and played with it all alone.

My sheets have gotten beyond mending. For several months they have been pretty easily torn. I hoped to get some from Miss Garretson's sale but someone else got them all. Phebe found just five yards of sheeting at Heng Sings 91 inches wide - five yards will make me two good sheets and enough to last me a long time. I did not suppose that wide sheeting could be found in Foochow and I had told Phebe to buy some cotton cloth of suitable quality and I would have two widths sewed together.

I wish some of you would order for me the renewal of the Oberlin Alumni Magazine. If you, any of you, care to see it. Have it sent to you and you send it on to me. A week or two in my receiving it will make no difference. I will send you the next money I get from Mr. Bidwell.

I see by the Sentinel that cousin Frank Blakeman [*Judge Frank E. Blakeman, spouse of Willard Beard's cousin, Nellie Beard Blakeman*] was very ill in Hartford, Conn. and little hope was held out for his recovery [*Judge Blakemen died around the time this letter was written*]. I wonder if Dr. Leonard's death will effect you- some of you used to help Mrs. Leonard I think.

I am having a very anxious time just now over the purchase of some land with graves on it between the West Gate and the Upper Bridge. The graves are over half out. Someone had entered an accusation against the villagers who sold and one has been arrested and trouble is being made. I have to find a place for the men to stay. It's no fun. The land is being bought for the union Normal and Middle School- of which Mr. Newell is in charge with Mr. Billing.

510 boys are registered in Foochow College- about ten have been turned away- four arrived from sustain Friday and are waiting till tomorrows faculty meeting to see if they can enter. Thus far the faculty are working together finely.

Political conditions are still unsettled. Selfishness is the rule all over. Report says that a General Song is coming down overland from Shaowu, Kienning, Yon Bing, Ciu Kau to Foochow about 40,000 soldiers to take Foochow for the North again. I cry out, How long O Lord, how long, must these poor people be thus oppressed plundered and killed to allow a few ambitious militarists to play at getting power for themselves. They are using soldiers and the poor just about as one used sticks of wood- to make a fire- to make furniture or anything that he wishes- I just heard yesterday that a poor fellow- member of Lau Memorial church, who was seized to carry loads for the southern army when they left the last of January- could not stand the hard work and the cold and snow up country and died. This is the fate of many.

I saw Phebe only twice last week. She was here last Wed. evening when I came home from a wedding at 9:30 pm. I walked out to Ponasang with her. She was looking very well. I'll enclose a letter from Mrs. Neely that will please you all- specially Mama.

May God daily become to each of you more real and may He give each of you more power daily to live a forgoing life filled with good-will for every one.

Very lovingly,
Father.

*[This letter dated **March 31, 1923** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Dorothy. He tells Dorothy of his pride in her and Phebe. Life feels cheap to him in China since the October war. The letter is finished on Easter Day. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Foochow, China
March 31st 1923

Dear Dorothy;-

You will receive a shock to get a letter in reply to yours so soon. But I see by my register that I have addressed the others since I have you. Your letter has a good ring to it, - as if life had in it much that was worth while for you, and so if you looked forward into the future with pleasant anticipation. Such an attitude of mind spells success. I congratulate you on the choice the Baldwin girls made of their representatives in the social functions. Of course way off here in China it cannot hurt you if I feel a little bit proud. Just as I do when Phebe is chosen for some important duty and when she accepts and performs it so quietly, so unostentatiously and so efficiently. In the Easter Concert, she has had the entire training of the Wen Shan girls and she has had quite a bit of responsibility in the full charms all of which she has done admirably. She is making very pleasing progress in the Chinese character. I think I wrote of how she filled in the breach for music in the Y.W. Conference.

I wrote about the experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Christian on their way down river from Shaowu. He has written out the account and has given me three copies. I am enclosing one. Could you let Gould and Geraldine see it and then send it to Aunt Etta and Aunt Emma. I will send a copy to Shelton. We all feel with them that God's protecting care was about them in this danger.

Life seems very cheap here- has seemed so since the war last Oct. Yesterday a man from Kucheng, and army officer- who had been in Foochow for about two weeks, living a very fast life = with wine, and women, and cards and gambling, went into the city from South Side to see the Military General to get him to act as generalissimo in the Y.M.C.A. Campaign for members. His name was Ciu. He himself was leader of one of the teams. He succeeded in getting General ???'s consent to be generalissimo. While riding in his rickshaw near the electric light works an unknown man shot him thru the head and also thru the body and got away. He was taken to a Japanese Hospital nearby. Mr. Cio Lik Daik was a close friend of his. Mr. Cio had after urged him to give up his fast life. Mr. Cio went to call on him at 8 o'clock last evening. He was rational and told Mr. Cio that he had been a very wicked man and that if he had listened to and obeyed him he would not have been shot. He asked Mr. Cio to pray for him. Only a half hour or so after Mr. Cio left he died.

Sunday p.m. - This is a lonely Easter day. This morning I went to Iong Gio Haeng. They have about 100 boys and girls there in Kindergarten, and boys and girls day schools. Each child was given a national flag and the procession marched into church and for an hour the children, their teachers and four or five Foochow College Students had a nice Easter service. Then the children marched out with their flags to the tune of Onward Christian Soldiers. They found it as difficult to keep in time singing as the Oberlin Choir used to in their recessional. But the whole was done by the Chinese themselves- and done very nicely.

I see Talcott and Baldwin this afternoon filled with girls in Easter dresses. When I was in College the girls could not leave the boundary hedges, - except as they went out to service. You are taking your afternoon nap and doing your work I see no harm at all in the work you mention. You free others for different kind of service. It is interesting to see the different ideas about keeping Sunday and other Holy Days. On Good Friday we suspended classes and held a service in the morning and told the boys not to play games at all during the day. You may imagine what the foreign teachers thought when in the afternoon they saw the foreign men playing tennis. I deplore more that hard feelings and ill exhibited in these matters than I do the things that are done. Why is it that people show so much heat that sometimes grows into anger when they talk about the best way in which to foster the true relations with God? I am getting to try to let others have much liberty in thought and action, for it seems to me that the whole world needs the forgiving spirit and good-will that Jesus came to help men understand and to get.

Am I right in thinking that you will go thru the forms of graduating next June but will take further study until June 1924 when you will actually get your sheepskin?

Phebe and I plan to go buying jade and perhaps other things tomorrow p.m. after the Easter Concert. May God give you all, the best things, and help you to receive and use them to make people happier.

Very lovingly Father

I sent you four tins of tea about a month ago.

[This letter, dated **April 1, 1923**, was written from Tan Che Ssu, China by Mary to the home folk. She and others are taking a brief vacation to see some temples. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tan Che Ssu
Easter Sunday-
[April 1, 1923]

Yes, once again I am off with a party of left over children for a bit of vacation. We are eight, Miss Burgess, the two West children, Mary MacKnight (11 yrs), Charles Leonard (11 yrs), Clarkson Stelle and Lyman Martins. We came up Thursday. On Friday it took all day to see this temple and the outlying little ones. One contains an effigy of a priest in the depths of a cave. Yesterday we went over to Chick Tai Ssu, the second largest temple out here. Tan Che Ssu is the largest and oldest and to my mind the most interesting. Today we have lain about camp and the children have played tricks. First I appeared to myself in my khaki skirt, soiled middy, pink hat and high brown shoes. Then Miss Burgess the 2nd came out. I went to my room for something and found my pillow and night clothes put to bed as a huge baby.

We have a court to ourselves now but have had two sets of neighbors, one Danish and the other Russian. At least two other parties were here last night. It is a large place. I had my fortune told this morning by pulling a stick from a bunch which I shook according to custom. I am to be rich, prosperous, ?? for and go to Heaven. Salvation for two targyees[a type of coin?] !!

We left two boys behind, Alfred Stanley is still in quarantine for Scarlet Fever. Philip Newton overate when out at Scout Camp and has been in bed with inflammation of his digestive tract ever since. I left most careful instructions as to diet with Chin Shuh Fu and one official boy in charge. Doctor Love said there was nothing but time and careful diet needed. He got in a hurry to get well and ate everything sent up, perhaps even ordered some and so stays in bed longer. He runs a slight temperature, 100 or less, most of the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Menzi were at the Halls with the Fenns and were to stay at Kou Lau Tsi with them till they should be off to the Great Wall with the Longs this week-end. We get back Monday evening and I spend the two days making every body work cleaning house. Mrs. Gordon started the custom at Christmas of locking all the dormitory doors so the servants are scared to be left with the place unlocked. I was sorry, for I prefer the old method.

I sent off 3 packages just before coming up. I'll have to send prices later as I have not the lists here. I'll also send again costs of Miss Brewster's things as a letter is evidently lost.

Lots of love
Mary.

[This typewritten letter, dated **April 14, 1923**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. Mary had a good trip to Tan Che Ssu. She gives prices for some Chinese merchandise she mailed. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

NORTH CHINA AMERICIAN SCHOOL
TUNGHSIEN, PEKING, CHINA.

April 14, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

Having written several school invitations on my best note paper, I think the school can save me steps and furnish a sheet of her paper to write home on. My last letter was written from Tan Che Ssu. We did have a good time in spite of the few difficulties. And everyone is the better for the trip. Our train coming in from Men Tou Kou was half an hour late, so we had a rush to get the train for Tungchow. We did it, but had to leave all the baggage for Fu Kuei to bring. He waited for the round the city train and came as far as Che Hwa Men. From there he got

rickshaws because he was unable to get a cart as we hoped. He got in about 8.00. Mrs. Gordon had gone to Moore's and had expected to get back Friday. She was ill so we were the first back. The invalids were less of invalids and the servants had proved faithful to the trust at least as far as Philip's diet was concerned. That was the most important bit of care they needed.

Dr. Love says that Phil has had a light attack of typhoid. He has been in bed a month. He is up in his room every day now but not dressed as it is easier to keep him in that way. Flora can tell you Doctors trick of doing that. Alfred Stanley is still pealing. I study with him occasionally by sitting outside the window or several feet away.

Last Monday about 50 of us went in to a lecture by Dr. Morris, Chief Geologist of Roy Chapman Andrews's expedition into Mongolia. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Peking American School and we were their guests.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Walker, Dr. Waddell, and Miss Aiken came down and gave us a concert. It was most excellent, and well appreciated even if some of the little folk did get sleepy.

Monday Morning. At last another home letter. The last came just before vacation. That told of Frank's serious illness, this of his death. I wrote Hattie from the Hills. It was a good place to find some especially interesting things to tell of.

I have not been able to find the account of the packages I mailed before the Hills trip. I know that there was a long white carved chain for 3.25, a shorter white carved chain (rosettes on the sides) for 2.50. Do not hope for more of the last, for I, so far, have seen none.

1 pink glass chain for 2.50

1 brown carved seeds for 7.00

bunnies and humpty-dumpties for about 40 cents each

1 short lavender tiny bead chain for 1.00

2 bib, doily and napkin ring to match, for child for 1.50 each.

(Alice has cuter ones now with Chinese figures on them)

If there were other things, please appraise them for me. I shall find the list sometime, but -when?

Miss Brewsters center piece I valued at 6.00 gold. That is cheaper than I would go to the trouble it was for anyone else. But I can not duplicate it anyway as the delay on that was because the people have given up making that pattern and had to hunt long to find a woman who knew how to make it. Another like it would be 10.00 or 12.00.

I will get Floras pieces of turquoise matrix some day. I have been everywhere but to Tiffany's and can not find the ones with the gold in them. Jerry sent me a whole envelope full, but not with the gold.

To make the long chain of white, I had to get two chains and restring them, hence the higher price. I bought some lace the other day. I will send some as soon as I can get time to wrap it. That may be dutiable, if so the duty is high. I sent in small packages to save export duty, and postage, also the probability of import duty. Have you had to pay anything?

Yes I recognize the contents of the boxes. The silver slide is a gentlemans belt buckle, intended for Wells, if you think best. You probably got a letter soon after the packages for I sent one, telling of the contents.

We are having another good rain. It was much needed, in spite of the earlier ones. This will hustle things along. Violets, Foxgloves, dandelion, vatch and the relatives of the Forget me nots are getting thick.

My neighbors are in bed and I must stop this noise so they may go to sleep.

Mrs. Menzi is in bed again. It seems to be a sort of indigestion and she can eat but little. Dr. is a little afraid of mild typhoidas with Philip Newton. I surely hope not.

I am wonderfully well, in spite of hard work. I had to take week end duty this week as Miss Carlyle went to Peking Friday night and telephoned that she would not be back.

[The following is hand written:]

I went and watched Caroline have her bath a week ago last Sunday. She is beginning to be afraid of strangers and I see too little of her not to be a stranger. Yesterday, I watched Jean Hunter. She is a darling, just beginning to take notice. Bobby adores her but is inclined to be a bit rough.

I plan to be with Willard and Phebe this summer. For how long I'll decide later. As far as I can see, I'll only be needed to close things up.

Lots of love

Mary.

Phebe is it not about time to deposit \$10.00 of the univ[?] fund to ???

Hope Mother is fully revived long ere this reaches you.

Thanks to you and Miss Brewster for all the papers.

[This typewritten letter, dated April 29, 1923, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She took the younger Campfire Girls on an outing. There was another house fire in the compound. She gives an update of the co-workers and acquaintances. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., April 29, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

Phebe's letter and the ones from Pearl River came yesterday. I was off with the Camp Fire girls to help them get the Honor of identifying 15 trees. We went beyond that and did 25. They can not get the next 10 though, for I have found only 2 more, on the campus.

Phebe's reference to finance in the church reminds me that I have forgotten to ask you to give \$5.00 to the church for me. Take it from what you are getting from the sale of the things I am sending. There was nearly that amount left after the last deposit of which you wrote. 40 cents for the lock is O.K. I forget what I did pay for it, but not more than 30 cents silver at the most.

May 6. Guess what my latest fad is? I have handed over to the other office my allowance accounts, which Miss Muir has wanted all along, but I would not give over because she groaned so over what she already had. Also I have systematized my store so it takes less time. Further William Cochran left last week so I do not have the three periods a week with him. Does not that sound as though I needed more to do? I thought so (in fact I planned to make it seem so) hence I am starting the "talked of" picnics with the Camp Fire girls. Last Saturday, the 28th we all went out for picnic lunch and afterward spent the afternoon identifying 25 trees as I wrote above. The boys had gone by the noon train for the week end, and the girls had hoped to go too, but Miss Bailey could not get off. This was their consolation party.



This is probably a photo of Mary and her Camp Fire Girls getting ready to go on a picnic. Mary is at the far right of the photo.

[Photo from a negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On Wednesday night I took the "Brownies" out. They are the girls in training for Camp Fire but now too young. On Friday a squad of five and I went out. We told Chinese folk tales for entertainment and thereby each girl won an honor. Also two girls fried their eggs on a stone and won a second. Marjorie Maxwell, the leader of the squad, won an honor by planning and carrying out the picnic. This coming Thursday another squad goes out. We have much fun, get acquainted, win honors and work off that superfluous energy that comes with the spring days. I wish that Flora could have seen Marjorie manage that picnic! She was efficiency itself, calm self contained and most considerate of the girls and myself. It was Marjorie who took a torch and made sure that nothing was left behind. It was she who rescued the things when a coolie kept hanging around as though there might be something he could pick up. She is coming out this year and showing the fruits of the much thought and worry put on her. I shall never get over the miracle of it, even though every year in my teaching in boarding school I have seen it happen to one or more girls!

Last Monday afternoon, Miss Burgess and I went into Peking. We shopped hard till 3.00 then went to Jean Josselyn's and rested till four. She had a committee meeting on, so we again started out for shopping. We were staying up to attend the College Club play, The Dover Road, by Milne. It was one funny thing after another till we came away with our sides aching. I had just gotten Phebe's letter asking for the things for Miss Brewster, Cora and others. I think I have in hand everything ordered except one or two which I had sent earlier on a venture. I enclose a list of the contents of 7 parcels. Two went yesterday, the others are waiting for the outer wrappers.

Dr. Wilder gave us a very good sermon today, on "Inspiration and Revelation." He took the first five verses of the Bible for his text and showed how modern science had confirmed the story of the creation not discredited it.

We had the Stelles, Mrs. Sheffield, Mrs. Young and Dr. Wilder as guests tonight. Afterward Miss Young had planned a musical evening. Several of the boys played, Mrs. Hunter came over and sang, Miss Young herself had just started to play the "Largo" when Mrs. Gordon opened the door and announced casually "Dr. Smith's house is on fire". We ran! But we arrived just after the flame was flooded out. Auntie Ming was taking a bath and had left the lamp lighted in her room. What happened will never be known. Two of the Academy boys were walking by and saw the flames in the upstairs room. They tried the doors but they were locked. That Korean fellow who is so great an athlete and who won over half the points in a triangular meet himself, was one of the boys. He climbed up the side of the house and in the window. The casing was locked so he broke the window. The revolving bookcase and the books are ruined. The floor is badly burned under where the case stood. Fortunately the curtains had not caught so the fire was closely confined to the one corner. The house was still full of smoke, but there was no danger, when we left. The mattress was burned on one corner and the rug damaged.

Did I write that Miss Young had word several weeks ago of her father's death? Her mother is planning to stay out now till the end of the summer at least and may stay longer. The Fiskins are probably taking the Stelle house for next year. Captain Fiskin has the year for study, and they feel that this would be a fine place for the three children. Mr. Stelle will make his headquarters in Peking for the year. Mrs. Stelle and the boys leave in July.

Alice Huggins has just had word that the steamer on which she was to sail is taken off. She is out of a sailing, so are a lot of other folk as Mr. McCann had booked a crowd to go together.

Margaret Smith still writes as though she were planning to stay home indefinitely. The people are hoping that when she gets word that Mrs. Stelle is going she will decide that her family can get along and she can return. Her father has remarried, and that may make a difference, provided the new mother and the wayward brother prove agreeable to each other. Miss Moody, new this year, has definitely been located here for next year, to help look after the schools. She is of the famous Moody family and very charming. Miss Dizney has been granted for the year at least for the hospital. Dr. Love has two women nurses (Chinese) now and has begun to take out patients. One day Miss Liu officiated at a birth in the hospital and at the same time the other nurse was out on a case in the village. There was not ten minutes difference in the time of arrival of the two infants. Neither nurse called the doctor. It is a triumph to have a nurse called here.

Dr. Love has a hospital baby now. Perhaps Flora will recall the half starved infant in the Station Class last year, a child of over a year which was listless and weighed barely as much as when born. The same babe appeared this year, no heavier, perfectly listless, helpless as a new born infant, yet nearly two years old. The mother had died when the child was born, a relative had taken it and begrudged the food it ate. She had given it away and it was the third woman who had it. She has been in the hospital three months now, and has gained several pounds, two the first week, has one continuous smile and is much beloved by both the nurses. She is sitting up and playing and no longer keeps her hands where they are put.

"Four Chickens" was back for a call en route for Mongolia the other day. He was very much dressed up and was acting as interpreter for some well to do Chinese, was to travel by private auto and in style. Such is the way of the best servants.

I have had two books from Miss Brewster lately. The last I have let Jean have the first reading of, as I knew I should not get at it for several days or possible weeks. I plan now to save them for summer. I had to inquire what "in camera" meant. Jean, the diplomat's wife, knew.

Lots of love

Mary

I am anxious to hear again about Cousin Carrie. I do hope Elizabeth got rested and is better. I may be en route home a year from the time you get this. Mary.

Do you know if Joel and Grace Beard of Saybrook ever received the luncheon set I sent? I never had any word from them.

*[This letter dated **May 20, 1923** was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Ellen. Students paraded around town on the Day of Shame for three hours and held a patriotic program in the evening. Three armies are on their way to Foochow from the south but they don't know if there will be fighting. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Foochow, China.

May 20, 1923

Dearest Mother,

These last months I don't recognize myself as a correspondent. I am so delinquent. Just a week ago I got a dandy letter from Marjorie and from Dot, too, and it put Father and me into fine spirits. Even if Mr. Goddard says I am the only one of my family that can't manage things, I am proud of my sisters who can.

Mr. Goddard has been here over two weeks and left today with the Legers. He is rather strange and is beginning to show his age, I think- trembling, etc. He is a good thinker, but there is something not reassuring about him, that I don't remember before at all. Just as I wrote Geraldine the last time, Mrs. Warner and her husband were here. They made their headquarters with us in our new house with unfinished walls; but we saw them only at breakfast and after 10 P.M. Tho Mrs. W. was not strong nor fond of walking; they saw most of the essential things about Foochow, even the work of other missions. Mr. Warner had a little movie machine, and a chromotone Camera, so he took movies of several things. Father and I were reception committee, and enjoyed the time together and with the Warner's. Their boat got in so late that we stayed at the Gillette's over night, coming up on his launch specially next day. We love Mrs. Warner! She is such an all-round woman, so strong and sensible, with no sneaking behind the back-talking. Everything is in the open, whether it is hard or easy to say; and always fair. At Dingloh they had half a week with two good sunny days. Just as they came, there was some trouble with the ricksha men so we had to hire private ones to be sure of having conveyance when we wanted it.



Charles L. Gillette, M. D.

AN apostle of healing and a devotee of beauty.



Mrs. C. L. Gillette

HER graciousness, poise and friendliness offer a sustaining buoyancy and ready sympathy to everyone. We are sorry the tides prevented her two sons, Don and Bobby from getting their pictures taken.

I have been preparing the girls to sing at an entertainment the Y.M.C.A. was to put on, for the last three weeks. It was to have been on the night before the day of shame and the Y.W. School Students decided it ought not to be, so threatened to stop it. The Y.W. girls were also to give a little play that night. The students came in and

took the best seats, which were reserved that night for the members, as the occasion was part of the Annual Membership Campaign. Mr. Cio went in to ask them to leave and had just about succeeded, when in stormed some outside boys who are stirring up things in town, and started a row. Mr. McConnell tried to lead the boys out, and received a rain of chairs. No program came off, and the Y.W. girls were safely sent away. That made us doubt about the propriety of our girls going over. We withdrew, and I think no program took place.

On the Day of Shame the students all paraded for three hours round town. They were quiet and orderly but as it was a hot day many were sick or overcome on the way by the heat. Our girls made flags and had a patriotic program here in the P.M. They told about the River Conservancy, material that Mr. West had given the week before at Anti Cob- a very instructive evening with reflected pictures. Two of the girls also gave a short play showing how they could buy patriotic made-in-China things of all sorts and just as good as those they got from Japan. The student organization ("arricy") [?] is kicking up a row on the boycott point, so that was important that day. Last Friday the student Assembly, a good organization talked all day passing resolutions finally that their government must guang the Tupin and give the students representation in the Assemblies of the country. Two of our girls went. Mr. Smith is very pessimistic about conditions and provinces. The three armies are on the way to Foochow from the South, no one knows if there will be fighting for Foochow may buy them off.

Last Wed. our mission prayer meeting was at the Newell's and was followed by a picnic supper. The people all seemed to have a good time, and the Legers were there for the last prayer meeting. They went yesterday. The Munsons, Charlotte Neely and Helen Carter sailed in April- all home now. Eunice and Mary Pike go in a month or so. Mary McClure, who made such a name for herself with the bandits in the North started from Ling hai yesterday and will be in Oberlin for commencement. You will all enjoy meeting her I know. She will look you up- she asked me if she might. I sent your address. I am trying to get some rattan furniture to go with my wooden things in my room but the man is too high. My two flowerwood book cases are already in use three weeks. Our Kuliang family is at last fixed. Aunt Mary, Cleora Wannamaker, Miss Waddell, Mrs. Bedient and her two little boys, and perhaps a Miss Cios of Peking. All plans aren't quite sure, but I am glad I know who is coming. I do hope, so does Father, that you and Kathleen will go east this summer or go to Cousin Addie's. It would do her worlds of good to have you there. I hope Dot and Monnie get the job at Thousand Islands. I am hoping to finish language study this summer. Best wishes to all, and very much love from Phebe.

Aunt Phebe sent me a lovely box of Nabiscos for a birthday gift, early. They tasted so good! Tell Dot to send her summer address soon!

[This letter, dated **May 28, 1923**, was written from San Kuan Miao, China by Mary to the home folk. She went to San Kuan Miao and attended a concert. Her birthday was celebrated with a cake. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

San Kuan Miao. [Near Peking]
6.00 A.M.
May 28 [1923]

Dear Home folk-

I am at Jean's, hence the hand writing. Fritz Kreisler's [Austrian born American violinist] concert was Saturday and 10 of us came up for that. Some went back by auto but others of us stayed up. He was grand!

Yesterday Jean was playing for the music at the christening of Joyenne Sweet and Robert Bancroft Reynolds and I too was invited. The babies were dear and gurgled delightedly when Mr. Earnest Shaw put the water on their heads. Afterward we took Marion and went to Central Park. We sat on a bench in a quiet corner while she ran about and picked flowers and watched the almost steady stream of passers-by.

We went to the Hotel du Mond [?] for dinner. I wish we had discovered it earlier, it is so nice and clean and reasonable in price. It is quite the thing to dine there quietly. One does not have to dress, as far as dinner at the other hotels.

On Friday last I went to a dinner in the Central Park Hotel where Miss Jane Addams and Mrs. Caroline Porter were the guests of honor. Mrs. Porter was and is welfare ?? for foreign students at Tenchow College. About 30 of us T.C.ites were present. I stayed with Miss Knox.

My birthday was a ?? I had to return by the early train from the TC China [?]. Miss Olive and Mrs. Bonyer [?] came down and gave us a delightful concert. Mrs. Martin [?] and Mrs. Seib came too but did not perform.

We had tea at the school and Mrs. Gordon had made me a nice 3 layer birthday cake which was a real surprise as I had been too busy to think. Then Kreisler in the evening.

The note[or some type of cloth?] came a week ago and is still in my drawer and it is almost impossible to get a tailor. I have tried the two I had last Fall and Spring and now am trying for ?? ?? . I think I'll end by making my own dresses during the 3 weeks I am at school after the close. Many thanks everyone, it is just what I want and need.

I hope you all have a restful summer in spite of strawberries and[?] milk etc. We have had lettuce, radishes and peas from the garden but not strawberries yet.

Lots of lot to all

Mary

[This letter, dated **June 5, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. A wedding was held that week. Their Warner Hall was dedicated. Commencement week was successful. She received word of her niece, Anna Gilbert Beard's death. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

June 5- 1923

Dear Home Folks-

We are having our first real hot spell. It began Sunday. Now it is 3.00 A.M. but too hot to sleep so I decided to write the neglected home letter.

Last week Wednesday was the Lane-?? Wedding and nine from Tungchow attended. Four of us returned by auto. The ceremony was in the big front court at Tung Fu. Dr. Smith led the bride to the altar. Dr. Wilder performed the ceremony. Rosamund Frame was flower girl and wore "my pink wedding dress". The reception was in the big court where the living room[?] is and the bridal party were in the living room. Anna Lane wore her mother's wedding gown made over and her mother's slipper.

That afternoon Mr. Keyto gave us an excellent talk at the Memorial Day exercises on "Dedication the same as Memorial."

This last week end was a memorable one for Tungchow. Lu He dedicated Warner Hall and we had our Baccalaureate Sermon at which Jean Hunter and Caroline Love were baptized. Mrs. Caroline Porter was down for the afternoon. Jean and Mr. Josselyn were also over for lunch and Dr. Wilder was down. Mrs. Porter and I walked along the moat, took a peek at the hospital and attended the last part of the dedication service. Then we had a regular Teacher's College tea, Miss P??, Dr. McCall, Mrs. Frame, Mrs. Boynton, Dr. and Mrs. Timothy L?, Alice Huggins (to attend T.C. next winter) and I. The first three stayed for our service and went back by auto. Dr. and Mrs. Warner were here, also the son. We had Dr. and Mrs. Warner for lunch Friday.

Phebe's letter came yesterday with Stanley's enclosed also the one to Miss Brewster. As to buying the expensive items. I should love to do it but my finances have not allowed it. If I could get advanced money I could do it. I saw some wonderful ?? matrix, ?? etc. for \$35, \$50, \$60 up. They are here but I do not have ready cash to risk all on one big thing that I am not sure of a sale for. I will send a pretty pink tinted carved fish ?? which ought to sell for about \$20.00. It is unique and well carved, strung on gold thread. If I can I will get the beads suggested in the letter. I fear it will be next fall though as I am planning to go to Foochow via Hongkong and cash is too low.

Today our boys and a lot of girls went to Peking for the third of the baseball games with the Peking American School boys. (The first was ?? 12-11 Peking; the second in Peking 13-12 Tungchow) The team was met at the train with a note saying that it was too hot and the parents would not let the boys play. Our team and would-be rooters were "sore". A half day wasted! I had gone to do all the last shopping so everyone else could attend the game.

I'll finish later for I am getting sleepy.

Wed A.M. It is nearing the end of the last examination period and I have been in charge. We have all of the Romig family here and the extra 4 are sleeping in the infirmary. The rooms are lovely guest rooms when hung with curtains and furnished.

Mrs. Martin had a gift of bedding and towels from Dr. Jefferson's church for the hospital or other institution if they did not need it. We received 12 sheets, 6 pillow cases and 12 towels. It fixes us well for caring for guests. Helen Harnett[?] went home last fall without calling for any of her things so her bedding is here too.

Mother's (May 2) letter followed Phebe's (May 7) on the next mail and yesterday (June 5) came Mother's written May 14. That told of Anna Gilbert's [Anna Gilbert Beard, born April 25, 1896, died November 5, 1922 of chronic pulmonary tuberculosis with a duration of 3 years] death.

June 12

We had a very successful and attractive commencement. The concert in the morning was excellent. I heard it from the dining room as I had to be down by the spring fixing lunch till too late to dress. Captain Fiskin (Genevieve ??'s brother-in-law) gave us over a dozen large asparagus ferns and ?? with the blue and yellow flowers we bought made the chapel most attractive.

We had a very small crowd but an enthusiastic one. Dr. L? Wektin's[?] theme was "You get out of life what you put into it". Both George and John did well. She read their essays as they had not finished them early enough to learn them. Miss Muir sang two solos. Mr. Romig in addressing the class congratulated the school and class but said that the real honor of this class belonged to Miss Beard who had helped the boys through the earlier years. There was instantaneous loud applause.

We had to dismiss He [*Chinese name*] a few weeks ago and I missed him on getting the children off. The new man knew so much more than I did that he called one less wheelbarrow each time etc. Consequently it was a hectic time sending servants in all directions for the neighbor's wheelbarrows at the last minute.

I am glad Elizabeth is better and hope all are well now.

With love

Mary.

We leave by boat for Foochow June 26th.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **June 25, 1923**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the folks at home. They are sleeping on the porch now that it has gotten hot. She will be taking a Japanese ship down to Foochow via Shanghai and will visit Hong Kong on the way back. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

June 25, 1923.

Dear folks at Home,

Last week I forwarded to Willard Phebes [*Phebe Maria*] last letter, as well as the next to last. I expect you will not risk getting another to me here.

Miss Burgess and I have had a wonderfully cool time staying over. We moved at once to the big east sleeping porch and have had cool breezes every night. The days for a week have been very hot, but the earth is not yet so heated that it does not cool off at night. We sadly need rain. The corn is curling every where except in the fields next the moat. The grass that the gardener set out so hopefully two weeks ago is about half burned up. Two men are busy most of the time carrying water for the many flowers set out. If the picture I took this last week is good, it will show the walks and flower beds around the dormitory. I shall not get it till fall because it was taken for the new prospectus and will be left with Mr. Menzi.

I am off tomorrow morning for Tientsin and our steamer sails on Thursday. The other girls have never stopped off in Tientsin and are desirous of a day there. We take a Japanese line and do not change at Shanghai. Coming back we go to Hongkong and back to Shanghai and up by train. Laura wants to stop and see Tai Shan but I know I shall be too poor to think of seeing anything I ever saw before, over again.

I had already sent a lot of beads before I began to get word of the duty you were paying. I will send no more for a while. These last were mostly beads exclusively, so I hope duty free.

Mother I have mislaid the sample you sent so have not gotten the silk. I was in the Indian store one day and looked, but he had no browns at all. He will have some in later in the season, so I will make that one of my first errands.

Mrs. Stelle is taking the rug to Miss Bostwick for me. I sent it to Shanghai and have written the Evans to ask them to get it from the steamer for me. She stops at Evans but is going by train. Mrs. Fette gave me a lock for ten cents, that fits into the buckle and answers the purpose of securing it. But I suspect that there are a few hundred like it floating around.

Monday P.M. This morning Mr. Sun took Miss Burgess and me to see a Temple Fair not far from our East compound gate. It was the first day so the people were few, but the stalls of toys, food, clothes, baskets, pitch forks, scraps of silk, blown glass, ice cream, etc were all in readiness for tomorrow. I bought three little toys for Mr. Sun's children. The god [*dog?*] was dressed in green of a beautiful shade. It is the first I have seen which was in anything but red or yellow.

My trunk is packed all but one dress which the washerman has not returned yet. I found these few dark nets in cleaning out. They are too dark for me and besides I purchased 144 for \$3.00 just lately, so am not in need. Please use them

I must stop and order a bath, take some things to the neighbors, and be ready for supper at 7.00. We had Chinese food at noon so I am not very hungry. I wish you could see the servants make the stuff that looks like flat sphagetti. 1 little piece a foot long will stretch to five or six feet, as they toss it about.

Lots of love
Mary B.

[This letter, dated **June 26, 1923**, was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Nancy Maria Nichols Beard to Mary. She updates Mary on life at the farm. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[June 26, 1923]

Dear Mary;

Tuesday 5 P.M. a thunder shower has been in progress for over an hour. I am writing by lamp light. It has been a hot day, but we had a nice breeze. Papa commenced haying, mowed yesterday and got in one load, before the rain came to day. The rain will do a lot of good. Flora got papa to go [to] the woods in April and get some laurel and put under the south west sitting room window at the end of the front porch. It was a rainy day and the laurel has lived, put-out new leaves and had one blossom. Our peonies have been beautiful but are about gone. We have a new man a Paul Clapp, from northern Vermont. Harry, the milk boy is leaving and a little boy takes his place. Ethel Bagby is here spends the night and Phebe takes her into her room. It is too bad, but one could not do better. We are having strawberries. Mrs. Wetmore who has been here eleven weeks was called home last week on account of her daughter's illness and I think does not intend to come back. I think perhaps we can get along as Elizabeth is better so she comes down on the porch each day. Dr. and Mrs. Phillips started with Mr. and Mrs. Wetherby for Wilkes Barre, Pa. Monday to be gone a week.

We had a Mr. Wilhelm preach Sunday as a candidate. He was much liked. I suppose you've been told that Dr. Phillips has resigned to take effect next October which completes eight years here. They celebrated (or their children did) their 50th wedding anniversary last Friday evening. The Church of the Redeemer gave them \$600. and our church gave them \$50.

Oliver and Grace were up Sunday night. A Mrs. Revere was with them. She has taken one of their rooms. Stanley thinks he may come up a week from Sunday. I suppose Gould and Kathleen is some where on the way. He was coming with his "auto". We hear Ellen is coming on to Putnam. Dorothy is to take charge of a company at Thousand Isles and choose seven or more helpers. Geraldine and Marjorie are to go with her. Daniel and a boy were here yesterday and to day picking cherries. Phebe says the cherries are very wormy. May God bless and keep you. I suppose you are planning to be with Willard this summer and I am wondering if I had better mail this to Foochow.

With love mother.

June the twenty sixth
Nineteen hundred and twenty-three

[This letter, dated **July 4, 1923**, was written from the Seikyo Maru by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about her trip on the Seikyo Maru on the way to Foochow via Shanghai. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Osaka Shosen Kaisha.
On board S/S "Seikyo Maru"
July 4, 1923

Dear Ones at Home-

This is the "Glorious Fourth", but we all three forgot it until I wrote up my Line a Day and noted the date. There are we three Americans (Cleora Wannamaker, Laura Cross and I) one Chinese, Mr. Lang and a Mr. Villas, either Spanish or Phillipino later I think, as 1st class passengers. We have a dock large enough so we can take 13 steps in pacing the length or breadth of it. In the middle of it is the Captain's room and the glass topped ventilator for the Saloon below. Our stateroom is a nice big one, 5 berths and 2 port holes. One bath room does for everybody with lavatories both Japanese and European style. When one wants a bath the tub is filled to within about 4 inches of the top so we can rediscover Archimedes great law when there is a splash all over the floor. At first I wondered why all bathers left their shoes outside the door, now I do not.

We are carrying bean cakes south. But tell Flora they were loaded with the cranes so we did not get that interesting succession of thuds as they went to the bottom of the hold. We were 2 ½ days at Dairen and only unloaded and loaded by day. Hence the nights were quiet though hot. To be sure we have a fan in our room but it is "gone broke". So is the victrola in the saloon.

At Dairen we went out to Hishakura one afternoon and to Port Arthur[?] one day. At the later there was little to be seen as one is not admitted to the forts nor anywhere one wants to go. There was a special excursion for the American sailors the day after we left. I wish we could have gone then as possibly they would really see things.

On July 1st we were standing on the deck gazing into the harbor when we saw a grey nose of a boat round the end of the wharf. 10 more followed and all flew the Stars and Stripes. It gave a thrill to see them there. (That was our Fourth Celebration, I guess.) We had noted that the city had "Welcome, Sakura Beer", "Welcome, American Restaurant", "Welcome Pool Room", "Welcome American Hotel", etc. everywhere and had commented on the cordiality of the place to keep such signs up. Of course we thought them there for the three distinguished American ladies who were through passengers on the Japanese steamer for Foochow!! We stop only at Shanghai then Foochow and are due the 8th. It makes a 9 day trip and we ought to be rested when we get there if naps morning and afternoon and bed at 9.00 P.M. will do it. Laura is staying below as she does not find even this small motion comfortable.

We were 2 ½ days in Tientsin at the McCann's because the steamer was "put up" a second time and we did not learn it till we reached Tientsin. It gave us a chance to visit ??ship and get soda, and coffee and sundaes a plenty. I have engaged Madame Yanagi to make my Canton crepe that I have ordered from Canton. It is the heavy weight and black. I shall have it a style suitable for dressy afternoon or informal evening. My gold dress is to be relegated to 2nd best where it belongs. The Vice Consul at Canton with his wife was at Jean's one week-end when I was and she is getting the crepe, one piece for Jean and one for Mrs. Menzi and me.

The N.C.A.S. is seeing great doings this summer. No 34 has all been papered and painted for the Menzi's next year to occupy the upper floors and Mr. Bealsy and the little boys the lower. The London Mission Home is having a big verandah put on for sleeping. Plumbers are to install the water system and the fire escape is to be added to the dormitory. Electric lights are to wait till the compound decides whether to go in with us and the money is borrowed for the new boy's porch at the L.W.S. home. Mr. Fenn is to be with Mr. Lund with the big boys.



Written in album: "Front view Girl's Dorm"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We hear most delightful things of Mrs. Powell. She has been studying Chinese with a student from Tungchow in anticipation of her trip to the Orient. Hazel Bailey knows the daughter at Nanking and has met the mother. Her experience as Matron this last year was ideal as training for our work.

We have a rat on board. Cleora gave a horrified shriek one night when she saw him running and on the ledge just outside the ventilator which is around the top of our state room. Laura met him in the hall one day. Last evening we saw him playing in the life boat that is suspended ready for me. He came in on a rope, ran along the chain and jumped to the floor. Cleora and I jumped, as the typical woman should, when he started in the direction of our feet. We do not dare leave the stateroom door open at all for one day we did and he evidently got in, as we found traces in several places. I roll my kories [*duffel bags*] about to see if he has discovered my rug for Miss Bostwick or the grain for Willard yet. Those stand in the hall. Our port holes are outside over so I guess we are safe. Mr. Villas has a port hole over the front deck and two rats came in it one night.

July 5 The last two days both the other girls have lain low. Hence I made up to my fellow passengers and the two men with the Captain and I played quoits [*a game similar to horseshoes*]. The first day I won everything with high scores. Last night I lost most ingloriously in two games after supper.

We three ladies have one corner of the dining room to ourselves and are served "European food." The accompanying menu is a good sample. So far everything has been good and well cooked. The butter is strong but there is some very good jam so we seldom touch the butter. One other table is set and that is shared by the other two passengers and the officers. They have either Japanese or European food served. Evidently there are several other passengers who do not appear on deck for several trays are sent down each meal. None of us have seen any other evidence of the people. Yesterday a strange man appeared twice at the other table but he disappeared immediately after eating.

We are due in Shanghai about noon today and leave tonight. I leave Miss Bostwick's rug here for Mrs. Stelle to get as she comes through. Also I leave a book, "The Willing Home". It is one of those Miss Brewster sent and very good. I think Mrs. S and the boys will enjoy reading it. We three have penned it ?? Dairen with pleasure. Bergen was saying he did wish for me good books, ?? was nicer for a ?? gift.

My next letter will be from Foochow. I do hope the summer finds you all well and that you keep so. Probably I'll be coming your way next spring. Hurrah!

Lots of love

Mary.

S.S. Seikyo Maru 1923
Tiffin Menu July 4th
Entrée
Shrimp on Toast
Stewed Beef and Cabbage
Minced Chicken With Rice
Meat Curry Rice
Cold Dish
Roast Leg of Lamb
Boiled Corned Beef
Man Sausage
Salad Cucumber
Boiled Potatoe
Sweet
Jam Pan Cake
Fruit Nut- tea and coffee

*[This letter dated **July 21, 1923** was written from Alexandria Bay, NY by Marjorie and Dot to Ellen. Marjorie thanks Ellen for a ring and requests some pins to wear, a watch and a pocket book. She answers some questions from Ellen's previous letter and encourages her mother to get away from Oberlin for the summer. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Thousand Islands Country Club
Wellesley Island
Alexandria Bay
New York

July 21, 1923

Dear Mama,

Thank you so much for the ring. I'm sure I will like it, from your description. I have always wanted a ring set with my birthmonth stone. And now I really am to have it! Have you thought of Kathleen? She has never gotten her ring either. I have no fancy pins of my own, I am using that round circle friendship pin of Dot's all the time; and if you could get me perhaps a set of collar and cuff pins (one large and two small) and one or two odd ones. I will pay for them all.

Now, for all your questions. You told us to beware of the mail yacht. In the first place, I doubt whether it is a yacht or not. And we have not been in it yet. Then, it is not a sail boat. We have not seen one sail boat around

here. And I think we have written that we have seen only one or two canoes here, only one on the water; because motor boats are too common; the waves from them would almost tip canoes over. Rowboats have to be careful.

Ans. 1. We have received all three boxes safely.

Ans. 2. I have not worn my silk skirt yet. I never know what we will finally do of an evening; perhaps go in a row boat or something and the row boats aren't so clean. I shall wear it tonight if we go over to the Bay in the motor boat.

3. I haven't done anything with my brown crepe dress yet. What ought I to do?

4. We have gotten a nice ironing board; made for us by the carpenters!

5. I guess I am doing almost as well as the other waitresses. You ought to have asked Dot about that. She is doing very well; satisfactorily, I think, to the boss, and certainly the same to us, from all I can see. And she isn't partial at all, as I can see (again!)

6. About my tip, I did mean that I felt foolish in the way that I did it, not because I did it. Every other one of my tips has been left beside the plate, so I never have a chance to thank them.

About our finances, I wrote you that I, and I think Jerry, am going to use our tips and save our earnings. Do you think we ought to send them to the bank? I mean, we will not draw our money, any of it, till the end of the summer. We could draw it and put it in the bank here until we go home. But I'd rather just let the management keep it until I want it.

I think I forgot to thank you for doing my skirt. I am very grateful to you for the trouble you took with it. We are going to the Bay at quarter to nine tonight so I shall wear it and be Oh! so careful of it. Lots of love
Marjorie

P.S. Please get away from Oberlin as soon as you can. We will enjoy our summer so much more with you in the east. And do go to Aunt Myra's if you have the chance. It will be good for both you and K.

Dear Mamma;-

I certainly would like a good Elgin watch- somewhat larger than my last one- and an odd shape if there is a pretty one. Use your judgment.

I'll send \$10. right away. Have to pay my insurance policy, so can't send more.

I'd like the watch up here right away if you can get it. I would also like a pretty pocket-book if there are any not too expensive.

Mony's in a hurry so

Love,

Dot.

*[This letter, dated **July 23, 1923**, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of her trip via boat from Shanghai to Foochow. She is staying with Willard and Phebe on Kuliang. She may stay in China until 1925. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Kuliang #316

July 25, 1923

Dear Ones at Home-

We have been here two weeks and I realize that my last letter to you was mailed from Shanghai. The trip down was somewhat rough but the Seikyo Maru pitched instead of rolled hence a few of us graced the deck and dining room. We stayed on the steamer at Shanghai. The first night we went with some ladies at the Missionary Home whom we knew, to see Jackie Coogan in "Trouble". It was clever. But we missed the last car back to Yang Ste Poo and had to go down by rickshaw. The crew had taken advantage of our lateness and preempted the deck chairs. Hence we spent the remainder of the "morning" slapping mosquitoes and perspiring down in the cabin. The next night we stayed after supper and we preempted the chairs.

Every cabin filled up for Foochow. An English gentleman and his wife from Hongkong and a teacher at the Shanghai Municipal School were the only non-Oriental. Mr. Smith was a very poor sailor and the teacher an

excellent one. I was highly amused to have the former say any one who really “enjoyed” such a “slight sea” “ought to be shot” while the teacher gentleman thought a man who was ill in such a “gentle sea” quite a “disgrace” to man hood.

We had to wait for 11.00 A.M. to 3.30 P.M. on the lea of an island because the head wind had delayed us too late for the 6.00 A.M. tide. Then when we were finally safely on the launch, we cruised around at the Anchorage over an hour to find a junk with cargo for our steamer. It was 9.00 when we docked and were hailed by Willard. We took sampans across the river and rickshaws to the city compound. Mr. St. Clair and Willard were keeping house with only the gardener for help. Mr. St. Clair had gotten a fine supper for us and we did justice to it in spite of the 5.00 o'clock supper on ship board.

We were up at 5.30 Tuesday morning to be off by 7.00. Our goods and some Willard was sending up made 15 loads. We took rickshaws across the plain and chairs up. There was a strike on and people for two weeks had had to walk. Willard said it was a pull that enabled him to get coolies because he is head of the “Council” and Chairman of the Coolie Committee.

Several of the business men who come up every week end have clubbed together to walk until the coolies come to terms. It means a great loss to the coolies for it is really the commuters who bring in the revenue for them.

One day I met Mrs. Cannon, whom Flora will remember lived next us at PeiTaiHo one summer. She has three children and Bobby is a big slender rather pale boy of seven. Mrs. Price is here all the time. Junior aged 4 months is a solace to his mother and a beautiful baby.

The American Board started Mission Meetings last week Tuesday. I went for the four mornings and enjoyed it. This week they are having executive sessions and visitors are not invited.

Phebe and I went to an “At Home” one morning from 10.30 -12.00. The same crowd had another set of guests for tea in the afternoon. The Toppings, N?ts, Hoyts and Miss Burr have had various groups for dinner. We have had guests twice for dinner, once for lunch and once for picnic.

We have plans for two or three functions a week so as to get in all whom we desire to see. We had a good time at the Mission Picnic Saturday evening but had to cut it short to go hear Dr. Goforth tell of his experiences with General Feng.

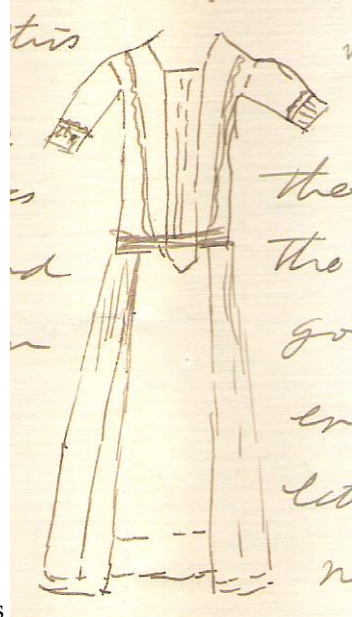
Last week one night Dr. Goforth arrived entirely unheralded with a letter inviting him to come for conference July 21-29. No one had any inkling of it but the Public Worship Committee have done well by him and he is having meetings every afternoon and evening. I went Sunday so did all the household but we have had other engagements ever since.

I have bought several embroidered garments, some silver, some lacquer and a few scrolls. Alas, the lacquer men have had a lot of new lacquer and it has been very interesting to see the colors of the fresh work. But I steer clear now for I have on my right wrist one of the worst patches of poison I ever had. It has run since Friday and is only just getting better today. I never saw such large blisters. But unlike the poison oak infection, it did not make me feel ill at all.

Everyone makes enquiry for Flora, especially the American Board people.

We got a big bunch of papers since I arrived but no letters yet. A boat was due yesterday and I hope it brought mail.

Thurs. A.M. Last night I christened my birthday ?? dress. I had a tailor here make that, also two Korean cloth



dresses-, a yellow and a blue. The ?? is made like this with white organdy vest, collar and cuff. The occasion for dressing up was the entertaining of the Henry Lacys and the Smiths and Mr. Farley. I am going to the Smiths Monday evening to hear one of Helen's letters. She is a Junior this next year at Mount Holyoke.

Mother's letter came yesterday and I stopped writing to read it. Am so glad that Gould is to be on the farm to help Father and that Kathleen will be with Myra. Dorothy is quite a competent young waitress with full responsibility! It is nice that Ellen comes east for it would be lonesome with all the children gone.

The N.C.A.S. and Shanghai school children are making some money for the schools by getting up some tableaux for August 4th. They have not started their canvas yet, but will soon. They will charge 80 cent admission and actors too have to pay. It is to be in the Club House as they hope for ?? ?? a ?? for any private house.

Willard's home is the same as before except that the room built for Flora and now occupied by Willard has been made much smaller. It is just an octagon now. It was changed to allow more light into the kitchen.

I have my old job of 1915 and look over the fruit to be sure we get ripe fruit for breakfast. We had the first mangoes today. Lechies are most gone. Peaches and plums are good.

Phebe K, Willard and I entered for the tennis tournament but have been unable to practice at all. Now the time is so short, I fear I can not play at all.

The swimming tank has been closed since last Monday to get cleaned and mended. It needed it, for the mud was awful and there evidently was a leak as it never filled full.

For two days we have had a real typhoon wind and occasional dashes of rain. Phebe and I got up early and walked down the hill part way with Willard who was off for a day in the city.

I'll write again before we have to leave. That will be about August 12th as we return via Hongkong and Canton. We take a ?? boat which stops a day at Amoy, one at Swatow and lands us in Hongkong the fourth morning. Then we return to Shanghai 2nd class on one of the Emperor Boats and 2nd day by train to Peking.

There are a few things I want.

- (1) 1 pair corsets- La Camille- Lox-it
3912-8? Size 26

I bought them in Shelton.

- (2) 4 pair white cotton stockings
size 10 (outsize) ribbed top preferred.

I am glad to hear of Elizabeth's recovery, but wish you could get help, so Phebe need not have her room and quiet interfered with.

I had thought surely to see her next June but with Flora staying it does not seem so important. A note for Mrs. Corbett yesterday suggests 1925 as for tentative contract when I come out. I'll talk it over with Will and Phebe and let you know what I reply to her.

Lots of love to every body.
Mary Beard

Phebe and Willard send love and will write next time. He is in Foochow today and Phebe has just returned from an all day job ?? trip. MLB



Written in photo album: "American Board picnic, Kuliang August 1923".

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel and another copy in the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Close up view of the left side of the previous photo. Mary Beard is the woman standing second from the left next to the man holding the cane (whom I believe is Mr. Newell). Phebe K. Beard is the woman standing fourth from the right. Willard is the man sitting at the far right wearing a dark jacket. I believe the lady standing at the far right is Laura Ward.



Close up of right side of photo. I believe the seated man with the white beard and dark jacket is Mr. Bliss with his wife, May, seated to his right, our left.



I believe this was taken the same day as the previous photo on Kuliang, Summer of 1923. The man with the white hair and dark suit appears to be Willard possibly talking to a lady who resembles Phebe K. Beard.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Because of similar markings on the back of this photo [WLB] that are similar to those on the previous photo, I believe this was taken on Kuliang the Summer of 1923. It is probably an outing by some of the missionary residents around the Kuliang area.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "Household Kuliang Miss Waddell, Mary, Phebe, Mr. Bedient, Cleora, Will, Billy, Mrs. Bedient"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

州 福
安 紹 沈
孫 元 長
器 漆 燻 正

I, Chenq Hee, am the eldest grandson
of Shen-Shao An

Manufacturer of the best Lacquer

YAN CHO HIEN

IN THE CITY OF FOOCHOW

巷 橋 楊 內 城 州 福

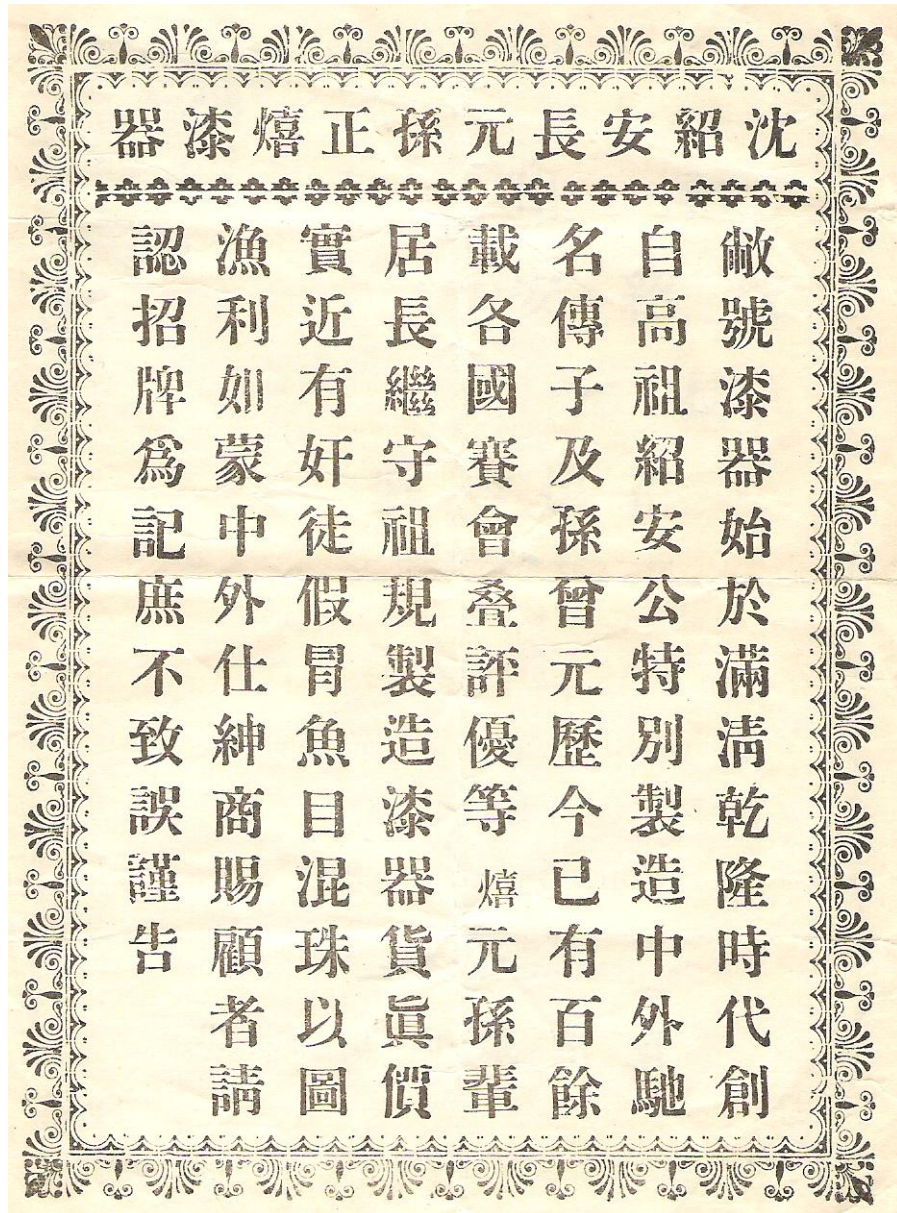
L, CHENG-HEE. AM THE ELDEST GRANDSON OF
SHAO-AN THE MANUFACTURER OF
THE BEST LACQUER

Our lacquer ware was first manufactured in the Reign of Kien-Lun (乾隆) by our ancestor Shao-An, and has a wide reputation spreading over the Globe. All the rights and the secrets of manufacture were accordingly handed down to the eldest son of each generation. It has been frequently selected at International Exhibitions as the best grade of lacquer.

I, Cheng-Hee, the eldest Grandson succeed to manufacture according to my ancestors method. The goods are genuine and the prices are fixed,

Just now many unprincipled fellows are bent on preparing for sale counterfeit goods of like name hoping to deceive the public for their own gain,

In bestowing patronage, please recognise our trade mark as a guarantee of the best ware and thus avoid mistakes,



[Brochure from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This postcard, dated **Aug. 8, 1923**, was postmarked from Foochow, China and written by Mary to Elizabeth. She is in Foochow for the summer and they had a coffee for guests in the midst of a typhoon. She heard of President Harding's death. Postcard in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Postcard of *The Bridge of a Thousand Ages*, Foochow addressed to:]

Miss Elizabeth Beard
Shelton

Conn

USA.

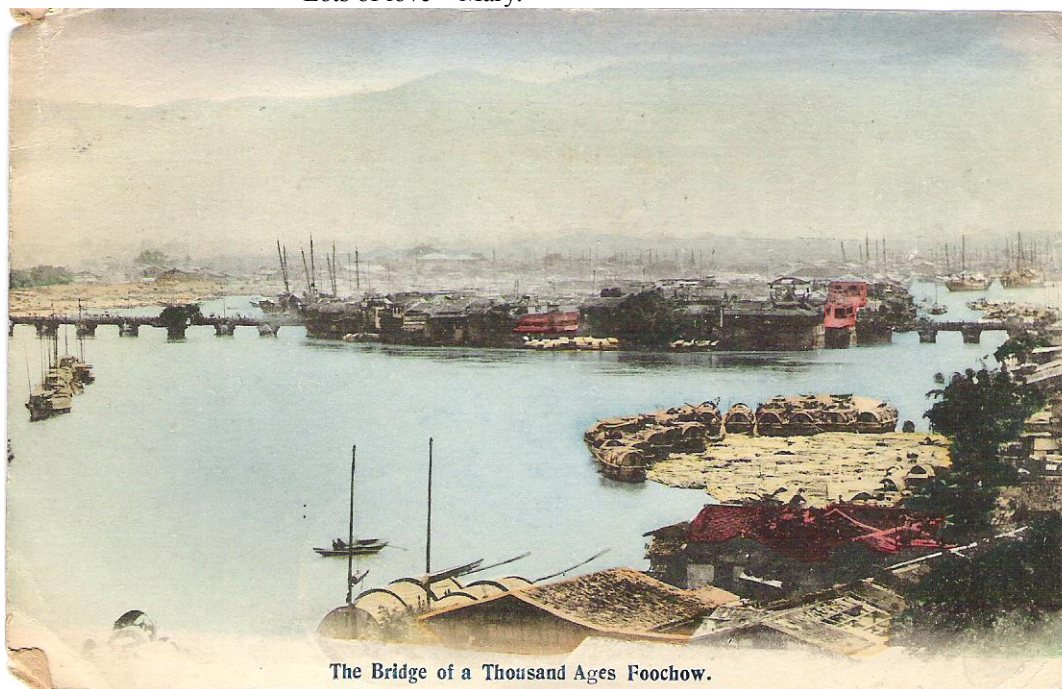
Aug 8 [1923]

Dear Elizabeth,

We three Beards have had a good summer- too short though. This morning he had a "coffee" with about 40 guests. It was great fun. We are in the midst of the tail of a typhoon so we thot the guests courageous to venture out.

We heard of Harding's death Sat. evening and it was announced after the tableaux given for the benefit of the N.C.A.S. and the S.A.S. They got about \$65 for each school.

Lots of love Mary.



[Photo post card from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **August 11, 1923**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard's pupils to Willard. His students write it to tell him of the bad reputation of a teacher that Willard just hired for Foochow College. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard, family of Willard F. Beard.]

Aug. 11, 1923.

Dear Dr. Beard,

Because of your utter absence of conscience, you are completely discredited by both the citizens of Fukien and the students of Foochow College. Do you know what kind of a man is Dang Hou Iu whom you invite to be the teacher of mandarin of Foochow College? His character is so bad that we are ashamed to say about. But owing to your falling in darkness, we can not help telling you about him. He is "Lupus in fibula" so that you trust in him. He covets unlawful money by issuing many mandarin books to compel each of the students of Foochow College to buy a copy. Besides, in the daytime he enters the theaters; at night he accompanies the prostitutes. We investigate that he has not graduated in mandarin College of Peking. From this point of view, can he be the teacher of Foochow College? Except Foochow College, there is no position for him to get a living. We desire that if you do not expel him out of Foochow College we not only do not study in Foochow College but also announce this matter to public and even to American consul. The longer he teaches in Foochow College the poorer Foochow College will be. The earlier you expel him out of Foochow College the more fortunate Foochow College, the faculty, and the students will be.

Thanking you in advance.

Your obedient pupils.

[This letter, dated **August 13, 1923**, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Mary to the home folk. Mary is leaving Kuliang and will leave Foochow for the summer. She has been socializing frequently on Kuliang. They had a coffee with 50 invited. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Kuliang
August 13, 1923

Dear Home Folk-

Our baggage has departed for the plain and we are going after lunch. It has rained steadily for over a week. Some say we have had a series of typhoons and surely the wind was gusty enough to seem like it. But up to that time the weather was fine and we did all we planned.

We had hoped to go via Kushan today and may yet. The report is that the plain is flooded so we would best go the other way and avoid the plain. Willard ordered a sampan to meet us at the University if clear so we may go that way yet.

A week ago Saturday evening the pupils of the NCAS and of the S.A.S. [*Shanghai American School*] gave a series of Classical tableaux. Mrs. Hoyt coached them and was in charge. Everything went like clock work and the girls were charming in their costumes and ???. They charged 8 dimes and 4 dimes admission and cleared about \$157.00. The children are dividing it evenly between the two schools. They (the children) are wondering just what to ask it to be used for.

Last Thursday morning we gave a big "coffee", about 50 invited. Nearly 30 came in spite of the fact that it rained and blew all the time. Among them Flora will know and who wished to be remembered were-

Mrs. Gowdy (Mr. G. had gone down.)

Mr. and Mrs. Sites (Evelyn ??)

Mr. and Mrs. Ford

Mrs. Cannon

Mrs. Kellogg

Mr. and Mrs. Eyestone

Dr. and Mrs. Trumble[?]

Others who send regards are

Mr. and Mrs. Price

Mr. and Mrs. Beech

Laura Ward

Mrs. Peters

Gillettes, Newells, Smiths, St. Clairs,

Miss Perkins

Miss Funk Mrs. Lambert

Perhaps these are not all, but all I can recall now.

Willard, Phebe, and Miss Hazel Atwood are going down with us and we are taking the cook and a boy so we will not have to keep home too hard after seeing the city.

Our steamer sails Thursday morning. We will have Friday in Amoy and a Mr. Day who was on the mountain will meet us and see that we do the city. A nurse from Swatow is going with us and will be partial pilot in that city. In Hongkong we stay with the ??? was Miss Winchester (sister of Mrs. Moore Gordon) and Miss Tow a fellow traveler coming out two years ago is to look after us in Canton. We ought to see the lions do not you think?

Fortunate for me, I have been commissioned to buy Canton ??? for others. I know otherwise I could hardly get away by spending as little as I have.

Willard has been very busy this summer and it seems that I have hardly seen him. He had to go to the city twice on business and again to speak at the special memorial service lat Friday. There is a residence meeting every Monday morning for about three hours. A coolie strike just before we arrived took much time to settle but it got settled amicably at last. Mission meeting lasted one week and was all day the last two days. Also he has had long conferences with several men of the mission, the head coolie, the landlord etc.

This last week was a big social whorl. We ate at home alone one night, Sunday; for two lunches and five breakfasts. Besides these I was out for a Holyoke 10.00 o'clock coffee; we had our big coffee and were all out for one tea. The cantata, Ruth, was rendered on Friday evening for the Chinese and on Saturday for the English speaking community. Willard and Phebe both were singing in it.

It is nearly lunch time so I must close and wash up. Lots of love

Mary Beard.

Several weeks ago I ordered some construction paper to be sent to me from Chicago and the bill to you. I will need the bill as it must be paid by the school. I hope my duplicate is in Tungchow when I get there as I want to use it for some school things I am getting cut.

Mrs. Corbett wrote me about renewing my contract again. Mrs. C?? is coming out again probably as a life project. Do you feel I too could really pledge myself for an indefinite contract? My chief difficulty is that I feel it is

a small salary in which to lay up a nest egg; also that I want to do my share in the care of my home folk if my services can be used.

Lots of love
Mary.

[This letter, dated Aug. 14, 1923, was written from Shelton, Connecticut by Phebe Maria Beard to Mary. She writes Mary to inform her of their mother's diagnosis of terminal cancer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Shelton, Conn.
Aug. 14, 1923.

Dear Mary,

We wrote you that Mother had been ill. She seemed to have some form of indigestion and for the past week she has been living on farina and milk and has been very comfortable but there is still that lump in her right side. We had Dr. Fleck of B-port come up one day and examine her and he advised an operation but we did not want that without further advice so we waited until Stanley came up Sunday knowing that he would know who further to go to. Ben had said that he wished that she would go in to the New Haven General Hospital and stay there for observation. When I told Stanley that he liked it too and said that Dr. Harvey, the head surgeon there was a classmate of his and about the only man in the class that he had ever cared to keep in touch with. So he called him up and Dr. Harvey asked Stanley to come in to lunch with him Sat. and talk the case over. As a result of that we took Mother in to the hospital Sunday (yesterday) afternoon and Dr. Harvey said if we came in about 11 this morning he might be able to tell something. So Myra came up to stay with Elizabeth and Stanley and I went in but the Xray plates would not be ready to read for some time and they still had more to take so we do not yet know what is before us. Miss Miles, the trained nurse that we have had for a week, is with mother days and the nurse in that ward takes care of her nights. She is in a private room and is as comfortable as castor oil and bismuth meals allows her to be. Dr. Harvey has had another doctor examine her and she says that they have taken her pedigree from away back. He also says that he does not want to operate unless he is pretty sure that the operation will be a benefit.

Tuesday. Ben went in to see Mother today and they are still taking Xrays. She is not having much of anything to eat meanwhile and is as comfortable as they can make her.

Wed. Oliver, Abbie, Edith and I saw Mother this afternoon. She was very tired, but they are thru with the Xrays. I saw Dr. Harvey for a minute and says that mother's trouble is very serious. The growth is of a cancerous nature and he has asked Stanley to come up tomorrow and he will talk over the best thing to do. Mother seemed relieved to have that Xray business over with. Grace is in Plainfield so Oliver is with us nights.

Thursday. Stanley, Myra, Nancy and Stephen came up this morning and Myra stayed with Eliz. while Stanley and I went in to New Haven. The bunch as shown by the plates is about where the small and large intestine join. Dr. Harvey does not advise an operation on account of Mother's age and because he cannot learn by all their examination just how extensive the trouble is. He says even if they tried Xray treatment he would not dare do it unless he operated first and cut the intestine and joined it again so as to make a free passage about the bunch for the Xray treatment would be likely to cause swelling enough to shut the passage as things are now. He feels that mother's life will be nearly as long as things are as it would be if the operation were successful and alter her ??- heart, kidneys etc. are in fine condition the risk is very great. He thinks that the bunch has been growing for the best part of 6 months possibly and then I asked him if it would be a quickly growing trouble from now on, he answered that in his judgment we could hope to keep mother only four or five months. She knows that there is serious trouble but we do not want to say the word cancer for that has always been a humble word-especially to her. Mother has always surprised us by keeping her strength and health and I am hoping and praying that God will spare her in as much longer than the doctors think if she can be comfortable. It will take her some days to get over the strain of the hospital treatment. She is living on farina and milk. They tell her she can eat some other things but every time she tries to she comes to grief so she has given up every thing else for a time anyway. Her stools are quite bloody much of the time and she has a good deal of gas. (Sunday) Yesterday she was uncomfortable much of the day but two good movements in the afternoon made her comfortable and she slept well and seems quite herself today. She has her dress on and sits in a chair in her room some.

Flora is at Oliver's over Sunday on her way home from her six weeks at Columbia. I shall be glad to have her here. This anxiety about Mother is telling on Elizabeth. She is feeling some better now, but she ought to get away from the cold weather, but I know that she will not and I cannot blame her for not wanting to leave mother. We are going to keep the trained nurse for the present and probably right along. Father is keeping Gould all his vacation, too, for which I am glad for Father's urinal trouble is slowly increasing and he does not feel much

ambition. He has been to town twice this week with a load of apples but he gets very tired. We try to have him take Gould or Paul but he can't seem to want to. I think that he is going to sell the north mile[? *Route?*] to the Polanders and we do hope that he will. We are having cold fall weather and a very dry summer.

We are anxious to hear all about your stay with Phebe and Will and how you got back to Tungchow. We do not like many of the reports from China these days.

With lots of love and many prayers that God will help you as he is helping us in these hard days-
Phebe M. Beard.

[This letter, dated August 26, 1923, was written from the Empress of Australia by Mary to the home folks. She is onboard ship on the way back to Tungchow. Mary tells of visiting places in Foochow prior to leaving for Amoy and Hong Kong. She tells of her visits there, also. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Friday
August 26, 1923
Canadian Pacific Steamships, Limited
R.M.S. "Empress of Australia"

Dear Home Folks,

I wrote last the day we left Kuliang. We were off at 1.30 in bloomers and middies for KuShan- 9 of us- we three; Willard, Phebe and Hazel Atwood, and three girls who were to return to Kuliang. It had rained for days and was still cloudy. Hence it was a delightful walk and that long hill, which Flora will have painful memory of, was climbed without any trouble. After seeing the monastery we six took the path down to the Fukien Christian University and arrived at Mr. Kellogg's about 6.30.



Fukien Christian University on the Min River
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The silk worms had started to spin just that morning so we saw the racks of cocoons. From there we took the University sampan up river to Foochow. Willard had engaged a man to come down after us but he was evidently afraid we would not come because of the doubtful weather. We had had coffee, brown bread and crullers at the monastery. On the sampan we had cinnamon rolls, potato chips, and fruit. It was 9.00 when we landed and we had to walk considerable distance for rickshaws. We went in to Wilkinsen's, sat around a table on stools and drank lemonade! Does not that sound modern!!! When we changed rickshaw, Willard's bag got left so when we had gone

a little distance he returned. It had not yet been found when we left altho he offered \$20.00 and no questions asked. In it were his watch, keys, a little money, two of Phebe's dresses and a few other things of lesser value. The first two items are the most important.

The cook and boy had accompanied the baggage so we had a hot dinner when we got in about 11.00. On Tuesday we were up late and had 9.30 breakfast. We took rickshaws over South side and visited all the educational institutions, bought some star gongs, and back in the afternoon. The morning was spent seeing Willard's College grounds, the kindergarten and rest of city compound except hospitals.

On Wednesday we spent the early hours on South Street buying salt cellars and lacquer and visiting the We Shan School where Phebe teaches. We had to go back later after going over the new woman's hospital with Hazel, to buy parasols. That night we packed up and tried to get to bed early but it was after 11.00. We were up early Thursday to catch the 8.00 launch for our boat. Willard and Phebe went down with us. We had just time to take a sampan and hasty walk through Dr. Gillette's hospital and home at the Anchorage. The home is beautiful, all paneled in flower wood. The hospital reminds me of Dr. Love's in size, orderliness and cleanliness.

It was rough getting to Amoy, but being mostly at night we slept. When I arose Thursday morning I found out my arms had itched so in the night. From elbow to wrist they were fiery red-first stage of lacquer poisoning. Hence I had made my last purchases of soda, zinc ointment, absorbent cotton, bandages, and wore stylish long gloves. It meant dressing both arms and hands about every three hours night and day and the process took from ½ to a whole hour. When it spread to my hands, the girls had to do my hair, wash my face etc. Cleora even gave me a tub bath one day.

At Amoy a Dr. Day-Dutch Reform met us and took us by sampan to the University grounds. Back of them is a beautiful setting of rocks, trees, etc. and a temple undergoing extensive repairs. It was cloudy so we were able to get around. We also visited the mission hospital. (The doctor said my treatment of the poison was good. It would run its course in spite of anything. Keep it as comfortable as I could!) Then we walked the length of the island which is very foreign and lunched at the Day's. They have four fine children. We were sailing at 4.00 so Mr. Day took us out to the boat at 3.30. We started nobly, turned around and stayed 24 hours. A Typhoon was en route and due at best reckoning at Swatow the next morning at 7.00. We were due there also so put off our arrival. (That typhoon doubled back on itself and hit Hongkong.) That brought us into Swatow Sunday so we had to wait till Monday afternoon to get our clearance papers. The captain kindly waited till 6.00 instead of going out at noon as he could because he knew it was a rough sea and only a night run. At Swatow we bought a little linen and walked the length of the city. An English lady was with us and was most indignant when to her question about how to get back to the boat, the salesman replied, "There is only one street in Swatow, take that."

Sat. A.M. We had a rough passage to Hongkong but arrived safely about 10.30. Mrs. Menler (Margaret Winchester, sister of Mrs. Moore Gordon) met us and we saw the sights of the city. The typhoon had caused landslides on the famous 57 mile drive around the island so we could not take that; also it had spoiled the short drive. It rained so we contented ourselves with the city. Moreover, much time was consumed in getting our tickets from Cooks. Every berth was taken on the Canton night boats, both British and Chinese. We were told that probably we could get cots in the saloon if we would go to the boat and see about it. We went, got the passage and were told not to stay long on shore as the "Fat Shau" was to pull out early. She was scheduled for 10.00 P.M. but the third typhoon signal had been hoisted and we were to run away. We left at 6.00 and had a private boat except for 1 Chinese. A foreign man came racing aboard about ten minutes before we left and departed with a string of coolies carrying bags. A fat darkie on the dock remarked in scornful loud tones, "Fool Missionary! Fraid of typhoon! Been running off and on all day and now he runs away! Ha! Ha! Ha!" The Chief officer turned to us and said, "I hope you are not Missionaries." I replied, "We surely are, but not 'fool ones'!"

We successfully ran away from the typhoon and had a wonderfully calm trip. At Canton we had breakfast on the boat then followed Helen Tow's directions. Those were, "take rickshaws to the West Gate then change to chairs. It will not be necessary to direct the chair men as all foreigners go to one spot from there. Helen had given us up as we had expected to arrive on Monday but was glad to see us. We bought ivory, feather fans, silk and visited the Canton Christian University. Then we went out to the Hackett Medical College for dinner. At noon we stopped down town and had native food at Sinceres[?]. It was excellent. We returned to Helen's in a row boat and were about an hour on the way. It was also nearly an hours ride in a sampan to the College which is on an island. I wanted to get to see Mrs. Bucksnell, wife of the Consul but could not as that was an hour away in another direction and the day was too short. We reclined on the Thursday morning boat and it was a lovely trip. Our party is enlarged as Miss Elmer [Elmore] has joined us. She is going to Peking since she has found travelling companions. Her sister, Mrs. Nelson, knew Willard in Oberlin. The Nelsons are ex-A.B.C.F.M. missionaries. They are in the new American-Chinese School since the Board has closed its Canton work- so is Helen Tow.

Mrs. Menler met us again at Hongkong and took us to the cable road for the trip up the Peak. It was a glorious day and we took our time and enjoyed the views to the full. After early dinner (7.30 instead of 8.00 or 8.30) we went across by ferry and got aboard the S.S. Empress of Australia and searched out cabin 503. The view of the city with all the lights on was splendid from the deck. We missed the long coronet of the foreign peak because the storm had felled many of the poles. Being second class we took our opportunity to run freely over first class and visited everything.

At dinner we had fruit last and our fingers were sticky so we asked for finger bowls. "No get finger bowls, second class", says the Boy. For fellow passengers we have a woman taking her two girls up to school, a regular vamp, an English lady with a keen sense of humor, a flirtatious Englishman, an American who is travelling to recuperate from an illness and several Chinese and a few of other nationalities. I played Bridge with Laura and two others for awhile last evening. T'was a friendly game and we were free to chat so I enjoyed it greatly.

Today is hot. We find the best breeze and lie still. Tomorrow we reach Shanghai and will leave for the north Monday or Tuesday. Next Saturday night, I hope to be in Tungchow. I do hope to find some mail. We had one home letter, Mothers, on Kuliang but I got one almost the last thing before leaving Tungchow.

Laura lost her handkerchief over the rail this morning. When we went to breakfast we saw it hanging to one of the window catches.

Afternoon- We have just had a band concert in the dining room while we drank tea. It happens twice a week to second class passengers.

This was a fine summer. Really I feel refreshed in spite of our gay life. So much has happened that one was kept busy thinking of something beside work. Last summer was no real vacation with a trunk tray full of work for the five weeks at the shore. I appreciate Will's view of his summer with us.

We four girls had jolly laughs. Flora can tell you what fun Cleora Wannamaker is. We were all in holiday mood so kept each other in gales of laughter.

We went and took a look at the swimming tank- wonderful green tile built in. Some of the people went swimming yesterday morning and used the suits there. When the Chief officer came for his swim- behold his suit was already in the tank. The fun flew!!

I am mailing this on the steamer and wonder how soon you will get it. It leaves Shanghai August 27th.

Lots of love,
Mary.

[This letter, dated Aug. 30, 1923, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Phebe K. to her Aunt Mary. Phebe talks about life on Kuliang since Mary left to go back to Tungchow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Wen Shan Girls School
Foochow, China

Kuliang,
Aug. 30, 1923.

Dear Aunt Mary,

Your cards from the stops along your way, indicated that you made your schedule almost as you planned. I hope you had time enough to really see Canton. How fortunate that you escaped the typhoon! And that the Australia escaped being run into! We were glad to hear that your arms are almost well, or were in Canton.

About the beads you are going to get for Geraldine. We think you had best send them direct to her at Oberlin (just Oberlin, O. will get her!) and she can use them or divide them as she thinks wisest. I forgot to send or give you a check for the beads, so I will enclose it here. You said some chains were over a dollar, so I'll send \$12 instead of \$10.

A few days ago Mrs. Hoyt came over to see if there was any way to get Bobby up to Peking later than this next Friday. The Wests got panicky over rumors that trains were dangerous because of bandits and are sending Jack and Margaret to Tientsin by steamer this next Friday. We see Bobby out back of the typhoon wall occasionally and he apparently is getting on nicely.

Mrs. Goertz is still waiting tho she has been at the hospital three weeks.

The mountain is fast getting depopulated. Every day people are going down. Already the Leger house and the Peters house is empty and the Thorts and Armstrongs go soon. Miss Waddell leaves Saturday, and we all go on Sept. 10. And these days just coming are the best of the season for weather!

Last Tuesday morning I went with six other ladies toward the tea gardens for breakfast. It is a pretty walk and we started at 6:30 so the sun didn't reach us till after 8 A.M. At that time we were perched on a big rock near a

stream eating the last of our breakfast. We were almost thru wading in the brook when one lady sat down splash into a shallow pool, and brought so much of the bottom with her, that she had to take her skirt off and wash it out before going onto the tea gardens. Three of us came back to Kuliang, and had a bit of excitement of our own when Miss Cooper stepped into a paddy field and then trying to get out wiped the path clear, and rolled down the bank on the other side coming up sitting, with the most disgusted expression possible on her face. When she got over her daze, we all laughed till we ached.

Tuesday night we went to the Topping's for supper with the Henry Lacys. The moon was perfect in the evening, so we didn't need a lantern.

Little Henry had some fun with Mr. Topping's horse that cost him a ride. He chased it Sunday till he ran away and lost his rein. The Toppings got him O.K., but Father Henry said, no more rides this summer. Last Tuesday P.M. was the time that the children at the Tuesday meetings ride the horse, and poor little Henry couldn't. He tried riding a calf just before service, too, and the calf nearly lay down on the ground and let the boys sit on him all they wished.

The meetings of Bishop Potts[?] have been very good and all sessions crowded. He has been very well liked and such a treat to us all. We had him here for lunch one day. He probably left for Foochow today.

Hope this reaches you in time to get the bundle off before school.

Much love from
Phebe K.

[According to her death record, Nancy Maria Nichols Beard died September 3, 1923 of Carcinoma of Caecum and was buried in the Long Hill Cemetery.]

[The following news articles are in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Mrs. O.G. Beard Died Last Night

Mother of Mayor Bennett N. Beard Was Born Here in 1843.

Always lived in Community Which She Loved- Married to Oliver Gould Beard in 1864- Two Sons [*correction- Son and a Daughter*] in China- Another is Director of Laboratory

The silent passing of a life that has spanned nearly three generations is watched by all with deep felt respect and sincere regard for the labors it has lived through that posterity may live in a bettered world. The family of Mrs. O.G. Beard, who passed away last night, feel this to be an appropriate time to express briefly to the community in which she so beautifully lived, their heartfelt gratitude for their devoted mother.

Nancy Maria, oldest daughter of Phebe Ann and Nathan Bennett Nichols, was born on White Hills, January 30, 1843. Of the five children, a brother, Town Assessor D.A. Nichols, survives her, still living on the old homestead.

Was a Teacher

Always a student her early education was obtained in the district school and supplemented later by several terms at the select school held in Huntington Center. After a few years of successful teaching she was married to Oliver Gould Beard, of Long Hill avenue on January 20, 1864. They began life in the old Beard homestead where they have lived together for nearly 60 years. Eleven children were born to them and during that time they have rounded out a life of usefulness and high standing such as has not been enjoyed by many families of the community. In the education of her children she was always a sympathetic adviser and from her they received inspiration to conquer their problems.

Ten children lived to reach maturity and eight of them survive her. Two are in China, Dr. Willard L. Beard, her eldest son, is president of Foochow College, Foochow, China, and Miss Mary Louise Beard is a member of the high school faculty of the North China American School (for American children) near Peking, which was organized by the Misses Flora and Mary Louise Beard.

The children living in this country are Oliver Gould Beard, Jr., of Bridgeport, Mayor Bennett N. Beard, of Shelton, the Misses Flora, Phebe Maria, and Elizabeth Beard at home and Stanley Drew Beard, director of the Lederle antitoxin laboratory of Pearl River, New York.

Her deeply religious nature led her, after the cares of bringing up her children were over, to world wide philanthropic interests-temperance and missions particularly. In her early married years she joined the Huntington Congregational Church and later transferred her membership to the Shelton Congregational church. She had been

president of the Foreign Mission society, of that church, since 1903. Her connection with the Woman's Christian Temperance union, of this city, as its president, also extended over a long period of years.

She Loved Children

As mother of a large family she was unusually fond of children and her quiet nature won their complete confidence. Those who knew her even casually will always remember her cordial approach yet dignified bearing. Among her family and intimate friends she was a counselor, in distress her presence encouraging and in joy or grief her heart tenderly sympathetic. Her staunch Christian faith and fortitude has been a rock of support and comfort during her long period of life and she passed away as she had lived, confident in the faith which had been hers to enjoy and to hand on to those who knew her best.

Mrs. Oliver G. Beard

High on a hill of far vision, is one of the fine old farm houses of Connecticut. Oliver Gould Beard and his wife Nancy Maria, almost six decades ago, set up their consecrated home. In the wondrously blessed years since then influences have gone forth from that home which connect the hills of Huntington inseparably with the far antipodes, and make from the faithful lives of that father and mother a golden chain of good which encircled the world. The chain is not broken just because Mother has gone on to the higher hills of Paradise.

Of the eleven sons and daughters born in that home, eight of them now living, two are half a world away imparting to the people of "a land that sees light" the vision of God they got from that mother on the Huntington hills. One is conducting a work of incomparable value for the saving and prolonging of human life in one of our American scientific centers. Two are conducting faithfully the necessary business of a workaday world in two of our important Connecticut cities, one of them as the chief executive of his municipality. The others are maintaining in the old home those traditions which the mother emphasized, which made it great and will make its influence everlasting.

To have been in that home, to have experienced there the fine hospitality of that courtly father and that queenly mother, to have shared even a little of a fine companionship of those brothers and sisters, is an experience never to be forgotten. So, while those who have had it and the others who know extend their sympathy to those who love and are bereaved, they mingle it with felicitations on the memory of such a mother.

Services Held for Long-Time Resident

Many Friends Pay Last Tribute to Memory of Mrs. Nancy Maria Beard

Final tributes of respect were paid to the memory of the late Mrs. Nancy Maria Beard, wife of Oliver G. Beard, of Long Hill avenue, who died Monday morning at the home in this city, at the funeral service held yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The large home was filled with the sorrowing relatives and friends, who came to pay their silent tribute to her memory and the many floral tributes which filled the rooms attested the high respect and esteem in which she was held.

In view of the years of service spent in the work of the Shelton Congregational church three ministers, Rev. Luther M. Keneston, the first pastor of the local church, Dr. William M. Lathrop, his successor, and the present pastor, Dr. Watson L. Phillips, officiated at the service. Dr. Phillips read the scripture lesson, Rev. Luther M. Keneston gave the eulogy, and those present at the service commented on the fitness and continence of his remarks for such a solemn occasion. Dr. Lathrop rendered prayer and at the conclusion the long line of the funeral procession was formed and the remains were borne to their last resting place beside the relatives and members of the family who had preceded her. Interment was in the family plot in Long Hill cemetery. The bearers were three sons, Oliver W. Beard, Mayor Bennett N. Beard and Stanley Beard and a grandson, Gould Beard, son of Dr. Willard Beard, of China. The funeral arrangements were in charge of C.E. Lewis & Son.

*[This letter, dated **Sept. 7, 1923**, was written from Shelton, Connecticut by Phebe Maria Beard to Mary. Phebe informs Mary about their mother's death. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Sept 7, 1923
Shelton, Conn

Dear Mary,

Unless the mails have been uncertain from the conditions in China, our letters will have told you of Mother's failing strength- and now she has gone to be with Ruth and James- it was all so sudden at the last that even tho we were steeling ourselves for the parting we are stunned by it. She was as usual at four o'clock Monday afternoon and at three minutes after ten she was gone. We had hoped that she would be comfortable and could stay with us at least the months that the doctor thought possible, but she has gradually lost ground from the time of her first attack of pain two months ago. Since her return from the hospital she has not had those severe attacks of pain but has been just sick and uncomfortable but so patient and uncomplaining through it all. She has never spoken of her condition hardly and has been interested in all the news that we brought to her. We knew that she knew that she was seriously ill and she was willing to meet whatever was to be. The afternoon of the day that she went to rest I took care of her for two hours while the nurse took a nap. At four o'clock when I took her her malted milk she raised herself up in bed by taking hold of the top of Father's bed. She had a good deal of strength left and would not let us prop her up with pillows. She said that she had not sat up that day so she would sit up in bed. She took her saucer and found the milk with it and blew it to cool it a little. I said "Let me put a little cold water in it". "Oh no, I like it this way", she said. Then she had to wait 15 minutes to take a pill with a cup of hot water so I sat on the bed with my arm around her and we talked until the 15 min. was over and then she said she guessed that she would lie down again. She seemed as well as she had been all day and when she lay down again she dozed off for a little and about five o'clock she began to feel the nausea that has troubled her more or less for the last month. It came on more violently just as the nurse came down and she injected the codine as she had done and it did not entirely stop it and then came a sudden change. Weakness and nausea caused a sort of chill and then could not get any warmth again- with but water and blankets. She was conscious almost at the last minute but not able to speak always. Father held her hand and asked her to press his and she did. Ben and Wells- and Oliver and Grace got here about 8 o'clock and as Stanley had only left her at noon we thot that it would be better for him to call him in the morning and he came up here just after lunch and stayed over Thursday when we laid her to rest. Myra came up for Thursday and Ellen came with Emma and Elbert and they all stayed over night. Ellen is here for a week and it is so lovely to have her here. Oliver and Grace will come thru for several days every week. We have not looked over mother's ?? yet and do not know if she left any written messages.

I know just how you long to have been here but guess will be a blessed memory of the dearest mother that ever lived just as she always was here in our home.

I am trying to get a letter to Will and I'll write you very soon again.

With love unbounded and a prayer that God will bless you even as he sends this grief. I am ever your loving sister- Phebe M. Beard

*[This typewritten letter, dated **September 9, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. She is back in Tungchow and has heard of the terrible earthquake in Japan. She tells about her trip back to Tungchow via Shanghai. The plumbing is being installed at the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S. & Tungchow, Chihli
September 9, 1923.

Dear Home folks,

My last letter was mailed on the Empress of Australia. It was to make a record trip, but last I heard the Australia was lying in harbor at Yokohama waiting for a diver to find out how seriously her propeller was injured by the tidal wave.

We have gotten very little news from Japan yet. The papers print whole columns when ten lines could tell all they know. We were relieved on Friday to get a telegram from Mr. Breakey that he was safely in Shanghai. And today word came from Mrs. Wilder that she has arrived. The Canada came through after the Earthquake, and brought about 1500 refugees according to reports. Miss Smith, of the Tientsin school was in Yokohama to meet her sister and just got out. The Chinese are getting up relief funds for the Chinese who are suffering. The foreigners are doing the same for their fellow countrymen, but not exclusive of the Japanese. But you will have had all this and more in the home papers.

At Shanghai we arrived at Wu Sung at 1.30 but it was 3.00 before we got off on the launch. Then the engine stopped and so it was 5.30 when we reached the jetty. Miss Bosworth and Carlton Lacy were there to meet us. They had seen the Missionary Home man and he was to take our baggage but they would look after us. It was nice to go to a private home not one with a capital letter. Mrs. Lacy was running a regular hotel dining room for all the men who were back ahead of their wives.

We took time to remove our hats only and hurried to the roof to watch the eclipse of the moon. At the same time we watched a dragon parade on the nearest street. The dragon was about 50 feet long. There was one group of men carrying banners on poles some 20 or more feet high. A chair hung with lanterns was another noteworthy feature in the procession.

Monday morning we went down with the car at 8.30 and stayed all day. At the Miss. Home I found four fat letters from Will and Phebe. They had found home letters from Shelton, Putnam, Oberlin, Pearl River all waiting when they returned from seeing us off. I was acting as guide for Cleora for her shopping, so I took the moments when she was looking at goods to read my letters. I was most through when it got to be lunch time. We had lunch at the new Army Y.M.C.A. lunch room. It was a dandy lunch for only 80 cents. The rooms were full of British men from the ships in harbor. They get a 5 days leave and Mrs. Brown says every bed is kept full for they come and engage a bed for the full time. Our American men get only one day at a time so can not avail themselves of the sleeping accommodations. They are trying to make it an American center, and are meeting with surprising success.

Monday afternoon, Cleora and I called on Peggy Carlyle Pond and on Mrs. Raven. Both are near the Lacy's. We called up Mrs. MacLachlin, but she was out. She came over when she returned and I am sure was most disappointed to find out it was I not Flora. Miss B. had said Miss Beard only and Helen had not asked for particulars.

Our trip up was uneventful. Dr. Edwards, sister of the Dr. Edwards who lived next door to the Lowry's at Pei Tai Ho was in the next compartment. A mite of a woman with fiery red hair unstreaked with gray, was a neighbor also.

I stopped in Tientsin at the McCann's for two nights. I just missed Robert and his bride by two days. The family seem much pleased with her. Her pictures show her a fine looking girl, though not especially pretty.

On Saturday noon I got here. Mr. Menzi and Miss Burgess were down to meet me. Margaret was here also. The Martins had returned, a bit earlier than they intended because the cyclone had removed the roof of their house and demolished things badly. Jean Josselyn was quite badly injured by the chimney falling on her. She says she is all right now, except for a little stiffness. Mrs. Martin showed some pictures of their house, the Dilly house, the Krause one, the Methodist ladies, one and the Gleystein one. They surely were wrecks.

On Tuesday morning I went to Peking to purchase some of the beads for which I had been given money. Cleora, and Miss Elmore (of Canton) and I spent nearly \$100.00 between us. I have most of mine wrapped ready to mail. The Foochow people financed us on local funds and we have to spend the equivalent sums on beads for them. No exchange!

We have 80 children enrolled, still a large percent of boys over girls. The new porch will not be ready for occupancy the first few nights, so the boys will have to use their tents. The plumbing is only just started, so we must get along any old way for two or three weeks. We are having to take a big corner out of the chapel for dining room. It will make a horrid angular chapel, but we must eat!

Flora, if you are not returning, have you any directions for disposing of the things you left? The ones of value as I remember are, Mosquito curtain, pillow, coat hangers (Miss Burgess would like to purchase these, and I have loaned them against hearing from you), hats, cot bed and pad, bed pad, blankets. There may be others but I do not recall them. The blankets I used for guest room blankets as being better for them than storing.

Phebes last letter says that Flora was to attend Columbia this last summer and go back to South Orange. It sounds interesting.

I hope that my duplicator got ordered before all the sickness. It will save us hours of labor. With the increased numbers, programmes examination papers etc. will be more formidable.

It is 9.30 and Elizabeth and I are off on the early train so I must get to bed. We re reading aloud "By An Unknown Disciple". It is very readable. "The Conquest of Fear" is another book I am reading. Today came "Rich Relatives" from Miss Brewster. It is just in time for I have finished the last of those I had this Summer. I read much en route but not much on the mountain. We had too much visiting to do. It was a good summer. I feel mentally refreshed, altho it was physically tiring to get back the way we came.

I hope for a letter by these last steamers, and that the health of you all is better.

Lots of love

Mary-

The Loves have another little girl, born early Saturday, September 8th. No name yet.

[This typewritten letter, dated **Sept. 16, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. Mary has not yet received word of her mother's death and hopes to hear good news. Because of the earthquake in Japan, ships are staying out of the harbor not knowing what damage was done to the sea floor. They had to make part of the school chapel into a dining room. The plumbing installation is progressing slowly. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., Tungchow
Sept. 16, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

Phebe's letter of July 27 is the last to have arrived. I am answering all the items so I may send it on to Will and Phebe K. They have sent me the Oberlin, Putnam and Thousand Island letters, so I feel quite up to date.

I am glad you took out the other bank account for me. I have lost track of how much there is in the Savings bank, but it is well to distribute ones valuables, even if they are few. Phebe, I was looking over back letters and you said you sold the fur coat. That was yours so the \$20 should have gone to your account not mine. I am glad you did sell it, for it would have been liable to deteriorate. I enclose the identification card, filled out. Thanks, for all the trouble.

You were quite right to make a reduction on the luncheon set for Myra. I am glad she has it. I found two chains recently that were too attractive to resist, in spite of my straightened circumstances. So I got them and they are on their way to you.

Opaque blue and jade @ \$5.00

Pink bone @ 2.00

2 white bone pendants @ 50 cents each.

I could get pendants with cords all made for very little more if people like them. Let me know and I will plan to bring some with me.

Mrs. Powell arrived on Wednesday evening. I like her so far, and feel that she is a person who will wear. She brought messages from Leolyn and pictures of both Leolyns and the four children. They are very good. You may have them also. William wants me to order more rugs for him, and I shall as soon as I get into money to go on. I never was down so low. Perhaps my accounts of my summer trip will tell you why.

I hope Mother continues to keep better, and that the seat of the trouble is found. It is good to hear that Elizabeth is down stairs. I hope for better news yet near time.

We are starting in with 75 pupils and three not yet arrived. It fills us nearly full. As last year, the boys are most numerous. 45 to 30. Mr. Lund has the high school boys over in the London Mission house and the small boys are on Wisteria Lodge with the Menzis. The Menzis have the whole second floor and 15 boys the down stairs. They have kitchen, dining room, sitting room, and two bed rooms, besides the huge porch. They expect another Menzi the middle of the year.

Mrs. Wilder arrived last week. She was on the Canada which came by Japan just after the earthquake and they brought 1500 refugees to Shanghai. Many of them were Chinese, some Japs and all other nationalities. She says that it was awful to watch the smoke and fire from the steamer. They anchored some 10 miles out from the harbor. There had been such an upheaval of the bottom of the sea that they dared not allow ships to get nearer till everything was recharted.

Mon. Jean Dickenson and I have just had a good game of tennis. She came down for a rest, and has been staying with me. I let her go her own way mostly. Yesterday I saw her at 4.20 for the first time. She was out for the two meals. Am I not an ideal hostess?

The ladies house is to be so very different this year. Esther Moody, Miss Ingram, and Marriette Lum will live there. In January, Margaret Smith and Miss Dizney, a nurse, join them. Then they will not entertain much, for the house will be so full.

I have some bank books for the N.C.A.S. Bank and the allowances are to be checked out this year. I hope it will simplify not complicate the task.

I will write again, for it is time to be off to see Jean on the noon train.

P.M. We have had to take a big corner out of the chapel for extra dining room. It makes a dandy dining room, but the poor chapel is queer, sort of L shaped, with the speakers desk at the corner. We had church there yesterday for the first time and it will accommodate the company. Some wanted to have us go to the Chinese Academy and use their small room upstairs, which will seat about 2100 but the invitation was half hearted and since the difficulty between the schools last year, we are not over eager. Miss Ingram alone would welcome the change unreservedly. She despises our basement chapel, and is very open about it, therefore we do not mind.

The lack of government has gotten where it is bothering us. The new head of the bureau of communications insists of having everything opened for customs. On two of our consignments, prepaid from Tientsin to Tungchow, he has insisted on examination at Peking and repaying duty and freight. A large order is now awaiting reshipment in Peking. If it were a real law, not one instituted to put money into one man's pocket, it would not be so trying. We are butterless till we get the order or purchase in Peking. It means sending a man up for every package, besides the extra for shipping.

The plumbing goes very slowly. We have a moat all across the front of the house and nearly across the rear. Occasionally a man comes in and puts in one more pipe, or takes a measurement. Meanwhile, you can imagine the discomfort with no place for toilets, bath tubs or washing facilities. We had baths this morning in an attempt to get the family clean. But our fourth floor bathroom is going to be a delight.

I am wondering if the duplication machine is en route. We can put it to use as soon as it gets here.

Next time I write, I may know for sure if I come home in June, I expect to. Hurrah!!

Lots of love

Mary.

[This letter dated Sept. 16, 1923 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Kathleen. He inadvertently left his satchel with many of his personal possessions in it in a ricksha and it is now lost. College has opened and the government schools are not doing anything. He and Phebe had a good summer on Kuliang. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Please send to
Geraldine

Foochow, China
Sept. 16, 1923.

Dear Kathleen;-

Before I get wrapt in this letter I must say that I have sent an extended account of the loss of my little hand satchel with my watch and chain, and locket with your's and mama's pictures in it (and the recovery of the bag) and my pen, and ever sharp, Phebe's two dresses, two belts, two skirts, all my keys with the holder mama sent me, my glasses, and a check book. - I have sent this account to Aunt Mary in Tunghsien [*Tungchow*], for she was with me when the ricksha ran off with the bag. She is to send the letter on to mama so I will not repeat here.

Phebe is still at Kuliang- coming down tomorrow. I came down for good last Tuesday. College opened last Wed. for flunkers, Thursday for others in Middle School, and Friday for Higher Primary. Last evening 472 had matriculated- we had 526 last term - we are cutting down. No one who did not register his name with \$1.00 by August 25 has been received. Every day we turn away many. The government schools are doing practically nothing.

Telegrams have been coming yesterday and today announcing the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Dr. Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg and children of Shaowu and Mr. and Mrs. Le May, new for Shaowu and Miss Holton for Ponasang. - Mr. and Mrs. Storrs and three children are here in the rooms formerly occupied by the Legers. Donaldsons are at Gek Liong Song and Smiths at ?????. Reumann's, Goertz, Newells still at the mountain, and Dr. Mrs. Kinnear and Ellen still at the Peak. Eunice is here to teach in the College. The St. Clairs are still on the mountain. Phebe has been with Mrs. St. Clair since last Tues. when I came down.

We have had a very nice summer on Kuliang. The typhoons hit all round us but let us alone. We had a few rainy days in August but no flood. There was very little illness and a spirit of good will among the Kuliangites. Every house was occupied and nearly every room was full. Consul Rine has bought Mr. Nightengales house and will tear it down and build new. Mr. Short of Ly Chung has bought Miss Todd's house. Dr. Kennedy of Shaowu has bought Mr. Belchers house and Mrs. McCurry and Miss Hofe have bought the Rines = over near Ga U. I think every house is already rented for next summer and I know of four families from Amoy that want houses but cannot get them. Four babies were born on Kuliang this summer. Hayes- Meth.- Goertz, Brewsters (Fisher) and Dr. Walker of Hinghua.

I was very proud of your marks for last term and I shall look forward with great anticipation to see your next report card with all A+. It was most gratifying to learn also how well both you and Marjorie had done in violin. I congratulate you. Phebe and I both look forward with much interest to the letters that will tell us about your summer- all of you. We do not yet know whether Mama got out of Oberlin and of course do not know at all where to address this, so I shall just send it to the old address.

This evening we had the first Christian Endeavor meeting. I was asked to speak and told the students that each must make a decision to distinguish carefully between right and wrong. Then to choose to do the right in the

face of all contrary influences. This gives any one poise and I believe is one of the surest means to insure success in any line of life. One of the greatest assets that you children have is that your parents and all your relatives both Kinneys and Beards have helped in establishing you in the habit of thinking every time you make a decision- is this right or wrong- the deciding to do the right. Then another very great asset is the fact that you have been taught to keep on God's side of every question and to rely on Him to give you help. Every day- several times I talk with Him about each of you by name, and ask Him to give you all needed help.

Very lovingly, your

Father.

[This letter, dated **Sept. 23, 1923**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary. He writes Mary to share in his sadness of their mother's diagnosis of cancer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow

Sept 23- 1923

Dear Mary,-

Just a word before I stop for bed. I presume Phebe M. has written you that the doctors after a careful Xray of Mother say that she has cancer and that she may be with them for four or five months. My letter came last night. Altho I knew that we must be ready to hear any time that either Father or Mother were called home, yet this broke me up, as I know it will you. I feel keenly for Phebe. God will give her grace and strength. I'm glad they have a nurse and help in the house. Mother will have every care that love and science can give her. Phebe will have the support of three loyal brothers.

This is not a news letter – only a brother's letter to tell about our mother. It was very beautiful to me when home two years ago to see how proud Mother was of you.

It would have been very nice if we could have seen her again- and we may yet, altho it is very doubtful.

May God be nearer to you than ever. He seems nearer as each one of the family circle goes home.

Mrs. Goertz with her baby 3 weeks old came home yesterday- Dr. Walker's – of Hinghua-little boy is about 15 days old. I am eating with the Lockes. The St. Clairs move down day after tomorrow.

Misses Funk, Burr, Mebold, and Bement have reached Yong Kau, nearly to Shaowu all right.

Storrs, Kelloggs and Le Mays left us Friday afternoon. They have reached Ciu Kau all right. The ladies were fired on before they got there and the Ciu Kau launch we fired on two days before the Storrs etc started.

Phebe took lunch with me today.

Very lovingly

Will.

Phebe K is going to send Phebe M's letter to you.

This letter from Phebe makes me all the gladder that you and I could be together this summer.

I'm sending another package of papers big enough to take you a week to read.

Your letters came last night.

[This typewritten letter, dated **September 25, 1923**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She has heard of her mother's terminal illness. The plumbing installation at the school is still progressing slowly. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., September 25, [1923]

Dear Home Folk,

Phebe's letter telling of the seriousness of Mother's illness came on Saturday. I have sent it on to Willard today. This afternoon I got a letter from him with the request that I send it to you. His contains good news for the loss of the bag was considerable.

I shall most eagerly look for the next home news and the final decision. If it were June instead of September, it would be an irresistible temptation to spend the summer in America. As it is we all pray to the same God and to him half the distance round the globe it is nought.

Sept. 26. I was on duty last week end. We have arranged for one woman and one man to be on together, so both boys and girls will be looked after. With the chapel cut as it is, I did not have courage to try a sing. Also because there is no one now who plays well enough to attempt a hymn without special practice. I have been reading aloud some of the stories in the book "Port Arlington Stories" which is one that Miss Brewster sent me last spring. I

took it south intending to leave it, but found the stories so readable that I relented and kept it to share with the girls. The latest book from Miss B. I have not read. It is "Rich Relatives". It looks good. Some day I will need refreshment and revel in it. I keep those books busy most of the time. Mrs. Love took about ten to Pei Tai Ho, and I took all the new ones to Kuliang; two are in Peking, etc. Last spring I put some of the best in the school library where they will see much service.

A package of papers came yesterday and I was interested to note that our neighbor is to have his excuse for picking a quarrel with father removed. It must have been some noise when that blast went off! The paper was most vague as to where the ditch was to be. Did you get the predicted crowd?

Our plumbing still is progressing S-l-o-w-l-y. Someday we hope to have it in. They are closing the ditches and outside tanks, so there is hope. The boys at the new house are in the same sad state, no water, no plumbing, no anything. I think I wrote that we are to have a bath room on the top floor, and that the teachers bath is put into a third room on the second as we found that one room was not enough for 16 or 20 girls.

We have had our first attempt at lab in General Science today. It was disconcerting to find files, test tubes, stoppers, etc. that could not be made to fit. The Chem. Material was left over at the lab till fall and the Academy class had fitted up their desks ere we called for it. Evidently, they had used much of our stuff. Mr. Menzi and the Chinese boys are not very friendly, so it will be a little awkward to get it back, I fear. Mr. Fan is a good friend though. It is only the pond fuss that causes the disagreement, and they were nasty about that, so was Mr. Martin.

Today is a big tea in farewell for Mrs. Firman (mother of Mrs. Sweet) and Mrs. Edwards, of the Y.M.C.A. I had hoped to go in, but the early train sounds awfully early. When I have gotten courage to try it once, I shall know it is not bad.

The above difficulty was not my carelessness. Suddenly my spacer refused to work. I had not properly cleaned the machine since its summer of idleness and it was calling for care. It has taken nearly three fourths of an hour to fix it and now it runs a bit hard. But it runs as I try to make it, and I hope will limber up.

The last boat brought several papers from Miss Brewster, telling of the last tributes to President Harding. I took time to read them at once, and will get them where the children can see them. My Geographic also came. It is after supper, and I must get to my studies.

May God bless you all

Much love

Mary.

Will's letter goes to Oberlin. You have the original.

[This letter dated Oct. 6, 1923 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Kathleen. Kathleen spent the summer at Aunt Myra and Uncle Stanley's. He asks if Gould has had an operation yet. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Please send to
Geraldine.

Foochow China.
Oct. 6- 1923.

Dear Kathleen;

Phebe and I have greatly enjoyed your letters from Pearl River this summer. They gave us a view into your own mind and also into the home life of Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra, and they told us that Nancy was a little witch, Stephen a very pleasant happy little boy, and Ruth a little darling. I shall look forward with lots of joy to seeing Ruth. Her pictures look as if she were a very happy little girl. I was glad also that you could get up to Century Farm a few times and see Gould and the folks at Century Farm.

You are an unsophisticated sophomore now- in High, and Monnie is a sedate senior. I wish you both a successful and happy year. I shall look with eagerness for letters from Dorothy and Marjorie telling of their summer. The last letter from Geraldine was very interesting and told about the life at Alexandria Bay and of how much she made and of her pleasing prospects for this years work in South River.

Things are going on very nicely here just now. The weather is fine. Today I plan to go to Chiong Ha = where Mama and Monnie and you and I went the year before we went home. I shall walk to Uong Bieng and take a boat to the landing place for Chiong Ha. One of the teachers = Mr. Lin Ting Po will go with me- we will spend the night at Chiong Ha, and stay there for church tomorrow. After lunch we will go to a place called Liang Pau. In the evening we hold a meeting there and come home Mon. morning.

I must stop now with all good wishes for all and lots of love to each.

Has Gould yet had an operation.

Lovingly
Father

[This typewritten letter, dated Oct. 12, 1923, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. Mary has not heard yet that her mother has died. Their students were invited to the Peking American School for a party. Rumor said that there would be dancing, so the NCAS had to decline the invitation. Mrs. Gordon had to be dismissed from the school over a disagreement on how to run the dining room. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., Oct. 12, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

This is our founder's day, hence I am stopping this last period of the morning to write to you. Generally I need this time to prepare for my afternoon science class.

Phebe's last letter told of Mother's return home after the period of observation in the hospital. I am glad you have a good nurse. It is easier for the sick and the well both. I find myself watching the corner of the daily paper which says, "Next mail is in", more closely than usual. Each of the P.M. boats has brought mail.

Last week Saturday evening the children of the Peking American School gave a house warming and invited our three upper classes. The freshman class is larger than their whole high school body, so they had to be left out. Mr. Menzi got word that the "party" was to be a dance with possibly games on the side. Mrs. Corbett visited Mr. Tuttle and found the rumor was true. Hence on Saturday, Mr. Menzi talked with the pupils and every one said that they must send last minute refusals and stand by the policy of the school. The regrets went on the noon train Saturday. It meant keeping the children here and providing entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Menzi invited them all over to their house and also such of us teachers as were not already engaged for other groups. We made candy and played games. To make it a bit festive, the party lasted till 10.00.

There was to have been no class for Sunday School, so Esther Moody had taken a week-end off and was in Peking. I took her classes the only way out. It had been a very full week and all the extra made the faculty a weary lot to start this week. We are getting rested though, as there have not been quite so many outside duties this week.

Another extra last week was an attempt to get together on dining room regulations. The senior and junior girls are helping by being heads of the extra tables, so after we had talked over the rules we had them in for tea and told them about them before they were read in the dining room. We had the first meeting on Tuesday. Mrs. Gordon was there and helped talked them over till time to go for the evening train. I found out later that she had handed out another ultimatum that morning. Well, to make it short, she departed that night and is not to return. Chu Shih Fu is running the dining room, and the head table boy is looking after the service in the dining room. For this last week things have gone even better than before. That atmosphere of strain is missing. We no longer commit the unpardonable sin, if we forget and laugh out loud, or get a last minute invitation for a meal and accept it without running home and telling someone. Chu Shuh Fu looks less worried, with the full responsibility that with his efforts to please his mistress. He was loyalty itself, but he saw the weakness the same as we did.

Mrs. Gordon came on Saturday and took her things. Moore wrote a nice letter telling Mr. Menzi that he did not think it wise for his mother to return, but that there was no reason why the head man might not stay, as far as he knew. Now comes a letter asking for the head man to come up for a talk with Carl Gordon, this Saturday night. We hope the place here has been put so attractively that he will not leave.

Last Monday I was at Mr. Tuttle's for a luncheon committee meeting. Miss Moore and Miss Nourse were also there. The ladies were a bit nasty about the Saturday night but Mr. T. was fine and harbored no resentment. There will be another member of that family soon. We do not get the niece of the Pettuses. She has arrived and the Pettuses decided they could take her in since we were only other alternative.

I go to Peking tomorrow to help serve at the College tea. I accepted because it is about time I did my share if I am to continue to belong. I am going to christen my new dress. It arrived last week and all who have seen it say it is becoming and good style. If I had had anything to start the season with, I should have waited till finances were easier. But the gold colored dress that I wore so much at home, was still my best, but a poor best after four years of wear. I shall feel dressed up in it now, since I have a better one in the closet.

Another batch of papers came this week, and have gone on to Will. I am hoping that Ben's chance of getting rid of the castle at Newtown proved good and that it is off his hands.

Mrs. Hunter had taken the Domestic Science again, and it is such a relief. The girls start in as though they appreciated the difference.

We had Chinese food today in the dining room. Mien, something like spaghetti, was the base dish. By the way it disappeared, it was appreciated. We ended with "tan hou-lers", fruit dipped in candied sugar. We have had

those several times this fall to the joy of all. If no one is ill from today's meal, we are to have it once every two weeks or possibly every week.

I have Miss Bostwick's two small rugs on the sitting room floor. I have not dared to order Leolyn's, lest the Berkeley fire has left them so they dare not afford them. Mrs. Powell had a telegram that she had lost everything. The two houses are so near each other that one could hardly go and the other be saved.

Dr. Smith gave the address today, and he was well up to par. He and Mrs. Smith returned last Monday from six weeks at the hills. Both are looking very well. Dr. Smith acts better than he did a year ago. Both asked me to remember them to Flora when I wrote. Mrs. Fette also enquired for her, when I got the rugs.

We have had the heat on for a week and it makes the house a joy to come back to. At the school, the tinker is working on the chimney, so that is still cold. All the pipe that heats the hall went to pieces this summer.

A letter from Miss Bostwick tells me that she is in Oberlin. She will be seeing Ellen and the girls, also Mrs. Stelle, who has the house Ellen had.

A mail was due in Shanghai yesterday. I may miss getting my letter quickly by my week end in Peking. But I will be back Monday.

Best love to you all.

Mary

*[This letter, dated **October 16, 1923**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary. He has received word of their mother's death and shares his thoughts and feelings about it with Mary. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China
October 16- 1923

Dear Mary:-

Night before last the mail- no it was last night the mail brought letters from Phebe and Flora- also paper that are full of good words about our dear, lovely Mother. In talking it over with God this afternoon after I had read what the papers said I had to add, "The half was not told." The tribute from Mr. Hill was beautiful. In Mother all we children have a rich heritage. I think during the past fifteen or twenty years she has taken much deep joy in the success that her children have attained. She never said much about it but she had a way of expressing her inmost heart without spoken words. Her's was a life bid with Christ in God. Phebe has been wonderfully good to write us so often with the care and responsibility that she has had to bear. God has answered our prayers that Mother might not have to suffer- long before we asked Him. It is hard to realize that while we were enjoying ourselves in Foochow together they were just about getting the facts that told them Mother could not stay much longer with them, and that as you were getting back to Tunghsien they were doing the last loving earthly things for her.

I am not sending the Sentinels for Sept 4,-7 and 8 to you for the letters say they are sending you some also. I am sending you others and Phebe's and Flora's letters.

I want that R.I. rooster if it does not come too high. How much does he want? Mr. Goertz promises to bring him down when he takes Edith up next Jan.

Very lovingly

Will

It looks from Flora's letter as if Phebe and Elizabeth would like you home next June.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **Oct. 21, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. Mary has received word of her mother's death. Prof. Grabau gave a talk on the movements of the earth's crust and how Asia looked in the past. She talks about the various acquaintances and co-workers. She includes a note from a parent praising and thanking her for her care of his child. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

October 21, 1923

Dear Home Folk,

The difference in blackness of the date and the address is due to a change of ribbon. I used the last one to do a lot of lining. That wears out the ribbon terribly, by leaving only half of the printing surface good. Willard had his machine on the mountain last summer. It has done him good service.

Phebe's letter telling of Mother's death on the 3rd of September was here when I returned from Peking last Monday. I had really said my "goodby" when I got the letter telling that she was so seriously ill. I knew what that meant for us out here. I am so glad she did not have to suffer severely again. I kept dreading that for her, as you all were too. How comforting that so many of you could be with Mother at the last. Yes, Phebe, I too have memories of The dearest Mother that ever could be. My year at home so recently is very full of them.

The friends here have been most kind, Miss Burgess and Mrs. Powell especially. Poor Mrs. Powell is most upset by her losses in the Berkeley fire, losses for herself and for so many friends too. Today she got the first illustrated papers and was all broken up by them. Those beautiful hills a black ruin! We hope for letters on the next mail. People were likely too stunned to write at once.

The talk at the College club last week was by Prof. Grabau, on the paleogeography of China. The China Survey is getting out a book on it and he showed us some of the proof plates of the old maps. I fear that inhabitants of those days would have trouble in getting their bearings in the China of today. There was a sea where the Himalaya Mountains are now and Japan, the Phillipines, Borneo and the other East Indies were all part of a continent with eastern Asia. "The first invasion of China by Americans" was by way of an arm of the Arctic ocean that extended down into Asia at one period. I hope that we may have the same or a similar lecture down here after Christmas. The survey are getting their book out for the holidays and will be very busy.

Hazel Bailey is not going to take our Camp Fire girls this year. I am entertaining at lunch tomorrow Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Curan and their husbands. The ladies have been Guardians and I hope will take up our group for the year. Miss Burgess is ready to help and so I think is Mrs. Powell. Mrs. Powell is working in slowly, but well. She is not as adaptable as a younger woman would be, but after our experience of last year that is a blessing not a draw back. She helps Dr. Love less but me in the house work more. I have now turned over the caring for this house almost entirely. When called on, I act as interpreter (I see Flora smile) and adviser if advise is wanted. She inspects all the rooms too.

We are still running with the cook and table boy in the dining room. Margaret Menzi is account taker, and we take any question of food, service to her. The Chinese food last week Friday was greatly appreciated. We hoped for some more this week but did not get it.

Mrs. Powell and I went on the street Thursday after school and got pongee for curtains in the sitting room. She was having a guest for the week-end and wanted the comfort and beauty of curtains. We also got material for the hall windows. In ways like that she is a great help. I helped measure and cut but she is putting them together. I can not get the Amahs to look on her as their boss. The reason is probably that she always has to come to me for interpreter.

Mrs. Love was out to compound tea today for the first time since baby came. The baby is still nameless, but growing apace in spite of the lack.

I spent all of last week end with Cleora. Mrs. Hubbard of Pao Ting Fu and Miss Breck were in the city. We went to the movies Saturday night. On Sunday morning I heard Dr. Hodgson at the P.U.M.C. on "The best is yet to come". He also spoke at the Union church in the evening. He has been out for some special conferences. Cleora and I went to tea at Mrs. Maxwell's. She had quite a gathering on Sunday afternoons. It is considered the proper time for the P.U.M.C. faculty to call on each other then. As Mrs. Maxwell had out of town guests, she had invited several specially. As Miss Bailey said, it is a case of social function till 5.15, then the host and hostess rise and announce that it is time to start for church. One might stay and enjoy the home surroundings but the family go to church as a part of the necessities of life. They are on time too!

The plumbers are still with us. At last all the seats and bowls are out of the lower hall, so I begin to have hopes that there will be an end. It will be fine when it is done.

I found a new candy store in the city. They make all kinds of sesame candies. We are trying the plan of having candies, raisons, etc. for sale two or three times a week, as a means of keeping the children from buying the dirty stuff of the peddlers. If it is a craving for sweets that makes them buy, it will stop it if it is a desire to break rules, it will not.

Young Quincy Adams is proving to be a boy with the propensity for anything underhanded, forbidden, striking, etc. He is a nuisance till he gets broken in a bit. In one week, he has dared John Lewis, and they had their heads shaved; upset a whole bowl of sugar into one of the girls desert; and made himself conspicuous on every occasion. His ambition is "to be noticed". Some of the others have the same ambition but lack the courage to confess it, or do not consciously name it. I do not credit the rumor that Mrs. Adams is going to the States; Young Adams decided to come and came.

Young Samuel Cochran is proving just as fine as William. He is full of his fun, but there is not a bit of yellow in him. I was able to be of a bit of use to Dr. Cochran and he sent the nicest letter of thanks. It came on the

same mail as Phebe's telling of Mother's going. I will send it and let you read it. Flora will tell you of others she had when here. There people are most appreciative, and not afraid to express their kindly feelings.

Mrs. Sheffield was thrown from her rickshaw two weeks ago and her face is still black and there is a huge lump over her left eye. For several days she was laid up but she was doing full work when I was in town last week end. There were no cuts, only bruises. Mrs. Stelle writes that the boys make excellent household assistant. William Tucker is slowly improving. He hopes to be about some by Christmas. Little Arthur is a dear, and so like big William!

My heart has been with you at home these last weeks. I have the sorrow of not having been able to do for Mother, but you have to live every day where every thing is a reminder of her. God was good to let us have her so long.

Lots of love to all.
Mary.

[Handwritten]

P.S. We have a President hence something to fill the "news" columns in the papers, also an excuse for a new issue of ?? which I will try to get for my next letter.

[Typewritten]

Dr. Samuel Cochran
Tsinan
Shantung, China

Dear Miss Beard;

This is just a line to thank you for all the interest and help you have given my boys. I wonder if you know how deeply parents appreciate what conscientious and able teachers like yourself do for their children. Good teachers throw into their work so much of themselves, so much good will and helpfulness that no salary they could possibly draw would ever begin to repay it and certainly it cannot be paid by any thanks we can give.

I have thought more than once of your hospitality whenever we go to Tungchow and of your coming down to meet the "new boy" as we walked up from the station a few weeks ago.

A good letter came from Bill on Saturday and he was just finishing his summer work at tutoring and ready for his examinations. Next mail will tell of how he does. He spent Sunday with Lois and Peggie at my brothers in Plainfield. My brothers son will be in his class at Hotchkiss.

Yours very sincerely

Samuel Cochran

October 15th. 1923.

[This typewritten letter, dated **Oct. 30, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. She describes some costumes of their Halloween party. She plans to return to the U.S. next June. She discusses some of the teachers at the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., Oct. 30, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

I ought to be thinking out a costume for tomorrow night. But I am not going to spend this time on that. Maybe I will get a sudden inspiration. Last week Friday we had a wonderful treat. Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Leslie Severinghouse sang for us and Miss Mary Ferguson accompanied them. Miss F. is a younger sister of the Miss Ferguson who played the violin and daughter of the advisor to the President. Flora will probably remember her.

We had a holiday Saturday. There was a track meet over at the Academy and our boys were competing in several events. Then the scouts were off for a camping trip, by the noon train. I planned a Campfire picnic too, so we too had some fun. We went over north of the city near the canal and a cemetery. We had the whole village out to watch us eat. The place was a fine amphitheater, so the crowd could see everything. They were most surprised that we could make the fire go, then that we knew how to cook the food. It was a question with them, as to whether we were boys or girls, being in bloomers, we could be either. We tried the second time to get Mrs. McClean and Mrs. Curan, without success.

Flora's letter came and I had an opportunity to get the nets yesterday. I got one dozen double ones. I have been wearing them and they outwear the single, about 6 to 1. The difference in cost is not much, 30 cents and 40 cents. If you like them I will get a gross and bring home, at \$3.50 per gross. I buy by the gross now.

Wed. eve. Have just come up early from the Halloween party. I wore a pair of dirty white stockings in which I had cut holes till they barely stayed on and a pair of brown shoes unevenly smudged with Blanco. My skirt was a tattered piece of silk from "the property box"; my waist, a bag; my belt, a rope and my hair dress another piece of rope. A tin can for pennies and a bamboo cane completed the outfit. It was not handsome. Mr. Breakey and Mr. Fenn were both ladies. Lyman Martin came in Miss Moody's dress and was as fine a woman as usual. Miss Young was in Captain Fiskin's uniform. The feast was overwhelming in its plentifulness. As extras, there was soup, salad, nuts and candy, and cocoa. The others are still having games. I wanted to get this letter off, also, I must correct some papers to find out who gets delinquency notices this month.

Yesterday came a book "The Breaking Point" from Miss Brewster. I have just finished the last one, and enjoyed it much. I have had two bundles of Sentinels from you and two of New York papers from Miss. B. lately.

Mrs. Corbett wrote a nice note about Mother. Her last bit, taken from a letter to her just about a year ago when her Mother died, I want to share with you. "If we always love those that we lose, we never will lose those that we love". I am so glad that mother did not have a terrible suffering that is Mrs. Goodrich's these days. Her trouble is also cancer of the intestines. The doctors operated in August and found the trouble so far advanced that they could help none. She is still in the hospital, and now her dear ones are praying for her freedom from pain.

Miss Andrews had gone to Paotingfu to be with Miss Chapin. She is very happy there and holds several classes per week with the girls in the school. It is enough to make her feel useful.

Last Friday, Margaret Virginia Wickes arrived. She "looks like the others", Alice thinks her fine, but says there is "no on to look after me" at home now. She planned all herself, to go to the Martins, hoping for more care there.

I have written Mrs. Corbett that I am surely starting for home next June. My next step will be to engage passage through Mr. McCann. Mrs. Powell suggests that I stop and take Leolyn east with me. I am thinking of a bee line through Vancouver. What would be the prospects of caring for Leolyn among her two families if she came? I know we will be unable to offer an extended visit, or at least I should judge so from the letters.

I do hope that the news from Elizabeth and Father is good next time. It is wonderful to think that Father can still keep up the business. I do hope that Miss Runnells could come. I like her and it is pleasing to think of her in our home.

I had a letter from Lillian Burr. She read of Mother's going in the paper and was sorry she did not know sooner. She has not been well for several months but is much better. Her trouble is that she does not get strong altho she seems quite well again. Mrs. Stelle wrote me from Oberlin. She had seen Miss Bostwick. She is having great fun keeping house for her two boys.

We enjoy the Fiskins as neighbors. They enter into things easily, but not too much so, and their enjoyment of the place is enough to win the hearts of us devotees. Cara, the baby about three, is terribly shy, but the boy and the baby of about a year are friendly as can be. Mrs. Young is nice.

I surely hope that the school never has any more one year teachers. The atmosphere this year is such an improvement over last! Mrs. Powell bothers sometimes by talking "contract". Her contract has specified certain duties and no others are to be taken on except by hint or much tactful urging. The infirmary has been vacant all year. Now the Amahs are moved to their room so patients could be cared for. But she will not lift a finger except at the doctors bidding, not even give a "cold" pill. It is a contrast to last year when the children got doses till the doctor groaned over the medicine consumed. Salts are the one and only remedy for all ills now. Theodore Romig is over in the Menzi guest room with a badly infected arm. Doctor cut it open today and is afraid of greater infection unless it had most careful care. It is a queer world and the people are queer, they seem to run to extremes. We want a happy medium!

We still have Chinese food once a week and the last child has succumbed to eating it. Mrs. Powell refused the last kind but liked the other. The cooks made 3200+ chu bao baos. (do not criticise the spelling, please).

"My heart is in the Highlands" of Long Hill.

Lots of love

Mary

I am looking for the duplicator. Thanks for ordering it. I'll bring the things to Flora. See the new stamp. I'll send the rest of the set 4 cents, 3 cents and 1 cents later.

[This typewritten letter, dated Nov. 10, 1923, was written from Tungchou, China, by Mary to the home folk. She has received her duplicator. They believe some of the servants are stealing from them. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

North China American School
Tunghsien, Peking, China

Nov 10, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

I have been using my good bond paper for many school purposes lately, so am going to be swell and write you on school stationary.

The duplicator came last night, and I put it together at once and used it to take off the tests for today. It was good to use one again. Why had I waited so long to get it? Everything came through O.K.

Nov. 13, I went over to Maude Hunter's for the week end and had a good time playing with the babies. Jean is a darling, fat and smiling as can be. She is getting to know whom she knows and whom she does not. But she is quick to form new friends with those who play with her. Bobby is getting the same idea that the other compound children have, that I am to be pummeled, and played hard with. We had a real wrestling match, punctuated with squeals and shrieks of laughter. Both children are very well. Jean cut her first tooth, and got up a fever of 103 over it. But she was all right by morning.

Miss Young and six others have proved the ease with which we can visit the Great Wall from here. They had an auto come down to leave at 6.30 and take them to the Hsi Che Men. Then the auto met them at night and brought them back. It cost about \$5.00, much less than trying to stay in Peking, and much easier.

We have put in a second basket ball court, in the hollow space behind the school building. There is also room for an indoor baseball field for the girls. Our group is too large for one field now, so the compound have let us have the added room. To be sure it takes a fine fertile piece of ground. There is talk of trying to get the land over beyond the boys house, but there is no certainty of ever getting it. It, too, is good farm land, even better than what we have.

Tuesday, our Chinese food day; We had "strings" with "chang" and several kinds of cold vegetables and one soup. They forgot to get us a desert. I suppose it is that they never serve one for themselves.

Wed. Eve. This afternoon Carol Love came over with Dr. Parry, who was the college physician at Holyoke when I was there. Dr. Parry was the one who looked after Mother when she was ill at commencement 1905. She and her sister are travelling around the world. Both are doctors and came to see the hospital. The other sister knew Dr. Loves father and a lot of folks he knows as she has lived near Hamilton College. She knew Martha too.

Captain Fiskens is giving the Camp Fire girls and any of the others who wish to join us an hour of marching, and exercises once a week. It is most interesting and mighty good for us. We have to act with military precision. It is interesting to note that the boys are again doing drill, after a year or more of thinking it too militaristic.

We have had considerable trouble with thieving. It seems to be a concerted effort to oust the head man. As far as we can make out, the cook whom he succeeded, is at the head of the gang. Tien has the reputation of being a gambler now, and so is open to all sorts of suspicions. We are lying in wait to catch him at something, then the Loves will dismiss him. The Fiskins have a servant dismissed several years ago for gambling and he is suspected of being implicated with the bad gang.

Mrs. Waller was down today and sends regards to Flora. Jean Dickenson gave me such to deliver last week. She was at the Martins. Enid is home now. Her health is not very good so she dares not return to a job where she has to live on Chinese food, as at the Wangs.

Your Christmas things will be late for I have not been able to get into town for three weeks. I expect to go next Monday. I shall not send much as I love to deliver things in person, and next summer is not far off. God bless you all and keep you well.

Much love
Mary.

[This letter, dated November 18, 1923, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould. Willard writes Gould about his 27th birthday and tells him he was proud that Gould represented him so well at Willard's mother's funeral. He asks about Gould's finances and gives advice on taking risks. He talks about the college in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow, China.
November 18- 1923

Dear Boy:-

Last Wednesday I thought of you as you passed the twenty seventh milepost on life's highway. It was just about the day that Phebe sent me your letter to her that told about Grandma's death and funeral and your drive from Shelton to Mt. Vernon, S. River and Ann Arbor. It has been very gratifying to read in several letters that you were at Century Farm when Grandma died and that you could represent me. For several reasons God directed you to go there this summer. Every one seems to think that you did right. Mama was especially pleased. Your picture of the children and grandchildren gathered about Grandma during the last minutes was the most complete that I have received. It touched me deeply that you could be in my place there and again it was very gratifying to know that you were in my place as pall bearer.

Grandma was a wonderful woman. How she could bear eleven children and bring up ten and do her own housework when we were small and take time every day to study her Bible and pray and also help other children who had no mother and all the time take an active part in church work and at the same time keep up with and help her own children in their studies I do not see- Yes I think I do see. She was able to select the first things in life and do them. She never chose the second best; or the thing of secondary importance. As I remember her, she took (she did not find) some time every day to be alone with God. I see her so often she lay on the lounge with her Bible. She never spoke of it- but she did it. I think it must have been her silent example that led me when I was a Sophomore to decide to read my Bible daily before breakfast- a habit that I have kept up for over thirty years- it's a good habit.

How are you coming on financially? Write me all about it- How much did Mr. Miller help you in all, how much has Uncle Stanley lent you in all. How much did Grandpa give you this summer? Dorothy ought to be out of the woods financially with her work in the Oberlin Schools in Oberlin with \$500. I understand that Grandma left one third of her estate to Grandpa, one third to her children and one third to her grandchildren. You may get \$250 there. How much does your life insurance cost you a year? I keep wondering also when you will graduate from Ann Arbor.

You had an exciting ride from Philadelphia to Ohio, - without adventure. I am hoping the time is near when you will stop such stunts as driving thirty six hours without rest. I did a lot of such stunts when I was young. I wish I had known enough to conserve my strength. In the long run you lose- nature comes round years after and collide. I can do with most of the young fellows here now, but I know if I had taken more time to do some things when I was 16-24 I could do more now and do what I do much better. How is your hernia? I do not hear about it from any source. The picture of your flying in a Ford made me think of the new universal machine- with three wheels that could be converted from an automobile to a hydroplane and again into an aeroplane at will.

Things are going along rather quietly here. In the College we are having a much better term than last term. The senior class is hard to get on with. But there is no (as yet) serious trouble. There are two boys who have tried bluffing instead of working and their bluff is not bringing them a diploma. They are disgruntled and influence the class. It was very significant that at the close of last term when the students elected the Y.M.C.A. Cabinet- not one of this class was put on the cabinet. I have not yet made up my mind whether or not I shall tell them that unless they attend morning drill. They have nearly all cut most of the time this term and the Sunday evening C.E. meeting. I will not give them diplomas.

Our boys played the Anglo Chinese boys at Volley ball- ten classes vs. ten classes. We won seven out of ten in two contests- we won 14 games and lost 6. In the cross country run yesterday afternoon we lost out completely I believe. ?? got 1st place. They ran from the Club, past the Am. Consulate and on to the stone sect. Back they came by the pond at Duai U and up by the Mesani Hall and the Y.M.C.A. home where we lived.

I wonder how much of the account of Mother's life that appeared in the Sentinel Fri. Sept 4 you wrote.

Eunice Kinnear Roger[?] is not at all well and she does not seem to improve. She is teaching 16 periods a week in the College and it is rather serious for us. Phebe is getting into things too fast. They are putting her on committees etc faster than I like. She is efficient and does good work.

God bless you, keep you and see you

Very lovingly Father.

Temple of Heaven Peking Stamps

[This letter, dated Dec. 8, 1923, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. She writes a letter home and includes a typewritten newsletter for those who lived and worked in Tungchow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Dec. 8, 1923]

Dear Home Folk,

I am sending a copy of a letter for the edification of Ex-Tungchowites and it may contain some news not written you before or a different angle any way. Flora may need to interpret for it was written expecting readers to know the place.

We did have a nice Thanksgiving. I kept myself too busy to think very long at once on the loneliness at home. Cleora was down and arrived Wednesday evening. I also invited Hosmer Johnson and the Burgesses. The latter could not come, but Hosmer did. I was chairman of the decoration committee so we had to work hard from 3.00 till 6.00 setting tables for 45 and decorating. The seating had to be done over because the tables did not fit together as we expected.

I wonder what you did. Did you get together as usual? I hope so. It is generally Stanley's last fall visit to Connecticut.

The stockings and packages of ?? came last week. Already I have worn some of the black stockings. Many thanks for them. They fill a real need as I was feeling sorry I had not asked for some when I wrote. I had had to give up white shoes because my stockings were too few to last from week to week. I bought some English ones here and they lasted one day without holes and about six washings before the Amah referred to darn them.

My Campfire girls are busy getting ready for a sale. One [*of the*] most attractive articles are some blue velvet ?? trimmed with gold braid and some blue and gold ?? books made Chinese style like the coal-books[?]. We will have less than last year but we are only 12 instead of over 25 as then. Miss Bailey is not having time to foster the group at all. She got weary last year because I did not have time to "carry" her along as Flora had done and too she got in m?y with Miss Young and Miss Fenn her first trip. So far we are without a guardian, but hope for Mrs. Howard-Smith to renew her interest when she arrives.

The children are starting their skating in a pond at the west end of the compound which was formed when the big pond was refilled from the moat recently. It is very shallow.

The mail is just departing.

With love

Mary.

[*The following is typewritten:*]

Dear

For fear lest only one of you will get any news at all, I am going to give the general news for all, and be rude enough to use a duplicator.

I'll begin with the N.C.A.S., since that is home. We have 75 pupils in session now. Last week Dr. Lewis of Pao Ting Fu came and took John out, and they are just about starting for America now. Scamp that he was, we miss him. The trip home through India, Egypt, Palistine, etc. will do wonders in waking him up. The close companionship of his father will help a lot too.

About two weeks after school opened, we had a surprise. Close to six one evening an auto drove up. Out stepped young John Quincy Adams, and announced that he had come to stay. He was tired of being the only American boy in his school. He gave us a second surprise one evening very soon, when he and John Lewis appeared with their heads shaved. It was to "create a sensation", and no one paid any attention to them unless the boy drew it by some remark. I caught him one day with his hand clutched tightly in the hair of one of the girls. When questioned, he said it was his only way to get even, and the children old and young were in the habit of always kicking him as they passed. They had reasons for so doing all right, as he agreed. Pulling hair was not lessening the reasons either!

Speaking of "the gentle sentiments", we have never had so bad an epidemic as now. Every one down the line to the eighth and some on the seventh have some one special with whom to pair off. The wonderful moonlight nights and the influx of girls from America, with the ultra modern ways, are probably to blame. Every body ages the group higher up, and the girls were in college towns.

You must know of the additions to the community. The Fiskens are fitting in beautifully. Captain Fisken teaches at Lu He, and helps with the athletics. He also gives our girls drill every week. He offered for the Camp Fire, but the group is small this year and so we invited the others to join us. They take turns at all the social functions with the rest of us. The next compound supper is to be there.

Barbara Love is making Caroline share the honors, by growing more attractive every day. Caroline is loosing her excessive shyness, and loves to play. Her vocabulary is most limited, and not often used in company.

The latest arrival, Margaret Virginia Wickes, looks just like the others, pink and white from the first, with brown eyes, and lot of dark hair. She rubbed the skin off her chin one night when she got hungry before it was time, so had to be tied up for several days. It detracted from her beauty and distressed her mother. Mr. Wickes has been off in the country for two weeks, so Fanny kept the nurse an extra week for company. I expect he is home tonight, for tomorrows church program reads "Wickes".

By the way, Jim tried a new stunt on us this year and put the duplication paper in wrong for all the notices. Hence we have them pasted in our windows.

The Ladies house has been a point of interest. When the devoted swain can not get an invitation otherwise, Miss Ingram comes to the front and she has a beau. Mr. Breakey, our new teacher of History, likes to spend an evening over there when allowed. Mariette sings for him if there is no other consolation. They have been a very happy household, with the varied natures. Esther has her big baby doll down here now. How the Compound Children do love it!! We all pick it up when we go there.

We are all busy on the Thanksgiving dinner. The last I hear it was to be at the Loves. Maude wanted to relieve Carol of it, because she is afraid it may upset Carol and the baby. We go to Rose Martin's play afterward. Elizabeth Burgess has made up the cutest nut cups ever. We are fitting words to the initials for the place cards. Alice Huggins set out of the tables. We have put stiff papers on the back of the large turkeys and they will stand around and watch us eat the turkey substitute.

Dec. 3. It was not turkey substitute that we ate Thanksgiving, but real turkey, and mighty good too! 40 of us sat down to a T shaped table at the Loves. We described the people by adjectives beginning with their initials on the place cards, and used the little turkeys that Alice sent. We are most grateful, Alice! So will future committees be, for the runner is good for future use and so are the turkeys and sheafs of corn.

The entertainment was at Rose's and we were divided into groups and had to give some kind of word or scene connected with history at or near the first thanksgiving. Pi-Lie-Moth-Rock, was the best. The whole word was A chicken, Girl with feet through sleeves of coat etc.

The Peking people invited so many of our group for noon that with the compound children we were only 64. The girls had made place cards and used the runners that Flora sent out last year. There were no flowers as no one had thought ahead to get them. You see Miss Bostwick, we miss your thoughtfulness on that score. Cornucopias, with fruit and vegetables pouring out helped a lot. Dr. and Mrs. Wilder and Cleora Wannamaker, guests of the evening who had been able to come early, were with us too.

We kept the infirmary empty for the first two months, but have made up these last weeks. It is only colds and not serious ones either, but it means staying in bed for from two days to a week. With every pupil on an open porch to sleep, the children's beds are not very nice to have to stay in, this cold weather.

The boys played three games with Peking in Basket Ball. They won the first two games but were nice and played the third here as scheduled. We won easily. It was the only game for which we had our first team. Theodore Romig had been off with a badly infected hand, and Alfred Corbett with a case of skin poisoning that had made the doctor fear a deeper infection, since it was on his head. The last game was here and the girls played the same day. We won both games, so were most elated that evening. The girls have waited in vain for a return challenge, and have at last given up training, after three weeks.

Mrs. Goodrich passed away, two weeks ago last Thursday. Her suffering the last few weeks was terrible, the opiates gave very little relief. The funeral was in Peking but they brought her here for interment. Ten autos of people came down, and many of the Tungchow friends went over, so there was a crowd at the cemetery. Dr. Goodrich is bearing up wonderfully. The house at Teng Shih Kou is still empty, awaiting the decision of their compound committee. Mrs. Goodrich sent her piano to the girls academy here. She knew that the end was near, and disposed of many things, by asking her children to deliver them. There was a memorial service here a week ago at Warner Hall, in Chinese. Carrington and Ann were down at the Ladies House for the week end. Mrs. Sheffield was with the Smiths.

We have our plumbing in but the pump is too weak and can not throw the water from the basement of the school building to the top of the dormitory, hence the water still runs up on two legs but back by the drains. "Appendix" as the children call him is the carrier. He is a trifle bigger than last year, but still manages to spill a bucket of water on the stairs occasionally. You must know that Mrs. Gordon left us in October. She is now somewhere down in Honan working with the Chinese, a place where they have wanted her for a long time. She got discouraged because the workmen were so slow. Chu Shih Fu is running things with Fen Lin in the dining room to help. Margaret takes account once a week and either she or Mr. Menzi visits the kitchen daily. So far all goes well. We have Chinese food once a week and that pleases all but a few.

Next year sees a big turn over in our faculty. Martha and Genevieve and I leave. I do hope Miss Cummings is coming out for my work, as that will make it easier for those left.

[This letter dated Dec. 9, 1923 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. Willard would like his family to take up the mortgage on the Shelton house (presumably the Century Farm house). He tells about the Foochow Civil Governor and the price of getting a road project done. Officials were talking of taxing opium and students were concerned that it would result in the selling of opium legally. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Foochow China
Dec 9-1923

Dear Geraldine;

You are nearest to Shelton, so I am asking you to be the clearing house for this matter of our family taking up the \$1500. to buy the whole mortgage on the Shelton house. I have held \$1000 on it for several years. Aunt Ruth held it—the other \$1500 till she died then Grandma [*Nancy Nichols Beard*] took it. Now Grandpa [*Oliver Gould Beard*] offers it to us. I think it is as good as any investment you can make. Gould and Dorothy and Marjorie and Kathleen will write you. Phebe will take \$250. I \$500. I hope Mama will agree to let Marjorie and Kathleen each take \$250. If you and Dot and Gould cannot take \$250 among you, just write so and it will be all right.

A Miss Sheldon and a Miss Day from Bloomfield N.Y. are here now visiting Mr. St. Clair. They do not seem to know much about South River, but it is sort of nice to see anyone from so near you.

This will reach you after Christmas. I hope you will have a pleasant Christmas. I thought of you at Thanksgiving as with your own people somewhere- possibly at the farm, and I shall think of you at Christmas as with the family somewhere. I have not yet found you on the map.

Foochow runs along in much the same groove as it has been in for a year. Church and school work are influenced only a little by the political conditions. The civil officials are as good as they can be without power or money. The Civil Governor is an old man nearly 70- good but weak. He is very good to one, receives one whenever I call on him and does what I ask of him. I try to ask only reasonable requests that he can grant. I saw him yesterday to ask permission to move walls and take in a piece of land which we purchased outside the church compound. The St [*Street*] commissioner offered to allow it but wanted to change the road himself and asked \$800 to do it. I told him I did not have the money. (I could get the work done myself for \$200.) The Governor asked about the length of the road etc. and if it could not be done for less than \$400. I told it would not be being = comely for one to talk price about the matter. “O yes” he said. “Perfectly right”. Then turning to the Street Commissioner, whom he had called in, “How much will that road cost?” The reply came at once. “We can do it for \$300.” I told them I would be willing to give \$220. The matter will likely end in our giving about \$250. big dollars. It will cost them about \$200,000 cash = about \$180. This is not a big squeeze.

Some weeks ago there was a corner store laying at the University = three miles down the river. Governor Sak was going down in a special launch which he had engaged. He asked me to go with him on this special launch- with the Bishops etc. and he offered to tow a house boat with a lot of people who were going down.

But the Military Governor is not so nice. You remember that opium was put out of China in 1908 and 09. None has been sold in Foochow since – except secretly.

Last week the officials planned to raise a lot of money by taxing opium. This would make it lawful to sell opium and lawful to smoke it. The students gathered last Wed. a.m., went to the three highest officials and asked them not to make the traffic legal. The officials promised not to tax opium.

I hope you are keeping well- dear Girlie, - and that your work is pleasant- I lead a class in calisthenics each a.m. at 6:00.

Very lovingly Father.

[This letter, dated Dec. 31, 1923, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. She takes time for herself New Years Eve to write and talk about all sorts of subjects, co-workers, friends, and school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Dec 31, 1923

Dear Home Folk-

I have my corner of the Old year all to myself tonight. It is in a long chair in front of the register in a corner of the sitting room at the Hunter's. The Hunters and Fiskens have gone in to Peking to watch the festivities at the Hotel and will return by auto in the wee small hours. Amah and I put Bobby and Jean to bed. I am so well acquainted with these two children now that I can cajole them into doing most anything. All Bobby needs is a bit of

imagination and he is off in a wonder land of animals and autos. I spend Christmas eve making him a snap ?? using autos and engines. He has nearly worn it out already.

I am going in on the early train to receive with Cleora at Mrs. Sheffield's. Esther Moody also goes in. Margette went tonight. Jim, Capt. Fisk and Lyman are the only callers I know are going in.

Gertrude Menzi grows handsome everyday and her proud parents glory in her. The nurse left yesterday and Grandma Wilder came to spend New Year's Day and help with baby. Carpenter Li sent them a beauty of a kiddi-coop which he copied from a picture. It is perfect. Maude and Martha gave them one of the cabinets. Both[?] Maude and Rue Martin a table with flannel top.

The skating has been fair. We went three times this vacation instead of "every day". I have been most cozy, mostly played with the children and sewed a little.

I ripped my "gold" dress and am making it long waisted. When completed I shall have it dyed, brown if it will take, other wise black. ?? one black satin dress. I am not partial to ??.

The laundryman failed to return my clothes promptly so I had to take time off and complete a night gown or go cold in a cotton one. I just got the buttons on tonight.

I have found a way to relieve piles. Take Nijol[?] ! Perhaps you knew it, did not so send on the word.

Phebe's last letter told of all the new autos. I will hope for a ride in each one next summer. Keep the Overland and perhaps I shall not have forgotten all about how to run it.

The Hunters and I had supper at the Fisk's yesterday. It was a unique but mighty good supper; fruit cocktail (harmless), waffles and chicken and coffee and dill pickles and plum pudding with hard sauce. The chicken was creamed and served in small individual dishes. The coffee was plentiful and served all through the second course.

The Wickes baby is just like the other Wickes babies, long black hair big brown eyes and a pink and white (not red) complexion. I was there from Christmas supper and visited baby again Saturday after tea.

Uncle and Auntie Ming had Miss Ingram, Miss Burgess and me over for Sunday dinner. It was a grand feast and a nice visit. I was invited the week before with Esther Moody but had just accepted an invitation to keep Margette company as she was to be alone.

I started the men at home cleaning today. They got the walls ?? and the floors. Tomorrow they will tackle it with water and oil. Two dust storms thru vacation made everything a cinnamon brown.

The plumbers are still with us. Today they once again brought the water tanks down to try again to make them water tight. The door to the tank room is narrow so there are two tanks instead of one. Both leaked. The foreigner at the head of the company was here and seemed to understand the necessity of making the system complete by Wednesday.

I have been very negligent and have not had carpenters around. But Len is trying to get a school carpenter and suggested that repairs wait for him. Alas he has not materialized.

I hope this Christmas season finds Elizabeth comfortable and the rest of you well. I thot of you all and of the empty place for Mother. I am eager to hear if you had any Thanksgiving gathering or if it could not be.

I'll be home as soon as I can after school lets out and I can pack. I am giving away a lot of things now when I do not think it advisable to try to transport them, yet they are still useful or beautiful.

Lots of love to you all

Mary.

Stanley's letter and Myra's and Ruths letters are fine. Will will send a letter telling of Xmas day etc.

1924

- Lenin dies, Stalin takes over
- Willard and Phebe are in Foochow, China. Ellen, Gould, Geraldine, Dorothy, Marjorie and Kathleen are in the U.S.
- Elizabeth Beard dies April 12, 1924 at the age of 48 years.
- Mary returns to Century Farm in June never to return to China. She is 42.
- Willard is 59, Ellen- 56, Phebe- 29, Gould- 28, Geraldine- 26, Dorothy- 23, Marjorie- 18, Kathleen- 16.

*[This typewritten, undated loan note is probably for the mortgage on the house at Century Farm that Willard refers to in his letter to Geraldine dated December 9, 1923. It was probably dated **early 1924**. Original note is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Foochow, China

\$265.00

On demand, for value received I promise to pay to the order of Marjorie Beard TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE DOLLARS, with interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, payable semi-annually.

W. L. Beard [*signed*]

*[This letter, dated **January 13, 1924**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould. Geraldine has had some kind of operation and Willard's sister, Elizabeth, is feeling better. He mentions a hernia that Gould may want to have fixed in the future. Willard sadly reports that Mr. and Mrs. Goddard will be divorcing. Mr. Goertz will be bringing Willard a Rhode Island Red Rooster from Peking. Phebe K. has been advised by Dr. Dyer to rest from all her duties. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China
January 13, 1924

My dear Boy:-

Your handwriting has been on several envelopes addressed to me recently- forwarding a lot of letters about Geraldine and her letters and your own. Phebe and I have had a very clear idea of her care from all parties including her own letters. We thank the kind Father for all the success of her operation. Your letter written on Thanksgiving Day was about the latest. All the news was of the best. I think one letter came from Shelton a day or two after Thanksgiving and she was going to sit up the next day. Shelton letters also report that Aunt Elizabeth was much better- so she was much better- so she was sitting up and feeding her self. I do not however look for great improvement there. I am prepared for any news.

I judge your hernia is not growing worse and does not give you much trouble. I am wondering if the money from Grandma will help you so you will feel like having the hernia fixed soon. That money came just in the nick of time to help Geraldine.

I see by recent letters that Mrs. Goddard has written Mama, and Mama has sent the letter to you. You have likely seen Mrs. Goddard before this. Mr. Goddard is in Los Gotos, Cala. He writes me that he has bought a small house there and is keeping house by himself. Poor man, his days of happiness are passed unless he changes for the better. I am afraid he has definitely decided to get a divorce. He was a very much changed man the last time he came to Foochow. Several have spoken about it to me and they did not know what was the matter with him. No man can feel toward another person as he feels toward his wife without having it effect his whole life. Neither can he cover it up. People will notice it and wonder until they know the cause. I hope you will call on Mrs. Goddard occasionally. You may be a little comfort to her- without ever referring to her sorrow.

Orrin Main was here a few weeks ago. He will likely have charge of serviculture in Fukien Christian University while Mr. Kellogg is home this year. He is not much changed. He tried teaching in the Shanghai American School last year but did not make a complete services. The Shanghai Am. Sch. is a big affair now. They occupied new buildings last fall and had to rent extra rooms from the first. I sent mama a paper with the account. The North China Am. Sch. is also growing rapidly- almost faster than accommodations can be found. Several children go there from Foochow- 2 of Mr. and Mrs. West's children. He is the engineer in charge of the Min River Conservancy- deepening the channel. A Polk boy. He is in the Customs I think and now Mr. Goertz of our mission is in Peking- having taken his 12 yr. old Edith up. Incidentally he is to bring down for me a full bred Rhode Island Red rooster. I have one here full blood, and three fine hens- half R.I. Red and half White Leghorn. This cross makes a very fine bird,- larger than the Wt. Leghorn- and the eggs are larger. They lay well and do not set much. I tried breeding from these half bloods and the second generation is not a success- so I'll breed back to full blooded stock and see how they come out.

For the past two months I've been getting up at 6.10 a.m. and feeding my hens. This means a quarter of an hour- gathering greens and scraps. Then I lead a class of students in calisthenics. This gives me about 45 minutes of good brisk exercise. I get a good sweat. Then a good cold bath and shave and I am ready for breakfast. They boys think it not at all fun to get up before it is really light for exercise. This regime however makes me feel fine.

Phebe got tired and Dr. Dyer told her to drop everything before she went too far and get away for a good rest. She went over to Mr. and Mrs. Newells over at Sie Buo for a week and last Wed. she started for Ing Tai. She had begun to feel better already before she started for Ing Tai.

Harbingers of Spring are here. The apricot tree in front of the house is a mass of flowers. Not a leaf shows but it is white with bloom. The tree in front of the house in which mama, the girlies and I lived 1916-20 was bent over by a typhoon. It lives but does not bloom as full as the one in front of our house. Birds are also singing spring songs and building nests and mating.

Examinations began Friday. Commencement is Jan. 23- I hope to get away for a week or so, - go to Ing Hok and come home with Phebe.

It is always a great pleasure to read your letters. Your Thanksgiving letter was specially interesting- with its clear cut reasons for being thankful. God bless, guide you and your family Father

Dwight Newell hopes to go to Peking next fall= N.C. AM. School

[This typewritten letter, dated Jan. 16, 1924, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to her family. The school's hockey team played the Marines and will play again within the week. Mary tells about the various ill people there including her own sore finger. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Jan 16, 1924.

Dear Family,

This week we are more normal. Miss Burgess is back at work, after 10 days in bed with infected sinus and ear ache. Mrs. Powell arrived Tuesday noon. I got the infirmary cleared Sunday, but on Monday put two girls in. Today two boys came. There are many heavy colds still up and around. Miss Dizney comes over every morning and holds clinic, from 8.00 on. It has been a very great help. As for Dr. Love, he thereby gets a chance to eat breakfast in the morning. Any special cases get sent over, or he calls.

Lois Dawes had a fever of 104 last night, and it was only down to 101 this morning. Alfred Corbett "got funny" on the ice yesterday and strained a ligament in his hip. It puts him off the hockey team for this year.

The boys went to Peking and played the Marine team on Monday. The score was 3-1 for the Marines. Not bad, since the Marine team is the best in the city and has beaten everything so far. The Marines come down here to play this coming Saturday on our rink. This year the Boys have boarded off a rink on the pond. That is kept in good order. Tonight the girls had fun because the Academy Boys also have a rink and our team was playing the Chinese on their team and theirs on ours.

I have been having an infected finger for a week. The last two days it is really better, but it has been stubborn about yielding. (I see I need Mother to put an extra B in the above word [*stubborn*]) I want it to hurry, for it is tiresome to have to soak it several times a day, as well as time consuming.

We have the examination schedule ready for the ordeal next week. As usual, the Chinese classes are worse than a Chinese puzzle to fit in.

The children, Bobby Hunter, Trudy and Ruth Martin are just recovering from severe cases of tonsilitus. Now Mrs. Hunter is down, and today she broke out with a rash, and we do not know what it means. Miss Dizney is caring for her, so did not make us the afternoon visit we hoped for. Mr. Wickes was taken ill when out in the country and created quite a stir when brought home on a stretcher the other day. He is better.

The tiny babies are fine. Barbara grows so fast that I hardly know her if I stay away for a week. Caroline is less timid than she was, and fun to play with. Jean is a dear and greeted me most joyously when I called this noon. Margaret Wickes had to have her hair bobbed, because it got in the way of buttons on the back of her dress, and of bib pins. Gertrude Menzi has so much hair that she is in danger of needing to have it cut too. She is a beauty, and Mother and Father are most proud.

Mr. Goertz was here for 8 days, to get Edith established. Edith is doing finely; not so desperately homesick as I feared. She and I got up and had early breakfast with her father Monday morning and saw him off. The train was some late and we a bit early, so we took a free ride to the river. That insured seats too for the whole 12 who were going up.

I have taken my white fur coat in and am having it made into stolls. It makes three large ones and one small. Perhaps you girls will want them. If not, they will sell. The coat was a "white elephant". I wore it about twice a year here and stretched a point so that I might wear it once the year [*when*] I was home. There is a very good man on Teng Shih Kou now and I took them to him.

Lottie Lane Hildreth, who was out class president in college senior year, is again back in Peking. She is banished for a full year. The change is already working wonders. She is taking classes at the College and at Bridgeman to help out. She is to come down here and help with some of the cataloging of the new books. Martha

was doing it, but she is carrying Billy's work, so the library has to go. Billy is better and the Doctor says can return to work at the new term. He gained 12 pounds the last two weeks.

Wish I could share my malt candy. I am munching it as I write, as a preventative for coughing. It works too!

Mr. Goertz took to Willard a Rhode Island red rooster, also a setting of eggs. Willard has one hen left, and I hope this will give him a fresh start. I sent my korie [*duffel bag*] down. In it were 20 pounds of millet and 10 of corn for Will and Phebe besides 20 for Mr. Goertz. I also looked over my possessions and sent the new towels, extra thread, etc that I shall have since I am staying three years instead of the possible five. As the whole Kienning station was burned out and the three ladies lost every thing somebody will be able to make excellent use of the things. I added my old black serge skirt which was the first long skirt I ever had, or the remnants of it. The serge is good as ever. I sent to Phebe the three legged mud vase, that Flora will remember. I had had made a frog of the same material to fit it. I hope it carried all safe. Mr. Goertz kindly, put it in his suit case which he was carrying by hand. In that way, he could check my korie. He had seven packages when he left here, and was to get three in Peking and more in Shanghai.

Margaret West traveled with him also. She is leaving school. It is a relief, as she was flunking in everything. She trumped up a bad appendix to explain her sudden departure.

It is most 10.00 P.M. and so Good night.

Thursday P.M. Last week the academy boys had an oratorical contest and all the high school went over to hear. It was very interesting, "China and World Peace", in which it was hard to find anything about peace; "The essentials of friendship", mostly about love between man and woman or of the sentimental kind, "The early civilization of China", which was very good, well planned and well delivered; and Physical and Moral education in China. The last two were a tie for first place. They were graded on delivery and content.

I called on Mrs. Dunlap two weeks ago. She sends regard to Flora. She is not singing for us this year as the Doctor will not let her.

Miss Dizney is here to help Dr. Love for six months, possibly, not probably, longer. She holds clinic over here every morning, from 8.00 on. It is 9.00 or after before she leaves. I never have outstayed her, even though I am down to soak my finger. It helps wonderfully. She fixes the in-patients up, and gives directions for the day. If anyone is very ill, she comes back to see them in the evening or late afternoon. Just now she is quarantined with Mrs. Hunter, so Doctor himself was over this morning.

With Mrs. Powell so inefficient at caring for the sick, it is going to help a lot to have a real nurse on the job. Mrs. Powell can and could do more if she would not insist on assuring one first that she is incapable of doing the job. She has harped on that so long that we are most convinced that she is. But she does some things well after all her talk. Mr. Menzi has become so imbued with her talk, that he can hardly see the good that does occasionally come out. Her staying over for ten days to be with her daughter did not help her cause. Martha can hardly be civil.

This is a terribly sick letter, but I will write again soon and hope for better news. Mrs. Hunter is already much improved, so said Jim last night. We awfully want the nurse for Lois, who is no better, and I am waiting to have the doctor call and tell us what plan he has been able to devise.

Pardon the errors and I will get this off by the afternoon mail. It is time to be off for class.

Lots of love.

P.S. I bought one of Graces blue bird pins when in with Mr. Goertz. There were only two and he wanted one. I am glad to learn of the new autos. I'll be there for a ride next year, so hope they don't wear out. Your tales of Mr. Wilhelm, sound good. I forgot to put R.F.D. on one of your letters, but hope you are well enough known to get it just the same.

Lovingly

Mary.



Written in album: "Leonard Menzi, Prince, Margaret, Gertrude"

Picture taken in Peitaiho in August 1924.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Margaret Menzi and baby Gertrude Menzi. Picture taken on grounds of mission and school compound in Tungchou, China.

[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **January 27, 1924**, was written from Ingtai, China by Phebe K. to her brother, Gould. Phebe is in Ingtai for rest and is staying with the Smiths. She tells about her stay there and some of the other visitors. Phebe advises Gould to get his operation soon. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Wen Shan Girls School
Foochow, China.

Ingtai,
January 27, 1924.

Dear Gould,

Your good letter with all its enclosures came on the American mail for which we all waited and waited- just three days ago. As I was here, I didn't expect my letters to reach me till the next day, but Miss Perkins had sent them on, so Priscilla and I got ours as soon as the others.

This is Feb. 1, so there are several days to write up. I am having a very pleasant visit with the Smiths. I don't get up for breakfast unless I choose, which I did this A.M. for the first time; since I am supposed to be resting. I usually get up for dinner and super. We have been for several walks, for there are lots of perfectly beautiful ones quite near here, and the views are marvelous.

Mr. Farley, who is a very obviously engaged man is here visiting the Smiths and it is lucky, for otherwise Priscilla wouldn't get the long walks she wants. They have gone off this A.M. to the top of some mountain before we go to the pagoda across the river, for lunch. Mr. Farley goes home with the Smiths next May to be married, and he is so set up over it that he talks of it more than two thirds of the time.

Conversation is a strange thing, isn't it? Here it consists largely in reminiscences of Priscilla's or Mr. Farley; in rantings against the mission practices and policies, or in discussions of the surrounding country and the comfort or manner of the trips up taken by all the arrivals for the vacation. As I have recently been using eye-monacle on the "Current Opinion" and other papers that tell of Turkey's new republic, the uprising in Greece a month ago, of the Highway commissioner's essay contest prizes and many other things, I would like to hear talk on that. However, we are having an awfully good time, and if ever there was a dear woman Mrs. Smith is one.

Father has probably put my letter on to you telling of my trip up. It was quite a trip, I'm here to say. After I arrived, arrived a crowd of 2000 people, protesting to the Inghok magistrate against the further building of the horse road from Gak liang to Foochow. I just stayed at the Girls' School with Miss Lanktree till Priscilla came up. Incidentally we had two or three parties, took several walks on the crossroad, - a broad but not smooth highway leading thru confiscated fields and orchards to Foochow- and later I went to graduation. General Song was there, the man who is building the road; and during the exercises he asked Mr. Smith who that little girl was, sitting with Margaret. The "little girl" happened to be me! I wore a long and very up-to-date velvet dress, that came to the ground, and a hat. Now how do you suppose I was to take that sort of remark?

Priscilla is rooming in the same room with me (Feb. 2.) and she tries to see that I sleep as much as I ought. Several nights she found me awake, but night before last she blew out her light before coming to bed, very thoughtfully so as not to awaken me, and I thought I'd set here mind at peace and let her think I was asleep. My breaths came as regularly and gustily as a real sleeper's, so far as I could see and I made good noisy turns. Everything went well till next A.M. when suddenly she turned on me and asked if I were asleep when she came to bed the night before. When I told her no, she reported me at the breakfast table at the Smiths. So there is fun and excitement even in being out of commission.

Yesterday everybody of American citizenship in Ingtai took dinner on the hillside above here. There were the Donaldsons with four children and their guests, the Metcalfs (Franklin B. and wife), the Smiths with Priscilla and me, and Mr. Farley as guests; Lucy Lanktree with Mrs. Bedient and Billy, and Miss Asher of the University as guests. We had a grand meal in the presence of a raft of children spectators.

Today the young people of brawn[?] under Mr. Smith's and Mr. Donaldson's guidance took a long hike up to a silver river near here and on to a monastery in the hills. It was a perfect day and I should so like to have gone. But Margaret and I stayed abed all day. She is trying to bring out a vivid case of measles. We played "Birds", like "Authors", and since we were in separate beds, we strung a string between and exchanged cards by sliding a paper envelope in which they were along a string. I spent the afternoon in bed.

You said something in your letter which I have sent on to Father, about selling things to make money. I think you could sell Chinese parasols- paying \$1 silver and selling, as at Vantine's N.Y.C., at \$3 or \$3.75 gold. Or I can get jade ornaments and carved ivory that the frat men might like for their girls. Tea I shall try to plan with Father, for by all present appearances, I shall not be able to go back to work for a month or two yet. I may stay here for that time- I don't know anything about it. It's a hard lesson to learn but perhaps I'll know next time better how to take care of myself.

As to your operation- I think, judging from all my recent experience, that you'd better do it as soon as possible. Health isn't a thing one can tamper with, and money if you can borrow or plan the amount temporarily, is so much more wisely managed by using it for the most important things first. By delaying your operation now you are simply going on ebbing reserve strength, for which you will pay later- surely!

Feb. 4. Today is lovely! I am sitting on the Smith's lovely veranda railing- one long flat stone,- taking a sunbath and writing to you. Just here some folks came up to plan a walking party to a monastery over one night, and in the excitement I wrote nothing. They started yesterday, Mr. Farley, the Metcalfs, (Mr. and Mrs.) and Mr.

Donaldson, no one of them knowing the way. Mr. Farley was quite mean about not wanting the ladies to go- I presume you can sympathize with him. Finally only one lady went- Mrs. Metcalf, because she wouldn't let her husband go without her.

Yesterday P.M. Mrs. Smith, Priscilla and I walked over to the pagoda and met Miss Waddell's huge family there for tea. And today we've all been just lagging. I expect father up by Friday – today is Wednesday the 6th of Feb. Poor Father spent his birthday yesterday at a retreat of English people to which he was invited last summer.

Since I started this very poor epistle, Father has sent a whole raft of letters from everyone in the family but you and Mother. Since yours both came in the former mail, this simply completes the collection. It was good to hear of Jerry's recovery and comfort at Oberlin, and of the Xmas doings there. Ah! You did have a letter in the bunch too! I'm sorry you didn't go home for any of the vacation; but you did very well by your purse considering the short time you spent. The P.O. work must have been interesting at the Xmas rush season. What were your hours? Were you very tired at the end of the time? How very nice of the Beatties to take you in!

One of the Y.W. ladies at Miss Waddell's now is a Miss Hand. She has beautiful brown eyes, and a very musical speaking voice, but is lame in one foot. I have seldom been so drawn to a woman on only once seeing her. Do you remember that in Mt. Vernon I had a Mr. Hand as principal of the annex in No. 10 when I went to H.S. that first year? I asked her if she knew him; but she doesn't.

Margaret developed a very red case of measles Sunday morning, but has been fading ever since. Now she is planning things for us all to do, and sees us all as often as we will come in. Her mother is anxious for her to have fresh air, so opens the windows; only to have Mr. S., as soon as she goes out, close them again, as he fears she will catch cold. Isn't it the funniest thing to hear a child report the disagreements of its parents- especially right before them? Mr. Smith there when she told us.

I must bring this to a close now, as it is already too rambling. Yesterday was China New Year, and crackers that sounded like guns exploded all day. Some men on horses, or ponies came galloping along the grand horseroad about 3 P.M. It was quite a startling sight for there were no ma fres[?] and the horses were going really fast.

By the time Jerry is teaching again and the rest of you are back in classes. I hope Dot gets a good position and the favor of the "young lord" of Oberlin who was "stalled" in her latest. Very much love to you from your sister Phebe.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **Jan. 29, 1924**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. She had to have the nail taken off her finger. She gives an update on the health of the compound members and students. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S. Jan. 29, 1924.

Dear Home Folk,

This two weeks since my last letter. Meanwhile, I have been giving examinations and correcting them under difficulties, I wrote that I had a sore finger which was better. It was but it got stuck and the last joint kept swollen in spite of efforts to make it go down.

Consequently Dr. Love took the nail off a week ago. It has been a clean cut and is doing well. But I find it awkward to use my left hand only and some times must have the assistance of the right. It is the little finger, so it is possible to get the needed assistance occasionally.

I got the girls to help me take exams off on the duplicator, and put no marks on the papers except the grades. I like that method, and may use it in the future. A careful review in class is better than a lot of red marks.

Miss Burgess and I went in for the week end with Mrs. Galt. We had a nice visit. We were both full up with work, but the rest and change did us good. She still has trouble with her ear, but it grows better.

The infirmary got cleared out last Sunday. Lois left for Tsinan by the early train Saturday and we have had word that she and her father arrived safely. She is in bed for a few days to get over the trip, but is none the worse for it. That blue express is a great boon to comfortable travel. Even the third class is always heated. The other Pneumonia patient got out Sunday afternoon. He is back in school. We have put in two girls who are feeling as though a cold were starting.

The Hunter family is all coming on finely. Maude gave up the nurse a week ago. Jim never did get a rash. Baby got a rash but no bad throat. They are like Jack Sprat and his wife, it needs the whole family to make up a complete case of Scarlet fever.

Every one else is at their usual job, add in usual health. Of course a few colds. Esther Moody has gone to Shansi for her vacation. The two men at Fenchow are free for their vacation. Frank Hutchins has stolen Martha

Fenn's heart. I look for the announcement party soon. He is staying at the Menzis and Martha is there most of the time.

Billy is back looking fine, but not allowed to take full work for a while to be sure of no return of his trouble.

Henry was down for the afternoon today. The Fiskens and the Fenns are very thick. Billy is eating there for a while.

I bought a few strings of beads, some earrings and bracelets in town on Monday. When I get time to do them up, I'll send them. Do you know if the beads I sent to Geraldine ever reached her? Miss Burgess mailed them for me and did not register them, so I have been a bit worried about them. I know that Geraldine was ill about the time they were due to arrive, and that her Mother was busy and worried. But I should like to hear. Did you get some earrings, and did they sell? I could match some of the chains as well as not, if people like them.

I received a money order from Mr. McCann this week, for \$3.80 gold from Flora. I remember something about it, but will have to look up and see for what it is sent. I have .80 silver collected for some coat hangers which she left and which it is easier to sell than transport. Towels, bedding, etc. I should also recommend selling. How about it?

Your last letter I sent by Mr. Goertz to Will. I am still waiting to hear how the rooster, and eggs traveled. Mr. Goertz wrote Edith that they arrived, but that is all.

It was good to hear that Elizabeth was bit more comfortable. I do hope it continues. Tell Paul Clapp that I am glad every day that he is still with you. I am hoping soon to hear that the candy arrived. I wonder what its state will be, good I hope.

Lot of love.

Mary.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **Feb. 10, 1924**, was written from Tunghsien (Tungchou), China by Mary to the home folk. There was a small fire at the church but it was quickly extinguished. General Feng has chosen a bride from Tungchou, 2 months after the death of his first wife. Mary feels that Phebe K. has been working too hard in Foochow, thus causing her to need a "nerve rest". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S., Tunghsien, Feb. 10, 1924

Dear Home Folk,

It is hard to name the season, these days. One day is a glorious spring like day, warm and sunny, the next it snowed hard all day. Today is the nice variety, but there is snow where the sun has not hit. One day the children rolled snow balls and made snow men, but the snow has been too small in amount the other days.

Jim Hunter started for Nanking last Monday night, to attend the conference of college and agriculture people. Maude cleaned herself and has had the care of baby. Then Bobby started to peal, after nearly two weeks. Hence the family is not united, except him. On Friday Jeannie started to have swollen glands, and she has kept us anxious, with high fever. But she sat up and played, and was most cheerful most of the time. This morning her fever was down to 101. It had not been lower than 103 since Friday, and mostly 104-105. To make it harder, Doctor had a call to go to Tientsin, and left early Friday. Mrs. Evans had a baby about two weeks old and has not recovered as she should. She wants Dr. Love and no one else.

I have been guardian for Carol these two nights. The babies are dears. Caroline is most shy, but Barbara will smile most winningly at anyone who will take time to talk to her. Junior and Betty are getting to be big children, and are most interesting.

My finger is getting most well. The nail is just starting to show. Still the loosened part below the nail is unattached, so it is not ready to be exposed to the world. I think my nail is coming sooner than Dr. Love's did. The swelling suddenly went down a lot last week, so the finger is only a little more than normal size. It was swollen for so long that the skin is slow about shrinking. It was good to be able to bend it after nearly a month with it straight.

Monday Eve. Flora's letter has just come, Jan. 7- Feb. 11. I do not wonder that you could not find time to write sooner. I wish I were there to help out in these emergencies. I wish you had sent some suggestion as to the way to spend the \$25.00. I am trying to think of something that will be permanent, or as near so as possible. Or would you rather it be put into the general fund to help out?

We had a bit of excitement here yesterday at church. The lamp over the platform has been hung for some weeks without any extra wire, because the wire made it too low. Yesterday in the midst of one of the hymns, the lamp fell crash onto the floor. It did not explode, for some reason. The straw mat caught fire and the lamp stood upright burning. Mrs. Smith was near the back door and grabbed the coco mat and handed it to Mr. Lund. The mat

was soon all right and the lamp carried out. But then we saw a flame in the hole from which the hook had been pulled. A fire extinguisher in the hands of Billy Fenn, put that out. But we were not sure that it was not smouldering, since the sound is deadened by a filling of saw dust. Hence, Mr. Lund and Capt. Fisker took up a board over the place and made us feel safe. The beam is charred and some of the sawdust, but apparently the extinguisher put it out at once.

Miss Young and Miss Lum gave us a recital last night. They have been having some fine evenings with duets and favored us with the products. They were good. Mariette has come back with some clever new songs. Did I write that Margaret Ann Smith and her sister, Ruth are here? Ruth looks like Margaret, but is very dark, and taller. She is not enamoured of China yet.

Mrs. Fenn was down for the week-end with Martha. She is as nice as ever. Grace Breck was at the Ladies house, so was Laura Cross. All three send regards to Flora. So did Mrs. Galt who was my guest Saturday afternoon.

Miss Dizney is still being a godsend to us, and takes clinic every morning. She is a merry body to have around! She has the annex fitted up prettily, canary colored hangings and two of Margaret Menzi's canaries to complete the picture. The canaries are Safid and Katura.

General Feng has just announced his engagement to a Miss L. who is a Tungchow girl. She graduated from the Girls school here, from Bridgeman, and Yen Cing. Now she is with the Y.W.C.A. Friends are urging a speedy marriage for the childrens sake, but his wife has been dead only about two months. He says wait a year. Mrs. Galt speaks well of her.

Jean Josselyn is having a hard time. She had flu just after Paul Dudley was born. At an aftermath she had caked breasts. Now they are contemplating operating. Dr. Love feels that it must result in that. He saw her yesterday at the hospital. She has been running a fever for two or more weeks. Pauls sister is out. She is a trained nurse and is caring for Marian and baby Paul. She seems very efficient. But she has a job and is due to enter the P.U.M.C. in two weeks.

I have written Mr. McCann for sailings, as soon as possible after June 15. With four rugs for Leolyn and two for Miss Bostwick's brother. I want to get a southern route boat. Otherwise the northern route would be preferable. I'll let you know as soon as the date of sailing is determined.

Mothers birthday, and Father and Mother's wedding day have come and gone. Fathers birthday is soon here, long before this reaches you. This will not arrive before Flora's either. Congratulations to both Father and Flora. Edith, Wells, Marjorie and Dorothy make a month full of noted days.

I thank you for the letters from and about Geraldine. Will has sent me some of his too. I will send on the one Flora sent, for he can not get too much news of home. Phebe has been off to Ing Hok to get a nerve rest. She is a hard worker. I do not like to think of her needing a rest so badly, so early on her career.

I will bring as much as I can, Flora. I am taking toll of the pillows to dress up my couch by day. Is there anything in the line of rugs, you want? I might as well bring a few more, as well as six.

"Cases" are still much in vogue in the N.C.A.S. I wonder if Dan Cupid will have enough valentines to go around? Katie Dodd and Edith Watson have run a regular factory. Miss Dizney alone ordered 30.

We have a new scheme for exercise. A chart is to hang in the reception room. Each girl must "by order" take 5 hours of exercise per week. Every extra 5 hours count a point. A prize will be given to the one who has the most points at the end of the year. The girls keep their own records. But the record sheet is for all to read.

There goes the girls bell for bed. I hope this gets the boat on the 17th, which is the next one out.

I will be on the watch for the box of books etc.

Lots of love

Mary

I shall hope for a good report from Oliver. It is hard to understand why he has so much to suffer.

I do hope the treatment helps Elizabeth. It surely seems to have done no harm.



Written in album: "General Feng Yu Hsiang - China's Christian General"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This typewritten letter, dated **February 24, 1924**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. She tells about all of the sick people. General Feng's wedding was that week. Mary is scheduled to leave China on June 29th on the Shinyu Maru. She includes a list of prices for beads and a wedding invitation to Lura Aikens wedding. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., Tungchow, Chihli.
 February 24, 1924.

Dear Home Folk,

I have had a writing streak and have five letters to show for it. There are about 15 more, so I am not open to congratulations yet.

First a catalogue of the sick, then more cheerful news. All in the compound are well. Jean Hunter has gotten back her fully joy of life since the Doctor opened the abcess, due the Scarlet fever. Bobby is not entirely well but can not understand why he can not go out with "Daddy". "I have no sickness" says he in Chinese. Jim came over today for Sunday School for the first time. Maude will be out of quarantine soon, we hope, but her feet are terribly slow in peeling. My finger is out of its bandage, and doing fine. Elizabeth Burgess does not agree, for it is a bit unsightly with only a tiny new nail started and the flesh at the base still swollen. Doctor consoles me by saying it may be swollen for some months yet. Who cares, since the soreness is gone and the infection.

Jean Josselyn is back in the hospital. She had infected breast and when I called last Sunday she had gone up to the operating room. They removed one breast. The infection was spreading and so they broke their rule and used the Sabbath day. She was doing well when Doctor Love called on Monday. I hope to see her tomorrow.

I enclose the card to Lura Aiken's wedding which came to Flora and me this week. I hope to go in altho it is the day school closes for the spring holidays. Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. Clarke are giving her a miscellaneous shower this week Thursday. I shall not try to go, but will send something. I am thinking of sending some of my Foochow

finger bowls for Flora and me as a wedding gift. Sorry I can not ask Flora for her advice. The man is some older than she, I hear.

We had a Holyoke meeting of seven last Monday evening at Mrs. Cook-Willner's. On Sunday Lottie and I discovered a Mrs. Leach, '10 [*class of 1910*], who it seems has been in town for a short time. Her husband is taking an eye course at the P.U.M.C. They belong in Hu Chow, near Soochow. Lottie came down with me Monday and stayed till Thursday. The whole Leach family, 4, came for Thursday afternoon. It was a blustering day and grew worse all afternoon. I invited in several of the compound people to meet them. Then we had compound tea here this Saturday, so we have fed the folk quite a bit this week.

Our sitting room looks fine with Leolyn's rug down. It is big enough to give a real finish. Evidently the room is more attractive this year, for our compound guests last year used to give the impression of eating and running. Now they stay so we are late for supper sometimes.

General Feng's wedding was last Tuesday. Marriette went. Today he and his bride came down to spend the day with her parents. They are Farmer Li who lives next the "London Mission house" as Flora will know it. They came by auto, with all curtains drawn. He made three stipulations, in choosing his wife; a Christian, a college graduate, and economical woman. Li Te Chang, is the first we know. She thought the wedding would be postponed sometime, so said the papers. But the needs of the five children made him hasten it. She had signed a contract with the Y.W.C.A. for three months just the day before the announcement party. But he said it was not fitting that his bride be seen on the streets between her betrothal and the wedding, so she has not been able to do a thing for the Y.W. Last Friday Feng was dining at the American Legation and was stopped on Legation Street driving with too bright lights and for speeding. Some of the papers are making much to do about it. The Legation reported it, but that was all they did. About three weeks ago one of the lesser officers wanted a car switched from one line to another at Fengtai. Mr. Bessell was in command and sent for the necessary permission. The officer got hot and knocked Mr. B. down and maltreated him. This too is the cause of much talk. The officer is still at large, and the people want him arrested.

I fear that the request for Cora's beads got overlooked, as I do not record sending them. I will get them next time I am in, possibly tomorrow. Also I will look for the turquoise matrix, for Mrs. Goodhue. I got several strings of beads, some bracelets, and earrings last time I was in and will send as soon as I have time to pack them. I will enclose a list now hoping I may pack them this week.

We are feeling very crank with an evening train. It leaves Peking at 7.45 and goes back about 9.00. I planned to attend College Club tomorrow and use it, but the speaker is too busy to give her talk so it is postponed. Mr. Menzi had to give a chapel talk on it last week. It was queer that three children "missed the train" on the first Monday that there was a later one to take.

The street railway in Peking has come to a standstill. It evidently discouraged them to have the store house burn about Christmas time. I say the rails will have gone through to American by the time they are ready to use them. Certain it is, that they cause no jar when one crosses them now.

The chicken experiment of Doctor and Jim was fairly successful. They got a 63% hatch. The improvised brood is interesting. The stove has a huge reflector over it which can be raised or lowered. A second lot of eggs are now in the incubator. I took the guests over Thursday. The man in charge told us to "wait a bit" as we started to leave. He followed us with three eggs, closed the door of the outer room, and fitted an egg into a hole bored there. It was an excellent way to candle an egg. The young embryo was show up beautifully. Why buy expensive apparatus and high power lights when the sun will do the work through a know hole?

My last letter from Mr. McCann said he was engaging passage on the Shinyu Maru sailing June 29th. It is later than I had hoped, but the Taft and Cleveland are being taken off so traffic will be crowded. I came on the Shinyu before. This will be better though, for Miss Young, Mrs. Sheffield, Mr. Stelle, and Miss Buell are booked on her too. I'd come northern route but for the many things I have to leave in and near San Francisco.

Leonard has been trying to get a school carpenter. We could pretty near keep him busy with repairs, and he could make many of the new things between times. Last week two of the servants got to playing with knives in their hands and one got badly hurt. He is in the hospital.

On Lantern Festival night the Senior and Junior girls and I got supper. The boys of those classes served it. Then the whole of them washed the dishes and cleaned up. They did a good job too. We made thick vegetable soup as before. But the desert was ice cream and chocolate cake. Mrs. Powell made the latter. She has been wanting to try out her favorite Receipt [*recipe*] so as to get her courage up to make it for compound tea. It was successful. She has had difficulty to get hold of the girls. I hoped the good cake would help and think it has a bit. It surely pleases them to have her do it, and the success assured them that she can do something well.

Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Hildreth (Lottie) and I were personally escorted in to see the ice lanterns by Chu Shih Fu. They were good this year, in spite of two years without them. Some of the others scorned our party and failed to find the lanterns too.

On the evening of Washington's birthday the students gave a second appearance of "The Rajah's Revenge" and did very well. Most of the audience had never seen it, as the cast took those who had been here. In the morning the children thought the spoonerism on the day fitting "Birthington's Washday" for Len had them clean off all markings which they had put on desks, walls, etc.

I hope the Dreyer injections continue good, that Father is well, Oliver still improving, and the rest of you all right. Father had a birthday last Monday and Flora has one tomorrow. Dorothy's is the next day.

Phebe's letter of Jan 26th made good time. I have had it two days.

Love to everyone. I think of Paul Clapp and Miss Renoll's as belonging now. It is nice to think of them so. I hope to see them both next August.

With love Mary.

Beads for sale	Price silver	Sale price, gold
Laquer pendant, red and black	\$2.00	\$5.00
Bracelets, coral, 3	.75	1.50
Blue stone and bone	.60	1.20
Chased blue glass	1.50	3.00
Large bone pendants, ivory beard	1.80	3.50
Small bone pendants, 4 each	.20	.50 **
Carved seeds	3.00	6.50
Green jade	2.80	6.00
Crystal, white	2.50	5.50
White bone	.90	2.00 **
Coral earrings, with feathers	.75	1.50
" " , plain	.75	1.50
carved brown wood	.70	1.50

Of course these prices are for you to reconsider, especially the starred ones as they are almost duplicates of some sent earlier and you know what you charged for those. The pendants have cords this time so cost me more.

Separate long bone beads	about 10 cents or less according to size
Carved peach seeds (4)	10 cents

Refr. & Mrs. E. E. Aiken
invite you to be present at the marriage of their daughter
Lura
to
Erhardt Petersen
at five-thirty o'clock
on Thursday Afternoon March Twentieth
Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Four
at
P. U. C.—Auditorium, Peking.



Marjorie Beard – probably about 1924 upon graduation from high school
Photo in the archives of Oberlin College

*[This typewritten letter, dated **March 6, 1924**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. She gives an update on the people of the compound. The Shinyo Maru is booked so now Mary's plans are to leave on the Korea June 14th. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S., Tungchow, March 6, 1924.

Dear Home Folk,

Last week I was on duty. I started well by having Miss Burgess take the Saturday evening so I could attend Mrs. Sheffield's birthday supper. I went in on the early evening train and returned by the late one. Esther Moody came back with me. We had two courses of the dinner, but missed the other and the speeches. All say that those were clever. There were 53 at the tables and places for four more who had expected to be there. The Corbetts and the Bakers were the only ones not American Board. The Bakers have just moved into the compound, taking the house the Stelles had the year Flora and I lived with them for a bit.

Sunday morning I ran off to see Gertrude Menzi have her bath while I would not be needed as the children were in Sunday School. Then I got in on the last of Barbara Loves ebolutions [*ablutions- cleansing*] also. On Monday I skipped when the letter writing was going on and saw Margaret Wickes bathed. Do not ask which is the best baby!! Margaret has the darkest eyes and the most hair; Gertrude is the fattest, and Barbara kicks the hardest in her bath. All have a ready smile.

Mrs. Hildreth, her husband and the two children came down Monday afternoon and all but the husband are there till they go to PeiTaiHo. I had them all over to supper as Mr. Hildreth was leaving the next morning by the early train. The kiddies are dears. I was over there for supper Wednesday evening. Tuesday was compound supper at the Ladies house. So Lottie and I dined together the first three nights.

We started in Tuesday to rehearse a new version of Pinafore which we faculty are to render for the children the 19th. It will be rapid work, but we would all rather work and get it over than to have it hang on till after vacation.

Fred Balteau has the mumps. Dot Galt is home with symptoms and Margaret McCann in quarantine because she has been exposed, up at Dots. Both the Grubbs are in the infirmary with a form of Flue. Clinic was well attended this morning. I do not keep such close watch now that I am no longer a regular attendant with my finger. My nail is grown out about a third of its length. I even pound the keys of this machine with it sometimes.

The beads are still not done up. I got an extra string, black and red, for 90 cents last week. I think it will take. It is the woven style, like the tiny corals but only glass.

"Pamela Pounce" came from Miss Brewster last week. I have sent on to Will two bundles of Sentinels and receive as many from him. He has forwarded all the letters from and about Geraldine's illness. It was certainly nice for her to have you all helping to pass the time so much. She is appreciative too, of the time and strength it took to visit her so often and of that needed to spare the visitors from the busy home.

I am glad to hear of Floras good position for another year [*see note at end of letter*]. My sailing is changed. The Shinyo was too full so I am hustling off on the Korea sailing the 14th of June. I am delighted, for that will bring me home nearly as early as Flora must leave for summer school. I'll miss the strawberries but not much else!! Hurrah! Miss Young is on the same steamer, so I have company as far as Honolulu at least. I have so many rugs to take that I am loaning them out. Carol Love is using one of Leolyn's big ones as there is only one room here large enough outside of the infirmary, and I will not put it there. It looks right well in Carols living room. It will get some wear but that is what I want.

The weather seems to have malaria, every other day is a glorious warm sunny spring day and the alternative ones are either snowy or cloudy and windy. Today is the off day. It looks as though we would have the Hunters at close range soon, if one can judge from the display of property on the lawn, porch, window sills, and clothes lines for the last two days. Doctor is not going to fumigate, only sun and air thoroughly.

I hope your good winter continued, thought the papers tell of a bad storm in New York. I did not find that it was of long duration.

In three months and one week I shall start out on the briny deep for home.

Love to every one. You will have to write soon, if there are any errands for me to do.

Mary.



Written in album: "Carol Love and Barbara May 1924"



"Dr. Love, Barbara and Caroline May 1924"

[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[From: *The Evolution of the School District of South Orange and Maplewood New Jersey 1814-1927*, pg. 205

Miss Beard, whose service here began in 1899 and ended in 1926, left her position as teacher of fifth grade in South Orange and from 1906 to 1909 taught in a school for the children of Missionaries in China. Coming back she became principal of First Street School from 1909 to 1914, when she went to China again to establish the North China American School at Tunghsien, twelve miles east of Pekin. **On her return she was appointed principal of the Montrose School in 1924.** The school in China is a union institution founded by the American Board, the Methodist Episcopal Board, and the Presbyterian Board for the children of missionaries in the provinces of Chihli, Shantung and Shansi, as well as for other American and European children. The course of study, textbooks, supplies and the spirit of the school were all American, and, needless to say, directly in contact with the work done in the schools of South Orange.

On page 284 Flora is listed as being the Principal of Montrose from 1924 -1926.

Foster, Henry W.. *The evolution of the school district of South Orange and Maplewood New Jersey, 1814-1927.* Geneva, N.Y.: W.F. Humphrey Press, 1930.]

[This typewritten letter, dated **March 25, 1924**, was written from Foochow, China, by Phebe K. to Gould. She sends Gould Chinese parasols for his Christmas present in hopes that he can sell them and make some money for himself. She tells about a wedding and a revolution between General Song and Uong in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

March 25, 1924.

Dear Brother,

By the last mail I sent you the things by which you were to get your Christmas gift---a box of Chinese parasols or umbrellas. As I was incapacitated at Christmas time, I did not get off my presents tho I had many of them already bought. These I got just recently at the shop that is doing quite an American business thru the help of Mr. Munson the Y.M.C.A. secretary here. I thot you could use the money they will bring to better advantage than if I should send you the actual things; and tho you do have to work for your present, so to speak, I thot it would be a really better gift all around. These are sun parasols that can be used in rain. So many fear rain will spoil them!

There are 13 umbrellas in the box:

- 1 short one with horn tip and handle and handle strap
- 8 with tassels
- 4 bamboo handles without tassels.
- (1 is a child's size)

Judging by the prices that others who have sent them home have got for them, I should say that you can get at least \$3.50 for the 12 and \$4.00 for the horn-tipped one. They actually cost about \$1.20 apiece but that does not need to be published. They should get to you in time for the spring buying and with the college crowd there they should sell well. If you want to order for people I can get more provided the order reaches me before June 1st. I don't want to go into the business exactly but will do a bit this year since the fad in the U.S. this spring is all for Chinese stuff and these umbrellas are so easy to send. I hope you can make near \$45 on them. There ought to be little or no duty on them so what you get is pure gain. Good luck to you and let me know how things go. You may not want to do a selling business but these ought to be easy to get rid of. If they go hard, I have written to Marjorie and you can send them to her.

In a few days I shall start off a few boxes of the Jasmine tea for you to sell. I didn't want you to get all these bundles on the same mail as you would have them to pay duty. Please let me know how much duty you have to pay if any. This will also go toward your Christmas gift.

We have had quite a bit of excitement recently between Mr. Brand's wedding and a mild revolution. Perhaps Father has already written you of them. Priscilla Holton, our new tutor, has a sweet voice and has made quite a hit on South Side. So she was invited to the wedding. Of course it was in the Little Stone Church. The bride and groom marched up the aisle singing the first hymn with the congregation, and Priscilla said they just pranced up. When the ceremony was progressed to the ring part, Mr. Brand nodded to "Son Willie" to come and hold the bride's bouquet as she had no attendant. Poor Willie is a rather good-looking man, tall and blond, but not very full of life. So he stood there holding the flowers thru the rest of the ceremony. After they had raced out of the church, the bridal party went home in rickshas instead of in a horse carriage or some grander conveyance. Later they took a weeding trip up the river in a houseboat and Willie was invited to go too---but declined decidedly, we heard. The lady is a nice looking lady of Mr. Brand's class in England, has money, and has taught in Miss Lambert's school for the last year. I have an idea that Miss Lambert is not wholly innocent of helping the matter along, for she is a good friend of Mr. Brand's. Miss Perkins met the bridal pair on the street after their return from the trip and that they looked a bit bored already. Willie wasn't very happy about the arrangement--- and I am not sure that I blame him tho in my mind this Mrs. Brand is much better looking and sweeter than the first.

The end of the matter is that I got an invitation to go to the wedding two days after the day it took place. An invitation to their At Home was also included so, as I was not going out then I just had to send my card. The worthy groom I understand, addressed all the invitations himself so he could not get them all done at once. The church was crowded as it was and I couldn't have gone anyway so I got my full quota of fun out of it as it was.

The revolution was like all those of last year. General Song, who was supposed to be in charge here, was paid several thousands of dollars by Uong, one of his underlings, to vacate Foochow in his favor. After having borrowed most of Uong's best soldiers and taken all his ammunition with the ostensible purpose of going to the border of Kiangsi to take the head position there, Song left the city and went to the Upper Bridge. The next morning he came back and drove Uong out, and took the city. It is said that Chinese all over the city knew of the plan of Song of leaving under pretence and then coming back as he did. So Uong must have known of it. Except for the anxiety of the people and the kidnapping and maltreatment of them on the march as they dang the soldier's loads, I find little but amusement in the "revolutions" we have been having. They don't seem to hinder the growth of trade and opulence along our street since last China New Year there have been many new fronts put on and the whole appearance of our district is much improved.

Miss Perkins is putting in a horse road of stone from the corner going into the city to our gate. It is now over half done tho it is rather rough. Some of the business men of the street are cooperating with her tho their names are not in evidence. If they are known, it will lay them open to all kinds of calls for money so they are willing "humbly" to help in the dark.

Last night I was trying to go to sleep when the most awful clatter and bedlam arose out in the street. After a man had run away yelling bloody murder, I heard the Fire gong ring and the shouting increased. Then I looked out and saw smoke coming from a house not far away. They soon got it under control so we didn't have too much excitement.

I am still resting, walking two hours a day and eating as much as I can. This week I am going to Diongloh with Miss Nutting and Miss Ward for a week, and then I hope that I shall be ready for work. Rest feels rather good

but so much of it, especially when I cannot read or use my eyes much, is a bit of a bore sometimes. I am discovering a lot of places and things around this part of the city on my walks so that is interesting.

I can write with the typewriter by the touch system so I do not have to use my eyes. The Smiths are to be here for the next few days for mission meeting so with Margaret, we shall have a high time.

I hope you are not working too hard and that your health remains good. I hope you can plan to have your operation as you suggest at least by next September. We got such good pictures from the girls of themselves just after Christmas. They meant a great deal. Aren't they a stylish set of girls?! Well, I must stop now and take my hour's rest and then my walk. Father is working very hard but I think he is well. Much love to yourself and best wishes for the term's work and the summer.

Your loving sister,
Phebe.

*[This letter, dated **March 26, 1924**, was written en route to Paotingfu by Mary to the home folks. She describes their operetta the night before school closed for vacation. She attended Lura Aiken's wedding in Peking. Mary's sailing date on the Korea Maru has changed to June 17th. Although China is not politically stable, Mary's work and life continues on as normal. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Train en route for
Paotingfu
March 26, 1924

Dear Home folks,

Vacation is five days old and no letter has started homeward. The last two weeks were very full with a rehearsal of our Operetta every afternoon for 1 ½ hours. The fateful evening was the 19th, the night before school closed-and everything was a huge success. The dinner was a Chinese feast and how the children did eat! Several members of the school do not care for the native food so one table had foreign food. Five preferred to sit there, Mrs. Poncill, Miss Dizney and three students.

Our costumes were easy to get up. I wore my old brocaded white silk skirt, a gay sweater and for the out door scene added my white fur stoll and big black velvet hat. Martha Fenn was the stern, old fashioned school marm; Billy the sedate, sour pedant; Mr. Breakey the gay dashing fellow in sport clothes. Miss Burgess wore knickers and carried a racket and balls. Mrs. Powell dressed as herself. Miss Dizney had on an evening dress of one of the girls, sleeveless and so low we do not allow the girl to wear it. Len was in his gown.

The story was a faculty meeting at which we discuss various items of business (never the same at any two rehearsals) and Bualry (prof) and I plan to go to a movie. Len disapproves of movies and forbids us to go. Then the Prof urges that we go anyway but I am shocked and sing "Refrain, and?? Prof. You ?? from pressing". etc. But he sings a little song ending, "While there you sit, know I'm enjoying it". Here I yield and we are going.

We steal out in the second act but get caught at the foot of the steps by the Boss who has been told of our plans by the Pedant. We are ordered to our rooms but Butterball (Miss Dizney) tells us that the Boss has invited her to go to the show. Here we wind up with a grand chorus of rejoicing. In the first class comes the lines "Hurrah, hurrah, the spit balls fly" and when we were recalled for an encore, we say that and then "wash basin balls" as the children called them.

We cleared the dining room and had the Virginia Reel the length of that. Shades of Mrs. Gordon!!!! It was 10.45 when we broke up and went to bed. The children have a "band" consisting of several violins, a ukulele, a jazz whistle, Chinese cymbals and the piano. They played for the Virginia Reel and for once we all heard the music.

On the 17th we had a Holyoke dinner. It was asked that all Mount Holyoke-ites all over the world plan a get together that day to celebrate the completion of the fund for the Clapp Science Building. It was Dr. Clapp's birthday. We had a grand Chinese feast. Because of the dysentery cases traceable to restaurants we had it at Miss Willner's house. Her cook made everything except the roast duck. Lottie Hildreth, also 1905, Anita Day[?] 1929 and I had to leave a little early to get the 7.50- back to Tungchow.

School closed the 20th. I went to Peking at noon to finish the ticket buying and stayed for Lura Aiken's wedding. It was at the P.U.M.C. auditorium. The decorations were pink and white and the maid of honor and flower girls were in pink and white. Esther Moody was maid-of-honor and Gertrude Martin and Helen Corbett flower girls. The youngest Dobson was ring bearer. He had silver bow and arrow slung over his shoulder. He told his mother he would carry the rings but he wanted to go home as soon as he had done it.

I had dinner that night with Jean Josselyn. She is much better but still has to have her wound dressed twice daily. Mr. Josselyn's sister, a trained nurse, is still with them as she sprained her wrist being thrown from a ricksha so can not go on duty at the hospital. Baby Dudley is growing finely and Marian is a dear.

We had a Pasttime Cub Meeting last Saturday night as a farewell for the Fiskens. The "neophytes" were numerous, Mrs. Lowry, Capt. and Mrs. Fiskens, Henry Fenn and Bill, Miss Dizney, Maryette Fenn, Mrs. Hemingway, Ruth Smith, and Mrs. Hildreth. They could not eat up the refreshments ?? because we started with a compound supper and made sure of them.

I have started my spring sewing and have a dress and blouse at the tailors. My gold dress is being dyed brown after being made over.

The latest from the Korea Maru is that she sails June 17 instead of the 14th. I really like it better as I can use three extra days to advantage. I am thinking how best to get everything home.

I have irregular jade, 30 pieces large and small. They are packed but not posted. I gave 18 cents each for them. About 20 cents would be right, unless you think them worth 25 cents. I could not find the unstrung carved bone beads so sent a string which you can sell to be broken or any way you like. Just calculate the cost per bead if sold separately to make it equal the cost of a chain ?? a pendant.

I mailed some lace and pendants to Miss Brewster this week. I will get the cost of her order Monday. Grace's blue with ?, four (4) also went off. I had had them for some days.

Exchange is good for selling. I got 192.50 for the \$25.00 draft. It would have been better to wait but I did not know it. It was 195+ when I was at the bank last.

Politically everything is upset but we go on not-with-standing. The papers say there will be trouble this spring but Chang Tsao Lin says not.

Phebe's last letter said Elizabeth was not quite so well but Oliver better. It is good to hear that Father keeps up the business so well. But I am glad that the milk ?? is sold. The Sentinels have much to say about milk business.

I feel quite proud to see Ben's name in the paper so often and always with sympathy for his position and methods.

Peking is getting very modern. On all corners big white lines have been painted on the pavement to keep autoists to the left. The highest number ?? auto that I have seen is 1200+. I forget the last two figures. The car tracks are all laid throughout the city and poles up but there they have stopped.

I'll write again. Hope you can decipher this.

With love

Mary.



Mary Beard, Her book, March 1924

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated April 7, 1924, was written from Tunghsien (Tungchow), China by Mary to the home folk. Mary describes her vacation in Paotingfu. The PUMC is having trouble with a case of small pox, encephalitis and scarlet fever. She attended a vaccination party and plans to get typhoid injections over the next 3 weeks. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

NORTH CHINA AMERICAN SCHOOL
T'UNGHSIEN CHIH LI

April 7, 1924

Dear Home Folk,

My last letter was just before vacation. Edith Goertz and I had a fine time at Paotingfu. Miss Andrews is wonderfully smart, teaches 2 classes a day, inspects the latting[?], takes chapel services and receives Chinese callers. She is 83. Her private Amah sleeps within call and is most faithful. She helps Miss Andrews walk out as she is short and heavy and unable to walk without support on both sides, a cane and a person.

We visited two temples of Tsao Kun's one to the sleeping war god and the other to a private god, Buddhist style. The latter has three wives, a-la Tsao Kun. Two are relegated to a side room and no. three sits in state beside the God. We also visited two of Tsao Kun's play things, a park valued at several million, with a lion, tiger, kangaroo, hyena, monkeys, bear and birds besides considerable space for flowers etc; and an aviation field with five planes. Four were practicing starting and stopping so we watched them for some time. Flora would not recognize Paotingfu. Tsao Kun has spent many thousands and the main streets are big broad thoroughfares well paved. No more bumpy rides over stone roads there!

I spent the last week end with Jean Josselyn. She is much better although still dressing her wound where the breast was removed. She will have to tend that till fall when a second operation removes the extra folds of skin. Baby Dudley is darling and gains his ounce a day regularly. Miss Josselyn is a trained nurse and it was most helpful to Jean to have her there to help with baby then with herself.

The P.U.M.C. is having a hard time. Mrs. Robert McCann went in ill and developed small pox; an English lady developed what was first called Infantile paralysis [*polio*], then sleepy sickness, then Esphalitis (?)

[encephalitis]. It is something the doctors have never seen and evidently most infectious- as all three nurses developed it inside of a week. A child developed scarlet fever. So 3 wards are under strict quarantine. Hunter Corbett went in Thursday afternoon for a slight operation and got held for two weeks, till the scarlet-fever quarantine was over.

Apr 10. Trudy Martin has the measles- a sad aftermath of her happy times practicing for and being flower girl at Lura Aiken's wedding. It is just getting time for further cases if such there are to be. We hope not as the ?? in the little compound school has been-quarantine for the slightest ailment. Hence Trudy was quarantined four days before her rash appeared.

Mrs. J.S. Burgess and the boys, with occasionally Mr. Burgess, are now occupying the Stelle House. It is an effort to keep the boys away from the dust of the city as visitors cars began to trouble him again and David too had some trouble.

We had a vaccination party last Monday. I attended and have what Doctor calls an immunity take. I think it a pretty strong immunity take since it is red for a circle of three inches diameter and has festered and broken today. But it began the second day and should not so do till the third.

I plan for the typhoid injections this weekend and the two following.

We had compound supper at Fanny Wicke's last Tuesday. I tried to get Jean down but she had dinner guests. I shall try again for the next one I am free for. Last night I had supper with Maude Hunter. She sent over a late note as she was to be all alone. Martha came in late, having been helping Margaret Menzi; who has a relapse from Tonisilitis.

The babies are all growing apace. Margaret Wickes is a sober baby but with an adorable smile when she does indulge. She is most appreciative of attention though and wiggles adorably. Barbara Love quips, laughs aloud and is one broad grin whenever I see her these days. Caroline is getting over her excessive ?? as she improves in health and gets out of doors. Jean and Bobbly Hunter grow more attractive every day. Jean allowed me to hold her for a long time at Compound tea last Saturday when the girls entertained in Maude's home. Magaret Wickes is so far she reminds me of a little squirrel with her pouches. She bubbles happiness every minute, even when hungry.

?? in Paotingfu send regards to Flora., the P?, Hubbards, Galts, Whallers, Miss Anders, Chapin, Buck[?], Phelps. So have the Dr. Smiths, Jean Dickenson, Mrs. Peck (Legation) , Stella Burgess, Mrs. Hemingway and probably those whom I do not recall just now.

Mrs. Hemingway and Winfred were with me two days during the early part of vacation.

Spring is here with a dust blowing up every afternoon. Violets, for??, dandelion, vetch etc are already out. There are no leaves yet but the trees are in bloom.

It is time for the bills[bells?]

Lots of love

Mary.

Have received two packages of papers direct[?] lately and several ?? ??.

Thanks Mary



Written in album: "The Hugh Hubbard family"
Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

From: The Evening Sentinel, Shelton, CT – April 12, 1924

BEARD- Shelton, April 12, Miss Elizabeth Beard of Long Hill avenue, Shelton, daughter of O.G. Beard, and sister of Hon. B.N. Beard of Shelton. Notice of funeral later.

From: The Evening Sentinel, Shelton, CT – April 14, 1924

BEARD- Shelton, April 12, Elizabeth Beard, daughter of Oliver G. Beard, Long Hill avenue. Funeral services from her late home Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. Interment in Long Hill avenue cemetery.

From: The Evening Sentinel, Shelton, CT- April 14, 1924

MISS ELIZABETH BEARD

Daughter of O.G. Beard Passes Away- Had Many Friends Here

The many friends of Miss Elizabeth Beard were grieved to learn of her death which occurred Saturday. She was a daughter of Oliver G. Beard of Long Hill avenue, and the late Mrs. Nancy Nichols Beard. During her later years, Miss Beard has lived at home with her family. She was a member of the Shelton Congregational church and was for years active in the work of the Sunday school and the Golden Circle of King's Daughters.

Of the grief stricken family there are her father, Oliver G. Beard, of Shelton, three sisters, Miss Flora, and Miss Pheobe of Shelton, and Miss Mary Louise Beard of Pung [*Tung*] Hsien, China, and three brothers, Dr. W.L. Beard of Foo Chow, China. Oliver G. Beard Jr., of Bridgeport, Mayor B.N. Beard of Shelton, and S.B. Beard of New York. Funeral arrangements are in charge of C.E. Lewis and Son.

[This letter, dated **April 20, 1924**, was written from Hei Sung Tan, China by Mary to the ones at home. She spent Easter camping outside the entrance of the Black Dragon Temple in the Western Hills with 14 girls and Miss Young. She mentions her sister, Elizabeth's failing health. Niece, Phebe K., plans on coming north for a visit and Mary hopes that she will arrive before Mary has to sail for the U.S. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Hei Sung Tan
Western Hills
Easter Sunday
[April 20, 1924]

Dear Ones at Home,

Sixteen of us, fourteen girls, Miss Young and I, are having a nice quiet Sunday here in camp just outside the front entrance of "The Black Dragon Temple". We left Tungchow Friday morning early, had a little over an hour for shopping, came around the city by train and by train to Tsung Hua. Mr. Danton was the station to greet us and we went over to the college campus and had lunch in the Ting-ze. The Dantons sent over hot and cold water to supplement our biscuits, cookies and fruit.

We were off on donkeys just before 1.10. About 2.00 a man on a bicycle overtook us with a note from Mr. Gibb. Mr. Breakey had telephoned that a telegram had arrived for Faye Hibbard of Taianfu to come home at once. Her little brother and mother have been ill some time with typhoid. She had a letter, gotten from the portman en route to the station, saying her mother was much better but that the doctors gave no hopes for the 3-year-old son. Miss Burgess went back with Faye and we hope they got the Len Ching auto in to Peking so got the 4.00 o'clock train to Tungchen. We thought of Faye as getting home about 12.00 or 1.00 this morning.

There is a lovely large pool about 4 ½ feet deep within the temple. Flora's Juliet Bredon will tell you all about it. We went for a swim in relays yesterday morning and again in the afternoon. We had just returned when the baggage of another party appeared. It proved to be Mr. and Mrs. Grover Clark and Grace Boynton. After supper I introduced myself so that we might arrange for a time for a swim this morning.

We got camp cleaned up and breakfast cleared about 9.00 and then had our Easter Service. We had taken off on the Duplicator 10 favorite Easter hymns and I brought a book Mrs. Sheffield loaned me. "Our Lords Last Week" which gave the story of Easter as told in the Gospels also an excellent "Interpretation of the Resurrection". Miss Young read the Prayer from the Episcopal Prayer Book.

After service we had a dip in the pool. Already a party of three had arrived but the Clark party stood guard and we got our dip. Mr. Clark from the inter court called to the ladies who were in the gallery, [*the rest of the letter was written back at N.C.A.S.*] (N.C.A.S. Apr 26), "Is there any reason why I shouldn't enjoy the fun, too?" Mrs. Clark called back, "Yes, ten of them and they are all in the water". Only three of us had conventional bathing suits. The extra set of underwear did nicely for the rest and gave them clean clothes every day in the bargain.

I stopped writing where ceased using pencil to extend an invitation to the Clark party to have Easter dinner with us. Their servants guarded camp for us so we all left at once and ate on the edge of the pool.

We had an audience of over 100 all day Saturday and 50-75 all day Sunday. Our departure Monday was made about 9.45, so the crowd had not yet gathered. Like all ?? [*curious?*] too, the intensive interest and newness was wearing off. Also we kept two strict guards to allow any pilfering, so one incentive was lacking.

The girls took guard duty for 1 ¼ hours each, by twos, from 9.00 P.M. till 6.00 A.M. The first night we lazy folks went to bed by 8.30 so the first watch was a long one. The other two nights we had informal song services lying on our beds.

Coming back we stopped at Hu Tien to say "Thank You" to Mr. Gibb for helping get our baggage looked after and for helping put out good donkeys for the crowd. There was not a bad donkey in the crowd. A most unusual occurrence with so many!

On Thursday I got Phebe's letter telling of Elizabeth's failing condition. I had hoped to see her this summer, but if it means much suffering for her, I can not even pray that it may be so. I shall look for news by each new mail in. [*Elizabeth died April 12, 1924 of pulmonary tuberculosis with a duration of 3 years.*]

Phebe K. writes on April 6 that she is at Liong Doh [*Diong Loh*], still resting. She plans to come north for a complete change. I hope she can come early so as to arrive before I leave.

My date of sailing is still June 17th. But I hear that the Korea was four days late in leaving Shanghai this trip. Letters from the two Leolyns, William and ?? give good reports of the Berkeley family. Leolyn will not come home with me, partly for financial reasons as the making over of the home took considerable more than the insurance, partly to save up for the sabbatical year, 1925.

The Holyoke-ites had a picnic on the wall last Monday. I just stayed in till the 7.50 train and went in camp costume. Mrs. Sidney Gamble is our latest arrival. Mrs. Larry Sears comes out next fall. She is sister to Mrs.

Gamble. A Miss Wilder is here waiting for 6 months to pass so she may marry Dr. Hoyt of the C.I.M. She will attend the next meeting, here May 17. The wedding is the 19th. All we Holyoke-ites are invited.

I went in Wednesday afternoon for a committee meeting at Minnie Corbett's. We drafted some resolutions for increasing the athletic facilities especially of the Peking School. They are to be laid before the Mothers Club at the May Meeting.

The Basket Ball team of the Language School is down today to play our girls. It is a horrid windy dusty day, so I fear it will be difficult playing. We have had a dust storm about every other afternoon for two weeks. It is lovely and clear till about 11.00 or 12.00. One of the worst was Friday night when we were out at camp. The pool saved the day.

Everything is late this season. We had the Mother's Club come the first Saturday of May to see the yellow roses and Wisteria. The Lilacs are not yet clear out and no hint of yellow on the roses.

Dr. Love has been trying for three weeks to get to Pei Tai Ho to oversee some repairs. First Trudy had the measles, then Stratt and Ruth got them. At last everybody was fairly well so he got off last night. I slept over at Carol's and am going over this afternoon for the week-end.

Yesterday was "tag day" for the N.C.A. I ordered one copy sent to Flora, hoping it would arrive before I did. Miss Bostwick had asked for one and I sent the usual one to Will so I get a 4 on my tag.

I must close as it is time to ring the bell. I have set a "bad example" and written a letter in Study Hall but I did not want this to hold over another week.

Lots of love

Mary

*[This typewritten letter, dated **May 14, 1924**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She says that Phebe K. is coming north to visit them and will stay at Pei Tai Ho for the summer. Mary's sister, Elizabeth, died of tuberculosis after a long illness. Mary is leaving for the U.S. in a month. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

N.C.A.S. & May, 14, 1924.

Dear Home Folk,

Again I have not lived up to my good intentions. It has been more than two weeks since my last letter.

May 3rd was Mothers Club. The entertainment was a May Day celebration, Marjorie Maxwell and Harriet Irwin had the program planned and the children partly trained before we asked them to save the production for the Mothers Club. Then Miss Young and Miss Fenn helped them polish it and connect the events. "The Queen of the May was lost and the Dust Nymphs had stolen the key that would unlock the secret. One of the fairies found it, so she was produced and crowned". Mrs. Menzi was Queen. The dancing was on the lawn under the big evergreen trees and it was a perfect setting.

Cleora stayed for the week end and I had the Menzies and Loves in for Sunday dinner, also Lottie Hildreth.

Phebe wrote some time ago for me to engage a room for her at Pei Tai Ho, and now she is planning to come as soon as she can get here. The Doctor forbids week before fall so she might as well get all the North she can. The ladies house will put her up till school closes, then I will have her over here till I leave. Maude Hunter is letting her have one of her rooms at Pei Tai Ho. Phebe had asked for a room at Gould Cottage but I decided that was no place for a good rest, and engaged Maude's room. Now comes a letter from Phebe saying that she hopes a room in a private family can be obtained. Our letters crossed.

Lottie Hildreth and I are entertaining the Holyoke group Friday. Miss Wilder has been out here for six months waiting for the C.I.M. to allow her to marry a Dr. Hoyte of Shansi. This is in part for her, so we are having husbands and fiancés. (only one). We are going to have Club Sandwiches, ice cream, cake and coffee. The wedding is Saturday. As a Holyoke girl I am invited and hope to go.

Friday P.M. Phebe's letter of April 16th came this morning. I have been waiting for it and expected to hear that Elizabeth was gone, but it is still hard to realize it is so. I am glad she did not have to suffer but it was hard for you to see her so uncomfortable that the morphine was necessary. I hope that you were able to get rested from the long strain and care. I am sending the letter of to Will today. It is good of you Phebe to write us so fully and often. We do appreciate it, I assure you. *[Mary's sister, Elizabeth Beard, died April 12, 1924 of Pulmonary Tuberculosis at the age of 48.]*

I will send this on hoping it gets an early boat, and write again soon. It is nearly time for the afternoon session and I have study hall. Then Botany lab till 4.00 and must be dressed and ready to meet the evening train and our Holyoke crowd.

Lots of love. I am counting the days till I start home. One month from tomorrow we sail, from Shanghai.

Mary

[This typewritten letter, dated **May 22, 1924**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe Maria Beard. Their sister, Elizabeth, has died and at these times, Willard feels bad that he can't be at home to help in the care and comfort. He is sending Phebe M. a mandarin coat. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard, family of Willard F. Beard.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

President's Office

Foochow College

May 22nd. 1924

Dear Phebe [*Phebe M.*]:-

The last mail brought your letter telling about Elizabeth's release. And Mary's letter from you was on my desk this morning. The mail must have gone to Peking more quickly than it got down here. I have sent your's to me to Mary. I had thought of Elizabeth as with Mother and Ruth and James and all the other dear ones who have gone on ahead of the rest of us, for some time. Father's letter written April 1 told me that you looked for the end to come any hour. Elizabeth must have had a very strong constitution. I think her sweet nature had something to do with it. I think I wrote in a recent letter of the letter she wrote me for my steamer in 1921. It was so sweet all the way thru. I could not help thinking that she perhaps thought she would not see me again on earth and the whole tone of the letter was impregnated with a spiritual quality. It showed a remarkable faith and trust in God. It is one of the very few letters that I keep in a very special place in my trunk, not to be destroyed.

Two large bundles of Sentinels came by the last mail and I have them ready for the mail to go to Mary tomorrow. It makes me feel homesick to think of Mary going home so soon. I shall not be able to mail any more papers to her.

Phebe K. is getting ready to take the next steamer for Shanghai to go on to Tunghsien to be with Mary for a few days before she leaves. With Phebe I am sending a Mandarin Coat for you. I do not know whether you can use it or not but you may have a kind of nice feeling when you remember that you won one of the things. And you may like to put it on to show others when they come to see you and you want to make them envious. I am sending also two little stools that I bought last summer, - the carved, folding kind that mother liked so much and that I told her to see and I would send more to her. I wish one of these could go to Ruth in Pearl River. The other do as you like with. Keep it if you do not have one in the house, or give to any one that you think would appreciate it or sell it.

I know how tired you and Flora must be and I hope before this reaches you that you will have gotten rested. You have had more than your share to do and to bear during the past year. One of the real crosses of my life has been the thought that at the times when the dear ones have been ill and the burdens of you at home have been increased so much I seemed to be useless. You must not for a moment think that either Mary or I thought that you have been dilatory about writing. You have done marvelously. Now that Mary is home you will have one less to write to.

Last week we had some very hot days. The ther. was playing in the 90's all the time. But on Wednesday it rained and we have had to put on more clothes. I even wore a light overcoat to church on Sunday, with summer clothes on underneath. We had quite a flood this week Tues. and Wed. It is all down now. Yesterday the mission went down to the Fukien Christian University for our Prayer Meeting. Two of our families are teaching in the University and live down there. Two other families are associated with our mission and the other family are Congregationalists. That leaves only one Methodist family and one Episcopal family not a part of us.

Next week I must leave my usual work to attend one of the leaders and Pastor's Conference to be held at the new conference set for Foochow. School is to close June 25.

Lots of love and loving sympathy to all Will.

[This typewritten letter, dated **May 25, 1924**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. She has to leave China a little earlier than planned to catch her steamer back to the U.S. Niece, Phebe Kinney Beard, will be coming north for a visit before Mary leaves. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

May 25 [1924]

Dear Home Folk.

A telegram on Friday has put Miss Young and me in a ferment. Our steamer is not going to come to Shanghai at all and is leaving Yokohama the 12th. It means leaving here the 6th and traveling via Korea. The alternative is to wait till the end of July. We prefer to rush now.

I at once packed my Geographics and today have sorted over a lot of stuff. Fortunately I had taken the last things to the tailor last week and am to get them tomorrow. My coat was still to go to the cleaner, also my sport skirt. Going by Korea also necessitates a passport, so I stop at the Legation and fill the papers in the morning.

I am taking in the rugs for Mrs. Fette to get packed and the earlier start will remove the necessity of bringing them back here.

Miss Boring gave us a lecture on "The Beginning of Science" on Friday. Mrs. Burgess elected to get us a weekly speaker. She succeeded in getting two. Flora knows it is one thing to plan and another to carry out the plans. Especially when the elusive third person is concerned.

Flora will appreciate this little fact. Three year old Chauncey Pettus was down with Mrs. Burgess for a week to recuperate in our bracing air. It took two days only to rid him of a fever he had been running for many a day.

Mrs. Burgess's mother arrived this afternoon to spend the summer. The Burgesses find themselves so well that they are taking the Stelle house for next year too.

I am looking any day for Phebe K. She wrote to ask about a room and I replied by return mail. I hope she arrives this week.

It is 10.45 and I am off by the early train so I will send this on with the hope of seeing you a week earlier than I had hoped.

Lots of love
Mary.

P.S. I am to have a birthday celebration of some sort tomorrow. Can tell what when it is over.

*[This letter, dated **June 21, 1924**, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Phebe K. to Gould. Phebe is in Pei Tai Ho for the summer and was able to visit with Mary in Tungchou and Peking before Mary left for the U.S. She describes her first donkey ride. Marjorie's graduation announcement arrived. Phebe wonders what Jerry and Dot are doing for the summer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

No. 142 East Cliff, Pei-tai-ho.
Chihli, China.
June 21, 1924.

Dear Brother-Boy,

Your nice letters have been coming and, I haven't been keeping up at all! And now you are probably at Shelton helping with the farm work, and enjoying it as much as ever and bringing joy with you. You are the only one of the family whose summer address I know, so here goes. I have just received Marjorie's graduation invitation, just three days after the event occurred, so of course I didn't attend. We wonder what Jerry's and Dot's plans for the season are.

Before this reaches you, Aunt Mary will probably have got home and told you that I am summering at Pei-tai-ho. Such a lovely place for a summer would be hard to find, but more of that later. I spent one full happy week with Aunt Mary at Tunghsien, and saw the school working- a good fortune I never had even dreamed of. It was awfully good just to go about among so many foreign children, and at their picnics, plays, graduation, and concert it was relaxingly natural to have the students themselves do things rather than have to do everything yourself, and be all the enthusiasm as one seems to have to with our girls. Aunt Mary was leading lady in a play taken from "Pinafore" and she surely made a hit. As a last scene to the whole thing, the August faculty came in and threw real spit balls at the audience as they sang a chorus. It took like lightening, for we most of us got hit and could prove the reality of the apparent missels. I saw Peking in a flitting journey round with Aunt Mary twice; for I didn't feel equal to "doing" things then.

After a two day's stay with Cleora Wannamaker at the palatial ladies' house a half hour's journey from here, I came over, one beautiful evening just two weeks ago to the Hunter's dear little cottage and started life again as Aunt Phebe to two darling youngsters, Bobby aged 3, and Jean, aged 1 ½. In the first few days we just sat around, played with the youngsters, and watched the new arrivals. As soon as a ricksha appeared at the hilltop, two or three men rushed headlong down across the valley to the opposite hill to get to their house first with a mop, a broom, matches etc. from one or the other of the two rival stores. Mrs. Hunter found after she had been here two days that both stores were supplying her with ice and coke, and both had brought a broom and matches, for which both presented bills!

As Mrs. Hunter sells goat's milk, she has had lots of callers so I have met a good many people. We took

one ride over to Rocky Point, where the station is, and got weighed. We had planned on my birthday to go for a donkey ride- my first, but I had and had an eye-ache, so I stayed in bed, and Bobby and Mrs. H. went- and brought me back a box of lovely correspondence cards to use. In the afternoon Cleora and a Miss Nelson came to tea and stayed to supper. It was lovely with ice cream, too! Strawberries, lettuce and push peas are common here, and now Mr. Hunter is sending black-caps from Tunghsien! Yummy! And such milk.

Then Thursday, Miss Nelson and Cleora planned that I should come over for the day, so I started out alone on my first donkey. I wore my knickers, and I tried to cut over [our?] accustomed figure. But the donkey knew of my novitiate. Every time he started to gallop I yanked on the reins, a la merry-go-round horses! So of course he stopped going, and I a-wondering why! And when he slowed down I grabbed frantically for the quilts in front of me which formed my saddle. Fortunately I got my balance that trip, when, at 10:30, I didn't meet many people. After a swim we had a nice dinner topped off with some of Cleora's divinity fudge, and a nap. Then Miss Nelson, Cleora, and I started back to East Cliff on donkeys. I got a fine beast who trotted nicely and galloped divinely. When I got to the top of our hill, he threw back his head, opened his mouth, and hee-hawed for a full-minute. I had been quite crazy to be on a donkey when it brayed; but I was disappointed in not feeling anything like bellows under me. It was all noise- but such a noise! After the girls did some errands I rode back with them to meet Mrs. Hunter and walk back with her. Three two-mile rides in one day and a two-mile walk on top of it was a pretty hard day for a first one, but I finally got to sleep and didn't hear any noises that night.

After a day's rest, Miss Nelson and I went for a morning's ride out to the West End. We went to the beach, and all thru a Russian section where the houses are even more palatial and European and ornate than they are here. I feel as if I were at Atlantic City, the houses are so grand. (You'd know I'd never been to that grand place by that sentence, tho.) I had my no. 24 donkey that I had the day before, and every time we came to any donkey, he brayed as if he'd lost his last friend. I have the hang of it, so I could ride comfortable for a day now if I had the strength. I went bathing again, and had a Chinese meal for lunch, then a rest and in the P.M. bought a diving cap for all of \$3.00!!! Now I can go bathing here.

What with bathing, and donkey-riding and tennis, I am not going to have time for many teas or other gaities. I've got to go slow at first, tho, for this week has been pretty strenuous. I had a set of tennis on Friday that tired me as much as the donkey-rides.

Your last letter mentioned my not getting the records you sent for Xmas. I did get them and was very delinquent in saying thank you. They were waiting for me when I got back from Ingtau at China New Year time, and I put them right onto the Victrola. They surely did sound good and they are pretty. When Alice was out for a week-end she put them on and enjoyed them hugely, since they are her college, too. She has gone back to America now, but I am glad to have them. When you send again, better pad them with soft paper more; for these have short cracks in from the edges, tho not enough to hurt the playing of the record much. When I wrote you last I meant to have said thank you for them- and closed the letter within it. I'm glad your parasols are going well, and the tea. Father will see about that when you write him more definitely later.

Will you please send this to the others of the family and send me their addresses if they are to be fairly permanent? Every once in a while I have a strange feeling that I should be at Kuliang taking care of Father, but it's little I could do now. I wish Aunt Mary could see Bobby play with Jeanie. She walks now with one hand but doesn't walk around a chair or alone at all. Such pink cheeks and fat as they are both getting! My best wishes for a lovely summer for you all. I hope you may get brown and strong and ready for fall and any medical attention you have to have. Wish both you and Aunt Mary could be here to enjoy the fun of this summer with me. But you will have Uncle Stanley's children and other fun.

Much, much love to all.

From

Phebe K.

If the rest of the family want duplicates of these photos let me know which and how many and they are theirs. Aunt Mary will have some of her own!

Form 502
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
IMMIGRATION SERVICE

Record on this blank United States citizens and citizens of insular possessions of the United States arriving at a port of continental United States from a foreign port or a port of the insular possessions of the United States, and such citizens arriving at a port of said insular possessions from a foreign port, a port of continental United States, or a port of another insular possession.

Number **102**

LIST OF UNITED STATES CITIZENS
(FOR THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES)

23477

S. S. **"KOREA MARU"** Sailing from **PORT OF YOKOHAMA**, June 18th, 1924, Arriving at Port of **SAN FRANCISCO**, June 26th, 1924

No. of List	NAME IN FULL		AGE		Sex	Married	IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES INSULAR POSSESSION OR IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES, GIVE DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH (CITY OR TOWN AND STATE)	IF NATURALIZED, GIVE NAME AND LOCATION OF COURT WHICH ISSUED NATURALIZATION PAPERS, AND DATE OF PAPERS.	ADDRESS IN UNITED STATES
	FAMILY NAME	GIVEN NAME	Yrs.	Mos.					
1	Hart	Sophie C.	86	10	F	S	Waltham, Mass., Aug. 20th, 1868		Tower Court, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass. U.S.A.
2	Buell	Constance	32	5	F	S	Wellesley, Mass. U.S.A. Dec. 15th, 1891		47 Croton St., Wellesley, Mass.
3	Bailey	Bazel	35	11	F	S	Nebraska, July 19th, 1888..		Custer, South Dakota.
4	Beard	Mary Louise	42	1	F	S	R.F.D. No. 8, Shelton, Connecticut. May 26th, 1882.		Shelton, Conn.
5	Kellogg	Bora E.	71	2	F	W	Galesburg, Ill., April 8th, 1853		Wheaton, Ill.,
6	Kellogg	Gethrude E.	32	6	F	S	Auburn, Calif. Nov. 18th, 1891		"
7	Lane	Lucia M.	67	7	F	S	Cincinnati, Oh. Nov. 21st 1856		236 Griffith, Ave. San Francisco
8	Stone	Albert Hendrix	33	6	M	M	Denton, Texas. Nov. 21st, 1890		e/o Whittier National Bank Whittier, Calif.
9	Stone	Nabel Lyons	31	10	F	M	Athens, Maine, Aug. 8th, 1892		" do "
10	Stone	Margaret Frances	4	6	F	S	Kulim, China. Dec. 5th, 1919		" do "
11	Stone	Albert Hendrix Junior	2	6	M	S	Waco, Tex. Dec. 5th, 1921		" do "
12	Stone	Mary Virginia	1	2	F	S	Kulim, China. Mar. 21st, 1923		" do "

Passenger list showing Mary Beard travelling from Yokohama to San Francisco in June of 1924 on the S.S. Korea Maru.

[From Ancestry.com]

[This typewritten letter, dated **June 25, 1924**, was written from Peitaiho, China by Phebe K. to her father. She writes that she is enjoying Pei Tai Ho. She talks briefly about the alliance between Russia and China. Phebe had an amusing ride by donkey. She had to spend a day in bed because of a headache (one of the symptoms of nephritis). She tells about many people in her letter and is enjoying her time at Pei Tai Ho. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

Wen Shan Girls School
Foochow, China.

142 East Cliff, Peitaiho.
June 25, 1924.

Dear Father,

Nine days have fled and I have not written you. So you can know that they have been very happy full ones. The letters you forwarded to me were only ads, or a graduation invitation from Marjorie and I suppose that you have one of those yourself. If not let me know and I will send this on to you. It is very pretty. I also got a letter from Miss Caroline Savage a friend of Aunt Flora's in Berlin [CT] that gives really little news. I was sorry to learn of Cousin Helen's misfortune and I do hope Johnson will get over his trouble faster than Ruth Emily did. What a surprise the news of electricity at the farm will be for Aunt Mary! She will probably hear of it at Aunt Leolyn's. Sad that your Rhode Island Red died, but you seem to take it philosophically. I am glad that you feel that she had done her work. Aunt Phebe's letter shows the loneliness she must have felt all these months more than any other she has thus far sent. I am more than ever glad that Aunt Mary has gone to her. Her letter I am sending back to you as I do not know if you want it or not. Where did you get the pretty pink paper to wrap it in?

I am glad to hear that you have rented the left over room to Miss Abel. How inspiring to know that the conference at the Upper Bridge did so much for the pastors. It pays to carry on such meetings. These bombings are getting altogether too common in China. We are following the papers about the alliance between China and Russia. Such foolish talk, and such a tragic outcome for China! Russia seems bent on doing the same great damage to China. What have the Safanoff family done? I do feel so sorry for them all. There are great numbers of Russians in Shanghai and here in business, tho I must say the clerks in the stores in Shanghai are not what you would call efficient in the use of time as we think of it in the U.S.A. Until Mrs. Hunter's cook came, she bought her bread of a Russian bread man who brought it around fresh each day. It was good bread and, as she said, she felt as if she was helping him by getting it. He seemed so honest and self-respecting that it made me wonder about him and the others

like him here. At the other end of town there are a lot of houses that belong to the rich Russians in Tientsin, great Middle-Age European structures that we would hardly want even for town houses.

How nice it would be if Cousin Joel could come up to Foochow! Get him if you can. Susan Armstrong will be glad to have another man connected with the college as she feels that so many women as seemed likely to be there would be not so good for the school. I know how hard it has been to get teachers and reminded her of the fact, but I thought you would like to get her reaction.

I hope Mrs. Siek's little girl is doing well. When did Donald leave for America? I hope too that Catherine is going to Kuliang. I suppose she will. Your last letter, the one telling of Catherine's baby, came to me at Peitaiho after Aunt Mary had gone. I surely have missed her but Mrs. Hunter has been so nice to me that I have tried to forget it. She herself needs a rest and I have been trying to help her with the children all I can. Mr. Hunter is still in Tunghsien for work and a conference so does not get here till July 1.

Sunday June 29 Since I wrote you I have had several new experiences. Incidentally it is now Sunday and this letter has sat on my table all this time unfinished. Mrs. Hunter called to me just as I got to this paragraph and reminded me that I had been working all the morning and that I must not get another headache by working too long. So I took her advice and stopped - - - till now! (That's two exclamation points I've used in this letter and Arthur says they are not in good taste in too great numbers! Three.)

Wednesday was the day that I had the headache and was in bed all day. That was also my birthday and as Mrs. Hunter had asked me only a day or two before how old I was, I had also told her when my age would increase. So she had a tea and a supper with Cleora and Esther Nelson who was in Foochow with the nurses in Feb. as guests, and in the A.M. as I could not go to Rocky Point on Donkey-back as planned, she and Bobby went and brought me a box of lovely correspondence cards. So I had a very nice day. The next day I went to Gould cottage by invitation to eat the divinity fudge that Cleora had made and could not bring to me the day before because of no box. I went on a donkey alone and in my knickers for the first time. You really should have been there to get the benefit of my first grace on a donkey. Every time he started to run, I pulled on the reins hard to keep myself in place. That was the way I used to do on the merry-go round and it worked well. But the beast always stopped for some unexplainable reason, until I suddenly thought. Then as he slowed down, he always trotted in a jerky way so I slid onto his neck if I didn't seize the quilts that formed the saddle. But as I went along, my training on Hercules won out and I learned to sit without clinging, to walk and trot without sliding all over and to hold the reins in one hand according to regulation. When I got over to the ladies' house I was as excited as a five year old boy. And to that a swim in the breakers clad in Cleora's bathing suit, with Jean Dickenson as company, a Chinese lunch, a nap and a ride back to East Cliff with Cleora and Esther, and you have a day of it. Then I was feeling so fine that I rode back with the girls to meet Mrs. Hunter and walk back with her. I was more tired than I knew but was not too lame the next day.

On Friday I was quiet till time for tennis when I had a good set with four ladies. Saturday Esther Nelson and I went for an all-morning trip to West End where the Russian settlement is. We rode all over the place, up and down hill and saw fishing and other things. When we got back I went swimming again. This time I walked home.

Last Sunday they had a nice service on one of the big porches here overlooking the sea. The audience was so large that it filled the porch and today they will overflow to the lawn and sit on their little mats. Dr. Scott preached on the Transfiguration, and though he got lost in Fundamentalist discussion a bit he gave us some very beautiful thoughts.

This week I have been rather quiet as my donkey riding didn't just make me feel better. I have played some tennis and have met Mrs. Roy Worley, seen Roy but not had a chance to speak to him, and have made several calls. Cleora is having a Kindergarten at Mrs. Burgess' not far away so I see her in the afternoons. Twice I have walked over to Rocky Point, to call on Mrs. Martin with Mrs. Hunter, and once to call at Gould Cottage. The Love family came Thursday A.M. and Maude had them all to breakfast which gave me a chance to get acquainted with their adorable children. Mrs. Hildreth, Aunt Mary's friend from Swatow came to supper with her two lovely children one night. Yesterday Mrs. Burgess gave a very pleasant tea for a few friends. I met Madame Fenn, Martha's grandmother, a dear spry old lady for her years, Mrs. Lowry who was in Foochow for the M.E. Jubilee last fall, a Miss Crane who has seen Mother in Oberlin, and several others. It was very pleasant.

There are so many P.U.M.C. people here that I am crazy to ask them about that boy who came here for medical work from the F.C.U. last summer. I can't think of his name. Could you ask Mr. Bedient what his Mandarin name is so I can ask if he came into the 35 or 40 that they accept as a class from the 80 odd whom they take as a pre-medical entering class? Thanks.

Cleora and I took a walk around the point yesterday A.M. and called on the Hubbards among others. They have another little girl that looks just like Emma Rose as she came out with us. She is stronger than she was though Mr. Hubbard has built a new stone house down near the water and they are just now christening it. It is a very attractive

house and he is as proud of it as he can be. Those children are fine too. All the time I was there yesterday he and they were rough-housing in a gentle way and taking their little sister in too.

They are blasting a well out just in front of our house and Bobby is quite excited about the "Fung pau" as he calls it. Rocks go quite a way into the air when they blast and it is a funny sight to see the men all run before the thing goes off.

On one of the rafters of the porch here a pair of swallows has built their nest. They seem to have hatched their eggs now for both birds are flying about getting the bugs for them to eat. Just these last few days a sparrow has been bothering round trying to steal the nest. They say that often happens but we are going to try to prevent an actual seizure by the sparrow. Another swallow is building a nest on the wall of the back porch and I saw him sticking the little mud balls on this morning for the first time. It is so interesting to see these performances that you hear about so often.

Aunt Mary is probably now about landing at San Francisco. She left Yokahama on the 12th so that would get her into Honolulu on the 22nd. Maybe it will be a day or two yet before she arrives, then she stops over with the Morgans for three or four days and will get home about the 7th or 8th of July probably. I do hope she has had a good voyage.

Thank you for fixing up that mess at the H.S. Bank for me. I have drawn my \$48 for my steamer ticket and a \$11 check to Hazel Atwood for my stay there since then, so I fear all my July allowance will have to be deposited in that bank to cover the checks already out. You may instruct Arthur to do this if you get further notices from the bank. Your \$100 will tied over the month and as I am not going to do much buying till I go to Peking the last of August, I will be O.K. Just in case of necessity I want to ask you if it will be O.K. for me to draw in advance on my fall months allowances if necessary. I don't want to do it, but if I am here and can bring things to a reasonable limit with me wouldn't it be better to buy while I am here than to skimp too much on money.

The bureau scarf please keep as it will be no use here and will only be one more thing to bring back for which I shall have to buy more packing receptacles. If the hair nets for Mrs. Christian have not already got there when this reaches you please give her the \$3 as I have ordered them sent to her. Aunt Mary was so busy those days I was there that I could not ask her to take me shopping and I did not have the energy myself to get anyone else to take me even had anyone had the time. So I had to write for them after I had got down here. I have heard nothing from the letter and the lady to whom I wrote is here now so I imagine they have gone. I will see Mrs. Goodrich about them as soon as I can about it. I hope they have gone O.K.

I am so glad you are to have the Tappans with you this summer. It will seem to you like a sort of reunion of the boat again even without Aunt Mary and the rest of us. Cleora and I were just saying that we wished the Tappans had come last year instead of this. Please greet them very cordially for me. I do hope they will have a good recuperating summer and that the baby will gain a lot. Don't charge too much for every pound! Cleora still tells us that the reason she didn't gain more last season was because of your stringent rules as to paying for the gain!!! She is good and fat this year and gaining too. She and I take walks every day after her school is over. She can still talk a lot and she wants to come to Kuliang again!!! She is very much taken with the place. As much so as I am with Peitaiho. But I can't come here another summer right away at \$3.00 a day! This cottage is for rent next year and if Mother is here next year you might like to take it. I believe it is \$400.00 the season. If you want me to find out more about it I will. There are three bed rooms, one small living room, several small rooms for storing and wash rooms, servants rooms for two men and one woman, and a big porch all round three sides, a part screened with blinds for a sleeping porch, and the other end screened for a dining room. They are furnishing it so that the occupants next year will not need to bring anything. It was an Evans cottage and the Hunters added servants quarters and one side porch. Very comfortable and has a good view somewhat obstructed by houses directly in front but far away, and only about 10 minutes slow walk from the beach.

Roy Worley is here but I have not had a chance to speak to him yet. He looks about the same as ever.

The Loves told me approximately where the cottage is that you and the Aunts had the summer you were up. They were not here but evidently were told. It is over at Rocky Point and so far from the beach!!! One of the houses in front of it was damaged by the whirlwind they had here last summer.

Ah! Here is the thing I was trying to think to write you. I saw in the paper that Foochow had had phenomenal floods two or three days ago. I wondered if it came anywhere near any of our property. They are so in need of rain here that every drop that falls causes everyone to squeal with delight and the refrain of all is "I do wish it would rain!" It is tantalizing for Foochow to have such surplus of water and we up here famishing for it. Do write me of the flood.

You might send this to the girls as I may not have time to write so fully again on this period. I shall have to get some carbon paper so I can make several copies of the same letter to save time and effort. I do want to catch up my correspondence while I have time. I am getting fatter and fatter and I look like a beet for redness and feel

stronger than for many a week so I guess I am coming round. I sleep from about 9 P.M. to 7 A.M. and over an hour in the P.M. so I am getting a lot of that too most of the time.

I must stop raving on now for you will not want to read more. My greetings to the Tappans and the LeMays tho they don't know me nor I them. Don't you think this Corona was a pretty good investment!

Lots and lots of love,

Phebe

I hope your graduation went off well.

*[This letter, dated **July 12, 1924**, was written from Peitaiho, China by Phebe K. to Mary. Phebe has been at Peitaiho for a month and a half and has been resting and building up her endurance. She has been socializing, swimming and going on donkey rides. She feels that Mary left a big hole in their lives when she left China for the U.S. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

142 East Cliff, Peitaiho

July 12, 1924.

Dear Aunt Mary,

Night before last your long letter to the Hunters and me came, - just about in time as we have been reckoning your voyage as you go along. From Honolulu on you will not have Miss Young. I am glad the trip has been so comfortable so far. You have certainly done well by your friends in the correspondence line, and we have all been more than glad to hear and very appreciative of the time you must have spent writing. Every time I get a letter from you it reminds me of the letter-writing, orgies can I say, that the whole steamer had on the Golden State just before reaching ports. No paper! No ink, no tables! And then we'd get in before we had all the missives done we had promised ourselves at the last port to do!

By now you are probably at home, after the jolly visit with Aunt Leolyn's family and the tour thru the West and the Grand Canyon. I do hope you found all at the farm well.

I've had a very lovely month and a half here already, and it is slipping away altogether too fast. Already Esther Nelson and I are mourning for more vacation- and here we are specially favored with three full months away and half the time still left! The saying is too true, the more you have the more you want, and, the most privileged are the most discontented.

Two very happy days at Rocky Point with Cleora and Esther Nelson made me almost sorry I wasn't going to be there all summer. But when I got over here and Bobby got used to the new lady whom he tried to take in right off. I was glad I wasn't at Rocky Point. This place here is so much more summery and informal than the cityfied Rocky Point.

At first I did almost nothing but sew, knit, and sit on the porch, and eating and sleeping. At last came a grand day when the ladies asked me over for the day and I donned knickers and trailed over there on donkey-back. A swim and another ride back after dinner and a nap only elated me the more, and I rode right back to meet Maude and came home with her. On the Sat. of that week I went for a trip with Esther, and had a gorgeous time discovering West End. That tired me so I didn't ride or swim again till Dr. Love came up and I had asked him about it.

Yesterday I took my next donkey-ride with five other ladies out to the tiger's den and the Turtle Rock. It is lovely country, and we had a light rain, a good lunch, a fine brunch to set the whole thing off. We were gone from 9 A.M. to 2:15 P.M. with an hour and a half for lunch and rest. I can see a lot of improvement in my endurance, tho I am still shamefully flabby.

I've been swimming twice again before going for the day to Rocky Point twice this week. The water was fine, and I went to the float one day. The Hunters have seen very little as they have either been ill slightly or Jim wasn't here. He came about the first of July, and has been very quiet since. They have played tennis some, but little. When we get started bathing we'll have fun. We've already read quite a bit together and separately and Maude has done a lot of knitting. She is a whiz!

One night before Jim came, Bobby got a kernel of corn up his nose. He told us right off and then a circus started. His mother tried hairpin treatment first, then nose blowing with a cloth held carefully to his nose; then pepper and yarn tickling to make him sneeze, but all to no effect. Poor Bobby got more and more excited, and after every blow, or smell of pepper, he valiantly encouraged his mother by saying "It's coming, it's almost out!" I never shall forget him sitting straight on the edge of a dining room chair, crying hard, his face red with blowing his nose, and trying to prevent another poke of the hair pin by telling his mother it was almost out. After 15 or 20 minutes of effort, Maude took him to Dr. Love. When I met them on the way back, they said Dr. Love took him up and held one nostril and said blow. Out the offending kernel came at first blow.

I am getting quite a bit of satisfaction from your Corona myself. I had a paper to copy, and that with some letters, have gone quickly with the machine. It is very good.

Martha Fenn and Frank Hutchins came to P.T.H. for a week the last of June. They called several times before he left on July 5. They decided I believe, to let the announcement of the engagement go for a while so it is not yet out officially, tho the whole place talks of it. Her brothers are both in Mongolia for the month so she must be having a quiet time.

I've been over to Mrs. Burgess' for supper once, and I am going again tonight. She has just had her roof off as it was not done properly to suit them, and it is just in place again. Friday night Mrs. Chandler gave a dear dinner party to celebrate Madame and Dr. Chandler's wedding anniversary and Mrs. Hubbard's birthday. We got caught in a shower and had great fun wading in the gutters and seeing our way by the light of the lightening flashes. Strange tho, that we didn't get very wet.

The hotel- Oriental Grand Hotel Peitaiho,- has added a second story. I am told since last year, and is nearly done with whitewashing and decorating until four days ago there were no guest and could not have been, for the roomers were not ready. But the "chariot" as Jim calls it, a real coach and one slow bay horse trotted down to the train and back twice every day to meet the trains, and the Delco plant generated electric lights and perfumed the air with kerosene odor for rods around every few nights. Mr. Hubbard's new house down near the flats to the left of Eagle rock (from here) is a beauty. I have only been on the porch but it is a lovely one, and the back looks as well as the front. They are still blasting the well in front of the Hunters, and Bobby enjoys the "feng pau" hugely. It is an inspiration to see the men work. They spend all day draining out the water that the last week's rains put in last night, and send off a blast or two just at dusk. Then they stand around and pass the stones that are pulled out, leisurely, about among themselves, to be finally tossed lazily onto a pile by the last one.

A Finnish boy was drowned on Friday at Rocky Point. He had just been asking money help with an older man at Gould Cottage at 11 A.M. As he had no bathing suit he waited till the crowd had gone, then went in near the rocks, as he couldn't read the sign in English. An old man, Mr. Cannon, I believe, also died that day. He had been in swimming, had a heart attack and died later.

Esther Nelson wants me to go to Korea with her and Cleora for August. So far as expense goes, I don't think it would be out of the question; but I think here I'd be less likely to overdo; and staying in one place is more restful to me anyway than racing round right now.

So far not one word of my visit with you!! As I wrote to Father, I would not have missed that week with you for anything. I enjoyed every minute of it, and I never shall get over my good luck that I could see you at work with the school. I was glad everyone was so taken up with commencement because I could just go with the crowd, and didn't have special engagements that I couldn't have taken then anyway. The rides around Peking I enjoyed too, for it did give me a bit of an idea of the city when I couldn't do more. - By the way, I have ordered my rugs from Mrs. Little, and one large one like the one I didn't get, and one of the round fish bowl rugs are only \$72. by her bill. I'm tickled!- You were too generous on the train coming to P.T.H. and now this check as an additional birthday gift- I thot I'd had mine already! I don't know how to say thank you, but it is much, much appreciated, and your train gift did come in very useful. I only hope you didn't rob your self, and you just starting on a trip!

I did feel sort-a' lonesome as the train took you on, but Maude was so nice and we had such good times together and are still having them, that I've tried not to think too much of how nice it could have been to spend the summer with you. It was good to spend those two days with Cleora too. All the trips I've had so far, I have been owing to Esther Nelson whom I came to know then.

Father writes that the Tappans, one of the bride and groom parties on the Golden State, are coming to be with him on Kuliang. Cleora and I wished they had planned it last summer instead of this so we could all have seen them. They have a little baby that from Father's letter, I judged to be ill or not very well.

Well, I must be getting my nap before church. Dr. Scott spoke the first Sunday. I'd like to hear him read Tennysons- he has such a voice, such an intonation and enunciation. An English Baptist spoke the next Sunday and turned his head so much, it gave us the impression of his turning round and round all the while bodily. His talk was good. Last Sunday a Dr. Bronson from Philadelphia, who was at chauqsha[?] last year, and to be in Peking next year, a giant physically, spoke. The singing to me is the most enjoyable part of the service. On that wonderful porch, with only sky and sea, mostly, to see, and all those voices blending in parts with practically no instrumental guidance- only a baby organ- it is marvelous and stately. When they plan a church here, they should have it with open sides so as to give view of sky and sea, an open air church.

I hope you got well rested on your journey, and are enjoying to the full all the farm summer products, and the canning and cake-making and auto rides, etc. The gardens here are wonderful and a surprise, too. My best love to all at the Farm and a special hug and kiss for Nancy and Stephen and Ruth when you see them next. A restful and happy summer to you, and very much love from, Phebe K.

I am sending the snaps of our last summer's family that we took that last day. They are very poor, but you may like to have them. P.K.B.

All the things I found among the papers etc. in that basket when I got here! I didn't realize I was getting so many stamps and other nice things; and I thank you again just heaps for the hand-me-downs. Maude is tickled with her stove, and has used it here. You made lots of people happy, when you gave away or sold your things, but you made an awful big hole when you left Tunghsien! I'm still hearing about it from many quarters.

*[This letter, dated **July 14, 1924**, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his father. There has been flooding in Foochow. He tells about the different people who were supposed to live with him for the summer. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Kuliang, Foochow, China.
July 14th 1924

Dear Father:-

This letter I am addressing to you altho it is for all. I am enclosing (1) a letter from Phebe K. which I would like to have forwarded to Ellen after Gould and Mary and the rest if you have read it. (2) a Montgomery Ward order for a fountain pen. This I want for Phebe's Christmas present. She lost hers in Shanghai (3) a letter of "Appreciation" from one of my students. [See letter dated August 11, 1924] You might send this on to Ellen. She may raise her estimate of her husband after reading it. It is a very good illustration of the mind of a certain class of Chinese students.

I have just finished reading the Sentinels that came in the last home mail- up to June 4. In one of them I found the notice of Scoville Lyon's death. It is not often that I waste time in reading murder trials. But the Frank murder in Chicago is unique. The first page of the Ansonia Sentinel is well selected- arranged and written. I find news on nearly every first page.

This year two very big floods kept me in Foochow till last Tuesday = July 8. I do not remember that I ever came to Kuliang so late. However the weather was cool- comparatively- in Foochow and I could do as I pleased most of the time and I got a good rest for ten days before coming up. Mr. and Mrs. LeMay and three small children are with me. I rented my extra room to Dr. Stewart of Shaowu then some of the people up there thought it would be nicer if the Shaowu families could be in different houses while here on Kuliang- so I sent Dr. Stewart to another house. Then Miss Abel of the Meth. Mission took the room. The day after this was settled came a letter from a Mrs. Tappan of Hainan, an island South East of Hong Kong. So I got rid of Miss Abel and wrote the Tappan's to come day before yesterday. Mrs. Tappan wrote that a missionary of their mission (Am. Presbyterian) living in a station alone with his wife and four small children had been killed by bandits. Mr. Tappan must stay to settle. So my room is empty now.

Mission meeting began last Wednesday. It may close next Wed. Yesterday I preached at the Union Service here. The church was nearly full- in spite of a very heavy shower that stopped just as people were starting for church.

Phebe's letter will show that she must be improving. Mary's letter from Honolulu came today. I'm glad she had a good rest on board after leaving Yokohama. Tunghsien will miss her immensely. Dr. Goertz and Beaches and Newells do not say much more about sending their children to Tunghsien- "Now that Miss Beard is not there." They even suggest that Phebe stay there and teach so they can feel that their children can have a Beard to take care of them.

You are right in the midst of haying- how I'd like to get on the machine and the rake and the load. There will be less ground to mow now that the land across the road is sold.

Have you forgotten that you sent me a fine large thick wash cloth last Christmas? I have sort of used it for best until now. I have brought it to Kuliang and use it every morning with great pleasure- But one question comes to my mind every time I use it= What shall I do when this is worn out? Must I go back to the thin Chinese cloths again?

I am putting up a small new building on the College grounds to be used by the Y.M.C.A. and to make two recitation rooms. I wanted to go down to see it tomorrow. First I must wait till Wed. Mission meeting drags.

I hope Mary is with you before this. I have thought of her and you all much during these days. She will almost look for Mother and Elizabeth- and she will take days to accustom herself to the changes but she will bring sunshine and comfort and real help in every way to you all.

I received Gould's letter about tea in the last mail. I shall not send more till I receive a definite order. I want to know specially how the little oblong tins sold. It looks to me from his letter as if the round tins went the best. I think of you all the time in reference to your operation dear Boy.- Where are mother and the girls this summer. May the loving Father keep you and us always giving out good will so as to help Him make this world better.

With oceans of love to all Will.

[This letter, dated August 3, 1924, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Ben and Phebe M. He is on Kuliang and has a family of five living with him and a single woman will be arriving soon. Willard comments about the cars owned back home. Mary is on her way back to the U.S. Gould will have a hernia operation. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

Kuliang Foochow
August 3- 1924

Dear Ben and Phebe [*Phebe M.*]:-

August 2 and 3 always brings to my mind a picture of our old buggy with its slanting back behind the seat, drawn by old Fan going down the lane. Just showing above the back of the seat were the heads of you two. You were starting to White Hills to visit Grandpa and Grandma Nichols, from whom you were both named. You must have been about 9 and 11 years old. Congratulations- and many happy birthdays of usefulness to follow these of 1924.

I am enclosing a letter from Phebe K. which came last night. I think Gould will still be with you or in the vicinity when this reaches you, and Geraldine may be somewhere about. Please let others read Phebe's letter and then get it into the hands of some one of my immediate family so Ellen and the children will all see it. Phebe must be much improved or Dr. Love would not advise her to go to Korea.

Here in my own home or rather house on Kuliang I am living a very quiet life this summer- quite in contrast to a year ago. Mr. and Mrs. LeMay, David 5 years today. Miriam and Rebecca 6 mos. are with me and Miss Margie V. Phillips is to arrive Tuesday from the Philippines. She comes to teach in Foochow College, and will have a room in my cottage until school opens.

Since coming to Kuliang July 9th I have been down once a week to Foochow. We are putting up a small addition to the College buildings and painting all the buildings this summer and it pays to be around once in a while. Then with a faculty of forty members there are always changes to be made. Yesterday I engaged one man and a week ago two men.

Word came from some place that you had a new car- a Rolls Royce- was it? and Oliver had a new car, and the last mail brought news that Elbert drove a new Chandler out of the factory in Cleveland and took it East full of Kinneys, Humes and Beards. If new cars are any criterion of your business prosperity, you fellows must be getting along fairly well. My best conveyance is a pair of 60 year old legs. Yesterday I rode down the mountain on the backs of four men- walked across the plain and took a ricksha at the city gate. A ricksha took me 1/3 the way to the mountain foot. A chair with two men the rest of the way and I walked up the mountain. It cost me \$1.10 to ride about 3 mi. How would you like to carry passengers at that rate?

Phebe's last letter brought one from Mary written at sea and mailed at Honolulu. I am very glad she could go back to Santa Barbara and also that she could see the Grand Canyon. I did not get entranced with the Sante Fe route when I came out in 1912. The chief impressions the trip left on my mind were mountain sides covered sparsely with stubby firs, skeletons of Texas long horned steers and great plateaus of grass with flocks of sheep grazing. Each of the other routes is much more interesting. But the Grand Canyon will make up in interest for Mary.

The next two weeks here will be interesting for those who have work in Evangelistic or Education lines. This week the Convention and the Evangelistic Conference comes. Next week the Annual Meeting or Conference of the Education Association. The Tennis Tournament begins this week. I have promised to act as Chairman of the Evangelistic Conference.

Never have I seen so much wet weather in July as this year. We have not had three nice pleasant days in succession. Last Tuesday evening and night over 3 ½ inches of rain fell. I hope it means no typhoon this summer.

You are all finished with getting hay in Newtown and Father is thru with his haying. It must make a deal of difference with his work not to have the Blackman farm. I hope you, Phebe are getting some rest. With Mary at home I hope to see you fold your hands occasionally, or take a vacation and go to Putnam and Pearl River,- run about and see your nieces put their pupils thru their liver squeezing stunts.

For whom will you vote Ben- Calvin seems to be pretty wise. He knows how to keep his mouth closed at any rate. As some one put it "his 'fecundity of ideas and frugality of expression' commend him to the people." Do you remember Dr. Pierce who preached in Newtown thirty years ago? He preached my ordination sermon in the Huntington Church Sept. 11, 1894. His son Jason Noble Pierce is pastor of the First Congregational Church in Washington D.C. He preaches to Calvin Coolidge, the Sec'y of the Navy, the Attorney General and will (?) preach to the Vice President when Dawes goes to Washington (!) Pray that he may keep his feet on the ground, from all I hear Davis is a good man- but I'm afraid Mrs. Davis will not be the first lady of the land next year.

What is Wells doing? I have not heard from him in a long time. I think of Daniel as in High School and of Edith as a sweet girl getting to be about 16. And Mrs. Mayor Beard presides over the whole household with her usual sweet dignity.

The Sentinel has many good words to say about Mr. Wilhelm and his good work in the Shelton Church. I judge he is helping things to move there.

Gould wrote that he was likely to have his operation for hernia in New Haven. I think of him as perhaps getting over it now. It is one of the hardest things I have to hear- to be on the other side of the world when my own are passing thru those serious times. I have to make an effort to realize that Mother and Elizabeth are not going and coming with you as formerly. And it was hard to think that I could not be of any comfort to Geraldine last November.- But it is not quite so bad, for in spirit I am with each of you every day, and I have a talk with God about each of you every day. So I know that in whatever need you are today I have talked with God about you on that very day and have asked Him to give you whatever you needed for that days successful living.

With love to you

Will.

*[This letter dated **August 14, 1924** was written from Pearl River, NY by Kathleen to Ellen. Kathleen asks whether Ellen has decided to send her to Northfield. She talks about some big news event in Putnam and that she is bored and ready to get away from Pearl River. Original letter is in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Pearl River N.Y.

August 14, 1924.

Dearest Mother mine;

I have waited for a letter from you but it didn't come so I am writing again. Have you decided to send me to Northfield or not? Have you written to see if I can get in? I would like to know also when school starts up there. I hope not very early for it will take some time to get ready. If you decide to send me remember to pack all my things up that I have there. If I leave here two weeks early I will go to Putnam in a little over a week. The summer seems so short so I look back upon it but it seemed awfully long at the beginning.

Aunt Myra and Uncle Stanley went out to dinner tonight so Ruth, Nancy and I ate alone. I put the children to bed fairly early so as to write you.

You probably heard about the great calamity in Putnam. The New York papers are full of it so evidently it was a pretty serious matter. I don't exactly understand about how it happened but I have a faint inkling. It must have been an awful blow to Putnam and especially to the Gilpatric family. I feel very sorry for them and for Mr. Gilpatric having to spend the rest of his life blind and probably in prison. [*G. Harold Gilpatric was cashier of the wrecked First National Bank of Putnam and former State Treasurer. He was charged with embezzling \$100,000.*]

Do try to get to Putnam as soon as you can and write me so soon as you go. I long to get away from here. It is so dull I can hardly stand it but I live on in expectation and even that isn't very definite.

Aunt Flora is coming here to spend the week end this Saturday. She has been at New York all summer studying and she finishes this week. I don't think Aunt Myra anticipates the visit very much but she is coming so that is all there is to it.

Don't send this letter along to anyone because it is only for your eyes.

I am out of news and paper now so will have to stop. Very lovingly

Kathleen

Dorothy gets a job in Saginaw working as girls' physical education teacher at North Intermediate. It is here where she meets Harold C. "Whitey" Newberg, a blonde headed math teacher from Galesburg, Illinois at the same school.

*[This letter, dated **August 17, 1924**, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Phebe M. He talks about life on Kuliang this summer and his hour long stumbling trek in a typhoon at night trying to walk a ten minute hike back to his house from the Belchers. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Kuliang Foochow China.
August 17th 1924

Dear Phebe:-

This means all at Century Farm and all who look to it as home. By the time this reaches you the summer will be over and teachers, students and visitors will have gone and you will be just the family. I cannot help thinking how different from last year. Mother and Elizabeth will not be there to say good bye to those who leave this year. I take a lot of comfort in the thought that Mary is there. Her last card was the one showing the Grand Canyon. The few sentences that these scenic postals allow looked as if she was enjoying the trip- and had pleasant companions.

Last evening a good letter came from Marjorie. She seemed to be enjoying her summer. I have not heard from the other members of the family since they left Oberlin after the reunion. I can place all but Ellen and Geraldine. Ellen did not write what she planned to do. Geraldine I thought had rather a heavy schedule, but if she took it easy she could get rest. I liked Dorothys bobbed hair very much. Several have done it here on Kuliang this summer. Mrs. Le May among others, and Margaret Bissonnette. I approve.

The Bathing Pool is very fine and popular this year from the beginning of the season until last Wed. Aug. 13. We did not have three consecutive pleasant days. Some days over 4 in. of water fell. - Last Sunday, Monday and Tuesday terrific showers came that threatened to wash the mountain into the sea. The Chinese say that three days- and there are always three days- of showers like these bring a spell of good weather. It is true this time.

Last evening we gave the "Crucifixion" by Stainer. Mr. O'dell came up from Foochow to sing the tenor. Mr. Morgan took the bass- Mrs. Cartwright played very acceptable. Mr. Blakeney led. I think it was the best Cantata we have ever given. Both Friday and Saturday evenings were clear and the moon was full and Kuliang- Chinese and foreigners were uplifted by the services. There is a feeling= you know it- that something good has been done.

Monday evening:- I wish you could be here with me. Ask Mary to tell you how a Kuliang evening seems- one so quiet and calm that an ordinary lamp stands on the table on my veranda with scarcely a flicker. - The sky aglow with stars, - the moon about to peep up over the eastern horizon- and I must add one other condition that she will hardly recognize from any of her experiences here- I am all alone- supper eaten and writing on the veranda. It is the first such evening this year since I came up.

A week ago last Tuesday, in a typhoon wind Miss Phillips arrived here- direct from Manila. She is to teach in Foochow College this coming year. Her introduction to Kuliang was rather strenuous- a typhoon wind to come up the mountain in and three days of rain with no sun after that and four days following with very hard showers, before she saw good weather.

I have been down to Foochow four times since I came up July 9. And the only riding I have done has been a chair down to the foot once and up the mountain once, with a few stretches on the plain. I am building a small addition to Smith Hall= our recitation hall 27 X 41 feet 2 stories and I like to see it occasionally. Then the problem of faculty is always up- the engaging of teachers is termly= each term.

Swimming is fine this season with lots of pleasant companions. Miss Sawyer who went to Hong Kong with you Mary last year is among them. She asked after you Mary, - if your arms were well. Tennis tournament is on. Dr. Montgomery leads as yet. Hykes [*hikes*] are popular- several ladies walked to the Tea Gardens today, starting at 5 a.m. eating breakfast on the way. I should have gone if it had not been for the Council Meeting. We are to build a new Club house this year. I am on the building committee. Did I write that we have the same cook this year that we had in 1915 when Flora and Mary were here? I think I did for I remember writing about the depredation of his little son- with Mary's National Geographic.

Phebe wrote last from Seoul, Korea, where she seemed to be enjoying herself, - altho she wrote that she was resting while the others were running about sight seeing.

I am thinking daily of Gould and wondering if he is just about now having his operation. I am also wondering if he comes in for a share in the Soldier's Bonus and for how much. If he does get some it will come in handy for him. By the way some time when you write will you tell me the state of my Liberty Bonds. When must they be taken up? I think I have already written that I would like them put into the Derby Savings Bank or the Bridgeport Savings Bank. I mean of course the value of them.

How you must enjoy the electric lights. No more cleaning of lamps- no more waiting for the sitting room lamps to "come up". "Turn on the light" and it is done. I congratulate you. I suppose you have lights in the barns and the garage also. And now you will have an electric washer and lots of other things. Father will be getting an electric milker. You'll put electricity into the hen roost to keep the hens laying nights as well as days.

Two weeks ago I was out for dinner at the London Mission house. I went over by the Belcher house- where Miss Armstrong lived last summer. When I came back my lantern blew out just back of the Belcher house. I never before knew what it was to be out on a rough hill alone in the dark. There was a real typhoon wind blowing and it rained in sheets. I felt my way along, thinking how fortunate it was that I had built that road and that I was I and not some man or woman strange to the hill. I crept or rather shuffled along, fell into the potatoe fields two or three times, but kept one hand or foot on the stone road. A flash of lightening revealed a stretch of path before me with steps. I thought they were the steps leading from my well to Miss Peters house and I made the most of the light. But in the darkness I found myself up against the Belcher house typhoon wall again. I had turned around in the wind and rain and dark without knowing it and had gone back. Then I gathered my thoughts and decided that I must take the wind for my guide and keep my face to the N.E. wind. I crept very slowly- not taking a foot off the ground. Mary will remember that the path runs in a semi circle around or along a terris just above my well,- a misstep would send me down ten feet= at one place right into the well. I never realized how sinuous that path was or how many cross ditches for the water to run across there were. I was wearing rubber boots and carrying a pair of shoes- one of these fell from under my arm. In one of my falls I broke the handle of my umbrella. The rain had wet me to the skin. But I had at last reached home.- I was just one hour going home- a ten minute walk. The next morning I put on my bathing suit and walked over and picked up the lost shoe. One leg got well sprained, so it is just now almost well after almost two weeks.

I think of all you dear people very often. It is lonely here with none of my own people with me. But I have much to do and little time to think of my loneliness. God has been very good to us all and is good still. Mother and Elizabeth and James and Ruth are very precious in memory. It is very pleasant to think of wife and children and father and brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces- all helpers in making the world a happier place for people to live in.

Very lovingly yours

Willard

I see I have presumed much on Mary's knowledge of Kuliang to help you understand this.

[This letter, dated August 24, 1924, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Mary. Kuliang has a record number of residents this summer. He has gone on some beautiful hikes and picnics on the mountain. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

Kuliang, Foochow, China
August 24- 1924.

Dear Mary:-

Day before yesterday brought your good letter. Gould's with one from Ellen to Kathleen came in the same mail, also one from Mr. Aton of Sioux City- whose baby I baptized last summer- you remember.

I enclose the card for the Bank as you request and thank you and Father for the trouble of doing the business. I wrote Phebe only a few days ago- so there is not much new to write.

Last Thursday Aug. 12 I went to Foochow and came back Friday. I saw several men- teachers, pastors, carpenters, masons, etc., rode in rickshas, but heard no news. Before I got to my house here- along by the Club, I heard there was a battle in Foochow and the war was to begin in a few days up river- so if you read about all these things in the papers do not get scared for perhaps they did not occur.

Thursday, Aug. 28-

This is my vacation week on Kuliang- Monday morning we went over to Raven Rock and ate breakfast- a delightful morning and very pleasant time. You will recall the place. Tuesday afternoon we went to Moon Temple. No slow one a long this time. Just as we reached the temple a shower began- way over across the river. Below were the angry black clouds, then above them the white fleecy clouds and resting on these the most beautiful bank of rainbow colors that I ever saw. We sat down way out on the point and ate lunch. Just before we were finished, the shower came so close that we had to go inside and finish. We went way thru to a shed or porch just built on this year. Then it began to hail. I never saw hail in such quantities. The stones were nearly ½ in. in diameter and they fell in such quantities as I never saw before. They fell on the sloping rocks and bounded all over- shooting in to the place where we were. The rainbow and these hail stones were unique in my experience. The rain stopped just as we wanted it to and we left for home, and a nice cool walk home- arriving just at dark. To day we went over to Ox Head fort for breakfast- about a dozen.

Kuliang has a record number of residents this year. 263 adults, 147 children. I never enjoyed the bathing more, and very many people are of the same mind. August 30th you see for yourself that this is my vacation week-

this is the third whack at this letter. Yesterday 13 of us went to the Monastery. The day was perfect- not as hot as when we went in 1915. We left at 7 a.m. and got back at 7 p.m. Miss Nutting sprained her ankle just before she began to come down the steep bad road= a few rods above the place where Flora came so near keeling over in 1915. We had three chairs with us. Two were ahead- the one with us broke one of its poles a little time before the ankle turned, and the coolies could not carry her anyway. I helped her down and the other chairs were waiting at the foot of this steep, bad place so she got home all right.

Day after tomorrow I plan to go down for three days. We have the first Faculty meeting of the term Monday, Sept. 1 and examine new students on Wednesday. Then I want to come back Wed. p.m. or Thurs. a.m. and stay till Sept 8 (School starts Sept. 11). Monday when I go down for good= take my chickens down. That rooster that you gave me has about 50 sons and daughters that I know of. There are nearly 30 here on the mountain.

Edith Goertz and Francis Beach go to Shanghai School this term. Dwight Newell goes to Tunghsien. Miss Funk engaged to a widower with five children= the manager or registrar of the C.L.M. school at Chefoo. The Bedients are glad over the birth of a daughter last Sunday evening. Did I write you that the Wiants adopted a little boy at home two years ago and now they are too happy to keep still about the prospect of one of their own about Christmas. The St. Clairs are looking for another in January. I must close this and do some work today. I hope Gould is all right from his operation, that you are all well and happy. With love to all Will

[This letter, dated Sept. 14, 1924, was written from Shanghai, China by Phebe K. to Mary. Phebe tells about her adventures in Pei Tai Ho and her camping trip to Korea with friends. After coming back she toured Peking and saw the palaces and temples. She is delayed in Shanghai on her way back to Foochow because of a war in Shanghai. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

Missionary Home.

Shanghai.

Sept. 14, 1924

Dear Aunt Mary,

Last night I brought my writing case down planning to write you after dinner. Then the Legers were in a talkative mood so I exercised my jaws instead of my fingers last night. I am waiting till time to go to church at the Anglican place now, so this won't be finished at one sitting.

Your letters and cards have come so delightfully often, they have been a joy thru the summer. Your last one reached me at Teng Shih K'ou, the one written at the farm when Aunt Phebe was in Putnam. So many people have asked me if you were coming back, and so many have asked for you in general.

I wrote you about the middle of July how I was enjoying the Hunters, the bathing, the donkey riding etc. I took several donkey trips with Esther Nelson, finishing up the last week in July with a ride to the Sand Dunes. We two went alone, and at Eagle Rock the donkey men begged off, so we had the fun of running our own beasts. We got into two rotten places but got out, then tied our donkeys and walked over the dunes. We had a fine ride back and readied the shallow of Eagle Rock again, when Esther's beast went into a mudhole all over. I shouted to her to get off, and then after two or three futile efforts to get out, the poor donkey settled back as if it were a bad job. Two men happened to be fishing in the creek nearby, so we called to them to help us. I was rather pleased that my crude Mandarin made them move. They picked the donkey's feet out one by one, then boosted him from behind, and got him up. After discovering a way across the stream that was solid they led my donkey across. It was quite an adventure, and we were thankful to deliver both beasts to the men alive, if muddy. It was their own fault that the accident happened so they had no business to be as angry as they were.

About the last week of July, Esther and Cleora asked me to go to Korea for that camping trip with them. I held off for a while because of strength and finances, but Dr. Love finally said I was O.K. and I fixed the other up with Fondina[?], so I got my emergency passport in five days from first proceeding and went. As floods at Antung had cut the rails, and as Esther was determined to start on Saturday, we took train to Tientsin and boat to Dairen. Cleora and I went second class to Tientsin at night, and we had some funny passengers. I sat with a young German who seemed to think I was his pillow; so I took some punch bag practice with my elbow on him. A tall Chinese who looked a red Indian amused us by sleeping with his mouth open, by buying apples and varnished chickens, and handling them all over with caressing motions. It was sickening.

Cleora got us around Dairen very easily. We found the Y.M. after quite a search, and finding their rooms unsuitable for ladies, we were sent to an American Hotel- run by Russians. The experience was rare! A tall dope-fiend porter gave us one room between the four of us, as it was safer in this men's boarding house. All the linen had to be changed, a cot and one of ours added to the furniture; and all - "Eata, drinka, sleepa, everything four dollars one day". Our food was excellent and plentiful and they served us obsequiously.

Twenty-four hours have passed since I have written the above, but I'll catch my thread and go on. As there was no boat connection as we hoped, from Dairen to Wensan, we found the trains turning again, and took the Muckden-Seoul route, with just enough time in Muckden for us to be glad we had no more. At Seoul we stayed with a M.E. doctor, Van Buskirk and his wife for two days. They were courteous, and that's about all; but we saw something of the town- a beautifully situated one, and most interesting; and got our supplies for the month. Mr. Yun had told us that only potatoes, rice, and eggs could be got there at Onseiri, so we had five cases of food. The night that we moved on we picked up four more Peking ladies who were on their way to Onseiri. They were going to the Van Buskirks, but we urged them to join us, and that meant eight people and their baggage for Cleora to see thru. Tho Esther Nelson was supposed to be well, she didn't run her party.

So the next A.M. we landed at Wensan breakfastless, Finding a Chinese-speaking porter, Cleora left all baggage with him to get to the boat that left at 6 P.M., and we took two Fords and spent the day at the kadi[?]. On the way out, the other Ford ran over a dog and killed it and our breakfast was a series of deluges, beginning with eggs in all stages of freshness, and going thru cereal for 10, coffee and tea for more than 8 etc. I never hope to eat such a meal again.

When we got settled on the little coast steamer with two cot beds out and our ratons[?] fixed for beds, and our provisions piled near, Esther took a picture of us and our things. Later the other girls did too, and just as the boat started the officer, having heard of our infringement of rules in a Jap. port, came and demanded our films. After much talk, one of the other four tore her film in bits, gave it to the officer, and he threw it overboard. Too much trouble to get ours so we have some nice pictures off them.

Our trip was fine, except that it ended at 3 A.M. instead of 6 as we thot. After we were waked by the whistle a porter informed us "You must get off. Onseiri near." So in the dark we packed ratons and beds, counted our sixteen pieces and finally got off into the scows that took us over the calm back water to shore. After our hour or more of talking thru a fine Korean boy who could speak a bit of English, we got two Fords to take us to the camp eight miles in the mountains and an ox cart for all our luggage. Just as the sun rose we started at a real Japanese pace, over good roads, and the ride was lovely in the fresh morning. We woke Mr. Yun in his courtyard at five, and before seven he had got us a fire, in a kerosene oil tin, got hot water, and eggs, and we had breakfasted and washed in the stream that rushed by the house.

We settled that day in two tiny Japanese-like rooms, and all summer, we cooked our own food on the kerosene oil tin stove, ate on a low Japanese table, washed clothes, hair, bodies in the soft stream water, and just rested. Esther and Mabel Silsby the other girl, a stenographer in the A.B.C.F.M. office in Tientsin took the round trip, tramping eight days in the Diamond Mountains, the New Kongo trip. They came back dead tired but elated; and Cleora cooked waffles or hot cakes enough for seven people eight each, that evening they got in. From about ten till four we were feeding and re-settling that tramping crowd, and getting our own dinner.

I did very little cooking as Cleora and Esther enjoyed it so that I hated to deprive them of the privilege of doing it! We had very good food and I gained so fast that Cleora threatens to charge Father at the rate of \$10 per pound as he did her last summer.

I took a few trips but stayed pretty still. Parties were going thru all the time for the long trips, so we saw many people. We were able to get some fresh vegetables and fruits, too, so got along very nicely, especially with three Korean meals.

Cleora and I came home early as I was hoping to go home with Priscilla. I saw the Altar and Temple of Heaven, the Observatory, the Summer and Winter Palaces, and the Confucian and Llama temples. Cleora gave me a ticket that Mr. Exuer[?] gave her to the Confucian worship at which Wellington too officiated or substituted for the President, so it was a great privilege to go besides seeing the temple. The people I went with were very pleasant, and the places were just too beautiful to describe. I am so overwhelmed by them that I really don't remember them well, and want to go back some time and see more and again. They overreached my expectations and gave me a new conception and appreciation of the Chinese. Cleora was a very efficient thotful hostess, and I am glad to have spent my time in Peking with her. I had to take things slowly because I wasn't awfully strong when there.

Then came the war at Shanghai, and I foolishly stayed on till I had to come by Nanking train, and on to Shanghai by boat. As our boat was taken the first day for soldiers, we were delayed a day, and not knowing it, waited all day and missed seeing the city! I got there to find the McClures, the Legers, Miss Thomas and many others waiting for a boat back to Foochow so I have company tomorrow when I go. They came on the Pres. Cleveland which I passed in the river coming in and saluted as an old friend. Mrs. Newell passed thru on her way to the N.C.A.S. as matron to the girls, a very recent plan and she takes both her children and two others up. Edith Goertz comes here, and I brought her trunk down with me. Her father is here settling her and she has just had a cold, poor kid. My paper is giving out, so I'll have to write more later. I am going to supper with the Legers to Daisy Brown's tonight. As Priscilla couldn't buy your Corona, I used it, and left it for Jim to sell at P.T.H. I got \$65 for it

so that is the history of your Corona. I was glad to have it for two months. I am crazy to see my Peking rugs on my room floor. I am strong and nothing physically the matter, but seem to have a mental habit of being ill that I shall overcome this winter. I'm glad to get back. Lots of love to all.

Phebe K.

Wish you had been here for the camping trip and the P.T.H. time.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **September 29, 1924**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. They have had a lot of rain this summer at Kuliang. A rumored war in Foochow did not happen. Phebe is back from her trip to N. China and Korea. School starts with a new teacher, Mr. Hightower and a smaller enrollment. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

September 29th. 1924.

Dear Folks at Home:-

It is 8:00 a.m. Monday. I want to get this off today so I'll begin it now and finish it sometime before the mail goes.

The business that I want to get into this is (1) I am enclosing an order for \$100 on the Derby Savings Bank. I think I must have that amount there by this time, and I would like you to get it and send a check to Gould (M. Gould Beard, 508 Hill St. Ann Arbor, Mich.) for that amount. His birthday is Nov. 13 and I would like the check to reach him for that date if possible. Since he left for the army in 1918 I have not helped him a cent and I know he is very desirous to graduate next June and it will take more than he can see now in money to do it. To my mind he has done pretty well to pull along as far as this. (I must leave now for the Faculty Meeting)

3:15 p.m. The second piece of business is that I am enclosing a \$2.00 bill for part payment for the pen you so kindly ordered from Montgomery Ward's. I have received a postal that the order has been received.

The summer is over and every one is at least on the road back to his work. At Kuliang the season was very peculiar. During July we had a lot of rain. Not more than two consecutive days of pleasant weather. This went into August for about five days. Then we had three weeks of perfect weather, - not a drop of rain. This is the time when most of the Amoy people come up and they had a grand time. Tennis flourished, so did Kushan parties and other hikes. Then the rain came again and it has not stopped yet. Today is rainy. The war between Somebody and Somebody caused some trepidation but nothing happened. The people who go up river were delayed a few days but as far as we hear they are going up without any experiences. Boats are very high and they are scarce. Many were divested of all oars and such and sunk rather than have the army get them. One Shaowu party had to wait while the boat men raised their boats and put in the oars etc. Foochow itself has been quiet and it is prosperous. There are more old stores being torn down and rebuilt than usual. And the new ones are very nice. Many of the roads have been newly macadamized this summer.

School has opened very quietly with about 50 less students than usual. This we intended for we had more than we could care for last term. Most of the schools have been giving the boys a holiday on Confucius' birthday. This year the heads of mission schools, decided it was not a good thing. The boys held idolitrous services. All the schools but one had classes as usual. Our boys did not like the order and they have offered a mute objection by refusing to sing in chapel. Thus far I have said nothing.

A week ago Thursday I engaged two motor launches and one house boat and went down to meet 6 McClures, 5 Legers, 2 Farleys, Misses Thomas, Neeley, Messrs. Goertz, Thelin and Mrs. Beach and Phebe. Quite a party went down to meet the returning and new ones. It was some job to get them and their baggage all up. I finished the day's work at about 10:30 p.m.

Phebe is looking much better and is now taking full work in the school, but not any of the thousand things outside. She has had a very interesting summer. Cleora Wannamaker was with her all the time in Korea. While in Peking she met Mr. and Mrs. Tappan who were to have the other room in my house on Kuliang. They have engaged the room for next summer. And Cleora is talking of coming down. We were very sedate in our house this summer.

I have not yet had letters telling of the disposal of my family for the fall term. Gould is at Ann Arbor. Marjorie at Oberlin, a Freshman, Geraldine at South River, N.J. Where Ellen, Dorothy and Kathleen are I have not heard.

Mr. Raymond Hightower should have reached Shanghai yesterday. He is coming to teach in Foochow College. The College has to pay all his salary and travelling expenses. It may bankrupt us but with the two

Christians gone I was the only man among these 500 boys and the teaching is more than I can carry with all the committee work that falls to me. Miss Margie V. Phillips who came over from Manila is working in finely. She is one of the kind that sees the best of every thing and does not complain. Mr. Neff got back from the Philippines last Friday. He is in Diong Loh.

I want to again thank you for the Sentinels. They keep me in touch with a big area in Connecticut. And that first page is a good world news page. I rather miss the folding them up again and sending them on to Mary in North China. They also form a connecting link with you, for every mail I think that you have thought of me, and it makes a pleasant thought.

Mary has gotten into the life of the home again- not used to it but accommodating herself to it. I cannot picture the home without mother and Elizabeth there. But these changes were expected, they are right and we would not have them otherwise. At the same time they make us pause and think and readjust ourselves. God spared Mother to us thru a long and active and very profitable life and He spared Elizabeth much longer than we thought possible some years ago. I like to think of Phebe and Mary in the home and enjoying themselves, with enough to do but not overworking. I hope this is a true picture.

Very lovingly

Will

That washcloth you sent last Christmas is a dandy. I use it for best-- if that means anything to you. I hope you repeat this present next Christmas.

[This letter, dated Oct. 5, 1924, was written from Foochow, China by Phebe K. to Gould. She is back at work at Wen Shan Girls School but there are more teachers to carry the load now. She talks about her trip back to Foochow and it's difficulties because of war. She hopes he has recuperated from his surgery (probably hernia). She also hopes that Ellen can get back to China next year to help Willard. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Wen Shan Girls School
Foochow, China

Oct. 5, 1924.

Dear Gould,

Here it is nearly your birthday again, and I head under heels in work as usual, so that letters go only about one a week. But this year is different from last fall; - Eunice Thomas is here to be a balance wheel, and there are four of us to carry our school and heavy social duties. Also, I am freer of work, only having two grammar classes, one in Chinese Bible, two in singing and 22 music (organ and piano) pupils.

There- how's that for telling all the important news in one breath? Now I can wish you many successful years after this one which you celebrate on Nov. 13, and much happiness now and thru the years. Your letters that are forwarded by the family have been a great joy and an assistance in keeping up with you in all your social activity with the family, and your work. I do hope the parasols were a real financial assistance to you, and that the price I suggested hasn't lost your face. Of course they cost here only about a dollar silver- 79 cents or 80 cents gold. Your last letter to Father about the farm, I read this morning lying on my rattan day bed in my pretty room where I am now writing this. In the middle of the floor is my new Peking rug covered with butterflies swarming about a peach tree. If you get married when I come home two years from now, perhaps I might be willing to part with it to you in honor of that event. I had such fun and anxiety about getting it down from Peking. But it is here safe now. It is not large only 5' X 7'.

My last letter home, I fear was from Korea, a month ago. Cleora and I came down alone, leaving Esther and Mabel Silsby to come alone. At Peking I had ten days to see the beautiful, spacious palaces and buildings which have given me a new love, appreciation and hope in the Chinese. Their Altar of Heaven is the most beautiful and significant thing in the world to me.

Newspapers are a species all their own here. While I was in Peking the war between Chili and Chekiang started. As we got news three days old at best I didn't know if it was safe to go or not. To begin with, our Foochow wars have never hindered us from travel, so I just never dreamed that I couldn't go when I got ready. From Monday to Wednesday I enjoyed myself; then suddenly learned that no trains were going to Shanghai. By Thursday I got tickets to Nanking, and left Saturday morning with postals bestowed at the last minute by the anxious ladies, so that they might here *[hear]* from me at strategic points along the way. At Nanking I expected to be met by Miss Steele-Brooke who was moving there from Foochow. As she hadn't arrived, I called all my Mandarin (quite an imposing littleness, I assure you!) to use, telephoned the Y.W., made the coolies contract my baggage from two carriages into one, and went to the Bridge House Hotel where we had to stay two nights. All day Monday we waited for a China

Merchants Boat that we later learned had been commandeered for soldiers. But at 6 the next morning the girl who was going with me and I were waked and informed that the boat was in, the soldiers were getting off at Nanking, and that we could go and board at once. This we did.

I never was gladder in my life to get out of a place. My money was running short, and my bank was in Shanghai; I had no friends there – and really you find even acquaintances are a real comfort when you are deprived of them. I was lucky to have picked up this long, lank, bobbed haired girl, who was going around the world alone by the Dollar Line boats, to travel with. She annexed a big-headed young Texan who was six months old in China, and knew it all, and was telling her some marvelous things about the dear old country. Well, if we missionaries never rubbed elbows with any but missionaries, we'd grow awful queer; and I really was glad of a change in companions for a while. It is interesting tho to see how thick men and women of the modern type can be while thrown together and, how easily they drop each other on getting way to Shanghai. She went to the Astor House at \$12 per day. I to the Missionary House at \$3. Some dif!

There I met the Legers, the McClures, Mr. Goertz, and others, notably Mr. Thelin our new single man, coming to Foochow. After several long days of waiting the Sign Shi with four coolies and beds for 12 people started down with a passenger list of 23 foreigners. We slept on cots and in the dining saloon and hugely enjoyed our escapade. Our reception at Foochow was grander than usual with half the population to meet us, and two private launches under Father's supervision to bring us up river.

After a summer of travel it surely felt good to settle down for a season. I've got to find a place here yet, in spite of having a schedule, that things are working around very well. I am practicing some, so I hope to be able to play a bit when I come home. We started right in on dinners with Lucy Lanktree's birthday as our first excuse. As specially unusual guests we had Mr. Thelin and George Ratliffe, a young English business man who is fond of Priscilla Holton. Mr. Thelin was put by me, and from his actions then and since on the tennis court my family have found much promise and material for teasing me. Really it is rather fun since he is quite evidently not eligible. He is very nice, a growing man and fun, but people don't love to order.

When I left Foochow I told Father not to be surprised if I cut my hair before returning. Tho I had plenty of invitations to have it done I still have it all, and can't yet get the courage to say good bye to the ends. Dot's is very pretty and I do think Marjorie ought to cut hers just while it's the style. If she wants it long when she graduates there's lots of time for it to grow before four years are done. I'd do it in a minute if I were in college. Lots of people have done it here.

Father is well, but is working awfully hard. He has Miss Phillips from the Phillipines and a new man, Mr. Hightower, is coming as tutors. So soon he will be free of some things. Strange how the younger men of the mission don't catch onto things, and are happy to let the older ones keep on with them. I'm glad Father can, and he keeps wonderfully young in spirit and sympathy as well as in ability to carry physical strain. But I'd like to see some things taken off his shoulders. To me it is a satisfaction to see Father in Mission Meeting and other councils. He waits till all have blown their blow, then comes out quietly with something so evidently appropriate and right that all seem to agree at once. From many things he has let drop, I know this stage of success and service, is the result of long years of hard discipline, work under trying conditions and much experience. This last is hard to live by and trying conditions don't really make you wild with delight.

I'm glad you could see both the families last summer, and be such a help at the Farm. I hope by now you have entirely got over the effects of your operation and are feeling as fit as you ever did before it needed doing. Having so much time to recuperate was fine before school.

I am hoping muchly that Mother can come within the next school year. Father really needs her, and the whole mission has been waiting for her to come. Of course I know Kathleen needs her too; but I hope she can be put some where with one of you older children before another year is out. I can stay with her when I come home two years from now- and learn to dance!- but then she won't need anybody.

My summer did a lot for me, but I seem not to have entirely got my strength back. My eyes are on the blink, and I am overcome with sleepiness most of the time. But that will be over shortly I hope. Just now we are in the whirl of preparation for Annual Meeting just a month off, and our school's 70th anniversary.

I hope this year will get you well along toward your diploma without too much strain on your health. You'll have to take a trip around the world to celebrate your graduation when it finally comes. I hope you will give Mother some more good times, too.

Very much love,
Phebe

Please send this round the family.

The stamp is worth saving or selling. It is some memorial edition. I'll find out what.

*[This letter, dated **November 23, 1924**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at Century Farm. He reminisces on life at the farm and writes what he imagines a scene to be on the front porch there that summer. He had a bout of dysentery. General Feng's coup was a surprise to all. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

The Kuliang Council
1923-24

Sunday morning Nov 23- 1924

Dear Folks at Century Farm and the others that used to be there:-

The last mail brought Phebe M's good letter telling about you all, and the visits you make to the old home. These bright spots are dependent on those in the home and also on the rest who have gone out and can come back from time to time. It does me good to read about them. I can visualize them for I have been a part of them so often- the autos parked in front of the house- the front porch full of old and middle aged and young, - one or two quietly slipping away unnoticed and before any but the initiated realize- plates and paper napkins glide around to each then come sandwiches, salad, cake etc. and everyone somehow feels better. Questions that the universe depends upon to keep its forces together and running efficiently are discussed = never settled, for when things are settled progress ceases= and then Abbie looks at Ben and Ben looks at Daniel and Daniel goes toward the auto and soon the doors are closed and lights are lit and Father takes up the Bible and God speaks and then the prayer is said and all go to nod-land = and no one says so but another strand has been added to the strong tie that binds this family together and makes them one altho thousands of miles divide them physically. They are one in the realm that space much divides. We had radio transmitting and receiving stations long before the word "radio" was understood by any number of people and our instruments were all tuned to the number= "family ties" called Love.

I am writing in my bedroom. This sheet is the last but one of this kind that have been lying on my dressing table, so rather than go down stairs to get "proper" paper I use this. About five feet from me are two large packages that came in the last mail. The tags tell me they came from O.G. Beard, Shelton. Father's handwriting is on one of them and I can tell what is in them Phebe knows one of them is here. The other came since I have had a chance to tell her. We agree to wait till Christmas to see the things. I thank you for them. May this find you all well and able to enjoy the Christmas time. We are already planning for it here. I am much pleased that there are left of your last years gift some to hitch on to this years gift and make a continuous chain. The delicious biscuit or crackers you sent, I ate in July= I mean I finished them in July. I kept them very carefully wrapped and used to share one with Phebe when she was here. The shaving cream I have used pretty sparingly and there is still enough for a dozen shaves. The washcloth is a joy forever. The soap makes me feel like a millionaire.

The last mail brought the duplicate Deposit receipt from the Deposit Dep't of the Birmingham National Bank for \$75.00. This is the semi annual interest on the mortgage. I must work out an automatic division of this amount as I have the figures. They are recorded in the enclosed slip. I will write Dorothy, Marjorie and Kathleen and ask them to write you direct what to do with their semi annual interest or to write to consult you about the manner of payment to them. I do not see how we can help bothering you a little in this. If you have any suggestions to make it easy send them on.

Have I written you that a month ago I got on another dysentery bug. Dr. Kinnear put 10 injections of senetine[?] and 16 big ipecac pills into me. The dysentery stopped in three or four days, and I lost only one and a half days in bed, and have done the routine work since and all essential work in the Chinese Annual Meeting and work on committees but I have not done much tennis and other outside stunts. I eat and sleep all right but my legs are wobbly. Mary probably knows how I feel. Yet "Every day in every way I'm getting better and better." Friday I attended a long Committee meeting at Ned Munson's= our YMCA house that we built and lived in 1907, 1908- 1909,- stayed there to supper and then went to Anti Cob at Consul Prices - to listen to the second paper of the Fukien Province Hand Book ??= Social and Religious Life of Fukien Province. - Home at 11:45 p.m. Yesterday I left home at 9 a.m. after teaching one class, went down to the University, lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Blakeney, seated as "judge at the finish" in all the races of the Foochow Christian Schools Field Day, took afternoon tea with Mr. and Mrs. Bedient- came home for a 7 p.m. supper- got to bed at 10:05 and slept till 7 this a.m. got up and made gems for breakfast and then fed my 23 chickens and ate breakfast- so I am not so badly off. Phebe seems to be doing her work and enjoying it and keeps well.

A week ago a big fire right at the South Gate burned over the ?? ground that was burned over just three years ago. Ten or more Christians were burned out.

Political news you get on the front pages now I see the Sentinel gives prominence to China news. Gen'l Feng's coup was a surprise to all. The Chinese here call him a traitor- because he did not first tell what he was going to do.

The Y.M.C.A. in China is in serious financial difficulty because funds in the U.S. are insufficient to support all the Secretaries now in China. There is a strong probability that they will close out in Foochow and leave the work here.

I think of you all often as I read the Sentinels for the first few days of Sept. I was almost startled as the dates looked so much like those of 1923 and took me back there. God has spoken to us frequently during the past year- but He has been kind and good.

Very lovingly Will.

[Willard writes on stationary of the Kuliang Council. There are committees on the Council for the Club Building, the Judicial Committee, the Roads Committee, Sanitation, Transportation, Thursday Evening Committee, Music Committee, Study Groups Committee, Library Committee, Sanitorium Committee, and Religious Education Committee. Information from the Kuliang Council 1936 Annual Report which is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated November 30, 1924, was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to her Aunt Mary. She tells about their Thanksgiving. The Wen Shan School had their 70th Anniversary. Willard is recovering from his illness (dysentery) and Phebe is growing stronger but must not do too much. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

Black Rock Hill
Foochow, China

Nov. 30, 1924.

Dear Aunt Mary,

On the last mail, came another of your good letters telling of Aunt Phebe's second visit to Pearl River, and of your going to town with Grandpa with apples. It won't be long before you are telling us of your Thanksgiving.

Ours came last Thursday and we gathered at the city compound, the Reumann's house and sat at three tables of about ten each. Of course the dinner was fine, and it was set off by some very nice table decorations, corn-cob pipes made from Father's chicken-corn cobs by Mr. Hightower, our new Foochow College tutor from Virginia; and place cards each with a silhouette from the Woman's House Companion and a verse by Mr. Hightower. The toasts were very good, and all was settled afterward by some games on the lawn, and volley ball.

The evening was most entertaining. Father and I ventured forth to a 9:15 minstrel show on South Side, where the American Association entertained the community with a very negro production by a band of minstrels supposed to have been wrecked on their way from Shanghai to Hongkong. Messrs. Carmon, McConnell and Polk besides a new man Mr. Willett of the M.E. Mission, carried the thing and it was very good. Father and I didn't get to bed till after one, and I have only just begun to get rested again.

Don't you like my paper? I am spending the day with the Y.W. girls on Black Rock Hill, and Charlotte Neely the tall one, gave me this paper as a sign of hospitality. It is very restful here, and the McConnell children have been amusing us quite some.

On the 11th of Nov. came the day for which we have worked all the term, the celebration of our school's 70th anniversary. Priscilla Holton gave a sacred concert in the evening and the afternoon was full with a pageant arranged by Eunice Thomas and carried out by the Chinese teachers and Grade girls, illustrating our history. Crowds came and stood or sat in the sun for the pantomime explained thru a megaphone, and then several men spoke. I had the thrill of meeting the Governor at the head of the steps and taking him to his seat. The morning was full of an alumnae meeting where the teachers entertained with songs, stunts and music. It was really a fine day. I was sorry about the concert in the evening, for we had issued too many tickets, so several tens had to stand outside, and that caused a good deal of feeling. The program went perfectly and I think even the foreigners received a real uplift from it. The University boys came in a body and took more seats than we had sent them tickets. I had the fun of being accompanist and we did things like Handel's Largo, Cavalleria Rusticaria, and the Pilgrim's Chorus. It meant a lot of practising, but that has been a real joy to me, and I want to continue it.

My schedule is full tho not hard. Twenty-one organ and piano pupils take nearly all the school period for lessons, and then I teach one class in Chinese Bible, and two in English Grammar. Just now I am playing for the New Year's Day physical Ed. Exhibition dances that our Shanghai trained Chinese teacher is getting up.

One of the big things of the fall was the flag raising at the Consulate which is just being opened since the hose[?] for our old one is up. The ceremonies were very simple but impressive, with the bugle call, the procession

of the flag carried by all the South Side American kiddies, the raising while the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung, and then the address by Mr. Price, the responses by a Japanese for the Consular body and by a Chinese for the Foochow Government the inspection of the buildings and tea. Father missed this because of illness.

Anti-Cob has been energetic, and we are looking forward now to our Christmas meeting. Several papers for our handbook of Fukien have been read, Father's on the History of Fukien being the first. Father is having rather a hard pull getting rested from his illness, but keeps right at work. I find myself growing stronger all the while; tho I can't do anything very taxing nor keep at a thing too long. Dr. Kinnear has examined my eyes and I am soon to have new glasses from which I expect quite a lot of benefit. Long walks on Saturday afternoons and occasional trips with the school are breaks that are pleasant. I surprised myself during Annual Meeting by playing the pipe organ and using the pedals. I would like to study that instrument some time.

I hope you are all well, and that Aunt Phebe will continue to get rested and strong. Father says your Xmas packages have come, but we are keeping them for the day. My Xmas greetings are brought to you by this letter, but that's not all. Much love to you all,

Phebe K.

Did you know Martha's engagement was announced? She had a party some time in Oct. and Cleora sent a gift from her and me.

November 1924
70th Anniversary by Wen Shan Girls School



Written on back of photo: "Scene from Pageant given on 70th Anniversary by Wen Shan girls. 9 Grammar and Lower Primary Depts. Nov. 1924

School girls in old fashioned clothes – early times.

School coolie at right.

Audience in foreground.

Stage set in middle of covered walk just in front of new Grammar School Building."

[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

*[This letter, dated **December 14, 1924**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary. He talks about the harvest from his garden. He tells of his plans for Christmas. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

December 14th 1924

Dear Mary:-

It must be your turn for the letter this week. Altho it seems to me I wrote you shortly ago. The bundle of Sentinels with the Bridgeport paper came yesterday. I opened at once and looked for Nov. 5th to see how Ben came out. He is swell- as I see the ticket in general was elected with a plurality of toward 900. He lost by only 348. I write from memory.

Christmas is approaching very fast. Invitations are already coming in for the various Christmas exercises in the churches. I have decided to go out to Chiong Ha- a church near the mouth of the Ing Tai river. I plan to leave after lunch Saturday and get back Monday morning. After I had decided to do this and had written, an invitation came for Phebe and me to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Skerrett-Rogers and in the afternoon attend with them a play given by the children of the foreign community- Red Riding Hood. We had to decline. I must back off now and get to bed.

Monday Evening:-

I wish I could send over to you some of our superb weather- for three weeks every day bright, sunny, clear, crisp- every evening starlight or moonlight. Two mornings with white frost- the ther. around 50 degrees each morning. I wish you could share our exquisite roses, sweet corn from our own garden lettuce, beets, carrots and turnips.- Sweet peas also= not good to eat tho. O yes and green peas. I planted them about two months ago with my own little hands and picked them with my own hands. To day I planted about a quart of peas and some beet seed. We are now eating the yellow corn that I raised last summer. I planted some that you brought down or I guess you sent that particular corn down by Mr. Goertz. I put it in during April and harvested it in July. It is very nice corn but it disappointed me in the yield of kernels. The cobs are large and the kernels short. If you want something to do sometime I wish you would put up a pound or thereabouts and send me- of fathers good yellow flint corn. Mr. St. Clair plans to go on furlough in June or July. He has been the gardner since I left in 1920 and his knouette[?] will fall on me. I hope to have all the yellow corn we shall need for meal and I hope to have green corn to eat from July or June till January. This evening we had delicious evergreen corn for supper. It can be planted all the time from March 20 to Sept. 10th. That planted latest will mature much more slowly. The seed for this I can get from Burpee, but the yellow flint field corn I should like from home for old time associations. [*Added later in pencil*: I have just sent in an order to Burpee of Philadelphia.]

Phebe holds her own doing full work and putting in some extra for concerts. She is helping in a concert for next Sat. evening and is having a concert of her own for her music pupils about Jan. 10.

If you send this to Stanley he may remember that a few years ago a man named Frank Eckerson of Amoy, China called one day at his Laboratory in Pearl River. He had sores in his mouth. They bothered him much and Stanley gave him medicine or injected some and he left and was troubled no more. Eckerson was up from Amoy to attend our Annual Meeting in Nov. and could not find words to adequately express his appreciation of what Stanley did for him. He has just sent me 18 fine Amoy pumeloos. I bought 546 pumeloos in Oct. and have 100 still on hand. But I look forward to the Amoy fruit for it is usually better than any of the Foochow fruit.

Too large boxes are waiting in my room for Christmas to come so Phebe and I can open. They are from you, and the last mail brought a package from Pearl River.

We as a mission are to have our Christmas at the Union Kindergarten. I am to be Santa. The unmarried people (I among them) have clubbed together and bought red cloth for Santa's coat and trousers and hood. A few weeks ago we drew, each of us, two names- one of an adult and one of a child, and so each will receive a Christmas gift and each will give a gift. The children are practicing Christmas songs and so are the grown ups. Miss Thomas came back with a set of colored slides of many famous old paintings and a book of songs- Christmas melodies of several nations. These we all are to see and sing Christmas eve.

I am still wearing one of those four-in-hand ties that Elizabeth worked little flowers on and sent out to me. It is a gray silk- One side is worn thru but the other side is all right.

Day after tomorrow= Sat. p.m. I plan to go to Chiong Ha for Xmas Sunday. The next three weeks will be very full with Christmas, New Years and exams and Commencement. Mr. Christian has been here to take half the entertaining of the faculty and the graduates. But with him at home, the whole thing falls on me this year. About 55 on the faculty to feed at an evening dinner- foreign style, and 40 graduates to whom to give a Chinese feast. This is in addition to the graduation feast to faculty and graduates.

I have written this with the pen that you ordered from Mt. Ward and Co. I do not forget that I owe you about \$1.00 for it. My good friend in Kansas City who sends me greenbacks has not been very flush recently and he has not sent many during the past months.

In a few days your letters telling about Thanksgiving will be coming. Have I written of Miss Grace Funk's engagements to a Mr. Andrews of Chefoo?- a widower with five children. He, his former wife and Miss Funk were classmates in Chicago and they have kept up correspondence. His wife when she knew she could not live asked her husband to marry Miss Funk. They are to be married at Ponasang. The ladies there are giving the wedding.

This carries lots of love to each of you. Tell father it raises me in the esteem of the Chinese as I tell them my father is still in business at the age of 83. For here we add a year to the age we give to ourselves in U.S.A. I have been 60 all the year. Will

From Fukien, A Study of a Province in China by Phebe K. Beard 1925
[Book in the collection of Mark and Jana Jackson.]

Umbrellas

An industry which has in the last few years become very important to the export trade of the province is that of making paper umbrellas. Because its growing popularity there have been added many new and attractive designs. The sober grandfather umbrella has been here for many years, very often large enough to shelter the whole family, and durable enough, it is claimed by some Chinese, to serve for three generations. In ancient times, it is told, the umbrella was derived from the ancient farmer's still ancient rainhat; of bamboo but the delicately tinted, beflowered umbrellas of to-day lift their heads high above such plebian progenitors.

There are between two and three hundred shops which have a part in this industry. Some make only handles, of bamboo, or lacquered wood, or bone, while others make the frames, and still others decorate and export them. The making of the frame is briefly this: The ribs are made of carefully cut flat strips of bamboo, tied to the supporting ribs with strong twine, and all fastened tightly to the handle. When the ribs are spread out they are covered with three pasted layers of narrow strips of paper and these first are allowed to dry with persimmon oil and once more allowed to dry. The umbrella is ready to be decorated with colored bands, flowers, scenes, or quaint figures. One of the largest decorating and exporting firms is that of Ma Guong Kee. This shop keeps ten decorators busy and exports many hundreds of cases annually to other ports in China, to England, America and Australia.

Woven-Paper Scrolls

Yung Chun ought also to be mentioned for another distinctive industry- the woven-paper scrolls. These were first made more than two hundred years ago by the Dang clan which kept the secret for many years, but later allowed others to learn. The weaving is done on a table over another picture with fine strips of paper not more than an eighth of an inch in width. The horizontal strips are white, but their vertical strips carry the color and produce the picture. The threads of paper are carried in a fine bamboo needle. They make the old, well-loved picture of mountains, woods, and winding streams, pictures of the four seasons, and character scrolls for different occasions. The demand for these scrolls seems to be mostly from officials who send them away to their friends. But these quaintly conceived and delicately wrought pictures deserve a far-wider fame than they seem to have.

Incense

Though there are but few shops making incense, they do a thriving business, for hundreds of dollars; worth must be burned in Foochow alone every week, in temples, and in superstitious rites in the homes. Among the many different styles carried there is variety enough to match every taste. There are the cheaper sorts, made of red or black incense or black flecked with bits of gold leaf; the more expensive kinds, made in solid lengths of incense, red, black, light brown; the same made in tak, or pagoda circles, and in different sizes of the long styles. There are different scents, gong-nang-hiong, must, aloes, sandalwood, fine cassia, and Barros camphor. These are mixed with wood dust finer than sawdust, and for the "thread incense", that made without sticks, the paste is forced through holes of the desired size made in a board, dried, cut into proper lengths, and wrapped very attractively, often boxed, for sale.

The Foochow incense is said to surpass that of other places in quality. All the shops visited export quantities to other parts of China, Korea, and even to Japan. Japan buys mostly the cheap stick variety and a better blackthread kind, scented with aloes and called Haik-ting. For the Fifth Month Festival, small favors are made of a fine wood-dust paste scented with pure musk and are pressed into wooden moulds in the shape of ancient symbols, fruits, mythological characters, shells and so on. These are given to friends.

Lacquer Making

This has a romantic story. Lacquer articles were made as early as 1387 in North China. The process must have been a long one, for the lacquer was very thick, made with many coats. The process was handed down till five centuries ago one of the many families who knew the secret invented or discovered an improved formula. From that time until now the Sing family of Foochow claims to be the only one that knows how to make the best grade of gold lacquer.

The raw lac, a thick brown fluid obtained from the lac tree in North China, comes in large tubs like the butter tubs of America, covered with paper. Before using, the fluid must be strained two or three times through cotton and cloth. The lacquer finish is then made by secret receipts [*recipes?*], colored, and the gold is then added in that branch of the trade.

The wooden shapes to be lacquered are always made of nang-muk, a fine grained soft wood, and then a foundation of green putty-like mixture is applied, after the complete drying of which the lacquer mixture is put on with a brush, one coat at a time. The articles are dried thoroughly in a dark, damp room after which the next coat is given. It is the drying which takes the time in making lacquer ware, but it prevents cracking, streaking, or ruffling up into ridges. The decorations are put on by a hired artist who works free-hand. The gold, or “number one” lacquer” and “silk lacquer” are often mistakenly used as synonyms. The figures for the latter are first made of clay, this being wrapped in strong silk which is then given several coats of lacquer and dried well. The clay is washed out with water and the lacquering finished on the silk alone.

In spite of the increasing foreign demand for small things in gold lacquer, the important trade is that of officials and rich Chinese who buy quantities to give to their friends on important occasions. They are used to decorate the owners' houses at festive times and are put away between whites in the padded boxes in which they come. Until very recently there has been no effort to seek outport trade, lacquer is the prize beauty product of Foochow. It is unique, though strangers to it do not at once appreciate its value since it is often confused, by them, with the cheaper and better-known Japanese lacquer.

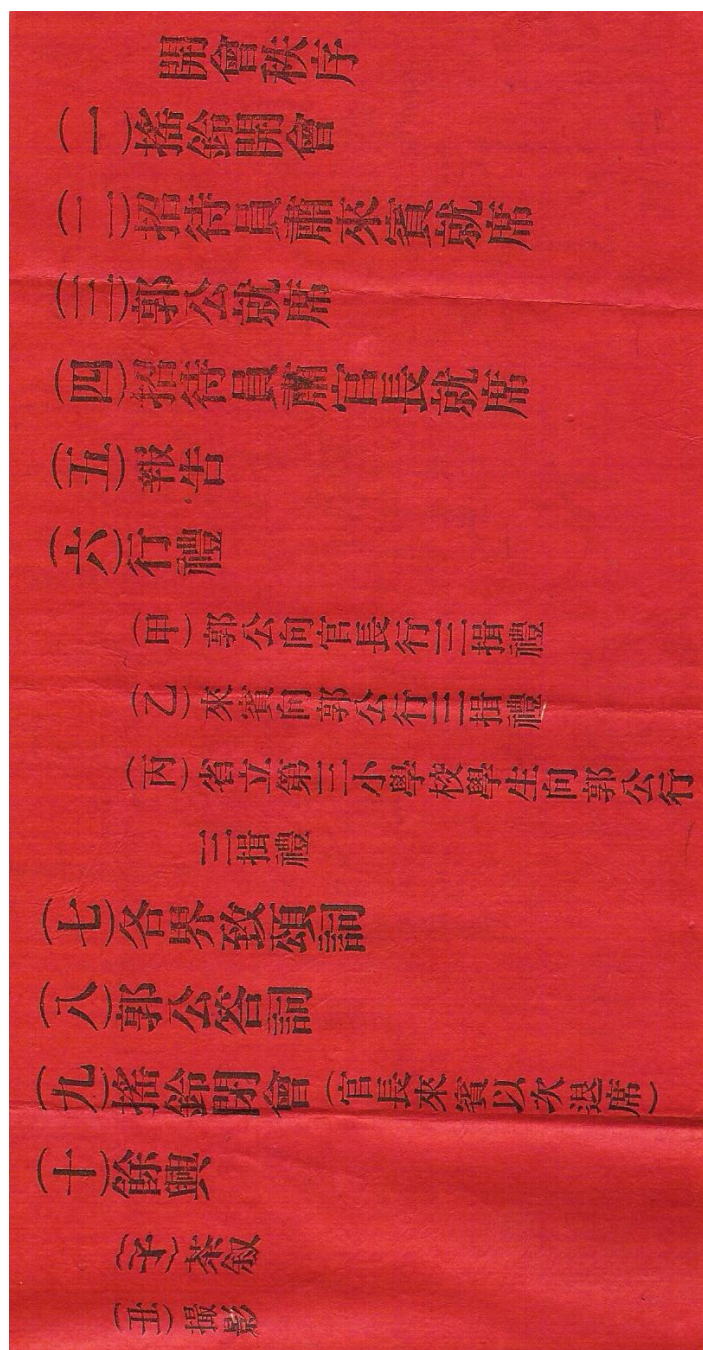
Beard, Phebe K., and The Anti-Cobweb Club of Foochow, China Fukien, A Study of a Province in China. Shanghai, China: Presbyterian Mission Press, 1925.



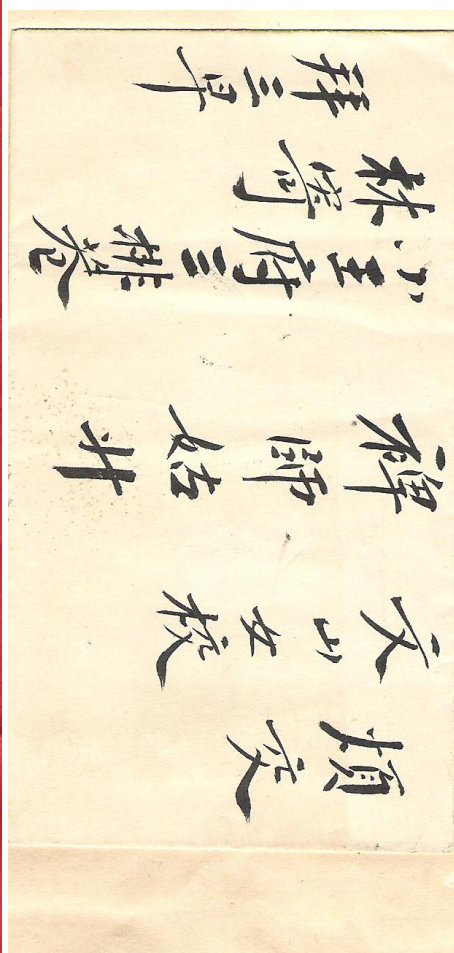
Phebe Kinney Beard probably after 1920
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Written on back of photo: "King's Daughter's Picnic Century Farm" [*Undated, but probably in the 1920s*]
[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]



Invitation or program of some sort.



Envelope which held the left item.

[From Phebe's scrapbook in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Written on back:

- I. Program of Proceedings
Ringing the bell for opening program.
- II. Seating of guests
- III. The Honorable Mr. Guok takes his seat.
- IV. Seating of visiting officials.
- V. Address of welcome by Pres. of Confucian Society.
- VI. Ceremonial Bows- Greetings.
 1. The Venerable Guok greets the officials with three bows.

2. The guests greet the Venerable Guok with three bows.
 3. Students of the Government Primary School No. III honor the Venerable Guok with three bows.
- VII. Other nations representatives pay their respects.
- VIII. The Venerable Guok responds.
- IX. Ringing the bell for close of ceremonies. (Guests please will not make haste to depart.)
- X. Individuals may proffer congratulations.
1. Tea.
 2. Photograph.

1925

- Sun Yat Sen dies March 12
- Gould leaves the University of Michigan to work for Ingersoll Rand Company until 1927.
- November 25- Ellen leaves U.S. for China via San Francisco
- Willard and Phebe are in China.
- December 23-Phebe Kinney Beard dies in China. She is 30.
- Marjorie and Kathleen and Ellen are in Oberlin, OH
- Dorothy is probably teaching in Saginaw, Michigan
- Biblical Fundamentalism in US
- Television invented by John Logie Baird
- Hitler publishes Volume 1 of Mein Kampf
- Nome, Alaska suffers from diphtheria and receives serum by delivery of dog sleds thus inspiring today's annual Alaskan dog sled races.
- Willard is 60, Ellen- 57, Phebe- 30, Gould- 29, Geraldine- 27, Dorothy- 24, Marjorie- 19, Kathleen- 17.

*[This report, dated **February 1, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Rev. Wm. E. Strong, D.D. It is his report of Foochow College for 1924. Report from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Foochow, China
February 1, 1925.

Rev. Wm. E. Strong, D.D.
14 Beacon Street,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Dr. Strong:

I am sending you the report of Foochow College for 1924. Foochow College was established in the year 1853. One small room then held all the pupils. Seventy-two years have witnessed a steady growth as this report shows. There are several times as many now on the faculty as there were in the student body then.

1. Courses.

Foochow College consists of the High School Course of three years, the Preparatory Course of the Middle School of three years, and the Higher Primary of four years.

2. Faculty.

The faculty of Foochow College consists of 45 members; Middle school 29 Chinese and 5 foreigners; Higher Primary 9 Chinese and 2 foreigners. Mr. and Mrs. L.J. Christian returned to America on furlough in July and Mr. Siek Ding-muo, instructor in English and Education, went to America for higher education this summer. Mr. Ling Heng Eu, instructor in English and Mr. Diu Dai Siok, instructor in Chinese, left us this summer and have been in the employment of other organizations. Newly appointed teachers the second semester are Miss Maizie V. Phillips, graduate of Pennsylvania State University, instructor in English literature; and Mr. Raymond Hightower, B.A. Richmond University, Virginia, instructor in Modern History and English; Mr. Ling Hau Muk, B.A. Fukien Christian University, instructor in English and education; Mr. Guok Hong Gi, instructor in Chinese literature; Mr. Uong Ngia Kong, drawing teacher. Mr. Iong Kai Ting, our graduate of this year, takes charge of the laboratory, and Mr. Uong Siu-duang, our graduate this year, is assistant in Physical Education.

The faculty meet every Monday morning. Each year sees a pleasing growth in the ability of this group to unitedly discuss and transact the business of the institution. The members of the faculty also meet every Monday evening at 4:30 for prayer meeting.

3. Buildings.

There are now in use for college purposes six foreign and two Chinese buildings: (1) The Administration building, containing the President's Office, faculty assembly room, and registrar's office, and two more rooms, one for selling books and one for a waiting room; (2) Cowan Hall, containing the Library, Laboratory, one recitation room on second floor and dormitory on first floor. The Y.M.C.A. business department, and the scouts also have a room each in the building.; (3) Lincoln Hall (dormitory) containing 57 rooms for 168 students. On the first floor there are a large dining hall, a coolies' room, and store room; (4) Smith Hall, containing a Chapel, ten class-rooms, one teachers' room and barber shop. (5) The Higher Primary building has three stories, with the dining hall on the first floor. The topmost story is used for dormitory with 13 rooms for 91 students, and one faculty room. (6) The Y.M.C.A. building, just finished this summer, is adjoining Smith Hall. It contains one large assembly room, four student rooms and two large recitation rooms. The other two Chinese buildings are used, one for the first four classes of the Higher Primary class rooms and dormitory, and one for the class room of the Preparatory students.

4. Library.

The college library is open throughout the term every weekday from 10:30 to 12:00, and from 12:45 to 1:30, and from 3:6 p.m. and again from 7-10 at night. The library is newly furnished with new chairs and tables, is newly painted and white-washed. It contains something above 1000 bound volumes and about 30 different kinds of magazines and newspapers. Besides there are more than 100 pictures and maps. Mr. Lek Hiong Nguk and two assistants are taking charge now. Under the efficient direction of Miss Armstrong, this is increasingly used by the students.

5. Laboratory.

The old laboratory has been torn down. The new one is on the topmost floor of Cowan Hall. It is well lighted and aired. New apparatus, the gift of the Flatbush Church, Brooklyn, has just come from America. Three graduates of Fukien Christian University are in charge of Biology, Chemistry, and Physics, and good work is done in each department.

6. Enrollment and Graduates of this year.

The total enrollment of this year is 620. The students in each department are shown in the following chart:

			Enrollment.	
1924, 1 st semester			M.S.....	172
"	"		Prep.....	145
"	"		H.P.....	<u>229</u>
			Total.....	546
New Students 2 nd	"		M.S.....	8
"	"	"	Prep.....	45
"	"	"	H.P.....	19
Old Students rejoined.....				2
Wen Shan.....				<u>65</u>
TOTAL FOR THE YEAR 1924				685

			Graduated.	
Jan. 1924.	M.S.....	15, joined the University.....		3
"	"	H.P.....	13, " " " "	12
June 1924	M.S.....	17, " " " "		3
"	"	H.P.....	4, " " " "	4

7. Deaths.

Mr. Daing Dung Ciu, the drawing teacher, died in the 1st semester. Two of the graduates Mr. Dong. Dai Cung and Mr. Uong Soi Gi, died in this year. Eight students died during the year.

8. Religious Activities.

It has always been the aim of this college to build leaders upon the foundation of Christian Truth. Therefore the religious activities are one of the most important events of this report. (1) The faculty take turns in the daily chapel prayers and in an address on Christianity every Tuesday. Every Friday at chapel the President, himself, gives an address. (2) The attendance of church service, of Sunday School, and of Christian Endeavor is compulsory. (3) There is a Sunday School at 2:00 P.M. every Sunday. Mr. Uong Li-gong and Mr. Ling Iu Bing take charge. Though it is compulsory, yet there students show interesting discussing the great problems of Christianity as related to life. On Sunday evening there are four Christian Endeavor societies. (4) There are 182 Christian students this year. M.S., and the Prep. 120, and the H.P. 62. (5) Every Monday morning from 7:30 to 8:30 about 60 students meet in three classes for Bible study. (6) Student Volunteer Band. This band consists of 23 members and they meet once a week on Sunday night. Every month they plan a meeting of all Christian students.

9. Student Activities.

(1) Fifty-six of our students were running 16 day schools during the summer under the guidance of Mr. Iu Soi Ling and with the help of Mr. Iong Dung Ling. There were 367 boys and 97 girls in these schools. The total contribution toward this Daily Vacation Bible School work from the students of this college was \$80.75. (2) The students of the H.P. are running a Sunday School for the neighborhood children at three p.m. under the guidance of Mr. Uong Do Chuang. About 150 boys and girls are gathered in the Church every Sunday. 25 students were elected to be the students, and the College Sunday School helps financially. (3) The College Y.M.C.A. is maintained by the student body. A meeting is held every Friday night and attendance is voluntary. (4) A free night school for all the coolies and other employees of the college is maintained by the association. It meets four times every week with an average number of 15 in attendance. They study the "Five Hundred Characters" and learn how to use the abacus.

10. Physical Training.

Before breakfast, every morning of the week except Sunday, all the students of the College take morning exercises for 15 minutes. Two teachers give full time to supervising the physical exercise of the students. Every student is required not only to take the setting up drill before breakfast, but he must also take some part in supervised games during the day. There are 7 playgrounds in use now. The largest one is capable of seating four or five thousands. Two of them are just added this year, one for volley and one for basketball.

An historical play was put on by the students one evening during the fall term, which five thousand people - - relatives and friends of the students - attended.

11. Gifts.

The college wants to acknowledge the gift of \$500. for the Congregational Church of Flatbush, Brooklyn, for the Science Laboratory. Much new apparatus has been bought from America and is now in use.

One of the graduates who does not want his name know sent us \$6. for prizes for a contest in English Composition and in Modern Chinese. The contest was held during the fall term.

Mr. Lau Cu Huang, a graduate of 1910, presented to the library, three charts of the Nestorian tablet and they now decorate the library.

12. Wenshan Higher Primary.

At the beginning of the year the Financial Board of the Congregational Church in Foochow could not finance the Higher Primary at Wen Shan. The faculty and board of managers of Foochow College voted to take this primary under its care. There have been 65 students there. In Jan. 1925, the first class graduated. There were seven graduates.

Respectfully submitted.

Willard L. Beard

[This letter, dated Feb. 8, 1925, was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother. His grades are good but he will not be able to graduate until September. He tells Ellen that he has asked Vivienne Ross of Hiram, Ohio to marry him. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

508 Hill St.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Feb. 8, 1925.

Dear Mother:-

Everything is ready to begin the new semester. I got the marks I went after- 2As- 2Bs and 2 Cs. I am rather tickled, because I had to work so hard for the As and Bs.

My classification is not satisfactory. I cannot graduate in June. I have one course which I must take in summer school. It conflicted every way I tried to schedule it. I will get out in September.

Last week end I went up to see Dot. We had a lot of fun together. I went up to Chesaning to watch one of her girls teams play and we went skating and we had a little bridge party. It made a dandy break in the tenseness of exams.

I have taken a dishwashing job temporarily. My schedule will not allow me to work afternoons since every afternoon is filled up. I may keep it if the chap who asked me to take it dos'nt want it back.

Now Mother dear- I want to tell you that I love Vivienne Ross. She is the sweetest, dearest girl I have ever met. She is beautiful and pure throughout and Mother I love her as I never dreamed I could love any girl. She loves me as I love her. Vivienne is a girl I am proud to bring to you and father and all the sisters. She will do honor to the family name, we are all so careful of.

I have asked her to take my hand for life and she has accepted and with gladness. Mother Ross has not yet announced the engagement and I don't know when she intends to, but she has written me that she is very happy to have me as her son. I'm sure it would make Vivienne very happy if you would write her. Her address is just Hiram, Ohio. Box 334.

Mother I never was so happy in all my life as I am now. It gives me a great incentive to do more and better work that I may be more worthy of and give the girl of my choise the best in life I possibly can.

I have written Father and Phebe and told both all about it. I know you are all glad and happy with me.

Lovingly your son,

Gould.



This is probably Vivienne with Gould about 1925.
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **February 18, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. Willard writes to congratulate his father on his 83rd birthday. He tells about the sudden death of Mrs. George Hubbard. Willard writes that life as a President of Foochow College in China is not easy these days. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

Foochow China
 February 18th 1925

Dear Father:-

This is a congratulatory letter written on your eighty third birthday. In the last letter from Mary or Phebe which came two days ago were photos of you that look as if you were at least ten years younger. You look better than when I last saw you in 1921. As I am writing at 9:30 p.m. you are beginning the day. I hope it will be to you a happy one,- as happy as was my sixtieth two weeks ago tomorrow.

The last letters told of the going home of Aunt Ella and of May Beard. I was glad to see that Stephen and Johnson were improving. I hope they are both well by this time. [Ella Hawley Nichols died January 1925 at the age of 73 years according to the Bridgeport Telegram, January 10, 1925.] [May Beard, wife of Willard's cousin, Zina Chatfield Beard, died January 13, 1925.]

Last Monday= day before yesterday we laid away Mrs. George H. Hubbard. On Saturday morning Feb. 14th she with Mr. Hubbard and Miss Hartwell started for Sharp Peak where the Christians were planning a farewell service for Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard who were to leave China for good on Mar. 5. Before they reached their boat Mrs. Hubbard began to feel unwell. She had felt so before and she and Mr. Hubbard did not think much about it. She said she would go back home and rest a bit- he would go on to the farewell with Miss Hartwell. She went back to the house and lay down for half an hour. (They started at first at 4:30 a.m. without breakfast). After resting half an hour she called the servant and he helped her upstairs. She lay down on the bed till 6:45. As she did not feel better, and as her breathing was different, she sent for Miss Ward and Miss Nutting, and they called the Doctor. At 9 a.m. she fell asleep. It was a great shock to everyone= it was so sudden. She was in Foochow only three days before and seemed well and happy.

School has opened again with crowds refused entrance because of lack of room I hope we can be careful and wise enough to avoid disaster and keep school thru the term. The life of a President and of a real true student in any school in Foochow and in most parts of China is not lived on a bed of roses these days. Anglo Chinese College is opening with about half its usual number of students. All gates are locked and a special guard is on duty each night to keep the disaffected students from carrying out their threats of killing any boys who dare go back to school there.

Phebe is well and enjoying her work. She is a joy forever to me- I thought of you Jan. 20 on your sixty first wedding anniversary- I also thought of mother on Jan. 30 – the 82nd birthday. Tell Flora I shall think of her Feb. 25.

God has been very good to you and yours. Blessings have followed you all the days of your long life. May they continue.

Very lovingly your son
Will

You should see me in my new spiffy overcoat- remodeled from the Prince Albert you sent. I shall try to get Phebe to snap me in it and send a photo to you. W.

*[This postcard dated **March 26, 1925** was written from Auburndale, Mass. by Eunice S (Smith) to Marjorie. The photo on the postcard is titled "Kindergarten Children and their friends Foochow" and shows Marjorie and Kathleen on either end of a teeter totter with Chinese children in between. The postcard is addressed to Marjorie Beard in Oberlin, Ohio. Original postcard is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Auburndale, Mass.
March 26, 1925

Dear Marjorie,

Do you recognize yourself and Kathleen? Daddy gave me this card and I said I must send it to you. I am having a glorious vacation here at the Missionary Home with the family. Helen comes home tomorrow. I go back Monday. Where are you going to be this summer besides Silver Bay. We all want to be sure and see you if you are in Conn. I am crazy to see you and talk! Love Eunice S [Smith]



[This identical postcard to the one in the archives of Oberlin College is from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson. John and Nancy Butte also have a copy in their collection. The photo postcard at Oberlin is torn. Kathleen is at the far left of the see saw and Marjorie is on the other end. The actual picture was probably taken in about 1916.]

[This letter, dated **March 30, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at Century Farm. He refers to an eclipse seen in Shelton. Willard is suffering from a sore foot. His chickens and garden vegetables are doing well. The student situation in Foochow remains the same. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

Foochow China
March 30- 1925

Dear Folks at Century Farm:-

That was a good letter from Mary that the last mail brought and every mail brings the Sentinels. The eclipse must have been perfect at Shelton. All the papers are very interesting on the subject. Next year people will be running to E. Africa and some of the islands to see an eclipse. I am glad that you had a good look and that conditions with you were so perfect. I am glad also that Geraldine could see it. To me it is a very noteworthy and wonderful part that before the eclipse scientists could tell where it could be seen and at what time- even to the second and that their computations were only 4 seconds off.

Yesterday was Ellen's birthday. I celebrated it by staying very quietly at home nursing a sore foot. A week ago last Thursday my right foot was a little sore or lame right on the top half way between the toes and the ankle. I did not think anything of it. Friday it was about the same. I went on with all my work as usual. Sat. it got worse so much so that in the afternoon I saw Doctor Kinnear. Sunday it was much worse- swollen and quite sore. Doctor bound it up with a poultice. I kept quiet. Monday it was better. Tuesday better and Wednesday we thought it was ready for work again. Thursday, I did all my usual work and Friday the same. Sat. it got worse and I held up. Yesterday I kept quiet- cancelled all engagements. It is better this morning. What is the cause no one knows. Doctor says it must be infection or sprain. But I cannot recall any reason. I'll be careful now for a few days and hope to get all right. Mr. Neff has had an infected toe for a month. The doctors do not seem able to conquer it. Dr. Dyer has her left foot paralysed- so she limps. Two others have been under doctor's care for foot ailments- the understanding of missionaries in Foochow just now is faulty.

Last Thursday afternoon and all day Friday we had a Mission Meeting. I was asked to be Mission Treasurer. It seems like a force. But no one else would consider taking it and I consented. It means from June 1 to about Sept. 1- Mrs. Christian is asked to take it when she returns in the fall. Miss Hieb the stenographer will have to do most of the work.

My chickens are doing well thus far. The hens, 11, lay 200 eggs this month. Two hens on 22 eggs brought 18 chickens. These are from pullets hatched from eggs laid by hens that were ½ R.I Red and ½ Wh. Leghorn. (The fruit of the R.I.R. rooster that Mary sent down to me.) These 18 chickens are from the above mentioned pullets and the same Wh. Leghorn Rooster that I used two years ago. He is now 3 years old,- a very fine bird. Every one of the 18 is pure white altho they are nearly ½ R.I. Red.

I am glad to hear that Stephen is getting better. Whooping cough here in the compound is nearly gone- The Donaldson's in Ing Hok now are in the full swing of it. My garden is coming on nicely. Corn and beans are up. I am waiting for a little warmer weather to plant more. We have had two weeks of very cold rainy weather, - not too good for either corn or beans. Thank you for sending the field corn. It will likely come by next week. I should not have asked for it if I had known your condition- the testing out. All my seeds for fall planting are here.

The St. Clairs, Reumanns, Misses Nutting, Waddell are going on furlough in June. Christians and Smiths expected back in the Fall. I was much interested in the Sentinels account of Dr. Coole's address in Derby- Methodist. He is a great Irishman. I have been on the Kuliang Council with him. He is aggressive all right, but on a committee things should go his way. But he is a good fellow- a great money getter. He is now after \$100,000 gold for a hospital in Foochow. We do not yet know whether a union hospital or a Methodist hospital.

The student situation changes little. The latest news is that the new school opened in opposition to the A.C. College put on the list of teachers in its announcement the name of one of our teachers- of Physics. He did not accept. Last week some of the students called on him and intimated that if he did not accept they would beat him. He is staying at home. The spirit of Foochow College is good. The Christian life of the Christian boys very good.

How I miss mother and Elizabeth's letters. I preserve their last letters. Gould is very happy. I am in sympathy with him and wish I could see the "best girl alive".

With Love to all

Will

[This letter, date **March 31, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Mr. Chen to the editor of a paper. Willard writes a note explaining that Mr. Chen was beaten by some students and this letter is the response by Mr. Chen to them. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

[Note by Willard:]

Mr. Chen was a teacher in Anglo Chinese Coll. He now teaches in Hua Nang= Meth. Woman's Coll.

He is sending 2 sons to A.C. instead of the opposing Coll. The students of the opposing Coll. threatened him then beat him for this crime. His reply was this letter. He sent the letter to the Dean of the opposing Coll. The Dean refused to receive it and returned it in person and urged Mr. Chen to destroy it. Will

These are strenuous days- plenty of happenings,- not much worth reporting,- I do not know what day we may have to close.

Encl. No. 1 in Despatch No. 221 to Legation, dated Mar. 31, 1925.

Letter of Mr. Ch'en Hsing-ts'un a Teacher, written after the attack made upon him by four students, when returning from Church, March 22nd. 1925.

(Published in Kung Tao Pao, March 30, 1925.

(Trans: LPP).

The following letter was written by Mr. Ch'en Hsing-ts'un with the desire of admonishing said students. Having no means of forwarding it to them he sends it to us for publication. (The Editor)

To my formerly dear Students.

Sirs:-

Yesterday four of you stopped and attacked me at the lodge of the Cheng family. As to how I was wounded, there is no need of speaking as the matter is now a by-gone. I am ashamed of myself because my moral excellence has been so weak that I have not been able to imitate the love of my Lord Jesus and so help my fellow men. Having sustained minor injuries, how would I dare for such a small matter to join issue with you. But I estimate that perhaps your idea may not be fully met with just this one attack and so I cannot but unfold my ideas before you with the hopes that I may be fortunate enough to secure a sincere settlement.

During the first moon Kuo Hsuan-lin and others came to my house (Ch'en in the paper of the 31st published a correction, to the effect that Kuo did not come to his house but three others did) and I expressed one or two ideas to them in substance that they should not abandon their educational work but certainly should establish a suitable place where they might continue their efforts (to secure an education). Afterwards I heard that the establishment of the Ming Chiang Middle School was an accomplished fact and it seemed that the various problems had been thus solved. You are not satisfied with the Anglo-Chinese College, perhaps because your view do not correspond with those of the teachers and officers or perhaps because some of the methods of teachings are unsuitable. Now as you have severed your connection with these and have promoted your independence and have again obtained a suitable place for continuing your studies, it would seem as if you had already realized your desire.

In regard to the difficulty in the Anglo-Chinese College last winter, I was not present at the meeting when the matter was considered and consequently I do not care to recklessly pass judgment in regard to what transpired at that time, much less would I dare to concern myself with the character of your opposition. Furthermore every man is entitled to freedom of action and what authority have I to interfere in other people's matters.

Now there are two reasons why I sent my two sons to study in the Anglo-Chinese College:

- (1) To educate sons and younger brothers is the responsibility of fathers and brothers and
- (2) Those who are disciples of Christ should send their sons and younger brothers to Christian schools for an education.

If it is contended that this difficulty concerned the whole body of students, the speaking from my own standpoint (I would say) that the act of sacrificing to the martyrs is truly inconsistent with the rites of Christianity and is not as good (a method) as to have a memorial service in the College itself, as to what was the position taken by the faculty and teachers of the Anglo-Chinese College in regard to this matter, I was not present when the subject was discussed but after they had made known by sending out a notice, I truly was not opposed to their unwillingness to grant permission to the whole body of students to go to the temple to sacrifice. As to your orders, they are like the

edicts of the autocratic Emperor which must be submitted to by every Chinese. If this is true, then you are robbing others of their right to liberty. If I submit to your orders then I am prostrating myself as a suppliant, under a dictatorial force. "Where there is dictatorial force, there is no justice". The flesh of the weak is eaten by the strong." You all are intelligent beings, you consider the humanities of great importance and would uphold the rights of men. Are you willing to have the ugly reputation of engaging in reckless deeds attached to you? Of course I am weak and unable to contend with you but my purpose to maintain the right and uphold right principles is very strong. Three armies may seize the Chief Commander but they cannot take away the purpose of a single man" "It is better to die than to be without liberty." If you wish me to submit, you must cause me to submit (lit. bond me) by the use of reason. You must not coerce me by the use of your pomp. The man who submits under coercion has no standing as a man. If I lose my standing as a man, though I may be alive, I am as one dead, and of what use to you would my submission be? At the present time our country has too many of such men- men who regard life and glory as gain and death and insult as injury and do not regard as important righteousness, temperance and virtue. They live from day to day in an indifferent manner without the least self-determination. Alas! Why do not you, enthusiastic souls, think up some method for making the people of our country all understand righteousness, be governed by righteousness and be willing to die for righteousness. I speak thus, not in reproof of you because yesterday you attacked me, but to cause you to understand me and that you may not again attack. I hold no brief for the faculty and teachers of the Anglo-Chinese college, much less am I seeking by flattery the favor of the foreigners. Jesus is the one I serve and the truth is what I submit to. Where there are right principles, there is life, where there are no right principles, there is death. To take away my right principles, is to rob me of life as well as take away my standing as a man. If I at this time call home my two sons because I would avoid insult and death to my body, my standing as man would be extinguished and my life from this time would be cut off, and what would you get? Alas! You have wrongly interpreted me as a man. In your treatment of me you have adopted the wrong method. If you wish me to follow (your directions) you must not use compulsion. If you kill me it will only the extinction of one human life and in that way you will not attain the end for which you are striving in regard to me. Anything that should be done, I do not need to wait for you to call me to do. I can do it myself. If not thus, though I may be beaten to death. I at the last will not be willing to do it. You plan to bring death and trouble upon me, but on the contrary there will arouse the spirit of more (to my support) who will look upon your act as wrong.

My formerly beloved students, the death of my body is not worthy of regret. I hope you can be aroused to a sense of your wrong. I am praying to God in your behalf. Much more do I desire to see your face that we may pray together before the benevolent and merciful God.

Written by Ch'en Hsin-Ts'un alias Ch'en Kuan-tou on his pillow, March 23, 1925.

[This letter, dated April 5, 1925, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora. The Students' Union has a reign of terror over those marked by them. The Student Union demanded that Foochow College students provide them with food. Willard stopped this just before rice was ready to be taken to them. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

April 5th 1925.

Dear Flora:-

In my mind I class you with the "Dear Folks at Home" and you do not get many all-your-own letter, and likely as not you'll send this letter up to Shelton to be read by the family.

For three months the student situation has per force occupied the foreigner's mind to the extension[?] of all other matters- or rather, compelling all other matters to take secondary place.

You have heard of the situation in A.C. College. Now they have about 150 students-teachers and students live in the college and the gates are kept closed and the place is guarded constantly- night and day. You have also heard that the Student's Union tried to keep Brewster and Co. from selling a \$250,000 shipment of fish from Seattle and that teachers and students and fathers of students of A.C. have been beaten and one of the head Chinese in Brewster and Co. was stabbed nine times. It is really reign of terror for those who are the mark of the Students' Union. The students who compose the Union are from Gov't. schools and from one or two private schools and from two schools made up of students not allowed to return to the mission schools. So you see the sort of young men we have to deal with.

Yesterday morning I was aroused by the ringing of the college bell at 4:00 o'clock. I hustled into a few clothes fearing a fire. But I found instead 20 buckets of soft boiled rice in the kitchen which the boys had ordered prepared for 200 or 300 of the students from the schools controlled by the Union. The cause was this. On Tuesday evening two students had been arrested for complicity in an affair in the fish market in which several fish sellers had

been stabbed by the students. The Students Union had ordered all students to assemble at the police headquarters and demand the release of these two men. They went from all but mission schools, and stayed all day, - all Thursday night and Friday night and got hungry and told our boys they must feed them. Fortunately I was down in time to stop the rice from going out. I had to watch it until 6:30. The boys ate it themselves all day yesterday. Yesterday afternoon 4 members of the Union called on Mr. Cio Lik Daik, President of the Y.M.C.A. School and demanded that he let his students go to the police with the others. He refused. They threatened him (you know he was stabbed in the back a year ago last fall). He told them they must leave the building. As they started a plain clothes man who had been watching the affair drew a pistol and disclosed his officers badge and arrested them. They were put with the other two.

At dark last night the students- boys and girls- 200 girls and they say 700 or 800 boys were still in the Police head quarters- pretty sick of their job- hungry and miserable. The police promised them to release one of the men as a compromise- if the students would disperse. They left on the strength of this promise. But this p.m. none of the six had been released.

After I had seen how near our boys had come to implicating me in our attempt to help the students who were trying to thwart the police in their attempt to administer justice, and what a power the Student Union had over the students here I told them that they must break all connection with the Union. I do not know what effect this will have. It may mean that we shall have to close. Last Monday in a meeting of the Union, four motions were passed. 1. The officials must remove the seat from the house they had used as their headquarters. This house the police had closed and sealed some weeks ago. 2. The police must give them permission to do just what they pleased in Foochow. Threaten, beat, stab, kill. 3. They would close A.C. Coll. 4. Close all mission schools. - Some program I should say.

But there are still some men in Foochow who are not bowing to them. Cio Lik Daik is firm in his stand not to give in to them. A teacher in the Meth. Woman's College Ding Guang Deu, has two boys in A.C. A new College has been organized of boys expelled from A.C. last summer and one or two disaffiliated teachers. Students from this school under the Student's Union told Mr. Ding that he must take his two boys out of A.C. and send them to the new school. He did not do it. One night he was caught and beaten. We wrote a letter to the Union which was published printed in the daily papers. The substance was that he was free to send his boys where he pleased. He was a Christian and was trying to live on principle as Jesus lived on principle. It took Jesus to his death and it might take him to his death. But that would be much better than to become afraid of such men as those of the Student's Union and obey them from fear. He would not be worthy to be called a man if he should thus sell out to them. They were the enemies of their country and were doing their best to destroy patriotism. I hope I can get a translation of this and send it home. It is one of the best documents I have seen in a long time in any language.

Well this all up to date. Perhaps you will share it with the others of the family.

I judge your work is going well and that you are happy in it. I cannot make out just how far you are from Geraldine. I judge the distance would be written in terms of the time it takes to go rather than in miles.

Letters from home say that father keeps young and well. I miss letters from Mother and Elizabeth, and I have not forgotten the good letters Ruth used to write. I cannot visualize the changes that I shall face the next time I go home.

The very last mail brought from Mary some Century Farm field corn.

With love to you and all

Will

Remember me to Mr. Foster.

[This letter, dated May 3, 1925, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary and all the peoples. He has been very busy for 3 weeks with late night business and social occasions. Miss Eunice Thomas was injured along with 20 or so others when the roof suddenly caved in during a service at the Sang Bo Church. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China
May 3- 1925

Dear Mary and all the Peoples-

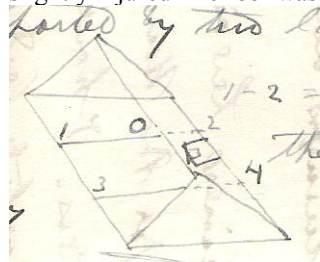
Before other items I must get the business of this letter off my mind. Will you please send checks to the children for the interest due each on that note or mortgage. I cannot reckon the full amounts for I do not know just when it began. But for each six months since interest began each child= Phebe K., Dorothy, Marjorie, Kathleen

should have \$7.95. This is the interest on \$265 for six months at 6% per annum. I have an idea that each child should have about $3 \times \$7.95 = \23.85 . But I will do no more figuring. Will you adjust it and after this divide the interest to each child. You know Marjorie's and Kathleen's address= 197 W. Lorain St. Oberlin, Ohio. Dorothy's is 1826 N. Michigan Ave., Saginaw, Mich. I will see that you know what to do with Phebe's.

The last three weeks have been very hectic with me. What will you say to my being up on six different nights till nearly 1 a.m. the next morning,- sometimes it was business- sometimes social occasions. Mr. Brand asked his friends to see movies on the Netherlands. They were given way over South Side and began at 9:30 p.m.!! But it was the best movie that I ever saw. Why are there not more? Is it because people do not want that kind? When the film was finished we had a very good idea of the country, its dependencies, its geography, its people in their occupations, their play- their education etc- Bicycling, and skating are everywhere. The products of the country and the manufacturing were shown the Queen and the peasant. The tourists were supposed to be taken from one place to another on a train. As we went from one city to another the map was shown with the name of the new city coming out one letter at a time and then the train started. It went by jerks- like a centipede and did not always follow the track and at times fell off the track but always righted itself and arrived at its destination right side up. This was the funny part of the movie. I reached home just before 10 a.m. the next day. It was well worth the effort.

Two weeks ago Admiral Washington of our China American fleet came into Pagoda. He is an old friend of Admiral Washington and his captains and Lieutenants and Doctors to a dinner at his Yamen and I was included- this was a late affair. I have been down to the University twice or three times on business and to preach and this is a late job. But this last week I have been making up by taking a long after dinner nap.

A week ago today while Miss Eunice Thomas was at our Sang Bo Church the roof fell in and broke her right arm and cut her head so 19 stitches had to be taken. Two boys had legs broken and some twenty others were slightly injured The roof was supported by two large beams running the whole length of the church like this.



supported by two beams. 1-2= one beam, 3-4= another beam. All the ends were decayed where they were in the wall. Beam 1-2 fell first. Point "1" gone way entirely. Miss Thomas was sitting at the organ = 0. All others were standing singing. She was injured worse than anyone else's. They had to dig her out of the debris. Word was sent at once to Miss Perkins at Geu Cio Dong= the church nearest Ponasang Girls School. She got word to Dr. Dyer who was playing the pipe organ in the city church. Mr. Leger and Mr. Reumann were in churches in the suburbs not far from Sang Bo and were on the scene soon after the accident and helped get her on a cot bed used as a stretcher and went with her direct to the new woman's hospital here in the city- Dr. Kinnear set the arm and stretched her head. Yesterday half the stitches were removed and the splints taken off the arm for the first time. She is doing very well.

Two boys had legs broken and about twenty others were slightly injured,- more seriously. It is marvelous that no one was worse injured.

Last Tuesday evening while I was at the University Mr. Scott received a letter from Dr. Gowdy. Mr. Kellogg was allowed to see him for the first time since he was taken ill. I wrote that one leg had been amputated. Gowdy remained with him only 5 minutes. He raised a glass of water to his lips for the first time. He is still running a temperature.

Another late night was a week ago yesterday the University Glee Club held their first Concert at Hua Nang= Meth ?? College Chapel. It was a grand success. Just as the audience had assembled before the singing began a very fierce thunder storm burst and it burst suddenly. The south windows were open and the wind blew the rain clear across the room and it struck me as I sat against the opposite wall. The young men sang just as college boys would sing at home. There were 16 in the Glee Club- all Chinese. Three of them were Foochow College boys. Last Thursday the Glee Club with the Volley Ball team left for Amoy- to sing and play in and near Amoy. Mr. and Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Beach and Mr. Farley went with them. At the concert Mrs. Scott stood behind a screen draped with vines so she could hardly be seen. It was very effective.

The Anti-Cob continues to listen to a chapter on its Hand Book of Fukien. Last Fri. Consul Price read a paper on transportation. The papers are generally good and interest is sustained.

This summer a Mr. and Mrs. Tappan= you remember them as fellow passengers on our way out in 1921= are to be with us on Kuliang and Miss Hieb our stenographer. We will be a guest household. The Tappans' have two

children. The new club house is up above the windows on the front. The weather has been impossible. I never saw so much rainy weather in the spring.

You may remember Mr. Nga Geng Guong, Dean of Foochow College. His father died yesterday- he was 76. He has been a staunch Buddhist or Confucianist or Taoist. He forbode Geng Guong to unite with the church. Told him he could be a Christian but on no account could he be baptized. Geng Guong has said that as long as his father lived he could not be baptized. People are asking already what he will now do,- (the sun has shone all day. It is now thundering and lightening and raining hard.)

The St. Clairs, Reumann's, Bedients, Blakeney's, and Miss Nutting and Miss Waddell are getting off for the U.S. in June.

The Sentinels come with every mail. The first page is one of the best places to read world news. What is the matter between Mr. Wilhelm and the church? His resignation as the Sentinel gives it gives slight clue as to the trouble. I was a bit surprised for I had thought he was doing good work. I wish I could have heard Mary at the Lenten Foreign Missionary Meeting.

The spring work is begun. You are preparing the ground for corn. Oats are up and potatoes are in. The young stock want to get out and taste the young grass. I suppose you have only two horses now- how many cows?- My chicks are all here- 18 growing nicely. I have planted sweet corn twice and am ready to plant again. The corn you sent came all right. The cool weather has made cabbage, turnips, beets, swiss chard and even lettuce continues good.

Last week Sunday I preached in Chinese here in the city in the morning- lunched with Phebe and took the 2:30 p.m. launch for the University to preach and admit three of the students to the church, and baptize two others. I have spoken before the University students three times recently. I must hold up for a while lest they tire of me. How is Stephen? The last news was good news so we will hope he is all right,- and the same for Johnson ??.

With love to father Phebe and yourself and all the rest.

Will.

*[This letter, dated **May 17, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe M. He checked on the construction of the Club House on Kuliang. Foochow College decided to continue to participate in the annual parade on China's Day of Humiliation even though there have been Student Union problems recently. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Foochow, China.

May 17th. 1925.

Dear Phebe [*Phebe M.*]:-

Your good letter came the 12th. Phebe and I enjoy all the letters from home as much as your letters say that you enjoy ours. The typewriter has not been working well for several months and a few weeks ago it stuck. I think the only trouble was that I had not properly cleaned it. So I sent it over to the cleaner's and it is a pleasure now to work it. Mary's letter was in with yours. Together they throw light on several points that were hazy from the accounts one gets in the papers. I suppose it is well and altogether for the best that the papers do not and cannot print all the inside working so such episodes as the muss with the Shelton pastor. But its enlightening all the same to get from your letters some of the reasons for actions that the papers give us. Now for general observation. I wonder at the long suffering of congregations often. The actions of some ministers are almost beyond belief. I am at times ashamed to be on the list. But then I remember that Jesus selected one of his disciples who was not a man to represent him and ever since the ministry has had some such men in it and it has had to share with all other professions the stigma of some of its unwise and some of its unworthy members. We get such on the mission field at times and such efforts as the best Board Secretaries, with all their experience, can and do put forth do not sift them all out. I suppose this helps keep the ministry humble and sympathetic with the other professions.

The most unusual spring that we have had continues to be unusual. We have had only one hot day this spring. That was last Thursday. I chose that day to go to Kuliang. I taught two classes and started at 10:30. I got to the mountain foot at noon. The sun was shining his hottest. I had a lunch at the foot before starting the climb, but by the time I reached the summit I was all in. The contractor who is building the Club got a bowl of very good rice and four fresh boiled eggs and some nice fish. It was good and I did it all justice. Then I looked at my house, then at Mr. Leger's on the top of our hill, then I went over to the Amoy house, over the other side of the big rocks, and then back to the Club and looked it over rather carefully, then the man who is watching Mr. McClure's house (the house way down in the valley.) I think you were with me two years ago when they asked us to dinner with the Cannons. Those steps never looked so long and so steep. But I made them and then was off for home with a chair as far as to the first village this side of the foot of the mountain. I reached home at 6:30. Kuliang was as beautiful as ever. This

summer our house-hold is to be Mr. and Mrs. Tappan and two children from Hainan, HongKong, Miss Hieb (our stenographer) and us two. Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair are going home in June. I have engaged their servants and shall keep house in this house till Ellen comes. I hope she will be here this fall. The last letter from Geraldine said she had decided to go to Oberlin for further study in the fall. She would live with Kathleen. This would release Ellen. So I have high hopes that I shall not have to keep house for myself in the fall.

A week ago yesterday I went to Diong Loh. Phebe went down the day before. Miss Armstrong and Miss Phillips went down with me. Dr. and Mrs. Gillette were there in their private launch. The occasion was to say good bye to Miss Nutting who is leaving on furlough. Mr. Neff and Mr. Thelin are in that station now. They and with Miss Ward made up the dinner party. We had a right good time. Phebe and I were coming home the next morning. The launch was advertised to start at 10:30. We were at the starting place at 9:30 and the old tub was about twenty rods away steaming for Foochow. We went back and took a good rest all day free from all kinds of care. I purposely went to church late so as not to be asked to speak, - shirker. But when the pastor had finished and had gotten the people to singing, he came ways down the aisle to the last seat and asked me to "say a few words". I did.

Foochow College is still going. The heads of mission schools had two long meetings week before last over the action that we ought to take regarding the students of our schools joining the parade on China's Day of Humiliation, May 9th. We have always thought it right for our students to go on this parade and they have gone every year since it began. Every other school voted not to allow its students to go. We had two long faculty meetings over the matter and decided unanimously that we could not unite with the other mission schools in this decision. Our boys went as usual. I do not perceive that any harm has come to us in any way. We all felt that if we joined the other schools and tried to keep the boys home it would mean the busting up of the school. One other school has had to close because of the attempt to stop the boys from parading that day. Thus far this term there has been very good harmony between faculty and students here and between the students themselves. We have student government. A regularly organized student Republic. It has functioned and done good work this term.

I am rejoiced to hear the good news about Stephen, to think of staying at grandfather's six weeks. One week was the most I ever could stay at grandfather's. I can take some comfort that Theodore and Harold took the pains to bring my letter to them down for you to see. It must have had some value or they would not have taken that trouble.

I wish I could get home for a fortnight to help put in the corn. I am planting every inch of ground I can find here with sweet corn or with field corn. Yesterday I bought a bag of phosphate of ammonia for fertilizer here - - even night soil. And it costs heavily. I gave \$15.30 for 200 pounds. I expect to use it for two years.

Chickens are doing very well. 18 are still growing, getting too crowded in their wire cage. I am beginning to think of not taking them to the mountain this summer. Last summer I left half of them down here and they did better than those I took to the mountain. I shall not have the care of them at the mountain if I leave them down here with the gardner.

Phebe had better pick up and come out with Ellen in the fall for a vacation of a few months, and to see China. She may be able to go home in an air flivver next winter. And you can likely "pick her up" or "tune in" if you get stuck on how to make a special kind of cake or how to start the auto.

Thank you again for the Sentinels. I was much interested in the account of the 28th anniversary of Ben and Abbie's wedding. It was sad that father could not get there. Last night I ate a feast to the 80th birthday of a man and his wife- both 80 years within a month of each other. Tell Oliver to remember me to Jim Drew.

Love to all

Will.

*[This letter, dated **June 10, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father and all the folks. During an uproar about a workman being killed in a Shanghai Japanese Cotton mill, 4 students were killed by police. This has caused much trouble by the Student Union in Foochow and the mission schools all decided to close early. Willard's chickens are doing well. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Foochow, China

June 10th 1925

Dear Father and all the folks:-

To day I am a prisoner at Ponasang. You have read in the papers of the trouble in Shanghai. A workman in Shanghai in a Japanese cotton mill was killed. The students of Shanghai made demonstrations at the funeral- distributed hand bills and made speeches. The Shanghai police= controlled by foreigners arrested some students and locked them up. The students gathered and with the people some 2000 demanded the release of those shut up. There

was a struggle between students and police for 2 or 3 hours. The Chief of Police and one other officer- both foreigners- were backed down but rescued. The police were pushed inside the jail yard. They then succeeded in pushing the students back and down the street for a block or so. The students then took a stand and pushed the police again to the jail gates. The Chief of Police thought it necessary at this stage to give the order to his police to fire into the mob. Four students were killed and six wounded. Three of them died soon after they reached the hospital. The mob dispersed. The Shanghai volunteers= foreign men- business men and missionaries who offer their services in times of danger were called out. This was May 30. The students got arms and another battle took place a day or two afterward. The last reports received here said that in all 14 had been killed, - not all students. Marines from the American, British, Japanese, Italian and French ships have been landed. Representatives of seven nations met last Saturday and asked two representatives of the Student's Union to meet with them to consider a settlement. As to the right and wrong of the case, I must not speak now. There are two statements however which I think may be made. 1st This affair is unifying China and it has touched all the principal nations of the world. The British are the center of attack by the Chinese. 2nd Bolshevism is playing a very important part in the proceedings. There has been a Bolshevik College in Shanghai for sometime with Chinese Students in attendance. The tactics used thus far by the students are in line with Bolshevism. Many ask where the money comes from to finance the propaganda that is going on. It seems evident that Russian Bolshevism could tell.

Now for Foochow news. Tuesday June 2nd. Telegrams from Shanghai has caused the Foochow Students Union to declare a strike for all Foochow students. No mission school obeyed. In the government schools the students control. These students at once demanded that examinations be held immediately. These were completed Saturday June 6th. A parade, in sympathy with the Shanghai students who had been killed and imprisoned, was staged for Sunday June 7th with threats for any students who refused to parade. Foochow College is right near the home of the Student's Union. Until Saturday morning both our students and the faculty thought we could complete the term by holiday examinations this week. But on Saturday morning all but one teacher- a young man- were convinced that there would be grave danger if we were in session on Sunday. At noon Saturday we decided to close immediately. Most of the other mission schools closed before midnight Saturday. The parade took place Sunday morning- 13 groups- less than 200 in all, not a large parade. The streets were placarded with posters calling on the people to rise and destroy imperialism. Monday and yesterday fresh posters with pictures of police shooting students and various other cartoons and language of a highly inflammable character continued to be posted. On Monday a monster parade was ordered for today Wed. All shops were ordered closed tight all day. No work of any kind was to be allowed. Most of the mission girls schools closed yesterday. Wenshan noted to disband at 10:30 a.m. There were 15 girls here from Diong Loh= 15 miles down the river. The Chinese teachers said some foreigner must go home with them. The Diong Loh launch left at 1:00 p.m. Phebe was asked to go with them. By dark some 175 girls had left- each under the care of some one from her home or from the school. I had planned to go out for supper with Phebe and had sent word. About 4:30 p.m. I heard she had gone to Diong Loh and also heard that Miss Perkins and Miss Holton were alone at Ponasang and that they, especially Miss Holton, would feel better if a man were in the compound, so instead of coming out to take supper with Phebe, I came out to take supper and spend the night and today and probably tonight here at Wenshan where I am writing this. We practically agreed that it would not be necessary on anyone, with a big parade on, with posters calling on the populace to use guns, bombs or anything to kill imperialism (Imperialism is the word used for the authority which opposed the students in Shanghai). We thought it wise to keep quiet to day, so I am here- just to be a man's presence here.

I had rather not give opinions or make remarks or tell what I think of the future. Some must breathe deeply and keep calm and think coolly and straight, when most men are hot headed. There are a lot of Chinese who are doing this now. Another general remark may be made- gathered not from the present affair from my observations of the past four or five years. The method of dealing with China which the powerful nations use- has greatly changed from what it was ten years and longer ago. Britain and America think long and carefully now before they make a demand or do anything drastic. A few rifle shots in Shanghai resulting in the killing of 7 young men- all on the order of one man has set the biggest nation on earth on fire and involved 7/8 of the world.

The weather this year has been surprisingly cool. We have had a single unendurable day and I have had a blanket over me every night thus far. To come out here last evening [I] put on a woolen coat and am wearing it today. There has been an unusual amount of rain but no flood. I picked four ears of sweet corn and brought them out with me. We had them for dinner last night. They will be larger and better next week but it was corn. Chickens are still doing well. I have 1 fine Wh. Leghorn rooster 3 yrs. old, one not very good R. Island Red rooster 1 yr. old, 2 R.I.R. hens 7 7/8 R.I.R. 1/8 Wh. Leghorn hens and two native hens that I have used for hatching and the 18 chickens. I must reduce the number. I plan to take the old fowls to the mountain and leave the young ones in Foochow with the gardner. I can eat or sell the old ones- as I wanted to on the mountain and it is very nice to have fresh eggs- as Mary may perhaps bear witness. I have already planted corn four times. The corn you sent has come

up all right. I have planted all the ground I could find here and given seed to Chinese to plant for two weeks we have all had all the string beans we could eat every day. Beets have been delicious.

Day before yesterday June 8th I went to Kuliang, - took a ricksha half way across the plain and walked the rest of the way. The new club house had most of the roof boards on and some of the tiles- all on by this time. I went specially to see Ned Smiths house which must have the roof changed. The day was not hot and I took just three hours from my city house to the Kuliang club. The village that we pass thru in going from the club to the tennis courts has been practically rebuilt. The houses are two story and five large ones- stores, with nice counters covered with galvanized sheet iron, and with good glass doors. We need a cable or cog rail road up the mountain, a telephone and electric lights,- all of which we are discussing. I suppose you have had electricity so long that you cannot remember how it seemed to be without it. Do you use it for power or for cooking or heating at all? The last letter told us that Daniel was already on the job- good for him. The last mail brought two large bundles of Sentinels. I have read only two of them- the last week has been too hectic to do much reading. The last mail also brought the appointment for me as Mission Treasurer until Mrs. Christian's return in September. Miss Thomas is getting better as fast as possible. She sits up and dangles her feet off the bed. Her back is very sore- some of the ribs must have been cracked and the broken arm does not straighten, but I understand this is always the hardest part of getting a broken arm back to normal. I have not yet heard what the girls are doing this summer- some of them planned to help Myra. I hope you will see Vivienne before the summer is over. I know how it will please Gould to bring her.

I see in writing about things here I write with Mary in mind- almost unconsciously for she has been here and knows.- God is still our loving, caring Father and does all things well. With love to all Will

Let others see this please.

*[This letter, dated **June 11, 1925**, was written from Hiram, Ohio by Gould to his mother. He tells of his confidence in his fiancé and their future. A shower is being held for Vivienne that evening. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Hiram, Ohio.
June 11, 1925.

Dear Mother:-

Your last letter was a fine one. I realize fully all that you said. It was a good coobuation[?] of what I have observed while travelling up and down thru the world. I have not had the experience yet, but the many families I have been acquainted with have each given me something as to knowledge about married life, its joys and sorrows, and I am not entering into this wedlock expecting a feathery path to glide on all the time.

I do, however have the faith in Vivienne and in myself to believe that we are determined enough to make this act the best of our lives and to make it a happy one for each other "till death do us part". I have thought much about how to avoid all the little misunderstandings that creep in to undermine the foundation of love that begins every couples break up. I am beginning by having nothing to be taken for granted, to keep no secrets- I have nothing in my life to hide and she has nothing in hers either.

Are Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma to be there after the 15th. If they are we (Mrs. Ross, Viv. and I) would like them to drive you all up for a visit. Mrs. Ross says there would be plenty of room to keep you over night after the 15th and they want to see all of you very much. I was rather planning on bringing Vivienne down to Oberlin on my way thru to A. That will be the 19th thru 20th. Of course this is if it is convenient for you.

I finished what work I had laid out to do in Ann Arbor Monday night; caught the 8 o'clock car to Detroit; got the 11.30 boat for Cleveland and caught the 7:00 a.m. buss for Hiram; and at 9:30 a.m. I had my own dear sweetheart clasped to my heart.

This morning I am taking a couple of hours off while Vivienne does something for herself. I am staying at a Karl ??'s who is engaged to Vivienne's chum. This little college is merely a hotbed for engagements. Two were announced last night. They are giving Vivienne a shower tonight and I am to keep her occupied away from home till they get ready. It is rather funny to walk about here and know that everyone (girls especially) are peeking around the trees and whispering about Vivienne's beau. That's what I get for taking the *[page torn]* girl in the college and a small college too. They all have me spotted already.

I will write particulars about visits when you tell me how it will be most convenient for you.

Love to all,

Your only son,
Gould.

[This letter, dated **June 14, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Stanley and his family. Whooping cough has made its way through the children of the compound. He talks about the Shanghai situation and the students. He is staying at the Wen Shan School to protect the female teachers. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard, family of Willard F. Beard.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

June 14- 1925

Dear Stanley, Myra, Nancy, Stephen and Ruth:-

Nearly every mail during recent months has brought news about you or letters from you to the folks that have been inclosed. Phebe and I are very glad that Stephen has made such a good recovery from the whooping cough. Just as we heard of your having it all the children in this compound except two very young babies were "whooping her up" in great shape. All have recovered. There have been eight= 3 Reumanns, 3 Legers and two St. Clairs who are able to run and get into all manner of mischief- fighting with Chinese paper umbrellas as weapons, poking my chickens with sticks thru the wire cage, or coop, throwing stones at a large water jar, made of clay and baked, in which I kept water for the garden, etc., etc. - Beside these there were Francis St. Clair and Ruth Leger born in February. The St. Clairs left yesterday afternoon for furlough and the Reumanns leave in a few days. But the Goertz's will come in from Gek Siong Sang= near Wenshan where Phebe is, in Sept. They have two small children.

It seems very quiet here today. The last few days have been pretty lively with packing etc. and then St. Clair was Mission Treas. and that job falls to me. I have told the mission that I will try to sell Boston drafts and write checks for them so they can get along until Sept. Mrs. Christian comes then to take the Treasurer ship. But I will not do much at posting and keeping the books. It is going to be an everlasting or rather constant nuisance to me. To morrow I had promised to go down to the University to see about the purchase of some land that we need for one of the buildings. To days mail brought two letters- one for a hurry up deposit to be made from selling gold drafts for the Shaowu mission- one for a check to go to Pagoda tomorrow. I should leave here about 7 a.m.

Whatever one may be doing or writing or saying, in the back of his mind these days is the student situation. The Chinese students have certainly put China on the map. I shall be interested in seeing what the home papers print. It is impossible for us here in Foochow to get facts enough to make up our minds about the affair in Shanghai May 30th. It seems pretty clear that the students challenged the authority of the Shanghai Municipal Police- the students wished to parade, to make street speeches to crowds and to distribute handbills which had anti foreign sentiments in them. These were all against the regulations. There was a conflict after some students had been arrested and put in jail; - the mob of 1 or 2 thousand demanded the release of the imprisoned students. The Police fired into the mob and killed four and wounded six - three of whom died shortly. This was the beginning. In Shanghai some 14 have been killed in the various conflicts and a few days ago more were killed in Hankow. A telegram received at 9 this morning says that all those imprisoned in Shanghai have been released.

The reaction in Foochow has resulted in all schools closing about two or three weeks earlier than they had planned. A week ago today there was a parade in protest of the shooting and imprisoning of students in Shanghai- not a large number- less than 200. But on Wednesday last a monster parade took place. 190+ different units 10000+- students- merchants- workmen- Chamber of Commerce- Education Board- guilds -etc., etc. They said it took two hours for the parade to pass a given point. Phebe's school decided to disband at 10:30 a.m. Tuesday. 15 of the girls came from Diong Loh= 15 miles down the river. She went down with them. Miss Perkins and Miss Holton were at Wenshan alone. The rumors were rather disquieting for a girl who had been here only a short time and Priscilla Holton wanted a man around. I am a detached male, so I went out Tuesday evening and staid with them till Thursday morning. I told the foreigners and we all agreed that it would be wise to curb our curiosity on Wednesday and forego the pleasure of seeing the parade. Some foreigners did go on the streets and one- a peculiar Australian rode a bicycle and passed most of the parade in the city here and he held a preaching service in front of one of the churches in the afternoon. The students came in and drove the audience out once or twice but they all returned and nothing happened. Foochow College disbanded a week ago yesterday. The Student Union entered our church near Wenshan and berated the people for attending church when they should have been parading. Fortunately only 16 Wenshan girls were present. Delegates from the Union came to see if Foochow College was really closed. If they had found 500 boys at church I should not like to be responsible for what might have occurred.

Tuesday June 16-

To day we hear thru a telegram that students in Kiu Kiang = up the Yangtse above Nanking= burned the Japanese Tai Won Bank, then wrecked the British Consulate and attacked the British Consul. I will not write of

Hankow. You have read of it. East and West are meeting all right- but with all the force on one side. We see more clearly than ever the difference in attitude regarding obedience,- respect for authority. There is very little in China. The student class specially has always held- and the other classes have backed them up- they were privileged to do about as they pleased. We wonder at what we call their stupidity in gathering in mobs and facing men who are armed with rifles that are ready to mow them down. But their own people and their own official allow them [to] go about the streets of any city and take any goods out of any store, claim they are Japanese, and pile them up in the street and burn them. These same students can beat up any peaceable citizen or stab with knives any peaceable citizen as they please and no one even remonstrates.- Now put this attitude of mind against the attitude of mind of the westerner, who has been from earliest childhood and for generations taught to respect law and to desire order- and there must be a clash.

Last Saturday there was a meeting of some 150 Christians in Foochow to discuss the situation in Shanghai. They agreed on the following as fact in the Shanghai affair. 1. A defenseless body of students doing nothing to injure anyone was fired into by a strongly armed police force. 2. Only 10 seconds elapsed between the telling the students they would be fired on and the actual firing. 3. Forty shots were fired into the crowd. 4. All the students were shot in the back.- Well our servants were to be told today that they must strike. Last Friday the three or four stores that sell most of what the foreigners eat were guarded by students and no provisions were allowed to be delivered. (Each of these assertions is of course quite a stronger to the truth.) This is enough to let you see a little of our life here. It will be good for Christianity for the students are dragging in their anti foreign and anti Christian propaganda, and the Christians are realizing as never before that they must be able to tell what and why they believe. I never saw anything that pulled the Christians together as this crisis has. The one word on all lips is Bieu Se= express. The Gospel grows at such times.

I wish you [could] come drop in and dine with Hightower and me. We are "Batching" it. This evening we had sweet corn, string beans and strawberries from our own garden and omelet from our own hen fruit. We have carrots and cabbage and beets and swiss chard. My 18 chickens are doing finely. I have a prime Wh. Leghorn rooster 3 yrs. old= the father of the chickens and a full blooded Rh. Island Red rooster and three hens. I have in all 9 blooded hens. In March they laid 204 eggs. Phebe has does a heavy terms work and has grown strong all the time. She is glad of a rest now tho. The Shaowu people are not coming to Foochow this year.

I am enclosing a photo of a man clad in an overcoat made of a Prince Albert coat that came as a Christmas present last December. His gloves are a Christmas present also. It = the coat came in just the right time for he had no light overcoat.

How long will it be before we will be talking with each other? Does Ruth pick up Chicago [by radio]- and Sousa's Band and does she listen to the world[?] dashing at Golden Gate? How very small the world is! All are now neighbors. I wish they could realize it and learn to be neighborly. God has prepared so many nice things for us and He has showed us how to use so many nice things- the air- electricity- mines- water- and lots of things. And He has trained our minds to think thoughts that have been in His mind,- thoughts of love and mercy and patience and helpfulness and so many of us keep our minds down in the poison of selfishness and envy and hatred. But if the present seems to portend an ill future, we must remember that the darkest time of the night is just before the sun peeps over the horizon with her first morning rays. God has been very good to all of us. I hope He'll send Ellen out in the fall.

With lots of love to all Will.

Can you let the others of the family see this.

[Undated typewritten letter, but between 1923 and 1925. This letter was found in Phebe Kinney Beard's scrapbook.]

A Letter from Peking Government University
The Anti-Religion Union.

We have taken an oath to root out the poison and the harms of religion for the sake of mankind and society. We intensely hate and are deeply grieved by the poison religion is disseminating among mankind which tends to bring society to a million fold worse than the worst anarchy of ancient times. If you have religion you can't have mankind; if you have mankind you should have no religion; the two can't exist together. Mankind is by nature evolutionary, religion falsely says man and all things were made and placed on the earth by Heave (God); men are free and equal, but religion would fetter thinking and deform individuality by worship of idols; mankind is by nature

fond of peace, is good and fond of righteousness, but religion entices by means of promises of heaven and frightens by talking about hell. Religion naturally lacks the authority of awe-inspiring virtue, so they must produce man-made superstitions. Religion being naturally hypothetical they dress up the false so that it will seem to be true and harm men the more. In short since god himself is not the product of physical and chemical forces, then what sort of thing is he? If the life of a saviour is nothing our consciousness can imagine, then what is it? If there is Creator why didn't he make electric lights and aeroplanes in the first place? If he has power to reward and punish why doesn't he make all people be good? The absurdities of religion are utterly incompatible with the truth of science; despicable religion is absolutely contrary to humanitarianism.

China as compare with other countries is fairly clean in that it has no government religion, but in recent decades Christianity has been day by day inoculating and infecting the country, and within recent months there is talk of some sort of Christian students federation planning to come to Peking and hold meetings in the national capital in broad day light. On consideration mankind has received more poison and harm from Christianity than all other religions because their methods of propagation are more subtle than that of others. Their hateful poison is used with all their power to tempt young students. The students are naturally pure and clean but easily tempted, so they use money secured in questionable ways to build large showy buildings which they call Christian associations. They tell the young students that they do not need to believe Christianity to become members, but once enter and you are led step by step into Christianity. The Y.M.C.A. is the preparatory school of Christianity- the place where Christians are made. Billiards [*Billiards?*], alas! Athletic meets alas! Moving pictures alas! Famous lectures, alas! Scholarship aid alas! Ushering, alas! Social meetings, alas! Captains of membership teams, alas! These are the chloroform, the hypnotism, which they use to distribute poison, alas! The pity of the terrible harm done to youth of unlimited possibilities, alas! The detestible Christians bring the personalities of our young students to what a state! Words fail to tell the crimes of religion! Ordinarily most people either pay no attention or do not understand the poison, but when you once carefully consider the matter and how sad the situation is, flesh and blood can stand no more but at once springs up to oppose religion and protect the truth.

We have formed the great Anti-Religion Union, and our one object is to oppose religion, without regard to party and absolutely no other aim. There are no restrictions of race, nationality, sex or age. There is no middle ground between believing a religion and opposing it. All who are not superstitious, and all who want to do away with the poison of religion are at one with us. This is the proclamation of the Anti-Religion Union.

*[This letter, dated **June 21, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Phebe K. to her Aunt Phebe M. She talks about the Shanghai trouble and the student's reaction. She tells about a play given by the students to raise money for the earthquake in Yunnan. The Y.W.C.A. is closing in Foochow. Miss Thomas is recuperating from her injuries sustained in the church roof collapse. Phebe moves up to Kuliang and finds it quiet at their house. Her furlough has been approved for the next year and she is looking forward to it. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

Wen Shan Girl's School

Foochow, Fukien
June 21, 1925.

Dear Aunt Phebe,

The last few weeks, as well as being very busy, have been full of excitement. We being a girls' school hear of it only thru the heads of boys schools or in other ways by hearsay, but more recently we have been taken into the councils that talk over conditions and try to help decide a general policy of action for the body of mission schools of Foochow City.

One of the finest things that has happened for some time is the organization of a Christian Middle School Teachers' Association in Foochow. There have been three meetings so far and the one held on June 6 was attended by nearly all the teachers, men and women, of nearly all the Christian schools in Foochow. It took them from a bit after three till about six to elect their officers, and I enjoyed watching the development of the "group mind". Do you ever hear of that in America? The president of the Association is the head Chinese secretary of the Y.M.C.A. and Principal of the Y.M.C.A. school. The women were taken in as cordially and normally as if it had always been done in China, and while the nominating committee was out at work, each one present introduced himself or herself and told from what school he came. I hope that there may grow out of this association a new idea of what teachers and their work may be, and an enlargement of the teachers' view of educational problems. There are some very fine and outstanding people in the group as well as some interesting examples of the first step away from the old-style

Chinese “teacher”. As I sat watching the Chinese do their own talking and organizing yesterday afternoon, I felt very modern in realizing that this war like many organizations of the same sort of the U.S.A. We really aren’t far behind, and in some things we are ahead of you!

A few weeks ago one of the finest graduates of Foochow College, the A.B.C.F.M. boys’ school in the walled city, who is teaching in a Chinese school in Amoy, brought twenty or more of his boys, High School Seniors, up to the Provincial Capital to see the sights and visit the Parliament and the prisons. We felt honored that the only girls’ school he included in his list of places to visit was ours, and the morning on which they came to chapel was a pleasure alike to teachers and students. The boys conducted themselves most admirably, and like most Amoy people, looked bright. After Mr. Go their guide had told our girls about the school he was representing we asked the boys to sing. Mr. Go is quite a musician, and he accompanied them in singing their school song. Then our girls sang their school song in return.

Last week a similar group of Amoy boys was here from another school, a government school (for the other was one run and endowed by a private citizen.) They were being entertained at the government Normal School in the City. One night the wall of an adjoining lot fell and as some of the boys were sleeping in the courtyard just under it to keep cool, it killed seven or eight of them. One of them was the brother of a girl in the Methodist Girls’ College and it was a sad day for her when she had to go and identify the body of the only son in her family and both of them away from home. For to die away from home is a real disaster in China.

By this time you have all heard of the Yunnan earthquake and of the need of that section. Is it lack of power to advertise on the part of the Chinese, or the fact that the affected area is sparsely settled, or that it is far away from the rest of the world, or is it just lack of communication which made the news so long in reaching us, as compared to the news of the Yokahama disaster two years ago. They say that this one is second only to that in its severity.

When the University students hear of it they came to Foochow from the University site half way down the river and printed tickets for a relief entertainment they planned to give. Then they walled a meeting of the representatives of all the schools of Foochow and told of their plan asking each school to take tickets and pledge themselves either to see or stand back of all they took so that the fund would not lose by failure to sell tickets. The place was to be the Y.M.C.A. building. Our representative was a rather level-headed senior. Knowing that girls in a boarding school have little freedom for going on the streets, she refused to take as many tickets as the University boys tried to make her take, and on the way home while her coolie-chaperone was changing money at the money exchange, she sold six tickets to some of the shop keepers nearby.

Just before the play was to take place we heard suddenly that because of the trouble with students in Shanghai, they thot the Y.M.C.A. unsafe for the relief function, so asked if they could have it here. We were glad to have them, and the boys came and made their own arrangements, hiring a stage from a local theater company, and scenery, and borrowing costumes of our teachers etc. Seats were brought from the church across the way, and our grounds were brightly lighted by ascetaine lights hung in trees and before the stage. We had a large audience that was quiet and the most responsive of any audience I have seen in China.

You may be interested in a resume of the plot of the play they gave. It was taken from a magazine story, Chinese of course, and quite modern. Incidentally we were pleased with it as a wholesome and rather apropos influence at this time.

The daughter and only child of a Chinese couple who are well-off and careful of Chinese etiquette, typical modern parents, are sending their daughter to a mission school where she is imbibing in Western knowledge and a disconcerting amount of Western ideas about the freedom of the younger generation and of women in particular. The opening scene shows her very ill, and after a most realistic and amusing scene where two Chinese doctors try to prescribe for her by reading their prescriptions from a newspaper, and then urging the father to buy 7 lbs. of dried fruit, 2 of squirrel fur and other things equally absurd, expensive and ineffective, and after the father drives them both out in distrust and anger, he sent for a young Chinese who has studied Western medicine abroad. He comes quietly in, takes her temperature and leaves a bottle of medicine to be taken a dose every hour and promises to return to see her later. He also prescribes exercise- tennis and walking. She quickly recovers and then develops quite a friendship between them. The parents are a bit uncomfortable about the ways the lady takes things into her own hands in her relations with the young doctor, tho they like him. They scold her for being forward and she takes the opportunity to air her newly gained ideas of freedom in marriage choice. After two or three calls where the two of them try to talk to the subject of love and marriage, he comes straight to the point and asks her if she could love him. She dismissed him abruptly giving no satisfactory reason and leaving him as much devoted to her as ever. She then takes up with a very attractive young man of whom she knows nothing, and very much against her father’s wishes becomes engaged to him. The doctor comes to warn her that he is a most useless sireable character, but she remains stubborn. A furious and finely acted scene then takes place where the father goes into a real Chinese fury in

his efforts to scold his daughter out of her foolishness. Another scene shows the agony of the love-lorn doctor very realistic when one considers that all this idea is practically new to them as yet. The wedding day comes, the gaily decked bride enters with the usual Western ceremonies, and they are just to be pronounced man and wife when in rushes an untidy wench who seizes the groom and drags him to the door asking who told him he might do that. Didn't he remember marrying her only two years ago? Well, he was coming right home with me! And home he went, meek as a lamb. The poor bride suffers an agony of remorse and sorrow, to find that all she has refused to believe is true and the maid takes her to her room only to return in a few minutes to tell her ???that she went to get the girl some tea and returned to find her stretched at full length on the floor. The young doctor is sent for and as he enters a letter is thrust into his hand. After he reads it he promptly faints and the curtain falls on the last of the play. The lady's 1st ???then hung outside the curtain written on a scroll and confessed her wrongs in trying to marry the bad man, and stating that she finds ?? really in love with the doctor all along. But she has lost too much face to live so has killed herself. (I thought the poison worked rather quickly or it might have been a hanging.)

The acting was very spirited and even from our point of view I thought it a good interpretation. The Father of the girl and the young doctor were very fine, the lover throwing himself into his part so realistically that I should think he would have been a rag by the end. The many fine things said about the young people's having a voice in their own marriage arrangements and the fine sentiments expressed by the agonized doctor when he dementedly determined to kill the rival because he had no right to deceive an innocent young girl were loudly clapped by the audience which followed very quietly and eagerly. Most plays in China are unintelligible as far as hearing goes, and this new privilege of having the action explained by words kept the listeners so quiet that we didn't notice their presence except when they applauded. Such is young China in three or four aspects.

About June second, we heard that because of some unpleasantness at the customs in Shanghai the students had made a demonstration. Also because of the accidental death of a worker (Chinese) in a Japanese factory the students had simply smashed up the interior of that factory completely. When the volunteer foreign police of Shanghai came to settle things the students had not been amenable to reason and after a long struggle with them, the police fired, killing six we heard. In another battle a few days later, eight more were killed and the Shanghai students telegraphed to Foochow that all business and schools must close. For several days everything was closed in Shanghai, but is practically all right now, except for the stevedores on the water front. There was a parade on June seventh when several students rushed in to the church across the way where our girls go, and made a rather frightening commotion. They said they had told people not to have services till the trouble was fixed up. The people rushed to the front of the church away from the doors but as soon as the students went, they resigned their seats and the service was finished. No other church so far as we have heard had any trouble and we think this one was entered only because it was on the direct route of march and they saw a service going on as they passed which acted as a red rag to a bull. I heard that the officials were not pleased with the idea of a demonstration, but as Government now had little to say as to what people shall or shall not do, the parade took place just the same.

From June 7 to 14, much happened. On Monday night the 8th, Miss Perkins and Miss Ding our head Chinese teacher, made the rounds of the South Side schools to see what they were planning to do. All were going to keep till their schedules finished, except the M.E. Girls' College, Hwa Nan, which was closing Tuesday because the University had closed. When our girls heard that, though before they wished to keep till the 24th, they sent us a petition saying 1) they did not want to be the first school to close, nor the last to close; 2) that since Hwa Nan was closed, they did not wish to wait for the Anglican Middle School, (a tactful hint that they wished to close immediately) and 3) that they asked us, the faculty, to let their term daily average stand as the term mark, and the fourth month exam as the final exam. On Tuesday morning our University graduate science teacher came in very early, saying that he had received a letter telling him, if he was to continue coming to school he had best go at a different time than usual - - - which he took to be a threat against his safety to say the least. As a fact this is hardly a treat at all, in this day of pirates' knives, crossbones, guns, red spots etc., on letters that say you will be killed if you do such and such things. But the Chinese are very open to suggestion.

After a brief chapel service that morning, the faculty met for an hour and a half trying to come to gether on some agreement that would allow patriotism for both sides. We finally had to vote to close. Vacations of one or two days to sympathize with the students in mourning for the death of those killed in Shanghai was forbidden as unpatriotic by our consul, and the teachers as well as the girls feared an attack and violence on Wednesday when there was to be a parade past our gates, if we did not close. That would make our girls strike they feared when they felt the mob spirit of the parade so we felt that closing was the wisest way. The girls were very long faced when they heard it, but their spirit had been quiet, thoughtful, and friendly all along. It was really a question of international relations, and it was the only course. Things like that somehow take on significance and grow in importance in the light of later developments. The faculty finally voted that in the interest of education exams would have to be taken in the fall.

We have fifteen Diongloh girls here in school and as there was a launch at 1 P.M. that day they had to rush to get packed and ready to take it, as we hoped to get as many girls out of school before Wednesday as possible. Letters were sent to the parents to come that afternoon and get their girls as the Chinese teachers feared to go on the launch, I escorted the girls down. It was a lovely day and we had a pleasant ride. One girl tried to go home with the sister of the boy to who she is engaged, but luckily, I didn't allow it, for the betrothed ones might have met --- which in China would have been most unseemly!!!! When I got back on Thursday I found that there was practically no excitement on Wednesday. The students paraded, and the foreigners all stayed at home. All schools that had not closed before did so perforce of circumstances on those two days, so now every one is having a few weeks of unexpected rest and time to get ready for Kuliang easily. The University boys have been in a days conference with the Student Union discussing their position toward Christianity. The University boys contend that since China is pledged to the principle of religious freedom and toleration, they cannot single out Christianity to oppose more than any other religion. It is unfortunate that the Anti-Christian Movement of the last two years should come to a head at this time when it gets mixed with the Anti-foreign Movement and feeling engendered by this particular event.

The Chinese Christians had a mass meeting at the Y.M.C.A. last week to discuss their position on the situation. After hearing both sides, and getting as much information as possible, they voted to send telegrams to Peking and Shanghai asking for justice, regardless of nationality, and for as speedy and peaceful a settlement as possible. They also wrote a letter to the members of the three missions working here asking them for an expression of their feeling. In accordance with this request, there was a very full and representative gathering of missionaries last Wednesday night when several outlines were read and the general feeling of the group was taken. A committee was then appointed to draft the letter to this Chinese group and I think it is now sent. It is interesting to see how conservative the British are in admitting that their policy of foreign relations has not been entirely conducive to a complete and friendly understanding and faith in them on the part of the Chinese. But we got together on the main points that we regretted the occurrence in Shanghai and wished for a speedy, thorough and impartial settlement based on Christian principles. This will reassure our Chinese friends as to our feeling on the matter.

The servants on South Side had a meeting to see what they would do. They declared a strike to begin last Wednesday, June 17th, but it has not come off and probably will not now. Things here are very much the same as usual and people are going to the mountain fast. We are able now to get food from the foreign shops if we send by a Chinese messenger for it, as we were unable to do a few days ago. Meat is still hard to get because the butchers are killing only one or two animals a day and the cuts are very soon sold. That condition will probably soon pass. At no time during the disturbance have I felt any anxiety for the foreigners, for the Chinese are good talkers but well controlled. The feeling against Japan and England is still quite strong due I imagine mostly to past history. It is interesting to ride on the launches or hear the people talking on the streets, the illiterate common people and hear their version of the situation. They confide themselves mostly to facts tho they often throw in remarks and comments that show the direction of their thots on the subject. I was asked yesterday if I were a Japanese!! I can't imagine why my being able to speak the language was any reason to make the old gentleman think I was a Japanese, for I was wearing a hat, and I am not yet tanned for the summer!!!!

The Y.W.C.A. in Foochow is closing up for good so as to release its very charming and able secretaries for more responsive places. The Foochow women have never taken hold of the organization as they should, and other places are so needy for workers that our fine ladies are being transferred to those places, much to our sorrow. Last week their Association and house furniture was on sale and at the end of this month they go.

On June 4th the ladies at the Union Kindergarten Training School gave a farewell party for all those leaving on furlough this June. From the Methodist and A.B.C.F.M. missions there were twelve or more leaving and as the Y.W.C.A. is closing there were also some Chinese workers. We first provided some necessary articles for the departing ones by tearing them out of paper. They were judged by two men, and they chose a prophylactic tooth brush, an umbrella, a child's dress and a steamer and a suitcase, as being most appropriate and the best executed. Then we wrote telegrams to them using the words Good Wishes as an acrostic, and they wrote telegrams to us using the words Fine Voyage. The telegrams were rare. As a last bit of fun the furlough people all fished for gifts from the highest point in the lovely rockery they have at the Kindergarten while people below hooked the "fish" on their hooks.

For eight weeks now Miss Thomas who was hurt very seriously by the falling of the church roof on her while playing the organ for morning service, has been gaining slowly. We were not able to see her for two or three days, then only her family here at Wen Shan, but now she has as many callers find time to drop in. Some of the friends in Foochow have done such sweet things as to send a new variety of rose with a verse or letter to introduce it every day. These hot days are very trying as she still lies almost all the time on her back, sitting up now for two weeks only half an hour twice a day. She is not able to raise herself and to walk alone for some distance, does

crossword puzzles, and reads a great deal. An electric fan has helped a deal to make the heat endurable. Fortunately at the time of the accident only two others were badly hurt that we heard of, two children whose legs were broken. They are both recovering nicely, one in the same hospital with Miss Thomas, one at home under a Chinese doctor's care.

The flowers in the house have been my care since Miss Thomas' absence, and it has been a pleasure. Gladiolas are beautiful now and huge and plentiful. Snap-dragons have been in for a long time, Easter lilies, dahlias and very fragrant white native flower are what we now have. Our own nasturtiums are doing pretty well tho they are now past their prime, and the dainty pink fairy lily reminds me of Wordsworth's "Daffodils" every time I see their bright little patch on the lawn.

And now in less than three weeks we shall be gone to Kuliang, with summer ahead of us. I hope your summer will be restful and happy.

[The rest of the letter is handwritten.]

This is the 9th of July, and such a rainy day we didn't have during the whole summer Aunt Mary was here. A little typhoon has been raging for three days and so we may have nine this summer. By the Chinese proverb if we have a typhoon in the seventh month it will have nine children; an eighth month typhoon has no children.

The package that brought your gift of cloth for a dress was such a happy surprise; and the material is lovely! Everyone else is quite jealous; which of course, womanlike ?? my appreciation of it, or more properly, my joy in it. I have it here and am going to have it made up by the same tailor that made Aunt Mary's dresses here.

Kuliang is almost strange after one summer away. The hills and sunsets are the same, and as I came up that first bright day and saw them, they gave me a sense of rest and satisfaction just to be here. But at least half the people are strange and I need as much introducing almost as our secretary-stenographer, Helen Hieb, whom I am hostess-ing. Our other people, the Tappans with their two children haven't come yet, and may not, as Hongkong is closed up and we have heard nothing from them. I miss the children, but it is restful to be quiet. People are leaving us pretty much alone, and I am beginning to fear it is intentional, so I can rest- for Susan Armstrong never fails to tell me she hopes the Tappans won't come, when she sees me. I am resting grandly. Cook, washerman, house boy, amah- these are the servants for four people. Mr. Thelin boards here but only 3 live here. I didn't go to mission meeting today as the wind is too hard to walk against.

The new Club House is very attractive and nearly done now. Our Fourth of July entertainment was held there, and the new chairs and the big room of stone are fine. The entertainment consisted of nine tableaux illustrating the life of the Pilgrims and they were very pretty and very well done. It seemed so good to see big High School children once more, for in Foochow we see almost none.

Today my furlough was voted for next year at this time; so it will not now be long before I come home. It does sound good and I am beginning to look forward to it. I am planning soon to send Aunt Mary a much belated package soon with bamboo paper knives, jade pendants and some little cards in it. Other things will come soon. The other morning I bought over \$10 worth of embroideries, choice old ones, like those we used to get years ago, and almost never see now. The pedlars have begun to take the up-river districts for these things now.

You will be having a birthday yourself before I can get this to you. I hope it may be very happy, and that it may "lead on" many others after it, as we used to translate in Latin, just as happy.

My warm love and good wishes for a happy summer to all at Century Farm, and a special lot for you on your birthday from

Phebe K.

*[This letter, dated **June 28, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe. He tries to keep calm and level headed while much unrest and instability is about in China. He is standing in as the mission treasurer. He includes a letter written to the Chinese Christian Association by a committee he is on regarding the Shanghai situation. His corn is growing well. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Foochow China
June 28, 1925

Dear Phebe [*Phebe M.*]:-

It looks from my correspondence register as if it might be your turn for a letter. A good one from you came last evening at 10 o'clock.- The one written at Lake Mohawk House [*probably Lake Mohawk in N.J.*]. I'm glad you

had such a pleasant quiet place for a rest. How would it seem to get into such a place for a few days? For nearly three years now we have been living in such unrest and uncertainty here that one nearly forgets what quiet and peace and certainty are. Life has been full of interest- too full at times. Thus far my policy has been to keep as calm and level headed as possible and keep on the even tenor of my way until it seems wise to others as well as myself to change,- an instance is in keeping on with school until June 6th, when Faculty and students were a unit in voting to close. Before midnight of that day nearly every mission school was closed. Since that day you have read- I do know what in the papers. Chinese and foreigners have special printers, ink by the keg on paper and spent much money in postage to tell others what they ought to do about it. Last evenings mail brought pronouncements from Canton and from Peking and from several points between- some covering pages, some brief- all having rather pronounced views and opinions about the "Shanghai matter of May 30th". I am not going to write my ideas- except to say that it was a clash between the East and West in the matter of their attitude toward authority, law, order and justice. The printed leaves nearly all call for "justice"- but "justice" is defined differently by the East and the West. Some missionaries have fallen over backwards and bumped their heads in trying to meet the demands of the Chinese for sympathy and justice in the Shanghai affair,- others have gone just as far the other way. Ten days ago I was one of a committee of eight to draft a letter to the Chinese Evangelistic Association of Foochow, expressing our sympathy etc.- You may be sure that eight people from 28 years to 60 years old, men and women, Episcopalian, Methodist, Congregationalist engaged in educational evangelistic and Y.M.C.A. work- a Meth. Bishop- having lived and worked in China from five to thirty years- (The Bishop only ten months) would be fairly conservative in drawing up such a letter. One of the C.M.S. missionaries thought we were far too sympathetic and of his own accord sent them his private letter which called them down, took them to task for meeting without the missionaries being present- and virtually told them that they did not know their business. So I am trying to keep a level head and get a bit of rest.

While resting I have been trying to catch on to the work of Mission treasurer. Mr. St. Clair left two weeks ago yesterday. He closed the books June 8 and balanced them and left June 13. I will try to sell gold bills and keep the people in money. I'll not guarantee to keep the Journal and Leger posted to date and everything in shape to show an inspector any time he may happen around. I have [*been*] working at auditing every minute I could find during the past week. This is helping me to understand the keeping of the books.

June 13th Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair and three children left Foochow and went to Pagoda, spent the night with Dr. and Mrs. Gillette and took steamer for Hong Kong Sunday. They were afraid that conditions in Shanghai would make it very inconvenient- if not dangerous to try to change ships in Shanghai. As it turned out Shanghai was quiet at the time. The next day= Sunday, I rose at 4:15 a.m. and escorted his trunks over to the launch at Jardines and sent his coolie down with them, and got back for breakfast. On Thursday morning Phebe, Misses Armstrong, Hieb, Holton, Mr. Hightower, and four Chinese teachers of the College and myself took a motor boat to see Miss Margie V. Phillips off on the Hong Kong Steamer. She has been teaching here during the year, and goes back to Manila for teaching. Last Wednesday the Reumann family left. They too a North German Lloyd S.S. via India and Suez. Fortunately the ship stopped here so they need not change at Hong Kong. This makes all leaving for furlough. Miss Thomas is not making the recovery the doctors want her to and she's to go to America. I have asked for sailing for her Aug. 10, on Empress of Australia.

To day is rather warm 92 degrees +. Many people are on Kuliang. Phebe plans to go Wednesday. I will get off Thursday or Friday.- Preach there next Sunday and come down to Foochow the next Tuesday for a meeting. Hightower and I are now keeping bachelor hall. He plans to stay here during the summer. How the hatred of man against his brother must grieve the heart of the Father.

Very lovingly Will.

My garden has supplied all the Am. B'd. missionaries still in Foochow with all the delicious sweet corn they could eat for three weeks now. The second planting is getting rather ripe to be real good. I am now picking the greenest ears. The third planting will be ready to eat in another week. The fourth planting is nearly two feet high. The last planting about 4 in. The first planting of field corn looks fine- hip high. I could not get all the ground ready at once. The second planting I put the Amonia Sulphate directly under the corn and let the gardner cover the sulphate. He did not put enough earth over it and it burned the corn, so this planting is late.

I am still eating Swiss chard, carrots, string beans and beets and cabbage.

How I should enjoy being the boy on the farm for the next month- riding the mowing machines and rake and doing a little of all kinds of work.

I sincerely hope some of the girls will help Myra out this summer. It's fine that Daniel is to be with you.

Will

[Following is the letter written by the committee Willard refers to in the above letter:]

June 18th, 1925.

To The Chinese Christian Association,
Foochow, Fukien.

Dear Fellow-Christians:

We, elected to express the views of a largely attended meeting of American and British missionaries held on Wednesday evening, June 17th, to consider the situation arising from the regrettable events in Shanghai on May 30th, wish to place ourselves on record as follows:

1. We confess with shame that the policies and actions of our respective governments, and the attitude of ourselves and our fellow-countrymen, toward China and her people have been, and are, too often out of harmony with the principles of Christ.
2. We recognize our duty, as opportunity arises, to do what we can toward removing the injustices which mar the relations of China with other countries, and are always ready to cooperate with you in creating the spiritual atmosphere in which peace and good will among all the children of our One Father will prevail.
3. At the present moment telegrams and newspaper reports of the events in Shanghai are so much at variance that we see almost no possibility of forming here any clear conviction as to the rights and wrongs of the case, therefore we urge all parties to refrain from judging until the facts are established.
4. We, with you, earnestly desire that the authorities in Shanghai, the Diplomatic Corp in Peking, and the Chinese Government, working in true cooperation, will immediately establish an impartial tribunal to investigate not only the Shanghai situation, but also the causes leading up to that outbreak. It is assumed that upon this body there will be both Chinese and foreign representatives of unimpeachable integrity. When they shall have heard all of the evidence we trust (1) that they will give the widest possible publicity to the facts as established to dispel rumors and remove misunderstandings, and (2) that justice will be impartially administered.
5. We profoundly regret the unhappy events of the past few weeks and our deepest sympathy goes out to all to whom sorrow has come as the result of this tragedy.
6. We recall the counsels of China's Sage along the lines of moderation and gentleness. We remember the example and commands of Jesus Christ to serve and to love. Therefore we pledge ourselves anew to lives of moderation, gentleness, service, and love, and we pray that all Christians in China may become "living epistles of Christ" in these difficult days. Further it is our prayer that the sorrows and troubles through which we are passing may lead to a closer fellowship with God, and with one another.

Your Fellow-workers in Christ,
W.P.W. Williams Chairman

The Committee: W.L. Beard
W. E. Brown
P.S. Goertz

E.P. Hayes
T.C. McConnell
Elizabeth Perkins

Lydia A. Trimble
Dorothy Stubbs
W.P.W. Williams

Note: Copies of this letter are being sent to the North Fukien Christian Consul, and the American Consul, for their information.

*[This letter, dated before **July 6, 1925**, was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother. He has had the grip (grippe or flu) and now has a lot of work to make up in school. He has heard that his grandfather is in the hospital having a growth removed from his leg. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Before July 6, 1925]

Dear Mother:

The razor strap came O.K. Thanks very much for it. I thought probably I left it in Oberlin.

Things have not gone at all as I had planned them. I caught the grip soon after getting here and Friday I was on my back in bed. I felt pretty well Monday and went to class and did a lot of things and went to bed in a hurry about 4:00 in the afternoon with pains in my back and legs. Could'nt locate any spot in particular that they came from and no place was sore.

I had the doctor called and he has made four visits. Today I am up for the first time since Monday and not doing anything but sitting on the porch getting strong. I am weaker than I was after two weeks in the hospital last

summer. The Dr. calls the pains a purely nervous reaction. Guess I will have to go alone for a couple of weeks. I have a pile of wash waiting to be done and will have to make up work in six classes and two lab. periods.

A letter from Aunt Phebe says grandfather is in New Haven hospital having a growth cut out of his leg. He is getting on nicely.

Today I mailed orders to the Derby, Putnam and Bridgeport Banks drawing out all the money in each.

Do you think the Chinese situation will have any bearing on your going to China next fall? How are you getting along with your packing?

With love to my own Mother,
Your loving son,
Gould.

*[This letter, dated **July 6, 1925**, was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother. Ellen added onto the letter prior to forwarding it on to Kathleen. Gould thanks Ellen for some money. He would like his engagement to be only a year rather than two years. Ellen adds a note asking Kathleen which house she would prefer them to rent for the summer in Oberlin. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Monday- July 6, 1925

Dear Mother:

Your letter with check came today. I am very grateful for the money, but I surely cannot pay it back this year.

I was rather surprised to hear that Uncle Elbert came back to help buy the Hewe's[?] house. That is a big step in that familie's life. I believe they did the right thing in buying. It is cheaper in the end than paying out rent and the property always has value.

I am afraid I cannot afford to live strictly to your diet. It offers nothing to sustain strength on and I am under necessity of doing a man's work. I am living very simply though. Shredded wheat and bran in the morning- a round dinner of eggs and vegetables at noon- and salad and fruit cocktail in the evening. I got up Saturday for the first time in the week. I am much weaker than I was after two weeks in bed last summer after the operation. I am trying to get plenty of sleep.

I saw Lloyd Benveson this afternoon and he took me around in his Dodge coupe while I did a few errands.

Vivienne writes that her hope chest is full and she needs another to pack the things into which are still coming. I wish I knew how to make our engagement only a year long rather than two. Now that I actually have her I can hardly wait two years to have her completely. But I must wait till my salary is such that I can give her a good home and I would like to have \$1000 ahead.

Don't look for any further trouble from this source for I am O.K. and will be from now on.

Hoping you will get your packing done easily,
Your loving son,
Gould.

[The following is written by Ellen:]

Thursday July 9.

Dear Kathleen,

I am sending on Gould's letters as he may not get a chance to write to us all while he is making up what he has lost during his illness.

We are having plenty of thunder showers today and rain enough to please the farmers, I guess. This afternoon about 4:30 a shower came up and prevented my going to look at a house across the street from Aunt Etta's. I thot it had cleared and went to prayer meeting at 7 without an umbrella. I was sauntering home as slowly as I could for I had not been out all day when as I was by the men's bldg. down came the rain again out of the most innocent looking clouds, right on my spick and span pongee which I had washed and ironed today. After raining gently a few minutes, a real thunder shower started to come up in the west. It rained hard and thundered long and sharply as it rolled over us till it gradually softened down with increased distance off in the east. Suddenly I realized the (carried to G's other letter) thunder was beginning to grow louder again. Could it be that same old shower coming back again? No, it was a brand new one brewing off in the south-west and promising to be lively,-which it was,- worse than the last or the first one today and I have been sitting with my feet in a chair writing this while the flash and roar and downpour continued for nearly a half hour. It has been a hot day, - a hot week here.

Ask Marjorie how she would like to live in the apartment where Miss Washburn lived last year on N. Prof. St. I went to see it a few days ago. How would you like to live in the house with the Drake girl who is in your (?) class in H.S.? Her mother and father and sister and herself are the people of whom we would rent. Or would you rather have a ground floor apartment on the south side of the house below the gas station on S. Pleasant corner, Miss Rowley's house, where I looked at an upper north apartment 2 yrs. ago. It is rather nice there in many respects, good attic to store trunks in and dry clothes in, in winter, good cellar to wash in and good heat; is south exposure; could get our piano in; is near to everything, and reasonable rent. But it is a ground floor; second floors are lighter and airier. Send this on to Geraldine for her opinion. And all of you write your sentiments. The Drake apartment is way up on N. Prof. Not many houses beyond, rather meagerly furnished, all cots, for which we must furnish bedding, which is a big problem for winter. A double bed would take 1/8 less, and make less washing. This house has good cellar to wash but no set tubs. Attic for storage I think is upstairs. Southern exposure. Rather old house. Think could get piano in.

3rd House proposition. On W. College St. in 1st block west of S. Prof. St. on N. side, faces south, can have E. or W. suite; east one faces V. Porters house. Ought to be able to get piano in if owner is willing. Either suite with small kitchenette \$30. gas and elect. included also heat and water. With large kitchenette \$35. Best financial proposition of the 3, I think. But, Mrs. Andrews owns it and she is sister to Theodore Wood. Isn't he a college student in Mary's class? If he is to be there as he is now, you couldn't be there according to college rule- no college boys and college girls in same house. Moreover one has to go thru his room to go to the store-room. A double bed here I think.

Write me, each of you which proposition you like best.

[This letter, dated August 16, 1925, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe. He likes the photos and stories about Gould's fiancé, Vivienne. He talks about a romance on Kuliang between his stenographer and a business man. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

Foochow, China
August 16, 1925.

Dear Phebe [*Phebe M.*]:-

Last Thursday I received Vivienne's photo, and the same mail brought a letter from Ellen saying that she was planning to come to Foochow in the Fall- Oct. or Nov. I have written our "new" daughter and sent the letter in your care. It is a conundrum every year for us to know how to address letters to our own family. They do not get their summer plans made till the last of June. When they write, the letters reach us after August 1st with full directions as to how to address letters etc. But if we follow the directions the letters have a hard time in finding the folks, at last in their old places some time in Sept. So I am not trying to write any one in the summer camps. I'm sending to you or to Putnam.

I hope Ellen and Dorothy are East this summer. Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen we know are. I hope also that Gould and Vivienne get East, altho I do not see exactly how they can. I suppose he must be about getting his diploma now, and his mind will be on finding a job.

Phebe and I are both in love with Vivienne,- from her pictures- both snap shots, Gould has sent us, and the photo, but especially from the excellent and full description Ellen sent in her last letter.

Mary will help you realize our "interesting" experience of this summer in our one roomer- She will remember Miss Preston and Mr. (?) in 1915. This summer our Mission Stenographer Miss Hieb is with us. Mr. and Mrs. Tappan (Mary will remember them) could not come. In charge of Brummer, Mund and Co. Foochow is a young man. George Ratcliffe- His father (deceased) was a Britisher, his mother a Chinese. He is boarding with Mr. T.M. Wilkinson= Wilkinson and Co. He has been up from Foochow and spent three or four days of every week on Kuliang. He has been here morning, afternoon and evening. I think he was here for one lunch last week when I was in Foochow. He and Miss Hieb have spent part of the time on our veranda but most of it off on the hills. They have shunned society. He is not accepted in the community within Foochow. He has been in Foochow only three or four years,- is 22 and seems to be a success in business. She has been the aggressive one as was the case in our 1915 flirtations. Last Monday a.m. she went to Foochow with him, ostensibly to meet her brother Stephen Hieb who is on his way to Ceylon as an Am. Board Missionary. You will find his photo in the July or Aug. Miss'y Herald. He has not yet arrived- unless he has come to day. Last Wed. a party was held at Mrs. Wilkinsons in Foochow at which the announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Hieb and Mr. Ratcliffe.

The report is that Vernon Peet is after her- that he is coming from Shanghai on the same steamer with Stephen Hieb, to see her,- well that is about all the story to date. It is hard to believe that she would really marry

Ratcliffe. He is not fitted to make her happy- uneducated and knows little of refined society. We hope much from her brother when he comes.

I have addressed the Kuliang Register each week to Mary thinking her address was sure and asking her to sent it to Ellen.

Aug 18-

The mails yesterday and day before brought the latest news of father- all good news, and with the best of hopes for its continuance. How fortunate that some- and so many of his own folks can see him every day. When the air service gets a little more dependable I'll run in to chat with him some day!!! By the time this reaches you he will be home.

My but you folks were fortunate in that auto accident. It nearly took away my breath as I read it. It shows that a careless driver is a menace, and danger lies in the path of the most careful. You will give more details in your next and tell us how the things ended- you and Mary are very good to write so frequently about father.

On Ben's birthday I wrote him a letter and hoped to get one off to you on your birthday but there were too many things "to do". Some time possibly we shall cease to be so cluttered up with doing things and have time to really be somebody.

From the last letters, I judge all the family are in the East- except Gould. Good letters come from Kathleen and Marjorie from Eaglesmere.

Our summer is going much as others have gone- more quiet perhaps. We have been to Ox Head Fort for supper once and for breakfast once and up on the rocks for supper once, - to Moon Temple and to Kushan Monastery. I want to go to the Monastery again next week if possible. I have been down five times since coming up July 3 and have walked except the last two times.

The next to the last time I had sent down a letter with 3 crossed checks to be deposited in the Bank and another for \$10, uncrossed to be used in buying some groceries. The reply came back at night that the three crossed checks were not to be found in the letter. This was Fri. night so I was off Sat. a.m. to find those checks or to notify the Banks. Of course I let every one about the house and office know of my loss. I did not worry for the checks were crossed and I could intercept them at the Banks anyway. I went up stairs to change my clothes and in coming down was delayed a few minutes by a caller. As I went into my study for the brief case you gave me in 1921, there the three checks lay on my desk in front of the case. I simply told people that I had found them. When I was down again the next Thurs.= last Thurs. I was talking with one of the Foochow College teachers, and my gardner came in. The teacher said to him, "You are telling around that I opened that letter the other day. You know it was open when you brought it to me." The gardner simply replied, "It was most fortunate that the checks were found. It would have been too bad if they had been lost."

Have I written that on August 1st all the old students had to register and pay rent for the term if they wanted to get in. 15 more than we have room for are registered. Foochow is normal- except that the British owned steamers find it hard to run or rather to more cargo.

God is always good- He has been very good to us all. The news that Ellen plans to come in the fall is very good. May His blessings continue because we use them unselfishly.

Very Lovingly

Will.

*[This letter, dated **September 7, 1925**, was written from Phillipsburg, NJ by Gould to Phebe K. He has left Ann Arbor at the close of summer school without graduating. He visited with Vivienne and her family before heading on to NJ where he will be working for Ingersoll-Rand. He has heard that Ellen will be leaving for China before Dec. 1 and Geraldine, Kathleen and Monnie will live together in an apartment in Oberlin. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Phillipsburg, N.J.
[September 7, 1925]

Dear Phebe:

Now I am East again and probably will be for a year or more. Many things have happened since I wrote Father last. I can't remember just what I was doing at the date of the last letter, but I think it was at the close of Summer School.

For two weeks I painted house for Dad Rosey. I gave the whole house two coats of paint. It looks very nice and white now, but I am afraid one winter of soft coal will make it all dusky again. However the protection will all be there for about five years.

On the 25th of Aug. Vivienne, her sister Voda and Mother Ross went up to Union Lake near Pontiac to visit Mrs. Whiteman. Mrs. W. invited them up especially for Viv and my benefit. She and Mr. W. are surely wonderful people. The kind the country needs more of.

On the evening of the 27th the painting was finished at 8:00 p.m. I took a quick bath and packed my grip and went down to Bud Heidt's flivver [*slang for car*] which he had left and which I was to use while in Ann Arbor. I found a flat tire. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rosey tried to discourage my going so late, but Vivienne was in Pontiac at the lake and nothing could keep me. I got a spare tube out and had the tire fixed in 15 min. I got to Union Lake at 10:30. Vivienne had been expecting me for four hours and didn't know what to think of it.

Well I stayed at the Lake for four days till Monday. The evenings were perfect. Moonlight on the water with a glossy surface and no mosquitos, what more could a pair ask for? The swimming was fine all the time. I rose at 6:00 each morning and had my swim along since the girls thought it would be too cold. John Kelker, Voda's fiancé came up Sunday and Monday morning the whole bunch came out for the early swim with me, and then how they hopped on me for not getting them out before.

Mrs. Ross went in to Detroit Monday morning with Mr. Whiteman and Dorothy W. In the afternoon Madeline W. Voda, Vivienne, John and I drove in Bud's fliv. To the Whitemans house in Detroit. I took supper with them there then at 10:00 started for Ann Arbor arriving at 12:00 p.m.

The next morning the Rosses and John Kelker went to Cleveland on the 10:30 boat. I had my hands full to pack everything, but I got it done and at 9:00 p.m. I was all packed up. My junk filled the large steamer trunk, my army locker, the small army case, a lock box, a small box about the size of the large cracker boxes we used to get graham crackers in, my Wear Ever Salerman[?] kit, a small hand bag, and five parcels to ship via parcels post. I took all but the four large pieces with me. Those will go by freight when I get settled.

Wed. morning I pulled out of Ann Arbor for the last time at 10:30. Mrs. Rosey had all she could do to contain herself. Four years almost makes me a member of the family in any place. I drove hard to get to Hiram before supper. I told Vivienne not to expect me before 8:00 and not to be surprised if I didn't arrive till 11:00 or 12:00. Just outside of Freemont, O. a cop stopped me and all but pinched me for driving a car I didn't own. If I hadn't have had Bud's letter asking me to drive it East for him I would have been in the jug for a day till I could have gotten telegraphic confirmation from him. At Norwalk I stopped for gas and oil then pushed thru Oberlin, Wellington, Akron, Ravenna and Hiram. It seemed queer to go straight thru Oberlin with no place to stop at there. Mother is in Cleveland. I got to Hiram at 6:30 just in time for supper with them and surprised them all.

After supper we played 500 till 10:30 then Vivienne and I took our last little walk till the next time I can get west- probably Xmas time. It will be long to wait.

Thursday morning I got off late. Just didn't have any inspiration to start. I had plenty of engine trouble Thursday. Just little odds and ends that needed tightening and adjusting. I cut off the Buffalo, Albany route at Westfield. I have been that route four times now and decided to find another prettier one. My course went down Chautaugua Lake to Jamestown. There I spent the night. Friday I went thru Salamanca, Olean, Wellsville, Hornell, Watkins (where the famous Watkins Glen is), Ithica, Cortland, Cazenovia and Utica. The road was excellent all the way. It was new concrete most of the way. It would in among high hills, over and along high ridges, up steep sides, and down steep slopes. I am sorry I haven't taken that route before. It is a little longer due to the winding of the road and the hills and some people might think it harder driving, but not here.

While entering Utica the happy thought struck me to inquire for the street I wanted before going into town. It was just two blocks away. That afternoon (Saturday- for I stopped over night in Cazenovia) Bud and I mailed all the packages I had brought and repositioned the trunk. For supper Buds Uncle, Aunt and Cousin drove us out in their big Pea[?] to a country b?? where we had a camp supper and sat and talked about the fire till about 10:00.

Sunday the uncle- an osteopath- got up with us and cooked us some delicious pancakes. Bud took me down to catch a 10:45 train. I changed at Binghamton and Stroudsburgh. At 7: a.m. I arrived, took a room in a hotel where I am still and will be till I get settled.

Today being Labor Day I couldn't do any business with the Ingersoll-Rand Co. Tomorrow I will be on hand at 7:00 a.m. in washing clothes to do whatever work they have for me to do. I don't know what is expected of me other than to learn all that I can about every part of machinery they make, how they make it and make enough of it to pay for my salary. I will be more intelligent about it in my next letter.

This morning I walked out to the plant. It is way out in the woods- not woods but open fields. I wont be able to get a room within ½ mile of there anyway.

In Father's last letter he wants to know more of the family. That I don't know much about just now. One thing I do know, Mother will be starting for China before Dec. 1st. She wrote me deffinitely she would. Geraldine, Kathleen, and Monny are to have an apartment by themselves. Monny and Kathleen are still at Eaglesmere, Pa. Geraldine's feet are hopping wildly about in Conn. and N.Y. enjoying themselves. Mother wouldn't go East but is

staying somewhere in Cleveland I think at the Y.W.C.A. but have not made connections with her yet by letter. All in all the family is losing its coherency. Dot and I will be the outlying prodigals [*prodigals?*] next winter. With you, Father and Mother in Foochow, and Punk, Monny, and Gerry in Oberlin there will be two groups that could be called headquarters.

Now this has been a long letter. Perhaps there are a few odds and ends I haven't touched on. One is that I have not yet gotten my diploma. I have still a design to hand in. I dropped the course and took an incomplete in it to take up the State work. I have not had time yet to finish it. I will do so evenings here. It will take me about three months. I couldn't stand it to stick around another semester. In my summer school work I stood record in both classes and got straight A's, that while washing 12 hrs. a day for the State.

Mrs. Ross has not said anything more about the linen drawn work. I want a good signet ring for Vivienne. I will send the cash for it as soon as I can spare it. I want the Beard character on it. Size 7 1/2. I also want some dope[?] on the rice China. Do they have cups and saucers in it and do they have plates or only bowls?

My love to you and Father and Vivienne sends hers each time too. Have you written to her yet?

Your loving brother-

Gould.

[This letter, dated **September 20, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe. He is glad that Mary is back in the U.S. and able to help with the family at Century Farm. Many students have enrolled in the mission schools, but the Student Union has been threatening, trying to keep students out of the mission and Christian schools. Someone even poured kerosene in the school water well. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

American Board Mission

Foochow, China

Sept. 20- 1925

Dear Phebe [*Phebe M.*]:-

It is a beautiful, calm, clear, fairly cool Sabbath morning. Chickens have been fed, countenance scraped-breakfast eaten- a little conference had with the Father and now for a Sunday chat with dear ones far away as to miles of space but very near in reality.

Your letters and Mary's letters have come in every mail. I thank you for them. It is marvelous how well Father has come up from his operations. Almost by the time I learned of the first one he was home. The letter yesterday written Aug. 17 said you thought of bringing him home in a few days. Give him my congratulations, and best wishes for years of happy usefulness. How glad I am that Mary went home when she did. It has been a great service she has given during the past year. I think sometimes some of us get cloudy minds about "service"- we talk of missionary work as if it was in a class by itself and no other work was to be compared with it. I have always held that to care for those God has given us was our first duty. Nothing else would have reconciled me to the long separations of our family. But I judge Ellen can quite well be spared now and I am very happy that Ellen is coming out. She has been home so long that it will be harder for her to come out now than it was the first time. And there is nothing romantic to help this time and for the first time she must make all her own arrangements.

I hope you have succeeded in persuading the taxi owner to do what he ought to do without going to law. Of course I do not have all the data here. But I judge he was 100% in the wrong. I judge also that you were very fortunate in having reputable eyewitnesses to the accident. I almost shiver every time I read of the miraculous escape of you all.

The Sentinels come with every mail and I read every one. I find the first page a very interesting one. The editors have a good sense of the relative importance of world doings. Of course the next in importance is the "City of Shelton."

The last mail brought a good letter from Stanley. I hope he and Myra are out of the woods and that they will be free from children's illnesses and from their own too. Nearly every family seems to have to go thru one such siege. It came with the measles in our Century Farm family. I came down first and every member of the family - Father and Mother and all had them. Grandma Beard was there to help. You were very sick. In my own family it was whooping cough and you folks at home- Mother, Elizabeth and Ruth had the brunt. Ellen and I- especially- were not in it much,- altho Ellen had the nursing job,- I mean we were not sick.

In my bed room are three pictures that I take a lot of pleasure in looking at Stanley's trio with their mother and daddy. Fred and Helen's [?] pair and the two Jewett children. They are near the same age and all bright, pretty, sweet children. I have one also of Nancy and Stephen, both laughing that fits with the other two- making three pairs.

I am greatly interested and pleased to read of Daniel's interest and success on the farm work this summer and in hearing of his visits to Father to talk over the work. I can realize how much pleasure it gave Father to have him come in and do this. Sometime tell me to whom you are selling the milk now and how much you get for it, - how much you are producing- Is Prince- or was it Duke- the lively white horse still on the job? You wrote that you had traded off the other one.

Marjorie and Kathleen seem to have had very pleasant summer at Eaglesmere and I judge Dorothy and Geraldine had enjoyed the rather fun life they have had this summer. Geraldine surely enjoyed her stay at the farm. It was enough to split me to read Dorothy's proud statement that she had milked two and a half cows (2 ½) – How long have you been dealing in half cows – which half?

The biggest problem of all I have left till last- What of the schools? Aug. 1 285 boys paid room rent and registered.- This was 20 more than we wanted, and did not include 220 for the Higher Primary. On Sept. 7, 215 of the 285 came to review and take exams. On Tues. Sept. 8 all was going quietly, altho the outside students were writing letters, putting up posters and threatening by word all students and teachers of mission schools. I was pretty tired and asked to go to Kuliang and come down Friday a.m. 1. I went up Tues. p.m.- On Wed. p.m. just as I was in a good nap a messenger arrived with a letter from Foochow saying that some one had poured kerosene into the College well. I must come down at once so I left at once. The next morning the faculty decided to allow the boys to go home if they wanted to, or to remain in the school. Instead of reviewing and taking examinations we would give them an average for the terms work= last term from daily marks and monthly tests- and open school for the Fall on Sept. 29. Then we held a faculty meeting to consider ! Voluntary Church attendance 2. optional or elective Bible study 3. Registrations with the Chinese Government. These three changes were approved by the faculty. The Board of Managers must now consider them and the mission may want to discuss them. I look to see some of the older and some of the conservative members of the mission oppose specially, making Bible study optional. I approve of the three propositions. Christianity has become too formal here specially about our boys schools. The boys unite with the church not because they really believe- but for various reasons. A teacher teaches Bible not because he loves it but because he gets so much a month. We have one teacher tho who is all right- except that he does not know anything about teaching!!! However the boys say of him, "He does not know how to teach but he is a real Christian and his life testifies so truly to the Bible teaching that we can find no fault with him."

The situation is now that the outside students are placarding the streets telling all students not to attend mission schools and calling on all teachers to leave Christian schools. Half the mission schools are open with a few less students than usual. The situation has brought together the teachers of the mission schools into a close compact. At the almost compulsion of this body I spent the day yesterday interviewing the officials. The students of mission schools are meeting tomorrow. I look for all schools to open.

Please let other see this. God is good and we must try to be good.

Very lovingly Will.

*[This letter, date **October 5, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Phebe K. to her Aunt Mary. Her girls school has opened without trouble from outside students, but the boys school has had some disruption. She had a restful time on Kuliang and looks forward to next year when she goes to the U.S. on furlough and she will be able to see some doctors who may help her with her condition. She and Willard look forward to Ellen's arrival in Foochow. This may be the last letter written by Phebe that we have. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Foochow, China.

October 5, 1925.

Dear Aunt Mary,

This is a quiet Sunday afternoon, the third Sunday of our new term. The girls all went to their respective churches for the service this day as usual and we have heard no word of trouble or of unpleasant occurrences. You see when school opened this fall there was a sort of pall of apprehension over us because of the way that school closed last spring, and we did fear a bit that the Student Union would make it hard for us to open this fall. But apparently their efforts were all reserved for the boys' schools as we have gone on entirely unnoticed by them except for a letter on the first day suggesting to them, the girls that they not attend the classes taught by foreign teachers. Our numbers are about normal for the second term and the spirit of the girls justifies us in feeling that they really want to come here rather than any where else.

Time flies very fast. Today is the 6th, and we have had a long faculty meeting on the pro's and con's of allowing a girl who has failed her algebra for a term or two to have a tutor and make the work up. She happens to be a very bright girl and could do the work if she would try. The faculty was kind and allowed her to have the chance.

During the last week the girls' and boys' schools of the other two missions have been opening and we have heard that they all have somewhere in the neighborhood of 200 or more students. As this is their first time opening this fall we feel very much encouraged that no trouble from student union or from discontent in their own student body is preventing. As a background for this statement let me tell you the history of our A.B.C.F.M. boys' school for the last month.

Father came to Kuliang to bring me down just after the school opened last September. On the afternoon after he came a letter called him down in a hurry as the student union boys were threatening the school and causing the boys to go home after treating all the wells with oil. No violence but inconvenience. The faculty then voted for no evident reason to close till the 26th of Sept. and all that time they had faculty meetings and meetings of the heads of schools every day so they all worked just as hard as if they had had school. On the day that school was to open, no boys gave in their money, but were about the grounds. The faculty then presented to the Bd. of Managers a revised schedule, making nearly all religious education and service elective. It was not passed. The treasury was empty as that school is nearly supported by the Chinese, and the faculty tried it again. This time the station talked on it, and the two foreign members on the Bd. of Managers voted against and the Chinese all for, so the measure was carried. Late the Mission ratified their action by accepting it as an emergency measure.

The boys' schools have been talking about this plan for the last two years so it did not come as a real surprise, and all the other denominations in Foochow are making very much the same change working together with our school. We are only sorry that the change from "compulsory religious education" to "elective" had to come at a time when the boys were actively asking, almost striking for it. The school of the British Anglican Mission has been afraid that it could not open at all because of the feeling against the British, but it too is having about as many as our school. We are all mutually thankful and anxious. The British girls' school has by their latest report 227, for which we are very glad. Isn't it wonderful how we all stand together when there is anything impending? There is a wonderful feeling of comradeship among all nationalities and mission groups here this fall.

The last two weeks have been for our school and household very momentous and happy for three new teachers have come to help us. Miss Elizabeth Cushman is to study the language which she has already begun and made good headway in. Her sister, Mary is a tutor for three years, and is also studying and doing well in the language too. They are a great addition and joy to us as well as the girls. They are so enthusiastic and fine. Miss Maud Hutson is a graduate of the Chefoo China Inland School and has lived all her life in China. She has come for a year to help with tutoring and drill work before she goes home to England for regular normal training. It is something new to have an international family here tho Miss Armstrong of our mission had such a family for her summer this last season. We are enjoying the broadening and entertainment of having a Britisher with us. We all are benefited thereby, and doubtless also the girls. Last night after giving the newcomers a week for settling and another of study and work to get acclimated in, we had a big tea to welcome them and introduce them to our friends. A great shower came just at the time appointed and we did not have the "big" crowd that we expected, but we enjoyed the friends that did come.

In a few weeks there will be two doctors and their wives arrive with Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Ingtau, for Shaowu and Foochow; the doctors I mean. Then some more joyful greetings!

My summer was very restful and happy. We took a few trips, and enjoyed a few of our friends for small parties. Our household was just Father and Miss Hieb our stenographer and me, with Mr. Thelin coming in for meals. Later in the season Miss Hieb's brother came to visit her on the way to India or Ceylon to teach in a mission college. We had a spare room for the first time since I have been there as family from Hongkong did not come, so we had some week-end guests. As part of the yearly excitement, we had two engagements announced, one Miss Hieb's to an English Business man in port, one that of two of the finest British young people in the port. Everyone was so happy about it and even now we are still thrilled to pieces when we see them together. I do enjoy the British people very much here. We have a large number of fine Irish from near Dublin, the finely educated one and their wit surely is rare. There are also some Scots near Amoy who are interestingly impulsive.

Mother is planning to come out this fall in time for Christmas we hope and perhaps for Thanksgiving. After this very wearing and trying fall, it will be a blessing and a joy to Father to have her here to take care of him. Now he is valiantly keeping house for himself, with Mr. Hightower who is tutor in Father's school and is almost a son to him. It is great fun and very amusing to go in and take a meal with them. It is real Baching it. But they have a good cook and have enough good things to eat, so I don't worry.

This letter has been waiting for three days, and there is some news in it that you know already. Your last letter came to Father on the last mail before the one yesterday and we were glad to hear that Nancy seemed not to have any evident trouble. Uncle Stanley has had his share of trouble this year! And this summer has brought you at the Farm quite a bit too. It is good to hear of your having a car again, and I hope by the time another letter comes you will have brought Grandpa out from the hospital. It is wonderful how he has come thru this illness.

We haven't had for a long time so many people writing to the Farm as this summer with the girls there and all. It has been good to hear. Your letter written in May and only now being answered sounded so good, telling of canning and cleaning etc. What a coincidence that you should have met Helen Carter Brinsmaid! What did you think of her? I rather liked her, but always had the feeling of never getting really into her consciousness. She is evidently a brilliant girl and has married as brilliantly. I do hope she is happy and well. Did Cleora tell you that she gave Martha Fenn a Lacquer vase for a shower gift and included my name as part giver? Wasn't that nice? She has been not very well all summer and was with the Newells in at Shansi to go round by Europe with me if her mother can come East to Michigan - - - EAST to Michigan!! - - - to meet her. I do so hope she can do so for we could have such a good time. Second class French line they say is very comfortable and cheap, and the Christians did the trip rather fully and comfortably on about 8 hundred dollars more than the Board gives for travelling home anyway. We'll have to see tho. Mrs. Christian is now our Mission Treasurer. They are both looking very well and are in as good spirits as ever.

We, Father and I did so much reminiscing about that summer when you were with us that I fear it was burdensome to the people who were with us. But our family was sort of funny and disjointed this summer. We always seem to be able to get the ends of the community, and this year we had our stenographer who is a Y.M.C.A. sec'y's daughter from Ceylon, but you'd never know it. She said many times before we went to Kuliang that she just couldn't talk to Mr. Thelin who was a boarder with us, and she did treat him rather rudely at times. She seemed afraid of Father for some reason as she was treasurer in the part of posting the books, and screamed everything she had to say to any of us all the time. Then she was getting engaged to this Eurasian man of the community set which went against all the feelings of the mission and we were all upset feeling our responsibility for her yet having no power or influence to help her change things. At last her brother came on his way to Ceylon and she announced her betrothal. He seemed to feel there was no benefit in hindering matters, so it is going to completion in November. People are so interesting and so funny!!!

This fall I came down a day before I planned to as Elizabeth was coming back from the North so late she couldn't get the school and the house fixed before the 17. So I had the fun and satisfaction of doing that which has always been done by Eunice Thomas or Miss Perkins before. It was rather arduous work but so pleasant to feel that I could be useful about the house. I have kept that part of the work and arrange the flowers too so am having a very satisfying year with domestic duties too. Our Pawtucket contingent is very charming, musical, enthusiastic and willing. I fear it is a bit hard on Elizabeth because the rest of us are younger and she feels it more than most people would. My strength left me completely during the second week down from the hill, the week that school was opening and that the girls came from Shanghai. But by careful resting and early retiring I am now back to where I can do normal work and still keep going. I shall be so glad to get to America where I can see some doctors and find out what I can do to set me right.

I have sent you the things you asked for some time ago. I am sorry they were so late, but I could not get the man who sells bamboo knives tho I sent many times for him. If he does not happen to be in town it is impossible to get him as he lives out on the plain. Here is a list of the things and prices:

April, 1925

Rec'd on draft \$9.24 Mex.

Bought - - -

12 Christmas cards	\$1.00
25 bamboo knives	1.00
5 jade pendants and cords	2.00
1 character chain and cords	1.80
2 short pendants and chains	3.00 (@ 1.50 ea.)
Postage and packing	.45
Commission @ 5%	<u>.45</u>
	\$9.71

Balance debit

\$.47

I am sorry there was so much bad planning that I could not bring it out as neatly as you did my bill for the beads!!!. Don't mind this. Can I bring anything home for you? I am having lots of sport getting parasols and sending them to Eunice Smith this year four dozen of them before XMAS.

Eunice Thomas is having treatments for her paralyzed arm by an osteopath, supplemented by soaking in very hot water for long periods and then baking in the sun. Her back had two vertebrae crushed so she is having a brace made by a German doctor which she will have to wear for several months before she can come back tho she

wants to come by next February. We shall have to wait and see. She has been very cheerful and brave but the long time is rather discouraging to look forward to.

I am reading *Two Years Before the Mast* now and am enjoying it hugely. They style is a bit even and soothing as compare to the prancing jerky novels of the present, but it is good reading and so interesting to see what the coast looked like so many years ago. This summer I enjoyed Miss Follette's *The New State* the first part. Mr. Beach had to have it for the University this fall and I could not finish it so that pleasure waits me. I like her idea but I think it is far in the future for actual working out even on the mission field to say nothing of putting it into practice among all the citizens of any other country.

We are eagerly looking for Mother for the girls seem now to feel well protected with Jerry and Aunt Etta there.

Bath time and bed time so good night. Best wishes for a good year and better health to all of you. Tell Aunt Phebe my dress is a stunner, and I have a hat to go with it that the tailor made and one lady has copied it already. I am swollen [*the rest of the letter is handwritten*] with pride. People seemed to like my clothes this summer so well they remarked about them and nearly all were old, at least I'd had the goods for years. Very much love to all,

Phebe K.

[*This letter, dated Oct. 18, 1925, was possibly written from Easton, Pennsylvania by Gould to his mother. He thanks Ellen for being so loving when she met Vivienne. He has ordered Vivienne's ring. He wishes Ellen a smooth ride to China on a large boat. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Sunday Oct. 18, 1925

Dear Mother Mine:

Your new sweet daughter to be has just made you a visit and Geraldine has told me that you were all very happily taken to her. Vivienne wrote me a long letter telling just how glad she was to be the sister of so many dear sisters and the daughter of such a loving Mother. I wish I could have been there to enjoy the gathering also.

Mr. MacCormack has sent me a sample of just the ring that Vivienne wants, the setting and the design are as near what she has pointed out to me as I could hope to find. The best thing about it is that it is all first quality from the metal to the diamond and emeralds. She wanted her birthstone incorporated also.

To date I have been trying to get together sufficient clothes and get my old ones repaired to a wearable state so that I hav'nt saved much money. I have just changed boarding houses at a saving of \$2 a week and more food and if anything better food. The only difference is that there are paper napkins instead of linen napkins and we each do not have our assigned seats.

I am packing a box to send to China for Father's and Phebe's Xmas presents. What would you suggest that Father might need? I have thought of several things, but had an idea that you might think of more.

You will plan to spend one night at least with me won't you? Come any time for I can arrange to take time off without any inconvenience whatever.

Is the vessel you are going on a large one? I hope it is so that you won't have a rough voyage. Really there isn't much excuse in getting seasick and worn out on the little tubs nowadays when the larger ships are so much steadier.

My love to you Mother and a heartfelt hug and kiss for taking my Sweetheart into your heart so warmly,

Your loving son,

Gould.

[*This letter, dated October 13, 1925, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. Kerosene was again poured into the boy's school water well and six outside students pushed their way into the school and toppled furniture and beat the gateman. It is optional for the boys to go to Sunday School or Bible study. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.*]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

Oct. 13, 1925.

Dear Father:-

This is only a brief letter. The main business in it is to ask some of you to phone Fred Peck so he may send a pair of glasses to Ellen or to some place for her so she can bring them to me. I do not know where she may be

when this gets there so I have written Fred that you would let him know. It may be you will just tell him to send them to you and you will get them to her,- any way so long as she gets them.

It is most too good to be true- as some people used to say- that Ellen is really planning, and enthusiastically, to come out this fall. Her last letter assured me she would get my vest pocket diary here in time to use Jan. 1, 1926.

School has opened and for six days has been running quietly. Last week Tuesday night kerosene was again poured into the well. Thursday morning just before the boys had finished breakfast six outside boys came to the door. Two stood in the door while four pushed by the gateman, kicking him and breaking the skin on his back, went into the dining room pushed over three tables, breaking the dishes and turning the food on the floor. Then they made their escape.

I'm getting disgusted with both teachers and students of the mission schools. When these boys came in every body runs to hide as young partridges when a hawk is sighted. I told some of the teachers that if 6 boys rough housed like that in America the 100+ boys inside would have pounded them till every square inch on their bodies was black and blue. To make it more disgusting, no one wants to find out who they are, lest the police arrest them.

This has been a unique evening to me. Mr. Hightower was out for supper, so I was alone, and I have been alone all the evening- except for the postman. I would not have it so always tho. It is best to feel that people want you- that they want to see you and want your help. The past month has been a little too stiff tho for me. There have been several committee meetings and meetings of Board's of Managers and some of them have been long. I did not get home till after midnight and most of them were in Chinese and I was chairman of most of them. This made it doubly hard work. But school has been running now for a week. We have 325 boys,- more than any other school, and the spirit is good as far as I can see. We have added a course in ethics to parallel the course in Bible, and we have a lecture Sunday morning at the same time as church service. The boys may go to either as they prefer. Sunday school and C.E. are optional. We have changed the program for daily chapel. In my opinion the effect of the changes will bring better results for the Kingdom than the old method of everything compulsory. Yet four or five of the members of the mission feel very badly. The expression they use is, "These poor heathen boys are not to have an opportunity to hear the Gospel or to study the Bible." I have not looked into all the classes. But the seniors have largely elected Bible- the same course as I have been giving for 6 or 7 years. The parallel course is given by Mr. Leger in "The Philosophy of Life"- One is as much Christian as the other. A very sad occurrence is that Mr. and Mrs. Christian are just back from furlough. He has been in charge of the Higher Primary- the first four years of Foochow College. I fully expected him to take his former position, and so told the Deans. But when they made up the schedule his name was not among the teachers. I spoke of the omission and they simply said, "No." They have not yet told me why. Both Mr. and Mrs. Christian are very conservative in theology and very autocratic in administration. If Mr. Christian had been on the teaching staff and the elective Bible Study and S.S. and Y.P.S.E. had been adopted just the same he would have resigned. The whole thing is sad. All the mission except the Christians, Kinnears and Miss Worley and Hartwell are bound to have the new plan. I have had to stand against its adoption for a long time. I heartily approve of it now.

A new pair of fine suspenders and 12 new semi-stiff collars arrived today from Gould. I know he is in Phillipsburg, Pa. in some manufacturing plant.

I want to send most hearty congratulations to you on the success of your operation. The Chinese listen with open eyes when I tell them of it and then tell them your age.

With lots of love to all

Will

*[This partial letter dated about **Late Oct., 1925** was probably written from Putnam, CT by Ellen to her daughter Marjorie. Ellen tells about a trip she took with her brother Elbert to see relatives and a terminally ill friend in the hospital. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[to Marjorie]

[Late Oct., 1925]

...down with incessant screeching and jumping and gesticulating as some girls do whom I have seen. An occasional enthusiastic cheer or shout, well-timed and well-placed means so much more, and recommends the performer as possessing so much more common sense and poise than does that continuous, idiotic, uncontrolled squealing! Be very careful in crossing those traffic congested streets, watch out; and take time to go safely. Watch the signals and obey them, and always. Don't every take any risk; especially watch for coming vehicles when passing in front of or

behind a trolley or auto which hides your view of what's coming. A very happy day to you! Is Kathleen going too? If so share this with her, please. But I never need to tell my generous Marjorie to do that! I hope you'll have a good clear day too. What fine warm days we are having now!

Yesterday we all went to Monson to see Cousins Bertha Corbin Webster [*Ellen's first cousin*] and her husband Robert and adopted daughter Marguerite. Starting at 8:45, we made a call on an old couple we used to know in Union; they used to sit right in front of us at church from my earliest remembrance of attending church and their children were in our S.S. Class, but went to another school in the town so we did not meet them often during the week. They had six children, 4 girls and 2 boys, and all are gone, years ago, none of them having ever married. Mrs. Booth said they passed their 59th wedding anniversary last Friday Oct. 21st; she is 80 and her husband is 82 yrs old. They are very vigorous and well preserved and live alone and take care of themselves. Mr. Booth has a malignant growth on his nose and is a little deaf but otherwise they do not look over 70. We arrived at Bertha's at about eleven o'clock and found her entertaining a friend whom Emma and I have heard spoken of ever since we could remember but had never met and whose old home we rode by only last week on one of our drives thru Union. Wednesday was Marguerite's afternoon off so we had the pleasure of seeing her. She is a dentist's assistant. Bertha said that they were sorry not to attend the wedding but it seemed a long journey. On our way home we called on Elizabeth Barnes but did not see her husband or daughter as both were out for the evening, the former to select men's meeting of which he is chairman, and the latter to play cards with a group of friends. - The drive thru the country was beautiful altho the foliage is a little past its prime and was not so fine this year, at its best, as it is sometimes.

You will be surprised to hear that Ella Corbin Arnold [*Ellen's first cousin*] whom you and Kathleen visited at Providence on your visit her last summer, is very near close of her life here. She has an internal cancer for which she has been treating for about a year. About a month ago she went to the hospital to have the abdomen opened and the radiation "seeds" put directly into the growth, a treatment we understand, which has never before been tried on a human being but has been tried on animals. They were left in the growth and the abdomen left open from Friday to Monday, then they were removed and the abdomen sewed up. A few days after that when we were on our way home from the Brocton (Mass.) Fair, we stopped at the hospital at about 9 o'clock in the evening to see her. We had made an appointment with Howard and Martha on our way thru Providence that morning at 7 o'clock, to call on our way back at about 8 o'clock. But we were a little later than we expected and altho it still lacked 7 minutes of nine the nurse in charge did not want to admit us. We came up the walk with two ladies who told us we could go in if our friend was on the danger list; they were going to see the baby of one of the two who was on the danger list. So they told us to walk right in with them and ask at the desk where our friend was then take the elevator to that floor and walk right in. This procedure all went smoothly till we reached the fifth floor and were looking for the room when her nurse met us in the hall and on being told of our errand, said it was too late, - they did not admit visitors after 9 o'clock. Elbert said "But we have driven 30 miles to see her and she is on the danger list." The nurse then consulted with another nurse and they decided to let us in if we would not stay but a few minutes. She went ahead of us and turned on the light. Ella was awake and was glad to see us. We had been talking with her about two minutes when the nurse came in and said "I shall have to turn off this light for the superintendent (lady nurse) is on this floor and if she sees this light on she may find you're in here and that will be bad for me for letting you in. And please, don't talk loudly. "I'll come for you when she's gone." So she turned the light out and went out and shut the door leaving us all in darkness and quiet. It was a strange and sneaky situation which I did not like and sincerely hoped would come out all right for us as well as Ella and the nurse. But we visited in whispers about 8 or 9 minutes, then the nurse came in and turned on the light and said the superintendent had gone and we could go out which we did at once, thankfully, having been inside just 12 minutes.

Ella tho't she was improving then, but four or five days ago we heard she was not as well, the nausea had returned, could not retain food, one kidney had ceased functioning resulting in urinic poisoning. She had come home from the hospital at one hour's notice (to Howard and Martha) at her own request; yesterday we received a letter from Martha saying they have a trained nurse caring for her (her cousin, one of Hattie Hache's daughters) is failing rapidly, seems only partly conscious at times, suffers almost no pain, is very weak; the Dr. says she will hold out only a month at most and may slip away at any time. Little Mary, her grand daughter was 2 years old yesterday. Please let Etta read this part of the letter as she'll be interested.

Very, very much love to both you and Kathleen with whom you'll share this letter. Mother remembers you prayerfully many times a day altho she writes none too often. Another soon. Affectionately, Mother.

*[This letter, dated **October 25, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Mary. Willard's father has had some operations and Willard is grateful for the letters he has written while recuperating. Willard acknowledges his father's thoughts that people may donate less money to China because of the student unrest. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China
Oct. 25- 1925

Dear Mary:-

It was very nice to get Father's good, long, newsy, optimistic letter Oct. 17. Perhaps I should thank his operations for the letter, for if he had been about his usual tasks he surely would not have had time to write. The photos were most interesting- that came- of Dan and Dorothy. Dot does not grow thin and Dan is a regular husky. Those muscles stand out in fine style. The new car is spiffy.

We are enjoying very fine weather- cool- very cool mornings and evenings- but warm in the middle of the day. This morning ther. at 60 degrees. It is not good for gardens tho. The sun every day bakes the ground too hard for the young plants. My brag this year is on my poultry. I raised 18 chickens from 22 eggs- 18 hatched and all grew up. I have said since July. One Rhode Island Red rooster \$3.00 three young roosters \$4.50- three that the dogs killed \$3.00 three old hens \$6.00. 1 hen \$1.00. I have promised 2 more old hens and 2 pullets \$8.00 and 1 young rooster \$1.50. That makes \$27- enough to feed them for a long time. I shall then have left 1 fine 4 year old Wh. Leghorn rooster, 4 old hens and eight pullets. The pullets have just begun to lay. I cannot get a rooster for that Tungcho man. I am seriously considering asking Ellen to bring out a setting of Rh. I. Red eggs. It's bed time so good night.

Monday morning:

I am enclosing two orders on the Derby Savings Bank for \$50.00 each. I think I must have at least \$50.00 there. If so please send or give Ellen the money. She may need it. I should have done this before. It may be too late- if so please tear up the orders. I send two \$52.00. If there is not \$100, just get \$50.00.

Just after I wrote the above a letter came from Dr. Strong of Boston in which he says Ellen has written asking for a sailing about Nov. 15. If she starts then you will surely tear up the orders- I hope you do.

Is it the \$10,000.00 for the Huntington parsonage fire. I do not know who Mr. Russ is but he must have some good in him. The National Council of Congregational Churches in Washington closes tomorrow. I hope the Congregationalists had their hopes for the meeting fulfilled. Tell Father I think his comments of the probability of less receipts for missions in foreign lands are well taken. I have been looking for this. The attitude of Chinese students will certainly lead many to turn their gifts elsewhere. But the fact remains that China never needed the right kind of missionaries as much as she needs them today- the kind that live Christian lives in which they express Jesus as they live. And again the Chinese Christians are able to take care of their own work and they will do it as soon as the missionaries will allow them to take the responsibility for the work.

I must not write more- I'll get to bed. Again I want to thank you and Phebe M. for writing in every mail while Father was in the hospital.

Very Lovingly
Will

*[This letter, dated **Nov. 9, 1925**, was written from Easton, Pa. by Gould to his mother, Ellen. He has had a visit with Ellen and had a good talk with her. Vivienne's ring is ready. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

109 N. 3rd St.
Easton, Pa.
Nov. 9, 1925.

Dearest Mother:

The time has gone so rapidly and I have been so busy these past weeks that I hardly realize this it is so near your sailing date.

The visit you made me was just as I would have wanted it. We had the privacy and the time to talk over the things close to our hearts. You will be able to give Father and Phebe first hand information of Vivienne and me.

Mother, although I hate to have you so far away, I am glad you are going, for if Father wants you close to him as I want Vivienne close to me, then it will make him supremely happy. I am glad it will be as an Xmas present to him.

Mr. McCormack has written me that Vivienne's ring is ready. He evidently has put much personal effort into it to make it a good one. He had it made special and has put the very best diamond procurable in it for the price. He says it is a very pretty ring with the six emeralds in it.

You must have had a very pleasant trip up thru Conn. to see all the people once more. I hope you will find time either on the steamer or before to tell me all about it. I bought Father's Xmas present yesterday. I got him a wool ???, two pr. socks and a necktie like that I wore when you were here but of a different pattern. Vivienne also wanted to give toward it so that is why it is so big. She is also going in with me on all of the presents for the family. We thought it better to go in together and get something good than to get two small things no so serviceable.

Hoping that Friday the 13th will not bring you any but the best of weather to start off on –

Your only son sends you all his love- Gould

[This letter dated Nov. 12, 1925 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children. He updates them of the condition of their sister, Phebe, who is hospitalized in Foochow with kidney problems. He and Phebe are both looking forward to Ellen's arrival from the U.S. Ellen has no idea that Phebe is seriously ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow Nov. 12, 1925

Dear Children:-

This is Thursday evening, 9 o'clock. Phebe has had another good day. I have spent a good bit of time with her- an hour this afternoon at one stretch. I was just over to see her to kiss her good night. The nurse said she was asleep. So I stood there and was just turning to go she turned partly over and I went up and kissed her and she was not fast asleep. She talked all right today. She asked me this morning how long she has been here in the hospital and how she came to be here, and how she did = what happened to her. You see it's all a blank to her from the time she went into the first convulsion till she found herself in bed in the hospital. She finds it hard to keep track of the days.

You will let Aunt Etta and her family know all about Phebe. I will write Shelton and Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert tomorrow if possible. The last three days have been very full for me and I have not been up to par myself physically so I have only written you children thus far and I cannot write dear Mama. I am glad she will not know it till she reaches Shanghai for it would be a burden for her to carry all across the ocean. Good night with love- Father

Saturday a.m. Nov. 14 9 O'clock

I did not write yesterday. Phebe showed no change. I got a chance to sit a whole hour with her and read to her. In the evening I saw her twice and just before going to bed I asked her to choose a Bible passage she would like me to read. She said that she had recently liked to 84th Psalm. It chanced that I had just finished committing that Ps. So after this we had a prayer and said good night. I have been down twice this a.m. At 6:30 she was asleep but I found her awake at 8:00 about the same.

9:45 p.m. Phebe is about as she has been for three days. She says her vision is a little improved. I had a wedding this afternoon that I had promised nearly two weeks ago to officiate at. It was at 5 p.m. on the invitation. The Am. Consul and his wife were there and Mr. and Mrs. Munson of the Y.W.C.A. and a lot of big business men. The bridegroom is one of the leading men in the Electric Light Co. and American returned student. But it was 4:30 before they were ready for the wedding. I simply had to wait altho I felt it was almost stealing my time from Phebe. I had only a few minutes with her before supper-just as I came away I met Mr. Hightower and Dr. Neil Lewis coming in from their hike to the flower village with their hands full of chrysanthemums and marigolds. How delighted Phebe was!!

Last Tuesday night we all feared she would not last the night thru. The doctor told me today there was very little doubt that she would live to see Mama and probably live a few years but would not be able to do any more work. I am almost scared to write such words. But I know how I want to hear all the truth when any of my own are ill at home. This evening I have spent with her and I read to her a long time. It is touching to see how everyone- Chinese and foreigners are solicitous for her welfare- The clock has struck ten so I must say good night. I had another good prayer with Phebe after the 19th Ps. And then I gave her a good rubbing- neck, arms, back and breast and kissed her good night.- God will do all things well.

Lovingly Father

Sunday 8 p.m. I have spent much time with Phebe today- reading and talking and rubbing her. She gets very tired lying in bed and it eases her much to be rubbed. How thankful I am that I am here with her. I'll pause and say good night to her now. 9 p.m. I have just been over and given Phebe a rub, had a prayer with her and heard her say,-

"My head is much clearer tonight." She has not slept well the last two nights- slept too much in the day perhaps. I hope she will rest better tonight.

I have written Shelton and Putnam and am depending on you to keep Aunt Etta informed. Once or twice today Phebe has remarked, "How nice it will be to have Mama here." We suppose she left San Francisco yesterday Nov. 14 on the President Taft. Good night- with love, Father.

Monday Nov. 16-

2 p.m. Phebe did not rest well last night but other things are more encouraging. She is sleeping nicely now- I will mail this and begin another diary.

Very lovingly Father

[This letter dated Nov. 14, 1925 was written just out of Toledo, Ohio by Ellen to her dearest Girlies (Marjorie and Kathleen). She talks about her trip so far and gives Marjorie and Kathleen a list of tasks that need to be taken care of. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2:20 A.M.

Just out of Toledo

[Nov 14, 1925]

My dearest Girlies,

Always shall I carry in mind the three faces that looked up at me from the station platform (and especially my "baby's") and the voice that I heard over the phone that I could not embrace, or kiss, or see.

So tense was I from the physical and mental strain of the day and from the restraint due to the outsiders in our family group that the tears that were aching to come, couldn't get out. When I was relaxed, and let down a bit, they "let down" too. I've had my tears all by myself in several installments. The real sensing of the separation is coming with the leisure to think about it. As Marjorie expressed it in other words and from her own viewpoint, my children will never need me again, as children. The great break which most girls make gradually, M. and K. have now made suddenly as the older children did nine years ago. I shall have to think of all my children now as independent man and women, and that I have no child dependent on me with a child's dependence. That is some change for a mother, and it doesn't make me any happier. But in that state of affairs, Papa and I will have to reverse the course of age and set ourselves to growing younger by devoting ourselves to each other and practicing honey moon days again, not to become "old fools", but young people. There are some things that I want you to do and write me about at once, numbering your answers by my notation.

1st Pay Hope, Severy and Sage

2nd Did Geraldine pay for the pears?

3. Pay my taxi and trunk bill. (It should not be over \$1.50)

4. Pay the express on trunk to Putnam.

5. Pay the freight on boxes to Boston.

6. Pay the church pledge, Marjorie. Did you lose that \$5.00 bill?

7. Pay next months rent. Did you?

8. Return keys to Miss Little as soon as you can get those things in place.

9. Careful don't fall on those stairs and don't drop keys behind stairs. Always take time to be careful in that barn.

10. I think there are two pkgs. of cans of fruit (small) in the large box under Kathleen's trunk. These, and the cans up stairs should be moved over to your cellar before freezing weather or they will spoil. Get Myron to help you lift the trunk around and Stewart to draw them home on his cart. Take the cans out one by one up stairs and pass them down to some one. One up stairs, one down by side of stairs on floor- one on the stairs will make the passing chain that will work safer than one or two people trying to do it on those stairs. Do, do be careful on those stairs. Don't ever try to carry heavy things down those stairs. Don't try to get that heavy box of jars down bodily. It sits on the floor with my things up stairs. Eat the fruit all up this year. For breakfasts when you take nothing but fruit or for supper with cake only or a simple soup with it; but keep combinations straight. By the way, when Gould and Vivienne are up for Christmas ask them if they will not take Gould's service flag that Putnam church gave us down to Vivienne's to keep for him till they are married. It is rolled up in newspaper upstairs in the barn. Should have clean paper on if they take it.

11. There should be some mothballs put in the trunk in which Geraldine's nice brown suit coat is and newspapers spread on top before the cover is shut down. The fur coat is in that trunk.
12. I left a few things in the bottom of the cupboard in the cellar of Miss Wright's house as I had no basket to take them in. All the things on the second and third shelves from the bottom are mine. None of the stuff above is mine. The can of maple syrup is yours.
13. Marjorie won't you take a market basket and go over after them as soon as you get this. The enameled saucer belongs at 263 Elm St. up stairs. I left my galvanized iron mop pail there when I left, and intended to take the saucer back when I went for the pail. Can you go to the back door there and ask Mrs. DeGraff if you may go up stairs and look for a pail your mother left there and incidentally you can return the saucer. Tell her first who you are and that you used to live there. Put the saucer on the kitchen dish shelves. Wash it first.

The square maple syrup can on the shelves of the cupboard in Miss Wright's cellar you can put on top of the barrel of old cans under our formerly cellar stairs if you don't want it.

Now I want to tell you about the radio. I did not take that to barn as I thought it best not to move it twice. In picking up the things in Miss Wright's attic I placed the radio on the floor, just to the left as you go up the stairs about 5 ft. away from the head of the stairs. Most of it is in the tall slender carton; the wire is in the flat round parcel and the rest of it is in that small square box in Tank barn up stairs, that I told Marjorie about. If you decide to put up the radio have it done right away so as to get all the use of it you can. The work will cost \$3.00 if Mr. Perryman on So. Cedar St. does the work. You may have to buy new batteries which cost 60 cents each and it needs four. But let Mr. Perryman test them (old ones) out before you buy new ones. The square box (small) of it contains the bulbs must be handled carefully. It must not be dropped. I put two corrugated pasteboard boxes together with the radio which I thought might prove useful in sending things by mail. Also there were 4 or five others which I threw out in the center of the attic about 4 or 5 feet away from the radio. If you want them saved for possible use, ask Miss Wright if you may stack them up in a corner of her attic. Put papers under and over them as they will get awfully dusty. And when you take them out, don't get them against your coats unless you wipe them carefully as they will be somewhat dusty. Anything you do not use of the boxes burn up in (our side) Miss Wright's furnace. Her side (furnace) is too full to open easily. Please just look thru the pile of newspapers that is farthest to the north and see if there is anything in it that we want to save. I did not have time to look them over but looked over all the rest of the papers in the attic and told Miss Wright that she might have her boy take them down stairs for her on the next collection day.= 1st Tuesday in Dec. but in the North pile I did not know but there might be some thing in it that we would want to save. Alas to have to throw away all those good things in the Ladies Home Journal and the Christian Herald! Marjorie, do you remember that piece in the Ladies Home Jour. some months ago about "Has the Holy Grail really been found?" If you come across that number of the L.H.J. while you are up in Miss Wright's attic, will you save it? That will be of lasting interest.

Now before I close, I must tell you a little of my travels thus far. Nothing particular happened on the journey from Oberlin to Chicago. I changed at Toledo and got a Chicago train.

I slept some and had plenty of room. When I reached Chicago, I went out to breakfast then to the Board rooms and saw Mr. English our Board secretary; and then to Montgomery Ward's but found nothing I wanted; and O, how it rained, all day! I put my rubbers in my trunk by mistake instead of my suitcase so I bought another pair. It took so long to get around in the rain on the cars to find places that I accomplished almost nothing of what I had planned in Chicago. So I went back to the station, bought my ticket for Geneseo, rechecked my baggage, took up my bag from parcel room and made my train. It was a bit crowded in the day coach but I slept from sheer wearing (during my ride) and loss of sleep the night before. Reaching Geneseo at 8 P.M. I called up Addie. Carl answered and I told him I would come up in a taxi at 50 cents to which he consented. So I found them well and glad to see me about 20 minutes later.

I will write you again after I leave Addie's. I have to take the whole morning service in the Presbyterian church tomorrow morning and the evening service in Mr. Brewer's church. Some day for me! Will write you about it.

Muchest love,
Ellen.

[According to the Oberlin archives the provenance of their Beard holdings is as such:

"The papers of Willard Livingstone Beard were discovered in Tank Hall by the matron, Mrs. Packard, who gave them to Mrs. Katrine M. Baxley, the matron of Keep Cottage. Mrs. Baxley donated the papers to the College Archives on June 22, 1973." These papers are described as follows: "The Willard Livingstone Beard Papers consists primarily of letters (1910-1925) between the Willard and Ellen Beard and their children. Of special interest are the twenty letters written by Willard L. Beard and his daughter, Phebe, from Foochow, China (1921-23), some of which tell of the struggle between factions of the Chinese to gain control of the area. A letter from Myron Gould Beard to "Dearest Sister Dot" (Dorothy), dated June 29, 1920, is an account of his visit to Bahia Blanca, Argentina while on board the ship Mt. Baker. In addition to correspondence, there are photographs of the family, Japan and China, as well as some printed and homemade materials regarding the Beard children's high school days and church activities in Oberlin."

In the above letter dated November 14, 1925 written by Ellen, she refers to taking items to "Tank barn". I believe the papers of Willard Livingstone Beard were some of those items and that is how Oberlin came into possession of them.]

*[This letter, dated **November 14, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks in Shelton and Putnam. Phebe has had Nephritis for about a year and has recently fallen ill, had convulsions and is in the hospital. The doctors feel that she will get well enough to leave the hospital, but will have to stop her work and live with Willard and Ellen as an invalid. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China
November, 14th. 1925.

Dear Folks in Shelton and in Putnam,-

You will I know forgive me for writing you in this way. I can do it and get a letter direct to you both.

I might not be able to get two letters written in time for the mail.

For nearly a year now we have known that Phebe had Nephritis. The doctor said that she might go on with her work for many years, if she was careful. She understood and has been very careful in diet and in not getting wet and (not as careful in not overdoing). She has seemed to have an exaggerated sense of responsibility for making up that six months that she lost a year ago last summer when she had to give up for a term. I think she has carried more work than she ought to have done. Three weeks ago she began to puff up about the face and feet. Then her eyes were affected and she was unable to see to do her work. But she was determined to keep at it and some of her teaching she did not have to depend entirely on her eyes. Last Tuesday she did not get up in the morning, and about nine o'clock she sent word that she could not take her classes. After lunch Miss Holton went in and sat on the bed and chatted with her for a time and Phebe said she did not feel very well. Shortly after Miss Holton left, Phebe called and Miss Perkins went in just in time to see her go into a convulsion. They at once sent for Dr. Dyer. She was there in less than 45 min. Phebe had another convulsion while Dr. Dyer was there. Dr. Dyer at once said take her to the Woman's Hospital in the city, right next to our compound here. I heard of it in time to meet them about one third of the way in. Phebe recognized me as I came beside the cot on which she was being borne by four men.. I knew she recognized me by the sweet smile she gave me. I held her hand all the way in. Very fortunately she had no convulsion on the way. Dr. Dyer walked by her also fearing another, but after we had her in bed, she had three before 9 p.m. She has had no more.

I am spending all the time I am not definitely on some work, with Phebe. The next day, Wednesday she recognized me and spoke to me, while I was talking with Miss Atwood the nurse, way the other side of the room, we thought she was asleep. She is of course very sore from the strain of the convulsions. She is very tired also. She talks rationally but not normally for she cannot remember what came before she was taken so suddenly. She enjoys having me read to her. I expect to improve my ability to read aloud. This morning I have just read her the picture of Washington D.C. that was written for the Congregationalist for the National Council Number. She enjoyed it much.

What of the future? The doctors say that her active missionary work is over. She will likely rally from this attack and may live as an invalid for some years. I am so glad that Ellen is on her way out. It may be that we will live together here enjoying her while God lends her to us.

How thankful I am that I am here to be with her. We have been such a great help to each other these four years. She does not know anything about the convulsions and does not know why she is so lame. She is comfortable and not in pain - - only weak and tired. She sleeps much. She has three girls that were her pupils in Wenshan as

nurses. One is with her all the time. She enjoys them and they are proud to be trusted with her. Sunday Nov. 9 p.m. I have been with Phebe nearly all day – read the last Congregationalist all thru to her = The Nat'l Council Number Oct. 8. She is brighter to night and gaps as if she would sleep well. God will do all things well- Lovingly Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 21, 1925 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen. He updates them on their sister, Phebe's condition. She is improving slowly. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
Nov. 21, 1925

Dear Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen,

It has been some four or five days since I have written. But there has been no mail out. It is a very great pleasure to write that Phebe has improved steadily, howbeit slowly since I wrote last. To her diet of 5 glasses of milk she has ordered 2 glasses of grape juice a day, which makes her very proud. At 7:55 p.m. she is just taking her supper of a full glass of milk. She takes it thru a glass tube. Last night she had her best nights rest yet, - from 11 p.m. to 8:30 a.m. Her sight is improving some, yesterday afternoon I was over South Side and bo't a new felt hat. I wore it up stairs and into Phebe's room and standing at the foot of her bed she told me I had a new hat. She also read the mark on her pillow case MOHAWK letters about that size day before yesterday. The albumin in her urine is very much decreased and her blood pressure is down- all these are good symptoms and make the doctor and myself feel very good- not to mention Phebe herself.

Phebe's room is a bower of flowers- chrysanthemums predominate- some dahlias- (Phebe had to tell me how to spell it)- marigolds, roses and poinsettias.- I am writing this in her room. She has just finished dictating a letter to mama which she lay on, some days ago. I find it possible to get up to see her four times a day- and she saw Miss Perkins for 10 minutes- the first visitor since she has been here.

It is too soon to say much of the future, but Phebe has just asked me for the 11th time and I have told her that we hope she will be able to be moved over to our home when mama arrives and live with us there. We will not plan further now.

Life is a little strenuous now with Annual Meeting on- trying to meet my classes- attend extra comm. meetings and see Phebe 4 times a day. This evening is the C.E. meeting. I am skipping it to be with Phebe.

We have had a very nice sky but copious rain for four days. It has been good for gardens and the wheat.

I am sending this in duplicate to Dorothy and Gould in Putnam and Shelton.

You will forgive me for not writing more. The great big good news of Phebe's improvement is the important thing.

The letter from Mama sent fr. Washington via Air Service simply said she hoped to start yesterday Nov 21 on the Pres. Van Buren- so you see we cannot send a letter to meet her yet.

Very lovingly
Father

Phebe having finished her supper, sat up alone and is brushing her teeth alone.

[This partial letter dated Nov. 24, 1925 was written from S.S. President Van Buren steamship in the Pacific Ocean by Ellen to Marjorie and Kathleen. Ellen reprimands them for sleeping in and failing to attend church since she left. She tells them what to do with the canned fruit in the barn. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

*[Pacific Ocean, S.S. President Van Buren]
[Nov 24, 1925]*

[Probably written to Marjorie and Kathleen]

.....with some new ones every day. There are at least two other missionaries on board besides myself. I have written of the Episcopal nurse. The other is at the head of day school work in India, a Methodist Lady. Look at the marks all over these two pages where I have fallen asleep while writing. Think I'll go to bed as it is 9:30. We have to set our watches back from 17 to 24 min. a day according to distance run till we reach the 180 degree meridian when we drop a day.- There is also a Minister Rev. Hutton and wife and little girl on board, missionaries to India. There may be others but I have not found them yet. - We have radio report bulletins for our morning newspaper every day and read all about the burial of Queen Mother Alexandra yesterday and the fall of the French cabinet with Painleve's resignation today. Even get that disgraceful Rhinelander trial in brief; and the Mitchel trial today. We had no service

on Sunday as the Capt. had so much business incident to the initial moves of the voyage he did not have time to plan for it. Some of us are going to try to plan for a Thanksgiving service for Thursday. I hope you go to the one in Oberlin, even tho I am not there to urge you to go. That sort of thing will be one test of whether you are ready to get along without me. I think you rather failed that test once or twice already according to your letters when you slept till 10 min. of 9 and did not try to get to that very important service of very great privilege, at all, and then missed seeing a hundreds + people join the church among whom were your own relatives, in order to make up for what you had missed by your inertia. I know you were tired but you could have taken naps after dinner to make up lost sleep and pulled yourselves out by will power in the morning. If you are going to miss out, on these most important things of life now, when you have only yourself to look out for how much easier it will be to drop your church school attendance, church attendance, and attendance on worthwhile lectures, institutes and conventions when you get a husband, a home and a family to care for. Please, girlies dear, keep that end of life up; don't let it sag. It is hard enough even with our best efforts to do even moderately well at it; while it is our bounden duty to ourselves, to the church, to society and to God to do our level best at it. If you let it go with only the fagged ends of your attention and effort now encumbered, it will be entirely lost in the maze and whirl of multifarious demands of maturer responsible years. You ought to set your alarm clock every Saturday night for 8:15 so that you can get all the rest possible with out the danger or anxiety of oversleeping and being late for S.S. I left the clock for you for that very purpose. And you ought to always set it for 7 o'cl every morning that you do not need to get up earlier to study; so that you will never oversleep.

Please write me every Sunday, at least one of you, and as many more of you as will (or Papa or to Phebe) telling me all the things I want to know; whether Kathleen has come again; whether Marjorie has come again yet; how Geraldine is as to her head, and how she is getting along with her French her reading and her thesis; how does the house-keeping go; don't let that canned fruit freeze in the barn; it is in one box up stairs, -take it out one by one to hand it down stairs, don't try to take the box down bodily; and the other is in the big box down stairs under Kathleen's trunk unless you have moved either it or the trunk. Eat the large cans of fruit first as I may plan to send for some of the smallest ½ pt. cans yet I think not but will let you know before Mar. 1st so you can eat it before the spring fruit comes in. Always two go to the barn together and always take time to be careful on those stairs and in shutting down the door. How long after I went did you return the keys? Did you lose them? Did Marjorie lose that \$5 bill I gave her to pay Mrs. Hart my pledge to the church for the rest of the year? Is it paid? How much was it?

Send all my letters except these last two pages of personal talk to Dorothy and Dorothy to Gould promptly as you can, jotting down in a note book anything you want to answer.

...and it is a mistake. I infer some one tried to send me a pair of binoculars or something and the addresses got mixed up. To page 10.

[This letter dated Nov. 25, 1925 was written en route from San Francisco to Honolulu by Ellen to her sister, Etta. She tells about her trip in San Francisco and on the ship. She visited her Cousin Addie and Carl in Geneseo, Ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dollar Steamship Line
S.S. President Van Buren

En Route
San Francisco to
Honolulu,
Nov. 25", '25.

Dear Etta,

Your good letter was awaiting me as I came aboard the steamer an hour before sailing.

The auto you saw us entering was Mr. Lobingier's who very kindly offered to take us to the station in his car. Mrs. Harding was also at the station to see us off.

That was a very difficult parting and one that I would fair have deferred indefinitely. It meant to us all far more than it is possible to express in language. Our feature, in the way of compensation, connected with this home-leaving was that it was also a home-going. This is seldom an attendant circumstance of breaking the immediate family outside missionary circles and not very frequent in them.

I found a very rainy day in which to transact business in Chicago and after visiting our Board offices and a few stores. I gave up the unpleasant task and took the train for Geneseo arriving about 8 P.M. A taxi brought me to

Addie's in a few minutes over a good state road which they have been enjoying for about three years. Evidently, they do greatly appreciate it especially since they got their car; for both Addie and Carl spoke of it several times. It used to be so muddy in spring and so rough in wet, frozen condition. Addie is even more fearful of auto riding than I and seldom goes out in the car except on the most urgent business that requires her attention in person. One thing she does enjoy whole-heartedly is her radio. She has a Freshman set and it certainly does keep them in touch with the world and its progress and keeps them up-to-date in some things if not in those lines where personal contact with the world is necessary for results. Carl enjoys both the radio and the auto as well as the Victrola and uses them all much. He can go out in cold and damp weather, if necessary, as he could not if it were required to harness a horse and ride in an open carriage. He is not able to do any work except the chores and so has much time on his hands to use indoors especially in fall and winter. They have three cows, three heifers and three small calves; two horses and 20 hens. Addie is stouter than she used to be, has lost all her teeth and has plates, and is getting a bit deaf. She does very little cooking buying all her bread, cake, pies, doughnuts etc. and eating prepared cereals. Vegetables, meats and stewed fruits comprises her cooking. Washing and ironing is put out and she hired a woman to help her all the time I was there. She does not know what she is going to do when Carl goes if that is before she herself goes and I don't know what Carl would do if Addie were taken first. He is often in need of her ministrations for he still has asthma, sometimes so badly as to need a Dr. to administer a hypodermic. But he is in better flesh this fall than he has been since he came from Dr. Tilden's, and he told me he has been better and had asthma the least during the 2 ½ weeks before I arrived and while I was there than he had in a long time before.

From Geneseo I took a tourist sleeper to San Francisco, thereby saving the Board eleven dollars over what it would have been for Pullman fare. The cost of ticket is the same; the difference is in the sleeper fare. It took only 3 ½ days from Geneseo to San F. and that gave me 3 ½ hours in Los Angeles where I changed trains to get an express to S.F. I met an interesting man on the train from El Paso to Los A. He had lived in Mexico much of the time since boyhood and knows its history and people well, past and present. The son of a Quaker missionary to Mexico, he was born there and returned there after college, fought in Mexico's revolution and is pretty close to the gov't. He has a sister in China under the Christian Alliance mission. He told me he agreed with his wife before they married that he was to have the privilege of fighting and discussing all he chose, - not exactly a Quaker spirit! But he certainly was a walking encyclopedia on Mexico.

In San F. I visited James Beard's widow's [*Leolyn*] present home and saw her four youngest children; the father, mother, and James' daughter being in Paris this year studying. Dr. Morgan's sister and brother are caring for his home and children.

Such beautiful homes as they have in Berkeley and Oakland! Many of them small, one story, bungalow style, some larger and two story, many of stucco in various shades which I have not seen used here(!) or in Eastern America rather, and S.F., Berkeley and Oakland are all such hilly cities with streets running right straight up at almost 45 degrees. It is very pretty when you get up there but rather difficult to climb. I also took lunch with Mrs. Hinman and sister, Mr. H. being away in Cal. on a tour of the churches in that state. Mr. and Mrs. H. were once missionaries in Shaowu, up in the country from Foochow. I got my passport vised by both Japanese and Chinese consuls and went to Hotel Larnie to stay. Then the rest of my time was spent in the shops.

Saturday P.M. at four o'clock the steamer sailed and the friends I had visited, from both houses came across the bay from Berkeley to see me off. They called at my hotel and when I was ready I took them all in my taxi to the pier; the custom seems to be here to pay 75 cents for your taxi and fill it up to capacity with your friends. Five of us ladies occupied the rear part of the 7-seater while my luggage and the chauffer occupied the front part. Both Mrs. Hinman and Mrs. Davis brought baskets of fruit to me, and as we stood looking over the rail, numerous boxes of flowers and baskets of fruit came on for passengers. Shortly after 8:30 the "all-off" gong was sounded along the decks and then the social hall, smoking-room and cabin passage-way and the friends who were not sailing began to pass off once the gang-plank to the pier. Then the steward bearing the big tray of coils of paper streamers passed along the decks and passengers filled their hands and pockets with them. Going to the rail they began throwing them down to their friends who stood on the pier far below, holding one end securely in their hands as they threw them. The friends below caught them and held the other ends and in a few minutes the passengers on the deck were connected with their friends on the pier by hundreds of vari-colored slender strands quivering in the breeze. The deep, low-toned whistle blew a long blast, the anchor was drawn up, the gang-plank was lifted and almost imperceptibly the huge boat began to move out of her berth. One by one as we moved slowly out the strands broke and hung in swaying curls from the steamer's rail, and lay in tangled variegated masses on the pier and on the swirling water. Still they continued to be thrown and caught, the holders below walking along as the ship moved till the end of the pier was reached when the last strands separated; and so were severed the last material bonds that bound us to our friends and the shores of our native land. A pretty custom, and one that camouflages with cheerfulness the crucial moment which pulls hardest at the heartstrings of those outward bound and those that

remain. And yet there is a deeper significance whose pathos is rather accentuated than concealed by this feature of gaiety, in the afterthought of both groups. Slowly out there the Golden Gate, not very Golden either today, and yet not sunless and gray, alternately looking out forward and watching the retreating shores with nightfall finds us on the open Pacific fairly calm but with the long, low swell, just enough to remind you that your abiding –place rests on a yielding medium. [*The construction of the Golden Gate Bridge did not begin until 1931.*]

Having purposely missed my lunch at noon, I did not go out to dinner that first night believing that fasting before and during the initial stages of the voyage will prevent any gastronomic inconvenience usually incident to the change from land to sea traveling. I wished to prove it; and my experiment was a success. Since then, every time the beautifully harmonic gong has rung the summons to a bountifully laden board I have cheerfully responded to the call. At first the cosine [*cuisine*] did not impress me as being even mediocre but after a few trials I have learned what to avoid and am able to make a happy selection of really good, well-cooked food.

Our passenger list is small, including only eighty people many of whom have expressed their disappointment that the boat itself is so small. It certainly is smaller than I thought and I feared it would not ride so steadily, on that account; but it has not felt the motion of the waves as much as I feared. For about thirty-six hours we have been riding thru a storm with very strong wind, most of the time a head wind but some of the time on our starboard side. Last night at eleven o'clock it rose to an eighty mile gale and the sea was very rough; but I have seen it worse. Our portholes have to be closed as we are on the starboard side from which direction the storm comes. The decks are narrow only about 8 ft. wide, and very much slanted for a floor, in order to shed water, and are hard to walk on for exercise, especially when rough seas make the ship unsteady. On the upper deck we have a large portion of it on both sides and the forward end closed in by large compared with portholes plate glass windows, about 1 ½ X 2 ft. in size. Here the children play on one side and shuffle board is played on the other side.

Fri. Nov. 27th. Everybody is writing desperately this morning to get their letters ready to go on the U.S. transport which sails from Honolulu tomorrow morning. No other opportunity to start letters eastward comes with three days later when the regular mail goes.

The weather has not warmed up on this trip as soon after leaving S.F. as it usually does on this course, on account of our storm which came from the north-west and kept it very cool. But this morning, one day from Honolulu, white wool and linen trousers are appearing, and thin silk and white wool dresses, altho it is not at all hot.

Last evening we had our Thanksgiving dinner of roast turkey, cranberry sauce (1 tiny teaspoonful) English plum pudding, strawberry shortcake, Neapolitan ice cream and a good many other things not strictly thanksgiving in association; but no onions, sweet potatoes, squash, pumpkin pie or dressing and thickened gravy. The dining saloon was elaborately decorated in honor of the occasion but as I told a friend this morning, judging from the decorations (put up by the Chinese stewards) one would not have been able to determine whether the occasion celebrated was Thanksgiving, Armistice Day, Decoration Day, Christmas or the Fourth of July; for there were the regulations symbolic paraphernalia of all those days, including U.S. flags, red, white and blue streamers, flags of all nations, Japanese lanterns, Christmas bells, chrysanthemums and greenery. However, it was festive and imagination supplied the rest. In the morning we had a make shift of a Thanksgiving service which I think all who attended appreciated as being the best we could do under the circumstances, and it was much better than to let the day pass unobserved religiously, altho it might have been a great deal more of an inspirational service than it was. The only minister that we know on board was ill, and has been most of the time. A lady missionary from India was asked to take it and would have done much better I am sure but she felt a man should do it and asked a Dr. from So. Manchester, Conn. to take it and he did the best he could. Three hymns appropriately chosen were sung, "Blest be the tie", Hymn for those in peril on the sea and America. Four prayers also appropriately chosen were read from the English or American Episcopal Prayer book. A collection of \$5.82 was taken for the "Seaman's Friend Society" and a very few closing remarks but no attempt at an address. I think the lady missionary chose the hymns and prayers too. Only about 25 attended.

I thought of you all assembled for the Thanksgiving dinner and was glad the girls had some family connections to meet with on this family feast day especially as it came so soon after my departure from the home. It was very good of you all to take them in and make it so pleasant for them. On account of our remote westward position and the difference of time thus involved, it was between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning when I tho't of you all as seated at the festive board at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in Oberlin.

We have a bride-to-be on board, going out to Manila to marry a dentist, and she is the pet of everybody, especially the officers and young men on board. They say she is in the care of the stewardess but she doesn't seem to get much motherly care. I should not want a daughter of mine to travel alone like that if she were of the same temperament, training and ideals this young girl seems to be. She looks about 18 but some say she is 24 or 5.

I have seen only three real young children on board altho there are two or three girls that are just on the border between childhood and young womanhood. A majority of the passengers are middle-aged or elderly- one man is 78 and he said he laid out Manila harbor. He goes by the name of General Utter.

Last evening we had a lecture on the American Indian by a scientist on the passenger-list, from Washington, D.C. The subject was chosen as appropriate to Thanksgiving Day since the Indians furnished to the colonies their first Thanksgiving dinner.

Everyday at lunch and dinner we have music by an orchestra of four young men, playing piano, flute, guitar, saxophone but they are not very good musicians; we infer that they are boys who wanted a trip and are playing their way around the world. Many adverse comments are made by the passengers regarding the poor music. They also play from nine to eleven in the deck tea-room for dancing.

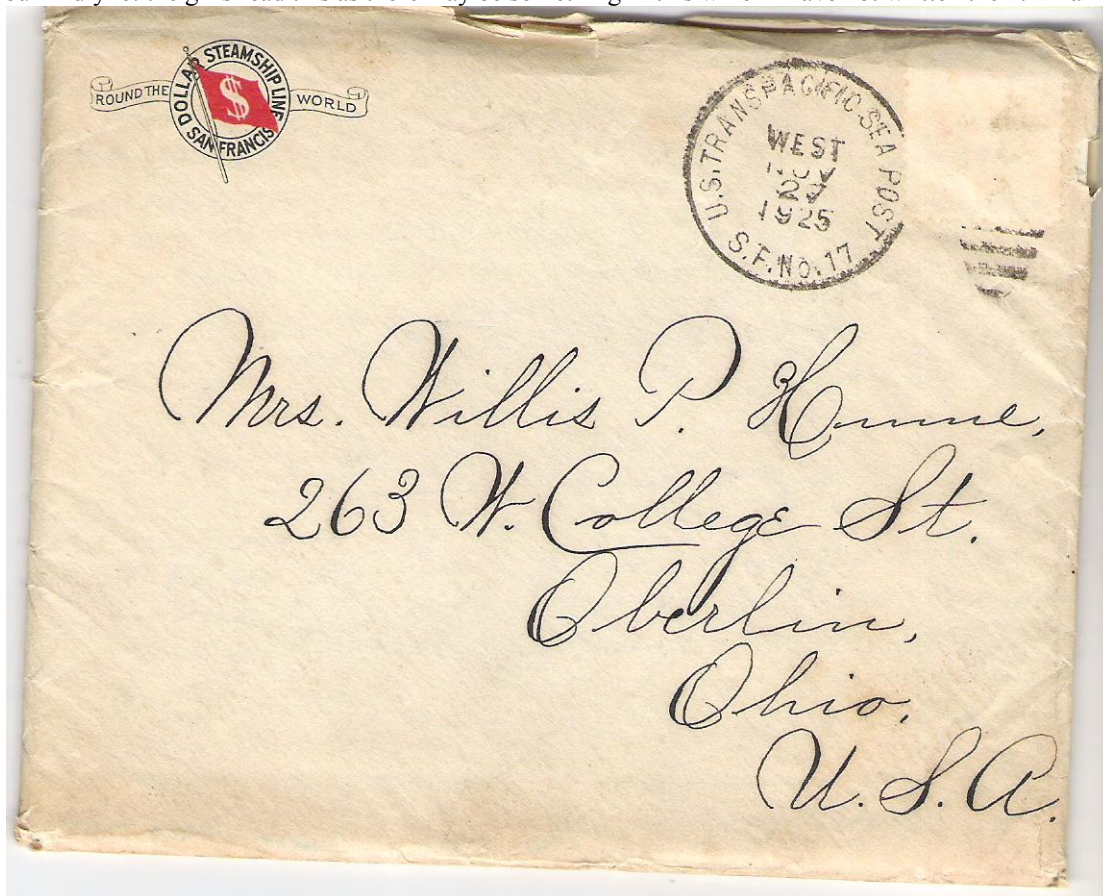
We have just met the Pres. Lincoln of this line bound for San F. She probably left Honolulu about 9 o'clock last night. It is now 12 M. with us. Our radio operator is probably talking with theirs and we may get some news. For some reason our radio bulletin failed to operate this morning.

Everyone is planning what trip they will take ashore tomorrow. I understand they cost from \$5. to \$7. each for a party of five and the party must number five or they will not go. So I see where I spend the time visiting the ship.

Well, four sheets is the limit so I must draw to a conclusion.

It is a real comfort and satisfaction to know you are so near the girls if they need any council, advice or care that they cannot themselves supply and it was pleasant to think of them with you on Thanksgiving Day. Donald wrote me a post card to meet me on the steamer and I received yours at the same time. I shall write him later. With love to all the family, Affectionately yours, Ellen

Will you kindly let the girls read this as there may be something in this which I have not written them. Thank you.



DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINE
ON BOARD
S. S. PRESIDENT VAN BUREN



DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINE

S. S. PRESIDENT VAN BUREN

En Route
San Francisco to
Honolulu,
Nov. 25, '25.

Dear Etta,

Your good letter was waiting for me as I came aboard the steamer an hour before sailing.

The auto you saw us entering was Mr. Lobingier's who very kindly offered to take us to the station in his car. Mrs. Garding was also at the station to see us off.

That was a very difficult parting and one that I would fair have deferred indefinitely. It meant to us all far more than it is possible to express in language. Our feature, in the way of compensation, connected with this home-

*[This postcard, dated **November 27, 1925**, was written near Honolulu by Ellen to Mr. O.G. Beard. She is nearing Honolulu after coming through a strong storm at sea. Postcard in the collection of Mona Beard.]*

[Postcard of the Y.M.C.A Building El Paso, Texas and postmarked from Honolulu]

Nov. 27", 25

We are now almost to Honolulu and will spend the day ashore there tomorrow. Had a real storm, - 80 mile gale, - on Wednesday night, - a rare occurrence of such intensity in this part of the Pacific. Have 80 passengers on board, 5 of whom are missionaries; 3 for India, 1 Manilla, 1 China. A number of passengers leave us at Honolulu and some new ones come on. I have had a 3 Berth cabin all to myself thus far. - Had a pleasant visit at Leolyn's home. All well. Kobe next stop. Will send more lengthy message from there. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all. - Ellen.

*[This typewritten letter dated **Nov. 29, 1925** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould, Geraldine, Marjorie, Kathleen, the Folks in Shelton and Putnam. Willard updates them on Phebe's condition. He had Thanksgiving dinner with the other missionaries. He and Phebe hope that Ellen made it onto the steamship Van Buren. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow China,
November, 29th. 1925

Dear Gould, Geraldine, Marjorie, Kathleen, Folks in Shelton and in Putnam:-

While in Phebe's room I wrote a letter by hand to Dorothy and am now making carbon copies for you all.

I am writing in Phebe's room in the hospital with one end of the paper resting on her bed and the other on my knee. She sat up this noon and ate her dinner, - soft boiled rice. She fed herself and got tired enough so she lay down at once and took a nap. The past three nights in succession she has slept and rested well and has greeted me as I came into her room in the morning with a bright, "Good morning Father." I can see her get strong a little every day. She is trying to get strong enough to be moved over to our home when Mama comes. We do very much hope she started a week ago yesterday on the President VanBuren. That should get her here for Christmas.

Thanksgiving was a beautiful day here. We met as mission in our old home, - where Mama, Monnie, Kathleen and I lived 1916-1920. There were 60 of us at six tables. The Wenshan folks and Mr. Hightower and I supplied one table. The viands were prepared in our kitchen. I'll try to give the menu altho detailed menu and description of a bride's dress are not courses in which I majored in college.

Roasted goose—candied sweet potatoes—boiled celery, China pickles—peanuts—rolls and butter—sang cha jelly—pumpkin pie—coffee. The dinner was enlivened by songs gotten up by different persons at the time and supposed to fit the occasion. Mr. Keplar from Shanghai was with us, for the Chinese Annual Meeting. One song was "A fine man from Shanghai has just come to town. *Keplar". tune The Blind man of Borneo Has Just Come To Town. After the dinner we all went into the yard and had our picture taken. Then back into the house to see an Am. Indian enter with blanket, paint and feathers and talk to the children. Then Elizabeth Cushman read the Courtship of Miles Standish. Dr. Campbell as Miles Standish and Mr. Hightower as John Alden and Pricilla Holton as Pricilla did the acting- all in pantomime. It was very effective. Then came the Kitchen Orchestra, - indescribably with Mr. Newell as director.

Of course my thoughts were scattered, -many of them were with Phebe who could not be there, others with Mama whom I wanted to think of as at Honolulu, - and still others with you and in Oberlin, Easton, with Vivienne and in Putnam and in Shelton.

Phebe had a great day. During the morning many flowers with notes came to her and her room was a complete bower. Two big American turkeys, almost life size strutted on her walls. A visitor, Maude Hutson from her family in the morning, and Mrs. Newell in the afternoon. In the morning Miss Chittenden was brought in with a fever, a sore throat and a cough. She is in a room just like Phebe's with a bath room between. Then in the afternoon late I brought in some of the songs and other written expressions of love and regard from the diners and read them to her. I was a little anxious lest she had had too much but she slept and rested well that night and has since.

Phebe says, - "I had some orange juice this afternoon at 3 p.m. It tasted awfully good. The oranges were a gift from Mrs. Ling secretary of Wenshan School". The nurse has just come in and stuck a thermometer into her mouth and she stopped dictating. "Vernon Parker, Y.M.C.A. secretary (Oberlin 1916) came in yesterday and Dr. Lewis took out his tonsils". He is doing very well. I saw him this morning. "I am enjoying my alcohol rubs, one of

which I am having just now,- something I've never had before. Dr. Dyer and Dr. Lewis say it is possible to build up my resistance so I shall not have to eat rice all the time."

At this point it got too dark to write more so I stopped and left Phebe till after Y.P.S.C.E. meeting. Then I went over as usual and we had some of God's promise and a prayer together and I said good night. I read all of the above to her. I cannot yet tell what the future has for her. In the mission meeting yesterday Dr. Dyer told the mission that she could not do any more work before next summer. She hopes Phebe may be able to live with us in our home and be comfortable.

The last two weeks have been very full with the Annual meeting with the Congregational churches and the Mission meeting tucked in as it was possible and various committee meetings. I have given Phebe all of my moments except in some meeting where duty called. We are getting to be quite cronies. It seems to do her a lot of good to be rubbed,- specially near sleepy time.

It is very touching to see the regard in which she is held by every body and how solicitous they all are for her. Letters come from the country from people of other missions.

It is after ten p.m. and I must close and get to bed. God is a very loving Father and He will do all things well. I ask Him to show me all of us what He means by it all. And I want Him to make me patient and better able to express Jesus to any one who comes in my path. May He come to each of you with sustaining grace as you hear the news and follow the letters about Phebe.

Very lovingly and tenderly,
Father.

Tell Flora that I found some of those daily proverbs or quotations from various writers that she prepared and sent out many years ago and I have been reading them to Phebe. She greatly enjoys them.

*[This letter dated **December 6, 1925** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He reports that Phebe is improving a little each day and he and Phebe are guessing where Ellen might be on her trip to China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006 and a copy of the letter is in the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Foochow, China.
December, 6th. 1925.

Dear Folks at Home Everywhere:-

Today I have not written to anyone so this is not a copy. But I am still sending a copy to each center.

Phebe has gradually pulled up a little each day. She has for three days eaten a little solid food. But today she had to stop it. Her stomach could not take care of it quite so fast. She rests well each night. Yesterday she sat up to eat her breakfast and once or twice after that. Nearly every time I go to see her she speaks of Mama's coming and talks about how many days she has been on the way. If she started Nov. 21, she is on the last half of the journey. I have written the letter to send to her at Shanghai, but have not mailed it.

Phebe is eating oranges and farina and postum and grape juice and milk. I believe that is all she has had as yet. Doctor said she might have some pumelo and she said she might have some apple. Phebe has kept at me nearly every day to be sure that I asked Mama to bring down a box of apples from Shanghai with her.

No mail has come since I wrote last week so we do not know any more about mama's sailing than we did a week ago. We are however counting on her having taken the Pres. Van Buren Nov. 21st. I hope the beautiful weather that we have had for two months keeps up till Mama gets here. We have not had frost but one morning and only a little,- not to hurt even tomatoes. My hens gave me six eggs today. This is the second time that I have had six in [*one*] day. There are eleven hens to do it, with one moulting, and eight are pullets. How I wish Phebe could eat eggs.

We have not yet had papers from Washington telling about the Meeting of the National Council of Congregational Churches. The steamers must have run just wrong to bring the papers. Two problems are in the mind of missionaries in China, perhaps to the exclusion of most other problems just now. One is Tariff Autonomy for China and the giving up of Territoriality (the word -Extra should have been written before that long word) and the giving up of anything in the treaties that gives missionaries special privileges. Many of us have sent to our Consul and to the Board our desire to give Extraterritoriality and all special privileges and as our government to revise all unfair treaties. Personally I wish all concessions would be given up.

The other question is about the registration of mission schools with the Chinese government. This involves many questions about which there is a diversity of opinion,- voluntary Bible study, and attendance on religious service etc. The anti-Christian movement comes for a good bit of discussion but it does not effect the work of the church much. In fact it seems as if the church in some ways was forging ahead more than usual.

I think of you as in winter clothes and sitting by fires. Mr. Hightower and I have not yet had a fire. I put on my winter clothes a few days ago. I see some one in the compound had just bought half a ton of coal. When mama gets here we will have a fire to eat by and to sit by in the evening.

I must close now and go to bed. Phebe asks me to read from 1 John every night. We read the 4th, chap. Tonight.

Will.

I have asked a Mrs. Barker of Brooklyn to send Mary \$16.80 for some tea I sent her. Please let me know if it comes O.K. Put it in the Bank- Derby Savings. Will.

*[This letter, dated **December 13, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to all the peoples. Willard updates the families in the U.S. on Phebe's condition. Ellen is on her way to China on the President Van Buren. The price of rubber is very high these days. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

[December 13, 1925]

Dear "All the peoples"-

This is Dorothy's name for all the Folks when she was a little chick and we were at home on our first furlough.

I am writing Sunday afternoon at 4:30 in Phebe's room and will copy it for the five centers as I have done since Phebe was brought to the hospital. During the week Phebe has been about the same- except that she is taking more food. Yesterday she announced with much enthusiasm that she had just eaten a baked potatoe and it tasted good and it had digested all right. Today she repeated the feat with good results. This afternoon the nurse brought in a soda biscuit and a dish of syrup. Phebe ate about half of it and said it tasted good. She is better than she was a week ago and she says she is stronger. She sleeps well at night and much during the day.

Two days ago another mail came from home and in it a letter from Ellen which said she was taking the Pres. Van Buren fr. San F. Nov. 21. That ship is scheduled to reach Shanghai day after tomorrow- that sounds earlier than to say Dec. 15. It makes our, i.e. Phebe's and mine- breath come shorter and our hearts beat quicker to think of it. I wrote her to reach her at Shanghai a week ago. We pray every night that God will speed the good ship along safely as fast as possible, and I have already arranged in my mind to take a private motor down to meet her. It is hard for all three of us that Phebe will not be on the launch to meet her.

The weather has been superb,- the ther. hangs about 60. I sit in the open door in Phebe's room and look out at the outline of the mountains ten miles away- thru the haze. Nearer are a few tallow trees red like brick in foliage and banyans everywhere in deep green.

Yesterday I saw the cross-country run between some ten schools in Foochow. This year it was for the first time managed entirely by the Chinese. Then I attended a meeting of the North Fukien Christian Council to say good bye to Mr. Cio Lik Daik our chairman, who goes to Singapore for a month to collect money for the Y.M.C.A. for China. I cannot help a wee, tiny, bit of good feeling over this for it is a responsible job they have given to him, and he is the man I found and started in the U.M. work here twenty years ago. He has stuck to it right here ever since. He is going to Singapore and the Straights Settlements with hopes of raising money. The price of rubber a year ago down there was about \$10.00 a picul (130 lbs.) Now it is over \$200.00, twenty times as much. A rubber king from Amoy bought up a lot of it at \$10 and the report is that he has already cleared some \$6,000.00. He is the man who has built the Amoy University. The North F. Christian Council also welcomed two Secretaries of the National Council. Miss Haas an American and Mr. Meng a Chinese. They are Industrial Secretaries.

The big annual concert of the University took place at the same hour but I felt it my duty to attend the Council meeting. You see there were three big Union events yesterday afternoon,- track meet, council meeting and University Concert and social.

Yesterday morning the Salt Commissioner for Fukien province spoke at our chapel. I wrote last week about attending a dinner at his home and before that about his attending the dedication of the church. It was good to the eyes to see this man, nearly six feet tall- and large in proportion come to speak to a body of students at a time when there is so much in the air against Christianity, with a large leather bound Bible in his hand and tell them that that book is one he is reading and that they must study it, and to hear him tell them Confucius and Mencius spoke reverently of God and that he prays to God. He went from us down to the University to spend the rest of the day. He had previously asked me to accompany him in his private launch. But as I have written above I thought duty lay for me in attending the Council meeting.

The last mail brought Mary's good letter telling off father's slow but sure recovery. Just before I began this Miss Holton from Wen Shan came in to bring your Christmas package sent to Phebe - - from Shelton. We opened the box but not the packages in it, - will leave them for Christmas.

Phebe and I had planned presents for you all but her illness has delayed the getting of them off. The presents for the feminine portions of the families are all ready and those for the men nearly so. They will be late.

We both wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Very lovingly,
Will

[The following was hand written:]

Mary your method of deciding the interest on the house is right. I want each of the children to have his share. I was negligent not to ask you to divide at first.

Love

Will.

Oliver G. Beard of Long Hill avenue received a telephone call today from relatives in New York saying that a dispatch was received that his son, Dr. Willard Beard, connected with the college of Fu-Chow, Fu-Chow, China, narrowly escaped death when the college was bombarded. It is also reported that Dr. Beard's daughter, Miss Phoebe Beard, is seriously ill at Fu-Chow with nephritis.

From the Bridgeport Telegram, December 23, 1925

[Ancestry.com]

[This letter, dated **December 22, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the ones in the home land. Phebe's condition has worsened and Willard expects she will die within several weeks. Ellen was not able to get the first steamer from Shanghai to Foochow and she was not aware of Phebe's illness. He finishes the letter on the 23rd of December. Ellen arrived and Phebe died within the day. He tells about the funeral. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

Foochow China,
December 22nd. 1925.

Dear Ones in the Home Land;-

It is 4:30 p.m. I am waiting for Mama. The launch went down after her this morning about 9:00. She must be here in another hour or so. I may have to stop this to greet her. Sunday morning I wrote another letter in Phebe's room to be copied but I have not been able to do any copying until now. Below is the letter.

Again on Sunday morning I am in Phebe's room writing you all. The sun shines brightly outside. Inside a bright wood fire crackles in the fire place. Phebe has not improved during the week. She has not been able to take nourishment enough to feed her body and this of course makes her grown thin. There has been a perceptible change in the last three days, - not for the better. My letters have from the first told you everything I knew, and I am convinced that the doctors have told me everything they knew. They did not look for the sudden collapse six weeks ago, and they were all hopeful after Phebe had rallied that she might pull up and live for several years. That now seems impossible. Ellen is in Shanghai. One steamer came from Shanghai- arrived yesterday. It was full of missionaries children coming home for Christmas. Ellen sent a letter by it saying she would take the next one three days later. For some reason she had not received my letter telling her of Phebe's condition. It is dissapointing. Phebe keeps asking when mama will come. Everything possible will be done to keep her till Ellen arrives. We do not look

for anything so sudden, but it [is] very serious, and you will be ready for any news. It may be several weeks before she leaves us.

God has been very gracious to let me have these six weeks of blessed companionship with her. He has given her to all of us and to a host of friends in America and in China for thirty years. Her life has been one continuous outgoing of cheer and faithfulness and an example of a very high conscientiousness in every detail of duty. This morning I have read to her letters from Kensington, Conn., Chicago, Ill., Peking, Changsha and Funing, Fukien. This in one mail, it has been a source of very deep joy to learn of the host of girl friends she has made in four short years in China, and of the high esteem they all hold her. Her life has been a constant source of joy to us all.

This last week one of the classes in school tried to combine to force the whole class to leave school. It was a failure and we got rid of some undesirables. Day before yesterday the officials arrested three teachers and fifteen students of a private school started last fall. Seven of the younger students were released on bail this morning. Two of the teachers arrested were graduates of Foochow, who had taught in one of our mission schools until they were found to be untrue. One was [a] graduate of Trinity College, of the British mission here and of the Fukien Christian University. He was register [registrar?] of the University until he was found to be untrue.

The students union were planning to have a parade and demonstration for three days at Christmas. Some of the pastors were apprehensive lest meetings would be disturbed, but this arrest will have a quieting effect.

My hens are doing well, for five days they have laid six eggs a day. They laid seven yesterday and six again today. Dr. Dyer has just told me the doctors today (Kinnear, Matthews and herself) had decided to give Phebe two eggs a day now. I am glad I have some fresh ones for her.

The last five weeks I am afraid my letters have been all about things here. I have not written much about my interest in things in the U.S. I mean things at home. But your letters are full of interest. I shall find it hard not to think of the land across the road from Father's as part of the farm. Dan's letter said he wanted to make the present farm keep their two cows. I suppose it could be done all right. Is Uncle Dan still selling milk? Tell him I think of him every day. Huntington has electricity, White Hills also. Does uncle Dan have it? The papers you send speak well of Mr. A.E. Look. I like the way they speak of him and the way your letters speak of him. I judge Mr. Wilhelm may be better fitted for a lecturer than for a pastor.

I was much interested in the obituary of C.E. Nettleton. We used to call him Gas Nettleton. Did you know that the day after my graduation from the Derby High School he called me into his office to offer me a position? I listened to his offer and told him I had decided to go to College and to become a minister. He said: - "Go ahead." I have often wondered what I now would be doing and where I would be if I had accepted his offer. I am satisfied with the choice I then made- and I have always honored him for the help he gave me in holding to my decision to study.

This is all the letter I wrote on Sunday. I am typing this on Wednesday Dec. 23rd. O, my dear Children and folks, what long days these have been. Monday Phebe talked with me some but she was not clear. She thought we should be starting for Pagoda to meet mama. She thought she must go out to Ponasang. Tuesday at 9 a.m. a telegram came saying that mama was on the Japanese steamer getting in that day, yesterday. Mr. Christian and Mr. Thelin and Miss Perkins went down to meet mama. The day seemed never to end. With the fastest motor boat and auto, mama arrived at six in the evening. Phebe was still here and when mama spoke to her she tried to answer but the words would not come distinctly. That night we staid in the hospital to be near the dear child. We were not called. It was an awful shock to mama and it seemed that she could not realize it. There was no way to let her know. Mr. Christian and Mr. Thelin and Miss Perkins were down to meet her but they could not tell her how serious it was. And Mama dare not ask. Everything was being done that was possible to get her to her dear one. This morning Phebe was perceptible nearer the end. We waiting all day till 5:10 when the breathing stopped and we knew she [was] home. Mama was there. I reached her about five minutes later. I can never cease to thank God that mama reached her in time. How I wish she could have been here two days earlier to see Phebe in her own natural mind and talk with her.

Christmas morning: - We shall never forget this Christmas. We have given back to Our Heavenly Father the precious gift He gave to us thirty years ago. He has given us to each other in a new and deeper sense than ever before. We have a new avenue to Heaven. Another precious loved one is there and Heaven is so much nearer.

Yesterday, the day before Christmas we said "Goodbye" to all we could see of our dear first born. It was a beautiful day, bright, warm, calm. There were three services. One at 1:30 p.m. here in our home. Mr. Leger lead it. It was in English, except one prayer in Chinese by the Monitor of Foochow College. The house was filled with Chinese and foreigners. This service was for the people who lived in the city and wished to attend. We had photos taken of the casket and of the people. The one of the people was taken just as we had gone out of the gate of our city compound. We were ready to start for Wenshan, Phebe's home and the place of her work, at 3:15 we were in the

Wenshan chapel. It was packed. Here we had asked that the service be in Chinese and in charge of the Chinese entirely. It was the most impressive service I ever attended. The preacher of the church she had attended this year and which she attended the Sunday before she was taken ill, was in charge. He began the service with a prayer of thanksgiving. If you could have heard him you would have known what he was talking about, - not the words he was uttering- but the content and the spiritual meaning from the beautiful modulated, sympathetic voice he used. The address was by a pastor who had had much to do with the school and who has served with Phebe on committees. The girls sang two songs in Chinese and one in English. One girl student and one girl teacher spoke briefly. I shall try to get these talks for I never heard such testimony. There was no sentimental talk about "beautiful Christian Character" and "Wonderful faith in God". That was all taken for granted and was the background of all that was said. But they spoke of her helpfulness in many lines. It was evident that Phebe got very near to the Chinese. She had not confined her work to the class room, on a walk with some of the girls had pointed out the beauties of nature as God's work, she was interested in their language so much so that she mastered it so as to be able to write the questions for their examinations on the blackboard with her own hands instead of asking a Chinese to do it, she used the classical language, at times so much in her talk that even they found it difficult to follow her, thus adding dignity to their language, she talked with them as one of them. Pastor Ling said that her going at this time was not a mistake of God, it was like a well trained gardner going into his garden to pick flowers. He never picked a flower until it was just right for the use to which he wished to put it.

A photo was taken of the casket and the flowers about it, and another as we came out of the chapel, with the girls lines up on each side of the walk. This shows only a few of the girls, the rest are around the corner, extending for 200 feet or more. We reached the cemetery at 4:45 p.m. Here Mr. Goertz read the service and prayers were offered by Rev. Long Iu Cu and Bishop Hind of the English mission. There was [a] very large crowd and a large quantity of flowers. I had asked Mr. Christian to take general charge of all arrangements and he did it perfectly. It seemed to me almost like Phebe's triumphal entry into her new work.



Phebe's grave with flowers and cross.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

The streets were guarded with armed soldiers and armed police to keep the students of the union from forming processions and molesting Christian services in schools and chapels. Here was a big procession of 200 or more. Chauffers took off their hats as they met us, men in rickshas did the same. There was no hitch in the whole afternoon. The atmosphere was charged with sympathy and love. Mama and I together dropped a wreath of red roses and white cysanthumums on the casket as it lay in the grave and friends led us away, while they remained to see the mound covered with a mass of most beautiful flowers. Mama and I went over to see it the next day.

I must not write more. May God give to each of you His own sustaining presence and may you realize that Heaven is very near.

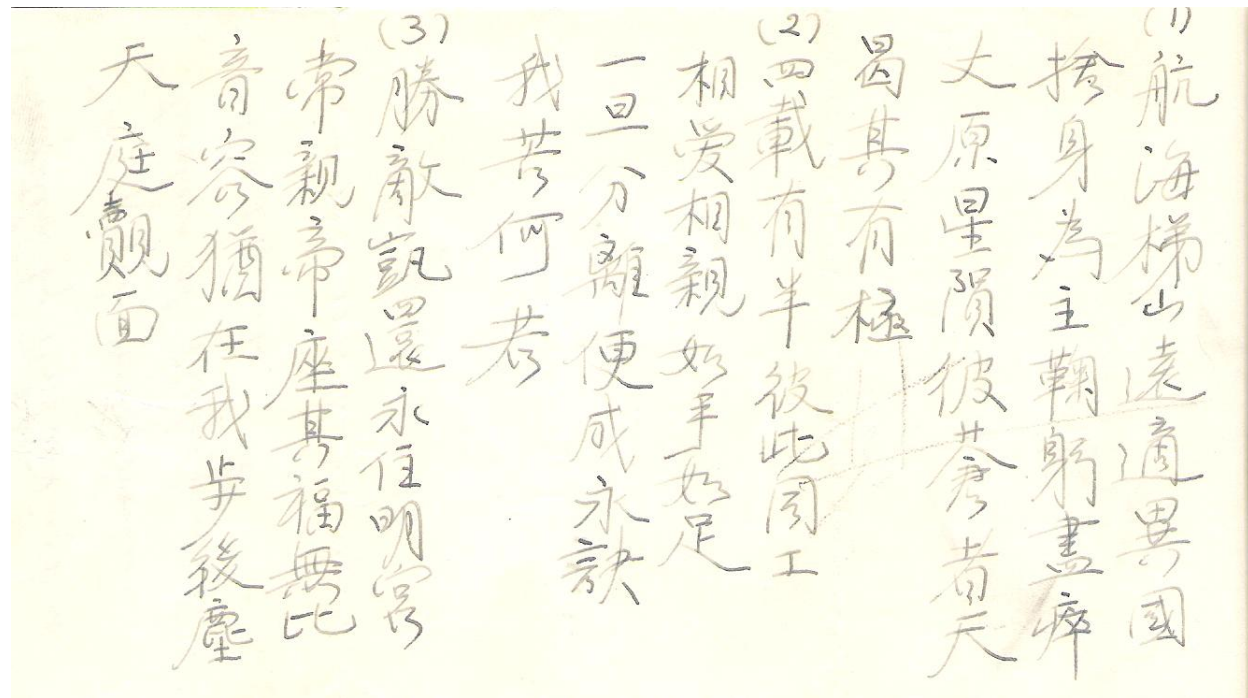
[The following was hand written:]

Dear Father and Brothers and Sister:-

This experience is full of sadness, but it is tempered with so much of loving ?? [*perfectly?*] expressed in spoken and written words that all the awfulness is taken away. Phebe's hold on the ?? of a great host was just what you would have had it. She is now with Mother and the uncles and aunts and cousins.

Very tender and lovingly Will

The original hymn written by Mr. Liu Ting Kuo and sung by the young women teachers at Phebe's funeral. Dec. 24, 1926. [*funeral was actually Dec. 24, 1925.*]



Forwarded by E.S.P. [*Elizabeth S. Perkins*]



Phebe Kinney Beard 1895-1925
This was her Senior photo from Oberlin College.
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]



Phebe's grave with headstone in China
[Photos from the collections of Virginia Van Andel and John and Nancy Butte.]

John C. Caldwell describes the cemetery in his book, *China Coast Family* as follows:

“High on an island hill in the Min River facing Foochow, China, there is a cemetery. Sheltered under two groves of ancient olive trees, here is the resting place of scores of white men and women who have lived and died on the China coast far from their native land. The history of the collision between East and West is written on the tombstones. The earliest grave, dated May 25, 1848, holds the remains of Mrs. Moses White, native of up-state New York, wife of the first Methodist Missionary in all Asia. Not only Americans lie here, but English as well; not only

missionaries, but seamen, adventurers, traders. A red Italian marble shaft stands at the burial place of pioneer Methodist Bishop Isaac Wiley, M.D., his wife and child; nearby is an imposing white marble angel, its wings spread above a cluster of simple stone markers, commemorating the Hwa-sang [*or Hwa Shan*] Massacres of British men, women and children in 1895.”

Caldwell, John C.. China Coast Family. Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1953.



Phebe Kinney Beard
Born Sharp Peak June 18, 1895 Died Foochow City December 23, 1925



Using computer magnification, I was able to see that two stones to the left of Phebe's is buried an "Alice Hall". According to the *Missionary Herald*, Miss Alice U. Hall died October 18, 1909. This may be the Miss Hall who Flora traveled with in 1908.

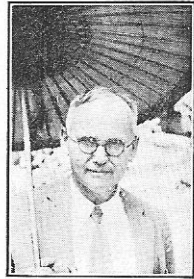
[Photos donated to Yale by family in 2006. Copies are in the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Sadly, this is probably all we will see of Phebe Kinney Beard's grave. According to the book, *No Foreign Bones in China* by Peter Stursberg, foreign graves were destroyed in the 1950's. *Stursberg, Peter. No Foreign Bones in China. Edmonton, Alberta, Canada: The University of Alberta Press, 2002.*

Nancy Butte, wife of Monnie's son John, traveled to Foochow, in 1988 with Monnie and Kathy. When asked if they visited Phebe's grave while there, Nancy said that they did not and did not even mention it. I suspect Monnie and Kathleen may have been aware of the desecrations that took place in the past.



"Bearing heaps of love from us" to Miss Phoebe [Phebe] Beard, Foochow City
[I believe this photo card is of and from the Newell family. It may have been sent to Phebe while she was in the hospital. A locket of hair was found with the envelope of the note. From the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]



George M. Newell

MR. Newell is the exception that proves the rule that all saints are emaciated ascetics. He has made Union High School a veritable "singing" school.



Mrs. G. M. Newell

IF you want to know real rural conditions just accompany Mrs. Newell in her visits where she comes into contacts with old superstitions and fears which yield slowly to her faith and winsome friendliness.

I

Above: Photos of Mr. and Mrs. Newell in later years.

Mr. George Newell, born Sept. 18, 1875
Mrs. Mary R. Newell, born Aug. 1, 1877
Dwight Douglass Newell, born March 3, 1913
Marion Jean Newell, born Nov. 26, 1915

1926

- Oliver Gould Beard, Sr. dies in August 7, 1926 at the age of 84.
- Willard and Ellen are in China.
- Gould is living in Easton, PA.
- Geraldine is in Youngstown, OH.
- Dorothy is in Saginaw, Michigan.
- Marjorie and Kathleen are in Oberlin, OH.
- Willard is 61, Ellen- 58, Gould- 30, Geraldine- 28, Dorothy- 25, Marjorie- 20, Kathleen- 18.

[This note, dated **early January 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard probably to Mary. He talks very briefly about Phebe's will, life insurance and her part of the mortgage. Note from the collection of Mona Beard.]

[Early January 1926]

Phebe's will I think is in Boston with the Board. I have written them to send it to me. I have also written them to apply for her life insurance, because she left it with them to pay her premiums each year. I tell you this so you will know all I have done. The money Phebe had in the mortgage, I think is in my name, that is the mortgage is in my name. I do not think this will need probating. What do you think?

With o?? of love

Will

[This letter dated **January 1926** was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Gould, Geraldine, Dorothy, Marjorie and Kathleen. Ellen tells her children back in the states the details of their sister, Phebe's death and funeral. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dollar Steamship Line
S.S. President Van Buren

Please forward to Dorothy and Gould promptly.

[January 1926]

My dearest Children, - Gould, Geraldine, Dorothy, Marjorie and Kathleen,

I will continue the letter I began to write about Phebe. I was telling about that first night after my arrival. We staid at the hospital where they offered us a room and Papa went to bed about 9 o'clock, for he had been under the strain for six weeks; but I wanted to stay up with her altho Dr. Dyer and Miss Atwood the nurse were going to divide the night between them and two Chinese nurses were going to take turns. They gave the intervenous salt-water injection at 10 o'clock and again in the night and again in the morning hoping to arouse her consciousness; but as these produced no marked effect they stopped giving them. In the night they also gave her a lumbar pack which was a hot compress over the kidneys to stimulate them to action to throw off the uremic poison; for the kidneys had ceased to function before I arrived; and because they were not throwing off the poison thru urine, the lungs, and skin were doing that work and this gave her a peculiar odor.

At a little after eleven, Dr. Dyer suggested that as her pulse and respiration indicated no immediate possibility of failure to act, I would better go to bed and get some rest while I could, so as to be ready for what might come later. So I finally went to bed leaving her and a Chinese nurse to do what little could be done, with the understanding that they would call us if there was any change. But I did not sleep one wink; my mind and my heart were too full. Before leaving for breakfast in the morning we went in to see her, and found little change. I returned right after breakfast and staid till lunch time, returning immediately after lunch. Papa was in and out all day as he had leisure from his work. Returning after lunch I noticed that her breathing was not as loud and strong, and not long after that I noticed that she was not making any motions with foot or hand or turning her head. About 3:30 I noticed that she did not open her half-closed eyes wider occasionally as she had been doing; also that her breathing, altho still quite audible all over the room had softened down perceptibly within an hour. At five o'clock Dr. Dyer and I were alone with her. Her bed had been changed and freshly remade about two hours before, the room had been swept and dusted; there was nothing to do for Phebe except to keep her mouth moistened by swabbing and I was doing that every five minutes as we sat there softly talking, - I asking questions about Phebe's illness, and Dr. answering and telling me anything that came to her mind regarding it that she tho't I would like to know. Suddenly as the ticking of a clock in a quiet room ceases, her regular breathing stopped short. I spoke of it at once and Dr. got her instrument and listened to her heart. "The heart is fluttering a little and there will probably be a gasp or two more", she said. After what seemed a minute and a half she did draw another long breath; another minute and another breath; until she had drawn about a dozen breaths like that, then all was still. Gradually the ashen hue began to creep over her features after the regular breathing stopped. And the overwhelming realization came to me that our dear Phebe had gone from this world, to be with us here no more. It seemed as tho I could hardly bear it. I could not sense it; I felt stunned. It was 5:05 when the regular breathing stopped and 5:10 when all was over. As soon as the regular breathing stopped I ran down stairs and asked some one to go and call Papa and he got there just after the last breath. There was not at any time any pain or suffering that I can learn of, certainly none after I came except her being too hot as I know she was, and the dryness of her throat and mouth from breathing thru it so much. The

convulsions were bad to behold, Papa says but, presumably she knew nothing about them and felt no pain at the time altho her muscles and joints were sore and lame afterward from such extreme and forcible contraction. Presumably she never knew that she had them.

Papa told her she sort of fainted. She said, "I fell, didn't I?" Just 23 hrs. from the time I arrived our dear girlie left us. It was Wednesday the 23rd; Friday would be Christmas and to keep the body over the holiday would throw a pall over Christmas for every body both foreigners and Chinese and of all missions as well as some of the community for Phebe was so well known and so generally loved. And yet you know of my great objection to speedy interment. Papa had taken that into consideration in his first conference with the Dr.'s and nurse just after her death. Then he came back to me and asked if I would be willing to consent to the burial the following day, Thursday, if the Dr.'s would embalm the body. There seemed no other way and after talking with the Dr. myself and learning that it was an absolute guarantee, I consented. It happened that the prayer-meeting was held in the city at Mr. Christian's home that day and was just closing as Phebe passed on. So before the whole company left the compound, the arrangements were in the main, completed. Mr. Newell composed the express which was to be printed and circulated announcing the funeral and took the responsibility of getting it printed and circulated. Mr. Christian took charge of preparing the grave, selecting the site (after conference with us) of getting Mr. Brand to make the casket, of securing the services of the bearers; of buying flowers, and helping Mrs. Christian and Miss Armstrong to arrange them and make the floral pieces. Of course, the house had to have much done to it for no woman's hand had been in charge since the St. Clair's left in June. So there was much cleaning and rearranging to do. I directed, and helped here and there as I had time, three College boys did the sweeping washing of paint and floors, and helping to move things; Papa superintended the moving of things out of his study and all about the house and helped to direct the boys; Miss Armstrong supplemented my efforts in directing the boys what and where and how to wash and sweep and beat rugs. She also did most of the dusting and tidying up shelves, bookcases, newspaper stands, etc. She, Mrs. Christian, Mr. Christian and Miss Chittenden planned the decoration and arranged the flowers and made flower-pieces (several). Dr. Dyer and Miss Atwood laid out and dressed the body. Papa and I went over to Phebe's home after supper that night and with Pricilla Holton's and Miss Perkins help selected the clothes. We chose the white Baronette satin (wash-satin) dress that she wrote us she had had made for this last summer from the piece of silk I gave her for a skirt before she left America. You know how she said she herself liked it; Papa liked it too, so much and Pricilla liked it the best of all her dresses and said so many people also had liked it on her so much. So there wasn't any question as to which dress we should use; we didn't even open her wardrobe that night. Priscilla had taken out the dress when she got home from prayer-meeting and laid it out on Phebe's couch in her room so we just took it without considering any other. We made one mistake; I did not take her white kid shoes out with us thinking the casket would be opened only at the head-down to about the waist; but either because of the extremely short time for preparation or for some other reason the cover was left in one piece and all had to come off showing her feet in white silk stockings only. I should have thought those who arranged her in the casket would have placed ferns, flowers and ivy over the feet sufficiently to cover them but perhaps they did not have enough at hand and the casket did not get in anyway until quite a few people had arrived at the house for the service. I saw almost no one at the service as Papa and I sat on the stair landing, but they said the study, parlor and dining-room were full. At my request Miss Cushman played the piano softly (appropriate hymns) for ten minutes before the service began while the people were coming in. Then when the people were passing around to look into the casket she played again, also at my suggestion. Papa asked Mr. Ledger to take the service at the house. I was a bit disappointed that he did not make any personal tribute of obituary at all. He just read scripture, twice and made two prayers, one of which was read from a prayer-book. The monitor of the college offered a prayer too at the beginning of the service. I had asked that if anyone could find one, that one of those beautiful selections presenting the beautiful hopeful side of death be read as a part of the service. But evidently no one found one, for none was read, or else that request was forgotten. I was so sorry then, that I had not collected some that I have heard read at funerals at home. If you ever find any send me a copy. I shall try to find some now. After the people passed out, Papa and I came down and behind closed doors, bade farewell to the dear, dear, form and face of our darling daughter whom we shall never see again in this world. O, those were hard moments, and I cannot realize that we can never have her with us again. We have seen other families broken into by death and it did not seem so very strange. But when it came right into our own home, it just didn't seem possible, - we have been an unbroken family for so long, thirty-one years. Well, we will all know better how to sympathize with others in their bereavements, now.

After the people moved out of the house they grouped themselves in the yard just at the left of the walk as you come out of the St. Clair house (you remember, Marjorie and Kathleen) and as far from the house as the level ground goes, before it begins to slope up toward the rocks. There they stood and waited till Mr. Christian and Mr. Brand as undertakers, came out leading, followed by the casket which was placed on a white two-wheeled bier by eight bearers who walked four on each side rolling it along between them. They were as far as I can remember their

names, Harry Worley, Mr. Gold of the Y.M.C.A., Mr. Hightower, Mr. Thelin, Li Gong. Papa and I followed the casket. Miss Perkins and Priscilla next. Dr. Dyer and Miss Atwood next, and I guess the Cushman sisters next after which the others nearly all fell in, mostly on foot. Just outside the hospital gate they took the first picture. No, the second, for the first was taken after all the people were out of the house before the casket was removed.



Written on back by Willard: "In our parlor just after the service."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on the back by Willard: "Just outside our compound gate starting for Wenshan."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Willard and Ellen magnified

After the second picture, I took Miss Perkin's private ricksha with two men one behind and one in front, following the casket immediately and Papa walked beside me. Mr. Brand is an old man and he walked very slowly; as he was at the head of the procession with Mr. Christian, all had to go slowly and it seemed very long. When we reached Ponasang, the casket was lifted off the wheeled bier and carried by the bearers up the long flight of steps between the two glorious rows of poinsettias bending high over our heads, Mr. Brand's private uniformed coolie helping

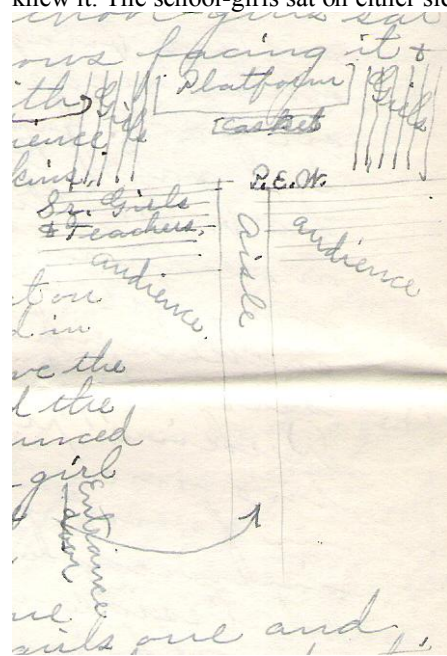
materially behind. The school chapel was filled to capacity with Chinese mostly, and the casket was placed in front among profuse decorations and we were seated in the front seats near it.



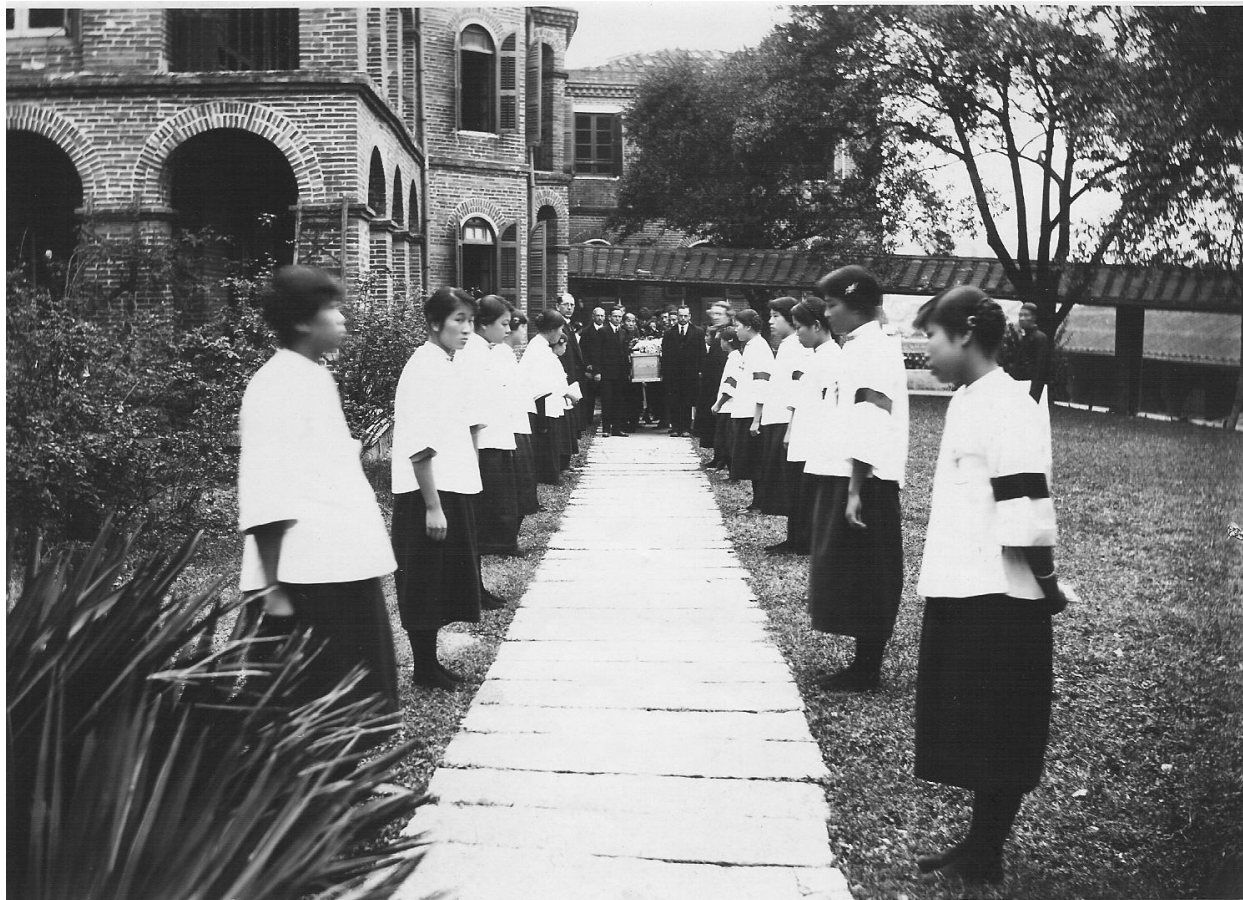
Written on back of the photo by Willard: "In the chapel at Wenshan showing the flowers about the casket- taken just after the service."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The platform has been placed in the rear of the room and the seats now face the other way from which M. and K. knew it. The school-girls sat on either side in rows facing it and at right angles with the seats of the audience.



"P" stands for Miss Perkins. "E" stands for myself. "W" stands for Papa. Three Chinese men sat on the platform. One led in prayer; Sing Gang gave the address; the other read the scripture and pronounced the benediction. One girl spoke representing the higher primary; one, the college. The higher primary girls sung one hymn, the college girls one and either the teachers or the graduating class one. The girls were all dressed in black skirts, white upper garments and a black band around their arms and a white aster pinned on their dresses in front. The girls marched out first and formed two rows one each side of the walk facing each other. Between these lines the casket and procession filed and another photo was taken just as we started down the line.



Written on back of the photo by Willard: "Just coming out of the chapel at Wenshan."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Casket and bearers magnified

Then followed the long slow walk over to the cemetery across the long bridge, and around up that steep pitch that winds around between walls turning such sharp corners. Mr. Brand's private coolie had to push the bier from behind up that hill. This particular pitch was what my extra man was for. As we moved thru the streets, I noticed the people stood back to give way as we approached and altho there was curiosity on the faces of many, yet there was absolutely no loud talking or laughing, hardly any smiles but serious faces seeming to realize what it meant and as all of them have been thru this experience themselves they knew a little how to sympathize, and their attitude and manner was almost reverence; so much so that I remarked to Papa that reverence like mirth is contagious. Literally thousands of people stopped in their tracks and stood still and looked as we passed, or turned in their rickshas to look sympathetically as the casket passed covered with the American flag and flowers. I saw one man in a ricksha, Chinese, I think, but in foreign hat, at least, if not clothes too, lift his hat and pass the bier and us with bared head. I thought that a very fine tribute of respect in a Chinese in these times of anti-foreign feeling. Some one else saw the driver of a bus also remove his hat as he passed. - When we reached the cemetery I thot as I glanced toward the new grave as we pulled up the hill, that no one was there waiting for us. But as we moved inside the gate there against the wall stood a large crowd of people some of whom I had never seen. I did not look in their direction but saw them in form only by indirect vision and it touched me deeply to see how many many friends Phebe and Papa have made. With that very short notice of the services, sent by telegraph to Ding Loh, all the people there and most of those at the University were present at the cemetery service and intended to get to the Ponasang service but the tide did not serve them just right to make that in time. They got stuck on a mud bar in the very low tide, and had to wait till the turn of the tide floated them off again so missed the Ponasang service. There was a little hitch in the service at the grave, for usually the casket is lowered into the grave before the service is begun. When the bearers came up to place the casket on the poles over the grave they (the poles) were not there in place as they usually are so they had to place it on the ground beside it (the grave) and wait. There was some low talking regarding the where-about of the poles, then they decided to proceed with the burial service while they were being brought. By the time it was finished, they were at hand and after the casket was lowered, Papa and I dropped a wreath of three red roses, one to symbolize mother's love, one father's love and one, (because we could get no more) to symbolize the love of brother and sisters; five white chrysanthemums to symbolize her own purity, and the green to symbolize our purpose to keep her dear memory ever green and fresh. A long white ribbon bow was tied to one side of it. Then we (Papa and I) walked slowly back thru the gate, escorted by Mr. Christian, to my rickisha and one was there for Papa then too, and we rode away down the hill leaving the large company of people standing by the grave. Many flowers were sent to the cemetery by people over that side who did not get out to either the city or the Ponasang service. The day was not exactly a blue day for thin clouds veiled the sun and made it really more comfortable (especially for the bearers who wheeled the bier, and the school girls who walked all the way to the cemetery and back) as to temperature for the journey over South Side than if the sun had been bright in a clear sky, for the general temperature that day was warm for the season. All doors and windows but two or three were open and we had no fires. Also the glare was not so bad for our eyes. The next day, Christmas day Papa and I went over to the cemetery again to visit the resting places of our dear one and take a little bouquet of the sweet Chinese narcissus. We found the new earth mound completely covered with flowers so that not even a tiny spot of freshly turned earth showed between the green and flowers. And they had kept remarkably fresh for 24 hours. It was almost dark when we reached the cemetery and when we left the moon was high and throwing a flood of lovely moonlight over the quiet spot. [*According to Phebe's death record, she was buried in the American Cemetery, Nantai, Foochow, China.*]

On New Year's day we went over again and I intended to take over some of the poinsettias to place on the grave for that day but it was such a busy day and we got started so late that we went empty-handed. However, we were surprised to find all the flowers fairly fresh except the camellias; they had turned brown. But the cross of English daisies was almost as fresh as it was when placed there eight days before. But all conditions had favored their keeping; --the weather had been cloudy continually, -some rain had fallen too, and it had been very cool; the atmosphere had been rather damp; the wall and trees had shaded them; and the caretaker had watered them every night I guess. Next time I go over I shall completely cover the grave with poinsettias.

Saturday, the day after Christmas we went over to Ponasang to Phebe's room and picked up as many of her things as we had time to and packed them up in her trunks; the next Monday and Tuesday we went over for a few hours each day and worked and on Saturday Jan 2, Papa went over and arranged with coolies to bring out her two trunks, 3 coreys[*covers?*], wardrobe, clothes hamper, 2 boxes, etc. I left her pictures, bricabrack, rugs, and most of the things that show usually in the room to have some pictures taken of the room to send you girls so that you might see what a neat, cozy, beautiful room she has had to live in these 4 ½ years. Mr. Thelin and Miss Cushman took several views each yesterday Jan 2. Saturday P.M. I made an appointment to meet him there at four o'clock and they took pictures in different positions till the sun went down at 5:10. I will send you some as soon as they are finished. Papa thinks the rule is in the Board that if a missionary is out less than one term of five years, the furniture

which was her outfit reverts to the Board; so he thinks we could not take away her bed, bureau, dresser, table, chairs, stove, etc. but her Pekin rugs and curios are ours and her clothes. I am going to send her clothes to you girls just as soon as I can get to pack them. I will send the winter dresses first hoping you can get some wear out of the wool ones in Feb. and Mar. Then the summer clothes I will send later. The person I address them to does not necessarily have to take the things sent to her for I don't know at all which will fit whom, or what styles will be most becoming to which or who needs them most. So you can divide them as suites yourselves when they arrive. Dorothy will probably be with you on Easter and she can make her selections from what is there, at that time. Later I will send the summer clothes and such personal effects as seem best to send you before we come home. Phebe had some beautiful pictures and I want Gould and Vivienne to have one or two for their new home as one of Phebe's gifts to them. If I send home the two silk blouses and the checked brown and gray silk shirt I brought out to her will any of you wear them this spring and summer and next fall or will they be too old fashioned? I don't need them. Dorothy can't wear them but Kathleen surely can and perhaps Mary [*Marjorie?*] or Gerry could. If you will wear them, answer this question right off and tell who will wear them if you can so I can have the skirt fixed for that one. Tell me her waist measure and the length desired for skirt. Answer at once.

I did not, when I was writing on that subject, tell you what was done, as the guarantee of my peace of mind; they told me at first that Dr. Neal Lewis would embalm the body; but a few hours before the funeral, Papa and I went down to the hospital to see how things were getting along and asked Dr. Dyer, who was then there, combing her hair, what had been done. She said Dr. Lewis said he had never done it so she had to do it. She said she injected into the vein in the neck ___ oz. of ___ which is a deadly poison and would stop heart action at once if there was life; she put it in, sending it down straight toward the heart. She told me that there was not the slightest doubt whatsoever in the minds of the 3 doctors that she was absolutely and finally lifeless; that rigidity mortis (is that right, Latin scholars?) the roots are the ones she used anyhow if the endings are incorrect.) as the legal proof of death. But that is not always certain I know, from four cases. But from the way her kidneys ceased to function and from the gradual way in which life went out, a gradual sinking a slow ebbing of vitality; the failure one by one of the physical and mental powers, first sight, then memory, then digestion, then control of nature's necessities, then the functioning of the kidneys, then consciousness, then motion, then swallowing, and finally breathing, and last the heart-beat itself, I myself had (to tell the truth) very little doubt that it was genuine death. But- I could not persuade myself to let it go otherwise than a certainty and that I secured, if- the Dr.'s statement can be trusted and I do not think she would deceive me and I think she ought to know what the effect of that drug is. So I am at peace in my mind with regard to the matter.

As Papa has written you we both have been amazed at the number of letters of sympathy that have come to us from all around, from nearly every household in the mission body of Foochow; and from Shanghai, Amoy, Ming Chiang, Hing Hua, KuCheng, Bangkok, and other cities south of Foochow; sometimes a dozen at one mail; and three deliveries a day for weeks after the 23rd never failed to bring at least one. I never realized before how much these messages of sympathy mean to the bereaved ones and I shall be more careful to write such letters to my friends hereafter as occasion suggests.

Feb. 15th- This letter was intended to be mailed about a week after my first one but it got laid away somewhere and I could not find it; moreover I have been so busy that I have not had the time to make a genuine hunt for it. We thought of you two weeks ago last Saturday as just receiving the sad news and prayed much for you all then. I shall be interested to see how nearly we estimated the date of the arrival of the news.

I have written another letter to Dorothy about another important event which will be mailed with this and she will forward to you. I am just up from the Anchorage for one night, and shall return to Dr. Gillett's tomorrow. Mr. Goddard is here; he and I are alone in the house tonight. Several are away for China New Year's vacation and the compound is quiet. Much love to you all.

Mother.

Please send to Dorothy at once and she to Gould. Dorothy will send hers to you. Papa is doing nicely after his operation for the removal of a cyst, at Dr. Gillett's Hospital. Dorothy's letter tells about it all. Do follow the proper diet and safe-guard your healths.

[This letter dated Jan. 4, 1926 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to her sister Jerra-B (Geraldine). (Dorothy has not yet heard of Phebe's death.) Dorothy just returned from Oberlin where she spent a fun Christmas with Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen. Dorothy is looking forward to getting married and having her own house and family. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

The Public Schools
Saginaw W.S. Michigan

Jan. 4, 1926

Dear Jerra- B:-

Back on de job again! How I did miss you girls and the little house. I do believe this is the best Christmas we've had in Oberlin almost.

Harold and I reached here about 12:30 Sun. night. He left his suit-case at our house and walked all the way home- about two and a half miles. The little car stood in front of the house before I had finished dressing the next morning. It is fixed so that it runs beautifully now.

I found another Christmas awaiting me here- two more gifts and 14 cards. The gifts were a lovely white hand towel from Ish, and three cute tea towels from Gertrude Layman. I got cards from all those people that you girls heard from- Rigneys, a letter from Mitty-Mat, etc.; one from Dan, Stuart MacMillan, Betty Garland, the Coutts girls, and lots of others. I haven't started on my Christmas "thank yous". Every body to whom I show my gifts admires greatly the table crumber. It certainly is a beauty.

I found my green pencil!!!!- in one of the folds of my hand-bag. Great rejoicing!

I wonder how the poor girlies got along with the house. They surely deserve a lot of credit- getting the house, and cleaning up after all the good time. We have had so many and such grand times together as a family that sometimes I hate to think of not having so many of such get-togethers in the future, and then again I get so exuberant over thinking of a home of our own and a family. How I do wish that you were getting married- not instead of me, but along with me. You certainly are "far and away" the house-wife and Mother than I am! I feel as tho' I have such oodles to learn when I disregard it theoretically and look at it practically, but I suppose it will all come to me gradually.

The teachers that you knew here all asked about you and the girls. Evidently you made quite an impression here. Alice and Hazel got their tea just yesterday (Mon.) afternoon. They were both very pleased with it.

I'm writing during my free period and the bell is about to ring so I must stop.

I'll send the money I owe you just as soon as I get my next check which is Fri. of this week. I wrote checks to the girls and for my dresses yesterday and that had to come out of my savings. I'm going to replace it as soon as possible tho!

Lots of love, and do write soon!

Dot.

*[This letter, dated **January 6, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks. He and Ellen went to visit and rest at the Newells. They are still receiving letters of sympathy. Willard will send photos of the funeral soon. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

January 6th 1926.

Dear Folks All:-

Again I will write five letters in one and send to the five centers. When possible I will tuck in a word of personal relation that will make the letter seem a little less like a newspaper article. The mail has gone already this time but the Foochow children are going down tomorrow to take the steamer so I can get this off.

Mama and I went over to Sie Puo to spend the night with Mr. and Mrs. Newell last Sat. It is the first night I have spent out of my own bed since coming from Kuliang I believe. I had promised to marry a former student on Sat. afternoon. He said the ceremony would be at 3:00 p.m. It took place at 5:30 so we were very late getting over to the Newell's. But it was good to relax and just be company. The Newells make you feel as if you could put your feet on the table if you wanted to and feel at home, so you see it is an ideal place to rest. On Sunday we went to a little church on the island in the river above the bridge. Mama has not been there for over four years. I have not been there for two years. We kept the place going while we were at home in New York, and it seems sort of like our work. The teacher-preacher is an old student of ours. Last May he lost his wife and a few weeks later his only little boy died. He married again and now his little four year old daughter is very ill. He feels very sad. His expenses are greater than he can meet and his sorrow is deep.

Good letters came from most of you in the last mail. We got the news of Thanksgiving. I was very glad that Gould could get up for a glimpse of you and to let you have a glimpse of him. The Oberlin Thanksgiving was a gala one with too much to eat I see. Mama is all the time talking temperance or abstinence in eating, but she fixes and sets before Mr. Hightower and me such a lot of good things that we are in danger of getting sick from too much food. She has made two pumpkin pies from some real summer pumpkins that I raised from home seed, and they were just like home pies.

Letters of sympathy keep coming in every day. I am more and more humble as I see how far reaching Phebe's friendship was, and how deep it was. We have had printed cards to acknowledge these and the floral tributes.

This is the Week of Prayer and we are having two meetings a day in two parts of Foochow, to accommodate all. The meetings are union in all senses, Chinese, foreign, Meth., Anglican, Congregational, Y.M.C.A.

The photos of the funeral are fairly good. I shall hope to mail them soon. I will tuck in a copy of the last photo Phebe had taken for her passport home.

With lots of love that is made more precious with the going home of each loved one. What a blessing thing the family love is.

Will

Will you please send this on to each member of the family as listed below
Ben, Oliver, Flora, Stanley, Home.

*[This letter, dated **January 12, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary and all the others. He includes Phebe's death report and discusses her will and life insurance. He shares some thoughts of her last 6 weeks of life. Her death report, which is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel, states that she died of Uremia caused by Chronic Glomerulo-nephritis. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

January 12th. 1926.

Dear Mary and All the Others:-

Yesterday the Consul sent me a copy of his official report of Phebe's death. I am sending a copy to you and also one to Boston to Mr. Belcher as her will is registered there, and as they were paying her Life Insurance Premiums yearly. Her insurance is with the MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEWARK N.J. Policy No. 763,891, for \$1000.00. The names of John F. Johnston, District Manager, 4 Olivia St. Derby, Conn. and Arthur J. Birdseye, State Agent, 71-2-3-4 First National Bank Building, Hartford, Conn. are on the papers.

I really do not know whether I should apply thru you or Mr. Belcher, so I am really applying thru both. You may need to get into communication with each other. You remember that Mr. Belcher was here as a member of our mission for five years and I feel pretty well acquainted with him. I do not know whether I should send on the policy or not. I shall wait till the request is made before I send it.

The will is to be probated here in Shanghai. I have sent to Boston for it. After the estate here is settled, we will see about what Phebe had at home. I do not know as she had much at home. I think there is a little in the Derby Savings Bank tho I am not sure. And I think there is a little in Putnam. I do not find her bank books here. They may be in Boston. The only other money that I know anything about is the part of the note on the Shelton house. I do not know whether we need to do anything about that or not I believe it is all in my name. Write your ideas.

You are just now hearing of her serious illness. We shall bear you all up in prayer for it will be harder for you at home than for us or must I say "me" here. Those were to me six weeks of very deep life. They were very full of the sweet fragrance of a life well lived and about to be restored to the God who gave it. How often Phebe said as I sat beside her "It is good just to have you here." And her cheery "Good morning Father", will remain in my ears as long as I live. She suffered no pain but she was often uncomfortable and it was a great relief to her for me to rub her, and she was so grateful for it. Her thoughts were for others all the time rather than for herself. We did not talk about death nor about heaven but we did talk about God and about the way in which He wants men to live.

To day I have spent the whole day attending the funeral of one of the first graduates of the old Theological School of the Am. Board Mission here, which I started in 1896, not of the graduate but of his wife. I married them and have been very close to them ever since. She leaves one married son, one married daughter and two little boys

and one little girl, the youngest 6 years old. It was a big funeral. 180 ate dinner after the one hour and a half service, and in the procession there must have been 300.

On father's and mother's wedding anniversary I am to marry a fine young man, the son a very earnest Bible Woman, a graduate of the University and now a teacher of Foochow College. Here are congratulations for Father's 84th birthday.

Very lovingly to all
Will

For the sincere expressions of sympathy, comfort and appreciation; for the beautiful floral tributes; and for the kindly ministrations and assistance rendered on the occasion of the illness and decease of our daughter, Phebe, we take this opportunity to thank all our friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard.

[This letter dated Jan. 17, 1926 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by 18 year old Kathleen to her sister Phebe. (Kathleen has not yet received word that Phebe is dead.) Kathleen has heard from their father that Phebe's health is improving. Kathleen tells Phebe about winter skating at Oberlin, a bookstore fire in town, applying to college at Oberlin, high school graduation coming up and exams and the Clavilux demonstration. Letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]

70 S. Cedar St.
Oberlin Ohio
Jan. 17, 1926

Dear Phebe-

We think much of you folks out in China now days with Mother's long letters about her trip and Father's frequent letters about your steady gain in health. The last letter told of your increase in diet. I suppose that Mother is now putting all of you on the Tilden [*This refers to Dr. John Tilden's diet of moderate eating.*] diet as she did us. We are still going quite closely by it and like it very much.

This past week there has been very good skating. I have been out twice in the evening for an hour or so and it was grand fun. The only trouble is that we do not have a big enough place to skate. A tennis-court flooded now serves the purpose of a skating rink since Gater's rink is not open this year. The rink is always crowded with numerous little boys dashing around, playing tag and cracking the whip, so there is not much room left for other skaters. I just get to going well and have to turn around and go back but just the same the ice is good and I can learn a little on the small rink. We have heard several sleighing parties pass the house with their bells jingling and their laughing and shouting. None of us have been on any sleigh rides yet this season but I surely want to.

Last week Oberlin actually had a little excitement but at the expense of Haylor's Book Store. The store caught fire one morning in the basement and it spread to the oil in the oil furnace. The floor of the store broke through before the fire was discovered so the fire company could do little. Smoke poured out of the front of the store all morning but they kept it from spreading very much although the stores on either side and the office above were slightly damaged. Many college and High school students cut classes to watch it and there was a large crowd around there all day. I didn't see it until noon when the smoke was still coming out and the front of the building was non est. I think that almost nothing was saved but some of the stock was covered by insurance. The fire was not entirely out until 3 P.M.

I have up my application in for college for next fall. That brings college a little nearer to me although it seems queer to think of myself actually being in college. On the application blank it asked for names of family who had studied in Oberlin. I put down the whole family from Father to Marjorie and under relatives I gave the names

of the three Humes and Harold. I guess they will have to let me in just from my family representation here. I will not know until April whether or not I am accepted but I am counting on entering. So far I am planning on taking music as my major with perhaps a minor like French or Latin. I am very much interested in my music and get more so the more I take of it. I am taking lessons of a different teacher from the one I had last year, since she is away. At first I didn't like the new one at all. She used to discourage me so that I seriously thought of dropping music but I am used to that now and even like her quite well. I just wish that I had more time for practice for I could get along so much faster if I did. I will have to take three years of theory for a music major which Marjorie is having quite a struggle with this year. But I can't think of anything else which I am sufficiently interested in to major in it.

Evidences of our graduation are coming thick and fast now. Our senior rings and pins, ordered about Thanksgiving time, came soon after Christmas. I got a pin with a little guard, attached to it by a tiny chain, in the form of 26. Also we are beginning work on our annual O-High and have to have our pictures taken for it next week. I dread to have mine taken for I never take a good one but I guess I'll have to. If it happens to be good I'll send you one.

Jan. 24. A whole week has gone by and I have not found time to finish this letter. Exams have begun for the first semester and Gerry and Marjorie spend much time studying. In high school we don't have any real exams but just numerous tests instead. In American History we are reviewing the whole semesters work in portions and every day for the next four days we will write on one or two questions. That is nearly as bad as an exam I think. Our other teachers are only giving us tests.

Last Tuesday something very new in the way of entertainment came here. It was called the Clavilux and was presented by Thomas Wilfred. We were very curious to see what it was so all of us went to it and were not in the least disappointed. It was a play of lights on a screen which was managed by a keyboard something like an organ. Mr. Wilfred first told us something of the origin of "light as a fine art" and how he had become interested in it and had developed it to what it is now. His selections were like musical selections each having a name and a subject. He first showed us the primary colors with which he worked as blue, yellow, red, and how combinations of these colors make other shades and altogether they made white. They were the most beautiful colors and he made them shade into one another so prettily. One of his selections was the ocean. He made an almost perfect one, rippling the water and everything. He also made queer figures, moving them around on the screen, throwing different colors on them and making them large and small. It was wonderful to watch all these weird patterns ever changing but the lights were so strong and bright that they were tiring to the eye. Gerry's eyes troubled her so that she had to shut them but it didn't trouble M. and me much. The clavilux just gave a glimpse of what could be done along that line and I wish you all could have seen it.

Lots and lots of love to you and Father and Mother,
Kathleen

*[This letter, dated **January 24, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father, brothers and sisters. Letters of sympathy keep coming. He explains the incident of a bomb going off in Foochow College. He also tells about an incident with one of the classes of boys. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

January, 24th. 1926.

Dear Father and Brothers and Sisters:-

Just one month ago today we looked at Phebe's face for the last time. It seems a long [time] ago. I knew that she and I had grown very close to each other, but it was closer than I realized. As letters of sympathy keep coming with nearly every mail, I realize anew how deeply she impressed people. Mama says that the number is nearing the hundred mark. It is a new experience for us, and it is a very precious experience. It gives us a new valuation of Christian fellowship. It also puts a new value on life and what our life may mean to others. You people at home are just hearing of her homegoing this week. We are praying for you that you may be given grace and comfort and strength to endure the sorrow that it must bring. The plans of us all have been entirely changed. It is hard to keep receiving letters with plans in them for Phebe's furlough, all of which must now be changed. The letters from the Lacy families are specially near in their sympathy, for Alice was near Phebe's age and her life had run in parallel channels. She died here about two years ago. Then last summer both Dr. and Mrs. Lacy died. They were very close to me in many points of life.

You see I am still writing to you one letter. I hope it is all right. If you prefer the other way just say so. In this way I can get a letter to each one oftener. And I will endeavor to put in a few words of personal thought to each one. For this letter I am saving the thank yous for the Christmas gifts.

For a week now the weather has been very cold. Last Sunday Mama (in this kind of a letter I hardly know whether to write Mama or Ellen) and I pulled out of Foochow and went down to the University. We went down Saturday afternoon and came back Sunday evening. It is the first time I ever went down there without definite work to do. It was a delightful rest. The day was a perfect one, bright, warm and cheerful. The cold snap came after we got back. We were with Roderick and Mrs. Scott and his father and mother. In the afternoon at 4:30 Bishop Hind came down and conducted the Vesper service for the students and faculty. This past week has been filled with meetings of the Congregational church of Foochow, - committees planning the work for this year. Last Tuesday evening Ellen and I were over at Hua Nang, the Woman's College of the Meth. Mission for dinner with Misses Ehly and McClurg, they were in our house on Kuliang when Marjorie and Kathleen were there, in about 1917. They are just leaving on furlough.

The last mail brought your letters in reply to my first about Phebe's illness. And your reference to the paper statements that a bomb had burst in Foochow College and President Beard barely escaped with his life. This made good copy. The fact that it was based on is this. At about that time one morning some mischievous boy put a firecracker in the drawer of the table on the platform of the College Chapel. It happened that on that day I led chapel prayers and they were very short. The Student Council met at the close of chapel and it was during this meeting that the firecracker went off. The table top was made of quarter inch boards and it was broken. No one was injured. The boys got rather upset, naturally, and some of them jumped out of the window and one hurt his back but it is all right now.

Have I written that about a month ago one class decided to bolt at the demand of three or four boys who saw that they could not pass their term's work? These few compelled the whole class to sign a paper to go out. Three boys stood out. But even these went home, on leave of absence. The Faculty expelled the whole class and then allowed the ones who were not bad to return. Some of those who were leaders in getting the others to leave stood near the school gate one morning and struck some of those who were coming to school. These boys who were struck came right into the school and told the whole story. I went at once and reported to the police and two boys were arrested. They have since been released on bail. But we have had a very quiet school, since.

Commencement comes next Wednesday. We go on to complete examinations until Feb. 4th. Then there are some things that must be done to finish up the year. On Feb. 8th Mr. Carpenter of the C.M.S. College and Miss Phillips of the Union Kindergarten are to be married. On the same day in the same place I am to marry Ieu Suio Ling and the daughter of the school monitor. Then I must go to the hospital for a slight operation. And after that I have not planned. Ned Smith and Grace want us to come up to Ing Tai.

I must close this and leave a little space for the personals.

Dear father:

It is a very great pleasure to see your hand writing, and I do appreciate it. The Christmas gifts came all right. I opened them with Phebe while she was in bed. The wash cloths remind me of you folks every morning and when I feel like it I perfume up with the toilet accessories. The "cakes" are as delicious as ever. I eat them very slowly- the last about May or June.

I am glad for Oliver and Grace that Jeanie Drew remembered him. I judge Oliver was pretty good to him during the past few years.

I sent to you a set of photos of Phebe's funeral and also a handbook on Fukien, a chapter of which I wrote. In a short time I will send other photos showing the grave.

We think of you often. The notes from Stanley and Myra are very interesting. They give us a glimpse into the home.

Very lovingly

Will.

[This letter dated Jan. 28, 1926 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to her sisters. She has just received news about their sister, Phebe's death. She wishes she could put roses on Phebe's grave but realizes that they may never be able to do so. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Saginaw, Mich.,
Jan. 28, 1926.

Dearest Sisters:-

I suppose you got the China letter yesterday, too. Poor dear Phebe, I wonder if she knew Mother when she arrived. God spared her just long enough to let them have a few words together anyway. What a terrible shock to mother, after having anticipated being with Father and Phebe at the end of the voyage. And what a terrible struggle for Father waiting for Mother and wondering whether or not Phebe would last. Wasn't his letter wonderful in spirit and sentiment? Phebe certainly won her way into many hearts and lives, and will be missed wherever she made friends.

At times I simply can't make it seem possible yet. After not having seen her for five years, and having her so far away, and happening so long ago- its very hard to realize. Just think of what Mother and father were going through while we were having such a jolly Christmas day! - and vacation. It seems almost irreverent to think of all of the fun and jollity I've had since way back before Christmas when mother and father were in such sorrow, and I would have been, had I only known.

If we only could have all been together. We can be thankful that Mother got over there when she did, and that mother and father have each other to find comfort in.

Would that we five could be together. You poor girls received the news at a bad time- right in the midst of exams. I went up to school today, but didn't do much actual teaching- let my leaders do most of it. Tomorrow (Fri.) we have no school, but we teachers have to take inventory and make out reports.

Tonight I was to go to "No, No Nanette" with Russell Christie but Mrs. Croley called him up to explain and to cancel the date. Just now I was called to the door and received a box of ten lovely pink rose-buds with a little card of sympathy from Russell. It touched me deeply. I wish I could place the roses myself on dear Phebe's grave. We may never be able to do that. Here again, we are so far away and so helpless as far as doing anything is concerned. Do you suppose we five could get together and get, or at least help get a stone or marker or some kind. Maybe they'll have it all done before we can get any word to them. What do you girls think? If not that what could we do?

I sent the letter that I got, on to Aunt Molly asking her to send it back. Father asked me to do that.

Mrs. Croley was very much pleased with Jerry's letter- also with Monnies. I think she appreciates your tho't of her more than she really shows, and she shows a great deal of appreciation.

I'm still awaiting spring vacation with great joy for I'm so anxious to see you all again.

Monnie see if you can't find more words in the papers every day, if they give you such a sudden writing inspiration.

The radio is still holding it's place as a novelty, and we have had lots of people in to hear it.

Margaret Curtis started for Oberlin today. I wish I were in her shoes.

What did you think of poor Hazel's letter?

Write soon,

Very lovingly,
Dotty.

[This letter dated Jan. 28, 1926 was written from Easton, Pa. by Gould to his sisters. He writes after having just gotten news that their sister, Phebe, has died. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

109 N. 3rd St. Easton, Pa.
Jan. 28, 1926.

Dear Sisters:-

Fathers sad but beautiful letter came tonight. I wish I could be with you tonight in communion with our Heavenly Father, thanking him for having given us the sweet and fervent example of our oldest sister, for her sisterly love, for the happy years he gave us with her. My heart is full of thanks to God for her even though he did take her from us in this world.

I think the simple metaphor the Chinese pastor at Wenshan gave about the gardner picking the flowers at the best time was the most beautiful one I have ever heard to compare to God's taking his children to heaven. Phebe must have lived her reward, she must have been perpetually rewarded in her works by the happiness and love she called forth about her.

I am more glad than words can express that Mother got there before the last. I thanked God on my knees for that among many other things. But how too bad that she could not have been there before.

If it would do any good, and if I had the money I could come to you for a day of family worship. It seems best though, and I am helpless to do otherwise, that I stay right on the job and continue my work. I am writing Dot, the Farm, Aunt Mollie and Putnam besides my regular letter to Vivienne.

God be with you my sisters in our sorrow. But let us be glad that he gave us these many sweet years of intimate and loving companionship with our oldest and dearly loved sister.

My love is with you all,
Your brother,
Gould.

*[This letter, dated **February 18, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. He writes to wish his father a happy 84th birthday. He had an operation on his testicle. The letter is continued two days later and Willard is home from the hospital. He talks about how he found out that his mother had dedicated him to the ministry at birth and his thoughts regarding it. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Pagoda Anchorage Hospital.
Foochow, China
Feb. 18, 1926.

Dear Father:-

All day I have promised myself the pleasure of a chat with you some time during the day. Eighty four years ago you began to cry- or do something else to announce your arrival, and you have been doing something ever since. It is given to very few men to live as long as you have, to fewer to live as long and as well and to still fewer to live as long and as well and to reap to the satisfaction from their life as you are now reaping. You have seen all your children make good and your grandchildren making good, and all of them rise up and call you blessed. I congratulate you for it all.

On Feb. 10th I came down here to be operated on. For 11 years my left testicle has been enlarging. I have had a doctor look at it from time to time and they told me it was nothing to worry over. Last summer it grew large fast till it got to be as big as my two fists- no pain, no bother but at times embarrassing. I showed it to doctor Gillette in Sept. and he told me it was nothing to worry over- come down during vacation and have an operation. So Ellen and I came down a week ago yesterday. We arrived at noon. At 2:15 I was breathing the chloroform. At 3:30 I was on my bed. At 4:45 I began to talk- was sea sick. But the inconvenience and pain have been much less than I anticipated. Doctor says I can go home day after tomorrow. Dr. Campbell a young man who came out last Nov did the cutting. He tells me the testicle consists of 7 layers. He cut thru 5 of these. The fluid that collects and causes the enlargement is between the 6th and 7th layers. He dissected the 6th layer and emptied the fluid- in my case about 2/3 of a cup and takes the lining of the 6th layer out. Then the fluid will not recollect. The incision was about 3 in. long. (Hydrocele is the name of my ailment.) The stitches were all removed on the 5th day. The enlargement is not all gone but it will take some time for it all to absorb.

Ellen went to Foochow last Monday, and returned this afternoon with the mail- a big one, with letters from you, Phebe, Mary, Stanley and Myra and Flora to you folks- Geraldine, Dorothy, Gould, Vivienne, Emma, Raymond Jewett and several others.

That bomb is getting to be a big joke. A firecracker placed in a table drawer went off during a meeting of students. In ten minutes the meeting continued and little more was thought of it. Papers in the U.S., Eng. and France and Belgium made copy of it.

It is sad- but at the same time brings a sense of pride that so many and such good letters keep coming to Phebe. I remember when Ruth went that Elizabeth wrote that she dreaded to think of the time when people would stop speaking of her and writing about her.

I must not write more now- the doctor does not know I am in my slippers and dressing gown writing. He has promised me I could dress tomorrow. Ellen read home letters to me from 6:30 -9 p.m.

I'll plan to add some to this tomorrow to catch a steamer out. The first one since Feb. 10.

Lovingly your son
Will.

Feb. 20. 9 p.m.

Ellen and I came home this morning. I am eating and sleeping and getting about all right, but I have no spunk. I suppose that will come gradually.

In your next to last letter you asked if I knew that my mother gave me to God for the ministry when I was born. When I was in Cornwall that three months Ned Seymour used to lecture me regularly every Sun. afternoon on becoming a minister. I laughed at him. About the middle of the term Ella Wooster wrote me asking if I knew Mother dedicated me to the Gospel ministry at my birth. I had never dreamed or heard of anything of the kind. This was rather staggering to me. I had never considered the ministry as even a remote possibility. I had fully decided to call my education complete with that three months at Cornwall. Then I would look about for a good farm and a wife and settle down for life. Within a few days of the coming of Ella Wooster's letter you wrote me, - not alluding to what calling I should choose, but offering to help me as you were able if I wanted to take a college course. This brought me all up standing, and I was sensible enough to decide that any young man was a fool not to take a college course if the way was open to him. I was honest enough also to decide that if I took a college course I must fit for the ministry. I never knew whether you were of one mind with mother in wanting me to be a minister or not till your letter came the other day. It did me a world of good to know that you are pleased with my choice and with my career.

Signs of Spring are everywhere- the apricot trees are putting out leaves, grass is getting green, violets are in bloom, gardens are starting to grow, - We have had two meals of sweet corn this past week. I planted it last October. We have not had any destructive frosts this past winter and it has kept on growing very slowly all winter. I am saving eggs to hatch or rather set.

My but I would like some of your surplus milk and butter. My hens give us all the eggs we want- and they are quite different from the Chinese eggs bought in the stores. I ate these down at the hospital at Pagoda for a week. Then I got some of my own down from Foochow. My pullets began to lay in Nov. and they have been at it ever since. (A big magpie is breaking a twig from the tree just outside to build a spring nest.)

I hope Phebe had a good time at Stanley's, and that the change brought to her rest. I wonder has [she] gotten that 200 lbs. out of her kitchen yet. Sometime when you are in Bridgeport and have lots of time, drop in at the Old Bridgeport Savings Bank and ask the amount of my account there, or ask Oliver to do it. I think I have some there. The interest on Phebe's note on the Shelton mortgage you may just put in the Bank in my name, - in my account. Your last letter tells of the receipt of the \$16.00 from Mr. Barker of Brooklyn. I think I told you to send the \$100. that Ellen did not get to Geraldine.

I must close to get this into the mail.

With lots of love to all
Will

*[This letter, dated **March 7, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children. He is receiving the first letters from home with reactions to Phebe's death. He is grateful for the four years he spent with her in China. He is recovering from his operation. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

March 7th. 1926.

Dear Children:- and "Grown Ups":

This week I am writing another general letter, with a few personal words in my own inimitable hand at the end.

Night before last came your letters in reply to the news of Phebe's going home. These letters mark a stage in my life and I must keep them. They are with the last letters of Ruth and Mother and Elizabeth and the first letters of Kathleen and other very select letters that I want to look at occasionally. I knew that what you have expressed was there before the occasion had not come to bring it out. As I have read your letters (a letter has come from each of you) there came to me a satisfaction deeper than I ever experienced before. You have the right attitude toward life and toward God and toward death.

More than one hundred letters have come to us expressing sympathy and speaking in the highest terms of Phebe's life and work. But your letters are to me more valuable. May God keep you always able to recognize true worth when you see it. I am not sure that any of us fully recognized the value of Phebe's life. I think I have had a richer opportunity to know her during the past four years than any of the rest of the family. We have been more like brother and sister than Father and daughter. We depended much on each other. She was always so self-effacing that I found myself trying to get her to think more highly of herself. Letters still come from people in China and the mail today Mar. 9th, brought many from the U.S. - all speaking of her wonderful unselfish, helpful character.

School has opened normally with all the students that we want, - about 400. Bible study is elective but nearly the whole bunch have elected Bible.

We expect Dr. and Mrs. Strong, Am. Board Secretary the last of this month. We are planning to entertain them.

I set two hens last Saturday. One sits on eggs from hens that are mostly Rh. Red with Leghorn mixture, that have been with a Wh. Leg. Rooster, the other from hens half Wh. Leg. that have been with a Red. Rooster. They all have only the three strains, i.e. the Reds I brought out in 1921. The Wh. Leg. I bought in 1922 (he is still on the job, is the one referred to above) and the Red, Mary sent from Pekin. (he is the one referred to above).

For myself I am getting back most to normal. I cannot yet do quite as much as before I went to the hospital but I'm improving all the time. To day the Life Insurance Co. sent the blanks to be filled out for Phebe's insurance. It looks as if there was no trouble in getting it.

Mr. Goddard left for Shanghai and the U.S. a week ago today.

Lovingly

Will

[*He includes a handwritten note:*]

Dear folks:

This last mail brought good letters from Father, Phebe, Stanley and Grace, - and lots of other people as they heard of Phebe's going. What a wonderful thing sympathy is. How it strengthens and gives heart, and how it binds persons together.

Foochow is rather quiet these days- or is it that I have been unusually quiet since going to the hospital- four weeks ago today. The wound is still a little tender but getting normal, and I am getting normal, - have been up at 6:30 a.m. to feed my hens for four or five days now. Sat. last I set two hens on 11 eggs each. It is later than I wanted to do it but the hospital is to blame.

I think of Father as watching the hay now. He used to say March was the longest month for the hay mows- it had 31 days and the stock ate all the time.

I received from the Life Insurance Co. the blanks to be filled out. They are in the works and I will mail them soon.

May God be good to you all and always keep us on the side of His helpers.

Father is mighty good to write so frequently.

Lovingly to all

Will

[*This letter, dated **March 18, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary. He sends a copy of the letter he wrote regarding Phebe's life insurance. He has been having headaches and needs new glasses sent over. He also includes a postcard written to him that he thinks Gould might enjoy seeing. From the collection of Mona Beard.*]

American Board Mission

Foochow, China

March 18th, 1926.

Dear Mary:-

Below is a copy of a letter which I sent by the last mail.

March 15, 1926.

402-404 Phoenix Nat'l Bank Bldg.

Hartford, Conn. U.S.A.

Mr. Wm. H. Griswold

Dear Sir:-

I am sending to you PROOFS OF LOSS on life of Phebe Kinney Beard. These, Certificate of Claimant, Physician's Certificate, Undertaker's Certificate. These have all been duly signed in the presence of Mr. E.B. Price the American Consul at Foochow, China. I trust that you will find them all in order and that when you have received them, with the policy which I am enclosing you will be able to make the settlement.

Will you please send the \$1000.00 to Miss Mary L. Beard, Shelton Conn. I hereby authorize her to receipt for the payment of the \$1000.00.

Enclosures 1. Proofs of loss on life of Phebe Kinney Beard.

(1) Certificate of Claimant.

(2) Physician's Certificate.

(3) Undertaker's Certificate.

2. Policy No. 763,891.

Very Sincerely yours,

If for any reason the Insurance Co. does not want to accept your receipt, I am enclosing a receipt which may answer. I do this for I do not want the money sent out here, if it can be avoided.

News is scarce. The term opened normally and every thing has been running very quietly. The teachers are on their job and the students are on their jobs. We were pretty drastic in expelling boys at the end of last term. It looks to me as if some of the boys are now afraid of being connected with the Student Government lest they should appear to be agitators, for the students have not yet organized a government this term.

Dr. Wm. E. Strong telegraphed from Hong Kong yesterday that they would be in Foochow next Wed. March 24th.

My eyes have been giving me head aches for nearly a month. I asked Dr. Kinnear to examine them the other day with the result that I must get new glasses. The ones that Fred send do not work. It is not at all his fault. I sent Helen an embroidered tea cloth and six napkins the other day.

The cold wet rains have come at last. It has poured for the past four days, and altho last Sunday was a beautiful day that made us all take off clothes- we had to put them back on Monday and now we wear overcoats as in winter. I do not see any use in saying anything about Phebe's share in the mortgage. I shall use the interest to help the ?? in school. Just add it to my mortgage. Then mine will be $\$1440 + 265 = \1705 - with G.H.[?] Love to all Will.

[He also includes a postal sent to him addressed to:]

Dr. W.L. Beard
Foochow College.
City.

Anti_____.

You Silly Yankee! Rotten preacher. Beware, We are intending to give you something very soon.

Yours revengely

Anti

You dilly Yankee! rotten preacher
 Beware, We are intending to give
 you something very soon,
 Yours reverently

[Willard adds to it:] Jan. 26, 1926. Only persons of distinction receive such missives. Gould might enjoy this.

[This typewritten letter dated **March 20, 1926** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. Phebe had designated Geraldine as her beneficiary in her will. Willard discusses the finances with Geraldine. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

March 20th. 1926.

Dear Geraldine:-

The mail last night brought Phebe's will from Boston. She makes you her beneficiary. Uncle Elbert was her administrator, but as the will is to probated here, he has been to Boston and has re-signed and asked me to administer the estate. There will be about \$400 mex. here now in the bank. There are \$20 in War Saving Stamps. This Certificate came with the will, last night. I am writing to the Secretary of the Treasury to see what is to be done. These Stamps were due Jan. 1st. 1925. Then there is \$12.50 in gold coin that I found in one of her trunks. The watch that she took from home she did not use for more than a year before she died. She bought a cheap one to use till she went home. I cannot find either one. She had a lot of good dresses that Mama talked of sending on to you girls, but she has not got about it. She had a good outfit of underclothes and bed linen and towels. There are some curios that she had not sent home. These do not have great value. Only a short time before she was taken ill she bought two beautiful pieces of jade. She showed them to me and said she paid \$12 for them. They are beauties. She has some piece goods not made up. Her furniture will go back to the Board, under the rule that if a missionary does not give five years of service the furniture purchased with the outfit money reverts to the Board. There are two beautiful Peking rugs, one about five feet by eight, one round about 2 ½ feet in diameter. Do you want us to bring these home when we come or do you want them sooner? She had a Corona typewriter, it is not in no. 1 condition now. But with a little outlay it could be made a good machine. Mr. Belcher writes of a savings account at home (total about \$193.00). I do not remember that she spoke to me of it. Where or how much it is I do not know. Her share of Grandma Beard's estate is invested in a mortgage on a house in Shelton, with several of the rest of us. This amounts to \$265 I think. Aunt Mary is taking care of it. I will ask her to just change Phebe's name and write yours, and send you the interest each six months. It will be at least six months before I can do anything about settling the estate for the Consul must give that much time after the administrator has been appointed before the property can be

disposed of. You can write any wishes you have, tho, anytime and I will try to carry them out. You had better write Mama about the clothing and linens etc. She also has a set of Japanese cups and saucers and a few plates. There are also some rather nice pictures in frames. There are also some silver spoons. She had a gold ring made for Aunt Ruth out of the bows of her great grandmother Nichols' glasses. This she took off a week before she died and asked me to take charge of it lest it drop off her finger and be lost. What do you want done with it? You will realize that this is not an exhaustive list of her things but the most of them.

I enclose a check for \$50. given me Dwight Goddard. This will help on the expenses of you girls. The Life Insurance ought to come in time to save you from Bankruptcy. I have filled out all blanks and sent them on asking that the money be sent to Aunt Mary, and I have asked her to bank it for me. This I plan to use to help you girls thru school.

I must not write more tonight. My eyes are troubling me. I have had them examined by Dr. Kinnear and [edge paper torn] new glasses are ordered. God keep you all unselfish.

Lovingly, Father.

[This letter, dated **March 21, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary. He tells Mary that Phebe named Geraldine as her beneficiary and gives her some financial instructions. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

March 21st. 1926.

Dear Mary:-

In my last letter I suggested that you transfer Phebe's share of the mortgage in the Shelton house to me. This was too previous, for the mail last Friday evening brought her will which makes Geraldine her beneficiary. So please change Phebe's name to Geraldine, and send the interest to Geraldine. Last week I sent the blanks that the Insurance Co. sent to me back to them all made out properly (I hope) and with them the Policy. I sent you a copy of the letter I wrote the Co. In this I asked them to accept your signature on the receipt and to send you the \$1000.00. I will ask Geraldine to let you know what she and the girls will need to get them thru the year, and will you send them out of this \$1000.00 that amount she names and put the rest in the Derby Savings Bank, in my name.

In this letter I am returning that check for \$20.00 which you sent to Phebe last year. Pardon me for not doing it before. I will try to get some of the things you want and send them on. The truth is I have had my time pretty well filled for the past five months.

We are expecting Dr. Strong and his party i.e. Mrs. Strong and a Mrs. Decater next Wednesday. They will stay with us if plans carry.

I have the ground all ready for corn but it is too cold yet to plant. Last year I planted at this time and again three weeks later. The later planting was ripe as soon as the earlier.

We are just getting the news of the settlement of the coal strike. I judge that Frank Grant is some man. He knows how to keep still and how to wait, two very important factors in dealing with the animal MAN. I am glad to be able to think the scarcity of coal has not troubled you at all for strikes do not stop the growth of wood on the farm.

I will enclose a receipt for the life insurance in case they are not willing to accept your name. I must have sent this in the last letter.

Tonight the Y.M.C.A. of the school is putting on The Thief of Bagdad. They will likely clear some \$20, selling the tickets at 13 cents each and paying \$50.00 for the film.

I hope Phebe and Flora will not get jealous of you and Father the last few letters have had so much business in them that you had to do with that I have addressed them to you.

The tie for my birthday has just arrived. It is a beauty, Thank you all for it. One of those that Elizabeth worked stars in is still in existence. I washed it in gasoline and wore it for ten years. It is past usefulness now.

With love to all,

Will.

[This letter, dated April 22, 1926, was written by Willard to the folks in the home land. Dr. and Mrs. Strong from the American Board came to visit Foochow. Willard feels that Foochow is quiet now because of Governor Sah. He sends jade pins and buttons as gifts for those at home in the U.S. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

April 22nd. 1926

Dear Folks in the Home Land:-

Here begins another general letter. I think I started the last one while Dr. and Mrs. Strong were here. We enjoyed them greatly. They are very easy to entertain and both are jolly. He does not bring shop to the parlor or to the table. Our mission did not serious trouble him with knotty problems. I think he had a fairly pleasant time with us. He had an acute attack of nephritis when in India and the doctor told him to cut out all addresses and be careful of cold and wet. He made no address while here. He attended mission meeting three days and had a reception with the Chinese and one with the foreigners. They sort of boarded around while here but that was not strenuous. Twice the doctor examined and found no trace of nephritis. The weather was delightful all the time they were here till the night they left. Mrs. Strong is a painter and she found plenty to keep her busy. She did the white pagoda. I wrote that the Salt Commissioner sent his launch down to Pagoda after them. We called on him to thank him for his kindness. He received us very graciously and gave both Dr. Strong and myself his photo with his autograph on it. He said that Wu Pei Fu was going to send him to the U.S. two years from now as his Ambassador. He would surely go to Boston and call on Dr. Strong at the Board Rooms. The latest news from Peking looks as if Wu might do it. Then he sent word that he wanted to return the call. So we fixed a date and received him. His guard ran all over the house. He asked for Mrs. Strong. Dr. Strong and I invited the ladies in and showed them off. His wife often goes with him, and receives with him on social occasions when they entertain. She can do it in fine style too.

The Strong's liked Chinese food and they had it three times at least. They did not want anything to eat after coming home. It is interesting that often foreigners often eat a meal after going to a Chinese feast. And the reverse is as true. Only the other day one of the students of the graduating class here was invited to a foreign table. He said "I felt as if I had had nothing to eat."

Ellen, Miss Perkins and I went down to Pagoda with Dr. and Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Decatur. We left here at 3:30 p.m., got to the river at 4:00 and were in our little motor boat in about ten minutes and off. We stopped at Dr. Gillettes and put the ladies ashore to go direct to Dr. Gillettes and Dr. and Mrs. Campbell's. Dr. Strong and I went across the bay to put the baggage on the Ning Shin. It was dark by the time we got back to Dr. Gillettes. It was raining and cold, we refused an invitation to supper and over night. It was a cold ride up river, but a cosy motor boat kept us fairly comfortable and we reached home ten minutes before ten. Mr. Hightower was up and he built a good fire and we got good and warm before going to bed and were all right.

A week ago last Friday we were at dinner with Civil Governor Sah. These officials know how to entertain all right. They do it so naturally. Governor Sah rented two big Brussels carpets and had his reception room very cheery. The colors were very bright. As we arrived he asked us to be seated in the large reception room at a round table, very informally. Each of us was given a liquer glass with some kind of a custard beancurd, little cubes of sangcha jelly and other fruit in a sweet liquid. We ate it with a spoon. Two graduates of Foochow College were there. One is teaching some boys in Go. Sah's yamen and the other was Mr. Sing Ce Dung, the leading Y.M.C.A. Secretary now. He was the man whom Gov. Sah depended upon to see that all went properly. As we went into the dining room and as the Gov'r was seating the guests, Ce Dung said to me. "I hope it is all right for I arranged the seats." If Ellen were writing this she would give you the menu. I remember that we had some delicious fish and turkey, apples, and navel oranges from California. The Governor is very democratic. He talks and does not seem afraid of telling things. In conversation that evening he remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, something like this, Military Governor Ciu wanted to flood Foochow with paper currency, as Chang Tso Ling did the north. But I would not put my name to the scheme, and he could not do it. Politically Foochow is quiet and some of the cause is due to Governor Sah.

We have had two and a half days of vacation for the boys to "Take a trip." They went in all directions and had a good time I judge. Each class went in different direction. Ellen and I did not go with any of them. I took the occasion to go to Kuliang on Friday. I have not been up since we moved down last Sept. I do not remember to have staid away so long before, since we have been in Foochow. The cottage has stood the elements well. It will take perhaps \$30 to fix it up. I rented the two west rooms to ladies from the Meth. mission in Hing Hua.

This here is the month of roses. Ellen picks some half dozen bouquets every morning. When I come down stairs each morning, the dining room floor is a carpet of rose petals that have fallen off during the night. Friday I

picked some azalias from the mountain. These make a change. We remarked how we wished we could send some of our superfluous roses over to you.

I have actually begun to send the pins and cuff buttons. Thus far I have sent Apr. 12 to Stanley and Myra. 16th to Elbert and Emma, and Oliver and Grace, 19, to Phebe and Mary, 20 to Flora and Willis and Etta. 12 also to Dot. In a day or two I shall mail to Kathleen and Millicent. These all are sent in boxes of jasimine tea. I do hope the pins and buttons will be acceptable and usable. Phebe and I worked out the idea of the buttons together, and she was delighted with the pins. You may have to get the pins changed. This is the best I have been able to do here. I think you can have a brass pin put on with little expense. I have been wearing the cuff buttons for some time and they work perfectly with me. I have not been able to get all the cuff buttons made yet. All the things are pure jade, not the most expensive kind, but real jade. It is impossible to get every pin and button alike. I hope you will not get jealous of each other. I am remembering Ruth's birthday May 12. And here's congratulation for Mary on May 26th.

[The following was handwritten:]

Dear Phebe and all the Beards:

I want specially to tell Mary that she did right to destroy the orders I sent for Ellen on the Derby Savings Bank. I wrote her some time ago to send from Phebe's insurance, to Geraldine enough to see them thru the year. I am enclosing an order on the Derby Savings Bank for \$50.00. This is for Kathleen. Will you send it to her please. We could not well get along without you home folks to do our business for us. I'd like to show you my 28 fine chicks, 6 in. high corn, 10 in. high beans, peas in bloom. I'd like you to taste my 5 in. in diam. beets, eat some lettuce, radishes, cabbage, swiss chard, turnips and celery. I would like to be home and help fix the corn ground. I hope you have found a good man to buy the milk.

It pleases me much that Dan is coming to the farm- all success to you and him in the work this summer. Father will keep things steady.

Lots of love to all
Will

[Included with letter:]

Civil Governor's Yamen
Foochow, 14th April, 1926.

Dear Dr. Beard,

It would give me great pleasure if you could honor me with your presence at dinner on Friday, April 16th, at 7 o'clock.

I have also asked Dr. and Mrs. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Munson, Miss Perkins and a few young men of Y.M.C.A.

With best regards
Very sincerely yours
CP Sah.

[Willard adds:]

This is the governor's autographed letter. Will

[This letter, dated **May 9, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks in the homeland. Willard, Ellen and some others took a hike east of the city. One of the things they visited was a notable man whose body was lacquered into a Buddha position after he died so that all could come visit him. Willard refers to conditions in Peking, but Foochow is quiet. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

May 9th. 1926.

Dear Folks in the Home Land:-

This is a beautiful day, just right for the 9th of June in Connecticut. We had two pretty hot days last week, and then a good rain and the last three days have been all right with today superb. Farmers all about this part of the

country are happy because the weather has been just right for rice. Yesterday Ellen, Mr. Hightower, Miss Betty and Miss Mary Cushman (Wenshan) and I went for a walk out east of the City. Some of you who remember Foochow will recall the mounds on the plain east of the city where the victims of the war with the Japanese some 300 years ago, are buried. We looked at these then we looked up a village called Siong Nguong. Here we looked up a - - what shall I call it?, Some 30 or more years ago a very good man died. He was so good that the people decided he ought not to be buried as an ordinary man, so they lacquered his body sitting as a Buddha. We found him and I think we thought that the story might be true. It was an ideal day for a hike and we had an ideal hike.

My chickens were not so elated over the hike as we were when we got home. It was about their bedtime. I plan to let them out for an hour each afternoon before dark. But the older ones would not venture out and the younger ones from which I have taken the hen, were frantic, or rather the old hen was. It did not take her long to lead the whole flock down stairs to the coop. I am still giving these a duck's egg occasionally. The chicks wanted to eat the egg but the old hen wanted to get to bed. It is one continual fight to keep the chickens old and young from their enemies. I sometimes wonder why the Chinese do not raise more chickens, but with hawks, rats and wild cats and the usual diseases I guess they have little encouragement. Last week I took the hen away from the older brood of chicks. I put her in a run with three other old fowls. I have a student whom I try to make responsible for shutting up and fastening the hens every night. One night soon after I had put her in the boy did not count the fowls but just shut the door. The next morning this hen was half eaten by a wild cat.

I have not mailed any more pins or cuff buttons. I am having more buttons made, there were not enough to go round. I had to wait two weeks until more stone came in.

Every mail still brings tribute to the rich beauty of Phebe's life. What rich heritage it is to belong to her family and to share in the good name she made for herself and for her family. We are still keeping flowers on her grave. Last week I put a large bouquet of roses, which are so abundant this month, on the mound. We are trying to make up our minds what shrub or flower to plant there that will keep alive all the time, and blossom some of the time.

So Marjorie and Kathleen remember the pair of oreoles that summered with us while they were here? That pair or some others are here this year, - only two. They are quite tame and we see them every day, and hear them many times a day. Mama has tried to play some of their strains on the piano.

The last week was the week in which China's Day of Shame fell. The real day is today. That is the day on which Yang Shi Kai [*probably Yuan Shi Kai*] signed the 21 demands of the Japanese. But today is Sunday and the students knew that it would not be fitting for Christian schools to have a holiday of national shame on Sunday. So we had the day on Friday. This was the day when the demands were made. We had a very nice meeting in the church Friday with addresses by a student and two of the teachers. This afternoon some of the boys are out in the villages distributing literature and talking. The students of the University sent a request to the Dean on Thursday requesting a holiday on Friday. The Dean sent it back to the students with the remark that it was too late, the Faculty could not consider it. They hid behind a rule that any student may at any time leave the campus and take his outs. I do not think there was any bad blood there. With us all is very amicable, students and faculty acting together.

For a week now it has been impossible to buy any wheat flour in Foochow. The Military has imposed a tax of some 60 cents on each bag of 50 lbs. The cake shops and other shops that sell or use it will not stand for it. Fortunately we have about 100 lbs. of wheat on hand and can get plenty more, and we have a hand mill. Bibas are delicious. Mulberries are just getting ripe. String beans are in blossom. That means they will be here soon. I shall pick peas tomorrow. We hope to get one meal of rubarb. It is the first we ever had in China. I got the roots in Nanking. And Ellen brought one from the U.S. I am soon sending another order for seeds to Burpee, Phil. These are to plant in Aug. and Sept. and later. Corn is a foot high and more.

You are just planting corn. How I would like to get there and help. I wonder if father would trust me to do any of the work. Or would I need to ask Dan now.

The conditions in and around Peking I suppose are on the front pages of all your papers. They do not effect us here at all. We read the telegrams and the papers and wait for the next turn of the wheel. A very good friend of mine, Rev. Diong Iu Seng tells the following story as authentic. The bandits near Kucheng seized and carried off about 30 miles a young man, the son of a well-to-do family, and a very earnest Christian family. At night the bandits placed two men at his head, two at his feet and two outside the locked door, all armed. He was tied hand and foot. In the middle of the night he was praying and he knew the four men guarding him were all sound asleep. He began to plan his escape. Then he thought, I do not know the road. The room became Dark. Then he prayed and had faith again. The room became light. He gnawed the string from one wrist and free it. With the free hand he untied the other. Then he untied his feet. He rose and walked to a window which was open. He got out. The two guards outside were snoring. He kept praying. The light narrowed down to a path. He followed. Soon he came to a house. He

knocked. The people refused to open because they were afraid of bandits. He persisted and when the door was opened he saw his own cousin. He was taken in and soon they led him home.

We are both well and send lots of love to you all.

[*The following is handwritten:*]

Dear Mary and All the Rest:-

This is Tuesday May 11, and it is hot,- quite a change from Sunday,- good for corn. Your last letters were full of stories of muddy roads. There is one good quality of mud- it disappears before the sun and the sun has always come out to dry it up. I hope Stanley and Myra and the kiddies will get straightened out when the warm weather comes.

To day I mailed pins to Abbie and Edith. I have two more pairs of cuff buttons. I'll mail to father and Ben shortly. This p.m. I sold to Miss Hartwell my Wh. Leg. Rooster 6 lbs. 6 oz., 1 hen 6-6, 1 hen 7-9, this last is too fat. I hope they will feed her less. So I have only the 8 young hens and 20 chicks here and 8 chicks in the country.

We are thinking Kuliang ward- but nothing doing for 7 weeks yet. I wrote Mrs. Wilson the other day thanking the Kgs. Daughters thru her for \$25. received last Nov- Phebe's illness and death delayed my answer. God is very good to us all. May we so live as to make it possible for Him to keep on giving us good things.

Lovingly Will.

[*This letter dated **May 24, 1926** was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to her sisters. Dorothy tells about her trip with eleven others to a beautiful place called Indian Lake. She keeps very busy with school and sports. Dorothy is hoping to work with her sisters at Eaglesmere for the summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

The Public Schools
Saginaw W.S. Michigan

May, 24, 1926.

Dear Sisters:-

I'm still living even tho' you haven't had any evidences of the fact. Yes, this last month or two has been a terribly strenuous time for me- what with a May Day program on my hands, a baseball team, and a track team to coach, and (the best part of it all) the evenings with Harold [*Harold Newberg*]. Oh, how I do wish I had my Mother, a sister or even a friend to confide in at this time- I mean, right here with me. Mrs. Croley has no sympathy for me at all- that is, I don't feel free to say anything about it to her, for she seems to be rather "put out" about my giving up the bunch there, or Arthur or something- I can't quite make it out. She could make it wonderfully nice for us if she only wanted to, but she is very indifferent to it all. Before I started going with Harold, she seemed to like him very well, and what has changed her attitude toward him, I don't know. Basil is the only one in the house besides me that treats him the way I'd like to have them, therefore not much of our time is spent at the house, as I should like to have it. I have asked that we wait till after the summer vacation before we make a definite agreement as to our future. He can hardly see it that way, but I feel that the separation during the summer will be a good test for us both.



Undated photo of Harold Newberg
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Last week end a bunch of twelve of us spent two days in the cottage belonging to Harold's landlord way up north on Indian Lake- beautiful country, just like Higgins Lake.

The party consisted of Mr. Johnson our metal shop teacher, and June Munn, Mr. Adams, assistant principal, and his sister from Detroit, our dentist and his girl from Bay City, Mr. and Mrs. Manning and their two little boys, and Harold and me. We surely had a grand time. Mrs. Curtis and a friend, and John and one of his friends were up in their cottage that same week-end. Curtis' cottage is just ½ mile from the one we were in, so we saw quite a bit of them. Sunday morning they came over and we all started off in four cars for the Au Sable River about 15 or 20 miles further north. It was a beautiful drive and every once in a while we'd stop to get out and view some particular place of interest. Our first stop was the high, high watch tower on the top of a good high hill. Most of the party climbed the hill, but when it came to the tower, - higher much than Grandpa's windmill and nothing but a little ladder like that one going all the way up- four of the men and myself were the only climbers. The view was as beautiful as that from cousin Dede's tower. As we went on to the river we stopped twice to see what they call the "High Banks"- huge sand hills extending right up from the river. A few of us ran or fell down two or three of the hills and climbed back up again. It reminded me of the Silver Bay hills and made me crazy to do some more real climbing. We visited the huge dam the "Springs" and other places- a very delightful trip. I don't know what we'll do for Decoration Day. Mrs. Croley has asked us to go to the cottage. We may do that. Do you people get Monday off? We are not sure yet whether we do or not.

Those Wright Players are still here. I have seen every play but one and all have been good. Some of their plays were- "Nothing But the Truth", "The Old Soak", "Their First Year: (the one I didn't see) "Smilin' Three", "Common Clay", "The Bat", and this week's play is "The Alarm Clock".

June 1. this letter has been about three weeks on the way. I'm just so busy that I just don't get anything done for myself these days. Tomorrow our track meet comes off, then that will be off my mind. Baseball finishes up next week and that will be a tremendous relief. Then I put my May Day on again and I'm helping with the dances in

a Hawaiian Operetta putting on a flag drill for Flag Day and 101 different things right at the end of school. It's hectic living!!

No summer school for me. I've decided I can't afford it. Now I'm in a huge quandary as to what to do. I guess the best thing for me to do it to help Aunt Myra out this summer. None of you have decided to go there, have you? Jinks, how I'd love to be at Eaglesmere with you girls! I suppose it's too late to get in and I didn't even send in the blank. It's all my own fault. I just haven't done anything but "be busy" this last few months. I can understand just how hard it was for Isabelle to get anything done at the end of last year.

Harold and I have been together over Decoration Day week-end at the lake with Mrs. Croley and it has been wonderful. Mrs. Croley went up Thurs. and put a first coat of paint on the cottage floor. We followed her on Sat. We all three fell to and put the second coat on Sat. Afternoon. Harold painted the canoe while I varnished some chairs. More fun! Sun. morning we went in swimming before breakfast and took it easy for the rest of the day. Swam again in the evening and came back to Saginaw Mon. morning.

There is so much I want to talk over with you girls, that I simply must see you soon. I still don't know about Commencement. I'm trying my best to get down. That won't be such a good time to talk tho', with such a rush on, and so many guests around, but I just want to see you anyway. If I do come down it probably won't be till Fri. I can get there for Punk's exercises then.

Did you hear that Mrs. Garland was dead? I found it out thru Russell Christie who had made another trip to Springfield and tried to look her up. Somehow he found it out so stopped to search for her.

Mr. Stapleton called me up this morning just as I pounced out of bed. I'm not going to see him for he leaves this A.M.

I think of you girls so often even tho I don't write. You must all be powerfully busy now. Your last two letters have some questions that I can't remember now, so will promise to write, if only a card, later to answer them.

Do you suppose you girls would have pull enuf to get me into Eaglesmere with you? I hate to ask you, for I've been so terribly neglectful.

Very much love to you all,

Dot.

*[This letter, dated **May 30, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks in the homeland. He comments on the anniversary of the Shanghai affair. They had no trouble with students but Foochow was guarded with police and soldiers. Willard and Mr. Hightower took a trip to nearby Chong Ha. He is now executor of Phebe's estate. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

May 30th. 1926.

Dear Folks in the Home Land:-

Here's another general letter. I have heard nothing that would indicate that anyone is kicking, so I continue the method.

To day is Memorial Day at home and it is also Memorial Day here. A year ago today occurred the deplorable Shanghai affair. Some of the students have tried to have a demonstration. Two deputations came to see our students but our boys told them that they had not planned to go out and that they were just about to hold a meeting of their own. We asked the local police to send four men to sit at our gate and be ready if any outside influences threatened to bother. They came but their presence was sufficient to keep things quiet. The school met at 9:00 a.m. and listened to a recital of China's wrongs from other nations from 1842 down to the present. Then to an address by the Dean on what to do about it. His talk was a very good one and may be summed up in this sentence,- We must set our own house in order, and to do this each man just see to it that he himself is right. It did not have the label of "sermon" but it was what a sermon ought to be. It is now 12:50. The streets are fully guarded by armed soldiers and police. There was a little fuss between the students of one or two schools and some police this a.m. about 8:30, but that has been all. This day is too far gone for more trouble and we look to quiet the rest of the day.

We plan to begin reviews a week from tomorrow. That gives us the vacation feel. School closes July 1st. Then comes Kuliang. Mama is here this year. But I cannot but think of all the plans that Phebe and I had made. She had her passport all ready and paid for. We used to have good times planning each year for the summer. This was our home life. We had other people with us every year and pleasant households, but we made the home, had our own servants and regulations.

A week ago yesterday Mr. Hightower and I went to Chong Ha, about fifteen miles away. We started in a rain that bid fair to keep up. But about 2:30 p.m. it stopped and we had beautiful weather all the rest of the time. We go by land about seven miles, then take a boat for another seven miles. At the place where we were to take the boat we waited for some students of Foochow College whose homes were in Chong Ha. With them came a student from Fukien Christian University whose home is in Chong Ha. He knew a boatman who was serving the navy. He had a fine large boat furnished with real chairs etc. We piled in and with tide against us did not reach the destination till 8 p.m., but the moon was light and we walked in the two miles with no difficulty. The preacher at Chong Ha knows that I bring no food so we were no sooner washed than he called us to supper at 8:30. Then soon to bed. The next day, Sunday was a perfect day, cool and clear. The interesting place in Chong Ha is the Christian school. This was organized and is run under a committee from the village, from several men in business in Foochow whose homes were in Chong Ha and from the church. The preacher is really the head. Here are 110 boys and girls. Seven girls. There are 11 boys in Foochow College from this village, mostly from this school. These boys are the preacher's right hand men. He calls on them to pray in the morning service. Think of Mr. Look or Mr. English calling on a High School boy to offer the main prayer in church on a Sunday morning, the four teachers are young men graduates of Foochow College and of the Union Normal and Middle school. We were up at 4:30 a.m. Monday and found the same boat waiting for us to take us back. I forgot to say that when we reached the landing Sat. evening the F.C.U. student insisted on paying the boat hire, \$1.00. This was a new experience for me. This village has recently built a new temple at an expense of \$2000.00. The Christians refused to contribute. But to be fair and avoid trouble they build a much needed road from the village to the river. We walked on this road and it was a good one. We reached home just at noon. Marjorie and Kathleen will remember that they and Mama went with me to this village once, I performed a marriage ceremony, stopping a heathen ceremony to do it with a Christian ceremony. We had to wait so long for the wedding to begin that we lost the tide and it took us a day longer to get home.

Last Wed. I went to the Consulate and all the papers were fixed up and I am now the executor of Phebe's Estate. The law compels me to wait six months to wind up the business. In Geraldine's last letter she suggested something in the line of a memorial for Phebe. I forget whether in a former letter I wrote that some of her friends here talked of this some time ago. The Anti Cob Club voted at its last meeting to give \$20.00 toward this. It will be in the form of a scholarship. The sum is \$500.00 mex. The interest on this will be just the amount for a scholarship to help a girl for one year. Phebe has about \$230.00 in the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank here. She has furniture that would if sold complete \$500.00. If other amounts should be given I would hope that it might be possible to also buy for the school a piano. This would cost \$600. I am writing in mex. I forgot to count in a \$50 debenture that she had in the Kuliang Council. And I also forgot that her furniture may belong to the Board for she was not quite five years in the service. Write any thoughts you have on this memorial question.

I am sending the War Stamps with the proper papers to Uncle Elbert as the Stamps were bought in Putnam.

I shall send this to the Oberlin address asking the Post Master to forward. I do not know where to send Dorothy's.

Mr. Goertz and family will be on their way home before next Sunday.

I have a new pair of glasses that Dr. Kinnear tells me to wear all the time. I obey indifferently. But they fit me and I can read with comfort. They are bifocal and it takes patience to get used to them. They have stopped the headaches.

[The following is handwritten:]

Dear Father:

Mary's letter of April 29th came this morning. I am enclosing two orders on the Derby Savings Bank for \$50.00 each. I also enclose a check for \$5.00 from John G. Matthews of Berea, Ohio. Will you put this in the Derby Savings Bank for me. I am sorry to hear that the Life Insurance had to be put into the Bank in my name. It caused Mary a lot of bother. One of these days I shall send to someone in Shelton several pairs of jade cuff buttons. I have them all now- just looking for time to do them up and send.

We are watching the tactics of both "wets" and "drys" at home [Probably referring to *The National Prohibition Law Hearings of April 1926*]. The "wets" must be anxious or they would not be so furious. I look to see a lot of "drys", who now are keeping quiet come to the polls and vote in the right way. I do not take much stock in the straw votes that some newspapers have carried on.

Chickens are still all here 20 young ones with me that I care for myself and 8 in the country. Eight hens 1 yr. old- I sold two hens and a rooster the other day= 19 lbs. and 6 oz. 40 cents per to live weight- one hen 7 lbs. 6 oz. That is pretty good weight for Foochow and a fair price. We have had almost no sun in May, much cloudy

weather and good rains. Corn is in tassel and ears set and silk is seen. String beans are find. I wish I could send some over. We have had pie plant twice. With love Will

*[This typewritten letter dated **June 13, 1926** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks and Everybody. He went to visit the church and school at Uong Iong. Five missionaries will be leaving for the U.S. soon. Willard's garden and chickens are doing well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006 and a copy of the letter is in the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

June 13th. 1926

Dear Folks, Everybody:-

This is Children's Day at Home. I hope you have as beautiful day there as we have here. It has rained for a month now almost steadily. We have not had two consecutive days of nice weather. Over a month ago I took out my winter clothes and hung them on the line to sun preparatory to putting them away for the summer. They still lie on the bed in the guest changer, waiting for sun. It is out this morning but it is Sunday and I'll wait till tomorrow to see if he is still out.

Last Sunday Ellen, Mr. Hightower and I went to church here in the morning, and left as soon as the service was over and went over to the river and took a boat to Uong Iong, the village to which the South Side people go in boats when they go to Kuliang. We now have a school and a preaching place there. It was about 1:30 before we reached the place. The preacher and the teacher there had dinner ready for us and we ate a very nice Chinese dinner prepared by two Chinese men. Then we walked about the village some and then to the house where they hold service and the place was packed, with children, men and a few women. After the service we walked home, about two hours walk. The threatening clouds of the morning had vanished and we had a very pleasant walk, - a very pleasant day all round.

Did I write that Mary Cushman had her appendix out about three weeks ago? She left the hospital on the tenth day and is getting on perfectly. Dr. Campbell did the job. He is a fine surgeon.



Horace E. Campbell, M. D.

WHEN not in the operating room, he will be found in his mechanical workshop or pursuing illusive trends in theology or indulging in his present fancy for ancient pottery.



Mrs. H. E. Campbell

SHE beats no drums over her high efficiency quotient but we always rest assured that any project which she undertakes will be a decided success.



Jane and Anne Campbell

ANNE, aged 5—"I'd like to live in the hospital." Jane, aged 7 "You can't unless you are sick." Anne "Well, Mr. So-and-So is there." Jane "Yes, but he's got a broken nerve."

The Goertz family left the compound last Monday. It rained as they left but we got them into the little motor boat all right and they reached the steamer all safely. Some of the Chinese went down to see them on the steamer. One of the pastors told me last night that when Paul, about six, saw the steamer he opened his eyes wide and waved his hands and shouted, "A very big boat, a very big boat." And his little sister Ruth copied his words and gestures. They had not seen a steamer before. Before another Sunday I suppose we shall say good bye to Miss Armstrong and Mr. Neff. Then Miss Atwood will start. She is going by way of Europe, and she hoped that the "Coblentz", a N.D.L. steamer would stop in at Foochow for tea and she could take it here, thus saving the fare to Hong Kong by coast steamer. But Military Governor Ciu has put a tax on about everything that the people use or sell and tea is among them. So the tea merchants will not buy tea and so the "Coblentz" will not stop. If these magnates only knew now they inconvenience people, - - -



Hazel M. Atwood

AFFECTIONATELY called "Uncle Ache" by the children, she helps relieve the aches and pains of all who come to the Kate C. Woodhull Hospital. She loves the out-of-doors and adds zest to any hike.

Miss Armstrong and Mrs. and Mr. Allen have had three or four feasts already as good bye feasts. The change in the attitude of the students toward the foreigners is most apparent. Separate classes and the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.P.S.C.E. and the Junior Middle and the Faculty and special groups each have given these people a farewell. And they also give presents. The feeling of friendship and goodwill is genuine. Miss Armstrong lives in Jewett City, Conn. That is somewhere between Putnam and Norwich. If any of you are in that section, look her up. She will be there only for this year. Mr. and Mrs. Allen have done very exceptional work teaching in all departments of the school as the need existed and doing it in such a fine spirit of selflessness and helpfulness, that all wish they would stay. But they will likely go to Kuliang with Bertha for a month and then go home via Europe. They are wholesome, God-fearing, helpful people about 60 in actual years but not over 40 in spirit, up-to-date in most everything, - theology included.

Ellen and Mr. Hightower have gone over South Side to the Vesper Service and Ellen was going to put some special pink flowers on Phebe's grave.

The mail came this afternoon and brought letters from Phebe M. and the Oberlin girls. I am sorry that Life Insurance and the draft to Oberlin caused you so much trouble, Mary, but think of the experience you got out of it. I wonder if Elbert will have as much fun with the War Savings Stamps and the Putnam Bank. I am going to send the rest of the business direct to Geraldine. My how I long to get home and do some of that farm work. I think Dan and I could work together. He would find me old fashioned I expect, but I might learn. I remember in 1921, when I was on the farm Father seriously questioned my ability to ride the horse rake and make the rows straight enough for the loader.

I was sorry to read of the illness in Stanley's family and I sure hope they are all right before this and that they will keep all right. I wonder if Gould got up for May 30th. And if Emma and Elbert came and if Flora was there. It makes us homesick to hear of all these gatherings and we not in them.

Chickens and garden are doing well. I thought in March that the garden looked bum and I was afraid that it would not amount to much. But everything has come on amazingly. We have had all the cabbage, lettuce, beets, swiss chard, string beans, carrots, endive, turnips, that we could eat with some peas and a little rhubarb thrown in. Sweet corn will be ready by the 25th and tomatoes bout the same time. We have not had a gardner at all. I have done all the work except the initial digging of the ground. I have not had so good luck with the hens. I had 8 that I hatched in the spring of 1925. They have laid well all winter and we have bought eggs only once, I believe. In April one of them got dumpish and finally died. Ten days ago I found another dead in the roost, and the only mark on her was a little hole in one side of her neck. I concluded a weasel had sucked her blood out. Ellen dressed her and said there was not a drop in her.

I know where to send three of these letters. But where shall I send Dorothy's and to the other girls? I must ask the people in Shelton and Putnam to forward. This letter takes lots of love from Ellen and from Will to you all.

[handwritten]

Sunday morning June 27- 1926

Dear Geraldine:-

Two weeks these letters have been on my shelf. While I have been running here and there- saying good bye to Miss Armstrong= a whole day on the river. Sat. June 19= Then the next day Mama and I were off immediately after lunch for the University to attend the Baccalaureate service in which I had a part. That a.m. I preached the Baccalaureate for Foochow College. Then on Monday we went to the University again for the Commencement and remained for the Alumni Banquet and got home at 12 midnight. Then last Friday the "Coblentz" N.D.L. =German steamer came in to take tea. Miss Atwood sailed on her and there were two families= Hemingways and Tuckers

both doctors with all their children were on her. I went down with a motor launch and brought them up. It took all day. This next week is to be a running-about week also. (Oh, I did not get in my graduation last Wed.)= Tomorrow Mr. Smith and I plan to go to Kuliang to get the cottages ready for us to move up. Another day I must go to Deng Chio to see about repairs on a chapel, and on Thursday to Diong Loh to marry a man. School finishes on Wed. and the boys go home on Thurs.

I hope we shall hear very soon where you all are this vacation. I am sending this in care of Aunt Mary. Lots of love to you and any others who are with you.

Father

[On another copy of the same letter from the collection of Mona Beard, Willard writes:]

June 13th

Dear Folks in Shelton= all the Family:

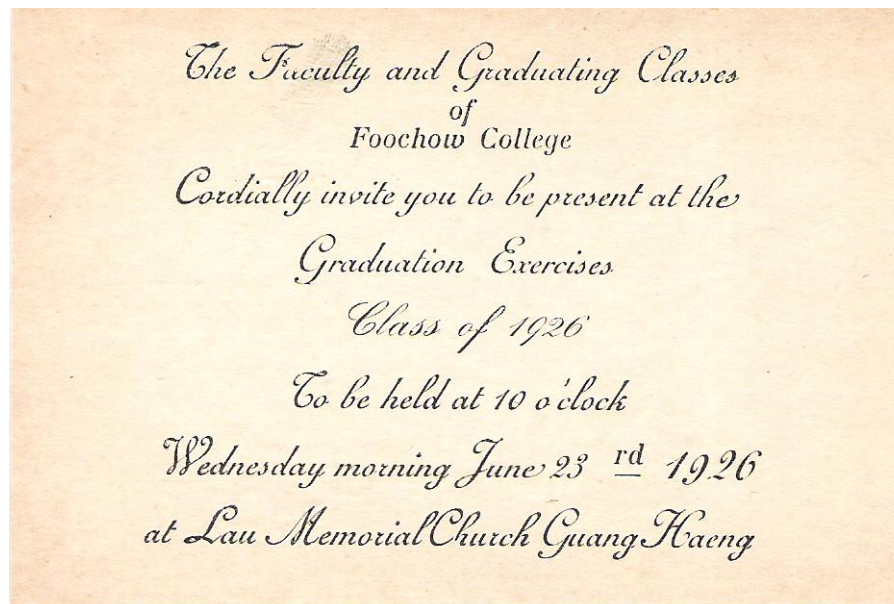
I'm sorry that this has lain idle here for a whole week. As Commencement approaches business always increases and the process of selecting what does not imperatively need to be done today becomes exacting. Yesterday we saw Miss Armstrong off and it took most of the day. Then Boards of Managers to meet and other duties that increase at this time. I have come home from preaching the Baccalaureate sermon for 40 Foochow College graduates, - Commencement comes this week Wed, - exams close next week Wed. I am sending Geraldine's letter to you. Will you please forward it. I am enclosing two orders for money for Marjorie and Kathleen. They will need about \$500. next fall. I have made one order for \$200. and one for \$300. in case they do not need it all at once. Each of them has a Savings Bank account so in case of emergency they are safe. Ellen and I are off for the University as soon as we finish lunch- for the Baccalaureate service in which I have a part. Very lovingly to all Will.

[Willard also includes a small note:]

I have sent 4 pairs of cuff buttons to you or to fathers address- please give 1 pr. to father- 1 pr. to Ben. 1 pr. to Wells- 1 pr. to Dan.

Will

They are different. Let father have his choice and then Ben. Will.



Graduation announcement
[Original donated to Yale by family in 2006]

惠臨觀禮

准六月^{二十}廿三號上午十時舉行
訓誨禮拜
畢業典禮
寅請

福州格致學校校長偕教職員全謹訂

所設觀巷劉公紀念堂

Previous graduation announcement back written in Chinese

PROGRAM.

1. Organ Voluntary *Miss Li Hsiang Huang*
2. Hymn 197
3. Scripture *Rev. Ung Huai Lu*
4. Prayer *Rev. Ling Diong Huak*
5. Address *Prof. Hsi Hsiang Chen*
6. Song *Foochow College Choir*
7. Presentation of Diplomas *President W. L. Beard*
8. Response *Representatives of Graduating Class*
9. Quartette *Foochow College Teachers*
10. College Song *Foochow College*
11. Doxology
12. Benediction *Rev. Li Nguk Luk*

畢業典禮秩序表

一 二 三 四 五 六 七 八 九 十 十一 十二 十三 十四 十五 十六 十七 十八 十九 二十

奏樂
唱詩
讀經
祈禱
演說
唱歌
訓詞並給文憑
答詞
四品歌
校歌
三讚
祝福
茶叙
一百九十七首

李涵芳女士
全體
翁懷友牧師
林傳法牧師
陳錫襄教授
本校唱詩班
裨校長
畢業生代表
本校教員
全體學生
全體
李玉祿牧師

格致書院中學畢業班

鄭葆和	陳再英	陳歌鎬	陳連鏞	江孝璫	何朝梓	葉中平	游通儒
李志超	劉孝銓	林昌望	林意城	吳德恩	蘇則誠	檀仁梅	

初級中學部畢業班

官永安	李賢瑞	魏錫勳	彭傳昆	嚴燧	黃茂汲	鄭景光	張作新	任發臻	陳義藩	廖登廷
陳南亨	鄭由端	邵承祖	方福生	薩福宣	張振聲	陳應照	江彬官	葉在杭	林安泉	孫賢駿

Names of Graduates

[This letter, dated **July 4, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to everybody at home. He has been busy with Commencement and visiting Kuliang and local villages and churches. He reminisces about Phebe and plans they made. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

July 4th. 1926.

Dear Everybody at Home:-

We are all still here in Foochow. Mama started for the mountain late last evening but a shower came up and as she was not prepared for it she turned about and about 8:00 we saw her coming in to the front door. She plans to start tomorrow morning again.

The past ten days I have been a gadder. Yes for more than ten days. It began June 19 when we saw Miss Armstrong off. Then the 20th came the University Commencement, then the 21st, the Commencement, (20th was Baccalaureate) 23rd, F. College Commencement, - 25th down the river again to meet friends from the north who were passing thru on a steamer. 28th, walked to Kuliang and back, most of the way. 30th, to Den Chio, 15 miles in the country to see a church that needed repairing. Hightower went with me. We had a walk of six miles and found a flood on and had to wade about a mile in muddy water up to our knees. I slipped and got a fine stone bruise but it is getting on all right. The 1st of July went to Diong Loh to marry a former student. Left Foochow at noon and got back at 11 p.m. Last Sunday Ellen and I went to Au Ciu to church. I preached and we ate dinner with the pastor. This Sunday we went to the Upper Bridge and did the same things. It was rather hot coming home today in the sun at 1 p.m.

The Christians, Dr. Dyer, Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear and our family are still in Foochow. I have had so much running about to do that I have done nothing toward getting ready for the mountain. So I must stay here for a few days yet. We are to have four ladies from the Methodist mission with us this summer. Two of them went up last Friday. I do not know how they are getting on. I told them last summer when they engaged the rooms that we did not run a hotel, that they could come and go when they wished and we would do the same. The memory of the three very pleasant summers that Phebe and I spent on Kuliang comes up pretty strong these days. Both of us had a touch of home life during these summers. She took the head of the house so gracefully and easily that it will always be a most pleasant recollection. The summer of 1923 stands out with special delight, Mary and Cleora Wannamaker were with us that summer. I do not like to think of all the plans that you all had made for her home coming just about now. But all memories of her are sweet. What a treasure these memorials are. They cluster about Mother, Ruth and Elizabeth and James and Olive and Gracie and Annie. The recent Sentinels tell of the going of three old residents of Shelton. I cannot make out who is taking care of the people in Huntington church now.

Mr. Christian has been doing special work with two of the churches recently in the line of calling with the pastors on individual members. The work has resulted in a great reviving of the life of the churches, and in many of the members doing the same kind of work themselves.

I am going to send this to the Shelton and Putnam homes and at a venture send one copy straight to Eaglesmere. One copy I will send to Shelton to be forwarded to Dorothy. The last mail brought one letter from Father. This was all from the families. I do appreciate these letters from Father. I have not yet heard from the pins and the cuff buttons.

Ellen and I send lots of love to you all and hope the summer will bring to you all a good change and with the change a good rest. Fill up all woodchuck holes before swinging white birches. I must change one item above. I must send one copy of this to Gould, none to Dot. She will share with the other girls.

Will

[The following was handwritten:]

Dear folks all,

I am still in Foochow July 9- but I plan to leave for Kuliang tomorrow a.m. early.

It is very hot- so I cannot let my arm touch the paper- my left arm is over my leg and my trouser leg is wet where the sweat has dripped.

May God keep and use you all

Lovingly
Will

THE LAKESIDE
EAGLESMERE, PENNA.

July 11, 1926

Dearest Mother and Father -

Who would ever have imagined that this summer would find all of us girls together here at Eagles Mere? But here we are and we are all so glad to be together for this is the last summer

[This letter dated **July 11, 1926** was written from Eaglesmere, PA by Kathleen to her parents. Subjects discussed include Dot's engagement, Kathleen's high school graduation ceremony and activities, Millikan's newly discovered rays, getting a flapperish hair cut, trip to Michigan and on through Canada, Niagara Falls, New York to Pennsylvania where she then talks about living and working in Eaglesmere, PA. Letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]

THE LAKESIDE
EAGLESMERE, PENNA.

July 11, 1926

Dearest Mother and Father-

Who would ever have imagined that this summer would find all of us girls together at Eagles Mere? But here we are and we are all so glad to be together for this is the last summer we ever can - as girls. You see Dot is to get married next June so this is her last summer of work like this. What do you think of her engagement and Harold? We all think he is wonderful and are very well satisfied that she chose him. We saw him first at spring vacation when we were up at Saginaw. We didn't know anything about it then but we noticed that he was especially nice to us and to Dot. We saw him again on our auto trip when we picked up Dot. He isn't much for looks but he certainly is a wonderful man and true-blue to Dot. She has told us so much about him that we feel as if we knew him very well and like him better all the time. They write each other every day and Dot reads us parts of his letters sometimes. My! but he thinks the world of her alright as she does of him. She doesn't rave a lot about him the way some girls do but she is a very different girl in many ways from what she was four months ago. Harold is coming up here at the end of summer so we will see more of him.

I haven't written for such a long time that I must begin way back in the dark ages to tell everything. You will surely want to know about commencement won't you? Well Aunt Phebe came out with Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma who drove in the car so Aunt Phebe stayed with us while the others stayed at Aunt Etta's. They arrived the Thursday before commencement and that very night we went to the college commencement play "As You Like It". It was the first of Shakespeare's plays that I have ever seen on the stage and it was done very well indeed. Friday night came my graduation. I sent you an announcement of it but I know it didn't get there until very late. It was most thrilling but I didn't feel half as big and important as I thought I should. My dress was darling- all white with

a silk lace ruffle on the skirt and lace sleeves. Otherwise, it was plain. I had my picture taken in it and will send it when it is developed.



Kathleen in 1926 at Oberlin High School graduation
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

The girls gave me a lovely sweet-pea corsage to wear- my very first one. (I forgot to say that Dot came down over the week-end but had to go back on Monday.) Uncle Elbert took me over in style and it was so nice to see all the other girls in their pretty dresses. The boys wore creamers and dark coats. We marched in in single file down both isles of the first church and took our seats very dignifiedly then the usual program followed. I am enclosing one of our programs. There was a little hitch in the progress of events because our glee club director didn't get there in time so we went along with the presentation of diplomas and sang afterwards. The best time of all was when we marched across the platform and said thank you for our diplomas. It was lots of fun and no one stumbled or anything. Notice that I got into both honor lists (on the back page). The National honor society was the one of which Marjorie was also a member.

That over we all trotted over to the conservatory concert and heard the last few numbers which were very good. Saturday night was illumination night and as usual we wandered around the campus and watched the parade until our legs wouldn't hold us anymore. Everybody said the parade wasn't as good as usual but I like it pretty well. There was one of those huge Chinese dragons in it which the President of Shansi brought over on purpose. He belonged to the class of '06 which won the first prize. '91 won the second prize Hip Hip Hurrah. It had a float showing Millikan's newly discovered rays. [Robert Andrews Millikan was an 1891 Oberlin grad (same year as Willard) and 1923 Nobel Prize winner in Physics. "Nobelprize.org". The Nobel Foundation. September 7, 2009 <http://nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/physics/laureates/1923/millikan-bio.html>.] Sunday night we had a big party over at Aunt Ettas which was supposed to be a birthday party for Uncle E and Fulton but Dot, all unknown to them, announced her engagement. They took it so funnily and were so silent. I guess none of them had ever been at one

before and didn't know how to take it. Poor Dot! She was rather disappointed because all the relatives made such a fuss over Gould when he got engaged.

Monday was Gerry's big day when she got her hood. I took some pictures of her in line which I will try to send sometime. She was the first Masters student to go up onto the platform and she did it very gracefully. Monday evening we relatives had another get together and had heaps of fun. We all felt hilarious and Uncle Elbert was at his best so we nearly raised the roof. More fun! Every night of that week we had some party. One night we went on a picnic at the arb[*arboretum?*] and another night Aunt Phebe treated us to a dinner at Mason's tea-room. She devised the clever idea of making out a diploma for each one present telling some special traits of each. For instance Aunt Etta received hers for rearing such a good family and being a good housekeeper. They were all eleven and had in them the biggest language possible.

That week was the tearing up week for us. We began packing and putting things away. Uncle Elbert and his car helped us a lot and Aunt Etta very kindly is keeping some things for us over the summer. I can sympathize with you now, Mother dear, when you packed up and got out of all those houses. It surely is an awful job. You ought to have seen all the things that we threw away. They made a good bon-fire. We didn't even attempt to do anything to the barn except give away some old hats there, and a box of things you got ready to give away. The colored maid at the house took tons of our trunk [?] and Miss Wright took some books and good clothing. I guess we almost know how to pack up and get out of a place now. We didn't clean very much because Mrs. Rosecrans said she would have it cleaned anyway. She was a dear and helpful a lot.

Just before I left Oberlin I got a semi-boyish bob. You know- like a boy in back and a girl in front. I have wanted one for a long time just for fun but waited until going to get it. Gerry and Marjorie didn't like it at all but I like it pretty well. It is comfortable anyway and I am letting it grow out now. You didn't know that your daughter was so flapperish did you?



By Tuesday of the next week we were well packed and ready to start for Eagles Mere. We planned a lovely motor trip with Gertrude Layman and Chili Churchill who owned an old Buick. All our luggage except two small army trunks went with us in the car and together with their baggage we were pretty well loaded down. There was a luggage-carrier on one side, bags on the fenders and boxes inside, besides coats, blankets, rackets, eats, violins, etc. stuck around above, below, and around us. Boy! but we were a pretty gang all dressed up in knickers and packed in the way we were. We expected to start early Tuesday morning but you know how it always is- we didn't get off until noon. Mrs. Rosecrans put us up a lovely lunch which lasted for two meals and the whole family came out to see us off. Of course we were in the best of spirits and riding was such fun. That afternoon we made several stops- one at Bellvue at Gertrude's Aunts', one at Tecumseh where Gerry taught. Night found us about twenty miles from Ann Arbor so we just turned down a side road and made camp in an open field. We had the place all to ourselves, yet there was a farmhouse within sight. We spread down our blankets, coats, sweaters and

everything on the ground and went to sleep. It was just grand out in the open under the stars with the full moon keeping watch on us from it's high post. It was the first time that I have ever slept out from under cover and I surely did enjoy it. The sun woke us up at half past four so we built a fire and ate our breakfast before starting on. Every meal on the road was royal and we even had salads. The next stop was Ann Arbor where both Gertrude and Gerry saw friends. On we sped until Saginaw was in sight and we drew up before Dots house a little after noon. It took Dot about three hours to get ready so we had a good rest from riding and incidentally a good visit with Whitie [Harold Newberg]. Mrs. Croley gave us a little lunch- then off again. Dot rode for an hour with Whitie for he was starting home too and our roads went together as far as Flint. We struck off for Port Huron and he went west. That night we spent at a tourist camp by a pretty little lake thirty miles from Port Huron. We got as far as possible away from the other campers but we were within hearing distance. Again we slept on the ground next to a cow pasture and quite near the little lake. Before supper some of us took a swim which was rather cold, but it felt good just to get our clothes off. Our sleep was not so peaceful that night for about midnight we woke up to the noise of a square dance not far away. The music the tread of feet and shouts of laughter were enough to wake anyone. That kept us awake for about an hour, then the people began to go home and they all had to start up their cars with much noise. Some parties rode our way and discovered us much to our embarrassment. They flashed their headlights on us and laughed loudly. Well, when they went we got some sleep until the sun woke us again.



This may be the automobile or one similar to the one Kathleen refers to in this letter.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

The next day we crossed the Canadian line which was much fun. Going across on the ferry Chili made out a slip stating the value of the car, luggage, etc.- then when we reached the other side the Canadian officers began to question us about our birth. He began with the driver, Chili, and asked where he was born. India - was the answer. Gertrude said "Japan" and Dot- China. The officer looked more and more puzzled much to our amusement. I suppose our laughing made him suspect us so he sent all of us to a little office room. In there we explained about our being Missionaries and college students so he let us pass. That was our stock joke for the rest of the trip. Canada wasn't so very different from U.S. The road signs were not the same but otherwise I would hardly have know the difference. We went straight across Canada to Niagara Falls to see the colored lights on the Falls so stayed around until dark. I do hope that you will get a chance to see them for they are a most wonderful sight. They are thrown on both the American and the Horse-Shoe falls by powerful lights on the Canadian side. I think there are about twenty individual lights, two or three of each color. First they would throw white on then after about five or ten minutes it would slowly change to a light pink then deeper and deeper until the whole chasm was a brilliant flame color. The rising mist reminded one of leaping flames. When we had enjoyed that for a time the light would change to rainbow hughes. They were so soft and pretty and delicate, the scene was just fascinating. Once the falls were a deep greenish blue reminding one of a great sea. But you cannot imagine how pretty the rolling spray and mist was in solid colors. I never thought that the falls could be so beautiful.

It was late when we pulled ourselves away to find a resting place for our heads. We crossed the bridge and got into a big mess on the American side. There had just been a big convention parade of some kind and everyone was going home. Such a jam and crush oh dear! It was hard to find a good camping place on that flat ground so well settled with farms but we finally slept again in a farm field in sight of the main road. We surely slept soundly and warmly that night. The next day our route took us through Rochester and down to Penn. as straight as the road would lead us. I haven't told anything about the riding but we had fun all the time singing, laughing, telling jokes and taking naps. We made up a song about the trip under Gerry's inspiration and sang it all the time. We stopped every two or three hours of course and sometimes got ice-cream or a drink.

That day we ran into a hard shower and had to put on our curtains. There we rolled along as snug as a bug in a rug and as dry. The ground was too wet to sleep on that night so we decided to take a barn. Just before supper we reached Ithica, that hilly city, and rode through the campus of Cornell U. which is very beautiful. We surely wore our brake-bands going down those hills. I don't think New England could beat them. We supped by some beautiful little falls just outside of Ithica then started out to find a good barn.

July 18

We stopped at two houses but one was silent and dark and the other refused us. At the next house the man seemed willing to take us but had no room in his barn. He said he had an empty barn down the road a ways which we could use if we wanted to. It was quite late by then and we were all tired so we made for the barn. It was lots of fun looking around the barn with our flash-lights and we found that it was just what we wanted. It was empty but there was enough hay to make beds and there was room for the car in with us. We were asleep before we knew it and got a good rest. That was about the most comfortable night that we spent on the trip. The next day it rained all morning while we road down through Penn. We went thru Painted Post where Gould thought he might go to work sometime and saw the Ingersoll Rand works there. It looked like a large plant. At noon we were near Muncy but an awful thunder storm came up so we rode up the mountain in pouring rain. We reached the lakeside just as the girls were getting ready to serve supper and it seemed so nice to be back and see all the familiar faces again.

Miss Katherine very kindly arranged it so that all of the Oberlin bunch could be on the fourth floor together. Dot Monnie and I room together, Gerry and Gertrude have another room, Betty Strong and Ruth Clark room with Helen Ritter and Ruth Brooks took a room with a new girl. We surely have some gay old times up here but haven't done half as much as we want to yet.

We have rented a row-boat for the season so we can go out anytime we like. It is very convenient to go swimming in but it won't hold all that want to go in it. We have grand swimming parties nearly every after-noon and we all practice long distance swimming and diving hard.

The lakeside girls are now getting up a base-ball team to play with waitresses of other hotels. We have had two practices so far and quite a few girls came out. We even have the big diamond to practice on and are allowed to use the boys paraphernalia. Dot is acting as our coach and playing too.

Tips are going rather slow for most of us. Monnie seems to have the nack of drawing them in though for she has twice as much as any of us. We are not up here for tips though, we are here for fun and we surely are getting it.

Dot and Gerry are very well liked as I knew they would be. Everybody loves Gerry because she is so sweet and generous and they like Dot because she is so jolly and good-natured. I am proud to tell everyone that they are our sisters. People are so surprised that there are four of us sisters together and are interested to compare us.

Well this will fill up the envelope pretty well so I will save the rest until another time and get this started on its long trip.

Much love to you both and please try to come home next year.

Kathleen

*[This letter dated **July 27, 1926** was written from Shelton, Conn. by Mary to the girls (her nieces). She sends on a letter from Willard and adds a note saying that her and Willard's father, Oliver Gould Beard was getting weaker and broke his leg. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Oliver G. Beard
Century Farm

Shelton, Conn.

July 27, [1926]

Dear Girls,

This letter from your father came today. We took a read as the envelope authorized and hasten to send it on.

Father has slowly lost ground all spring and summer. The right leg is big and solid but the rest of him is thinner. Until last Friday he walked out to the porch hammock on the crutches Dorothy used last summer. Friday I started to help him get up as usual and when I moved the [unreadable word] leg there was a sharp snap. Doctor came at once and sure enough the bone is broken. He suffers severely with it at times but otherwise is about the same. We keep him under aspirin or morphine wholly or partly so he may not suffer so badly. For two nights Phebe and I divided the time as he can not wait on himself. But Sunday morning we were fortunate in getting a nurse. She has had two years training in Dr. Parlato's hospital where most of the cases are surgical or confinement and is a "domestic" or "practical" nurse not a graduate. She is taking excellent care of father so we are satisfied.

The rest of us are well. The haying is most done. The making over of the barn is slow but Ben is back in the job today. We are having an artesian well sunk. Two trials were abandoned but the men think they are on a successful trial now.

Kits has been here or in Shelton or New Haven all summer. She starts west next Weds. some time. She is a dear but not the comfort to home as a visitor that you girls are.

We are looking forward to a visit from Gould and Vivienne the middle of August. Next we hope Dorothy and Harold can come see us. We want to know all our family to be.

I do hope you are having the glorious time together as you anticipated. It is nice for you to grow closer together. Letters can't do it. I know.

Lots and lots of love to each of you. I have the orders for the \$5.00 your father is sending to Marjorie and Kathleen in \$200 and \$300 each. Interest at that bank is paid on July 1 and Jan. 1 so send for it when and how you need it.

Lovingly

Aunt Mary.





*[This letter dated **August 8, 1926** was written from Kuliang by Willard Beard to daughter, Kathleen. He mentions Kathleen's upcoming 18th birthday and congratulates her on her acceptance to Oberlin College. He mentions the new taxes levied, the weather, new foreign items found in the shops, a tennis tournament in Kuliang, and the murder of a Foochow Chamber of Commerce vice chairman. He includes a note to Geraldine advising her on what to do with the money in the bank account of her now deceased sister, Phebe. Letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]*

#316 Kuliang
 Foochow, China
 Sunday, August 8th 1926

Dear Kathleen,

I am thinking of a day eighteen years ago here on Kuliang, actually eighteen years ago day after tomorrow when a wee girlie came to our home. How the days and weeks and months and years have sped by! That wee bit of humanity is a member of the freshman class 1926-7 of Oberlin College. I've already sent my congratulations to you for the good standing in your High School work last term, and here are congratulations for the acceptance into the freshman class and best wishes for a successful year in College.

I am glad that Marjorie and you can be together in a College house this year and I hope you will get out of it all that you anticipate. It will be the first year you have been in school with no mom or older sister but what of that? I suppose very few girls or boys in College have parents or older sisters or brothers with them.

It is 11:15 a.m. I am on our veranda with most of Kuliang spread out before me, and farther off the plain, and then the city of Foochow, and then the river- mostly yellow sand now, for no rain has fallen since July 3 - then the mountains. This morning they lie in a sort of haze. Clouds obscure the sun. It is very still and close and hot- they say it is very hot in Foochow. The dry weather is raising prices of all food. As if this were not enough to give poor people heavy burdens, the military are heaping all manner of taxes on them for everything. Merchants and farmers and ricksha men and boatmen and craftsmen - all have to bear it, until they- whole families are moving to the Straights Settlements- perhaps 2000 have gone from Fukien during the past 18 months. I do not see how, when or where this condition is to end. With it all people seem to have money as they did not in earlier years. The stores in Foochow are full of foreign style, hats, shoes, raincoats, cloth and watches, clocks, hot water bottles, flashlights, glasses, medicines, cakes, tinned goods, etc, etc. Horses and carriages and autos are on the streets continually. The only conveyances you ever saw here were sedans. A week ago today the vice chairman of the Chinese Foochow

Chamber of Commerce was invited to a temple a little way out from the city and his body riddled with bullets. He has been helping military governor Ciu levy taxes on the merchants. But this is enough of the dark side. On the other side the work of church and Christian school goes on successfully. Over 100 teachers- men and women have been studying in Foochow for the past six weeks to better fit themselves to teach. The weather has been hot, the schedule heavy but they have stuck to it- the leaders also- mostly Chinese, giving their services. The churches are doing better work this year than for several years. The people in general were never more ready to hear and accept the story of Jesus and of his salvation. The Chinese are more and more taking responsibilities.

I will send the Kuliang registers home soon. You children may like to glance at them, and then send them to Aunt Mary. She will read them with the most recent knowledge of Kuliang of anyone at home. This summer the tennis courts and the bathing pool are very popular. The Sunday evening sings do not draw as many people this year. No new houses are going up. About a dozen are for sale. I wonder when ours will be for sale. Do you remember Elizabeth and Ethel Beach? They are about like you and Marjorie were ten years ago. They with Frank Cartwright sang very sweetly at one session of the Kuliang Convention this last week- "Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nations". Yesterday I played in the tennis tournament. I did not intend to play this year, but Prof. Metcalf of the University asked me to play with him. He plays about the same as I do. We drew as first opponents the best player on the mountain and his partner- a fairly good player to our surprise we got three games in the first set. The second set they won 6-0.

How I should enjoy looking in on you four girls at Eagles Mere. Mama would too. I remember with keenest pleasure the Sunday Phebe and I spent at Silver Bay in 1921, when Geraldine and Dot were there. Only the other evening I was looking at the photos of the visit. I was talking with the Cushman sisters about your being in Lakeside and they said that was the best place and a wonderfully good place to be in. I judge it is not far behind Silver Bay.

It is very pleasant to think that we have a son and a daughter engaged. The pull is very strong to ask the privilege to go home next year and marry them. I am afraid I could not ask to leave Foochow before June 20. That would bring us home too late for June weddings.

Mr. Nga Geng Guong left Foochow last Monday to go to Oberlin to study. I wrote of him a week ago to Dorothy. You and Marjorie will see him. You may remember him. He sang frequently at Foochow College functions when you were here 1916-1920.



GENG GUONG NGA
Foochow, China
Education

Mr. Nga's 1928 Senior photo from the Oberlin College Hi-O-Hi yearbook.
[Photo from the Hi-O-Hi yearbook]

Dr. Gillette went home thru Russia last Spring and his letters written after he had reached Moscow are very interesting. From there we got the idea that conditions are not as bad there as the papers would sometimes have us think.

I wonder will you girls see the folks in Pearl River, Mt. Vernon, Shelton and Putnam this Sept. Has Geraldine found a position yet? Dorothy of course will go back to Saginaw. Douglass and Arthur Coole and their wives are here with their parents. I asked Mrs. Douglass the other day if she and Douglass wrote every day while they were engaged. She replied, "I have only three letters from him. We were in the same place while we were engaged."

Perhaps after you girls have read this you will send it to Gould. I am writing only this letter today.

Very lovingly
Father.

[Included with the above letter was the following smaller note to Geraldine.]

Dear Geraldine,

I plan to send the papers so you may get the money Phebe had in the Derby and in the Berlin Savings Bank transferred to your name- or you may draw it out as you please. I would suggest that you ask that it be transferred to your account and draw it out later if you desire to. Use the Consular papers in Derby first and ask them to allow you to retain the papers to use in Berlin. I will send the papers to Aunt Mary for you this week. I plan to be in Foochow Wed. next Aug. 11.

With love
Father

[This letter dated Aug. 22, 1926 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. A Fukien Educational Association has formed and they asked Willard to help them discuss educational problems. Things are going well on Kuliang although with little rain the wells and springs are going dry. Willard has heard about his father's broken leg and numbered days and is grateful for his sisters, Phebe and Mary for taking good care of him and others. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006. Mona Beard has a copy of the same letter in her collection.]

American Board Mission

[Kuliang] Foochow, China

Sunday August 22nd. 1926.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Here's another general letter. The first one I have written at Kuliang. Letters have come from the children and from Shelton. The Eagles Mere girls seem to be having an awful good time. I hope it keeps up all summer and that they get to see the Conn. people on their way back to work and study in the fall. And the fall will be on us all before this can reach you.

We have had a very unusual summer here. Last Tues. we had a good hard shower for less than an hour. It only soaked down a few inches. The wells and springs hardly showed any effects. It is still hot and dry every day. The water supply is feeling it. We see showers in the distance every day and hope our turn will come soon. The rice fields on the plain are the worst sufferers, also the rice fields up country. For the people summering on this mountain the weather is almost ideal- a little hot in midday but dry and clear. Only two days when tennis could not be played. All the matches are played off. One of the ladies in our house won in ladies doubles.

Last week was Convention week. Bishop Hind and Mr. Cartwright were the speakers. We usually have two meetings each morning, - the Convention and immediately following a meeting on Evangelism in the rural communities. Hitherto we have had two or three days of Educational meetings. Last year this decided to die. It did so and in its place was born the Fukien Christian Ed'l Ass'n with delegates elected by the churches (Chinese and Foreign). The executive of this new Ass'n have asked to hold a meeting this next week here in the Club. They say "We want your help in the discussion of all these educational problems." I am very much pleased with the way this is going. Some of the foreigners wanted to hold a meeting by themselves again this year just to discuss. But others said we had died as an Association and we would stay dead. As soon as the Chinese saw that we meant what we said last year, they at once asked for this meeting to be held here where they knew the great majority present must be foreigners. No question before the missions or before the churches in China is of more importance than this: - How to make the change from administration by the foreigner to administration by the Chinese and foreigner working together. Some would say by the Chinese. But here in Foochow the Chinese are insistent that they must

have us shoulder to shoulder with them in all the work. In solving the problem one stroke of the X is foreign and one is Chinese. Neither can work it out alone, each must contribute his share to the solution.

The summer is most gone. We have gone out very little and we have had few guests. As a whole Kuliang has been well. The Sanitorium is not making ends meet. The population is about the same as in other years. There are about 270 adults and 130 children. There are some 13 houses for sale and three sold already. People are buying rather than building. A swimming tournament for the children was a new attraction this year. For the Cantata we sang The Hymn of Praise by Mendelssohn. The conductor was a Mr. Bevan with the Asiatic Petroleum Co. here. This is the hardest music we have ever tried on Kuliang. Several have said it was the best concert that had ever been given.

I have mailed at last all the jade pins and cuff links. Here is the list as I have sent them. If any one has not received will you please write me and I will see what I can do about it. All have been registered except the two pairs of links that I sent in a paper and Mary has written that they came all right.

Pins to Flora, Phebe, Mary, Grace, Abbie, Myra, Emma, Etta, Edith, Nancy, Ruth, Millicent, Geraldine, Dorothy, Marjorie, Kathleen, Vivienne.

Links to Father, Oliver, Ben, Stanley, Elbert, Willis, Wells, Daniel, Donald, Myron, Fulton, Stewart, Gould.

$17+13 = 30$

This leaves poor Stephen out. What shall I do for him? I think I must just give him a pair of links and let him keep them till he grows into them. How will that do? I have to get some more made for people here who like them and want them for presents.

The mail has just come in, Monday Aug. 23rd. and brought you letters about Father's leg getting broke. Your last letter said that he did not dress, but sat up part of the day. I have had him and Phebe and Mary much in mind and prayer during the past month. God has been very good to us in allowing us to keep these parents so long and in such good health. How I long to be at home at these times. My spirit is there. Gould writes that he and Vivienne plan to be there this month. I wonder if Dorothy will get her best man to see you all too. The auto trip from Oberlin to Eagles Mere was thrilling. The next letter I shall likely write from Foochow.

You get love from us both, and a personal note below.

[*handwritten:*]

The call is pretty loud to ask to come home next year. Could I make it by leaving here about June 1?

Dear Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen:-

This is August 28th= Saturday. The week has been so full I could not get all the letters off. After I had written most of the above Aunt Mary's letter telling about Grandpa's condition came and I got her letter off at once. Yesterday another letter came saying that Grandpa would not suffer many days. This was written July 31. So we think of him as at peace for at least three weeks now. This letter yesterday also told of Aunt Flora's breakdown. She has always led a very active life- taking her rest periods for greater activity if that could be and since going home from China she has studied and worked as if she were thirty instead of past fifty five. [*Flora is listed on page 284 in The Evolution of the school district of South Orange and Maplewood New Jersey, 1814-1927 as being the principal of Montrose from 1924 until 1926.*]

The drought continues and wells and springs on Kuliang are going dry. The situation is not serious but a little bothersome. To day there is quite an exodus from Kuliang. Do you remember the pleasant loneliness here when most of the people had gone, and the fall breezes blew and the air got crisp? This morning we- just our house- Mama, Misses Wilson, Merritt, Bachman and I went over to the Bathing Pool. Misses Merritt, Bachman and I went in swimming and then we all ate b-fast there near the pool. We took oatmeal in the tin in which it was boiled, and set this in a larger tin with a tight cover. I wrapped the oat meal tin in an old newspaper. It kept nicely hot. Coffee or really postum we took in a thermos bottle. So we had a nice hot b-fast. This I shall address to Marjorie at Oberlin. Mr. Nga Geng Guong will be in Oberlin when you return there. I hope your summer has ended pleasantly and that you are all well and good. Lots of love from Father

[*The following was handwritten on Mona Beard's copy of the same letter:*]

Dear Oliver, Flora, Ben, Phebe, Mary and Stanley:-

I was prepared by the last letters to hear that father would be going soon. But now that the letter is here and the word is explicit it touches me deeply. We all say it is well. Father has lived a long, useful, life and has lived it well.- We are all proud of our father and of our mother. They have done the world good. Their memory is sweet. I

wish I could be at home now,- I had hoped that if I came next June I might see father, but that is not to be. You girls are good to write so fully and so often. I wrote Mary that the orders on the Derby Savings Bank are received O.K.

I am sending to Mary the Kuliang Registers to date with the Directory. Will you send them to Flora and ask her to send them to Geraldine. None of you will read them all or all if any one best those of you who have been on Kuliang will like to glance at them.

Miss Fuller of our household will be leaving for Hing Hua as soon as a steamer goes. This spells the closing up of the summer. It has been a short one.

The artesian well sounds good.

When this reaches you, you will know that I have been with you in thought and prayer every day thru Aug. and Sept.

Very lovingly
Will

*[This typewritten letter dated **Sept. 12, 1926** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He has heard that his father has died. Rain has finally come. He and Ellen will move down to Foochow within the week. Willard has received a photo of Dorothy's fiancé, Harold. Schools such as those in Shaowu can not open farther up into the country because soldiers and bandits are taking the rice and produce. Willard and Ellen hope to return to the U.S. in June of 1927. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission

Foochow, China

Sept. 12th. 1926.

Dear Folks at Home:-

For the past two weeks my heart has been too full for expression. It has seemed much of the time as if I were living in the old home on Long Hill. Phebe and Mary have written so fully and so understandingly of Father's illness and going that I could almost see it all. The last letters were written the day after he died. *[According to the death certificate, Oliver Gould Beard died August 7, 1926 of "carcinoma right femus for 1 year" and "metastasin of left femus for 30 days".]* The funeral was to be on the next Tuesday. The next letters will tell all about that. It gives a lot of comfort to know that Father was himself till the last. It is also something to always be thankful for that he felt satisfaction as he looked back over his life, and that he could feel that his life had been well lived and that he was ready to go. The most beautiful thing that man knows is a life well lived, and Father's was well lived. No one had any doubt on which side of the biggest problems of life he would be found. As I have been home from time to time, I have been delighted and most interested to find how he kept abroad of the times. I suppose this was not as apparent to some of you who were with him all the time. But after being away for a number of years I could not help seeing big changes in him. This was just as apparent in Mother. Another thing that has impressed me very much was a growing kindness in him and greater consideration for others. I judge this kept up to the very last.

A good letter from Oliver came from him in the last mail, or the next to the last. This is to let him know that the Old Bridgeport Bank has sent me the statement. I am glad that he could be at the old home so much of the time when he was so much needed and could be of so much comfort as well as real help.

The last letters said that Flora was recovering more rapidly than had at first been anticipated. I hope the good work has kept up. I think of her now as at home and all right. I shall be greatly interested to see what changes Father's going will make in the home and the farm. You will work out the right solution under God's guidance.

The long drought has broken here last Thursday. Rain has fallen in great abundance the last three days. Yesterday there was a small flood on the plain due to the large amount of water that has fallen on the hills and run down on the plain. I judge the same condition has prevailed at home from what I read in the Sentinel. I was in Foochow last week Aug. 30 and came back the next day. On Sat. Sept. 4th eight of us connected with the Am. Board went over to Kushan Monastery for a Retreat and came back Monday. Tues. I went again to Foochow for the entrance exams for the new students. I came back Thursday afternoon. I plan now to go for good day after tomorrow, Tuesday. Ellen thinks of staying up till the last of the week. Three of the ladies who have been with us this summer have gone. One plans to go tomorrow or next day.

The photos of our new son-to-be-in-law came some time ago. I see in his face a character, force, resolution, determination. It is a good face. I suppose Dorothy and he are again at work in Saginaw. I do not yet hear about Geraldine, - except that she was corresponding with two or three parties about a position. I am hoping that she will

find the one position where she can make the greatest contribution to the well being of her fellows. Marjorie and Kathleen I suppose are still in Eaglesmere and they have a week before college opens. Mr. Nga has been in Oberlin waiting for two weeks already if all went well with him. I judge that Pres. King has about finished his work with Oberlin. We had an Oberlin picnic two weeks ago or so and there we wondered who would follow him. As I remember no one expressed any conviction.

The educational condition of Foochow this summer has been very quiet. The summer school that we allow our graduates who have studied two years in the university to run, have had the best school for years. No trouble at all. And the old students all registered Sept. 1 and 2, and the examinations for new students to enter were held last Tues. and Wed. with no bother. The political situation is not so easily pictured. There has been for a month much activity in the movement of soldiers. They command go. Where is not so easy to say. Political suspects are shot with no mercy. Report says that Canton is moving on Fukien and that many soldiers are sent to the southern part of Fukien. Government educational institutions are doing very little work. Teachers pay is very much arrears. The conditions in the country districts beggar[?] description. Word came to me Thursday that in the Shaowu district of our mission ten chapels out of thirty eight were open. The preachers in some of the others were trying to stay but the people had all fled. Bandits and soldiers were the reason. It is well nigh impossible to move produce. The soldiers or the bandits get it. Yeng Bing 175 miles up the Min should be sending a large quantity of rice to Foochow steadily. Soldiers and bandits have taken all the available rice and it is now being shipped up to Yeng Bing. The schools there cannot open till the new crop is reaped in Nov.

When we were at Kushan last week I asked the men what they thought of our going home next June. No one was opposed but it was difficult to see just then how Foochow College was to be taken care of in my absence if we went next year. If Mr. Neff who is now on furlough, undecided whether to come back or not, will come back and join the faculty it will be all right. Every one as far as I could see was heartily in sympathy with our going next June.

[handwritten]

Dear Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen:

I am sending this to Marjorie and Kathleen at Talcott. I boarded at Talcott two or three terms 36 years ago. How time flies, and what changes it brings. Now two of my class mates are in charge of Talcott and looking after two of our girlyies and they the youngest. I expect you are on your way back to Oberlin by now. I wonder if you will go by way of any of the friends in New York or Conn. and of course we are very eager to know what Geraldine is doing. Letters have come from Marjorie and Kathleen from Eaglesmere in last mail. Kathleen must be much at home in the water. I suppose neither of you remember how the older children used to play with Marjorie in the Bathing Pool here on Kuliang and she never evinced the least fear. All six of you children learned to swim here.



Talcott Hall

[Photo from the 1928-29 Oberlin Hi-O-Hi yearbook]

This is Monday morning- a perfect morning- quiet, clear bright sun after the refreshing rains of four days with lots of water everywhere. I go down tomorrow morning. Miss Wilson the last of the four ladies to go- goes

tomorrow morning also. Mama stays all alone till the last of the week. College opens Thursday. Classes start with full and regular schedules next Monday.

All front yards display clothing and bedding in profusion this morning- all yards of houses still occupied which are few.

I wish Marjorie and Kathleen would send me an itemized account of all their expenses up to Oct. 1. I have sent five hundred dollars for you, and when your accounts come I will send more. I should like to have you keep your own Bank accounts to use in emergencies. I should like to know tho how much you have and in what Bank.

May God keep you all and guide you and may you always be found on his side.

Very lovingly
Father

[The following was handwritten on the copy of the letter in the collection of Mona Beard:]

Dear Phebe and Mary and all the Rest:-

Father's going has made me feel lonely and homesick. Of course I knew it was coming and was ready for it and I would not have had it otherwise. The family are getting more and more ties on the other side, where ties are not broken.

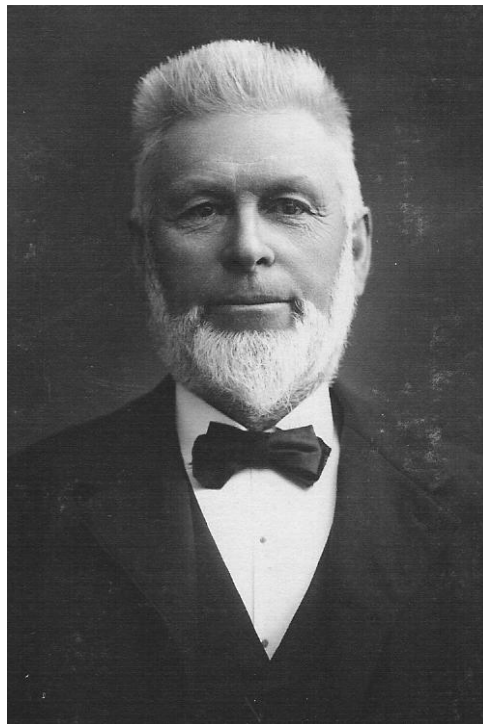
Your news about the new artesian well and the changes in the farm is most interesting. I judge you will continue to use the old tank and gravitation instead of some other means of distributing water.

Phebe will remember that the very last thing I did in the summer of 1921 when I was in Shelton was to level up the Beard plot in the cemetery. I believe it has all been leveled off and the appearance much changed since then. I'm glad however that I did that little in 1921. How I worked and sweat. It was a cloudy, muggy afternoon.

I think of you all as having seen the new niece-in-law. I do not hear that Dorothy planned to show her new man to you. He was coming to Eaglesmere to get her and they were going to drive back to Saginaw together. It is very pleasing to hear thus far the good impressions that both Gould's and Dorothy's choices have made on the other members of the sisters[?].

May God be very gracious and guide you all in making the readjustments that you are in the midst of making now.

Very lovingly
Will



Oliver Gould Beard, Sr. 1842-1926

[Undated photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

From The Bridgeport Telegram, Bridgeport, CT, August 11, 1926.

An honored resident of Huntington was buried Tuesday. Oliver Gould Beard, who was 84 years of age. He lived in the Long Hill district and left four sons, Rev. Willard Beard of China, Oliver Gould Beard, Jr., of Bridgeport, ex-Mayor Bennett N. Beard of Shelton and Stanley Beard and three daughters, Misses Flora, Phoebe and Mary Beard of Long Hill and nine grandchildren. Interment was in Long Hill cemetery.

[This brief note dated **Sept. 25, 1926** was written from Foochow, China by the members of the Wen Shan Girl's School to Willard and Ellen. It is an invitation to a memorial service they will be having for Phebe. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Wen Shan Girl's School
Sept 25 1926.

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Beard,

It is impossible for us to forget our dear teacher Miss Beard every day even though we can not see her now. We, the girls of Wen Shan Girl's school want to have a Meeting to remember her this Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. We shall be very oblige if you can come to our meeting too.

Respectfully yours
All the member of
Wen Shan Girl's School

[the following is added by Willard]

Just for you to read. I came across it the other day. I have not yet felt like throwing away all of Phebe's things.. and so they keep turning up like this one. Father

[This typewritten letter dated **Oct. 10, 1926** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He tells about the latest Anti-Cob (Cobweb) meeting. Foochow is under martial law after 10 p.m. Two new missionaries arrived in Foochow and Mr. Newell comments to Willard on the new clothes fashions that the women wear. Willard and Ellen kept up with some young people on a long hike. He has decided to move back to Century Farm in Shelton and help out when they return to the states. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission

Foochow, China

October 10th. 1926.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The hot spell broke a week ago and now we have forgotten that it ever was very hot. Life has settled down to the usual fall routine and most of the activities that took a vacation have started. The Anti-cob held its first meeting last Friday evening on South Side. There were about 90 present. Miss Irene Dornblaser who came to Foochow as a missionary of the American Board in 1911, (she spent her last night in the States before starting for China at our home in Mount Vernon) has just returned to take charge of the American School here. She is the sister of Mrs. Munson, Y.M.C.A. She gave some of her impressions about the changes she has observed in ten years since she left Foochow. Then Mr. Blakeney of the University gave his experiences with a second hand Ford, and his ideas about the effect of the Volstead Act [*The National Prohibition Act*]. After that Mr. Hightower gave a very interesting and racy account of his trip thru Japan and Korea and North China. He tried to get into Missionary Home in Shanghai in his tramping garb. It was about midnight and the Chinese who was on night duty told him to go away. It was not until the third attempt and after he had written a note to the foreigner in charge that he was admitted.

Ellen and I went down to the reception given yearly to the students of the University by the Faculty. It was a very pleasant affair, but we had to walk all the way home from the river because Foochow is under martial law

and no one is allowed on the streets after 10 p.m. There were no rickshas or carriages. Some six rods before we got to the guard at South gate he shouted at us to know who we were and where we were going. He may have been afraid of me for I was in evening dress and had my coat off and a white vest. But we got thru all right.

The weather is still very dry. It is hard on the gardens. The ground is so dry and hot that corn has rotted in the hills. I have some up nearly a foot high and doing well. It takes lots of water. I have at last got my chickens settled down and doing well. August was so hot that they looked pretty tough when I came down from the mountain. I have 18 young ones and 6 old hens that have been moulting for a month and have not laid an egg for two months.

Two new families, Shraders and Rindens with Mrs. Hand, Mrs. Shraders mother arrived Oct. 1st. They are buckling down to the language in great shape. The Shraders were both in Chicago Seminary under my classmate Ozora S. Davis. He writes that they are fine people. Of course they are dressed in the latest style. The other day at our prayer meeting, I was sitting near George Newell. One of the new ladies was standing some distance away and he said to me, - "I cannot get used to those short skirts."

Foochow has been very quiet as far as political disturbances go. Our general is Sun up somewhere in central China. The Cantonese seem to be after him but thus far he seems to keep his position. His next in command Ciu went over to the Giang Si border some weeks ago. It is my opinion that he had feathered his nest pretty well before he left Foochow and that he will not come back here. One of the most interesting episodes that has occurred in China since I came here was that fight between the British and the Chinese up the Yangste in which the British backed away. I hear nothing more about it and it looks as if the British did not plan to follow it up. They will let it drop.

This is one week after I began this letter, - October 17th. There is plenty to do for him who is willing to do. The last two Saturday afternoons a party of seven or eight from the compound and from Wen Shan and Mr. Thelin from way over at Sie Bou where Mr. Newell lives have taken a hike. What do you think of Mother and me going off on a hike with a lot of young fry? We do not hold them back tho. And both times we have hiked it right away to the house on the way home, while some of the others took rickshas when they got to the city. Last Friday afternoon Mama and I went to a reception at the Consulate to Irene Dornblaser. Next Friday evening the Anti Cob is held at the University. I shall be down the river in and from the Anchorage at a place called Ku Seu for a retreat with the workers in the Diong Loh field. This will take me away from home Friday to Monday. Next Wednesday I have to lead the prayer meeting in Chinese. This is the mission or rather church prayer meeting that is held for all Congregationalists Chinese and foreign once a month on the third Wednesday. Last Wednesday Mama led the mission prayer meeting.



Guy A. Thelin

MR. Thelin helps growing boys to work with growing plants that some day the full grown boys may be the key to China's rural problems.



Mrs. G. A. Thelin

MRS. Thelin is a fine example of the metamorphosis of a single lady into a missionary wife. Even baby Mark and a new house do not debar twenty-three music pupils.

Mary wanted to know in her last letter if I would take the farm when I came home next time. Ellen says it is my turn to have the say about where we stay this time. I vote unanimously for the Century Farm. This means that we shall plan to make that our headquarters. If you will let us we will be there most of the time. I will help what I can, in every way I can, as best I can. This is not quite Coue's formula but it assimilates it.

[handwritten]

Dear Geraldine: - The last mail brought interesting letter. It is all the news we have had from any of the children since the middle of August. That letter answers some of my queries about Phebe's things. I do not quite understand about Kathleen's watch for I sent her money last Spring for it- in plenty of time to get it before Commencement. I think I will try to send it to here by registered mail. It will do her good and it is doing no one good here. I mean Phebe's watch. I hope to get the estate settled by Thanksgiving. All Best wishes for a healthy and useful year under God's guidance.

Lovingly Father

[This letter dated Oct. 24, 1926 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her sister, Geraldine (Jerry). Kathleen is in college and is looking forward to many family members coming for a get together. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall
Oberlin Ohio
Oct. 24, 1926

Dear Jerry-

Only one more week of work before our grand get-together. It seems as though I just couldn't wait for this week to go by but I suppose it will pass quickly enough. Dot writes that she and Whitie are driving down Friday, landing here about midnight, and that they may bring Mrs. Croley with them. I really can't see how she could after the way she has treated Whitie. Helen Ritter is coming up for sure and will stay with Ruth Brooks. We invited Vivienne last week sometime but she has not answered yet so we are not sure about her coming. We have ordered tickets to the game for the whole bunch of us together, nine in all counting Uncle Willis since the boys asked if he

could sit with us. I wish Aunt Etta would go too, but perhaps she wouldn't enjoy the game just as Mother doesn't. We got them all on the stadium part- do you think we are extravagant? We haven't received the tickets yet but we hope they will give us what we want. Now for what to do while you are all here! I wish you could get here before Saturday noon- you will surely come in time for the game won't you? On Sat. morning I suppose Whitie, Dot, and Vivienne will visit classes and see the buildings. I hope that we can have all you girls for meals, but if not we can go out one meal all together. In the after-noon of course the game and Ruth Brooks wants us to come down to her house for supper. I don't know whether we can or not- it depends upon our time. Sat. evening we can watch the Hallowe'en dance for a while and even dance. Dot says that she wants to dance and the boys say that they want to dance with all of us. There we are dance, dance, dance. It seems as if I can't escape it. Two boys have asked me to rec[receive?] already and I am so afraid that I will get cornered sometimes. I had other engagements both times but I am afraid they will renew their invitations (adrift- oh dear!) Well, Sunday- go to church. Perhaps we girls can have breakfast in our room and maybe we can reserve a table for all of us at dinner if there aren't too many guests. That is what one of the girls did today when her folks came. In the afternoon we want to go down to Aunt Etta's for a while- and then we have to part. The week end is going to be all too short isn't it- but it will be concentrated ecstasy all the time.

Yesterday was Uncle Willis' birthday and Aunt Etta invited us down to join in the celebration. Mr. Nga was there too so we had quite a table full. The boys came home in time to help us eat the cake, made by Millicent, which was very good. We stayed just as long as the babies of Talcott are allowed to be roaming the streets and then we transferred the party to where I could be safe i.e. Talcott parlor. That is, the boys and Millicent came up and talked with us for about an hour.

To-night the candle lighting service of the Y.W. was held in the first church. It just poured all evening which kept the crowd away to some extent. Nevertheless the freshmen were out in full force to join, all dressed in white. I don't think that the service has even been held in the first church while I have been here. The scene was most effective, when at the end of the meeting, each new girl lighted her candle at the foot of the platform stairs, mounted into the choir loft and proceeded around the railing of the gallery. There were two lines, one on either side, which met directly opposite the platform in the gallery. The whole procession made a ring entirely around the railing of the gallery and thru the choir seats. It was very pretty to see this circle of lighted candles around the church, and the scene was a most inspiring one.

It seems as if all the girls got eats from their relatives all the time. They do not limit the spreads to Sat. night but have them any time their boxes come. One night this week I was invited to two and of course could go to only one. I took the first invitation but missed the best eats. We are invited to another one tonight. One has no need to buy things to eat here for you get them anyway. We want to have a spread of our own sometime but an invitation always comes before we get our plans made. Ha! Ha!

Well, I must not ramble on for ever as "Brooks" (This isn't meant for a slam- just a pun) do for I must get to bed. I have to get up bright and early to-morrow morning to finish a Bible paper. Those Bible papers are going to kill the freshman girls off pretty soon. He makes us write one every week which takes six or eight hours and we have to be up all times of the night and morning writing them.

Goodbye for now but in less than a week we will be saying Hello. Hip! Hip!

Love as always

Kathleen



Am sending some pictures which you wanted.-

I've about decided to go to the Am. Board Meeting with the Stud. Volunteers. Next Wed. will have to cut all classes- 2 + Sab. and fare= \$3.33. I think it's worth it, though. - Monnie.

[This letter dated Nov. 7, 1926 was written from Shelton, CT by Mary to Geraldine. She sends an interest check to Geraldine from Phebe's estate. She updates them on life at the farm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Mary L. Beard
R.F.D. No. 8

Shelton, Connecticut

Nov 7, 1926

Dear Geraldine,

Here is your check for the interest on the share on the mortgage that Phebe left you. I am waiting instructions as to the bank account in Berlin.

Tonight the dress maker came. I am having a wool dress so I can keep warm if it gets cold during my short stay in Putnam to attend the Woman's Board meeting in Worcester.

Uncle Dan [*Daniel Nichols, brother of Nancy Maria Nichols Beard*] was down for dinner today. He is well but troubled with rheumatism or something that makes him lame at times. He lives alone but has Mr. Jones in to get his meals, so we feel quite safe about him. *

We are having a Thanksgiving Party, Oliver, Ben, Stanley and their families besides Uncle Dan and possibly Gould. We have no later word from Gould than last August, so do not bank on that entirely. But here's hoping.

We have 60-75 bushels of apples in the cellar. It was fun but also work to help gather them. The main crop we sold on the trees as we could not care for it. The corn is out and getting picked slowly. Potatoes are huge but scarce. We had but few to sell and that seems to be the condition all about here.

We wonder how you like your school. The town is purchasing a corner of our land next Coram Lane for a portable school. They are now transporting about 50 children and the parents appealed for a local school and got it.

Hoping for a letter soon.

Much love,

Aunt Mary

[*3 months later - February 1, 1927, the Bridgeport Telegram

The funeral of Daniel Nichols, seventy-six, of Shelton, who committed suicide yesterday morning at his home on White Hill street by shooting himself in the head with a pistol, will be held tomorrow at 2 o'clock from his late home. Rev. George W. Judson will officiate and interment will be in Lawn cemetery.

Daniel Nichols had been a member of the Shelton board of assessors since 1889 and had twice been elected to the state legislature. Despondency, caused by ill health, is said to have been the cause for the shooting. He was discovered by his housekeeper, whom he aroused when he fired the pistol.

Medical Examiner Nettleton was called to the scene and pronounced it a case of suicide.]

[This letter dated Nov. 9, 1926 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to her sister Geraldine. Dot writes about her busy life doing school related activities. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

The Public Schools
Saginaw W.S. Michigan

North Intermediate School
George A. Manning, Principal

Nov., 9, 1926.

Dear Jerry:-

This is one busy week for us here. In fact, the weeks seem to be fuller and fuller as they come along.

We had a committee meeting Mon. night, for our annual Ames Athletic Banquet. After that I went to the teacher's glee club of this school which has already had two meetings this year.

Today (Tues.) is Whitie's [*Harold*] birthday. In the afternoon my volley-ball girls play Webber. We beat them badly over at their school and I hope we do the same here today. We have won two games and lost two. This evening eight of us are going to have a birthday dinner for Whitie at the Gatiot inn, a nice little place not far out from town. This is a surprise on him. After dinner we come back to Mrs. Hayden's to play cards and sing, etc. I gave him an automatic windshield wiper.

Tomorrow night we have open night at our school. Each teacher teaches his or her fourth hour class- just for an hour. Last year we taught two classes- 45 min. each. That came just the night we were going to have our banquet so we had to postpone the banquet till next week.

Tonight also there is a big Pageant put on by the Federation of Women's Clubs, and held in the big Public Auditorium. It is picturing the important historic events of our country. I wanted to go to it, but with the party on, I'm afraid we won't get there.

Wed.

A lot has happened since just yesterday when I started this. My girls won the game with Webber by the skin of their teeth. The Webber team has improved vastly, and has acquired some new players, so they put up a pretty tough fight. I never knew volley-ball could be so exciting. Webber beat the first game 15-13, we the second 15-3, and we the third- which was excruciatingly exciting- 15-13.

The birthday party went off perfectly. We had a delicious dinner and Whitie seemed very much pleased. We didn't get to see the Pageant.

Tonight we have open night for –

(almost a week later)

Busy is no word for what I am!! I haven't written a word of any correspondence since I left this. We had open night and it went off well.

Last night we had our postponed athletic banquet. Whitie and I were responsible for putting that on, so were real busy. We had a good turn out- about 150. Whitie and I both gave short talks and we had two other speeches. I was elected treas. of the association.

Tues. my girls played their last game and lost it. That makes us tie for second place, having won three games and lost three. I don't know yet whether we're going to have a basket-ball tournament or not.

The girls sent Whitie a birthday card and a box of candy.

It's snowing now. We haven't had any real lasting snow yet.

Had a letter and a gift from Ish recently. She sent ½ doz. small plain hem-stitched napkins and her mother sent a beautiful Turkish embroidered center piece. I sent Gould a tan and brown silk scarf for his birthday.

Lots of love and do write.

Dot.

[This letter dated Nov. 14, 1926 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her sister Geraldine. Kathleen would like Jerry to come for Thanksgiving if she is not already going to Aunt Etta's. Kathleen may be on the YW cabinet. She made good grades for the semester. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall
Oberlin
Nov. 14, 1926

Dear Jerry-

Yesterday was Gould's birthday did you remember? We made two batches of candy and sent to Gould and Whitie. Dot should have told us before that his birthday came on the ninth for our candy arrived a little late. Did she write you about his birthday?

Did you go to see Ritty this week end? I hope you did get a chance to go and I hope we can get down to see her sometime this year. And how was "The Black Pirate"? I think your plan to invite Aunt Etta to meet you in Cleveland is very good. She gets out so little that I know she will enjoy it if there is something good. Can you get up Wednesday night? And will you stay here with us if we can get a room? Aunt Etta said that she was inviting you to take Thanksgiving dinner with her. We want you here very much but if you would rather go there you may. Of course you know what Talcott dinner is like and you might enjoy being with the relatives more. Do just as you like. We have invited Vivienne up for that week end since she couldn't come last time. We thought that maybe we could have Aunt Etta's family and you and Vivienne all here for Sunday dinner. Wouldn't that be fun?

Tomorrow we freshman have another intelligence test. They have to test our intelligence pretty often n'est pas? We don't care though because we get out of all classes during the morning and that is three for me. (I just spilled a lot of water on this page so it doesn't look very nice.)

This afternoon a girl on the YW cabinet came up to see me and asked me to be on the freshman commission of the Y. She explained something of what it meant but I will learn more fully at the meeting this week. It sounds very worth while and I hope it will turn out to be. Did they have it when you were in college or is it something quite new? This girl said it served about the same purpose for the freshman girls as the Y cabinet serves for the Y. I agreed to be in it and shall see later what it involves.

Last week several of us girls went up to get our grades with no little excitement. The office was crowded with others on the same quest and some were getting a little advice as to how they could raise a D. The secretary fished my card out of a group marked O.K. so I had no fears- just curiosity. I was quite pleased for I pulled 2 Bs 1 B+ and 3 A's. I am going to try to keep that up for the rest of the semester.

The past few days have been wonderful- so mild and sunny that one would think it October. Yesterday we played Miami in football and lost 14-0. The first game lost in three years! We just wish Oct. 30 had been a day like yesterday in weather but not score.

Dot wrote a peachy letter this week and sent a check of ten dollars. That far exceeds all expenses of the reunion and we really don't need it just now. She is a dear girl to be so thoughtful though. Money has just been pouring in lately it seems. We got a check for \$15 from Aunt Mary for interest on mortgage and we have been subbing a lot lately which brings in the cash. I have earned \$4.00 already in subbing and Marjorie has almost that much. M. has lost her night school job for this semester since they ran out of funds. I think we have a plenty to carry us until next semester now.

I must write some more letters before bedtime so here is my love and we will see you in less than two weeks- Kathleen.

[This letter dated Nov. 16, 1926 was written from Shelton, CT by Mary to her niece, Geraldine. She writes about the finances of Phebe's estate. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Mary L. Beard
R.F.D. No. 8
Shelton, Connecticut

Nov. 16, 1926

Dear Jerry,

I am enclosing a paper for you to make out for the bank account transferred from Phebe's name to yours at the Derby Savings Bank. I have the bank book. Return to me please.

I went to Worcester for the W.B.M. meeting last week and attended 5 of the sessions. Emma and Elbert (he did not attend) were up Wednesday only. I spent Thursday night and Friday morning with them and had a nice visit. We are all trying to get them down here for a visit. Emma's broken unal [*ulna?*] makes long rides hard so I fear we will not see them until that is better.

Flora goes to New Haven tomorrow and if all is well has her tonsils out on Thursday. She is eager to get them out and get rid of her rheumatism.

This is church supper and church sale day. The morning was fairly clear but it is rainy and very windy now.

We are trying out a new man. He airs much scientific knowledge and we are hoping he can do the job. Heard part of Etta's letter to Emma telling of your home week at Oberlin.

Lots of love
Aunt Mary

Dear Jerry,

Have just received a letter from your father authorizing me to change over Phebe Kinney's bank account to you. She has no account in the Derby Savings Bank, but there is some (I do not know how much) in Berlin. Do you want the account kept there or changed to Derby or some other place easier to access for you? I will await a reply tending to the matter. I may stop and show my credentials at the bank as I come down from Putnam the end of next week so as to save having to make an extra trip. That is, if I can not use the mails.

What do you want me to do with your share of the interest money done now? It is \$7.95 I believe. I shall get that this week I hope as the lady has rented her downstairs now.

Flora improves slowly. She is now taking electric treatments in New Haven twice a week. Phebe and I take her in. Our case for the auto accident is being agitated again and either it comes to trial or they make a settlement very soon. We hope it is a settlement even if it does mean considerable less money.

I now expect to go to the Woman's Board meeting in Worcester Nov 10-12. Emma has invited me to stay there and go back and forth and I have accepted. They start this week for a business trip to Philadelphia and will spend next Monday night with us. I shall go up with them.

Phebe and Flora are waiting for me to play games so I must end. I do hope you all got to Oberlin as Marjorie wrote. It would have been such a fine reunion for you all.

Sometime in February I shall have \$250 to hand over to you. Where shall I put it? Or do you want it out there?

At last the apples are all gathered, and the corn is cut. Only the grapes remain to be picked and there is no market at all for them. We may have to make grape juice and jam or jelly of 3 or 4 bushels.

We have not yet settled the question of a manager for the farm. Dan's going was so sudden and there were so many extra things in attending to the estate and keeping things going too. Lots of love

Aunt Mary

[This letter dated Nov. 28, 1926 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Monnie (Marjorie) to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). Monnie heard a talk by the YW Secretary, Margaret Fifield on the Holy Land. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall
Oberlin, Ohio.
Nov 28, 1926.

Dearest Jerry,

We have just come home from Y.W. Margaret Fifield's talk was simply wonderful. I do wish you could have stayed to hear her. Her description of the Holy Land and her impressions of it were so realistic and frank. She held that audience just spell-bound every minute. And yet she talked so simply and naturally- just as if she were telling it to a few people around a fireside. Oh! how I wish I could talk like that – without notes – right from the heart! She was so enthusiastic, too. She said right at the start that she believed that Christ had the thing that we- in all our youth and vigor and enthusiasm- wanted most. She certainly must be a wonderful Y.W. Secretary.

Whenever I hear anyone, young like that, talk or do anything well in public, I renew a resolution to try all the harder to learn to do my every-day work well so that some day I shall be able to do something worth while. Sunday means more to me now than it ever did before, because now I understand what it means to receive inspiration from it for the week's work. And I receive a double share of renewed courage and determination when you have been here. You are such an inspiration to me- Whenever it takes especial effort to do something hard, I just think of what you have done and are doing. I hope that some day I may be such an inspiration to some one. I only wish that we could have had more time to talk, the different times you have been up here. Oh, Jerry, help me to forget myself, and thus to be able to do my best.

All this is the reaction to the talk tonight and the week-end.

After you left this afternoon we felt a bit blue and went in to find Agnes. She was all alone at our end of the hall- in her room doing theory. We brought her into our room and we wrote letters for a while. Then we began to make preparations for a cozy little supper for just us three from the leftovers from breakfast. But soon Jo came in with her family, which was starting away before supper, so we included Jo. And while K and I were in the kitchenette fixing things, Miriam and Garnett, in whose room you slept, came home and wandered into our room, so we asked them to stay. We had a nice time, but all we heard about was Miriam and Garnett's trip home.

We are writing Dot tonight, too. And are sending her the list.

In thinking over the weekend, I remember lots of blunders, per usual. One was that I should have placed Vivienne on my right hand some where. But don't you think Aunt Etta belonged where I put her because she was the oldest? Oh Dear, I hope Vivienne didn't feel so dreadfully hurt.

I must write to Grace Newberg now so "goodbye now" as the popular phrase is now.

Much love from us both,
Monnie.

I'm using a little envelope, because those which match these paper are all used up.

[This letter dated Nov. 28, 1926 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks All. The Annual Meeting was held and the communion service run by the Chinese. Willard and Ellen had Thanksgiving dinner with other missionaries and Willard thought back to a year ago when daughter, Phebe, was in the hospital and not able to partake in the feast. The political situation is tense and southern soldiers are coming into Foochow. One evening 3 of the missionary men stood watch. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.

November 28th. 1926.

Dear Folks All:-

Here goes another general letter. Some of you have waited a long time since the last one. I think I intimated in some letter to some of you about a three weeks or more ago that the Annual Meetings of the mission and the Congregational church were coming and that would mean a silence from me for a time. The Annual meeting of the church began Nov. 16 and the mission meeting closed yesterday at about 12:30. The meetings are held here so I am right in my work all the time and I have either met or arranged for nearly all my classes. And I have attended all the meetings.

The Annual Meeting of the Church was a very good one. Some of the outstanding features were the Communion held a week ago this afternoon. This was in charge of two Chinese pastors. They arranged a service different from any that I had ever seen. They asked two of us missionaries to help them but they did all the arranging and simply asked us to take certain parts. Several have said that it was the most impressive communion was ever entirely arranged and carried thru by the Chinese. Always before some foreigner has been behind it in some way. This year the various committees have functioned better than ever before. The business was done in businesslike way and the spiritual addresses were of high order. Each day the business stopped at 10:30 a.m. and one of the pastors spoke at and each day likened the relation between man and God to the watch needing repair and God the repairer. I have never seen a Foochow man hold this audience during a series of addresses as he held them. This half hour was spoken of in terms of much appreciation by many. The sacred concert of Friday evening was the best yet. The church was well filled with a very quiet appreciative audience. The music was all sacred. The University boys conducted an exercise with the Chinese flag. Each color represented some one or more songs sung. After the last color had come up, a gilded cross appeared and the flag with its country were consecrated to the cross and its Christ.

We have been for two years working to have the Chinese sit with us to determine on the calls for new foreign workers and the recalls of missionaries from furlough. This year we have taken a long step in that direction and it looks as if the Chinese might have a say in our recall from furlough (or they may tell us to stay at home).

Between the church meeting and the mission meeting came Thanksgiving. The whole day was made sacred and much chastened for me by the thought all day that one year ago our Phebe was in the hospital and I was here with her and I knew that she could never be well again. How she did enjoy the songs and other parts of the Thanksgiving that I could bring to her. She could not enjoy any of the good things that we ate. This year we met in our old home where Dr. Dyer and Mr. and Mrs. Rinden and Miss McGuiggen are now. Fifty two of us were there and there were twelve children in another place. They ate at 12 m. so all the adults could be together at 1:30. I can never give a menu and I know that all the women who read this will be interested in that. Here are a few things that we had. Chicken pie with forty pounds of my roosters in them. The largest weighed 5 lbs. 10 oz. People said they were good, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, sweet corn, sang cha jelly, peanuts, honey dates, suet pudding, apples, oranges, mandarin oranges, bananas, pumelo, pears. That should be enough to make your mouth water and assure you that we are in the land of plenty despite the news mongers.

After the dinner there was a debate, - Resolved that it is better for a Chinese student to go to the Middle West than to New England for study. Of course it was made as funny as possible. In the Middle West he would find only corn and hogs to eat. In New England he would get a queer pronunciation of English, he would hear are pronounced as air. He would have his neck muscles twisted by looking up to see the tops of the high buildings, while in the west he would find such broad stretches that he would lose his way. After this we had a radio exhibition. Mr. Newell was a soloist. The system was the Beam system, a new one in which the artists appeared in person and could be seen. Newell was dressed in the height of fashion for a public singer. He had on a ladies (this is wrong but never mind) hat, and his dress was sustained by a narrow strap over each shoulder, arms, chest and shoulders bare. His skin is as fair as a woman's. He cut a wide swath. Mr. Thelin dressed up as a farmer and spoke on how to raise corn. Several did not recognize him at first. I was Pres. Coolidge and gave an address to Congress. Mrs. Hand gave Good Night Stories to the Children.

All day Friday and all Saturday forenoon we were in mission meeting. In the afternoon Ellen and I went down to the University, I attend a joint meeting of the Faculty and the B'd of Mangers. We got home about 9:30. Took supper with Professor and Mrs. Metcalf.

The political situation is getting more tense each day. This afternoon the streets are full of soldiers coming in from the south. Many came in yesterday. Report says that the Foochow officials will not give over the government to the South and there will be fighting. It seems fairly certain that most of the territory south of Foochow has gone to the South. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been with us for the past ten days. He got a letter from Ing Tai yesterday saying that the South was taking good care of them and all was quiet. They plan to leave for Ing Tai tomorrow.

Yesterday the mission voted to join with us to ask for a furlough to begin next year. As I wrote in my last to some of you this must be early enough to get in the weddings. I shall write for a sailing from Shanghai not later than May 15th. This will get us to Vancouver or Seattle by June 1, this is in time for the weddings if they are about the time of Commencements. I had better add that I have ordered a cutaway coat and a pair of the latest style striped trousers.

November 29th. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left for Ing Tai today. Mr. and Mrs. Rinden went with them, to look over the ground. Soldiers have been pouring into the city for three days now. They are pretty near "all in". They get carriers and leave at once for Yeng Bing. I think that we will be under the South in a few days. I must close this with love to all and the prayer that God will give us all grace, fairness, strength, justice and love to live one day at a time, helpfully to our fellows and profitably to Him.

[handwritten]

Dear Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen-

What is Geraldine doing? She has not written since she began work in Youngstown. There was mention of her in one of your letters. That is all we have heard. Last evening the situation here was so tense that we divided the night into three watches and watched. Mr. Shrader and I were on duty from 12:30 to 3:00. It was a lonely night. The stillness was almost oppressive.- The only sounds were barking of dogs, crowing of cocks and the beating of the watermens bamboo. To day the shops are flying the southern flag a white round ball in a blue background. The student army seems to be in control. The leader of this is a former student of Foochow College. Mr. Nga will know him Ling Sieu Chiong. Our present trouble may be over- altho I would prefer to have more experienced and more mature protestors. Lovingly Father

[This letter dated Dec. 5, 1926 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her sister Jerry (Geraldine). She is not yet sure of her Christmas vacation plans. She attended a talk by former Chief Justice Clark on America and the League of Nations. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall
Dec. 5 [1926]

Dear Jerry-

Your letter did M. and I such a lot of good. Sometimes we get so discouraged about lessons and friendships that it seems as if we could not rise to the surface again. But knowing those comforting facts does help you to keep on a higher level and feel a certain confidence in yourself. We have not bought a book yet, but the one sentinel that we have has several helpful articles in it which bring a new idea every time I read them.

Well, only three weeks till Xmas and only two till vacation starts. Have you found out for sure yet when you get out? We may not go to Saginaw after all. It is very much up in the air and we don't know which to do. Marjorie has a term paper to write and thinks that she can't spare the time. Then too, if we take a professor's house they would probably want it occupied during the whole vacation instead of just part. There is a slight possibility that Don Morrison will be away and if so he is willing for us to take his house. His is the one which the Mitchners had on Forest street; wouldn't that be grand? But don't get hopes too high.

We feel quite Christmasy already because yesterday we went shopping. We got an electric top for Uncle Stanley's kiddies which lights up when it spins. Very pretty! We also got some present for a party that we had last night. A bunch of us girls drew names for presents and gave them at our party last night. It seems awfully early for a Christmas party but the girls insisted upon having it so we went into the room in which you slept and were served wonderful jello and cake with Christmas candy. I got a bottle of perfume and M. got a box of Oberlin seal writing paper.

We had a very hilarious time and the room was full to capacity.

To-night for YM and YW we heard former chief justice Clark speak on America and the League of Nations. It was very interesting and enlightening and I wish you could have heard it. He traced the history of war and the League thru to now and praised very highly the act of the European nations in making the Locarno [*as in Locarno, Switzerland*] treaties. He thinks that the U.S. should join these countries in their step toward peace, or at least express its sympathy with their act, before they ask us to join them. He was a very clear speaker and did not go into technicalities at all. I would like to know what Mr. Geiser and others think of his address.

Did you take a copy of the Christmas list with you? In case you did not I will send one. Have you decided what we will get Vivienne and who will get it? Are we going to get Gould a travelling bag? I think that would be best. Don't forget to send a card for Rose Mary's gift and her address.

Please tell us something that you would like for Xmas so that we won't get anything that you don't want.
Much love to you from us
Kathleen

[This letter dated Dec. 7, 1926 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dot (Dorothy) to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy suggests that Jerry and the girls come up to Saginaw for Christmas. She talks about what she has been doing lately. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

The Public Schools
Saginaw W.S. Michigan

North Intermediate School
George A. Manning, Principal

Dec., 7, 1926

Dear Jerry:-

Life's a busy whirl these days isn't it? Your last letter to me was dated Nov. 22, and I guess my last to you was long before that.

Say, why don't you come along up with the girls? We could easily get a room up here and as far as transportation goes we can manage that too. We'd all love to have you. The reason I didn't write you along with the girls about it was because I took it for granted that your school lasted as long as ours does. It's fine that you get out so early. Come on up- please do! Then you could help me drive on the way back. We could get a "third seat" or even sit on each others laps.

Whitie and I didn't go to Galesburg after all, and were so disappointed. The weather got so bad that we didn't dare start out. Letters from his folks advised us not to try it because roads out there were bad and many cars had been stuck. We'll have to wait that trip till spring vacation now. Mrs. Newberg invited me to come for the Christmas vacation, but we think it's best the way we've planned it.

You must have had a grand time in Hiram and in Oberlin. I thought of you all. I spent Thanksgiving day in bed, but went up North with a hunting party for the week-end and had a jolly-chilly time. It really was heaps of fun even tho none in our party even so much as laid eyes on a deer.

I sent Mother's and Father's steamer rug quite a while ago. The way you divided gifts is fine. I already have a pair of silk-wool socks for Dan and a light wool scarf for Wells. For Dorothy Bodman I have a little hand made nightie that I got at a church fair. For Roger and Fulton I thought of golf socks, but have you any suggestions for Uncle R. and Aunt Molly? I think bath robes for the girls would be excellent. I think they'd love the corduroy ones. Will you get them there, or shall I?

We ought to be able to get corduroy ones for \$6 or \$8. The colors you suggest for each are fine.

No, Gould hasn't sent Father's letter to me. In fact, I haven't even heard for the gift I sent him for his birthday. I haven't received those snaps taken while we were there for Home-Coming, from you either. The girls said you'd send them on.

Last night we had a very rare treat. The third concert on the Kiwanis course was the Flongaley Quartet and Ganz, the pianist. Both were just fine. It happened that for the last number the quartet played that beautiful Quintet in E flat, all four parts of which Arthur had on Victrola records. It was beautiful. Ganz played a program of pieces that were almost all familiar to me and I certainly did enjoy them.

Our church work here has begun so now we're busy people. I think I'm going to have a basketball school team this year, so I'll be busier than ever.

When we got back to school after the Thanksgiving vacation, who should walk into my gym but Agnes Hosie Heistand. Her husband, Tom, is with the Pure Oil Co. of Columbus and was sent up here to look over the oil around here. They are still here and will be till the end of this week. I've had Agnes over twice with Tom and they and we have eaten together several times at the Coffee Cup. It's nice to see old friends like that. They are rooming way over on the East Side, or I would see more of her.

Do you know how the girls are making out for a house or apartment for our Christmas home? I'm worrying for fear we'll have to pitch tents and camp.

Do hurry and write. Must stop and get this into the mail.

Lots of love,

Dot

Love from Whitie, too.

[This typewritten letter dated Dec. 23, 1926 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. He thanks her for sending him a diary. He discusses Phebe's estate and interest rates. The evening before was the 1st anniversary of Ellen's arrival back to China and sadly of Phebe's death. After a battle the Kuomintang and the Canton Nationalist Government are in control of Fukien province. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
December 23rd. 1926.

Dear Geraldine:-

The diary came by the last mail. THANK YOU. I had hoped you would remember, as you have been doing for the past number of years. This one is a beauty. It is just what I want. I shall plan to keep the diary of our journey home in it next May.

I have Phebe's estate almost settled. I need your receipt for the following. I will put the list on a separate sheet. I think I wrote you that I put the money that Phebe had in the bank here into fixed deposits. One is in the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, dated July 3, 1926, due July 3, 1927 at interest 4 ½%. One is in the American-Oriental Bank, dated June 4, 1926, due June 4, 1927, at interest 6%. Then I have a Kuliang Council Loan, 2nd Series, No. 23 for \$50. The value of the Fixed Deposit in the H & S Bank is \$120.34. The one in the A & O Bank is \$200.00. The Kuliang Council Loan is at interest 6%. The debenture (Kuliang Council Loan) is in Phebe's name. The interest was paid to me last July and I have credited it to the account I am handing in as Executor. The fixed deposits are both in my name. I think I have written you this but I will repeat it. Exchange is very bad for you to sell silver for gold now. \$1 in silver is worth only 43 ½ cents. I will give you a note for all this money and will enclose a receipt for you to sign. Your signature on this receipt will enable me to close up the estate. If at any time you want the cash for these sums I will pay it to you at the current rate, in U.S. gold. The note which I am enclosing will make this promise legal. My idea is to let the money lie in the Banks until exchange is more favorable. Then it can be converted into gold. It is bearing just as much interest as if it were in gold now. The reason why I allowed the fixed deposit to remain in the H&S Bank @ 4 1/2% instead of putting it in the AO Bank is that I consider the H&S the more stable institution and Mama is dead set against the A&O Bank.

A few weeks ago I sent Phebe's watch to Kathleen. I hope it reaches her safely. She has two Pekinese rugs that we will plan to bring home. We will also plan to bring her clothes. Her pictures and curios we will select and bring as we think you would like. Her spoons also and two rings we will plan to bring. This I think covers all the things. If not we will try to do as we think you would like. I think I wrote that as she did not fill out the term of five years her furniture reverts to the Board. Miss Perkins did allow us to take two small book cases which Phebe had made to fit the desk which Mama had made in 1917 and which Phebe used.

Aunt Mary writes that Uncle Elbert has had the Savings Bank proceeds sold and sent to you. Also the transfer of the money in the Putnam Bank. She had had the money in the Derby Savings Bank transferred and that in Berlin was to be transferred. Will you write me if these are all correct.

I believe that this is all the business. I will not take time to write all about the battle that took place ten miles away at Deng Chio. It is all over now and the Kuomintang and the Canton Nationalist Government are in control of Fukien province. We cannot go outside the compound gate without stepping on the soldiers from the south. Last night the lantern procession took over an hour in passing us as we stood watching it. Some of the heads of the new government are Foochow College graduates.

Last evening was the first anniversary of Mama's return. Today is a very sacred day for Phebe has been in Heaven just a year. I shall never be able to express to you all how much she was to me during those four years that we were here together.

Last evening letters came from Dorothy and Kathleen. You have not written since you got settled in Youngstown. But references to you from the other girls give us assurance that you are all right.

I hope that the Christmas season brings you the Spirit of the Christ, with all His joy.

Very lovingly,
Father

Foochow, China
December 23rd, 1926.

For value received I promise to pay to Geraldine Beard, on demand, with interest as indicated, the following:-

1. Kuliang Council Loan, 2nd. Series No. 23, dollars fifty mex. \$50.00

2. Fixed Deposit H&S Bank Foochow, #62/133, dollars one hundred and twenty and cents thirty four. Mex. \$120.34
3. Fixed Deposit A-O Bank Foochow, #5/63, dollars two hundred mex. \$200.00

Interest on #1, @ 6%
“ “ #2, @ 4 ½ %
“ “ #3, @ 6%

Signed, Willard L. Beard



[This appears to be a very intricate wood or cork depiction of Memorial arch at Oberlin College. Memorial Arch was erected in honor of the missionaries who died during the Boxer Rebellion. The artwork was in an undated envelope with a postmark of Peking addressed to Miss Mary Beard, Century Farm, Shelton, Connecticut, U.S.A. Return address is from the Hunters, the Martins, E.S. Stelle, A. M. Huggins and the Frames. My guess is that Mary arranged to have it made and that it was done after Mary returned to the U.S. It might have been a gift from Mary to Willard or one of his children. The scene itself measures 3 1/2 " by 5 1/2". From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1927

- Charles Lindbergh flies from NY to Paris
- Willard and Ellen return to the U.S. in May on the Empress of Asia
- Dorothy and Harold Newberg marry August 17, 1927 at Century Farm and continue living in Saginaw, Michigan.
- Gould leaves Ingersoll Rand Company to work for Fairchild Caminez Engine Company (later Fairchild Aviation Corporation) until 1930 as an Installation Engineer and then as a test pilot. He moves from Easton, PA to Long Island, NY.
- Geraldine is in Youngstown, OH.
- Marjorie and Kathleen are in Oberlin, OH.
- Continued political turbulence in China.
- Willard is 62, Ellen- 59, Gould- 31, Geraldine- 29, Dorothy- 26, Marjorie- 21, Kathleen- 19.

MANY OBERLIN COLLEGE GRADS ARE IN CHINA

Many graduates of Oberlin college are in the danger zone in China just as they were during the Boxer rebellion. At that time many of them acting as missionaries were killed resulting in the erection of the memorial on the west side of the college campus.

Miss Francis Bement, a graduate of Elyria high school and of Oberlin college is located at Shao-wu Fukien. She is a medical missionary in the employ of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Miss Cora May Walton, missionary of the First Congregational church, this city, is at her home in Cincinnati, having been granted a furlough. A list of Oberlin graduates now in China is as follows:

S. Josephine Davis, '11, teacher, Canton.

The Rev. Charles A. Nelson, 89, secretary American-Chinese educational commission, Canton.

Dr. Francis Brewer, '16, Presbyterian missionary, Chefoo.

Gordon A. Curtis, '21, Presbyterian minister, Chenchow Hunan.

Mary L. McClure, '18, American board commission foreign missions, Fenchow, Shansi.

Willard L. Beard, '91, president Foochow college, Foochow, A. B. C. F. M. (American board commission foreign missions).

Mr. and Mrs. Norvil Beeman, '15, professor Fukien Christian university, Foochow.

Caroline E. Chittenden, '92, Christian Herald independent missionary, Foochow.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard J. Christian, '10, missionaries, Foochow.

Elizabeth F. Cushman, '22, Wenshau Girls' school, Foochow.

Marry B. Cushman, '24, Wenshau school, Foochow.

Prof. Moses U. Ding, '11, Foochow.

Frederick F. G. Donaldson, '13, A. B. C. F. M., Foochow.

Mrs. F. F. G. Donaldson, '12, A. B. C. F. M., Foochow.

Dr. Neil Huntington Lewis, '18, Foochow Missionary hospital.

Mrs. N. H. Lewis, '22, Foochow.

Franklin P. Metcalf, professor, Fukien Christian university, Foochow.

Frances K. Bement, '97, A. B. C. F. M., Shao-wu Fukien.

Josephine C. Walker, '60, A. B. C. F. M., Shao-wu Fukien.

Mrs. Frances C. Birrel, '90, missionary, Hankow.

intendant of nurses, Peking Union Medical college.

Mrs. Albert E. Marshall, '94, teacher, Peking.

Vivian L. Proud, '25, Methodist missionary, Peking.

Ernest T. Shaw, '18, A. B. C. F. M., Peking.

Mrs. Ernest K. Smith, '12, teacher, Peking.

Dorothy E. Lloyd, '25, teacher, Tunghsien, Peking.

Allie Terrell, '88, Methodist missionary, Peking.

Prof. and Mrs. George D. Wilder, '31, A. B. C. F. M., Peking.

Grace E. McConaughy, '09, A. B. C. F. M., Fenchowfu, Shansi.

Dr. Paul L. Corbin, '03, A. B. C. F. M., Shansi.

Mr. and Mrs. Wynn C. Fairfield, '07, teachers, Taiku, Shansi.

Harold B. Ingals, '26, teacher, Taiku, Shansi.

Clairmont P. (Monty) Doar, '26, former center of Oberlin football team, teacher, Taiku, Shansi.

Flora K. Heebner, '03, teacher, Taikuhsien, Shansi.

Gladys M. Williams, '17, teacher, Taiku, Shansi.

Isaiah E. Oberhaltzer, '16, missionary, Lia Chou, Shansi.

Mrs. Watts O. Pye, missionary, '08, Fenchowfu, Shansi.

Mrs. Paul R. Reynolds, '16, missionary, Fenchow, Shansi.

Carl E. Schofield, '12, Y. M. C. A., secretary, Taiyuan, Shansi.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Houlding, '12 and '18, Liutsing, Shantung province.

Mrs. R. B. Whitaker, '07, A. B. C. F. M., Lintsing, Shantung.

H. Milton Wagner, Jr., '16, Y. M. C. A., secretary Siafu, Shansi.

Mrs. William R. Leete, '11, A. B. C. F. M., Hopel, Tientsin.

Nelson W. Gatrell, '19, lumber merchant, Tientsin.

Rev. Charles A. Stanley, '04, A. B. C. F. M., Tientsin.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman V. Cady, '16, faculty, Shantung Christian university, Tsinanfu.

S. Luella Miner, '84, A. B. C. F. M., Tsinanfu, Shantung.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard W. Menzl, '22 and '21, principal, North China American school Tung Hsien.

Mrs. William B. Stelle, '97, A. B. C. F. M., Tung Hsien, North China.

GETS MESSAGES FROM BRAZIL BY RADIO

COLUMBUS, Jan. 26.—Using a \$25 home-made radio telegraph set, Loren G. Windom, Columbus amateur, nightly receives a message from George Miller Drott, heading an exploring expedition along the River of Doubt in Brazil. The messages are relayed by a Brazilian station to Windom, who forwards them to a New York newspaper.

MISSIONARY, HANKOW.

Mrs. Lewis E. Davis, '20, Hongkong.

Charles N. Dubs, United Evangelical missionary, Liling, Hunan.

Francis S. Hutchins, '23, teacher, Changsha, Hunan.

Warren W. Cline, '15, general secretary Y. M. C. A., Kalfeng, Honan.

Charles S. Nichols, '24, teacher, Canton Christian college, Canton.

Alice Brown, '21, Hwei Wen Girls' school, Nanking.

Olive Bowen, '22, Methodist Boys' academy, Nanking.

Fred W. Dietrich, '12, University of Nanking, Nanking.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh W. Hubbard, '13, A. B. C. F. M., Paotingfu, Chihli.

Mrs. Mildred B. Wheeler, '07, missionary, Paotingfu, Chihli.

Robert M. Bartlett, '21, teacher, Peking.

Mrs. Robert M. Bartlett, '23, teacher, Peking.

Dorothy G. Crane, '21, secretary to president, Yenching university, Peking.

Rowland M. Cross, '17, missionary, Peking.

Dr. Ernest C. Faust, '12, professor, Peking Union Medical college.

Franklin C. Fette, '99, manufacturer and exporter, Peking.

Mrs. Arthur W. Hummel, '12, A. B. C. F. M., Peking.

Ruth Ingram, '11, acting super-

[This letter dated Feb. 6, 1927 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen and Marjorie are happy that Geraldine is coming to visit. She expresses concern of what she has heard regarding disturbances in China. She is through with exams and they cleaned their rooms. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall
Feb. 6, 1927

Dear Jerry-

Your card came just in time- am so glad you wrote, for we were just wondering if you wanted to hear the concert. We knew just in time to order tickets. My, but we are tickled that you are coming. Can you get here by Friday night? I think the concert will be good.

Thanks just a heap for the stockings, they were just what we needed and M. has already made use of hers. I hope you got them at a sale for they were good ones and must have been high. Monnie says not to get her a hat for the shop here has some pretty ones that are big enough. We went down last night to look, and several of the hats looked very well on her. She can order any style in any color that they have. We can't think now of anything that we want but we may later.

We were both through exams on Friday noon and it certainly felt good to be free from school work for at least two days. To-morrow second semester begins and we have to dig again. Exams really weren't as bad as I expected but I did study harder than I ever have before on them. I guess it was good for me. Monnie was pretty scared of her psyc. Lab exam because she hadn't done all her experiments and the exam came three hours earlier than she had expected. She came out with a C, though, and was mighty thankful. She made an A in her zo exam. Only two of my blue-books have come back. In French my grade was A- and in Theory A+ without a mistake. I was so thrilled.

Friday afternoon six of us girls took a hike to celebrate. I guess we went about five miles and it was good fun. In the evening after choir we went down to Aunt Etta's and played games. They told us then that Pick was planning to surprise you. I am so glad he did and also glad that he told you about the concert. It couldn't have worked out better.

Things still seem pretty serious in China don't they? Today's paper said that refugees (I don't like that name for them) were landing in Shanghai from inland every day. Hunan province seems to be the place of disturbance just now. I do wish we knew where Mother and Father are. We haven't had a letter direct from them since his one dated Dec. 7. Perhaps there is interference with the mails.

Yesterday we paid our semester bills and then cleaned our room. I don't believe that this room ever had such a cleaning for we turned everything upside down and wrong side out till the place looked a sight. But when we got it done it looked wonderful. I wish you could have seen it. Last night we wandered around town for a long time looking at hats, shoes, lamps etc. Say, if you see a little boudoir lamp with a yellow or orange shade that isn't over two dollars we wouldn't mind if you brought it up. We find only one that we like in town and that isn't exactly what we want. One with a real small metal standard or blue standard and a small orange silk shade is what we are looking for. Don't bother unless you happen to see one. We splurged on some ice-cream too, last night a whole pint. To-night Millicent came up and stayed for supper. We really had a good time with her this time. She is getting to be lots of fun.

I am enclosing a little calendar that Mrs. Metcalf sent in with mine. Write and tell us when you are coming- Love as ever

Kathleen

[This letter dated Feb. 8, 1927 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy expresses concern about the situation in China and has heard that all the missionaries were out of China and wonders if that is true. She tells Jerry about some of the things she has been doing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

The Public Schools
Saginaw W.S. Michigan

Feb. 8, 1927.

Dear Jerry:-

You're as quiet as I am these days, and, well so, if you're as busy as I am- and I know you are.

I was thankful to hear that Punken [Kathleen] is back in school and got there in time to take her exams. She was a lucky girl not to be sicker.

Those towel sets that you sent are beautiful. They are so different in pattern than those one generally sees. Thank you heaps for sending them. It happened that I saw a lovely one in blue that I got just the week before, so now I'm fitted out with three sets each in a different color. Oh yes, and when I get a yellow wash-cloth to go with Aunt Etta's towel that will be the fourth color. I have purchased something for my chest out of each check. At some of the sales I found some pretty hemstitched sheets and pillow-cases. I got two sheets and one set of cases- also a beautiful white spread and bolster. At another sale I got two lovely white linen hand towels and half a doz. little Madira napkins that were real pretty. Found some nice dish toweling at a sale and hemmed four of those. Am now working a table scarf on heavy linen-colored linen with dark blue and white. I've also started an everyday luncheon set in blue and white. Miss Batschelet worked a little set in yellow for use- very pretty.

Do you hear anything from Mother and Father or the Board? It's been three weeks now since we got that last letter. Either they have no time to write, or else the mails aren't coming through. We saw in the movies last night in the news reel, some terrible mobbing scenes in Hong Kong. It took the heart right out of me to think of Father and Mother anywhere near anything like that. The papers now say that all of the missionaries are out of China. I think the papers have been way ahead of the story all along. I'd love to hear that they are on their way home. My they'll have some interesting things to tell when they come home, won't they?

A new ninth grade girl came to our school from Tecumseh the other day. I was asking her how long she'd been there, etc. She was in the grades, but in the High School building when you were there, but doesn't seem to remember you. Her name is Dorothy Buck. I think she had a sister or brother in the H.S. Was it the Gillespie's you stayed with there? That was the only name I could think of that sounded anywhere near like it. She knew some people by that name. She is a nice little girl- has red hair.

Harold and I have been entertained royally around here lately- outside of the 1825 circle. As I wrote you Mrs. Curtis had us to dinner on Sunday a while ago. Do you remember one of my competent little leaders that they called "Barney"- (Helen Barnett)? Her family is all very active in the Ames Church. Harold has Mr. Barnett in his Brotherhood class in the gym. I have Mrs. in the ladies class. There is a H.S. boy and a H.S. girl, both in their respective classes. Little Helen comes with Juniors, and I have the two tiny ones in my Primary class. Mrs. Barnett had us over for dinner and the evening not long ago. Last Sunday we had two different invitations- one from Mrs. Gelinas and one from Mrs. Hayden- where Harold stays. Mrs. Hayden's invitation held over till this next Sun. So we went to Mrs. Gelina's for dinner and spent all afternoon there. Didn't leave till after 5:00. Al Adams went with us and entertained with his banjo. We all had a very enjoyable time.

I sent for two doz. boxes of Jasmine tea from Mrs. Davis in Oberlin, and have found quite a sale for it here. Mrs. Hayden took several boxes and served some at a tea. It was a fine ad. For when the ladies left they took all of her tea away with them, so she came to me for some more. The teachers have taken quite a bit. I can't make very much on it because Mrs. Davis herself is already making 10 cents or over on each box. I started out selling it not as a money making affair but simply because so many of the teachers who drank it when I served it, wanted some, that I sent down and got the 2 oz. boxes. I tho't I'd make 5 cents on each box so charged them 55 cents a box. If I could get it direct from Father, I could really make something on it.

Last Sat. was Father's birthday but I didn't get to write him either then or Sun. - in fact, I wonder if it would ever get to him if we do write. Are you writing, and what do you think the chances are of letters reaching them?

I hope a letter from you will cross this on its way to you.

My free period is up, so I must stop.

Lots of love and many thanks for the pretty towel sets.

Dot.

[This letter dated April 17, 1927 was written from Easton, Pa. by Gould to his sister. Gould's fiancé, Vivienne, has broken off their engagement. He expresses his thoughts regarding it. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

109 N. 3rd St.,
Easton, Pa.
April 17, 1927.

Dear Sister:

I must write you tonite before I go to bed for I have left your two dear letters unanswered all too long. I have just returned from Aunt Mollie's where I spent the Easter weekend.

Thank you ever so much for the candy. It is delicious and I am indulging in it cautiously and slowly to make it last.

Now as regards Vivienne, there is nothing that can be done further. The break has been made and at least for three years or so I do not look for any change from her direction. I still love Vivienne. I do not hold any hard feelings against her. I feel she has made a mistake- one which she will probably see some day. She is not a bad girl. She has a lot of good in her and perhaps will find another man whom she will love more constantly than she did me. I want you to understand that I will take her to my heart just as lovingly as before if she wants really to come.

It hurt awfully at first and I carry a rather heavy pain deep in my breast all day long now. There is something missing in my life- something that I had before but have lost- the love of a sweet, fine girl and a sweet fine girl to have. When a person develops the capacity to love completely, fully, beautifully and purely and the object of the love is suddenly wrenched away, there is an immense void in the person's life which is filled with nothing that is not as best or good or better than the original love.

I do not want you to feel at all apologetic for your sex. There are just as bad and far worse betrayals going on every day responsible to both sexes and the pot can't call the kettle black. This one happened to strike us in one particular way.

For the present I have little inclination nor inspiration to seek out another girl whom I can love. That will better wait for a few years. Certainly I will not take one in any inferior to the first love.

There is one thing you can do if you feel like it and have an opportunity. Voda is nearly sick with grief about this affair. If you will assure her in any way and comfort her by letting her know that all is well and that we do not feel wrathfully resentful about Vivienne's doings it would please me greatly. I am not sure but I suspect that she is respectant[?] and she really must not worry nor have too much sorrow to bear. She takes the troubles of their family very heavily on her own shoulders. I think she could bear it much better if all you sisters could find it possible to write her a loving little note to let her know that our attitude is not malicious nor revengeful and that we take a really loving view of it all. You are the only ones outside of Aunt Phebe and Aunt Emma who have met Voda and who can write her on this subject. Please do not mention that I asked you to nor what I suspect.

Vivienne sent the ring back and I sent it directly to Mr. McCormack without opening it for I could not bear to look at it. He is giving me a fair price on it. I have asked him to keep \$50 on deposit for whatever Dorothy may want to buy there for her wedding present. Please keep this secret till I think best to tell her so she can plan about it.

Now don't feel bad about me. Rather pity Vivienne for I do believe she will not be happy in her present state. She suffered too- I know she did.

Lovingly-
Gould.

P.S. Am sending Dorothy's letter to Aunt Mollie first.

*[This letter dated **April 24, 1927** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks All. He and Ellen are packing and preparing to return back to the U.S. They have been attending many farewells. It is quiet in Foochow and the Nationalists are in control. In parts of China that are controlled by the Communists it is not so quiet. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
April 24- 1927

Dear Folks All:-

This goes to Shelton and to Oberlin- I am writing with carbon, - and they will send to all the other children and to the brothers, - Shelton will also send to Putnam and Oberlin will show to Aunt Etta and family.

The best piece of news hereabout for a month is that I drove the last mail in the last freight last night. We have ten boxes to send by freight. Two are trunks- one Phebe's and one Ellens. This makes less baggage to look after, which decreases the work en route. I am sending this freight to Boston, and will see when we arrive what we will do with it. I think I wrote in my last what we hope to do after reaching America, and I'll repeat here. (1) I will telegraph Marjorie and Mary and ask them to let all the others know. We want to stop at Geneseo, Ill. and see Ellen's cousins Addie Paul and Carl Chamberlain. From there we hope to go to Galesburg and see Harold's folks, then we wait on the order of Dorothy and Harold to go where they are to be married. I hope we can stop at Oberlin for commencement. From there we plan to go to Conn. I shall hope to get to Century Farm in time to help at haying. Perhaps I can drive the cows and turn the grind stone- if Mary does not bear on too hard, - might milk a cow on a pinch if a thunder shower threatened and a load of hay was out ready to come in- or I might be trusted to

drive horses for the loader or for the horse fork. I would not presume to ask to ride the mowing machine or horse rake.

My what changes there will be at home. I know them, but I must realize them after getting home.

The last mail brought Geraldine's letter with the receipt so I can finish the settlement of Phebe's estate, - that is the legal part of it. It looks as if there would be quite a settlement to make after we get home. Phebe's things are scattered thru several of the ten boxes.

Farewells are in full swing. This last week, we have attended four and more coming this next week. If there is doubt in any ones mind as to whether or not we are wanted here just attend one of these farewells or listen to any number from any group as the inquire if we are coming back. When we come back it looks to me as if we would be able to do much more efficient work for our time will not be so much taken up with doing things= administrative work. We will be able to be- to be friends.

There is not much to write of a political nature. You get as much if not more about events in Nanking and in other places as we do. In Foochow all has been quiet for two weeks or more. The Nanking trouble did not affect Foochow at all. The big question for China now is Nationalists vs. Communists. Where the Nationalists are on top there is quiet. Where the Communists rule there is not quiet, - all is topsy-turvy. In Hunan the Communists are driving out all foreigners and closing schools and churches. The same in Hankow. In both these places from 7/10 to 10/10 of the offices are in the hands of the Reds. Here in Foochow the Nationalists are in almost complete control, and we are quiet.

Last Wednesday two of the government officials gave to those in charge of mission schools three hours of discussion, where we could ask anything about registration. It was a frank meeting. One requirement rather staggered us, i.e. There must be a Geromintory party organization in every school. But we must remember that China is in a revolution just now- Times are not normal.

I want to congratulate Kathleen on her standing. Keep humble and do it some more. Mr. Nga sent me his marks- mostly B+= pretty good I thought for a foreign student of his age. Please tell him- if I do not get a letter to him in this that I want to see him when I reach Oberlin. I want to talk over summer plans with him.

May the Father of us all keep us and prosper our plans so that we may see each other soon.

Very lovingly

Father and Brother

Will

Form 501
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
IMMIGRATION SERVICE

Record on this blank United States citizens and citizens of Insular possessions of the United States arriving at a port of continental United States from a foreign port or a port of the Insular possessions of the United States, and each citizen arriving at a port of said Insular possessions from a foreign port, a port of continental United States, or a port of another Insular possession.

LIST OF UNITED STATES CITIZENS
(FOR THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES)

7011-148
EMRESS OF ASIA sailing from MANILA P. I., 3TH MAY, 1921, Arriving at Port of VICTORIA & VANCOUVER 25TH MAY, 1921

Number 106

No. on List	Family Name	Given Name	AGE	Sex	Married	IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES INSULAR POSSESSION OR IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES, GIVE DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH (CITY OR TOWN AND STATE)	IF NATURALIZED, GIVE NAME AND LOCATION OF COURT WHICH ISSUED NATURALIZATION PAPERS, AND DATE OF PAPERS	ADDRESS IN UNITED STATES
1	DEPT. SHIP AT VICTORIA							
2	BEARD	WILLARD LIVINGSTONE	66	M	M	FEB 5 1865 HUNTINGTON CONN		R F D NO 8 SHELTON CONN
3	BEARD	ELLEN LLOYD KINNEY	59	F	M	MAR 29 1868 UNION CONN		R F D NO 8 SHELTON CONN
4	GRANDALL	GRACE I	52	F	S	MAR 20 1875 RICHMOND N Y		MILTON WIS
5	SAUVIE	DAVID EDGAR	48	M	S	NOV 1879 LE MARS IOWA		ST JAMES MINN
								5839 MC KINLEY PLAGE SEATTLE

DEPARTED AT SHANGHAI

Willard and Ellen on the passenger list of the Empress of Asia
[From Ancestry.com]

*[This letter probably dated **Spring 1927** was written from Youngstown, Ohio by Kathleen and Marjorie to their sister, Jerry (Geraldine). It is a thank you note for her hospitality while they visited her. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Rest Room

The Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

Youngstown, Ohio

Tuesday noon.
[Probably Spring 1927]

Dear Jerry,

We were so sleepy when you went this morning that we didn't say half what we wanted to. We appreciate so much all that you did to make Youngstown interesting for us. And you surely succeeded- because we think this is one of the nicest cities we've visited-barring the smoke.

We'll live over this visit just the way we did the visit to Saginaw last year; and I don't blame Dot for being sorry she couldn't come!

I'm afraid I'm not going to see the Guttridges. I did want to so much, too.
I hope you get rested up again soon. When this play is over, don't take on any thing more, for you need the time. Be careful about burning the candle at both ends.

We are looking forward to seeing you real soon.

Much love,
Monnie

Please tell Mrs. Mill how much we appreciated those waffles last night- we forgot to speak about them this a.m.

Dear Jerrabee-

I can hardly realize that we won't see you again here- it seems almost like home now and I sure do want to come again if the folks can bear with us.

Thanks for the candy a lot- we left a little for you to taste on your desk. You notice we finished the egg ha! Ha! I do hope we didn't leave anything or take anything of yours with us. I don't think we did either for we looked very carefully.

Well we must hurry so goodbye and thanks just loads for giving us such a dandy time. This surely was a real vacation.

Both Helens are going home with us so maybe we won't get lonely on the way home.

Loads of Love

Kathleen

*[This letter dated **July 10, 1927** was written from Shelton, CT by Mary to Jerry (Geraldine). She tells of a swim and picnic trip they took in Connecticut and of what some people they know are doing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm
Shelton, Connecticut
R.F.D. 8

July 10 [1927]

Dear Jerry-

We are being quite gay for us. Last week one day we had several errands- on the Cross[?] Road, in Nichols and at Olivers. Hence we decided to combine them with a swim and a picnic. We got in the errands and then picnicked but it stormed so we omitted the swim. On Saturday we (Gould and we three) took a peek at the air-meet at the Bridgeport Airport, got a swim at Lordship and picnicked up on the bluff near the light house. Nancy missed out as she was with Aunt Mary. So today we packed a lunch, got May and went to Pleasure Beach for a swim and back to Lordship for supper in the bluff. A severe thunderstorm from 2:45 to 3:45 nearly upset our plans again.

Gould was up from Thursday until Sunday and we had a nice visit. He said he was looking a bit for a home for next winter for you two.

Theodore and Ruth Tambio have set up the date of their wedding to July 27th. Mrs. Tambio had a sale for her home and the purchasers want possession August 1st. Ruth wanted her wedding there so changed the date. If you were here she would love to have you help serve. She has two young cousins on her side to help and Edith on Theodore's. She would like another of her cousins but all those here are boys. She is sending no formal invitations, just telephone calls, formal calls and writes where neither is possible. All the cousins and I think a very few special friends. If you can come let us know and we will be on hand to meet you. If it were only three weeks later as originally planned, Dot and Harold might have made it. They will all live at Theodore's for the present at least.

Mrs. Jacques came and spent 10 working days. Flora has a new dress and two remodeled ones; Phebe 1 new and 1 remodeled and a coat for the new; I an ensemble also and a remodeled linen that goes with the coat. I'm going to reverse the sleeves from my green with the black lace flounces to wear it to another wedding. Phebe wears the dress she had for Dorothy's wedding too, - the panels have become shoulder drapes and the sleeves are out.

We expect Myra and Stanley this weekend to get Nancy. Probably one of the others will stay to be gotten when they come for the wedding.

Lots of love

Aunt Mary.

Hope all is fine and your getting fat and rosy.

*[This letter, dated **July 18, 1927**, was written from Long Island, NY by Gould to his mother. He is back at flying again and compares this army to the one back in 1918. The men he flies with know the famous aviators of the time. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Mitchel Field
Long Island, N.Y.
July 18, 1927

Dear Mother:

Back in the flying game again and it seems good to talk to the old boys again about flying and old times. There are two here that I knew at Kelly Field. The rest are all strangers, but all aviators and good scouts.

This man's Army is an entirely different outfit from what it was during the war. There is little risk and hustle about the field. Officers are more genial and less particular about military etiquette and discipline. They often wear civilian clothes when going to town and when off duty. I guess the air service is a little more lax in that respect than the other branches because their work requires duty clothes and dungarees much of the time while flying and it is not as conducive to keeping up the details of a uniform. Also they have real constructive work to do instead of just carrying on as the Infantry does.

Today I took the 609 aviator's physical exam, which was much the same as the first one I took on enlisting. The whirling chair was left out as it has gone into the discard with a lot of other things that were found to be no good. Tomorrow I expect to take my first flight.

A lot of these boys know Byrd, Costo, Lindberg, Chamberlin and the rest intimately and it is interesting to hear them talk of them.

I have no idea whether I can get over the Farm or not, but if I can possibly do so I will. Have not investigated into the possibilities of jumping in a parachute yet, but there is still time to find out about that.

I will probably be at the Farm next Sunday for we have no duty on Saturday afternoon or Sunday unless we get stuck for guard duty or Officer of the Day.

May love to all,

Lovingly your son

Gould.

*[This letter, date about **July or August 1927** was written from Easton, Pa. by Gould to mother, father and all. Gould refers to flying over the farm but did not do any stunts because of the type of plane he was flying. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Mitchel Field

Long Island, N.Y.

109 N. 3rd St.

Easton, Pa.

Wednesday,

[About July or August 1927]

Dear Mother, Father and All:

I'll be up Sunday in time for dinner and can stay till Friday morning.

You folks did'nt get any more thrill in seeing me in the air than I did in showing you that I really could fly and in achieving that desired stunt of flying over the farm and my own people. The plane I had was not fit to stunt in so I let it go without showing off. There is more to the story of the flight and the air carnival at ?? than will go in this letter. Will give you the details when I get there. Have something more to tell you bout my doings also.

Was at Aunt Mollie's last week end and had a real good time. She and Dorothy are all excited about the wedding. Only a week more and it will be in full swing. I'm glad Dot could have it in Shelton where all our folks can enjoy it and make a real big time of it. Guess it was'nt so bad that another wedding didn't meet its schedule, else everyone would'nt have been able to come.

See you all on Sunday.

Lovingly,

Gould.



L to R: Ralph Newberg (Harold's brother), Harold Newberg, Dorothy Beard Newberg, Geraldine Beard
[Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]





Harold Newberg and Dorothy Beard – Wedding Day at Century Farm
August 17, 1927

[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



Dorothy's many attendants
 [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Left to right: Harold Newberg, Mrs. Newberg, Ralph Newberg, Grace Newberg, Kathleen 1927
 This may have been taken at Century Farm the days prior to Dorothy and Harold's wedding
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated about **Early Sept. 1927** was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Newly married, she and Harold found a house to rent which she describes. She includes a sketch of the floor plan. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

2108 No. Bond St.

Saginaw, Mich.

[About Early Sept. 1927]

Dear Jerry:

You're well started by now, too, I suppose. How is it this year- just the same, or a lot different? You've discovered by now that Milo Bugbee is coach in your school, or at least that's what Mrs. Bliss and Mabel tell me. He is Mrs. Bliss's nephew. Wasn't he your classmate in college? Do you remember him there? I had the first date here in Saginaw with him. He was staying with Mrs. Bliss when I came. Mrs. Croley was anxious to have me meet him because he was an Oberlinite. I wasn't at all impressed with the date, tho. He is now engaged to a girl here, who teaches on the East side. We used to see her every night at the Coffee Cup last year. I wonder what kind of a coach he'll make. He has been principal of a small school and has done all of the coaching, too I guess.

Where did you finally get rooms? Did you take that lovely little apartment? I don't know where to address you, so I guess I'll send this to your school. I suppose you don't know where to address us either.

We're beautifully located in a dear little brick bungalow with six nice rooms. It is on the same street as the school about ten blocks north. It is such heaps of fun being all by ourselves and taking care of this dear little home. We wish that it really belonged to us. The lady that owns it is a Christian Scientist, and is a divorced woman- quite a rascal I guess, but she has moved way out to Nebraska, so won't bother us at all. She has beautiful furniture in the house, but took quite a bit with her. She took her piano, lovely big Sonora, two tables and two lamps, her sewing machine, a big mohair chair, electric iron, all her silver, and linen and half of her dishes and kitchen utensils. All this she took after we had decided to take the house, and at first we were terribly provoked and began to look around for something else, but in looking, we found that we weren't so jipped after all for all the apartments and houses that we looked at were higher, or not half so well equipped, or not enough room, or something else was the matter. We are getting this house- beautifully furnished and all by ourselves for \$55. a month with \$5 for the garage (right with the house). That's no so bad when I hear that you are paying \$35. for three rooms on the third floor. I got your letter yesterday afternoon after I started this.

Our house has a cute little cement floor porch with vines growing up over it and a nice porch swing. The door opens right into the large living room which has a lovely davenport something like the one at Thatcher's. We bought a big leather rocker to take the place of the big chair she took. There is a large gate- big table in that room. We need two more tables, so I'm going to ask Mother for the rest of green lacquer tables, then we will get a library or living-room table of some kind. That will fix our front room. Oh yes, we'll get one or two lamps too, I guess.

Off the front room on one side is a little den where she had the piano and a large desk and the telephone. I've asked Mother if we can get our piano up here. That will fix that room.

Right back of the living room is the dining room. The three front rooms are all open with just large doorways between. The dining-room has a beautiful dark walnut set- large round table, six chairs and a long low buffet. We brought a pretty walnut shiva closet to keep the pretty wedding things in. We keep my cedar chest there, too.

Our bedroom opens off one side of the dining room. That is beautifully furnished, too. A lovely dark wood bed, and nice bureau and a chiffoneer for Harold. A nice closet, too. The bathroom opens off from our bedroom. Small, but nice and has another door opening into a little passage that goes to another door in the dining-room and a door into a small back bedroom with a double bed and a chiffoneer. The stairway to the big attic (all over the house) leads off from this room.

The kitchen is very nice. It is right back of the dining-room, and there is a little back porch off from that.

When we got up here we went to the Hayden's and stayed there for three or four days while looking for a house. They were at the cottage. We unpacked one load and there it stayed till we moved in here. We moved in on Sept. 2. I had my wedding things on display all over the front rooms and dining room. Several people came to see us, the things and the house. We unpacked our things (gifts) the first night we were here. Asked Mabel and her sister to come down and help us. We had lots of fun and so did they. It was almost as much fun as unpacking them the first time.

Those first few days we worked like the Trojans getting the place unpacked and settled. Harold is a dear about helping. He does anything and everything- dishes, sweeping, helps with the washing and cooking and helps me make the bed every morning etc. We are now fairly well settled, aside from a few little things we want to get to fill our rooms. She left us a few dishes, but we are soon going to get our set. We are using the silver from the lunch

kit till we get our set. Ethel Le Roy sent a sugar spoon and a jam spoon in the William and Mary set, for a wedding present. Mrs. Bliss gave us \$5. and Father's friend Mr. Beecher gave us \$5.

I'm glad you are nicely settled. Sorry you didn't get into that nice little apartment. Do you want the radio? You might as well have it if you want it for I don't know how much time we will have for it.

I'm also mighty glad that you got so well rested before starting in with school. I hope that you can keep rested. Don't go too hard.

I'll write to Miss Coughy. Thanks for sending her letter to you.

I wrote to Father asking him to come up here, too. I hope he does. I'd love to entertain him in our little house. We both love it here, and we're having just piles of fun in it together. We very much want you three girls to come up here to "our home" for Christmas vacation. I think it would be heaps of fun, and we have plenty of room. Two can sleep in the spare bedroom and one on the davenport. Talk it over and think it over and tell me what you think of it.

Yes, all of our gifts came through perfectly. It's so much fun using my new pretty things. We use the electric toaster and the coffee pot that I got in my showers every morning. On our bed we are using the quilt that the Ames church ladies made me and the spread that I got in New Haven.

We didn't hear from the Beetle" for a long time. Finally Harold got a letter from his mother saying that they got home safely at about 3 o'clock Sat. afternoon and had been busy "telling their story" ever since.

We got our first letter in our new home today from Aunt Etta. She surely did enjoy the summer. It was a good rest for her.

I love that glass bowl you gave me more and more all the time. It stands on the middle of the buffet all the time. The colors in it at night are beautiful.

I don't get much time to do any real cooking but we have been eating all three meals at home. Tomorrow I am going to do some baking. The cafeteria at school hasn't opened yet.

The wedding pictures came the other day. I was mighty glad to get them. Now I have more letters to write to send them to the friends.

Mon. is Fair Day here and the schools are closed. We thought some of driving to Oberlin for the weekend and bringing the tables and one of the chairs back with us, but we are both so tired from "settling" and starting school that we decided to "play" this week-end and rest. We want to drive down sometime in the Fall tho! I'll ask the girls when would be the best time for us to come.

We are so glad that we had so many pictures of our own to hang, for that is another thing that she left a minus quantity of. Your Alice Blue Gown picture we appreciate very much. We also had those two Chinese embroidered pictures and I had three Wallace Muttings and two little Japanese pictures, so the walls are fairly well covered. I am going to have some of my Chinese embroideries framed.

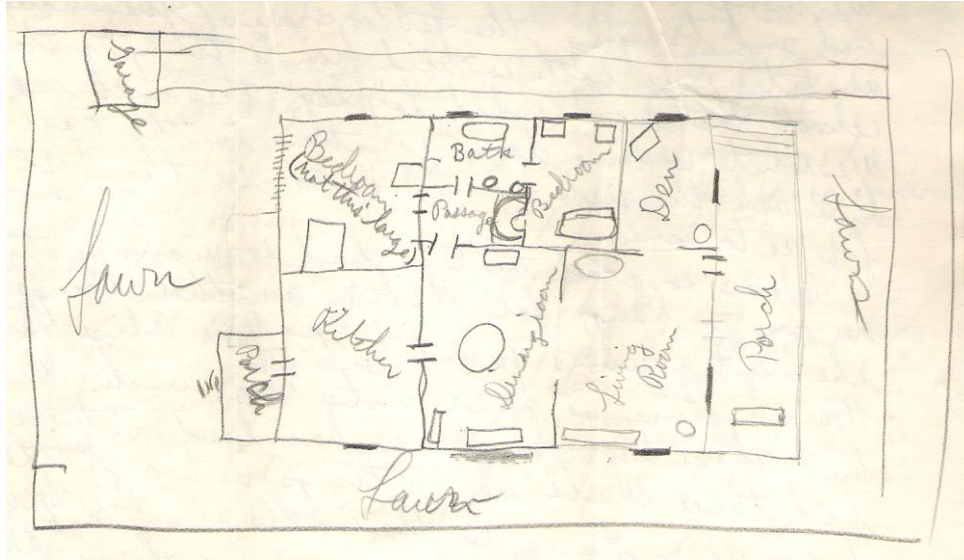
Alice Halahan- the girl who taught Civics the year you were here- is back this year teaching in our building, but not Civics. I guess she has a grade home-room.

Tomorrow's going to be a busy day, so I guess I'll close and go to bed. Harold is painting the kitchen ceiling and walls and is just about through.

Did you get the certificate of title that Harold sent to you? He sent it Special to Aunt Etta's. That crazy fool thing that I looked all summer for was reposing calmly in my desk drawer at school with some of my other papers. How I ever did such a crazy thing as to leave it there I don't know.

Lots of love from us both, and write again soon.

Dot and Harold.



From The Bridgeport Telegram, Bridgeport, CT on **September 17, 1927**: "The Womens Service League of the First Congregational church of Stratford, held an informal reception last evening in Packard Hall. The affair was well attended and the program was enjoyed by all. The program for the affair was as follows: Mrs. Harriett F. Calley of Bridgeport gave a recitation entitled "Heard on the Beach." Mrs. Willard Livingstone Beard gave an interesting address on "Incidents of Missionary Life in China."



Emma Kinney Mrs. Arnold Etta Hume Ellen Beard

Left to right: Emma Kinney, Mrs. Arnold, Etta Hume, Ellen Beard- about 1927

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

KATHLEEN C. BEARD
153 WEST COLLEGE STREET
OBERLIN, OHIO

Nov. 27, 1927

Dearest Mother -
we are wondering where you
spent Thanksgiving. Did you go up to
the farm or did you

[This letter dated Nov. 27, 1927 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her mother. In it she tells of how she spent Thanksgiving. She talks about growing up and learning about life. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Kathleen C. Beard
153 West College Street
Oberlin, Ohio

Nov. 27, 1927

Dearest Mother-

We are wondering where you spent Thanksgiving. Did you go up to the farm and see Gould or did you stay in Putnam? Uncle Elbert sent a most delicious turkey to Aunt Etta and today we were invited there to finish it up. The boys were home and we had a very jolly party. For Thanksgiving dinner we both stayed at our boarding houses where they had special dinners. Ours at Talcott was very formal. I was so glad we waitresses escaped all the formality by eating out in the kitchen, per usual. We took our bones up in our fingers and did anything else that we wished. We had a good dinner but not as good as a home one. Our dinner lasted only an hour and a half- most houses sat for three hours. We didn't have any speakers like other houses, though, just had a short play after dinner. We all felt like stuffed pigs after it, of course, and didn't do much all afternoon. In the evening four of us went up to Prof. Lathrops to take care of the baby while they went out. Mrs. Lathrop told us to make candy and do anything we wished. We made some fudge, then found the "Revolt of Modern Youth" in the bookcase and read that. We talked all the rest of the evening and such an interesting two hours I have never spent. I learned a lot and thought still more. My eyes certainly are being opened to a host of truths that I never dreamed of before and with the knowledge of these things life takes on so much more meaning. It thrills me at times with its opportunities and chance for developing. I just want to read and talk and learn about human relations of all kinds. I am just at that stage where I have to consciously adjust myself to my surroundings and I have found it very hard at times. Did you ever feel that you never could be like other people and learn to be natural? I suppose it all comes by constant practice and experience, but the struggle seems awfully long. I wish that I might always stay upon the heights and feel inspired by the romance of the unknown before me, but so often I "can't see the woods for the trees" as our Sociology professor so nicely puts it. Never fear Mother dear, I'll come out alright but the learning process is now in full swing. I seem to be waking up gradually from some dream or daze that I have been in up till now. Things that I have experienced before take on new meanings and I see how horribly stupid and blind I have been.

Well, to change the subject, where are you going to be on Christmas? It's only four weeks from today you know. My, how time flies. It always has but it seems to gain velocity as it goes. I guess we are headed for Saginaw for our vacation- nearest rest for wanderers. I am real anxious to see Dot's little home so I am glad we are going. I just hope you can come too, so we can all be together.

I must go to bed now like a good girl and get ready to work hard tomorrow. This week we have six week tests so I will have to dig-especially in chemistry. It's a nightmare.

With just heaps of love and please write us a nice long letter
Your daughter
Kathleen



This may have been taken at Christmas in Saginaw 1927. The girls went to Saginaw to see Dot and Harold for Christmas.

L to R: Kathleen, Dorothy, Harold Newberg, Geraldine, Marjorie
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Marjorie (L) and Kathleen (R) probably 1927. Marjorie's hair and dress match her Oberlin College graduation picture of 1928.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

1928

- Hoover is President of US
- Gould flies with the Ford Reliability Tour from Detroit, throughout the West and back. He lives in Long Island, NY
- Willard and Ellen return to China in September on the S.S. President Jackson
- Penicillin is discovered
- Geraldine is in Youngstown, OH.
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan.
- Marjorie and Kathleen are in Oberlin, OH.
- Willard is 63, Ellen- 60, Gould- 32, Geraldine- 30, Dorothy- 27, Marjorie- 22, Kathleen- 20.

[This letter, dated Jan. 3, 1928, was written from Long Island, NY by Gould to his father and mother. He talks about the personalities living at the farm. He expresses his love for Virginia Space to his parents. He is now Chief Test Pilot for the Aviation Corp. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

45 Smith St., Hempstead
L.I., N.Y. Jan. 3, 1928.

Dear Father and Mother:

I guess I have procrastinated all too long about writing this letter to you. I have received all of four or more from you and many more forwarded from the sisters and Aunts, and I should have let you have a little news long ago.

This Fall I have managed to get up to Shelton a little oftener than I had expected to. I have driven the twins up three times and had my visit with the Aunts Sunday morning. The Aunts settled down finely to the business of making a living on the farm after you left. They felt a little more competent to cope with things than when they started in. Paul has done a good job. Aunt Flora can't seem to get over the idea that she must tuck his beard full of fools knowledge and that he is a numbskull because he doesn't go around devouring all printed matter that falls into his lap. Aunt Mary controls her prejudice against him pretty well, but she is decidedly cold towards him. Aunt Phebe keeps the equilibrium well tuned up for all parties and so, in their own ways they get along as well as can be expected and I guess they will break even and perhaps to even better this next year.

Paul had his hands full with harvesting the corn. He had more than he thought he had. He cut the silo full of green corn and is cutting the dry stalks in there or for day lots and feeding it out before it rots. The dairy looks fat and well.

The week end of Nov 10 Virginia, Lillian, Chas'. Curtiss and I drove to Baltimore and attended the Michigan Navy football game. Score 6-6. We had a very hilarious and nice time. Mr. and Roberta Van Amee [*Van Namee*] have invited us up four times this Fall. This Xmas I had from Sat. noon till Wed. morning and the same at New Years and I spent the time at Shelton and Seymour. I had Xmas dinner at Cousin Nellie's with the Aunts. There were five maiden ladies and three widows there so I didn't have to do much talking. The dinner was excellent and stuffing. Cousin Nellie reminisced about the wedding.

Virginia gave me a pretty belt and buckle. I gave her a camera. She grows deeper into my heart as I love her better. She is a good sound girl and a wonderful little Sweetheart and her love is inspiring.

I got out to the Chicago Show the first week in Dec. I flew a new model of Fairchild plane out with the designer as passenger. Caught the grip and dropped in on Dot and Harold to recuperate. Had a day in Oberlin and saw all the girls. Jerry drove up from Youngstown. It was the only way I had of seeing them all for Xmas.

The girls gave me a fine leather brief case which will supplant the old one I have been carrying my maps around in.

I have forgotten whether I told you or not but now I am Chief Test Pilot for the Aviation Corp. I do all the testing of all the new planes we build and also the testing of the experimental engines built by the engine Co. The Caminez Bros. were bought out by the stick holders and were a good riddance. The Engine Co. is now the Engine Div. of the Corp.

I received your box of tea and thank you very much for it. They all think it is very pretty. Virginia is very much pleased with hers. I want to give Virginia a gold signet ring for her birthday. The kind that has our character in Chinese on it. Please give me an indication of the cost and I will foreword it to you at once. Her birthday is in April.

Remember me to all my old friends out there. I don't know who to specify, but all whom I used to know. My love to my very close father and mother.

Your only son,
Gould.

[This letter dated Jan. 17, 1928 was written from Shelton, CT. by Willard to Geraldine. The family got together in Saginaw, probably for Christmas. Willard has received the photos of Phebe's headstone. He tells Geraldine that he is checking with the American Board for possible job openings in China for her and particularly in Foochow as she prefers. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Shelton, Conn.
Jan. 17, - 1928

Dear Geraldine:-

Since the family got together in Saginaw they seem to have gone out of the business of letter writing. Kathleen has written me. I believe that is the only letter from the members of the group. Whether Mother is still in Saginaw or in Geneseo or in Oberlin I do not know. Kathleen writes that you and she had a record trip to Youngstown from Oberlin. I spent the night with Uncle Wells and Aunt Etta. Tuesday I called on Mrs. Bliss and Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear. In the p.m. I looked up Mr. Nga. Together we looked up Mr. Cio- and found with him and Mr. Uong= all from Foochow. Mr. Nga stuck to me until I took the train at 5:40 p.m. At Cleveland I took what should have been the 9:10- It left a little after 11 p.m. and was 3 hours late into Worcester. I reached Putnam at 5:30 on Wed. Fri. I went to Boston. Sunday I spoke three times in the Cong'l Church and am to go up there to speak next week Thursday to the joint meeting of the Rotaries of Putnam, Danielson and Southbridge, and the first week in Feb. I go for the Woman's Miss'y Society and High School. Next Monday I go to Flatbush and shall spend Tues. and Wed. nights with either Gould or Uncle Stanley.

Today got the photos of Phebe's stone and am sending you a copy of each of the three views.

The weather here in Conn. has been quite in contrast to what I saw in Illinois, Michigan and Ohio during the whole month of Dec. Some nights it has not frozen at all here.

In Boston I asked about any possible place for you in the Am. Board Schools but they did not know of any. I shall be writing some of the Foochow people soon and I will mention your wish to go to Foochow.

I hope your Ford is behaving well. Uncle Elbert is quite agitated lest in cranking it on a cold morning it kick and hurt you. He had a narrow escape cranking his car and yesterday Uncle Oliver was here and showed me his wrist- broken when his Ford kicked once as he was cranking it.

I trust no news is good news from all and that all are well and happily busy. We had such a deep pleasure in being together in Saginaw that it will take us all little time to get back to normalcy.

Paul [Paul Clapp – boarder and manager at Century Farm- 1930 census] is here and doing well, - a very different man from Clifford. He is getting most twice as much milk as we were getting last Sept. and does more work in a day than the other man did in several days.

The aunts are all gapping and yesterday I did a big long days work drawing manure and am tired so good night.

With love
Father

[This letter dated Feb. 11, 1928 was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He has not heard much from the rest of the family. He talks about what he has been doing and what he will be doing in the next couple of weeks. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Shelton, Conn.
Feb. 11- 1928

Dear Geraldine:-

The Beard reunion must have been a deep one, for mental states are often characterized by opposite extremes. We often go from extreme joy to extreme sorrow or sadness. We were vulnerable at Saginaw, and then swing to the other extreme, and it has been hard to get any expression from all since. Monnie and Kathleen have been pretty good and mother has written often for her but Gould and you have not written at all, and Dot once and mother is begging for any letters I have from "The children". She was still at Geneseo Feb. 4, and still with a lot of work to do.

Yesterday a dozen photos of the family came from Saginaw. I am mailing one to you. I am sending to Gould, all my brothers and sister, Emma and Elbert, Raymond and Mollie, Flatbush, you= 10. I have asked Dot and Harold to send to Monnie and Kathleen, Etta and Willis and Addie Paul. I do not know if others of you want to send to other people.

Did you receive that Devotion Book. I sent it some weeks ago. The family photo I have ready to mail to you. I can deliver all the others in person. We plan to take dinner with Oliver and Grace tomorrow and Monday I go to Pearl River for an address and hope to see Gould and the Jewetts on the way back. I was in Putnam last Monday to address the Mothers and Daughters Tuesday Woman's Miss'y Meeting- 96 at M. and D. Monday and over 100 Tuesday- Wed. a.m. I spoke at Assemble at Putnam High School and went to Abington for Teachers- some 30+ in the afternoon, and came back Thursday.

We are in something of a quandary about Gould. He has written Flora once since Jan. 1. and has phoned twice, - once to say he hoped to come up= two weeks ago and again two weeks tonight to say he could not come. I phoned while in New York the last of Jan. but he was not on Long Island. I wrote last Tuesday asking his landlord to open the letter if Gould was not there. But no reply yet. I plan to go to Pearl River next Monday and wanted to

go to see Gould on Tuesday, go to Mt. Vernon Wed. and Bridgeport Thursday. I am to be in Hartford Friday afternoon and back in Flatbush for Feb. 19, 20, 21.

We have had a very open and warm winter here thus far. Ice is only 5" thick and the Aunts have cut none. There has not been over three inches of snow on the ground at one time this year and 8 degrees above zero is the coldest we have seen it.

I came back from Putnam two weeks ago yesterday to find Paul waiting for me to go with him to see a cow with a view to purchasing. We drove down to Nichols- traded one of ours for two. The next day I bought another of Fred Bennett. The Aunts have sold two- traded off one and traded in two and bought one. The same number still but they are getting much more milk.

Aunt Mary announced a few minutes ago that she had 23 doz. eggs this week- had sold 21 doz. Her prices are 65 cents for those that weigh 30 g. to the doz. and 55 cents for those smaller. About $\frac{3}{4}$ are large.

After Supper

Gould phoned from Hempstead while we were at table. He is all right and I plan to see him next Tues. - spend the night with him, spend Wed. night with the Jewetts and Thursday night with Oliver and Grace. Aunt Phebe has been talking with May Palmer ever since we finished supper- Mary and I did up the dishes and I wrote to this place while they talked.

Have you heard that Fred Carpenter was found dead in his bath tub last Monday morning? He had recently bought a new gas heater for the bath room. He had told about that he would go home from his mothers Sun. night after supper, take a bath, and go to bed early, and Mon. morning go to New York after his wife. They found his clothes laid out ready, but he was in the tub half filled with water. The rubber tube that connected the gasgit [*gasket*] with the stove was pulled off. That is all that is known. He has been very despondent for some time. Not many people are able to do as he has done and keep up the show of decency after their physical power begin to wane.

This is growing into a long letter- for me. Remember me to Leolyn and be good to yourself and others and keep on God's side- then you'll not have to worry as to whether He is on your side.

Lovingly

Father



About 1928

Standing L to R: Marjorie, Gould, Willard, Harold Newberg

Sitting L to R: Geraldine, Ellen, Kathleen, Dorothy

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This note was probably sent to Willard's daughters in 1928. There are three different passages written down by Phebe. Donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

This is a sheet that I found recently in a book of Phebe's. I think it is her hand writing. The writing on the other side I think is Pricilla Holtans- a very close friend of Phebe's at Wenshan. Pass it on to Jerry and Dot and Kathleen and Monnie when she comes home.

Father

The best way for a young man who is without friends or influence to begin is: First, to get a position; second, to keep his mouth shut; third, to observe; fourth, to be faithful; fifth, to make his employer think he would be lost in a fog without him, sixth, to be polite.

To watch the corn grow or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade and to read, to think, to love, to pray; these are the things that make men happy.

Bless to us a love of they world- a fellowship with all that line- and a desire born of love to follow and to come thee as did they only see our Lord, Jesus Christ. His alone can save them from ourselves and give us to thee.

Amen

Hymn 27

[This plain post card, dated **February 20, 1928**, was written from Geneseo, Ill. by Ellen to Kathleen. Ellen is writing a note to be flown on Lindbergh's famous Air Mail flight from Chicago to St. Louis. Letter with specially marked envelope with Lindbergh stamp in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

122 W. South St.
Geneseo, Ill.
Feb. 20", '28.

Dearest Kathleen,

I thought you would like the thrill of receiving an air mail letter, especially one that went with Lindbergh on his famous flight tomorrow. If you think it foolish you may sell the Post-mark for money that is more useful. Ask Myron how much it is worth. I think in a few years it may be more valuable. In 30 or 40 years, may be very valuable. Thank you for that appreciative letter. I will write another soon. Hope to be with you before Apr. 1st.

My love to you flies high tomorrow in the "Spirit of St. Louis" on the famous flight, if my plans and Lindbergh's carry.

Affectionately,
Mother.





*[This letter, dated **March 25, 1928**, was written from Shelton, Conn. by Willard to Ellen. He describes his first ride in an airplane and Gould was the pilot. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Shelton, Conn.
March 25 -1928

Dearest Ellen:-

Your good letter of the 21st came yesterday. I am sorry the papers telling about Gould's flight from Wichita to Farmingdale or to be more specific his forced landing south of Utica, N.Y. in a freezing blinding blizzard- and the Sentinel telling about our trip from Farmingdale to Century Farm did not reach you. I would suggest that you write to Geneva and ask if the post office has a package of papers for you. I have one Waterville paper left but no Sentinel. Gould had a very narrow escape,- up 5000 ft. engine frozen stiff- a 50 mile blizzard on and able to see hardly to the end of his wings,- not able to see the ground. But his success in coming thru all right has been all to the much-good in his standing with the company.

Gould was in Flatbush with me Feb. 19 all day. We agreed there that I would go to Hempstead Tuesday afternoon after only address before the Woman's League, spend the night and if all conditions were favorable he would take me to Century Farm in his #3562 plane = the same one that he brought from Wichita. I went over as agreed and on Wed. had a little work that he must do before starting. I sat down at his desk and wrote a letter to Foochow. About 11 o'clock he came in to say that the engine was not running well and altho if he were going alone he would go, yet he did not want to take another up and he thought we would have to postpone the trip and I looked up and decided to go home by train. While we were talking the engineer came in to say that the engine was working all right. We went out and Gould got in and sorted about right side up and bottom side up and sidewise and came down to say that it was all right, we would go.

He brought in a big aviation suit of khaki, lined with something that looked like fleece- a one piece suit, with a zipper that fastened the thing all up front. Then a pair of fleece lined overshoes- high- fleece lined gloves- a knitted cap with a leather cap over it and a pair of aviators goggles. So the only thing that was not doubly covered was my nose. David Coming and I sat in one seat. We were too broad, with all our clothes on, to sit shoulder to shoulder, so his right shoulder lapped in front of my left shoulder. We could not put the strap around us- but we were in too tight to fall out. My suit case and overcoat were in the baggage department.

The ground was a little rough and the springs were not up to those under a Rolls-Royce car and as we taxied preparatory to riding it shook us a little. But as soon as we left the ground it was smooth enough. If I had given myself to thinking, "I'm going up off the ground where I have lived and walked and ridden for 63 years, and I may fall- oh!! oh!!- what if- " etc etc etc etc etc. I could have had a real lively time and could have had a lot to write

about my sensations. But I began to enjoy the sensation as soon as we began to rise. Then I got interested in looking at the roads, streams, autos, lakes, trees, houses etc that we were passing over. Then I began to watch for the Sound, and when we reached it, we saw from 3000 feet above it a side wheeled steamboat and a tug pulling five barges. When we reached the Connecticut shore I recognized Stamford- then Bridgeport, then I saw Washington bridge and the R.R. bridge and the Housatonic River. Then the road from Mr. Palmers to Shelton. Then very soon I saw our house. Gould came up west of the house and went up above Fred Bennetts, turned and went down to the French farm, came north to Fred's again and flew by the school house. As we passed it we were a little above the roof. We touched ground about half way between the sch. house and the lane, and taxied= rode on the ground= right up to within two rods of the bar way at the north west corner of the house. The girls were out to meet us and about fifty people were here from all over the district. Wells and Dan brought a load down and one other auto came. Dinner was on the table by the time we were undressed and washed and ready. Gould and David left at once after dinner. I enjoyed every minute of the ride- except a few times when I passed thru what they call air pockets. The plane seemed to fall- the sensation was like that of a ship when it falls from the top of a wave. I think also that Gould was pleased to have taken his Dad in his plane.

[End of letter – not signed]

[In a December 2007 conversation with Edith Valentine, she told Jana that Gould took her on her first airplane ride when Gould and Geraldine were living together in New York. Edith said she got sick and "Fed the seat!"]

[This letter, dated **April 6, 1928**, was written from Hagerstown, Md. by Gould to Kathleen and Marjorie. He is there to start and test a Cam Challenger airplane. He would like to stop in Oberlin to visit if possible on his way back. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Hagerstown, Md.
April 6, 1928.

Dear Kathleen and Marjorie:

I'm not dead yet; only delayed writing to you a long time. It so happens that I am here in Hagerstown at the Kreider-Reisner Aircraft factory visiting until they are ready to fly their "Cam Challenger". It is their first plane with a Caminez Engine in it and I am here to assist them in starting it and testing it out. They will not be ready for a day or two and I have a little time on my hands to do whatever I want to.

You ought to see my garden in Hempstead. I have one double row of garden peas in and three double rows of sweet peas each 40 ft. long. Next week I will have about 150 onion sets planted and two more rows of peas. Of course it is too early to plant anything else, but we will have everything you normally find in your garden before the spring is over. I think I have about 1/8 acre in all.

These days are wonderful for flying. It has been so warm as 65 degrees in Hempstead. Wednesday I got the fever and climbed to 15,000 ft in 45 min. It was zero weather up there and I only had on summer flying togs so came down before I got any higher and colder.

On or about the 14th I am flying to the Detroit show. My route will be Albany, Buffalo, Detroit and I hope to fly to Saginaw. On the return trip I may go to Toledo, Cleveland and Bellefontaine to N.Y. If possible I will stay at Oberlin although I don't know if there is a landing field there or not. Those are tentative plans so don't expect too much.

Hope everything is going nicely in Oberlin. Happy Easter to all.
Lovingly,
Gould.

[This letter dated **April 10, 1928** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Willard has been busy preaching, speaking and farming. He and Ellen are planning on going back to China hopefully in September of 1928. Willard discusses Christian Science and Geraldine's leaning towards it. He is hoping that Geraldine can come to Connecticut for the summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Shelton, Conn.
April. 10-1928

Dear Geraldine:

Too much time has slipped by since your last letter. The days have been very full for me during the past month. I have been running about the country preaching and speaking and the weather has been superb for farming. I have enjoyed it much- plowing, making garden, burning brush- hauling manure, repairing machinery, milking, drawing grain from Shelton, butchering 2 pigs, cutting up the pork and putting the hams, shoulders and bacon with the pickle and smoking some of them.

Next Friday I go to Boston to consider educational work in Foochow, and I expect we will talk about the date for mother and me to sail for China. They asked if we would sail Aug. 30, and I asked them to give us another month at home and let us sail Sept. 30.

It was not a complete surprise to me that you were leaning toward Christian Science, altho I do not remember that you ever mentioned it to me. Those things sort of come partly by intuition to an observant loving, solicitous parent.

Thursday, April 19- It's a shame that I have allowed this to be held up so long. Last week I was sort of knocked out and had to go on quinine to Boston Friday- back to Putnam for that night, home Sat. and preached in Shelton Sunday. Then I quit the quinine and Monday I kept to the bed and Tuesday I got only downstairs. Wed. I went out and filled the wood box in the morning. In the afternoon I went to West Haven to sit on the platform for the Am. B'd at Mr. Hubbard's funeral. He was preaching in the Baptist Church at W. Haven last Sunday and just as he was closing, he was trying to give some statistics, got mixed up, began to stagger and at last- in a moment- he sank down, saying, "God bless you all." He was gone when the doctor arrived. Wed. was a beautiful day and the three sisters and I went and from there we drove down to Uncle Oliver's. I think all the children were there yesterday except Winnie. I did not see her.

To resume the topic I had just started on when I left this, I have no intention of trying to argue you into keeping away from Christian Science. I expect that would be the surest way to drive you into it. I never knew very much about it. Mary Baker Eddy [*Founder of Christian Scientists*] has always seemed to me to be (to Christian Scientists) the whole thing. To me, she and Aunt Grace would be sufficient arguments to let it alone.

There are two lines of thought that seem to have interested you- (1) You say Ch. Science is broad. I read and then re-read your letter to find out wherein its breadth lay. But I did not find out. I had always held them as possibly of the narrowest of sects. (2) You write that a friend in N.Y. had been greatly helped to hear [*her?*] trouble by Ch. Science. I have yet to know or hear what that cult has to give are in trouble, more than Christianity. - I mean than the ordinary Christianity of a Meth. or Bap. or Presb. or Cong'l. Certain it is that Ch. Science is not more broad. No, it looks to me as if it was neither of these factors that has attracted you- nor is it Ch. Sci. as a cult or as a doctrine but it is some personality somewhere that has influenced you. You have a deep emotional nature and you open up to few people. Your home surroundings since you were 16 or so were such as to rather turn you with yourself. Ch. Sci. offers a retreat for such. As far as I know it offers much less than- what shall I call it? Ordinary Christianity. For instance. I know of nothing that Ch. Sci. offers that any one church does not offer, and I think my own church offers much more, as far, I say, as I know. A Congregationalist may hold to faith healing as sturdily as Aunt Grace and still be a good Congregationalist. I do not know what the Ch. Sci's. believe about God and Christ. One phrase in your letter might be interpreted to mean that God was some kind of our impressionality.

As far as I know Mrs. Eddy got immensely rich out of her teachings and the church as far as I know it is a wealthy church. - There are many wealthy business men in it and they have most of their thinking done for them.

Well you see how deficient I am in knowledge of Ch. Sci. If it will help you to become a more useful woman to be more helpful to God in His great work of making a world society of friendly people (Bosworth), I should not hinder you in joining,- altho I expect I should find it hard to forget the injury that our= my family has been subjected to by Ch. Sci.

It is very unsatisfactory to write on a subject like this. I wish I could be with you and talk. It is in a way unfair too for me to write- with all my prejudices and not give you a chance to reply at once. But be perfectly frank and write anything that is in your mind.

Is mother with you? I wonder when she is coming back to Conn. The Board is arranging us to sail Sept. 28.

I wrote Dot and Harold to consider spending the summer in Uncle Dan's house- sort of camp out for a month. Could you come with them? I wish I could see more of you. Last summer, your work in Yale, mother's dress, and the wedding seemed to demand our time so we saw little of each other. I suppose I must add to the list farming.

Next Sunday I am in the Ansonia Cong'l pulpit Apr. 25 in Essex- with Rev. Herbert Woodin- born in Foochow. His mother is 90+ and living with him.

Apr. 29 in Center Ch. Worcester, Mass. - go to Putnam Sat. and Uncle Elbert dress me up.

May 2 Waterbury- May 8 New Haven, New Haven Branch, Woman's B'd.

Very lovingly
Father

How is the Ford? I hope some one will write me about Easter. Not a word yet.
I found Phebe's camera yesterday- do you want it. I plan to buy some films and try it out. The last I knew it was a very good camera.

*[This letter dated **May 4, 1928** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He sends her an interest check from the mortgage and tells Geraldine about the fire at Uncle Elbert's shop. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Shelton, Conn.
May 4 – 1928

Dear Geraldine:-

The interest for the mortgage in which you have a share came the other day and I am sending the checks instead of Aunt Mary this time,= \$7.95.

I hear that Aunt Myra has held out a bait for you to be with them this summer. I am this evening writing Dot and Harold again about camping in Uncle Dan's house next July. Uncle Oliver wants to paint the house. If Harold wants to work at the painting Uncle Oliver will save the job for him. There are two houses there and either could be used.

To day I had a letter from Uncle Elbert. You have heard that his shop was totally destroyed by fire a week ago today. I was there Sat. eve'g and saw the ruins. Day before yesterday the adjustors came to Putnam and Uncle Elbert will receive the full amount for which he was insured. The coal shed did not burn. He was fully insured and he writes that the adjustor allowed the full face value of his policy on all the buildings totally burned and allowed a very liberal amount on the damage to the coal shed. He has agreed with the Wheaton Building Co. to take away all the debris and clean the place up for the wood they can get out of it. He writes that he is very happy over the outcome- if it had to be.

In my former letter I wrote that it would – just here a telephone from Gould in Hempstead called me to talk with him. He is coming up tomorrow.- be a very great pleasure if Dot and Harold and you could be on White Hills during July. We four and Uncle Oliver and Aunt Grace were looking at the house= Uncle Dan's this afternoon with a mind to your living there during July. We all said it could be made very cosy with little trouble. The Garrett here is stuffed with old furniture. There is a cook stove in the house and oodles of wood lying all about.

Well I must write Dot and Harold and get to bed. I am feeling better than I have felt for three weeks- but I'm not up to 100 yet.

Very lovingly
Father



Uncle Dan's Home

Grandfather Nichols's Home



The top house is labeled on the front as "Uncle Dan's House" and as "Daniel A. Nichols place- White Hills" on the back. [*Daniel A. Nichols is Nancy Maria Nichols Beard's brother- Willard's uncle.*]

The bottom photo is labeled as "Grandfather Nichols Place" [*Nathan Bennett Nichols, father of Nancy Maria Nichols Beard.*]

[*Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

MARJORIE BEARD
Shelton, Conn.
Psychology



WILLIS FULTON HUME
Oberlin, Ohio
Pre-Medical

Monnie and her cousin, Willis Fulton Hume's Oberlin College senior year photos in the 1928-29 Hi-O-Hi yearbook.



Left to right: Probably Stephen Beard, Marjorie Beard, Willard, two unidentified children (probably Nancy and Ruth Beard), Kathleen Beard. Probably Summer of 1928.
[Photo from negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



This is probably Willard and Stephen Beard taken the summer of 1928.
[Photo from negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Written in album: "On Canadian Trip 1928"



Kathleen and Marjorie - Canadian Trip - Summer of 1928 - Harold, Dorothy, Ellen, Kathleen, Geraldine, Dot
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Left to right: Dorothy, Geraldine, Kathleen, Marjorie and Ellen

Probably taken on the same Canadian trip in 1928

Note: On the back of the car at the left are two banners. One says "Hamilton" (possibly Hamilton College in Clinton, NY?) and the other starts with "Burl..." (possibly Burlington?)

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte and given to Mark and Jana Jackson.]



Dorothy and Harold – Canadian trip Summer 1928
[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

MOST ALL ARRIVE AT INDIANA FIELD; ONE DOESN'T COME

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 2—
(U.P.)—Ten of the 24 Ford reliability
tour airplanes which left Detroit
this morning, arrived shortly before
noon today.

The following arrived shortly
after noon:

Richard W. Peers, Fairchild;
Robert Canwell, "Lockheed Vega";
Lewis Steward, Stinson-Detroiter;
Randolph Page, Stinson-Detroiter;
Eddie Stinson, Stinson-Detroiter;
C. P. Clavenger, Eagle Rock; Jay
Sadowsky, Swallow; E. W. Cleve-
land, Ryan Brougham; Dan R.
Robertson, Curtiss "Robin".

Mrs. Omie in her tiny "flivver"
plane, arrived safely and with the
exception of M. Gould Beard, in
his Waco biplane, all the fliers
were on hand.

Those arriving after Mrs. Omie
were George B. Peck, Travelair,
and George Atkinson, in a mono-
coop. An unknown, in a Bellanca,
also was on hand.

Article mentioning M. Gould Beard and the Ford Reliability Tour of 1928

From: The Sunday Messenger, Athens, Ohio

July 2, 1928

[Ancestry.com]



Dan Beard and the Cam Waco.

(M. G. Beard)

“Dan Beard” (Gould) and his Fairchild Cam Waco during the 1928 Ford Reliability Air Tour. [Photo provided by Myron Gould Beard to Forden, Lesley. *The Ford Air Tours 1925-1931*. New Brighton, Minnesota: Aviation Foundation of America, 2003. Originally published by The Nottingham Press, 1972.]

[This letter, dated **July 27, 1928**, was written from Chicago, Ill. by Gould to his mother. He has just finished the 1928 Ford Air Tour and sums it up very briefly. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

THE STEVENS

Chicago, July 27, 1928

Dear Mother:

Tomorrow we arrive in Detroit after completing the 6500 mile National Air Tour of the Western states. This has been grand, thrilling, marvelous, exhausting, exciting, discouraging, entertaining and humorous. The mountains were grand and marvelous and our climbs over the ridges and sweeps thru the narrow passes were thrilling beyond description. The deserts of Texas, Arizona and California were grand, bleak and barren and one could not help but be a little on edge about a forced landing in these desolate wastes. Baring thru thunder storms and picking holes thru clouds and mountain passes when the clouds hung low offered all the excitement and thrills a man needs for stimulation. The trouble- unending, incessant trouble we had with our engines was discouraging for we had hoped to make a record with them. The entertainment we received from the western people out did everything the East has ever given the preceeding three tours.

The pilots and mechanics and other people accompanying the tour were the best bunch of boys I have traveled with since College. We have had a great time together.

After the celebration and feasting is over in Detroit we will give our engines the once over and hit for New York about Tuesday or Wednesday. I intend to take a short vacation after I get back which may be for the remainder of next week. If you can give me an old bay board to sleep on I will spend it with you in Shelton.

My love to all and all my love to you.

Your son,

Gould.

*[This letter, dated **August 12, 1928**, was written from Farmingdale, NY by Gould to his mother. Ellen writes that Gould wrote this letter after being on the farm for 5 days after his Ford endurance flight. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[In Ellen's handwriting:]

Written just after returning to Farmingdale after his 5 ds vacation here at the farm after returning from the four weeks endurance flight thru the south-west, west, n.w. cities.

[In Gould's handwriting:]

Sunday
August 12, 1928.

Dear Mother:

Nothing much has happened since I returned. We are all sitting tight and watching for whatever may develop, but something will in the near future.

Tonite I am going to Schenectady, N.Y. to get the plane, then fly it down tomorrow next day. Rain has been the weather style ever since I got back here. The garden has given us a lot of beets, carrots, turnips and corn with swiss chard and spinach. Tomatoes will be ripe soon. The weeds killed the squash completely out. The flower garden is gorgeous with color. The whole garden has been a great success. The K?? ?? bearers[?] are going to be fine.

The week with the family was wonderfull and I am very glad it happened so I could get it in. Am sorry I could not have made Putnam. I'll have to try a week end up there later. The Kelso's all raved over the Chinese things of Phebe's and thought they were excellent. I will pack them away to putter with this winter when the weather is inclement outside.

Have been swimming twice since I returned. Its great on the beech. We go at nite and don't wear bathing suits. Of course its just our guys at the shop and the beech is barren and desolate there.

Will hope to have a visit from you all before you go back West. Write us as soon as possible before hand.

Lovingly your son,

Gould.

*[This letter, dated **Sept. 13, 1928**, was written by Gould to his father and mother. Willard and Ellen are on their way back to China. He is glad that they know of Ginny (Virginia). He tells them not to worry about him and his flying. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Sept. 13, 1928.

Dear Father and Mother:

When this reaches you, you will have bid good-bye to all east of the Hudson and to Ginny and the two kid sisters in Oberlin. I hope you are up to schedule.

My own status is very different from that I hoped it would be when you were on your way to this country. What the future will bring is only known by God. I am glad though that you know the girl who is my love now. I do love her and I am going to stand by till she gets her education. Of course she is rather young yet and has many changes of thought to go thru. Some of them may be disastrous to our personal relations, but I feel she is stable and pretty sound and has a good Christian foundation to pull her thru. I have faith enough in her to want to carry it thru till she is ready.

This year with its few glimpses of you has been a treat I will always cherish. Somehow I didn't see as much of you as I had hoped to, but enough so I feel I know you again and you know me.

My work for the next few years is to be intensely interesting and I hope I grow in it as I see the chance. I most certainly am going to study toward that end. The new management in the company is a new chance for everyone that stayed by and was retained and I must work to make good and even more.

Don't worry about my flying. It is not as dangerous as most people make out. There are a lot of gray haired men among us who have flown for a long time.

Will write you at Berkeley again.

Your loving son
Gould.

[This letter, dated Sept. 21, 1928, was written from Gould to his father and mother. He writes them expecting that they are in San Francisco and hopes that his Aunt Leolyn will show them around. He has listened to speeches by Hoover and Smith on the radio. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Sept 21, 1928.

Dear Father and Mother:

You are now staying at Leolyn's home where I was only last July. I hope Leolyn will show you all over the campus and that some of the nights will be clear so you can see the lights of the city.

The fog was jut rolling in over the hills from the Pacific as we landed at Mills Field and it was all foggy as we took off Monday morning so that we could not see Golden Gate at all.

Last Saturday nite I was invited to go up and spend the nite at Pleasantville at Mr. and Mrs. Vanamee's [Van Namee] home. All the Space family except Mr. S. were there. The next morning after church we went to a friend's home in Yonkers and had a lawn lunch party. It was a most enjoyable afternoon and week end.

We have been listening to political speeches over the radio by Hoover and Smith and various others. One is impressed with the very high and dignified way in which the Republican speakers present their platform. The Democratic speeches seem too full of much slinging and are too jazzy to make a very favorable impression on the majority of people. I think Smith has lost more votes than he has gained by his last two speeches.

Our factory is still running slowly and will be for a long time. Dot and Gerry are the only ones who have written me as yet since they left for the West.

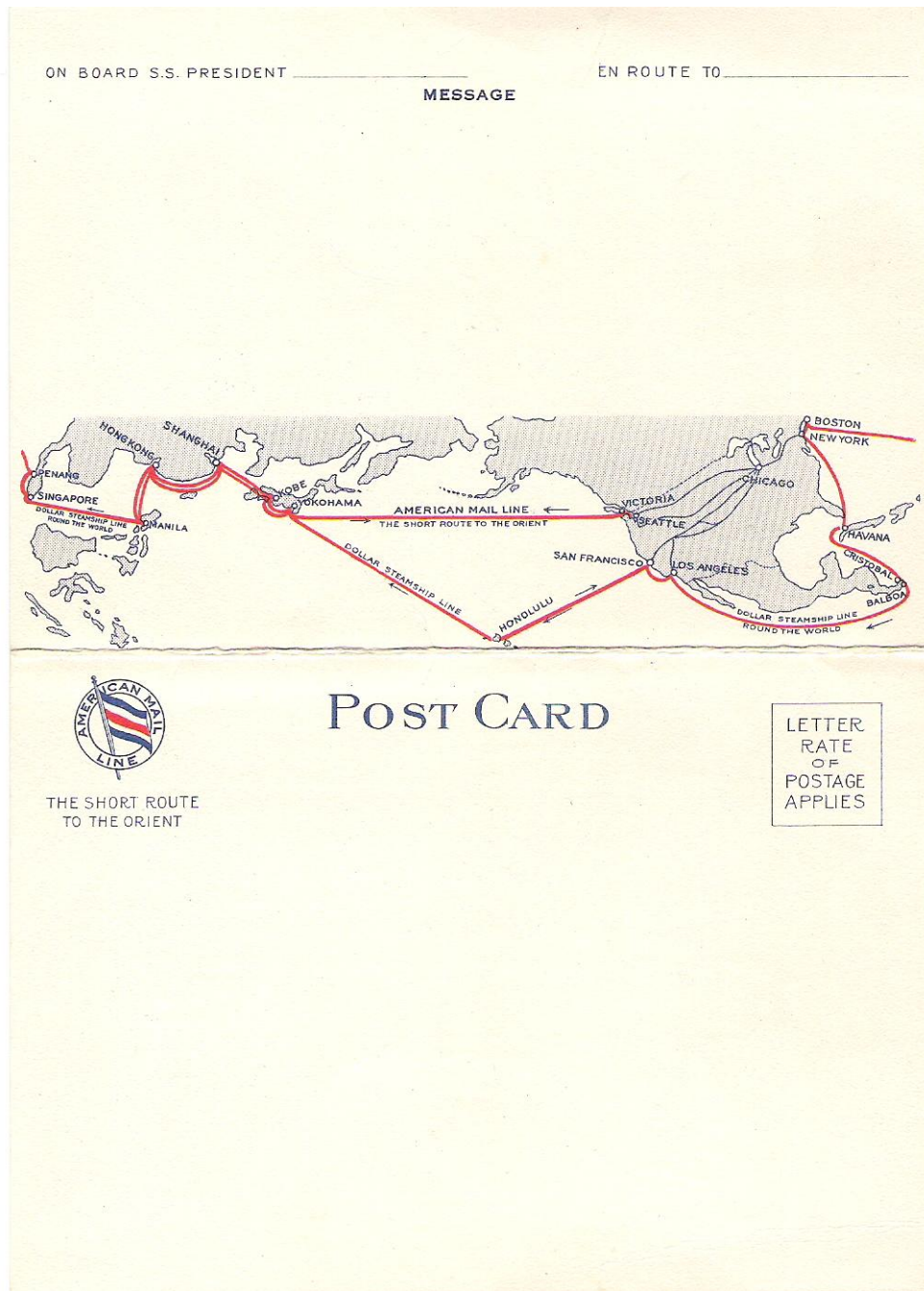
I'm going to send this letter Air Mail so it will be sure and get there before you sail.

Give my love to all the Morgan family.

May God be with you on this voyage and may it be the best voyage you have ever taken across the Pacific.

Love to both my father and mother from your son-

Gould.



This postcard is from the S. S. President Jackson. It is folded in half and then mailed. The other side is the menu for the day as shown before the letter dated October 6, 1928.

[From the collection of John and Nancy Butte and donated to Yale in 2007.]

[This letter, dated Oct. 6, 1928 was written from the S.S. President Jackson en route to China by Ellen to her children. She describes the clothes that many wore on board ship for the dinner with the theme "Hard Times". There were tournaments and contests on board to participate in. Letter from the collection of John and Nancy Butte and donated to Yale in 2007.]

American Mail Line

Saturday evening, Oct. 6", '28.

8:45 P.M.

Dear Children All,

We are settling down to something like quiet after one of the most up-roarious dinners we have had thus far. It was the occasion of a "Hard times party." When first announced we couldn't understand how they came to choose that sort of a social function when every one's baggage on a sea voyage, is reduced to lowest terms and those few togs are perfectly proper attire for ordinary occasions plus a few "glad rags"; but next to nothing that cannot be put to practical use in the requirements of decent habiliment [*clothes*]. No one expects to go equipped for special and extra or rare occasions. We wondered what kind of costumes could be conjured up and still more what we ourselves would appear in. I hesitated between my shoulder strap skirt with the blouse that goes with it a silk that is "loaded" and was breaking out- it looked sure like hard times;- and a new gingham dress, the least expensive of dress materials which was also a bit old-fashioned but which was not at all strikingly illustrative of the idea of the occasion, viz. a costume party. I finally decided on the latter, as entirely respectable, good-looking and entire keeping mildly with the idea of the occasion. Father's old clothes, overalls and so forth were all in his big trunk and the wooden boxes on their way to China. So he wore his knickers, long-stockings, oldest shoes, a mushed shirt with sleeves turned up above elbows, collar turned in and open at neck, and his cap on the side of his head. He surely looked a case of hard times but he proved to be only a mere circumstance to most of the men who changed their dress at all. They unquestionably were a tough looking lot of human beings. One tall big stout man impersonated a negro in working clothes, red bandana, blacked up face and hands, carrying pail and broom: One wore a tow colored wig, patched blue checked shirt and blue overalls and he used lots of pink powder on his face to make it look burned in the sunshine. One man had a coat much too big for him and a stand up stiff collar end turn over corners and one side of front sticking up by his ear because the button hole was broken out, and a blood stain on his collar. Another had his collar with turnover corners on hind-side - before and a big "swallow-tailed coat," and some change below I forget what, - one thing was a different shoe and stocking on each foot. Several had "black eyes," painted on and beards or mustaches also painted on. One was in his gay ones. Several had mustaches and goatees painted on and one had a false nose of great size stuck on. Several had little white sailor caps on or dinkey little hats or caps on their heads tilted at all angles and sometimes the visors behind. Several of the girls and ladies were dressed as men or boys in white trousers, knickers, overalls, or something very old. Two or three were in Japanese kimonos; one had a tin can tied on her head for a hat and a costume made distinctive by hdkfs of all sorts and colors attached by one corner all over it. Several had a 'kerchief' tied over the head, of any old cloth; one had a big straw poke hat; one had a simple costume made of one big flour bag for the blouse, and one for each leg of the trousers with the lettering all on in full color on the outside of each leg and at back and front of blouse. Miss Allen of Foochow and Miss Coe of Japan impersonated flour girls with baskets of roses and calling their wares in a little song in Chinese and Japanese. Some women wore men's shirts; some men had their shirts hanging outside their trousers. One lady represented a news boy and went around selling newspapers. Miss Bement tied a cloth over her head and wore a kitchen dress and represented a beggar and went around to near tables begging money, grapes and other food. She and Father had a scrap and he set her down in her chair and backed another chair up against hers so she couldn't get up again till the table boy took it away. He snatched away Miss Allen's basket of roses from the floor beside her chair where she had set it while she ate the next course of the dinner, and then began a chase to recover it. Every body was playing all sorts of jokes on others, which kept continual running about all over the dining saloon; few people kept their seats through the entire meal. Those were the ones who didn't dress up specially for it, or who didn't approve of it, or were too quiet to participate in such chicanery, or were too fat and lazy to exert themselves. I was one who did not leave my chair during the dinner and who conducted herself perfectly properly throughout (you may put me in whichever of those above named classes you think I fit best); the Catholic priest also did not, nor the six nuns, nor two lady missionaries and a Mt. Holyoke College teacher (for 30 yrs there) the last three sit at our table, nor a young Chinese Dr. returning from U.S. to China, nor his mother and sister, nor Ne sing, and a few other quiet, orderly people. The last half of the dinner hour there were anywhere from 3 to 8 couples dancing on the middle of the dining saloon in front of the orchestra. But they do that every evening and sometimes at luncheon,- leave their plates just brought in hot and dance till that piece is finished, then return and go on with their dinner. Some people dance 3 or 4 times during a meal. Gay tunes!!

The man who was in the tow wig and pink face took first prize and the negro second. Of the ladies, the flour-bag dress took second and the news-boy first. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing by the people so inclined. But the next day everybody kept his seat throughout the meal. I guess they had had enough for one while.

The notices are up on the bulletin board of the tournaments and passengers are requested to sign up for the game they want to try for. I went into mixed doubles in shuffle board only. Father went into that also and into deck tennis, and deck golf. My partner was AJ Thomas and I helped him a lot- to lose. I felt awfully sorry for him for he seemed glum about it but was courteous. We played against Mr. Kopf the Catholic priest and Mrs. Nash the wife of the Y.M. sec. of Korea. Father got to play the second time I think in shuffle-board. I tried quoits all by myself the other day and threw 105 rings before I got the first one on [*similar to horseshoes except with rings*]. So you see why I did not enter that tournament. You would hardly think one could throw so many really trying and not get one on; but I stood on the gentleman's line instead of on the lady's line 14 in. in front of the men's. It is hard to see where all the time goes to on the steamer; I hardly get time to do my washing and stocking darning! But you have to take certain opportunities when you find them. - I forgot to say in connection with the hard-times dinner that we had a very simple menu (which gave the cooks a rest) had paper table cloths, paper napkins, tables lighted by candles, and the silver just thrown on in a bunch at each place instead of being set out in order. Also the floor was all covered with sawdust to simulate a cheap stool restaurant. The Capt. said as we passed out of the dining room, "Well, I'm glad that's over with."

Oct. 14.- Sunday P.M. 2:40

I have just three hours to finish this letter and do lots of other writing for the mail closing at 5 o'clock.

Father preached again today and altho a good attendance can be claimed, not quite so many came as the two previous Sundays because we reach Yokohama tomorrow morning about 6 o'clock and many get off there and are busy packing up. "Reaching port," is in the atmosphere! Along with the packing, every body is desperately writing and many are desperately visiting with the new-found friends they are going to leave tomorrow. A few are madly reading to finish library books that must be in by 5:30 tonight. Some others are putting in a few last games of deck sports with some one whom they want to beat at least once.

The Jackson is slowing down her speed so as not to get there too soon. And tomorrow morning at sunrise we see the hills of fairy-land Japan. All hands, both passengers and crew must be on deck at sunrise to be counted. If any one fails to appear on deck he will keep about 450 people waiting as the Japanese officials will not pass any one through the quarantine inspection until every soul is seen and counted. Interesting memories of former voyages arise! Next we have to pass the passport inspection and get our slips for going ashore. We have only until five o'clock to shop when our boat leaves for Kobe.

A few days ago we had the contests and races and deck sports for grown-ups. I went into a potato race, egg race, and tug of war; I lost in the first two but was on the winning side in the last, married women vs. single. We pulled the girls right over the line as tho their shoe soles were greased, both times, pulling toward bow and toward stern. I am sure I helped my crew to win it, but I haven't seen my share of the prize yet, which was presented to the capt. of our team at dinner last night. All the prizes for all events, costume parties, tournaments, and sports were presented after the "Capt's Dinner" Saturday evening. At that time also the wife of the American vice-Consul to Harbin (of Russian extraction I think), did some Russian dancing to entertain the company. Her first costume was Martha Washington style with white wig, only the full skirt was deeply scalloped so that when she whirled the skirt stood out straight on all sides showing her white-legged tights which were bright red from her waist down to just below the seat. The next costume was a very full skirt of black tulle over red tulle and heavily trimmed with full-pleated six in. ruches of the same two materials, one row at the bottom and one a foot higher but we could see right through it anywhere; worn over the same tights. She danced or walked on her toes (ends) kicked very high and kneeled on one knee bending her body and head away over backwards. There was nothing especially graceful or pretty nor evenly rhythmic about it; only interesting (to certain people) as a physical feat. In the Martha Washington costume she danced a minuet. She had danced in a Russian dancing costume a few evenings ago at the hard times party which was pronounced indecent by some, and which is better described in a private conversation than in a circular letter. She was given a prize for the costume but many tho't. it unjustly awarded.

At the Capt's dinner the dining saloon was decorated as before Honolulu, in flags of many nations, small, descending from strings run along the ceiling, Japanese lanterns, colored shades over electric lightbulbs. On the tables were fancy paper cups for all, the snapping bonbons for all (balloons in some of them) and coils of streamers to throw. I don't think there was quite the enthusiasm this time as there was the first time, but there was a jolly time. Father received as his prize for his costume, a handkerchief case of leather silk-lined which was marked \$4.00.

(Continued from Kobe two days hence)

Breakfast

S. S. PRESIDENT JACKSON

JOHN GRIFFITH, Commander

- 1 Iced California Grape Fruit
- 2 Sliced Sunkist Oranges
- 3 Fresh Pineapple
- 4 Stewed Figs
- 5 Chilled Water Melon
- 6 Corn Flakes
- 7 Grape Nuts
- 8 Puffed Wheat
- 9 Oatmeal Porridge with Fresh Cream
- 10 Fried Filets of Whitefish, Butter Sauce
- 11 Finnan Haddie in Cream
- 12 Steamed Salt Codfish Tongues and Sounds, Globe Potatoes
- 13 Grilled Chicken's Liver en Brochette
- 14 Curried Eggs with Rice
- 15 Minced Beef with Onion on Toast
- 16 Grilled Sugar Cured Ham
- 17 Broiled Breakfast Bacon
- 18 Chops and Steaks to Order
- 19 Eggs: Boiled, Fried, Poached, Scrambled, or Shirred
- 20 Omelettes any Style to Order
- 21 Mashed Potatoes
- 22 Diced Potatoes
- 23 Buckwheat Cakes with Maple Syrup or Drip Honey
- 24 Assorted Fresh Breakfast Rolls
- 25 Dry or Buttered Toast
- 26 Milk Scones
- 27 Oatmeal Cakes
- 28 Assorted Tea Garden Preserves and Jellies
- 29 Imported Marmalade
- 30 Instant Postum
- 31 Tea
- 32 Cocoa
- 33 Coffee
- 34 Hot Milk

Wednesday, October 10th 1928. J. H. Newey, Chief Steward

(Beef Tea will be served on Deck at 11 a. m.)



[This letter, dated Oct. 10, 1928, was written from the S.S. President Jefferson on the way to China by Ellen to her children. She describes her tour of the ship. Letter in the collection of John and Nancy Butte and donated to Yale in 2007.]

American Mail Line
President Liners
Orient
Round the World

Wednesday, Oct 10"

28.

3:25 P.M.

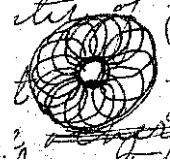
Dearest Children All,

We have just been down into the depths of the Pacific, 15 ft. below the surface of the ocean, but we had the hold of the ship all around us, so we didn't get wet, but we did get pretty dirty,- all of which means that we have made a tour of the ship.

At first, I asked the ladies of our table if they would like to make a tour of the boat in case the officers were willing to let us go. They were all glad to go; but before we had completed our negotiations with the officers, Miss Hinsdale, who is a teacher at Mt. Holyoke College and sits at our table, had been offered that privilege by the Dr. of the boat who discovered after long thinking that she was his High School teacher in Joliet, Ill. over 30 yrs. ago. When he first saw her on the boat he knew he had seen that face somewhere before. Her face haunted him, but he could not recall where it was till yesterday when it came to him and he came and introduced himself, at the same time asking her if she would like to take a tour of the ship bringing her friends along. Of course she accepted and our problem of how to get it done was solved.

Right after lunch we went beginning with the bridge. But on our way he showed us 2 suites of rooms for wealthy people each of which costs \$2250. for the trip from Los Angeles to Manila! There is a large bed-room furnished with 2 beds just like home furniture with dresser, wardrobe, chairs, chiffonier and all the necessities; a living room with table large enough for dining table so that meals can be served there if desired, couch, easy chairs, draperies and walls covered with the same striped satin material as the draperies instead of wall paper; a completely furnished bath-room very compact but room enough. One of these suites was occupied, one was not. He showed us the Capt's room; very fine. Also 1st Officer's, Purser's, Chief Engineer's, then we went to the bridge and saw the compass,- the old fashioned one wh. they still use also the gyration compass of which they have four on the boat. The biggest one was down stairs near the engine room and it makes 35000 revolutions a minute and requires 1 ½ hrs. to stop after they shut down the machinery when they get into port! There was also on the bridge in the steering room a wonderful machine that is run by electricity, which guides the ship itself without the aid of man when once man has set it in motion. They can all go off and leave the steering room all alone and the ship will continue on its way keeping its course accurately, in fact it is more accurate than the human brain in its action. They first set it to a certain course and if any thing, as wind, wave, swell, deviates it the least bit from the true course set for it this machine,- humorously called the "Iron Mike,"- (I did not learn its technical name) corrects it at once automatically and exactly accurately. So now, a man does not have to stand at the wheel all day and all night to guide the ship. It will do in a second what it takes 4 or 5 seconds for the human mind and hand to do, coordinately. The machine was opened and we saw it correct the ship several times as we sped along. It is absolutely beyond my power to give you any clear description of it as I do not know the technical terms of the mechanical parts nor do I understand its electrical action; but you have heard of and have some faint conception of the electrically automatic action of the electric stoves, refrigerators and electric flat irons and I imagine that this is similarly operated on a much grander scale. It was contained in an iron case, resting on the floor, and stood about 3 ft. high, was a foot deep 15 in. wide. The thick iron door fully an inch thick, was on the front side and opened, the full side of the case. Inside were many pieces of brass, of different sizes and shapes intricately arranged to do the fine work it was made to perform. At the bottom near the floor many insulated wires entered the machine to conduct the electricity which was the motive power of their almost intelligent machine, "more accurate and speedier than the human brain and hand"! On the wall back of it, "Iron Mike" recorded his own work and every detail with unfailing accuracy. The record was made electrically in red ink on a roll of paper which moved thru the machine as a movie film moves thru its machine; there was a line of little round holes on the right side. The 1st Officer unrolled the paper record of the last 24 hrs. and showed us the report. The red ink path of the point that recorded the ship's deviations and the machine's corrections looked something like the line down the left margin of this page. When the zig zag is slighter there was less deviation or, in other words, the sea was smoother and the wind had dropped; while the wider variations due to heavier sea and greater velocity of wind, are recorded by the broader zig zag. I think the hour was recorded

periodically but am not certain as I was too far away to see well. There were several other instruments in the steering room which he did not stop to explain. But there was another which he did explain most interestingly. It was the fire alarm. In a wooden case about 5 ft. high and 18 in. square with a slanted top of glass, were about 40 square brass pipes 1 ½ in. in diameter coming up vertically and side by side in rows into the case, and each row shorter than the one behind it with the open tops slanted at the same angle as the glass top. Each tube bore a number on its inner rear wall thus: which could be easily read through the glass. Each upper corner of the case had a small red glass disc behind one of which was a tiny electric bulb; these bulbs were connected with the two motors of the machine which run the fans which pump air up through these tubes from all parts of the ship. Only one of the motors run at a time and they are changed of periodically to cool off the motor; the red lights indicate which motor is running. In each state-room, social hall, dining saloon, tea-room, writing room and all over the ship, there is on the ceiling a circular arrangement of insulated wires and loose flat coil about the size of a tea-plate (8 in. in diam.)



with a small white disc ½ in. thick and 2 in. in diam. in the center of the coil and applied over it. We had all wondered much what it was for; these were the other ends of these brass tubes. The officer told us that if a fire started in any part of the ship, as soon as any heat was produced, it would affect these wires and the bell in the steering room on the wall would ring and at the same time, or before, the smoke would come up one of those tubes; looking at the number of the tubes from which smoke was issuing, the officer in charge could tell just where the fire was. Another bell is on the wall of the Capt's room and beside it is a number-recording board similar to those in hotels in connection with the bell system for calling the bell boy, which also records the location of the fire. He said if a person should light a piece of paper and hold it near this instrument on the ceiling of his cabin, it would set off this fire alarm. In this connection, I think I have not written that we have had three fire-drills on this voyage thus far. All the crew, sailors, stewards and officers hasten at the sound of the whistle to their assigned positions by the life boats. At the second whistle, they swing about 4 of the boats out over the water each time but do not lower them to the water; the crews of the other boats go through the motions of letting out the ropes but do not swing the boats out. I think they take turns with the different boats instead of doing all boats every time; for it is a great deal of work since each boat has a kahki canvas cover which has to be removed and then laced on again when the third whistle blows; at the fourth whistle all hands file back to their work. The fire drill always comes after the 4 o'clock tea is served about 4:30.

Then the Dr. took us to the kitchen and showed us the great coffee urns 3 of them, the huge stoves and ovens, the electric arrangement for boiling eggs exactly so many minutes 2, 3, or 4, or more and it takes care of itself automatically. The dishes were all stacked on shelves with racks in front of each pile of plates, saucers etc. to keep them from sliding off in rough weather. The pantries, with stacks of bread and the meat room where the meat and fish just taken from the refrigerator were being cleaned and prepared for dinner; the great pots 2 ½ ft. across and as high wear soup meat was boiling; the immense buckets of vegetables all prepared for dinner; the potato mashing machine; the potato peeling machine, etc. From there he led us to the laundry where 3 or 4 Chinese laundry men were ironing in a temperature at least up to 95 degrees perhaps higher. I felt sorry for them. But when we got to the engine room it was worse. As he opened the door to go down the narrow stairs a hot blast struck our faces which was a bit disconcerting and made us wonder if we could stand it after all. Miss Allen turned back here, and so did Ne sing, Miss Bement's Chinese girl but the rest of us went on. As we took hold of the iron (polished steel) handrails to help us down the narrow steep stairs, they were so hot we could hardly hold them. But this was worst at the top as heat rises and grew cooler as we went down. Two flights we descended into the hold and were then several feet below the water line. All the tubes and machinery that could be painted at all was painted light yellow which made it look clean and more cheery. And there we stood in a little open space amidst a bewildering array of pipes and tubes, big and little and intricate machinery of which I do not even know the names. Here I shall have to cut off this chapter to get it into the mail. Continued in my next mailed I hope at Kobe.

Very Lovingly, Mother

[This letter, dated Oct. 16, 1928, was written from the S.S. Jackson on the way to China by Willard to Marjorie and Kathleen. He is taking chickens to China and feeds them on the ship twice daily. He visited with Mr. Abe Iso, his friend from Seminary and now a member of the Japanese Parliament, while in Japan. Letter from the collection of John and Nancy Butte and donated to Yale in 2007.]

American Mail Line
President Liners
Orient
Round the World

Inland Sea, Japan.
Oct. 16th, 1928. 9:15 a.m.

Dear Marjorie and Kathleen:-

Just before we reached Yokohama Mother and I mailed a dozen or more letters, post cards and menu-post cards. She sent you something in one of these lines.

It was a #1 good mail that met us- part at Leolyn's, part after we got to the S.S. office in San Francisco and part after we went aboard. Your letters were most interesting. Before I forget it I must assure you that my shaving brush has stood on end on the little glass shelf over the washstand all the journey thus far and has not needed to keep awake[?]. The sea has been very smooth. The ship has been loaded heavily and has been very steady. I never enjoyed a voyage as much as this one.

The chickens are getting on well. I found two eggs the first week, none the second but day before yesterday I found one and another this morning. The twelve in one coop are a bit crowded and I shall be glad when I can give them more room. The ship carries a lot of green vegetables- cabbage and lettuce and I found ends of onions and some garlic. The chickens like all these, and this green food keeps them healthy. The room steward gives them left over rice and potatoes and meat. I bought in S. Francisco 100 lbs of corn, oats, barley, wheat, etc. mixed and I feed this to them myself twice a day.

Yesterday Mother and I went up to Tokio. We went to the Japan Tourists Bureau in the Tokio Station and an attendant there telephoned Mr. Abe Iso, a classmate of mine in Hartford Seminary. [*See photo with letter dated April 8, 1895 by Willard.*] He replied that he would come down to the station where we were. We had a visit with him from about 12:45 till 4 p.m. He taught in Waseda University, Tokio for nearly 20 years. Last year he was elected to the Lower House in the Japanese Parliament by the common people- that corresponds to the Commons or Labor Party in Great Britain. Waseda University is controlled by the Higher ups and when Mr. Abe was elected as the representative of the common people the University Board did not want him longer. I have been told that the students came near striking if he left. But he could not hold down both jobs and the work as a member of Parliament was in line with his ideals so he is now a member of the Japanese Parliament. He has always wanted to help the working man and the poor. He is chairman of the Purity Committee for all of Japan. He has already drafted a bill against prostitution which he plans to bring before parliament at the next election. Mother was much interested in talking with him about the coronation of the new Emperor which is to take place in two or three weeks. As a member of Parliament he is to attend. Mother I think is writing more of the details of this. Mr. Abe was ill with typhus fever last winter and spring- just as he had taken his seat in parliament. For three weeks he was unconscious or out of his head- he does not remember anything that took place during those three weeks. He is not yet well- shows his illness some, and is very careful with himself, hoping to be able to work hard for righteousness when parliament again sits. Abe is one of the great men of Japan. It was worth a day of time and ten yen to have the privilege of talking with him for four hours. We talked of China and of Japan's attitude. He remarked, "When the United States settled the Nanking affair with the Nationalist Government, independently of Great Britain and Japan, the Japanese Cabinet officers were very much surprised"- He said this with a chuckle, characteristic of himself. He said, "My party does not want Japan to have Manchuria. Manchuria belongs to China and should unite with the Nationalist Government." These two remarks pleased me specially for I have for several years felt that Japan's attitude toward China was the attitude of militaristic Japan only, and this from Mr. Abe confirms my feelings. On the way back from Tokio, we got off at the large new station opened only a day or two ago. It is a huge affair with all the modern improvements of a station in the U.S.

I was astonished at the amount of building going on both in Yokohama and in Tokio. Mr. Abe said that most of it was to replace the buildings destroyed in the earthquake. Our ship left a lot of autos at Yokohama - one lady said most "Stars" [?]. I saw one Ford- owned by a Mr. Nash of the Seoul Y.M.C.A.

Going back to Foochow with us here are Miss Bement and Miss Allen. The Storrs family are ahead of us. So are Mr. Kellogg (Shaowu) and Mr. Newell.

The past summer was a delightful one to us - I got better acquainted with all the children than ever before. We were on the go more than any of us intended, but perhaps we saw sides of each other there that we would not have seen if we had been quietly in one place. I have the "farmerette" picture and the one of Monnie on the horse

rake in my vest pocket diary and I look at them frequently. *[Kathleen told Jana that she and Marjorie would play "farmerette" at Century Farm when they were younger.]*



Marjorie and Kathleen 1928 as "Farmerettes"

Marjorie, Ellen, Kathleen and Dorothy

[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

I shall often think of you Marjorie and pray that you will find just the best work for yourself after you finish at Oberlin- the work in which you can make the most helpful contribution to society- in which you can be the most useful to God as He is moulding society in a great world society of friendly people. That was Professor Bosworth's idea, and it means much – no more war- no more hatred- no more jealousies- or secret plottings- no more trying to get the best of the other fellow for our own selfish advancement.

Remember us to Aunt Etta and the family. I'll write some of them soon.

In the fancy dress I took first prize for an original costume. I was "Departed Spirits"- a ghost moving about the dining room distributing my cards. The prize was a beautiful leather-silk turned handkerchief holder.

May God keep, guide and use both of you.

Very lovingly

Father.

*[This letter, dated **Oct. 24, 1928**, was written onboard the S.S. Chosa Maru by Ellen to Marjorie. As the boat approaches the Foochow area, Ellen anticipates sight of Sharp Peak, where Phebe was born years before. Ellen discusses where they will be living in Foochow. She sent some Japanese clothing items to her daughters. Letter from the collection of John and Nancy Butte and donated to Yale in 2007.]*

Osaka Shosen Kaisha,
On board S/S "Chosa" Maru
Wednesday 8 P.M. Oct. 24" 1928.

Dearest Marjorie

Before another sunrise, we shall be in sight of the rambling old sanitarium of hallowed memory, the birthplace of our first dear baby daughter. A strange emotion thrills my heart as I near the soil in which her dear form rests. Sacred associations cluster around the old building in which her voice first sounded. I shall view it from the port-hole tomorrow at early dawn and recall many pleasant scenes and happy events.

We anchor off Matsu at about 3:30 A.M. and reach Pagoda Anchorage about 9:20 A.M. We have to wait for tide to enter the river on acct. of the bar. We ought to be up to the bund and the long bridge by noon, and in the city by 1:30.

Betty Cushman came on to the boat at S'hai and surprised us. She had been up to Shanghai about two weeks to meet her sister Mary who was at Wenshan School teaching music when Phebe died and went home after

we did; and “met her fate” in Shanghai when waiting for her boat to go home and after she got well again she became engaged to him and came out two weeks ahead of us to be married in S’hai. Betty came up from Foochow to meet her and attend the wedding and be her brides-maid. Their boats arrived the same day and almost the same hour; Mr. Brown went first to meet his fiancée then they both went to meet Betty. The wedding over, B. went to Nanking on business and the bride and groom went to Foochow on their honeymoon. We’re hoping they stay until we get there but we may pass them on the way returning to S’hai. Interesting, isn’t it? Mary going home, health impaired, to get well, met this man casually at a social or some place, very short acquaintance, few days at most, they corresponded, proposed, she went to his home in Missouri to look him up and meet his people; found them very similar to hers, interested in church and missions, were engaged and a few months later came out and married and will live in S’hai indefinitely; he is an employee in the customs. Beginning a life like a story!

Betty says the Hodous house in the city has been made into two apartments, upper and lower, and we are expected to live in the lower, the upper being already occupied by Dr. Campbell’s family. I don’t like to sleep on the ground floor but I guess it’s “no hwak.”

Later- We find the up-stairs floor of the big hospital house back of the tennis court is also vacant, painted, whitewashed, etc. and ready for our choice of it, or the other (Where the Ruman’s lived when you were here.); Father wants this and I like it better as we can sleep up stairs; also the view is better and more light and air than on ground floor where we look out on walls and just our own compound.

Now about the buys. Geraldine’s letter from me, which she will let you all read (promptly please,) will explain why I have not sent more things and earlier. I’m sorry not to have had more time to browse around in Japan. But I’ll try to get the gifts to you by Christmas. I may send several things to let you select from and what you don’t want you may put into Dorothy’s or Geraldine’s Christmas sale if she is down in Oberlin any time to get them or you could send them by mail to her. I have already sent to you from Japan, two Happi coats, - a little different from Haori coats. You did not ask for a kimona, I suppose because you expect to be able to select one yourself before many years; so I found these happi coats comparatively cheap and tho’t you might like one. They are shorter, shorter sleeved, unlined, wool challis (instead of silk) as compared with the Haori coats. They are worn inside by Japanese ladies, the Haoris outside. I think they are comparatively new as I have never seen them before, - not new to the Japanese women but new to the foreign trade. I should imagine a college girl could use one for an evening wrap in summer. You may be too modest to wear so bright a blue as one of them is and the other is white with red bamboo on it, - very dainty to wear over a light summer dress. Then when I got to S’hai, I was so sorry I had not bought a black one that I went into a Japanese store and paid 1 ½ dollars more for a black one which you may like better to wear than so bright a blue. All I saw were bright red or bright green, or vivid orange or royal purple, or this black one. The black one I bought would be prettier with the light blue left out and less compact and loose clusters of cherry blossoms. The blue one has a tiny spot on the front where the blue color did not take well. I may be able to send you something to wear on that spot, to cover it perhaps one of the little charms I am sending Dorothy to sell. There are also some tiny blue specks on the front of the white one which are not very disfiguring but probably cannot be removed. You are to have your choice of these three and if the other girls don’t want them let them have them all if they can use them. The others Dot or Geraldine may sell them. The blue one and the white one which you will receive together are 4 yen each or \$1.87 cents gold. The black one is 5.50 yen or \$2.57 gold. I hope you have enough money to pay the duty without inconveniencing you until the girls who take the others can pay you. If Dot doesn’t want any surplus coats to sell, but they surely will, perhaps you can sell them to college girls in Oberlin- let our daughters have first chance at them. But don’t sell them till all you girls have a chance at them if you want them.

Another thing, I am sending some braided silk ties which I tho’t you and Kath might use in some way when you wanted to wear the Oberlin colors, as at a ball game, instead of ribbons. They are worn by the Jap. women to tie the inner coat or something of the kind. These two are the Oberlin colors and caught my eye. You may divide them as you like. There should be no duty on these as they cost less than \$1. mex. each. \$.35 and \$.55 So don’t pay any. I was sorry not to have time to go out to the wholesale bead shop for your pink beads but Geraldine’s letter will tell you why. I felt that the time was so limited I would better get what was close at hand than to spend all my time hunting a place which might be closed when I had found it. I may be able to get them by correspondence as I have his card.

Morning- Thursday Oct 25”, 6 A.M. – I am all alone on deck, watching the last flash of the light house on White Dogs (island); watching the Island Matsu near which we have been anchored all the latter part of, - to be accurate, the last 8 hours, recede in the distance, watching the rosy tints of the sunrise on the thin uneven veil of gray clouds with which the sky is almost completely overcast and wondering over just which peak of the dear old Fukien Mts. the sun will appear; *[she switches from pencil to green ink here]* and watching for Sharp Peak Island as it comes into view. There I’ve finished up, that sentence properly and now I’ll tell you that I’m finishing this letter

on the Monday morning following that Thursday on which I wrote the last 8 lines of pencil script above. The intervening days have been so busy that I've found no time to write. And I can't finish the description of our arrival now as I must write you information about things I'm sending or they will arrive before the letter does and you'll not know about them.

Dear Kathleen:- I have sent your Kimona to Geraldine with hers. She will pay the duty on yours and you may pay her when you can. She will bring it up to you about Thanksgiving time I think as we mailed it at Kobe (after we left) on the ship, and it was to be transferred at S'hai to a Dollar Line Boat going to Seattle. So by this time it must be 2 or 3 days out from Yokohama and will be in Yokohama [*does she mean to say Seattle?*] in a week. 10 days later it should be in Geraldine's hands. You have read above what I wrote Marjorie about the crimson and gold silk ties which I am sending you and her to wear as college colors on occasions. I shall send them to her address, or one to each; I haven't planned which yet. But, however sent, you can suit yourselves which has which. I fear you will not like your kimona for a Japanese one because it is not Japanese enough, but Geraldine's letter tells all about it. Write me just what you do think about it to guide me in further purchases. I am writing this while two women clean the house, floors, windows, furniture; the walls have been whitewashed and the woodwork newly painted white; floors newly painted a pinkish drab, which is pretty; but they are dusty and need washing.

Yesterday we went to give Gue Ging Miong's [?] church, the serious faced preacher rather small; you may remember him. At the close of the sermon he asked Father to speak, and me. I first said 2 sentences and gave the floor to Father. We walked both ways. Foochow seems very quiet and peaceful. Few soldiers here and no trouble. It has been very dry here for a long time and the grass is pretty brown and the flowers dried up. Ever since we arrived it has been as warm as summer. I am wearing white dresses and father white trousers. I suppose you are wearing wool dresses and sweaters, and the autumn leaves are all fallen and burned up, and flowers all gone. Houses heated and frosty nights. Much love and prayer, Mother

Am using just a single envelope that I took to use when on steamer but didn't get letter finished. I didn't sponge their stationery!!

[This letter dated Nov. 1, 1928 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Geraldine. Willard and Ellen are back in China and Ellen tells about the trip she and Willard took to Kuliang in one day. She describes the process of making sweet potato rice. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Foochow, China]

Nov. 1st 1928

Dearest Geraldine,

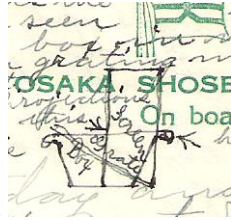
We have been to Kuliang today and not in sedan chairs as you used to go. Starting at 8 A.M. we went by rickisha out across the plain toward the Mt. to the village where the chair coolies used to take the first rest, drink tea and smoke, about 2 ½ miles. There we paid them off, 3 ½ dimes each, and they returned and we started on across the plain walking. It has been a pleasant warm day with a few clouds which shaded the sun a part of the time and it is very dry. The farmers all across the plain are very busy reaping the second crop of rice and the fields are about half reaped. When we reached the foot of the Mt. we had walked 3 ½ miles and we did not stop at the rest house there as we used to do but kept right on up the mt. a climb of 3 miles, stopping only once to rest. We arrived at our first stop on Kuliang at 12:10 having made it in a little over 4 hours. Mrs. Matheson, wife of an English Dr. wanted to go up with us as she wanted Father to help her decide on the repairs on her house. We let her know the night before what time we would start and she started from her home over south side in time to meet us at the foot of the mt. where our roads meet, as nearly as she could judge. Just about 10 minutes before we came to the foot of the mt. father said "There is a foreign lady just starting up the mt. road. And it is a foreigner, for Chinese do not wear yellow clothes." He waved his hat but there was no response. But as we neared the first rest house, ¼ the way up, she shouted back to us and waved and waited for us at the rest house. On reaching the top, we went to her house first, looked it over and decided on the repairs with the mason, ate half a pomelo together in place of a drink of water. Then father and I went on up to our house leaving Mrs. M. to eat lunch alone and do some things about her house. At the village father ordered rice and sweet potatoes cooked by our landlord and brought up to our house. We rested a half hour and looked over the house then started to eat what we had brought and soon the landlord came bringing a big bowl of hot rice, 4 hot sweet potatoes, 2 boiled eggs, 4 slices of fried fresh pork and a tin of boiling water. We ate a part of ours and a part of his and left him all the rest giving it nominally to his little boy who was with him, wearing a pair of English men's khaki riding trousers, - a lad 10 yrs. old! Some sight! I imagine that after the Kuliang season is over and the summer residents are all gone, there is quite a gay parade of foreign cast-off

clothing among the native population. As we started down the mt. and came to the branch road leading to Mrs. Mathesons house, we boohooed across the fields and soon heard a reply and in a moment she appeared and we all walked down together without stopping to rest. At the foot of the mt. our ways parted. We found our rickshas waiting at the end of the richisha r'd and rode home reaching home about 5:40, just about dark. One of the summer store buildings on the mt. had been burned since we were there last; a part of the church lawn, retaining wall, and stone walk had slipped down into the valley below in a land-slide during a fearful rainstorm late last summer, a part of a typhoon which everybody is telling us about, and we saw two other land slides up there which occurred at the same time. A fine new stone building of squared stones has been put up since we were last there, by a mason, "out of his squeezes of the foreigners", father says.

Our landlord uses our house harder all the year thru, especially Sept. Oct. and Nov. than we do in the three summer months. He had the lawn all covered with bundles of sweet potato vines drying for winter feeding for his cattle. The veranda was covered with shredded white sweet potatoes drying to make "sweet-potato rice" which is a substitute for rice, which is cheaper and an inferior food which nobody really likes but which a great many of the poorer people of this section of China have to eat a part of the time. The ends and fragments and little potatoes which couldn't be "riced" were drying on the veranda floor too, for pig food. Out on the stone walk in front of the house were two of our bureau drawers filled with chunks of snow white stuff which looked like huge lumps of laundry starch, drying. I asked what it was and gathered that it is a byproduct of the "sweet-potatoe rice" process; presumably the juice which drains from the sweet potatoes as they are being shredded by drawing them over a series of corrugations in a piece of tin attached to a board (2) ft. long and 7 in. wide; this instrument lay on the window sill in our dining room. The juice is dried out till this sediment is left and when dry enough to turn out of the receptacle in a cake it is broken up into lumps and dried perfectly dry. I tasted it and it seemed exactly like starch. I think it was. I tried to get out of the landlord what it was used for but all he could tell me was, "O, you can use it in making anything" meaning in cooking I suppose. Then on the back lawn was a hogs head 4 or 5 big water gongs, and one or two buckets, all filled with dirty water where they had washed the potatoes before ricing. Inside, the house, was cluttered and somewhat dirty and it didn't look like our summer home at all; but by next June he will have the lawn all cleared off, the veranda all cleaned off and washed, the inside all arranged and cleaned; ready for our arrival. Then I'll have our servants do it all over again after him and white washing, painting and oiling, will make it a home again. On the road across the plain there were two or three bad washouts or bridges gone; one place where we had to cross a canal on a board nine inches wide; another place had a bridge much slanted from a higher to a lower bank over a stream, which consisted of four narrow thin boards held together by strips of wood nailed across for steps, a rickety affair, insecurely set. At another place we crossed the stream on stepping stones. I crossed them all alone (unaided) and safely; but coming home my knees were so shaky from the long walk and especially the walk down so many irregular stone steps, that I had to stop and gather courage and poise as much as two minutes before I could venture the 9 in. board. After that long flight of steps down the mt. was finished, the muscles of my legs and especially knees had been on tense strain so long, holding back, and at the same time stepping down those rough, uneven, irregular stone steps, no two successive steps exactly the same height, width, slant, or surface, my muscles were so unresponsive and my feet so unmanageable and unwieldy that in walking on the level(?) they struck the ground at almost any angle and any time, and my gait was a ludicrously laborious amble, as I negotiated the uneven half-paved roads. But, - I did it! Walked up the mt. and back the same day and am able to sit up till 11:30 and write this letter to you on top of it without even lying down a minute to rest either. And I carried my own sweater all across the plain and Father's brief case filled with lunch, up the mt. and my umbrella all day either over my head for shade or as a cane. Also on the walk down the mt. I picked a bouquet of flowers, wild chrysanthemums and asters and wild lavender, and carried them all the way home. And I don't feel tired a bit. So I guess your mother isn't getting so awfully old, even if she is 60; thirteen miles including a mt. climb. I wonder how many of my 60 yr. old acquaintances (women) could have taken it with me? As I had no rubber heels, father took my arm and supported me the last half of the way down the mt. steps as my leather heels slipped so on the smooth, foot worn but irregular stones.

The grains of Sweet Potato Rice are about seven times the size of ordinary grains of shredded cocoanut and resemble it only not so pure white, - grayish white. Everywhere on the mt. it was being dried on matting trays 8 ft. long and 4 ft. wide set up at an angle of 45 degrees facing the south. Unhulled rice also on mats of bamboo flat on the ground were drying in many places. As the rice reaping was going on sticking up all over the plain could be seen the tan colored coarse cloth screens on 3 sides of a rectangular box in which the rice is threshed off the stalks by beating it by handfuls, on a grating made of 1 ½ in. strips of wood nailed 1 ½ in. apart on a rectangular frame 2

ft. X 3 ½ ft. set into the big box washboard fashion. The box has projections at all four corners for handles, is large



and heavy and looks like this.

Box = 4 ft. X 12 ½ ft. X 2 ¼ ft. – screen 6 ft. high bamboo frame.

Use your magnifying glass,- reading glass to read these post scripts. I'm not out of stationary. Didn't know I was going to write so much.

[This letter dated Nov. 7, 1928 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Geraldine. She tells about pricing Chinese items for sale and about some fabrics she sent. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Read these privately.

With love, Mother.

Tai Bing Ga Compound
Foochow China

Nov. 7", '28.

Dearest Geraldine,

This must be business strictly, as I must get this on its way to you that you may be prepared to receive the goods I am sending for your Christmas Sale.

First,- let me say, that I quite forgot when in Yokohama that you had asked me to buy things for a sale in Youngstown and in my haste sent all the beads (12 strings, assorted) to Dorothy for her sale. But later remembering it I wrote Dorothy she was to share equally with you and asked her to send you half of them after making her own selection. Handle them carefully as they seem strung on very fine thread that would break easily. In price they averaged about 60 sen a string but the small ones and the long ones always cost more. Don't price them quite up to what is being asked for them in American stores as I think these may be seconds, or, at least, not inspected for foreign trade. But you don't need to tell that; neither should you publish the exact cost of your goods. People in their thought of it don't make allowance for the time spent in buying, wrapping, posting and necessary writing about them; not the cost of packing and postage and duty and your work, in the sale. So it would seem that you were making several hundred percent. Don't forget to add to the gold cost, the postage, duty etc, in fixing your selling price. And you will have to ascertain at the P.O. when you get your parcel and pay your duty what rate % is charged on each kind of thing in order to fix your prices proportionately and fairly. You ought to make at least 10 % on everything after all cost items are added to the purchase price. Some things, the best sellers, much more.

Yesterday I sent you your first parcel- shipment! – if you please, which contained one thing which unless I miss my guess, never gets as far as your sale. If you like it as well as I did, it will probably go straight into your own wardrobe and no one else will get a chance at it or a peep of it till you wear it. Now, perhaps I am getting your hopes too high so come down quickly before your anticipations are rudely dashed. For it's only a piece of Japanese wool challis and you may not think it at all suitable for a dress. But it is so pretty, to me, and they are wearing the large patterns somewhat; and the color combination is so harmonious and the whole thing so very distinctive, - you'll not see anything like it anywhere in America; not that it is ultra refined in its tone but it's just pretty, - and different. I wish it were silk instead of wool. But perhaps it will not appeal to you for a dress, perhaps it is too large a pattern; remove it one stop down, then, and call it cloth for a kimono; I think that will surely make a go,- only,- it's not silk. The goods is very fine and thin, the dyes are good, and the colors harmonious. It combines, black, lively dull blue, and henna in about equal parts and the pattern which is not at all definite or set, reminds you of the sky lien of trows of trees gracefully and charmingly indefinite and irregular and easy in arrangement. I'd give ten cents for your mental picture of it right now! And shall be interested to hear how your mental concept delineated by this description compares with the real thing. Please be very frank. I ought to add two more touches of my brush to this picture. The three colors are arranged in irregular horizontal bands regularly repeated. The work "indefinite" refers to pattern, not to the line which separates one color from another- which is very indefinite. My imagination makes this venture- that in choosing these particular colors, the designer intended to represent earth, blue sky, and dark shadowy trees silhouetted against it at eventide. The Japanese are poetic even in their arts

and industries. - There are nearly six yds. of it and it is 30 in. wide I think, altho I did not measure it. For such a pattern one would want a straight plain dress I should think, so as not to disturb the art in it by many pleats and shirrings and drapings. So it would hardly take 6 y. to make one dress. There would be enough for two if one, at least, combined solid color material with it in one of the colors of the material; possibly preferably black. I think that would make the prettier combination altho the other two colors would do, especially the henna. Both dresses might have black combined if need be. Some smooth thin plain wool material might be found I should think, if not exactly challis. In any case I should think it best to face the skirt with satin (thin) so it will slip easily on the stockings and not cling and be kicked up on the legs with every step. So much for suggestion! Now do just what you want to with it. Sell it if you don't care for it but not until all the other sisters have had a chance at it in case you don't care for it, or for a second dress if you find there is enough for more than one, for yourself. The whole piece of nearly 6 yds. cost 8 yen or \$3.73 gold exchange in Japan that day being \$2.14 silver for \$1.00 gold. I sent this to you instead of Dorothy as you have more dress-making done than she; she buys more of her clothes ready made. If you decide to use it for dresses for the family let whichever sister wants or admires it most have the other if it is possible to tell; i.e. if there are two. It makes no difference to me. I sent Dot a rather pretty hand painted white silk scarf from Canton. In this first parcel, I also sent 10 Japanese Christmas Cards, 15 sen each or .07 gold, 2 calendars, 30 sen or .14 gold each, a linen towel, cross stitch, \$1.00 silver and a linen tray cloth in cut work \$2.90 silver or 1.36 gold. That was all in that parcel and it was registered; so write at once when you receive it as the time is so long anyway before we can hear that if it doesn't arrive we should begin to look it up from here. It should arrive by Dec. 10, I think.

Today supposedly, the lacquer man will post to you a box of small pieces of lacquer which I chose yesterday and he promised to post today. It should contain 30 pcs. of lacquer, - napkin rings, paper knives, ruler, boxes, small trays, oval, sq. long, and one set of larger oval trays. I bot 2 sets and sent one to Dot and one to you. But wanted each of you to have both colors so divided each set sending part of each to each. I tho't you would not sell them altogether anyway, but separately, and I tho't you'd each like some of the red ones and some of the black ones. If any one wants the full set we can send it easily if you take their order. But most people will probably want to buy only one. I did not have at hand capital enough to buy two sets for each. This shipment is just a sample to see how it sells and if you want to go into it further you can forward a draft for purchases and I'll get as much as you like.

Today I am sending you a small parcel- Father is just starting out to mail it, - containing two Pin trays, Chinese Canton Black wood, two trinket cups, Japanese, three Japanese tops, and a lacquer box of tea. All of it cost only 75 cents gold so you should pay no duty on it.

Lacquer Box of tea, {Box 25¢ Silver 12¢ Gold, Gold		
Tea 28 1/3 " 13 1/4 "		.25
2 Jap. Trinket Cups, @ 30¢ = 60¢	28¢ "	.28
2 Chinese Canton Pin Trays, @ 15¢ = 30¢	14 " "	.14
3 Wooden Japo. Tops,	17¢ "	.08
<u>Gold Cost Each.</u>		<u>.75</u>
Box Tea,	\$.25	Take care of this so you can fix your prices for where for your sale.
Trinket Cups,	.14	
Pin Trays,	.07	
Tops,	.02 2/3	

Tomorrow I will send you another parcel containing Japanese cotton print, red and white; my thought in buying this was that it might be used for covering a comforter. If used for one side only, with a border of plain red all around the four sides, 5-10 in. wide according to size desired, and a different material or plain red used for lining it could be used two comforters by dividing the piece exactly in the middle; and each half exactly in the middle to make two breadths. It is about 30 in. wide and 11 1/2 yds. approximately, long. It might also be used for draperies in some places I suppose. I sent Dot an all-over chrysanthemum pattern in several colors. I bo't them because they were so pretty and cheap, thinking they might prove salable as oriental things. The red print cost 4 yen for the 11 1/2 yds. or

1.87 fold, for the piece or 16 ¼ cts. gold per yd. Keep your accts. In this sale, accurately and strictly so you will know 1st whether you are making anything; 2nd How much you owe Dot and me.

We are having a real thunder shower just now, Nov. 8th 3:30 P.M. Rather unusual! No rain recently, very dry.

[This diary written from Jan. through March of 1928 was written by Geraldine. Diary donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

Diary for 1928
[Geraldine Beard]

Sun. Jan. 1, 1928

We are all together at Dot's in Saginaw, except Gould who is in Kansas or Long Island. Went to church, had a fine chicken dinner, then Father, Kathleen and I started back to Oberlin. A bitter cold day with much snow but we were comfortable. Reached Monroe and are spending the night here.

Cold Monday 2

Started at 7:30 from Monroe, reached Oberlin at 12. Had lunch, went to Aunt Etta's, left Father there, and K. and I started on at 2. Reached Youngstown at 5:30, had dinner in town, then came out to the house. Evelyn came soon after. It is not so hard as I tho't to be back ready for work.

Tues. Jan. 3, 1928 Cold

Kathleen went to school with me. The youngsters seemed glad to be back. We left soon after school and K. and I looked for coats. Found none, so I telegraphed Dot to get one I saw there. Studied in eve. Had a hard time getting the car started.

Wednesday 4

A kind lady on our street came out with her car to push mine till it started. All generosity isn't dead. Kathleen did not go to school, but I went into town for lunch with her. She phoned that she got a coat, and I went for it after school. She left at 2:35. The girls reported on their visits to homes to take Christmas baskets. Went to lunch then to Jane Polly's and hear Dodge's radio program.

Thur. Jan. 5, 1928

Uneventful so far as I am concerned. Am so busy with school work that the world could turn Red and I should be none the wiser. Our schedules came out, and I still have 5 preparations next semester! No rest! Exams begin a week from Tuesday. But, oh yes! I went skating!! That saved the day.

Friday 6

School let out 15 min. early and we all went to the basket-ball game against Cheney. I almost believe sports do make for manliness if conducted rightly.

Planned to skate again, but all is melted. Went to skate again, but all is melted. Went to Mary French's and played a bit.

Sat. Jan. 7, 1928 Warm

Went to town on errands. Got a pretty fern for the room. Graded papers. Was going walking with Mary French in the eve. But it rained. Our seasons are certainly confused. All the beautiful banks of snow are gone.

Rain. Sunday 8 Warm.

Went to the Unitarian church with Mary French. It is a beautiful little edifice. Mr. LeFevre seemed to be reading an apology for Liberalism and deriding all other sects. To me, now, no belief gives the satisfactory sense that Christian Science does. Worked all day on exam questions. Such a schedule gives no time for feeding one's soul.

Evelyn went to church for the first time.

Mon. Jan. 9, 1928 Warm

After school came thru town, got supper, and worked on exam questions. My coat came from Saginaw- a beauty, grey with black Martin[?]. Wrote Rose Mary.

Tuesday 10

Went to hear Cornelia Otis Skinner- She is delightful! More exams to do!

Wed. Jan. 11, 1928

Our club supper was very nice tonight. Took Alice home and tried to get to prayer meeting but failed.

Thursday 12

Went to Jane Polly's for a sewing club.

Saturday 14

Heard "My Mary land"- a musical light opera performance. It somehow did not impress me tremendously, tho' the others tho't it good! Got a pair of shoes and a 1 dollar hat.

Sun. Jan. 15, 1928

Church in morning. The Fultons took dinner with us, then we all went to the Steinbaugh Auditorium to hear Dean Chas. R. Brown of Yale in the Y. [*Youngstown*] Forum[?] 4000 people were there!

Monday 16

Last day before exams. Spent the eve. duplicating questions.

Tues. Jan. 17, 1928

In assembly Mr. Barrett gave out letters to football men- very well, nicely done. Two exams this afternoon. Duplicated more for tomorrow.

A letter from Rose Mary! Those mean so much. And this one just sparkles with love and scorn for would-be oppressors.

Wednesday 18

Gave 3 exams and corrected at school till 5:30. Went to prayer meeting and talked with Mrs. Delanto about joining the Science Church. I feel an abounding freedom already- merely upon having mentioned it. For years the orthodox church has not given me what I craved in spiritual truth. There must be a great power which for some reason we ?? because of false belief.

Thur. Jan. 19, 1928

Corrected exams all day. Patsy visited with me for an hour. He is going to Oberlin with me. Graded papers all eve.

Friday 20

Grades were on cards by 11:30. Children came for cards at 1 P.M. Patsy couldn't go with me, so I started for O. alone at 4. The wind howled and swept in gusts, being against me all the way. I felt lonely yet cosy in the car, with dark, stormy clouds threatening ahead, and cold, gusty winds blowing about me. Reached O. at 8. Monnie has been to Cleveland for ??

Sat. Jan. 21, 1928

Slept till 11:30. Took lunch with Monnie at Baldwin. K. and I looked thru the book-store in the afternoon. I got the "Educ. of Henry Adams." We sewed and visited. Took supper at the tea room. Visited all evening. It is as nice just to be with the girls. Talcott and Baldwin both had formal parties tonight.

Sunday 22

We visited in K's room after breakfast there. I made a collar and cuff set of grey and white silk. Took dinner with Aunt Etta. Started for Y.[*Youngstown*] at 4 and was here at 7:30. The girls do me worlds of good!

Mon. Jan 23, 1928

The new semester started and my classes are fairly well numbered. A fine Roman History class. I have library the 2nd period.

Tuesday 24

Got a new battery for the car and it is ten times better.

Wed. Jan. 25, 1928

Joined the Chorale Club of the Monday Musical. Could sing only about 2 notes. If I can't read any better, I'll be of no use. Frie Le Ser Cit held election of officers.

Fri. Jan. 27, 1928

This day I did not write, so will dedicate the space to Lindbergh. He is a hero of the age. I do tremendously admire his thorough-going mastery of his art, his persevering, patient fulfillment of the task, his courage, his unselfish use of his achievement to further peace and neighborly understanding, and his selflessness, simplicity.

Saturday 28

We cleaned house, ironed, mended, went to town, and did school work. A full day, but got quite a bit done.

Sun. Jan. 29, 1928

Church. Saw Mrs. Delanto and got an application blank. Its tenets are stricter than I thought. We had a nice dinner, then worked, listened to Robt. E. Speer by Radio. Wrote to Dot and to Rose Mary. Tired.

Monday 30

Ossip Gabrilorivly[?] - Harold Bauer played in a double-piano recital. It was delightful - a light pretty program. Got paid today - I needed it badly.

Tues. Jan. 31, 1928

We entertained the sewing circle this evening. Served puff shells filled with ice cream, and chocolate sauce, with tea.

Teacher's meeting.

Wed. Feb. 1

Went to chorale and am much encouraged, for it seemed much easier. The selections are lovely. Frie Le Ser Cit held installation of officers and election of new members. The service really went finely.

Thur. Feb. 2, 1928

The first night in this week. School seems to be running to chaos. It is a ship without a sail or rudder. I believe I could do better myself as principal.

Friday 3

After dinner I went to the Lib. with Mary French. On the way home we stopped at Raver's tea room - all in Czechoslovakian decoration. Mary is adorable. Perhaps we'll take a trip south right after school is out.

Sat. Feb. 4, 1928

Expected to walk this morning, but it rained. A most peculiar nanter[?!] Went to town and back. Slept for two hours. Graded papers, washed hair. Evelyn went home early this morning. I enjoy being alone - or with Mary French. Wrote for a letter of dismissal from the Congregational Church. It is here.

Sunday 5

A glorious day. Rose in time for church. After lunch, Mary French, Annmaria and I walked in the park. Melted banks of snow and icicles still decorated the ravines and cliffs. It was beautiful. Heard Senator Shepperd of Texas in a good talk. Baked some muffins and brown betty. E. came back at 6, and brought some lovely honey. Wrote Aunt Molly.

Mon. Feb. 6, 1928

Tired to begin the week. Mary French went with me to a Christian Science Lecture. She is a dear thing.

Tuesday 7

Got cakes for the supper tomorrow and table decorations. Worked till late. Letters from both Marjorie and Kathleen.

Wed. Feb. 8, 1928

Our new monitor system started with Mr. Barton as head. No cooperation from the office made matters difficult. Our Frie Le Ser Cit supper was ever so nice tonight- up in the teacher's balcony. We took in 5 new girls. Went to chorale. Tired. A long letter from Gould telling of his exciting flight from Wichita to N.Y.

Thursday 9

A little more order has resulted in the school halls with the monitor system. Perhaps a ship can sail without a rudder if all the oarsmen pull together to steer it aright. A joint committee of Frie Le Ser Cits and Four Square boys met to talk over cooperation.

Fri. Feb. 10, 1928

The boys and girls are checking on delinquents and are planning to supervise the cafeteria. I came home, leaving Evelyn at a basket ball game. Read a Monitor all eve. Mrs. MacDonald came up and stayed over an hour. Read Edna St. Vincent Millay for an hour. She is sweet in some places, but fatalistic in others.

Saturday 11

Mary French and I walked in the park this morning. The snow lay in pretty fluffs all on the fir and spruce and pine trees, and on every bush and twig. It was like a fairyland. I did the purchasing, then came home and washed, mended, cleaned and ironed. - till 10 P.M.! Mother's letter tells of the whims of an eccentric - Cousin Addie!

Sun. Feb. 12, 1928

Rose, cooked, went to church. Saw Irene Smith again. Had dinner and went to the concert by the Minneapolis Symphony. It was delightful- The New World Symphony- Dvorak was one.

Monday 13

School is still a "mess" so far as order and discipline are concerned. We heard Caswell give Abraham Lincoln readings. He looked very much like Lincoln and kept us spellbound. Martha and Florence Cook took supper with us, before the lecture.

Tues. Feb. 14, 1928

Some of the Frie Le Ser Cit girls were in my room talking about their trouble in school, with boys, etc. and I feel I know them much better. Gertrude has a little one- Margaret Louise; and Constance Russell is married.

Wednesday 15

Mrs. Fitzgerald talked to our Club this afternoon on the ideal girl and really struck home to the hearts of the girls her message. Chorale Club at night, then went to a teacher's party, with a genuine good time. We came out to Mrs. Swagger's and are spending the night.

Thur. Feb. 16, 1928

After school I studied, washed hair, prepared clothes and read. Tomorrow Mary French and I go to Oberlin. Ate supper at the Campbell Methodist Church.

Friday 17

We came from school, packed and got off about 5:30. Mary drove much of the way. Arrived here at 9:30 and are staying in Baldwin. Had some of Monnie's birthday cake.

Sat. Feb. 18, 1928

We went thru some of the buildings before lunch, but did not attend classes because Mr. Mager[?] was ill. After lunch we called on Ruth Burueson, and a friend of Mary's and on the Jaszi's! They are truly wonderful. We took dinner at the hotel- Oberlin Inn, then heard the Men's Glee Club Concert.

Sunday 19

Took breakfast at the Hi-O-Hi tea rooms. Church was held in the newly refurbished First Church. Cornelius A. Patton preached. His is not of this age, and did not seem to be overflowing with my conception of Truth. Dinner at Baldwin, a short call at Aunt Etta's, and left for home at 3:30. A fallen bridge sent us 10 miles out of our way. Much work to do.

Mon. Feb. 20, 1928

Nothing of note happened in my little orbit today, and I should have been too tired to have noticed it if it had.

Tuesday 21

No school tomorrow! Chorale Club rehearsal. I feel more and more that I lack voice control and quality for such a chorale. Would that I had taken it! Discussion in Frie Le Ser Cit.

Wed. Feb. 22, 1928

Rested a bit, duplicated questions in History, and got ready for a party at Helen's (Oldekens). Twelve girls were there- such a lovely group, and such a nicely planned party. I won a little prize in a- "Nation" word glance[?] We heard Tito Schipa in the Auditorium. His is a sweet tenor, lovely but not powerful, and his presence is gracious and charming.

Thursday 23

Lindbergh has furnished another thrill - to me and 99,299 others, who received letters in his St. Louis to Chicago Air Mail Flight. Mother wrote me, and we are all tremendously thrilled. I shall cherish the envelope! It is his first mail flight after retiring. We took supper at Trinity Church.

Fri. Feb. 24, 1928

School is a model of disorder still. A weak principal and shiftless janitor combine to make a head-less institution. Went to the Nature Club banquet. There was the most interesting group present, and the address by Dr. Alexander on weather was fine.

Saturday 25

Mary French's birthday.

Cleaned house, washed. Went to library and read a criticism of "The Merry Wives of Windsor", then went to the "Park" to see it. I've never enjoyed Shakespeare so much, that is for sheer fun. Otis Skinner, Mrs. Fiske, and Henrietta Crossman played. After a little dinner, we went to Mary and Ann Fulton's for a sewing get-together. Saw Helen Estabrook at the theatre.

Sun. Feb. 26, 1928

Rose in time to get a bit of the dinner ready before church. After dinner we went to the Staubaugh Auditorium to hear Ed. A. Steiner on "Can the race be educated." His use of humor to bring out a deeper thought is rarely fine. Studied and washed in the eve. A free Sunday would be a blessing!

Monday 27

"Payday"- not much more of note.

Wednesday 29

Frie Le Ser Cit had a party with Four Square boys and we had a fine time. Staid till 11 o'clock to clean up. Missed chorale.

Sat. March 3, 1928

Mary French and I took a walk in the park. I cleaned did school work and sundry jobs. Evelyn went home early this morning.

Sunday 4

Went to church. Helen Zimmerman Mrs. MacDonald's daughter, had a birthday dinner here and they brought up a lovely tray-full to me. I went to Campbell and got all the Senior girls in our club and took them to the Auditorium to hear Mordecai Johnson, Pres. of Howard Univ. They seemed to enjoy it much. Evelyn came back at 6:30.

Mon. March 5, 1928

Heard the Russian Quartette from the cathedral at Moscow I think. Enjoyed them ever so much. Many papers to grade. A letter from the board about a position in Kok College!

Tuesday 6

Papers and more papers but my eye bothered, so are going to bed.

Wed. March 7, 1928

My eye began to pain today, but I staid and got grades on cards, but left at 3. Called Mrs. Guthridge and she is working for me. The tear duct seems to be stopped. Did not go to Chorale.

Thursday 8

Staid in bed. They eye is badly swollen. Mrs. Guthridge called and my tho't is much cleared. Mary French and Annmaria came and bro't a lovely primrose and some gingerale.

The eye started to drain tonight so will probably be better. The students took charge of classes.

Fri. March 9, 1928

Did not go to school again. They eye drained all day and is much less painful. A good letter from Father telling of a position in Kok Col. and in Yenching.

Saturday 10

Called Mrs. Guthridge and told her I could take care of the eye myself. Helped wash and clean. Ironed in eve.

Sun. March 11, 1928

Did not go to church. Got dinner and then went for a long walk in the Park with Evelyn and Annmarie. Got tomorrow's lessons but did not other work.

Monday 12

Went to school and got along pretty well with one eye. Worked in the eve on it. Read over Tues. lessons.

Wednesday 14

My eye pained again and I lost faith in Truth and yielded to the teacher's entreaties and went to the doctor. He calls it an abscess in the tear sack. Went to the Y.E. and met the Frie Le Ser Cit girls for a supper and party. We played games, danced and sang. Did not stay for all of Chorale. Mary French drove me home.

Friday 30

School closed. I sold about 10 boxes of Father's tea. We heard Singrid Ouegin of the Metropolitan Opera-Wonderful. Evelyn packed up to leave tomorrow. We took dinner with the Fultons.

1929

- Willard and Ellen are in Foochow, China. He takes a trip to the Shaowu field in November
- Stock Market prices collapse in October
- Gould is on Long Island, NY
- Geraldine is in Youngstown, OH and moves to Long Island and lives with Gould.
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan.
- Marjorie is in Lorain, OH.
- Kathleen is in Oberlin, OH.
- Willard is 64, Ellen- 61, Gould- 33, Geraldine- 31, Dorothy- 28, Marjorie- 23, Kathleen, 21.

*[This letter, dated **Jan. 17, 1929**, was written from Indianapolis, Indiana by Gould to his father and mother. He and Virginia are engaged but it is not known publicly. He is in Indianapolis to demonstrate a plane to someone. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Hotel Severin
Illinois, Georgia and McCrea Sts.
Indianapolis

Jan. 17, 1929.

Dear Father and Mother:

Your letter to Virginia and me are coming faster than ours to you are going I am afraid. Virginia is greatly touched and exceedingly happy in receiving a word direct from either of you. Our courtship has progressed much faster than I had hoped for. In fact perhaps faster than I had planned for it to. Between us two alone we are pledged. There has been no announcement and will be none publicly until Virginia finishes Pratt a year from next June. However the Space and VanAmee family recognize our mutual love and we are accorded the privacy of an engaged couple.

Since the failure of the last real love- the one with Vivienne I had resolved not to become engaged until the wedding seemed certain in the near future, but here I am again as deep in love as before and as much engaged as far as I am concerned and knowing that the wedding cannot be for a year and a half anyway.

The only reason I am allowing myself to be engaged so long is that I feel Virginia is truly and deeply in love and is sincere and has a sound, wholesome background to her. I believe in her- believe she will stand by me in the troubles of life and will bear with me the problems of living and share with me the responsibility of solving them. I will give her my heart, my all, and have faith in her to hold my love precious even as I hold hers.

I came out here or rather to Chicago to get a plane and fly it back to N.Y. The Chicago office wanted me to demonstrate it to a man in Indianapolis so I flew down here expecting to make a demonstration and proceed to N.Y. via Cleveland. However while we were demonstrating a sleet storm came up and covered the plane with ice and today it was foggy and tomorrow promises rain so it looks like a long stop here.

I'm very anxious to get back. Probably will fly over Oberlin en route to Cleveland.

Virginia is a constant joy in my heart and a great inspiration to me. I love her.

My love to you both,

Your son,

Gould.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 10, 1929** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). Monnie's birthday is soon and Kathleen hopes that Geraldine can come up for it. Kathleen is taking swimming and diving lessons and dance lessons. Monnie played her saw to the amazement of the Talcott Hall girls. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Kathleen C. Beard
Oberlin, Ohio

Feb. 10, 1929

Dear Jerry-

Last week- end was such a glorious one, it just left me walking on air. You certainly must come up real often. How about next Saturday for Monnie's birthday? She wants us all to come over there for Sunday dinner, so if you could get up here Saturday we would drive over there Sunday morning and spend the day with her. Write real quick what you think of it so we can make plans. What do you plan to get for Monnie? I am going to ask her what she needs most, but if you have any suggestions tell me. We have had a wonderful time this week end. Ronnie and she came last night just in time for the Glee Club concert and are staying till tomorrow morning. Monnie has been telling us all about the people and the work over there, which is most interesting. I guess she will give you her own account of it. She seems very enthusiastic although she really hasn't done much yet, but I bet she will do herself proud when she really gets into the work. I am so anxious to see the place and all her little Mexicans.

This week has been a very easy one compared to last semester. I hope my time is going to be more free so that I can do lots of other things. I am taking swimming lessons over in the Elyria pool on Mondays. Last week we tried the back stroke and some diving. It would be thrilling if I could really learn to dive correctly. Then I am learning to be a dancer (?) too. Gidge and I are joining the natural dancing class which meets once a week. That is a lot of fun, although I feel as awkward as an elephant. They turned all the light off except the piano lamp, so we couldn't see each other very easily. It is surprising what the music puts into you. The costumes the girls wear are so

pretty, all shades of the rainbow and so graceful. A few wore bathing suits, but they are not nearly so inducive to dancing. In March we give a public program for invited guests. If you can come up I will invite you.

It was rather lonely here without Monnie last week, but not as bad as I thought it would be. If we had been living in the same house, or had seen each other oftener it would have been worse. As it is we can see each other quite often, almost every week end. This morning we went to church and I had the girls to dinner. After dinner Monnie got to playing her saw downstairs to the accompaniment of one of the girls who plays the piano real well. You should have seen the audience gather. Girls heard it up in their rooms and came down to see what it was. A crowd of interested girls listened for about twenty minutes and were very enthusiastic in their praise. Some tried it afterwards with comical results, and several vowed that they would get a saw right away. Monnie played very well and I was proud of her.

Do come up next week if you can and better bring your skates, for the skating is still good here.

Loads of love

Kathleen.

Am enclosing a handkerchief you left here. Did you also leave a pair of scissors- (no we have found the owner.)

*[This letter dated **March 9, 1929** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her siblings, Jerry and Gould. Kathleen is trying to decide what to do for the summer. She refers to Gould's flying over the farm. She inquires about Geraldine's cello lessons and tells about Hugh's appreciation for literature and poetry. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Talcott Hall

March 9, 1929

Dear Jerry and Gould-

Today is one of those glorious times when we are deluded into thinking that spring has surely come and then learn afterwards that winter will have one more stroke at us. Yesterday it was snowing and blowing like fury, but today our thoughts turn toward Silver Bay without our realizing it. I have been thinking a lot lately about the summer and wondering what to do. I heard about an industrial project in Chicago thru the Y.W. where an organized group of college girls go right in and work with the industrial girls to get acquainted with the condition and the people. It sounds like a grand opportunity for experience to me and both Gidge and I are quite enthused about it, but there are several drawbacks. It is for only six weeks and I don't know what I would do the rest of the summer; there is practically no money in it, which I need; it would be rather hard on health, and I wouldn't get to see any of you. Yet it might be just the experience that I need and would be very educational. What do you folks think about it? Do you have any idea what you will be doing this summer Jerry? You have to move out of your house in May don't you, and what will you both do then? Oh, if we only didn't have to keep thinking of the future all the time and deciding what to do!!

Your account of your first ascent towards heaven was most interesting and especially to have flown over the farm and try the carrier pigeon stunt must have been such fun. When you get to be a pilot let us know.

How goes the cello lessons? I do wish I could be there to play your accompaniments for that is just the kind of practice I need. Is your teacher turning out to be as wonderful as you hoped? I was talking to Mr. Leedy about Pablo Casals the other day and though he could tell me nothing about his method (not being a cellist) he told me something about the man. It seems that he is the greatest cellist in the world and even acknowledged by some to be the greatest musician who draws the bow. Harold Bauer in New York is well acquainted with Casals and has done some accompanying for him. Mr. Leedy said that if your teacher is a pupil of Casals he ought to be very good. Isn't it grand to get back to your music again? I should hate to give mine up now and am very thankful that I have another semester anyway. Mr. Adam says he thinks my voice tone is improving, which is most encouraging. While I can't see very perceptible progress in piano I enjoy every bit of it and am able to spend all of the after-noon in the Con[?] every day. Mr. Leedy just gave me a new piece by Debusey which thrills me so much. It is so different from anything else I have had and is very modern.

I was down at Aunt Etta's this afternoon and heard all the latest news from the East. She told us of Edith's visit to New York- They thought it was Edith Pease. But the biggest surprise was Uncle Elberts trip to Florida. He certainly does take alarming jaunts without letting a soul know doesn't he? What will he do next?- probably run off to China on a weeks notice. *[In April 23rd of 1929, the ship's list for the S.S. Bermuda shows Elbert and Emma traveling from Hamilton, Bermuda to New York. Back in 1912, he is seen on the ship's list S.S. Morro Castle traveling from Progreso, Yucatan, Mexico to New York.]*

Spring vacation comes in three weeks. Gidge has invited me out to her home again and I think I will go. Her family is so lovely- especially do I like her sister Chuck who is living at home and working in Chicago. I think Jerry would love to meet her for she is one of these refreshing spontaneous unaffected girls with whom you can have such loads of good sport and whole hearted fun. Her other sister I have never met but expect to when she comes to visit Gidge some time in April. Her home is some much like what ours used to be that it makes you feel comfortable right away and the whole family takes you right in. We are planning all sorts of things to do in Chicago and we want to rest lots. Gidge is pretty tired.

Monday Your letter just came in the morning mail and I am glad I held this over to finish it. My goodness! But aren't you folks leading the speedy life. I don't see how you stand it rushing all around so fast. It must be a wonderful variety seeing so many people and going so many places though! Compared to our quiet studious life here yours seems like a blaze of activity. I am so glad you like Mr. Rosanoff so well. Is it every week that you take your lesson?

I know I have been awfully neglectful about writing and I don't see when my time goes for my schedule is only fourteen hours. I am going out for my basket ball and spending all my afternoon at music and I guess the rest of my time when I'm not studying goes to Hugh [Elmer]. We study (?) at the Lib. almost every night and have dates on Saturday and Sunday. I'm afraid it is too often but when it has once got started it is awfully hard to cut down. Last Sat. night we went up to his house and read poetry all evening. It was lovely and he has a much more developed appreciation of literature and poetry than I do. I get a lot out of being with him but can't consider it so seriously as he does. It's hard to know just what to do.

Our tea comes next Saturday and Monnie is coming over for it. Then Gidge and I are going back with her to attend a Vechemika that night. Gidge has never been to one. You say Monnie writes often-I wish she would send a few of her letters this way- I only get a card now and then. It's awfully good to hear from all you folks, so do keep us posted on what you are doing.

Must study now for a change-
Love Kathie.

In a 2001 interview, Kathleen wrote: "Hugh lived in a big house (Tank Home) while his parents were in Russia, and my family rented a house just behind "Tank" for a few years, in Oberlin. (Let nature take its course)." Tank Home is at 110 E. College Street and in the early 1920's, Kathleen and her family lived at 120 E. College Street. Hugh's parents were missionaries until 1923 with the A.B.C.F.M., so this was probably the time period that she talks about.

*[This letter dated **April 27, 1929** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her siblings, Jerry and Gould. Kathleen heard about Gould's engagement to Jinny (Virginia Space). She attended the junior prom with Hugh. Kathleen is debating about working at Silver Bay for the summer since Hugh may and she feels they shouldn't be around each other too much. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Talcott Hall
April 27, 1929

Dear Jerry and Gould-

Jerry's and my letters just crossed so that neither of us have the information we asked for. Don't worry about the hundred dollars Jerry, for Father sent me a check for a hundred last month and asked me to tell you to keep yours. I have plenty to carry me thru the year now. Your request for Chinese things leaves me blank for I have nothing but a lacquer desk set which is interesting and that you probably already possess. No one would know that I was from China by the amount of oriental things I have.

Dot told us last week-end about Gould's engagement and coming wedding. I am heartily glad for you Gould and hope that you are really happier than your letter sounds. You don't seem a bit thrilled and I should think you would feel like walking on air, or is it that you have settled down into a less romantic form of love? Write and tell us all about it, where you are going to live, what date the wedding is, etc. etc. Will you give Jinny [Virginia Space] my love and kisses and tell her that I am feeling with her in thrills of joy. I fear that I can't get around to writing her for some time yet as things are now but I am thinking of you both just the same.

Dot's and Harold's visit was a little longer this year because they had Good Friday and Easter Monday off. They drove Ruthie Brooks and a friend of hers down with them. We had lots of time to talk and be together since we didn't do much and they were driving between Lorain and here most of the time. It was a treat to have rides in a car for which I sometimes hunger. Sunday noon we Beards and Humes and Newbergs all put our most elegant airs

and clothes on for a rip-snorter dinner at the Hotel. It was fun and I think Aunt Etta and Uncle Willis enjoyed the change. Sunday afternoon we all went for a ride but Harold and in the evening we visited with Ruth for a while.

This last week has been filled with blue books and in the next month two term papers are due. Work-work-work. But last night we forgot work for a while in the gaiety of the junior prom. Debbie and I went with Hugh and his room-mate. It was a beautiful dance and the art building was wonderfully fixed up for it. Flowers were looped in great strings between the arches and a huge bouquet of snap-dragons and carnations occupied the center, illuminated by colored lights. The floors were all waxed as never before and the side rooms were dim with subdued lights. I wore my red dress again and Gidge lent me her marvelous white Spanish shawl for a wrap. Did I feel swell?!! And we actually stayed out until twelve-thirty. It was all very lovely and of course was not as big a thrill as it was last year since the novelty of formals has sort of worn off. Favors were little clocks with blue leather encasing and an Oberlin seal in the corner. Today I woke up as early as usual in spite of the late hours.

Jerry, we are all extremely concerned over what you are going to do next year. Am I right in guessing that you may keep a gift shop somewhere around there and take cello lessons? Or do you consider going back to teaching? The sale that you had at Aunt Mollies sounds very encouraging for future business and it would not be straining as much as school work. Dot has signed her contract for another year since her "family" is still a myth and a hope. Aunt Etta says that I am welcome to stay with her next fall and room with Milly [*Etta's daughter, Millicent*]. It will be a good contrast after four years in a boarding house. After that I must "step out into the world" and shift for myself- but when and how. If you see any bait just let me know for it is already beginning to weigh on me. Debbie and I are applying at Chatauqua for summer work but have little hopes. I don't want to go to Silver Bay because I have no one to go with and then Hugh is going to be there and I'd rather not be with him so much. I ought to work somewhere but can't locate a place.

Monnie was over for a few minutes yesterday and is very busy getting Ronnie ready to leave. She is actually leaving this week and their new worker comes today I think. I am so glad for Monnie for it will be a relief- at least a change even if it is added responsibility in breaking in the new worker.

My love to you both
Kathie

[This letter dated May 18, 1929 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her siblings, Jerry and Gould. She wonders what Jerry and Gould's new home is like and would like an address to write to. She has decided to work at Silver Bay for the summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

How about an address!

Talcott Hall
May 18, 1929

Dear Jerry and Gould,

Are you economizing on postage or stationary? Maybe both, but how about a penny postal once in a while? You are all moved by now and how is the new home? Are you still taking cello Jerry and selling Churchill things? Have you talked over the radio any more Gould? We couldn't get you that night so you will have to write out your speech for us. Hugh tried and tried on the radio up at his house but it was the wave length area where the stations are thick and confused so we had to give it up. Aunt Etta said that they were unsuccessful too.

For the past two weeks I have been deep in an English term paper which I got off my hands last Friday. I emerged from that tunnel only to plunge in again for a Soc. paper for Family course. We have to tell the whole history of our family characterizing each member and criticizing the training. I wonder what will be left of each one of you when I get thru with you.

Yesterday I had one of the biggest thrills that I can call such. We have just been taking up "Hamlet" in Lit. and this is my first reading- Imagine! I can't see how I have escaped it for so long. Walter Hampden presented it in Cleveland yesterday so the whole bunch of us went in to see it. To read it for the first time and see it right away is just too ideal. Hamlet was supreme in his acting and even some of the supporting staff were very good. The soliloquies especially brought out Hampden's power of dramatic expression and I will always connect the parts of that play with Hampden's interpretation of them. I expected that the intenseness of it would not be so straining with a knowledge of what was to come but I think, if anything, it was more so. We all sat there just spell bound, and there were places where the whole audience sustained a dead silence. It is the greatest stage production I have even seen and I am even glad that I missed opera to have this chance. Three weeks ago we went in (again by special bus) to see "The Rivals" with Mrs. Fiske acting. While it was very enjoyable I did not get nearly so much out of it

because it was not so familiar and hearing was extremely difficult. I surely am thankful to have these opportunities and as such reduced rates or special buses afford.

Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma will be out here in about two weeks and will go on to Ill. directly. He may bring Myron [*Etta's son*] with him I hear. Did Mich tell you that he was going to preach out West this summer and that Fulton [*Etta's son*] was going to be advance man on Chatauqua? I have decided to go to Silver Bay again as no other opening offered itself to me. I will have to go alone but it will probably do me good. I am rather dubious about getting off for the wedding tho and I hate to think of missing it.

Monnie was over today to bring her new worker to Oberlin. I was fast asleep when they came in and got up to meet Miss Evans in a daze. She is a very jolly easily met girl and is a good tonic for Monnie. I can see that she has pepped up already and is fast snapping out of her laxidazical depression that Ronnie cast upon her. It was pouring all day today so Miss Evans did not get a very nice impression of Oberlin.

I'll be expecting an airmail letter any day from you-

With my love- Kathie

*[This letter dated **June 9, 1929** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. Willard has been travelling in the country lately for conferences, weddings and visiting. He enjoys talking to the Chinese natives in what he calls "Ferry boat talks". Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow China.

June 9- 1929

Dear Geraldine:-

It is 9 p.m. Sunday. The thermometer stands at 83 degrees and the humidity is great. When I wrote you last, I do not like to tell, if my correspondence register is correct. The past month I have been away to the country much= up in the hills ten miles west of Kuliang for one Sunday, to Ing Hok for a Student Conference for another and stopped off at Chong Ha over two nights to perform a marriage ceremony, and two or three times to Deng Chio and Nang Seu. It is beyond me to be away from home three days in the week and do all my work here and keep up to the mark with my letter writing.

Mother bought a string of amber beads for your landlady the other day. Better not tell her till the beads get to you. We've been buying lots of things for Marjorie's Conference. I hope they get there all right and that they meet her expectations. It pleases me much that you girls are able to get together so often. Kathleen writes that she is going to Silver Bay this summer. A week ago Friday I ran up to Kuliang and gave directions for repairs to the cottage. For two years the poor ranch has been allowed to shift for itself largely and it will take well over \$100.00 mex. to put it into shape. If all goes well the rent on the rooms will meet this. Mother and I plan to be selfish and take the large west room with the round end. - The one that you children used to use for paper doll weddings with Gould as minister. What pleasure Phebe used to take in recalling those incidents in her childhood.

Last Sunday I was over at Nang Seu- I did not take a scrap of foreign food and the preacher with whom I staid is 71 years old and his wife in the sixties. Well the fare did not tempt me to overeat. The rice was good, but one dish or pork was too fat. The dried salt shrimp did not appeal to me. The little shell fish I could get down. The gourd was tasteless but I could eat it. The one good condiment was the bean curd. I always like that. The dining room was my bedroom, and the bed was put up against the wall by day. There was no partition between my room and the kitchen. I dressed Monday morning while Mrs. Ding was getting breakfast. Just as I was putting on my trousers she came in and set the table.

At the Sunday morning communion service two men and a woman united with the church. The men were learning Christianity under Mr. Hartwell. You can

He died early in 1905, just before we got back from the first furlough, so you may compute the number of years they have been connected with the church. The woman was the wife of a church member.

Sunday evening two brothers= Christians= invited Mr. Ding and me for a feast. After eating a dozen young men gathered and we talked till I got tired. I prefer such a gathering, where anyone can ask questions, to a formal church preaching service. Then Monday morning I took a ferry boat 2 hrs to the landing this side of the river. There were some twenty fellow passengers. A foreigner is still a rare bird and the subject or object of conversation and by keeping a discreet silence for a time, I can always direct the conversation. Thus far these ferry boat talks have been of great satisfaction to me. The men are of all ages and in different callings- farmers- coolies, merchants, students. I can turn the conversation on education. Then last Monday morning I asked them how much money the village of Nang Seu spent recently in the procession of the idol Taisan. They got quite enthusiastic over reckoning and finally

settled on \$20,000.00. This was what other people had told me. Then I asked them about schools and education- how many boys and girls between the ages of 6 and 15 in Nang Seu. About 2000- How many are in schools- perhaps 600 or 700. Why not the rest- no money. Well cut down the idol procession in honor of Taisan one half and you may have good schools for all the boys and girls. They are not likely to do it next year. But shocking things are being done here in Foochow every day. Do you remember the big grave yard back of our Gek Siong Sang house? Well, they are putting the main road 48 feet wide right thru that grave yard. It will run thru our Gek Siong Sang property. There was a large temple on the road half way between the city and Ponasang. In the old days of sedan chairs, the coolies used to put the chairs down there for a smoke and a rest. When the road was widened to 24' in 1917 that temple stuck into the road about 4'. The shops on either side were cut back. But no power could disturb the temple. It is torn down now and about 15' taken off the whole side. And a large Banyan tree that nothing has been able to disturb has been cut down and entirely removed to make way for the new road. Some one told me today that in one city the modernists had sawed off the head of the principal idol and hung it up just as the Chinese hang up the heads of culprits with the sins he has committed. This idols sins were – the money he had caused poor people to spend in worshipping him, the fear he had caused people who were ignorant and superstitious, etc.

The city wall is obliterated between the south and west gates. I rode over the new road that is now built on the side of the wall the other day.

There is the ten o'clock bell of the college- Good Night. God bless you, - keep you, - and make you a blessing.

Lovingly
Father

*[This letter dated **June 29, 1929** was written from Silver Bay on Lake George, New York by Kathleen to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). She is working at Silver Bay for the summer and mentions who else is there and tells about her job. She finds the boy employees to be a disappointing lot. Kathleen suggests that her siblings get together on a new tennis racket for her birthday present. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

The Silver Bay Association
For Christian Conferences and
Training
Silver Bay-On-Lake George
New York

Box 184
June 29, 1929

Dear Jerry-

I bet you are having one glorious time on your trip. Do write a long letter telling all about your impressions of the South and your experiences. I am particularly interested in that part of the country just now because there are so many girls from Southern states and it is like music to hear them talk. I could sit and listen to it by the hour.

Was it thrilling to see old Eagles Mere again? I should like to make a visit there sometime just to see the place. Did Millicent think she would like it? You certainly are right about the comparison between S.B. and E.M. Eagles Mere doesn't hold a candle to this place in quality. The very first night we were here Mr. Speer got us together and made us feel like a big family. There is a boy here from China who knows several of our acquaintances and who went to North China American School. There is a boy from Oberlin whom we didn't know was coming, and a girl who is going to Oberlin next year. We were helping her fix her schedule this morning. Do you remember Grace Vinning (I guess she was more a friend of Dot's than of yours) in Oberlin? Well, it is her sister Peg and she is a very sweet girl, popular with everybody and socially capable. Of course Henry is still here and Milton. I told Henry who I was and he was all interested immediately, asked all about you two and said he hoped you could get up here. He has been darling to me since, given me little special favors and been nice in general. He is wonderful to everybody though isn't he? Mr. Speer is at the head of things and his daughter, Syble, is assistant head waitress while brother Speer is boat house manager. You know the Spellman girl too don't you? I recognize her from some of your pictures because her blond hair and features are so striking. I think that is all that you would know here now unless it would be Miss Huges in the office.

The service is certainly simple isn't it, especially compared to E.M. It is so much like that at Talcott that there was practically nothing for me to learn. We serve in dishes, family style now, so don't have to bother about stacking dinner plates. The kitchen is arranged so that the steam tables are right in front of the dining room doors and there is no need for going clear back where you used to. We change tables in the dining room every conference

and since this Missionary one is a small conference about a third of the waitresses can be off every meal. I was off all day today but didn't know it beforehand so didn't plan anything. The last conference was the girls Y.W. They were here for a week and gave us plenty to do but left few tips. Each of us got \$2.45 out of it- really not so bad for girls. When they went we followed the old time custom of singing them off at the dock. It was piles of fun only we didn't have many songs learned.

Sports have been rather submerged the last few days by the rain and cold. It was melting but when we first came and, as luck would have it, I couldn't go in the water. Now it is so cold that I don't want to. Consequently I have been in only a few times, but enough to get used to the lovely clear water. Tennis courts didn't have time to get dry between showers so we stand and look with longing eyes at the mud puddles while they slowly evaporate. We have done some hiking though. Gidge and I went up Sunrise one morning after breakfast and were never so thrilled over anything. Gidge loves the country which is all new to her. It is such fun to see her reaction to this new environment. All the kids like her a lot because she is so good looking and so sweet. I have heard many remarks about her beauty. We have also hiked to Uncas and S.B. Post Office. Today we got bold and bummed to Ticonderoga between lunch and dinner. Had dandy luck on rides and had about an hour to shop and look around. I didn't know it was so easy to get there or I would have gone before. You can't get a thing here in S.B.

Tonight we have our first emp party over in the gym. There is going to be several clever stunts I understand and we will get better acquainted. I'll tell you more about it afterward for we are going to it right away.

June 30- The party was pretty good last night. We had some cute stunts, one by each department of labor, and made attempts to play games afterwards but that wasn't a great success- because there were too many to handle easily. The bunch of girls here is lovely and most of them are dandy sports, but oh, the boys! I expected some real nice fellows from your experience but the disappointment is overwhelming. Most of them are dumb nuts with a big line, or little innocents that don't dare speak. I really shouldn't make such snap judgments for I don't know any of them well but you can tell a lot from the looks and actions. The spirit is very friendly though and we all have lots of fun around the kitchen.

You know, I have thought of a big idea! If you are considering giving me a birthday present this year I have a suggestion. All you kids could go together on it for it is a big and rather expensive thing. I am just crazy for a new tennis-racket for mine is no good and I am convinced that I can't learn to play any better with it. I would just be thrilled to bits if you could get a real good one and the sooner the better. Nothing like asking for a thing (?) I have tried a few other rackets and I think about 13 or 13 ½ lb. is all I could wield. If you think that is too much for me at once just say so and I can get it with my summer earnings.

Dot wrote me on her way out to Galesburg so I know that she is there but I have only had a card from Monnie. I suppose you are all as busy having a good time as I am, but it is such fun to get mail. It's awfully hard to find time and opportunity to write letters here. Yesterday our room was full of kids all day long and we just raised the roof. When there is nothing to do outdoors we gather inside and have regular talk fests. It is interesting to learn all about other colleges and find out how other girls live. There certainly are all kinds represented here from the flapper to the school marm. You can't tell anything about ages though. Some of the high school girls act the oldest.

Well, I had better get this off before the news gets stale. Do write me all about the place where you are and how you are getting along with your transient teaching.

Oodles of love
Kathleen

*[This letter dated **June 30, 1929** was written from Galesburg, Ill. by Dorothy to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). She talks about her trip to Galesburg and what she has been doing there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

430 Lombard St.
Galesburg, Ill.
June, 30, 1929

Dear Jerry:-

We were mighty glad to find your letter here when we landed. We had quite an eventful and varied trip down this time. Started from Saginaw at about 8:00 A.M. Wed. morning and made Hammond, Ind. where we stayed over night with a college friend of Harold's. Started on the next morning for Chicago where we attended Al Adams's wedding at 2 o'clock. He married a girl very much the type of Vivienne, and, I'm afraid, as Harold and Johnson say, is going to "learn a lot about married life" very soon.

We started at about 5 o'clock and spent that night in Joliet, and reached Galesburg in the evening on Friday.

Found all well but Mother Newberg. She has been having attacks of head- and eye aches, that make her nose, eyes and forehead swell up terribly. Some doctors say it is caused by her goiter and others, her teeth. I think it is from both, so Harold and I are going to try to fix her up this summer- have her teeth and goiter removed.

I've been thinking often of you- where you were and how much you must be enjoying yourself.

Yes, I got your letter from Aunt Mollie just before we left and I didn't have any idea where to send it, so tho't I'd wait till I heard from you. Gould's letter is certainly "straight goods" isn't it? I wonder how she answered it, and how Gould took her answer. Did Gould say anything about her when you saw him?

So you've started to invest? I do hope your stick goes the right way.

Where did you stay at Hempstead? Did you see the family that Gould is with?

Harold fixed your insurance up at the same time that he did ours. He paid \$10 down on the amount, and they said it would be O.K. to pay the rest later, so we'll send the rest to him out of the check you sent and send you the receipt and the change. The total was around \$27.

I'm so sorry that Gould and Virginia can't be with us at S.B. I think both of them would enjoy it largely, and wouldn't it be a grand rest and change for Gould!!

Just how much and what is Patsy coaching?

How and when are you going to find your home for next year? Is Gould going to hunt this summer, or are you going there early, and hunt with him? And did you decide whether you are going to get a house, or an apartment?

Kathleen's first letter from S.B. didn't sound quite as enthusiastic as the first letter I wrote from that dear old place. The little rascal had a date the first night and decided the boys on the whole were "Under average". That's sort of snap judgment, I'd say. I dare say that they won't have quite as good a time there as we did, but I do hope to get more enthusiastic letters as the summer goes on.

We may take a camping trip to the Dells of Wis. over the 4th of July with the Johnsons.

Had a card from Monnie while she was at Bowling Green.

I also had a little stork announcement from Hazel Geeson Peterson.

Much love and write often,

Dot.

*[This letter dated **Summer of 1929** was written from Galesburg, Ill. by Dorothy to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). She is keeping busy helping out at her mother-in-law's house. She is looking forward to the trip to Silver Bay. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

430 Lombard St.,
Galesburg, Ill.
Monday-
[Summer 1929]

Dear Jerry:-

Yesterday, I wrote long letters to Monnie and Kathleen and was so tired that I waited yours till today. I'm glad I did not, because your letter came just this morning.

Did you get the letter from Aunt Mollie that I sent you?

We were sorry to hear the fate of poor Lizzie, for just last night we had talked of taking it from you and either using it ourselves, or trying to sell it up in Saginaw for you. Well, I guess the big question is settled now. Yes, it's a fortunate thing that Don came out as well as he did. He seemed rather chagrined about the whole affair, didn't he? Harold is very much provoked that he didn't pay \$12 more, when he was settling insurance on you car, and cover this accident. Did I tell you that our insurance took care of the fender on our car? They didn't put a new fender on, but hammered ours out and welded the hole and finished it up so that you could hardly see any fault in it. We will send your policy right to Youngstown tonight.

Before coming here I wondered what on earth I should do around here to busy myself. I brought plenty of sewing and mending along and looked forward to doing a lot of reading, but have touched neither. When we arrived, Mother Newberg was sick- had had some very severe headaches, and her eyes, forehead and nose were badly swollen. We took her right to an eye, ear, and throat doctor and he sent us to the dentist. He found three old roots in her upper jaw. Her upper teeth have been out for 20 yrs. He took them right out, cutting her jaw open. That left her real sick and the duties of this household fell upon me- cooking, doing dishes and cleaning for this family of

eight. It keeps me humping. This afternoon Harold and I did a fine-tub washing and I have all that ironing to do tomorrow.

I never saw so much sickness and so many ailments as there are around this neighborhood. They need a good deal of Christian Science around here. It wouldn't be so bad if we didn't hear so much about it, but it is always the main topic of conversation and is very boring.

I am real anxious to get up to Silver Bay aren't you? I suppose you are having such a good time that you don't care to have it end. When are you planning to go up? Monnie will be at camp the first week in Aug., so I suppose we shall drive through and pick her up about the beginning of the second week. How are you going up? - Meet us at Lorain, or go straight up by train? We'd love to meet you somewhere and take you up. We are getting together some camping things. Have our little camp stove already, and are going to get either a double, or two single cots and some blankets, and some utensil. I have written to Punk asking whether or not she's done anything about our camp site. What would you think of trying to get on the little island right across from the bay.

Over the 4th of July we took a trip up to the Dells of the Wisconsin River. We drove the first day, up to Stoughton, Wis. where the Johnsons live. Stayed over night with them. We took Ralph and his girl with us. Six of us started on from Stoughton the next day and took the boat trip through the Dells. They are really very beautiful. They are just peculiar formations of rocks along the river bank that the river has worn through centuries and centuries. We got off the boat three times and walked around - once through a perfectly wonderful canyon. That night we camped in tents. The next night we camped in the lovely Tourist camp at Madison, Wis., going through the Univ. the next day. That night we saw "The Trial of Mary Dugan" in the talkies. It was very good.

We've been golfing once, but that's about all the excitement we've had.

Write me often for I get lonesome for letters from you girls.

Much love- Dot.

*[This letter dated **Summer of 1929** was written from Galesburg, Ill. by Dorothy to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). They are planning on travelling up to Silver Bay in August to camp and see Kathleen. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

430 Lombard St.
Galesburg, Ill.
Monday
[Summer 1929]

Dear Jerry:-

Your letter was wonderfully interesting. I'm so glad you're having such a grand time. You must be getting just about all "rested up". I'm looking forward to camping at S.B. to do my resting this summer.

Your plans have changed a bit haven't they? We have been planning all along to leave here about the third, fourth, or fifth of Aug., and pick Monnie up and camp the second and third weeks in Aug. Harold and I thought we wouldn't visit around the East this year. I'm afraid it will take too much time and too much money. We've spent about all the money we saved for our vacation already, so I guess we'll got to S.B. and stay put till we start for Saginaw. We want to get back to Saginaw early, too, to have all the settling done before school starts.

Monnie is at camp the first week in Aug. - I imagine from the 1st to the 7th she will probably want a day or two to get ready to go East, then it will take us two or three days to get to S.B. At that rate we ought to be there by Aug. 12 or 13. Would you mind if we got there before you do, since you're having company? I think it's fine that Rose Mary and Mary Ann can be with us there. "The more the merrier." I think they ought to like it, altho it may be a bit tame for them after the gorgeousness of the South.

We are pretty well equipped for camping now. We bought a double cot which is very comfy- a spring with iron frame. I made a partition of heavy khaki cloth to hang through the middle of the tent to divide it into two sleeping rooms. We bought a little two-burner camp stove and the neatest and most complete and compact set of camp utensils- a big aluminum pail in which are packed two sauce pans of different sizes, a coffee pot, six each of cups, plates, knives, forks, and spoons (soup and tea). The cover to the outside pail is the frying pan. There are two detachable handles to use on frying pan, coffee pot, and sauce pans.

We still want a few things more to complete our camping outfit- a flashlight, another blanket, a gallon thermo jug and some pillows.

Yes, I do hope K. can arrange to get the island for us. I think that would be just the place for us. It's a shame that she isn't having a better time up there. Monnie wrote that she received a very disillusioned letter from K. about S.B. Poor thing, she should have been up there with us. The place and the personnel must have changed a whole lot.

Well, I turned from housekeeper to painter. Mother finally got well enough so that Harold and I could start painting the house. It hadn't been painted for seven years and sadly needed a new covering. We are painting it light grey with darker grey trimming and green blinds. We got all of the first coat on in 2 ½ days. The second coat and trimming is going to go much slower. We started on the second coat today and finished up one side. My arm got powerfully tired after the first day and a half, but it's acclimated now.

It got so hot about a week ago that we could hardly breath in our little bedroom, so we pitched our tent out in the yard and have been sleeping on that new cot ever since. It's lovely and cool out there in the evenings.

We've played gold only twice this summer, but have been swimming several times after painting in the P.M. We swim in the clay pit near the brick yards about two miles from here.

Today we received an announcement of Theodore's wedding. At last he decided to "hook up" and I hear Harold is engaged. Who to?

Aunt Myra wrote that they are going to be at Diamond Point, Lake George, with Uncle Rob for a week or so. I believe they are to be there for the second week in Aug.

I haven't put up a can of anything this summer. Last summer I got to Saginaw well stocked with blackberries, blue-berries, applesauce, peaches, etc. and, believe me, they came in mighty handy during the year. This year we'll have to live out of store cans, I guess.

Much love- and do write again soon.

Dot.

Thanks for forwarding the letters. I had one from Father, too.

*[This letter dated **July 10, 1929** was written from Foochow, China by Willard Beard to Kathleen. In it he gives her fatherly advice about her boyfriends. He tells her about the heat and their recent return from Kuliang. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]*

Foochow, China
July 10th 1929

Dear Kathleen,-

Your last letter shortly before you left Oberlin was a most interesting one. I'm very glad you wrote about your relations with George Linco. It will help you to write it to us and it will help us to know you better. I judge you have treated him wisely and kindly. If anything you have been over indulgent. Any man who will threaten to kill himself because any woman refuses to marry him is not fit to be a husband of any woman much less a father. You will likely continue to return his letters unopened and refuse to see him if he should ever call or try to call on you again. Such men are to be pitied and dealt with firmly. Argument or the reiterating of your inability to return his affection is only to add fire to his flame. I hope you will not be further bothered with him.

The other interesting feature of your letter was your application for the Shansi work. It would be very pleasing indeed to have you in China next year. Of course we should expect you to spend the summer with us in our Kuliang Cottage. But we'll count the chickens after they hatch. I did not think much of the Skinner boy when I saw him in Oberlin – was it last year. He may be smart but he lacks common sense, which to my mind ranks higher than what is commonly known as smartness. I do not remember that I ever saw Hugh Elmer. So I have nothing to say there. Mother did not say much about him.

I am writing this in Foochow. Mother started from home a week ago today at 12:30 p.m. almost to the consternation of Dr. Dyer and Miss Atwood- the only foreigners left here. I started at 4 pm. Mother walked all the way arriving at 6 pm. I walked all the way and got there at 7:15. The day was a very hot one in fact I never felt the heat so much any summer before as I have this summer and last week was well up in temperature.

July 24 – I have just found this sheet and am sending it on. We have been on the mountain almost two weeks. I came up a little seedy as the British say- with a bad cough. I can realize it is getting better every day.

Yesterday mail bro't a card from Geraldine and one from Aunt Etta. They were on their way east in Uncle Elberts car.

With love
Father

Yesterday had a good letter from Virginia.

[This letter dated July 29, 1929 was written from Silver Bay on Lake George, NY by Kathleen to Jerabee (Geraldine). She has found a good sight to camp while everyone is at Silver Bay. Kathleen talks about horseback riding, tennis tournaments and secretly sleeping out under the stars. Hugh is not working there this summer but may come to visit. Letter in the collection of Jana Jackson.]

The Silver Bay Association
For Christian Conferences and
Training
Silver Bay-On-Lake George
New York

Box 184
July 29, 1929

Dear Jerabee-

You must be having one grand and glorious time and I envy you all your wonderful trips etc. Your letter sounds so enthusiastic about the South, I would just love to go down there. You didn't say anything about this itinerant education that you were going to take up. Have you decided not to try it?

I am so glad Rose Mary is coming up with you. I want to know her better and she will be such lots of fun up here. If you are not starting until the middle of August you won't have much time here though. We leave the third of Sept and that would only leave about two weeks if you don't stay longer than we do. Does Monnie's vacation begin the first of August and are you going to pick her up as you come thru Ohio? Nobody seems to know much about the plans for you all sound so uncertain in your letters. I do hope you finally all land here anyway. As for camp sites, I have picked out a nice one just above Evergreen cottage, if you remember where that is. It is near a grove of pines and, I think, will have about as few bugs as you can expect up here. I have talked to some cottagers who have a camp up in the woods back of our house and they are not badly disturbed by bugs. Of course I will have to see the association about your camping there first, for it is on S.B. property, but if they don't permit it I can find another place.

Things are a little livelier around the grounds now than they were during the other conferences. The Y.M. conference is here now and it seemed so funny to serve men at first. Some of them are very nice and others are terrible pills.

Did you ever go horseback riding up here? I would go every week if I could afford it but as it is I have been twice. The last time it was with a party of ten on a moonlight ride over Hague mountain, such fun! We had a three hour ride for two-fifty getting back at eleven. Of course we couldn't run the horses much in the dark for they stumbled occasionally but we had a wonderful time all the same. When we got home three of us girls decided to throw rules and convention to the winds and keep the moon company all night. We crept in and got our blankets and crept out again going down to Skin Point right by the water. Really I have not felt such exuberant freedom in ages. You can imagine how thrilling it was in the quiet night with the moon shining full upon everything and the water softly lapping the rocks. It was so perfectly intoxicating that I was afraid I couldn't sleep at all but the cool breeze and light spray on my face soon lulled me off. We woke up at five and watched the sun outshine the moon over Spruce mountain and then stole into our houses before any suspecting eyes should be cast upon us. I have heard nothing from it but one of the girls was recognized and gently advised to let that be the last time. I am crazy to sleep on Sunrise Mt. and see the sun rise from there some day.

We are running off an emp. tennis tournament both girls, boys, and mixed. I have played my first round in singles successfully and think I have a good chance in the second round, but don't know after that. I have been asked for the mixed doubles but that hasn't started yet. We play basket-ball and baseball occasionally but there are scarcely enough to two teams. The rest of the time we swim and sleep. I am having more fun learning diving and life saving with all these physical directors around. I can almost do a jackknife and swan half decently now but not off the high board.

Did Monnie send you some Chinese confections? I enjoyed them so much and the girls like them too. Wasn't it fun to crack the dear old watermelon seeds again?

You know- Hugh may come up for a day sometime in August. We have been corresponding all summer at the rate of once a week (about) and he is awfully nice to write to. He doesn't write wonderful letters at all, but they are cute just like him. He seems quite smitten but you can't always tell thru letters.

Last night we went out with a couple of fellows from Saginaw. One of them said he knew Harold a little and we had the best talk.

Do write me your plans when you know of them
I'm off for a swim and more tan.
Lovin' you always.
Kathleen.

[This letter dated Sept. 4, 1929 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dorothy to Jerry and Kathleen. She tells about their trip back from Silver Bay and stopping in Cleveland to see Gould at the air show. Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart were both there. Gould took Harold and Dorothy for their first airplane ride and they were thrilled. She tells about a couple of unfortunate accidents at the show. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 No. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich.
Sept., 4, '29

Dear Jerry and Kathleen:

Here's hoping you are both together somewhere in the East.

The "good old Summer-time" is all over and we start on the grind tomorrow. Jerry, I sorta envy you being your own boss. I do love my work after I get into it, but, oh how I do hate to leave all you sisters and get started!!

Monnie left for Lorain this morning, and oh how lovely this day has been. One meeting is all we had today.

I wonder if you have heard of our wonderful thrilling trip home. We made Canandaigua the first night, and the edge of Cleveland, the second. The next morning we went in to find Gould, and really, before that night came we began to think he wasn't there at all. Instead of going right out to the field in the morning, we went into the exhibit at the Public Auditorium which was very well worth the while. We saw the Curtis St. Louis Robin which made the endurance flight. Nobody there knew anything about Gould. At noon we went out to the field and the events had just started, so we decided to get tickets and go in where we would be more likely to find him. We got so intensely interested in everything that was going on that we just sat right through it all. There were two or three airplane races, manoevers by the army planes and by the navy planes (perfectly wonderful!) stunts and stunts and stunts that just made your hair stand up on end, beautiful formation flying, and just lots of thrilling things that I've never seen the likes of before. We saw Lindy fly down doing stunts in formation with two other fliers. We saw Amelia Earheardt christen a huge blimp and then a lot of noted lady fliers climb in and take a ride in it. One of those perfectly immense Ford tri-motored, all-metal planes went up and did beautiful loops and flew upside down 'n everything. The announcer said that that was the first time in history that one of those mammoth things had stunted. Last and by no means least, we saw about 10 or 15 parachute jumpers. It was a contest to see who could land inside, or nearest to a big circle drawn on the field. We later learned that Gould flew the plane for one of the jumpers that landed pretty near. I just could hardly look when they jumped from the planes. I was so afraid their chutes wouldn't open but they all did. That was "awfully" thrilling.

After the events were all over for that day we drove around to the hangars to find Gould, just to discover that he had just left the field for a dinner engagement, but would be out at about 9 the next morning. We were planning to leave for Saginaw, but changed our minds and drove to Berea and camped.

We arrived at the field at nine sharp, but had to wait till 9:30 before our millionaire brother rolled up in the back seat of a taxi with his nose in the morning paper. Well, maybe he wasn't flabbergasted to see us-all! He told us that he was to race in a cabin plane race that afternoon, so that decided us right away to stay. Then Whoopee!! – he took us all three up for a ride in that very cabin plane. Oh, what fun it was. Just as comfy as a chair car on a train. We went around the race track four or five times at about 500 ft., and 150 miles per. The coming down was perfect- lots of fun- and a wonderful landing. Now, Jerry, it's your turn. Monnie's ahead of us all with two rides.

Gould got us grandstand seats for that afternoon, so we saw everything much better, but, alas, didn't they have to go and call off Gould's race till the next day- the very event that we were there to see. Gould will probably tell you all about it. The events for that day were much the same as the day before, except that we saw a lady's race.

You probably saw in the papers the ado about Lindy's being proved. We saw him leave his two stunt companions and chase the passenger plane and order him down. It did look rather funny- rather "all-powerful", because of popularity.

Gould rode to Berea with us and ate, then took the bus to Cleveland. We started out for Saginaw and drove all night and slept all day Sunday.

Jerry, do you remember Myron's friend Lady Heath? The night we camped on the edge of Cleveland we heard of her smash-up. You probably saw it in the papers. She was going around the smoke stack of a factory and

her wing hit a guy wire and she and her mechanic went right through the roof. The factory was just a little way from our camp. The last I saw was that they were fearful as to her recovery. I wonder if Myron heard about it.

The first day we were there, we sat and watched a man who was trying to break the solo endurance record, fly slowly around and around the field as the events went on. When we left the field at night we still heard the plane purring away up in the dark sky, and they said he had four or five hours to go to break the record. As soon as we reached the field the next morning the news boys were shouting "Extra! All about the endurance flier's crash." The poor man had broken the record by about two or three hours and then people thought he fell asleep. He came down right near the field. We read in the paper that his wife is to get the money for his breaking the record.

We're all so glad we stopped in Cleveland to see Gould, and if any of you see him you tell him that all the thrills we got there are going to last a long, long time. About the first thing Harold says upon greeting old friends now is, "Well, I had my first aeroplane ride this summer."

Kathie, I thought of you so much the day you left S.B. [*Silver Bay on Lake George*]. I wondered whether you had the same sad feelings I used to every time I left there- this last time included. I'm so glad you found your knife and the fork. My, I do wish that by some mysterious act of fate, Jerry would get her camera back. Jerry, do you want another camera for your birthday present now?

I should think you would be just about ready to settle down and take a rest from your roving now. Jerry, I bet you did most of the driving. Gould said that he was to have two weeks vacation soon after he got back, then he may come out to Detroit for some air meet in Oct. so you may not get settled down for a while yet. We may get to see Gould again in Detroit, or here.

Monnie helped a lot in getting settled and getting our clothes washed up, etc. She went with us to our first two meetings, where we heard a Psych. Prof. from Columbia talk- Dr. Kulp- very interesting.

It is so hot and dry around here. Harold just read in the paper that Saginaw hasn't had rain since Aug. 13. That is the day we left for S.B. My how it poured that day- all the way down to Lorain.

What was your total for the summer Kathie- salary and tips? How did the pajama parade come out? You should have read Father's letter. It is very interesting. I'll send it on just as soon as I answer it.

Tomorrow classes start, so it's up early in the morning again.

If you are at the farm give our love to all there, and tell them we are mighty sorry not to get down there to see them this summer. Of course, we came within an ace of seeing Aunt Phebe, but "a miss is as good as a mile," and we said "Hello" and "Goodbye" to Aunt Mary, but we did miss a real visit with all three of them on the farm.

Love to all Dot and Harold

*[This typewritten letter dated **Sept. 29, 1929** was written from Nang Seu, China by Willard to Gould, Virginia and Geraldine. He tells them about a typical Sunday in a village chapel and the wonderful hospitality of the people there. He and Ellen took a 16 mile walking hike with some younger people to Kushan Monastery and Kuliang and were quite proud of how well they kept up. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Nang Seu, Foochow, China.

September, 29th. 1929.

Dear Gould, Virginia, Geraldine:-

Nang Seu is a village about fifteen miles southwest of Foochow. I'm writing this in the chapel here and I'm going to try to bring you here with me for this Sunday. It is a sample of what I have most of the Sundays.

Yesterday I was up a little before 5:00 a.m. At 6:25 I was in a ricksha with my baggage, - a thin cotton mattress that weighs 7 lbs., a mosquito curtain, a thin blanket, and extra suit of palm beach cloth, an extra B.V.D., and shirt, - four corn meal muffins, four pieces of sponge cake, half a dozen Cheefoo apples, and a few dates. At 7:00 a.m. I reached the Min river where I had planned to take a river launch to a point near this place. I had taken special pains to find out when the launch would start and was a bit ahead of time only to see it moving down the river. That meant to find a man to carry my forty lbs. of baggage and walk five miles, - to make this five miles the launch must go about twenty miles. A man was found to carry the load for about 35 cents U.S. money. This stage of the journey was finished at 9:00 a.m. The next stage is by small boat, with six or seven other passengers. At 11:30 a.m. we reach Nang Seu. (South Hill). The preacher here is 70 years old, half blind. His wife is 60. Both are unwell. They are poor but they have done faithful work in God's Kingdom for over thirty years.

I climb a very unsteady wooden ladder into the loft over the chapel. Furniture, - a rattan bed bottom on two wooden horses (stools), - a rough table, two leather seated folding chairs. The rafters are jet black with years of soot and dust. The walls of the room are newly whitewashed. To save the whitewash I try to give it a wide berth. In one wall are two board windows with hinges at the top, that may be propped open with sticks. Lunch is served in the

dining room. This is sort of a public room for the occupants of the whole big house, which is home for four or five families, or that branches of one family. The church and parsonage are also in this house and they have a right to this public room. English words will fail to give you a true picture of this. The door sill is 18 inches high to keep the children in and the pigs out. Not a pane of glass. Open the doors for light and air. One side of this is the public parlor-parsonage-bedroom and living room. On the other side is the chapel with the prophet's chamber over it.

I come down for lunch. Mrs. Ding is of the old type and does not eat with men. She serves. The food;- a bowl of rice, in the idle of the table are bowls containing bean curd, rice vermicelli, jelly fish (raw), bamboo sprouts cooked with a few pieces of pork. Utensils; a pair of chopsticks and a Chinese spoon. It's a good lunch and I rise satisfied. The floor of this room is of mother earth with the dirt of a few hundred years added behind me as I eat lies an old pig on a bed of pine needles. She is unwittingly waiting to be converted into pork Sunday morning. Just to my right are tube and racks used in slaughtering pigs. Back of these stands an old unused loom. Many women still use the hand loom for weaving. Back of these on an old table are four ancestral tablets. I am of the opinion that many of you would have indulged in some things as you sat down to this lunch in this room, at the table with no cloth and on a small four legged stool with no back.

At 8:00 p.m. we are in bed. The walk yesterday was a good sleep medicine. In addition I went about the town in the afternoon with Mr. Ding to call on some of the Christians. As we passed a cool inviting temple front a dozen men of all ages sitting there invited us to "sit". We sat. One of the young men said, - "Yes I have heard this Jesus' mother was Mary". As we rose to go I took from my pocket a Gospel of Mark and said to him, - Here is the story of Jesus' life. You must buy it and read it- only two coppers. "All right, I will", feeling in his pocket for the money. "No money. Here friend" to a man near him "Lend me two cents." Here it is" and the sale was consummated. Then we call on widow Ding and her eighteen year old son. One room is bedroom, kitchen dining room store room and parlor. Mrs. Ding is preparing supper, she keeps right on while she boils water for our tea and talks with us. The son sleeps in the loft over this all-purpose room. Next we stop at Mr. Tiang's medicine shop. He is a fine old gentleman- not very talkative at any time and today he has a cold that makes it difficult for him to talk at all. We make sort of a Quaker call. But he and preacher Ding understand each other, and I have called on him and seen much of him. One realizes that spoken words are not essential to a successful call of this kind.

We are back at the chapel at dark. Supper is ready. The very same that I had for dinner, - except what I had eaten, - in the same dishes warmed over.

Sunday morning I shaved to the rhythm of the squeals of the pig that was my dining room companion on Saturday at lunch and supper, as she was becoming pork. This process was carried on right in front of the dining room, and the sides of the house were ventilated in such a manner as to allow me to see the process. When I came down to breakfast the last man was just finishing up after the slaughtering.

About 8:30 a.m. the Christians begin to come in. They come on foot from as far as four miles off in the country. Here are two old women 70 years of age, not yet church members. Here comes a blind boy- walked four miles, not yet a church member. Here is a fine man of forty who has carried his little girl two years old and asks to have her baptized. Her name is Pek Nguk. Let's hear you pronounce it. Here is old lady living with her children and grand children. Her grandson asks to unite with the church today. 12 years old. I wish you could hear and see him as he talks with me. It is no easier for a Chinese for a Chinese boy of 12 to talk with a man of 60 about his religious experience than it is for an American boy to do the same. You must add the further fact that that man is a foreigner and a comparative stranger. Tears will come to the little fellows eyes, but his conversation proves that he knows the Jesus way of life. His grandmother tells me that she wants him to become a minister. He says he would like to be one.

How the people listen to the foreigner as he tries to tell them what kind of man Jesus was. Fifteen partook of communion.

I climb the ladder again and the next I know preacher Ding is sticking his head up thru the hole where the ladder reaches the prophet's chamber, and announces, - "Lunch is ready." Only he says, - "Dau Bieng lau." (pronounce it) Sleep must have taken a good grip on me. Menu rice with the leavings from breakfast, with a dish of sweet potatoes added.

This afternoon I feel that duty calls for a rest, then a bit of reading and then this letter. About 4 p.m., while I write a Christian calls and says, - "You, Mr. and Mrs. Ding are not very well. Let Mr. Beard come over and take supper with us." Agreed. But Mrs. Ding adds, - "You must come over and lead him to your house. He doesn't know they way. And just at dusk, a boy of twelve who is an apprentice in the Christian's shop, comes carrying the baby of the family in his arms, with him are the host's ten year old son and a still younger brother and sister. They escort me to their home, for supper. My! I wish you could have been there. Talk about cordiality, hospitality. You folks in city homes in America are still in the first year of the kindergarten. "Come right in and sit down at the table. Right here on this end of this four foot horse i.e. stool. We have nothing to eat. - only a few scraps of very coarse food. We

could not find any beef or pork, - only a little poor fish. But there are two ducks eggs that we have poached for you and we'll try to find some rice before long. Have some wine. Nothing to eat." In the center of the table were,- a big bowl of fried fish, a bowl of bean curd, a bowl of pork, a bowl of small shell fish over which had been poured boiling water, a bowl of alt fish, and a bowl of soup with a few greens in it. Then in came a bowl of rice for each of us. Each bowl was nearly six inches in diameter. Grace was said the then the host and his brother, also a Christian, with three workmen and three children fell to, - so did I. No one will ever see any of that rice again. Neither will they ever see those two ducks eggs, nor quite a portion of the general dishes in the center of the table. , - hygiene? Forget it. Monday before light I am up bed folded and tied in a bundle with an oiled cloth about it and other things in a suit case. It is raining- the first rain in six weeks. Mrs. Ding has all the rice and other things that were left warmed up and I eat breakfast and start for the ferry boat. I have only one pair of shoes, white canvass, nearly new. I hate to walk in them five miles in the rain. I brought along a pair of grass slippers as bedroom slippers. They have a piece of braided grass over the toes, otherwise only the bottom or soles. You keep them on by cinching your toes to them. They cost 2 cents a pair. I tie them on with some string and the shoes are saved for I walk the five miles in them= grass slippers.

On the ferry boat which takes me about five miles in about an hour and a half I hope to find a company of from fifteen to twenty people going my way and I have never failed to have a good time with them in talking about the realities of life and bringing the talk right down to their everyday life. But today the rain has kept people at home. One woman and I are the only passengers. It is not the right thing for me to talk much. So here you have as best I can give it a little travelogue that comes to me about once a week and its pleasant work. I have tried to give it to you, - travel-social- eats-sleeps-preaching in chapel and on the street-selling books all jumbled up as they come to me in the days work. That is the way I have to take them. The realities of these three days work of each week, tho are the personal contacts I make with others all along the way when Jesus is one of the company of, - it may be two or three or a dozen or fifty. They may be business men or farmers or coolies and there may be women in the company. It is worth while.

October 15th. 1929.

You will see by the heading that I wrote this two weeks ago. And it was in the Nang Seu chapel. I read it to Mother and she thought it would be of interest to more than one so I have copied and am sending it to all the children and the brothers and sisters.

A week ago last Saturday and Sunday I was at Deng Chio across the river from where I wrote this and last Sunday I was at Chong Ha about five miles from Nang Seu. Since we came down from Kuliang I have been away from home in the country on evangelistic work fifteen days. We came down on September 13th. When I am at home there is teaching that fills completely two afternoons, and more committee meetings than you can shake a stick at. This week I am auditing the books of the University. That means get up at daylight to catch a launch and go down the river three miles and stay to lunch there. I get back home about dark. This I hope to finish this week.

Last Thursday Mother and I took a whole day off and skipped the country. We went as protectors of a party of younger people. Started at 6:30 a.m., went to the river took a boat three miles down to the foot of Kushan mountain, walked up to the Kushan monastery, stopped for an hour for lunch, went on to our cottage at Kuliang. There we built a fire and took lunch. There were nine in the party. Three were Chinese girls, one a Chinese man. Two other men foreigners and Mother and Betty Cushman. We left our cottage at a little past four in the afternoon. It was plump dark when we got to the city and found rickshas for the last mile of the trip. Mother and I walked every bit of the way. It was a good sixteen miles. Both were up and at work the next morning feeling all the better for the trip. It was a beautiful day not too hot nor was it cold.

It is getting time that one thinks of Christmas. Mother and I have agreed to tell our people in the good old U.S. not to send too many presents and not to put too high a value on them. The Chinese government is out for all the duty it can possibly get. We have to pay two duties. And practically nothing except books are on the free list.

Well this is getting to be too long so here is love to all of you with best wishes for a happy Thanksgiving. I hope to get another letter to say Merry Christmas.

Love to All,
Father

[This letter dated Oct. 6, 1929 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dorothy to Jerry (Geraldine). She talks about what they have been doing. She saw that Gould did not make it on a tour with the Fairchild planes. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 Bond. St.,

Saginaw, Mich.,
Oct., 6, 1929.

Dear Jerry:-

I'm sorry it's been so long that I haven't written you. Your two long letters came in the same mail.

My, yes, that full moon in Sept. reminded me every night of the dear old camp site on Lake George [*Silver Bay*]. Kathleen wrote that it was hard for her to settle down after the summer. It was for me too- mighty hard.

We were waiting to hear whether you and Gould were flying out for the Ford tour. We watched the Detroit papers and failed to see Gould's name in them, so gave up hopes of seeing you. We read that three Fairchild planes entered. Poor Gould, he must have been terribly disappointed not to be able to go.

We got the package of pink silk. My, how glad I was to see that it wasn't lost. The other package of Chinese things also came. Thanks for sending them.

I think your idea of a Chinese dinner cloth for Pearl is fine [*Probably Pearle Leonard Chamberlain*]. I think if we sent to Mother right away and tell her what we want it for and to rush it, she'll do it quickly. In that case, you'd tell Pearl what we are doing, wouldn't you? I really think she'd appreciate that as much as anything we could get her. If you don't do that, let me know what you get and how much my share is.

Your house looks darling! It is very much like ours, isn't it? I hope you have just the very best time ever in it this year. I bet Gould will enjoy it a lot. I wish we could go out there and see you two sometime. Maybe at Christmas, if Gould can't get off to come here, we can drive out there. Poor Monnie doesn't think she can get much of a Christmas vacation this year.

Do remember me to Edith and any others of our friends that you see out there.

So Gould finally did get back to Aunt Molly's. I bet she was glad. She did seem so hurt to think that Gould's confidence in her was shaken.

You said that you saw Mary Carpenter. Didn't Eleanor say that she wasn't a bit well? What did you think when you saw her?

How did it happen that Gould came back from his vacation early? Was it to help you both get located and settled before he went back to work?

Yes indeed, Harold and I have intended all along to give Theodore and Ruth a gift. I think she also would like something Chinese. The rug idea is fine. You go ahead and get it and include our names on the card. That is, if it's O.K. with M. and K. Let us know and we'll send money for that, too.

Poor Ruthie! Has she had her operation yet? Let me know when and where she is to have it. I'd like to send her something.

My Parent-Teacher's gym class starts tomorrow night. From the interest shown and the calls for information about it, I'm going to have quite a crowd this year. I have asked for more money this year- at least, a definite amount. Last year each person that came gave a dime. Toward the end of the year people began to drop off and sometimes I'd get only a dollar or \$1.50 for two hours, which wasn't hardly worth my time.

We were hired for the Ames work again this year, at a meeting held last week. This year we are each going to try to get an assistant to divide the work with us. We also tried to get out of teaching our S.S. classes, but it just seems absolutely impossible to get out. It makes me so provoked the way they shove work off onto those who will work. Of course, we could flatly refuse, but in a church like that where there are so very few capable persons, and leaders one just hates to do it.

We wrote the girls inviting them up to the Ohio-State game and "The Miracle" which will be playing in Detroit then. That is their Migration Day and they had planned a big spree, and since "Jerry's Lizzy" is no more, they didn't think they could afford it, so I guess we won't see them until Christmas, unless we drive to Oberlin sometime.

Have you had your air-plane ride yet? I haven't gotten over the thrill yet.

Much love to all there and to Gould-

Dot.

Monnie sent me a clipping from the Lorain paper saying that Betty Garland has been appointed Dean of Women at Wilmington College, Wilmington, O. Can you imagine our Betty a Dean!

[This letter dated **Oct. 17, 1929** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Kathleen. He heard she had gotten a tan over the summer. He gives her a little advice on bothersome boys. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Oct. 17 -1929

Dear Kathleen,-

This is just a hug and a kiss for you alone- the general letter is too public for such personalities. Others have written of the brown color you got [at] Silver Bay and the good time you had there this summer. It was very pleasant that you could see so many of your own people at Silver Bay and then go to the homes in Putnam and Shelton. I wonder if airplanes will bring you over here or us over there for a week end before we come home. Men are fast attaining some of the attributes that used to be attributed only to God.

Will you let Aunt Etta and Uncle Willis read this and then send it on to Marjorie.

I think of you frequently in your relation to the young men of whom you have written. I hope the one that bothers you has become tired of receiving his own returned letters, and that your own common sense rectified by your continual association with God and Jesus will guide you in all choices and actions.

Very lovingly Father

[This letter dated Oct. 27, 1929 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dorothy to Jerry and Gould. They have been trying out different radios to see which they would like to buy. She is teaching a ladies gym class in addition to regular school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 No. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich.,
Oct. 27, 1929.

Dear Jerry and Gould:

I can't find any of your letters that I haven't answered, so I don't know whether you owe me, or I owe you.

I picture you two as nicely settled in your little bungalow, and I bet you're having a grand time. Have you had time to do much entertaining?

I'm sorry that you weren't fortunate enough to get in on the tour, Gould. We kept track of it all the way around, in the papers. Has Jerry been up in the air, yet?

I haven't had any word from Monnie or Kathleen for almost two weeks. I do wish they could have come up to the game. We had such a good time. Sat. morning we drove to Ann Arbor for the Ohio State game. It was a wonderful football game. We sat with no cots all during the game. It was an interesting game even tho Mich. didn't win. From Ann Arbor we drove right over to Detroit, got a room at Webster Hall (where we stayed at the time of the Board meetings) and went right to see "The Miracle". It was beautiful! Sunday we started home at about 11:00 A.M.

Jerry, do you have the Chinese dolls, or does Monnie. I would very much like them for two occasions. One is on Nov. 8, - sort of an International dinner, where they are representing as many nations as possible, hearing a little about each. They want curios. The other is an exhibition at the library of dolls of various nations. Irene Gelinas asked me for that. They are to be on exhibit the week of Nov. 17. If you have them could you send them right away, please.

We have been trying out radios lately. Have had lots of fun with a couple of them already- the Edison and now we have the Victor. The Edison is a wonderful machine but rather steep in price. My, what perfectly enchanting concerts and programs we get on Sundays, - all day long. Six thirty to seven is still my favorite hour, with the Whittall Anglo Persians. Does your complete establishment include a radio?

Have you started work on your cello, and are you selling Chinese things and Churchill Weaver things yet? You two must hurry up and write us all about yourselves.

Last Sunday evening for the church service I delivered an "address: (?) on China. At least, so it was called on the church calendar. Mr. Watters, said today, that the Meth. church in Bay City was going to ask me to talk there soon. Fortunately, Father's last two letters were rich with news that I put to good use.

My ladies gym class has started on Mon. nights. My volley-ball (school) tournament has started. My girls have won the first two games. Tues. night our teacher's sextet organizes again. I'm having them here this time. We've been asked to sing at the Bay City broadcasting station again this year.

Have you done anything about those wedding gifts? We must be thinking of gifts for Father and Mother soon.

Have you people been thinking about what you are going to do for Christmas? We must get together somewhere. I do hope Monnie can get a vacation- and Gould, too.

I saw Ruthie Brooks at the Teacher's Convention at Flint. She wanted to be remembered to you girls. I am going to have her up here some week-end soon. Much love to both of you- Dot.

I received the cake decorator and am so anxious to try it. It looks like a lot of fun. I've got to experiment before I decorate Harold Charles' birthday cake. Thank you so much for it.
Dot.

P.S. (Private for Jerry)

Can you give us an idea of what Gould would like for his birthday?

[This letter dated Nov. 3, 1929 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to Jerry and Gould. Kathleen jokingly scolds them for not giving out their new address yet. A Dr. Ames has been at the college that week giving lectures on sex and talked to the men and women separately. It is the talk of the campus. She thanks Jerry and Gould for the new tennis racket. Aunt Grace has had a stroke. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kathleen C. Beard
Oberlin, Ohio

Talcott Hall
Nov 3- 1929

Dear Jerry and Gould-

You kids certainly don't deserve my mail if you don't let a body know your address. But I found it out, all the same, and would like to give you a good bawling out. But I haven't the time, space, or heart to do it so thank your lucky stars that you are spared.

How is the little house and the people in it? The diagram that you sent of it perfectly splurious[?], but I am crazy to see it in reality. Are you having just heaps of guests and parties or haven't you got that far yet? Have you found a cello teacher yet, Jerry, to take lessons of? I wish you could be here Tuesday night to hear Gregor Piatigorsky play.

We went to the ringration[?] day game two weeks ago, Gidge and I had never been up for it and this was our last chance. Monnie and Millicent make it a party of four so we did the day up brown. Shopping kept us busy in the morning and for lunch we went to the loveliest place. It was called "Charm House" and was decorated in Old English style throughout- even to the waitress uniforms. The day was real warm so the game seemed more like a spring track meet, but we won and nothing else mattered. The Bamboo Gardens kept us entertained through the dinner hour and then we saw "Blossom Time" which was very sweet but nothing tremendous. Monnie stayed with us over Sunday and we had a good visit. She seems as disoriented as last year with regard to Ronnie and is definitely planning to leave in June. Ronnie is resigning too, for that matter- to get married.

The whole college has been in a big uproar this week about the lectures given by Dr. Ames. I don't know who got him here or anything about him, but he talked to the men of the college about sex and was asked to speak also to the girls. There was some objection by a few members of the faculty to his giving public addresses (probably the dean of women) but he was permitted to speak twice and to answer any questions which were handed in. I attended his second lecture, which indeed left almost nothing unsaid. He spoke very frankly and very scientifically, yet not professionally, if you get what I mean. More interesting to me than the lecture itself is the reaction of the students to it. Some were highly pleased and thought it a very good thing, while others didn't like his open way of presentation. Mother would have been mortified and shocked to tears. It was probably just what some girls needed but I know that others were rather overwhelmed by such a dose without previous information. It has been the subject of every group conversation since, you know how a thing like that can be discussed and hashed over. It shows what a liberal attitude most people take toward it and I think they are overdoing the educational side of it a little.

This is the second man who has talked on it this year here, the other one being an English Minister and presenting more the general moral attitude, instead of information. Well, one just has to maintain ones balance these days or be swept by every current. Don't worry about me, Jerry.

Last night we had an all girl's dance representing the sailor idea. About half the kids were dressed as sailors and the old gym was decorated to resemble a ship. Those parties are such fun for you can just let go and act as crazy as you please. After it we had an onion spread - so we are all strong today.

The tennis racket that "you all" gave me is doing good service for me. I entered the class tournament and will probably play in the finals for class championship. I have one more match to play which everyone says is simple. I am much thrilled but know that I can't get the championship because I will come up against the college champion of two years back. A racket sure makes a difference, though.

Oh Jerry, Mrs. Lawrence informed me that you wrote her about George. I don't know what you said, but, for heaven's sake, don't say anything more to anybody about it. Do let the matter drop for good, for I am sure that nothing more will come of it, and I hate to have it talked about so much.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes of Sturbridge (is it?) stopped here on their way to Conn. this week and I went down to see them for a little while. They were here for just a day after having a month's vacation out west where they saw Cousin Carl and Addie. They say that both of them are rather poorly.

I must stop and study History which is the very bane of my existence. It is awfully hard for me and I can't seem to find time to study it properly. My work in it has been very poor so far and I will have to brace up pretty soon.

Do, both of you write and tell us everything we want to know. Aunt Mary wrote that Aunt Grace has a stroke and that Ruthy had her appendix out!!!! I fear we are way behind on family data.

Oodles of love to you both
Kathie.

*[This journal, dated **November 1929 through December 3, 1929**, was written while on a trip to Shaowu by Willard. He tells about the trip upriver and of the stops along the way. From the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

Shaowu trip – Nov. 1929.

At 5:45 p.m. Saturday Nov. 9th I left home for Kienninghsien to help in the Shaowu Mission Annual Meeting. At 6:30 I was on the motor launch that is to take me as far as Iong Kau on the main Min river. This is about 175 miles from Foochow. From Iong Kau to Shaowu is about 75 miles. Just before I left home the American mail arrived with letters from Geraldine, Mary and Marjorie. I read the letters instead of eating supper and ate a muffin, a doughnut and a small piece of pumpkin pie before going to bed on the launch.

This is the fourth time I have made this trip. The other three times were in a man propelled boat. Twenty seven years ago it took me one week to reach Yeng Bing and two days more to Yeng Kau (Iong Kau). This time I should be in Yeng Kau in 3 ½ days. This is a high powered motor launch. The engine is running smoothly and sort of purring- like a good auto and we are flying thru the water. Last night I slept well. The launch is completely covered with iron plates to turn the bullets of the bandits. But there are sliding doors – or a door in each section, so the passengers can have light and air- between the nests of bandits. There are however hopes that we will not encounter bandits on this trip up. Two soldiers are on with bayonets and ammunition. My head is next the sliding door, my “berth” is long enough so I can lie full length if I lie cornerwise. I have a suit case and a bamboo basket on one side of me so I am quite “secluded”. Two Chinese occupy the rest of the compartment. I can sit up if I am careful to get my head between the beams that hold the flat top of the launch. I really am cang Huai= very well fixed, for breakfast. I ate with four Chinese, rice, rice, rice, peanuts, bean curd, bamboo sprouts, small shell fish. It is now 8:30 a.m.

Shaowu trip- Nov. 1929. 8:30 a.m. Monday, Nov. 11th 1929

Last night was clear and much colder. This morning is fine. We anchored at Uong Cheng for the night. The rain last week raised the river 3 or 4 ft. and we are sliding up the rapids on good time. For breakfast we had rice. Please note we had rice – plenty of it. There were six of us at the “table”. The table was a tray 16 in. X 26 in. We= two other men and myself, pushed our bedding aside to make room for the table. On the table were empty bowls for rice,- a plate of bean curd, one of bamboo sprouts, one of peanuts, one of olives,- about as much on each plate as we would put in individual dishes at home. We are a polite crowd however and no one eats all the condiments. I can afford to be polite for after each meal I open my country basket and cut a “shoestring” of pumpkin pie which mother hid there, and which I found- strange!!- it leaves a good taste in my mouth- so do the honey dates that I found also.

It is the same river that I went up 27 years ago, but its very different going. Then the 8 men often pulled an hour to make 30 rods- now the twin screws, each with its engine push the boat steadily up every rapid. We are at Iu Ka Kau = the mouth of the branch that goes in to Iu Ka. A launch is on its way down. One of its screws is injured, a man is in the water up to his mouth with a monkey wrench repairing it. It is rather cool work. He has completed the job and come up.

Tuesday, Nov. 12th 1929

At daylight the trusty engines began to spit and we backed out of our berth and nosed up stream. A fog had settled on the river and it was damp and cold. The bed felt comfy. But at 6:30 the "boy" came to say "hot water. Wash your faces." I opened my iron window, took my wash cloth and reached out and dipped it in the river and had a good sponge, cold water bath, while the "boy" and other passengers shivered for me. To be sure I had to set in bed and be careful to keep my head between the beams above me or it would be bumped. But then it was better than no bath. Each time before when I have gone up I could jump into the river. The boat was man-propelled and I could jump in from the bow, come up and swim and catch the stern. But this modern launch cut out that bit of fun.

The river is getting narrower. The rapids are steeper. Twice 8 men have got out and towed. The launch stuck her nose up into the rock just at the side of and below the rapid. The screws purred gently- just to keep the boat from going backward while a man fastened her to the rock, until all was ready. 200 ft. of 7/8 in. bamboo toe line was let out. The water, only ten feet away was boiling, seething, rushing down past us, jumping up into waves 6 ft. high like an angry wild beast as if it were defying this man made contraption to attempt to invade its age long domain. One boatman took two small sticks of incense, stuck them in a crack of a rock and lit them. To him and to all the crew this was a prayer to the gods to take us safely up this rapid. The 8 men stood ready 200 ft. up ahead on the shore to give succor to those two little engines. The levers were pulled back a bit to let her back away from the rock. The rudder swung just a trifle. The levers were pushed gradually up and the throttles opened slowly, until they were wide open. The screws hummed. The 8 cylinders of the right engine and the 4 of the left engine went up and down in perfect rhythm and with increased rapidity until it was almost one continuous spark. The men on land straightened the tow line. The water seemed to gather all its strength to resist our attempt to go forward. We were in a raging torrent- only four rods wide. Rocks on either side waited with gaping mouths to devour us. The waves came over the deck. We stood still for a minute. Two men on the boat seized bamboo poles. Stuck them into crevices in the rocks and pushed. The water redoubled its fury. But man's brain had calculated correctly an after ten minutes of steady, combined pushing, pulling and engine power. The launch perceptibly advanced, and with every inch gained speed. The poor torrent was worsted. But undaunted it rushes on still waiting for the next invader, who is sure to conquer as we conquered. These motor launches are already driving the large 10 + 15 men powered boats off the river. The little so-called rat-boats are still at work. But will not long compete with these swift birds or fish. I am making this journey of 175 miles in 3 days. It used to take ten in the lightest, speediest boats. Freight was often a month on the way. This launch has walked up all the rapids but two thus far without the help of the tow line. How long before these launches will be replaced by airships?

Last night two launches tied up side by side for the night. Some of the passengers from the other launch came over and we had a company of ten or more- all intelligent business men- one an agent of the B.A.T. - British and American Tobacco Co. We talked of conditions in China, Japan, India, England, America. I had the Scientific American for October with me. This is given largely to aviation. We talked for an hour. I did not preach but I talked and got them to talk of the injury to man of superstition and idolatry. They were interested and very thoughtful. One of them stood by me when the man stuck the incense in the rock at the foot of the dangerous rapid. He smiled and said "superstition."

It pleases me greatly to see so many of the hills covered with trees,- the farther up the river we go the more trees are to be seen. This in spite of bandits and soldiers. We had the "protection" of ten soldiers for a few hours this morning. We left them or they left us when we drew up to a raft of logs. They jumped from our launch to the raft and both fell flat as they slipped on the round smooth surface of the logs. Their grins and caps parted company with them and they looked anything but "protectors". If they live three or four years they will be able to grow mustaches, but they are not old enough now.

5:45 p.m. at Yong Kau

We made a fast trip up- arriving at 2:30 p.m. today= 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ days. From Foochow to Yong Kau. Here I find Rev. E.D. Kellogg and Miss Josephine Walker. Miss Walker makes her head quarters here now instead of at Shaowu.

Great changes have taken place here since I was here in 1909. Then the hills about were bare, now thick groves of building trees cover them- about 8000. They are perhaps 15 years old and worth 50 cents each now standing. Then there was a church parsonage and boys school. Now there are added a hospital, another boy's school, a girl's school and another parsonage. Beside these an electric light plant with 700 lights in the village and a water system- all the work of pastor Guang. It is wonderful what one man can do in a place like this in China. It is intellect, backed by altruism and character. There is plenty of intellect all about in China, but public spirit and character are at a premium, when one finds it. There is something doing. Pastor Guang is always thinking of the

other man. The water (gravity) system, the electric light plant and the forest are for the hospital, for orphans, for the church – not for himself.

Wednesday Nov. 13th 1929. 4:15 p.m.

This Gould's birthday. Last night I slept on my own cot bed in Kellogg's room at Long Kau. This morning we were up at 6:00 and on the boat- a little rat boat at 7:00 and off at 7:30. The District Magistrate of Kienning is on several other boats with his retinue and several soldiers. We are keeping in sight of him, as protection from bandits. The boatmen said we might meet bandits this a.m. but we saw none. Reached Song Chiong at 12:30. Because of the fear of bandits we spent the afternoon here- also tonight and go tomorrow,- should reach Ciong Lok Friday before noon. From there we are to walk.

This has been a beautiful day- sunny and warm. We have taken off our coats. The boat is just wide enough so we three can sleep crosswise in it tonight and tomorrow night. There are five in the party going to Kienning.

Thursday Nov. 14- 1929

Last night we were tied up at Song Chiong. All turned in at 7 p.m. and went to sleep. We live in the open air and this is a good medicine for sleeplessness. About 9 p.m. things got of interest outside. 50 or 60 soldiers seemed much exercised- in mind and voice- not so much in body. There was a great conglomeration of tongues. I could hear the Foochow, Mandarin and other dialects that were entirely unintelligible. Between some 15 of us on our two boats we made out that a soldier had come across the river saying that he was one of some 20 who wanted to pass thru Song Chiong. Could they pass? But he had no credentials, could not tell to what regiment he belonged etc. etc. There was much commotion for an hour. Then the Song Chiong guard decided to let them pass. We lay down and slept.

This a.m. we were off at 7. But we are going up very leisurely. The Magistrate has about 25 boats. This region is infested with bandits- our boats are light. The Magistrate's heavy. He is slow, and our men dare not get much ahead of him. It will take us three days instead of two to reach Ciong Lok. My soul, possess thyself in patience. Be calm. Rest. The world was not made in 1 day. It is not finished yet after 6,000,000 years.

Friday morning Nov. 15 1929.

About noon we reached a city of 2000!!! named Moh Buo. Here there was a tense secretary. None of us could make out just what was the trouble. That bandits had operated was certain but how we could not tell. No two stories agreed. I was going up in the village to mail a letter. Pastor Ding said, better not. I did not go. About 3 p.m. We all went up to the village and found a Meth. pastor and two or three Christians that pastor Ding knew. They told us that the bandits came across the river on the opposite bank the night before. They seized a farmer whose house was across the river. He was too much for the 2 bandits who attacked him. Shook them off and ran. But a third bandit came up and shot the man thru the upper thigh. All the soldiers of Moh Buo had gone to drive off the bandits. We waited till about dark and finally got the promise of 4 soldiers to protect us as far as Ciong Loh for \$13.00.

This a.m. the boatmen were up and off as soon as they could see. The past two days we have made about 60 li. or a little less than 20 miles. It is 70 li on to Ciong Loh and the men are to get us there tonight. The soldiers had not appeared. But we were off just the same. You see if the boats started before the soldiers came the soldiers would walk and the boats are so much lighter. We stopped after about 2 miles and the boatman started back for the soldiers and met them coming. It rains a little. But we are sliding up river fast. The commanding soldier has just pointed to a path coming down to the river from the hills. "That is a very bad place,- many bandits there." It is where Mr. and Mrs. Christian were robbed a few years ago and where Charlie Storrs and the pastor who is with us were robbed a month after.

Evening Nov. 15 at Ciong Loh

We reached Ciong Loh about 4 p.m. We had two soldiers with us. They were apprehensive at 2 points. At one place the leader took his rifle. But no bandit appeared and when we got within about 5 miles of Ciong Loh they left us and returned saying it was perfectly safe the rest of the way. Here Mrs. U and her 2nd son who had [a] drug store and hospital here gave us a very good supper. The boat fare for three days, 3 times a day has been rice, greens and bean curd.

All arrangements are made for starting tomorrow at daylight. A pastor, a preacher, three delegates, Kellogg, myself, 3 chairs = 6 men, 3 soldiers and one boy and 3 load men ==20- quite a caravan.

Mrs. U the wife of the preacher here 27 years ago when I came here said she remembered me. Her husband is dead. One son is in charge of the hospital at Yong Kau and one has a hospital here. Her husband is dead. The church here has acquired a fine property since I was here.

These hills between Long Kau and here are bare – no trees. This region is surely bandit ridden. I have seen two houses- that have been sacked by them.

Monday evening Nov. 18th 1929.

Since the last writing Fri. Nov. 15th I have been on the road. Sat. morning at 5 o'clock came the call to get up. Breakfast had been prepared and sent on to us by Mr. U where we are Friday evening. At 6 a.m. we were on the road,- 8 of us. We had three chairs- 2 men to carry a chair. We moved steadily until 2 p.m.- climbed 2000 ft. and went down again,- stopped for dinner, 18 min. In 40 minutes we were off again,- dinner = rice, greens, bean curd, rats, rice flour dumplings. All the morning and most of the afternoon we were in grand scenery. It was very mountainous, and the hill sides were very steep, and covered with hard wood forests- so far away from any stream that the wood is almost worthless. The background was a dark green, with here and there a very beautiful dark brick red not brilliant as at home but sober, and a few yellow trees, the effect of the whole was very pleasing. I have never seen so much forest in my travels before and never such beauty as between Ciong Lok and Tai Ning.

It was a long day and the puo = 10 li = 3 1/3 miles about grew longer in the afternoon. The coolies on two of the chairs gave out about 3 p.m. and as one of the company said, "We shall have to carry them." We reached Tai Ning about 7:45 p.m. The moon was full and it was not bad. Before dark we had emerged from the forest and came out into open country.

The church at Tai Ning is a large house. Pastor Laiu had gone to Kienning to Annual Meeting. At 7:45, unannounced 22 men = 2 foreigners, Mr. Kellogg and myself, a Chinese pastor, 3 preachers, 2 delegates, 6 chair coolies and 4 load bearers suddenly enter her front door – with 4 soldiers. Her neighbor calls over the wall to her. "There are soldiers knocking on your front door." What would an American minister's wife say to such a gang coming into her house at 7:45 p.m. Sat. night? And she had a good supper ready for 8 of us at 8:30. How is that for efficiency?

Sunday morning we were up at 8 and invited over to the home of a druggist – the leading church member, - for breakfast at 9:30, then a dozen of us walked about the city calling on some of the Christians, and on the government school, headed by a man who learned how to run a school while monitor of the Boy's Academy at Shaowu some years ago. We brought up at the new church and parsonage, not yet completed, and pastor Ding [*Chinese character*] who had come all this way with us from Long Kau preached on the boy with the 5 cakes and two fishes. This new church, to seat 400 comfortable and the parsonage has cost \$1800. mex. about \$900 U.S. gold.

At 12:30 we were on our way to Mui Kau 12 miles toward Kienning,- arrived at 5 p.m. Here we have a house, no part worker – several Christians. They were arranging for us all -8- to sleep in a room 12 X 15 ft. but Kellogg and I begged to go up stairs where there was oceans of room and plenty of air. After supper, in that little room with four beds all ready for sleepers, there gathered over 30 men and boys and listened to four sermons, and sang two hymns and at the close we had a prayer. That meeting was worth coming 12 miles for.

This morning at 5 a.m. came the call for breakfast and we ate by lamp light and were off soon after 6:00. Another mountain about 1500 ft. high had to be climbed and descended. At 2 p.m. we were at the home of the Shepherd's – Mr. George, Mrs. Dr., three girls and one boy ages from 18 months to 6 yrs. Mr. Storrs, Mr. Riggs and Dr. Judd arrived Sat. I have three days in which to do nothing. From Tai Ning we have had no guard, - no bandits operating in this region just now. But from Foochow or 25 miles up the river from Foochow to Tai Ning bandits may appear anytime.

Thursday, Nov. 28th 1929

This is Thanksgiving Day – I am still in Kienning. Riggs left yesterday alone for Shaowu. Dr. Judd left this a.m. with two ladies for a city 2 days away. The husband of one of the ladies is magistrate of that city. They plan 2 days to go, 2 days there, 2 days back to here. Yesterday there were reports that the Communists were marching toward that city, with a program to come to Kienning, then Tai Ning. Then Shaowu. All take this report and salt it down and go on about the day's work.

I wrote last Monday evening Nov. 18.- just 10 days ago. On Tuesday, the day after I arrived my schedule was given me- made entirely by the Chinese. Friday Nov. 22 an address at 2 p.m. The church in the present social Environment. Sat. evening 7:30. The Spiritual Life of the Church. Tuesday 11:30 a.m. The Relation Between the Older and Younger Churches.

Sat. morning I rose, bathed, shaved and went to bed and stayed there till Sunday I got up for lunch. Kellogg took my time Sat. evening and I took his Monday evening.

The big excitement in this Council's Annual Meeting is (1) the election of the Executive Committee. They elected 9 and 3 at large – no restrictions of sex or nationality = 6 Chinese pastors, 3 Chinese women, 3 missionaries. This newly elected committee elect a Chinese and a foreign General Secretary. This body then goes to work. It

elects a superintendent for each of the three districts – centering at Shaowu, Iong Ken and Kienning and a travelling evangelist for each district. The travelling evangelist is apart from the general treasury entirely, and cannot hold a pastorate. The Superintendent also. After electing these 6 the Comm. appoints the pastors and preachers and decides their salaries. All not on the Comm. wait about for the results. The minutes are read when the Comm. are thru with their job. Last year 8 men were retired with full salary for a year. If a church called any of these men the Comm. would consider reinstating them. The idea was to take the money thus released and increase the help given to the faithful ones. But nothing was said last year to the men retired about their work being under par. It was only on a financial basis that they were retired. They all wanted to be reinstated this year. Different members of the Comm. could give good reasons for reinstating each of the men. Kellogg voted for reinstating three of the men, then when he saw that all 8 were likely to be reinstated he resigned from the General Secretaryship and left and thus “bust” up the Comm. But the next morning a compromise was effected and the Comm. finished its work and reported last = Wed. evening. This Comm. takes its work with a tremendous seriousness. I think the Chinese pastors rank higher in integrity, fairness, singleness of purpose and unselfishness than the pastors in Foochow.

The weather has been superb all the time since we arrived. Cold clear nights with the mercury hugging 30 degrees above. Bright sunny days sending the mercury up above 70 degrees on the front porch. I must mention father Geser of the Catholic mission here – a German- was in the war, wounded, very friendly – very sociable was over to afternoon tea last week – dropped in a moment yesterday to say that Dr. Judd had just pulled 2 teeth for him and had got the tooth roots and all. We were by his place last week on an afternoon walk. He showed with great pride, but wholly unaffected – all the church – chancel- the cabinet he had himself designed for the Vestment etc. Then asked us to sit down to coffee, bread and cake. We are invited to his place again this p.m. [Dr. Walter Judd would eventually become a Republican member of Congress for Minnesota in 1942 and serve twenty years.]

Shaowu, Dec. 3rd 1929. Tuesday.

Last Friday all the pastors, preachers and women left Kienning on 2 rat boats bound for Mui Kau. It was a perfect day, warm, sunny, very restful. Arr’d Mui Kau 5 p.m. Water low and travel slow. We slept in an Inn this time.

Sat. a.m. at daylight were eating breakfast, and off at 7, walked to Tai Ning arr’d 11:30. I had a good nap= dinner and off again at 1:30 for Cio Kau arr’d 6 p.m. walked today 80 li. Here we had a good clean room in the church. Sunday the father of a boy in Union Middle invited us all to breakfast, ate about 9:30. Then all debated whether I should stay here for church which would be late because it was market day,- or go on with Charlie Storrs. It would make me arrive Tues. in Shaowu. I started at 11:30 with Charlie. We reached Duoi Buo Gong at 5:15. It was full of soldiers going to Keinning to guard it against the Communists reported to be coming fr. Ting Ciu region. We have met soldiers with rifles and machine guns all along the road. They say 400,- We finally found a room with 3 beds wh. Rev. Ding, Charlie and I occupied. Monday a.m. before light we were up and off at 7,- reached Shaowu about 4. Stopped a minute at South Gate to greet Mrs. Riggs, then on to the Storrs house. Four beautiful children greeted a proud father- a proud mother and wife also greeted him. A real American bath tub never looked better. I was tired all thru, feet and legs ached for keeps [or weeks?]. I had walked during the past three days about 60 miles.

[This letter dated Nov. 13, 1929 was written from Song Chiong, Fukien Province, China by Willard to Gould. He writes a birthday letter to Gould. Willard was glad to hear that Gould got to give Dorothy and Harold their first airplane ride. He is on his way to the Shaowu field and they were shot at by bandits on the way up river but no one was hurt. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Song Chiong, Fukien, China
Wednesday, Nov. 13th 1929.

Dear Gould:-

Because this is your birthday, it decides to whom I am to write the home letter to day.

Last Saturday at 6 p.m. I had my hat on ready to start for Kienning in the Shaowu field, when the American mail came in. I was just going to take a bite before leaving. The rickshas were waiting. But I had to read those letters and take the “bite” after I got on the boat. Marjorie’s letter was a thriller. She can now outboast the rest of the family. She has flown twice and the rest of us only once. I can imagine your delighted surprise at Cleveland when you saw Dorothy, Harold and Marjorie, also your pleasure at giving Dot and Harold their first air ride. Also your disappointment when your race had to be postponed, and the three would not be able to see you fly the race. Marjorie wrote that they drove all night Saturday night reaching Saginaw about 6 Sunday morning and went to bed

and slept all day and then all night. It was a pleasure to read her letter. It shows that she is well and enjoying her work and enjoying life. She feels that she is doing things worth while and is successful.

I'm going to hang up for today with my heartiest congratulations.

Thursday morning. Nov 14-

We were all asleep shortly after 7 p.m. yesterday. About 9 p.m. there was much shouting by the Song Chiong Guard. All the dialects of this much dialected region were floating on the still air. We at last gathered that a band of soldiers were across the river- about 20. One had come across to ask permission to pass thru Song Chiong. He had no credentials, could not tell his regiment and caused much doubt to the Song Chiong Guard. He might represent a band of bandits. For an hour no one slept. They ran up and down and there was general commotion. A little after ten they became quiet and we slept. We are right in the open air- both ends of the boat are open. At 7 a.m. we were on the move. But the boatmen were careful not to get much ahead of the magistrate with his soldiers. Bandits may appear at any time. Last Sunday at 10:30 a.m. while on the armored launch the launchmen rushed to cover behind the sheet iron sides of the launch, all the iron windows were pulled shut and I could hear bullets pelt the sheet iron covering the sides of the launch. One struck a bale of cotton carried as freight. That bunch or bunches, for they were on both sides of the river, were all we have seen thus far. This letter is very scrappy. I am writing Mother every day and am also writing a diary with a carbon copy which I am sending to Mother to be sent to Kathleen to go the rounds as follows- Kathleen, Marjorie, Dorothy, Geraldine, Gould and Virginia, Century Farm, Putnam.

We are just now right in the reported bandit region, near where Mr. and Mrs. Christian and later Mr. Storrs were captured. When I called on the Am. Consul and told him I was coming up here his first words were- "You're a brave man." I do not feel so at all. One of my principles has always been to first consider carefully, and if I felt it was my duty- if I could be sure that God wanted me in a certain place to do a certain work I made all preparations for safety and went ahead. As far as I can learn there is a minimum of dangers on this trip. Rev. E.D. Kellogg of Shaowu is with me and a Chinese Pastor- a bright fellow of 36 who has been in bandits hands right in this region twice. Also two church members. These all are going to Kienning to the Consul meeting. We should reach a city- Ciong Lok tomorrow noon. From there we plan to walk 310 li. One li= about 1.3 of a mile. 310 li= 310 divided by 3 1/3 miles. I finish at Kienning Nov. 26. Then I want to go to Tai Ning for a church dedication. Then to Shaowu to look see and say hello to the people= Storrs, Riggs families, Dr. Judd, Miss Dr. Nutting, then down the river home.

Before Nov. 1st I mailed to Geraldine 3 boxes of lacquer, and two boxes of linen. In letters I sent to her the invoices with prices in mex. of each article- also the original receipted bills for the goods- some of the linen Mother had bought previously. We had no bills for these. I hope Mother will get off to her about 20 boxes of tea. I am not getting any Christmas presents off this year. Getting ready for this trip and the trip came just at the time when the presents should start. So all you children and the Uncles and Aunts will not likely receive any Christmas reminders from us this year. I'll try to get something off later, or you and Virginia may play that the pin and ring are for Christmas. I should like to know how much duty Virginia had to pay on the pin and how much you had to pay on the ring. I hope also that Geraldine will write me how much she paid on the lacquer and the linen.

One of the business men- Christian- delegate to the Annual Meeting has taken the cards of Kellogg and pastor Ding and gone ashore to ask for an escort of soldiers. The 20 + boats of the magistrate are too slow for us. We have left them and are going by our lonesome.

Tell Virginia I know she has written us two letters since I have written one to her direct, but I have included her in some to you. I'll write her specially sometime if all goes well. We enjoy her letters immensely. I want to help train her to write for its not natural for the man to have to write all the letters. Mother has several times started letters to you children but she does not get them off. I hope all of you will keep writing her- address your letter to her alone and urge her to write. You'll win out in time. She likes to see your letters addressed to her.

The mail last Sat. brought Aunt Mary's letters telling of Aunt Grace's illness. I do not see much hope for her.

May God keep you in touch with Him= Gould, Geraldine, Virginia. I think of you as housekeeping and you have a home to write Virginia to now. Lovingly Father.

[This letter dated Nov. 24, 1929 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dorothy to Jerry and Gould. She talks about various day to day subjects and updates them on people from the latest Oberlin Alumni Magazine. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 No. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich
Nov., 24, 1929.

Dear Jerry and Gould:-

We were mighty glad to get Jerry's long epistle, after such a long wait. You both seem to be having one jolly big time there in your little home, and visiting around among the relatives.

I wondered why my check didn't come from Aunt Mary. It was a good idea of yours to take that as my share toward the rug. Are Monnie and Kathleen going in on that? If they are, they might be able to give two or three dollars apiece, and you and I can divide the balance.

I was glad to hear about Mary Carpenter. Where and when did you see her last?

I got your Christmas package to China, and have added to it a pair of washable cotton gloves for Father and a pair of double silk gloves for Mother. Are you sending Father anything? Don't you generally send him a diary?

Yes, let's group the other gifts the way we did last year. Can you remember who you had. I had Aunt Mollie's family and Aunt Grace and Uncle Oliver I think. I'll take them again if it's O.K. I'll write Monnie and Punk that I'm taking them. I'm really going to try hard to get all of my things off real early this year.

By the way, will you please send me a list of some things that you and Gould really want for Christmas. Do it soon, please.

Good for Gould and his Buck!! I bet he was one tickled hunter- boy! How I would have loved a taste of the poor beast. I haven't tasted venison since the bit we got from the one grandpa killed, when we were in Mt. Vernon. I hardly remember what it tasted like. My, deer are coming down on cars from the north by the score, -two and three and four on a car. I guess they get the best hunting in the upper peninsula here. Where did Gould go and for how long? Gould, you must write us all about it, yourself. [Stanley Forbes emailed a story about Oliver Gould Beard Sr. and a deer: "He is the one who shot at a deer (about 50 yards away) in the field in front of their house, and when the gun went off, it not only knocked the deer down, but also Oliver." This may be a different time period than 1929 though.]

I'm sorry our parcel was not the one for which you got the notice. I hope the Romeo's fit, and that Gould will have some use for them. Harold wore his so very much- all Sat. and Sun., and every evening that he was not out.

I'm waiting for the second part of your letter telling of Gould's party and the one Edith took you to. Did Gould get my telegram?

I shall send your letter right on to the girls.

We have not as yet decided on a radio, but are still trying them out. So far we had an Edison, Victor, Atwater Kent and now a Brunswick. I like either of the first two best.

Our work at the church starts next week. I haven't found an assistant yet, but am really going to try to.

We are driving to Galesburg for Thanksgiving- leaving right after school Wed. What are you doing to celebrate?

We drove down to only one football game this year- the Ohio-State, which was not very good. The Harvard would have been much better. However, we've had the radio for all of the games, and have listened in on most of them. Harold has had several opportunities to officiate at High School games this year. He worked his last yesterday.

My Volley Ball is ending in a rather exciting way. My girls have one more game to play this Tues. We play South school who haven't lost a game. The only game we've lost is the one to them on their home floor. I'm hoping that my girls can get them on our home floor, so we'll tie. In that case, we'll have to play off the tie after Thanksgiving. We have a chance for the banner.

What are we going to do for Christmas? Have you found out anything about possibilities of coming out here? I do hope you can.

I have forgotten whether or not you get the Oberlin Alumni Magazine. There are some mighty interesting personal items that I know you'd be interested in. If you do get it and have read these just pass this part over.

1. Dorothy Garland is revising in the catalogue dept. of the Princeton Univ. Lib. She spent the summer in Eng. Scotland, Switzerland and France.

2. Rudolf Hertz is in charge of the Indian work of the Amer. Miss. Assoc. He and his wife spent a three months vacation in Portugal, Italy, Greece, Austria, Switzerland, Germany and Eng. (I'd like to see him again; wouldn't you?)

3. Jo Dum is in charge of Phys. Ed. For Women here in Albion College, Albion, Mich.

4. Alice Lockwood Andrews is studying for her Master's in Columbia Univ. (Have you seen them yet) George is teaching 5 classes a week in the Amer. Institute of Banking night school. Their address is 631 W. 152nd St., Apt. 4H. N.Y.

5. Rev. James Fifield married a Helen Ramsey of Ann Arbor. I guess he has a new church at Grand Rapids where they were married.

6. The Ludwig twins are both teaching at Shaker Heights High School. Their pupils shave a hard time recognizing their teacher.

7. Frances Dunscombe sailed for Peru in Aug. to be principal of a missionary school under the Christian Missionary Alliance. Her twin is teaching math in Cleveland.

8. Rufus Lunery and his wife have a little son- Sept. 9.

9. Mr. and Mrs. K.P. Harten (Natalie Stapleton- have a son Philip Henry, born Aug. 2. Address- Hampt. Str. 38, Wittenaw, Germany.

10. Alfred Carlton was married Feb. 1, to Mary Cashmore of Jericho, Vt. He is in Hartford Theological Seminary. He graduates in 1930 and is going back to Turkey.

I hope you haven't read all this before.

I guess I told you that I spoke one Sun. evening on China at our church. Soon after I was asked to give the same talk at a Meth. church in Bay City.

Write soon- both of you and let us know what you want from Santa.

Ever so much love

Dot and Harold.

[This letter dated Nov. 24, 1929 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to Jerry and Gould. She visited Monnie in Lorain for the weekend and attended the Causey Conference on Peace and War at Oberlin. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall
Oberlin Ohio
Nov. 24 [1929]

Dear Jerry and Gould-

We heard thru a letter from Aunt Emma about your house-party over Armistice day and about Jerry's spending a week at Aunt Myra's while Ruthy was at the hospital. Is Ruth alright now, and is Aunt Grace holding up? I am just crazy to see your house and hear all about your good times. How about that deer that you killed Gould? I bet you had venison for a month.

I have just got back from a week-end over at Lorain with Monnie. She was all alone over this Sunday so it was especially opportune for me to go. I helped her decorate one of her display windows for the community chest. It was a group of dolls of many nationalities with their respective national flags gathered under the American flag. The effect was very good when it was done and it was lots of fun.

We went to a show after that and got home real late. Her new apartment is much nicer than the old one although no bigger. The Greek lady downstairs burned incense last night and filled the whole house with the musty odor. It was much worse than Chinese. This morning we went to visit a Bulgarian family who had two of the dearest kids. Monnie certainly does have some adorable friends over there and they all think the world of her. She seems much happier than she did earlier this fall and is getting along better with Ronnie. I do hope that she can be with us for Christmas but she is very dubious about it. You write her about it will you?

Oh! we got a new evening dress between us yesterday and it is a flaming glory. I am invited to the Junior Thanksgiving formal so had to have one. It is flame color and very modernistic in style with a low close fitting hip line and a beautifully dropped full skirt. It was very reasonable and looks much more costly than it is.

Don, with his girl, and Stewart are coming home for Thanksgiving and Aunt Etta has invited Monnie over for dinner. Isn't that nice? I am curious to see what Don's girl is like for they say that the affair is almost settled.

Last week has been one of the fullest this fall. Edith Matheson gave a recital of Shakespeare on Wed. which was perfectly exquisite. We have been reading some of his plays in "rush Shakespeare" and she gave several familiar passages. Then "Disraeli" with George Arlis was here in the movies and we had to see that. Do see it if you get a chance for it is supposed to be even better than the play. The biggest thing of the week, though, was the Causey Conference on Peace and War. You would have been real interested in it, Jerry, for dear Mr. Jazzi had a good deal to say on the subject. They first took up efforts toward Peace since 1918 explaining in brief detail. The League of Nations, Lacorno treaties, Kellog Pact etc. The speaker who had this topic laid a great deal of faith in these mechanisms, whereupon Mr. Jazzi violently disagreed. He got very much excited over his reputation and spoke with some difficulty. The substance of his argument was that the former presentation was much too optimistic for the future and that machinery like the League of Nations would not alone bring peace. They mean nothing unless

you get at the fundamental causes of war such as economic imperialism, nationalism, racial animosity and fear. Mr. Jazzi spoke at nearly all the conferences and, I think, greatly impressed the conference leaders in his thorough thinking thru of the problems. There was some general discussion after each meeting but not as much as I expected on a subject like this. It was very interesting, however, and I got a lot out of it. I am sending you a program of the conference. Do you know any of the speakers?

Have you gotten off your Christmas presents to China yet? Monnie and I both have ours and are sending them this week. Isn't that too bad about the heavy duty? Will you both send us a Christmas list of what you are wanting and needing, and are we dividing up the relatives as usual? You know, Aunt Etta's family wish not to exchange gifts this year so we have agreed not to give them any. O.K.?

Well, I am still hoping and praying that some day I will find at least a penny postal from you to show that you have not forgotten that I am still listed in the column of the living and sane.

Love and then some

Kathie

Your bank slips are enclosed, Jerry, which I ran off with this fall.

[This letter dated Dec. 6, 1929 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Kathleen. Willard is on a trip to Shaowu and will be gone for over a month. They get visitors in Foochow from different organizations often now, whereas years ago it was unusual. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

Dec. 6", '29.

My dearest Kathleen,

Perhaps father wrote you that he was going to take a trip to Shaowu, 250 miles up the river. He went about the middle of Nov. He has sent me his diary letter and wants me to send it on to you and you will see on the back of the first page how he wishes it forwarded to the different members of the family. Will you all please forward it promptly.

Never before have I been all alone in my own home so long without any of my own family. It will be almost a month when he returns. (I am getting sleepy and can't write straight.) I have just returned from an informal reception to Miss Hurlbert and Dr. Hurlbert, her brother and a Mrs. Carey, all just arrived from America, on a voyage around the world. The two former move on in a few days but the latter stays a year with Miss Hartwell to help in the work of the Christian Herald Homes, - an orphanage for boys and girls and also an industrial school. Miss Hurlbert represents the Woman's Board and is from Chicago. We get a number of visitors like that now in these later years; formerly it was an event to have anyone visit us from America.

Christmas is almost here; how the time does fly! I am going to send each of you girls a string of beads-choker- that I bought this summer on the mountain from a man who came [*edge of page torn*] beds ?? was selling last summer. Each string is different and if I haven't assorted them among you four as you would have chosen, you may change at your convenience as it makes no difference to some of you. The price varies a little but the average price is about \$2.00 silver. I was so busy at the time they should have been mailed to avoid the Christmas rush in America that I could not get them packed and mailed; so now I am waiting till the Christmas rush will be over so as to give them a little better chance not to get lost or broken open. I shall send them separately to each of you, and hope there is no duty on them. We got a big order of things off to Geraldine for her sale, most of which ought to have been received by her before this time. We are soon sending Dorothy an order of tea; we did not get here letter in time to get it to her by Christmas and I guess she did not expect it when she wrote. She evidently did not care to have a sale this year. I have never heard how either hers or Geraldine's sale came out. I was interested to know how some particular things sold; what sold well and what did not; how much they had left and how much they made etc. They only wrote in general terms about it. I hope you have not sent us much this year. Don't send more than a small gifts here after as it costs us so much duty to get them out of the P.O. since China has raised her duty. I hope you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and a good get together.

...in two places if not in one. We have enjoyed your letters very much and will try to write you again soon. If I could only find time to pen all the letters I ?? out to you when I am in bed, or doing some other work you'll get many.

I hope many things for you, especially that you are improving all the opportunities you have there in Oberlin for cultivating your Christian life; and that you are not allowing yourself to be led away from established standards of right and good breeding by the silly and dangerous social fads of ?? present. ?? conservation ?? Enough ?? maintain ?? high standards of character ?? conduct.. forget or discard ?? ?? Most of ?? is ?? [torn edge]

My dearest girlie Kathleen,
 You see I am writing you another letter rather speedily but I am not promising to keep this up daily for long.
 We are having a deal of gray weather just these last three weeks but not much rain.

Today there is a sale at the Girl's School but I fear I'll not be able to go as I have a tailor and a woman to wash house. You remember that is at Sie Buo over in the English Mission.

Thursday, Dec. 5", day before yesterday, The Blind Boy's School had an opening for their new building which will house the school and its industries much better than it has ever been before. You remember Mrs. Wilkinson, Dr. Wilkinson's wife, established the school some 25 years ago with one boy. Then 2 more wanted to come and she took them and built a small house and hired a matron. Then 2 or 3 yrs. later she built on another room, later another and another; and thus the sch. grew and was housed, - in these later years very inadequately. A new building was imperative. Mr. and Mrs. Woods whom you will remember, he a great joker and she a little short stout lady very cheery have been in charge of the school 2 yrs. with a furlough right in the middle. Now the Eng. Mission Board in Eng. is suffering a great falling off of contributions and have got to curtail their work so they are calling home some of their missionaries who are nearest to the retiring age, and Mr. and Mrs. Woods were the ones selected to go from Foochow. Everybody in all the missions just thought it must not be; the school could not get along without them; and they themselves were very loath to go. There was some talk about getting up a petition to send home to the board asking them to reconsider and let them remain here; but Mr. Woods said, "No, let it go as they have planned". So Mr. and Mrs. Norton of that mission have been selected to succeed them and the Woods start home now in a few weeks. Mrs. W. had a lot of dress-goods and curtains, etc. which she wanted to dispose of

[This letter dated Dec. 7, 1929 was written by Ellen Kinney Beard to her daughter Kathleen. It discusses the Blind Boy's School and the upcoming Christmas. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Foochow, China
 Dec. 7, '29

My dearest girlie Kathleen,

You see I am writing you another letter rather speedily but I am not promising to keep this up daily for long.

We are having a deal of gray weather just these last three weeks but not much rain.

Today there is a sale at the Girl's School but I fear I'll not be able to go as I have a tailor and a woman to wash house. You remember that is at Sie Buo over in the English Mission.

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so I took them and had a sale for the ladies of the mission, with afternoon tea. We didn't get them all sold, however. Mrs. Woods let her cook go before they left as the place he was to go wanted him at once; so when they had the opening she asked me to make two cakes for the tea served in connection. Mrs. Christian also was asked to help out that way. Both Mr. Woods and Mr. Norton made very good talks at the opening, the one historical and retrospective; the other appreciative and anticipatory. The rest of the program at the opening was tea and inspection of the building and work from 3:30 to 5. And Band playing, organ solos, cornet solos, singing in chorus and duets and quartets by the boys with Mrs. Woods at the organ sometimes and sometimes a blind boy at the organ. 8 of the older boys have been to England with Mrs. Wilkinson and played before the King and Queen. Those 8 are all teachers now. Some of them are married and have families. At their work they earn about \$8 a month the most advanced of them- and help support their parents brothers and sisters. And a part of it is saved and put away for their own old age. They have a waiting list of over 60 who want to get into the school; if they could have raised another thousand dollars, they could have built a 2nd story on the new building and made room for 20 of that 60 but they had to put the roof on to the first story, lacking the needed thousand. It is a most interesting work.

At our Thanksgiving dinner they asked Mrs. Christian and me to be hostesses at the children's table, so we had 10 children at our table in the veranda. The rest of the people were seated at four other tables with a husband and wife as host and hostess at each. Now the committee are getting ready for the Christmas celebration of the mission. We have already drawn names to give gifts too. Each couple draws a gentleman's name, a lady's and a child's. Then the children each draw names among themselves for an exchange of gifts. A new family has come out, the man to take charge of the Boy's industrial work of the Christian Herald Orphanages, in the boy's dept. and they have four boys and another child soon coming. So that adds quite a bit of spirit and enthusiasm to the children's group of the mission, this family brings it's own teacher along for their children, in the person of a man, the children being boys. Well, here is the end of any paper and your letter. More soon. Circulate this among the other children if you think it's worth it. Praying daily for God's help and keeping of you all, in all your problems and difficulties and temptations and work. Most affectionately, Mother.

*[This letter dated **early Dec. 1929** was written from Lorain, Ohio by Kathleen to her brother and sister. She and Monnie will be going to Saginaw the day after Christmas and stay through the day after New Years. There was a fire and a fire alarm in the middle of the night at Talcott Hall but little damage. The next day, Kathleen sprained her ankle and had to be taken to Aunt Etta's. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

1612 E. 30th St.
Lorain [Ohio]
[Early Dec. 1929]

Dear Brother and Sister-

It really looks as if this Christmas would not see a family gathering of the W.L. [Willard Livingstone?] tribe doesn't it? I just wish that there was some way for us to get out there for I am crazy to see your little home and all you folks, but we will be thinking of you anyway, you see where I am now from the heading, but not for long. Monnie and I are going to Saginaw Tuesday to stay until the day after New Years. My vacation began Friday but M. couldn't get away until the day before Christmas. She is very busy now with clubs Christmas parties, and distribution of gifts, all of which is most interesting to observe on the side. This afternoon they had a childrens meeting in their club room at which they showed slides and sang Christmas carols that you could barely recognize as such. Just now they are out with a bunch of kids serenading the neighborhood. I am rather thankful that I don't have to listen in for it is almost excruciating. Carmen (Ronnie's fiancé) and I are holding down the house and making cocoa for them when they return.

Last week was a busy one in Oberlin. A week ago we got up early as usual to go caroling and I think I enjoyed it more than ever before. Our house had practiced diligently on three part harmony and, if I do say it, the singing sounded well. That night the carol service by the choir increased the Christmas spirit. Mr. Christianson, the new director, has done wonders with it and all the carols, with one exception, were sung a capella. The effect was beautiful and they kept in perfect time. The rest of the week was a big rush to get ready for vacation and several tests to add to the misery.

On Wednesday night we had a most thrilling experience that was the talk of the town next day. About four o'clock when most of the girls were peacefully sleeping clang! clang! went the fire gong- you know how that can ring Jerry. It just threw me right out of bed and automatically Gidge and I put on shoes, coat and grabbed our pocket books. As we rushed down the third floor corridor the smoke poured up from below getting more dense as we got

down to the parlor. Our little hearts were beating loudly and I had visions of being cast out into the snow with next to nothing on. I have never had such a real scare over fire before, but the congregation of tousled and sleepy girls seemed very calm and we numbered off our fire numbers in orderly manner- only one missing who was immediately sent for. Nobody knew how the fire started but the Christmas decorations on the parlor mantle were burned and the picture hanging above the fireplace had gone up in smoke. That made the mantle piece and wall badly scorched but did little damage beside that. An application of the fire hose soon put out the sparks (no flames were in evidence) and in twenty minutes we were ordered back to bed. The humor of the whole thing struck us after danger was past, for such a funny looking gang I never saw, with pajama legs hanging below coats and heads done up in curlers. All sorts of valuables were in evidence, from violins and jewel boxes to semi-trunks and pocket books. We didn't sleep a wink afterward so stayed up and studied for a test next day. Did you ever have a Talcott fire Jerry? You had a theft anyway didn't you?

That wasn't the end of excitement for me tho- Thursday while playing basket-ball in the gym I somehow fell on a turned ankle and gave it a royal sprain. A couple of husky girls carried me way up to Talcott (I pitied them awfully) and deposited me in a bathtub of hot water. Dr. Moulton was "Johnny on the spot" and gave it excellent care, taking me right into her apartment and treating it with ice packs and hot water. It was an awful time to have it- just before vacation, with a thousand and one things to do to get ready. My poor room-mate had to run all my errands, including breaking a date with Hugh for that night. Everybody was as sweet as honey-pie about helping - "a friend in need"- you know. Mr. Lawrence brought me a box of candy, which Don later demolished. I managed to get up to my room next morning to pack, and after Dr. had taped the foot up she took me down to Aunt Ettas, for I had to get out of Talcott and couldn't get over to Lorain. Aunt Etta is the dearest woman to take us in any extremity; it seems as if we always land on her when we are disabled or sick and she is always the most wonderful nurse. I feel almost wicked encroaching so on her hospitality. Don and Milly were there but the other three boys are not there yet. We had lots of fun setting up and trimming their tree and playing games. My ankle wasn't supposed to be used for two days so you can imagine me hopping around on my left foot "up stairs down stairs and in my lady's chamber". My left leg is much over developed by now but my right is beginning to do a little service. On Saturday one of Hugh's friends offered to take me over to Lorain in his car, at Hugh's suggestion, the dear boy! I was glad to get over here as I had previously planned, and get out of poor Aunt Etta's way. We got stuck in a snow drift on the way over and had to turn around and go by way of Elyria. You know what an awful blizzard we are having out here. The special busses west were taken off because they could not get thru and the report for Friday was- no trains running west of Chicago. I hope Gidge got home alright. We were thinking of taking the bus up to Saginaw but a heavy snow has set in again so I guess we will take the train. I can walk almost normally now so travelling won't be so bad. (Danny Kantalus is sitting on my lap helping me written this letter. The little boy down stairs.)

I am sending five dollars which Monnie says is to be toward a bathrobe for Uncle Elbert. Aunt Etta sent you two dollars for it, she said, which you are to put with this and send to Uncle Elbert. Is that O.K.? We got Aunt Emma a lovely chiffon scarf, gray and white. Poor Monnie had to do all our shopping while I sat up here looking over cards. My presents to you kids are going to be late. I'm afraid, as all my gifts were because of this catastrophe but you will get them some time.

This vacation has to be one of study for me. History is improving a little but I have just got to study this week to pass the course at all. I never felt less interested in making good grades before. I just don't "give a darn" what I get so long as I pass and am not a bit interested in the material. Oh, to be intellectual like you both- but I guess I wasn't cut out for brains- worse luck.

Well- I suppose you will be up in Connecticut for Christmas won't you? Have a real good time and may Santa be good to you. Think of us as up in the little red brick bungalow making merry around a little tree.

Loads of love to all the folks dear to us there and Merry Christmas.

Happy New Year

Kathie

[This letter dated Dec. 24, 1929 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children. He notes the fourth anniversary of Phebe's death. He tells about the death of the McLachlin's daughter, Helen, and the circumstances of it. He also tells of the unannounced marriage even to the parents of the McLachlin's other daughter, Margaret. Pirates have caused some problems on steamers. He very briefly mentions some of the adventures of his Shaowu trip. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

Dec. 24th 1929

Dear children:-

Four years ago this afternoon Mother and I with a very large number of friends of different nationalities said farewell to the mortal part of our dear eldest, Phebe. Four years ago just now 8:20 p.m. Mother and I sat at home all alone, four years ago this evening. Some of the richest experiences of my life I had during the six weeks that Phebe was in the Hospital. Her beautiful character came into full bloom then and it was my privilege to see it in all its beauty. The numerous letters received during the next months testified to the very broad influence she exerted. In the brief span of thirty years she lived much and well. I am sorry the others of you did not know her better- during the last few years of her life. I count it a privilege to go to her resting place over in the American Cemetery occasionally and stand with bared head in her presence and think of her influence on me as well as on such a large number of others. Aunt Elizabeth once remarked that she hoped people would continue to talk of her after she was gone. I think Phebe would have it so too.

I am led to write as above just now because of the very sad news of the very sad occurrences in the McLachlin home recently. Mr. Mac and Margaret came to Shanghai a little over a year ago. We knew that Margaret smoked and went with rather high society, but knew nothing more. Mrs. Mac and Helen came out a few months ago. Not long ago Margaret came in to her home one day with a young man and introduced him as her husband. Mr. and Mrs. had known nothing of it. About Dec. 1, Helen called her parents one morning about 2 o'clock. She was in great distress. The doctor was called and could not seem to find the seat of the trouble. After some time she told them she had drunk Lysol. She died in spite of all efforts to save her. She had been coming home late from parties so drunk that she had to be carried in from the auto. She was only 19 years old. The parents were so deeply sad that they could not attend the funeral which was very largely attended.

Wednesday= Christmas Day.

With me Christmas began last Saturday and each day is full up to and including next Wednesday. Jan. 1- Day after tomorrow I start for two country chapels at Ding Chio and Deng Chio and hope to get home for lunch Monday. Sunday I was at two places- Sang Bo in the a.m. with Mother. It seemed best for one of us to stay for the afternoon and as I had agreed to preside at the foreign children's Christmas on South Side Mother staid as Sang Bo and I got home first. She had to stay for a long feast after the exercises and I could leave immediately after the exercises. Jane Campbell aged 3 yrs. spoke a piece. Her mother says that she had been very uncertain about it. Sometimes she would do it and at others she wouldn't. I went to her before we began and told her I would come down from the platform and help her up. She did it all night and I got a feather in my hat for it. To day I went to Au Ciu in the a.m. and to a feast after then home and fed the hens and then to a Christmas at the orphanage and this evening Mother and I have taken a feast at Lau Memorial church. I get my breakfast at home.

Mr. and Mrs. R.E. Lewis parents of our Dr. Neil Lewis of Ing Hok arrived in Foochow a week ago Sunday, Dec. 15. According to their cable from Hong Kong they should have arrived on Monday Dec. 16. But a day or two before they left Hong Kong pirates took passage on one of Jardines steamers going from Foochow to Hong Kong and between Swatau and Hong Kong they opened fire on the Captain and crew, - shot and killed one foreigner of the crew. The other foreigners held the pirates. The wireless sent an S.O.S. for help and a British gun boat came very quickly and every one of the pirates was captured and taken to Hong Kong. There have been 4 or 5 or more steamers pirated on the China coast during the past five years. Most of them have been cleaned out and the pirates have taken their loot to a place between Swatau and Hong Kong= Bias Bay and then let the raided steamer go. As I have seen the accounts, more Chinese steamers and more Chinese passengers have been the sufferers than have foreign boats or foreigners. The British crew in this last instance were very brave and did a valuable piece of work. Due to this pirate raid the steamer the Lewises came and got in a day ahead of time. Mother and I had been away from home to a chapel three nites down the river- walked- took dinner with the Bible Woman there and walked back in the afternoon to find a carriage standing at our gate. The Lewises were at our door. The son Neil appeared about 8:30 p.m. They left Tuesday morning for Ing Tai and will be back about Jan. 20. They are our guests while in Foochow.

Last Friday evening the Anti Cobweb Society held its Christmas Meeting at Wenshan. The program consisted of Christmas music- and readings "A Christmas Carol"-Dickens, by W.L. Beard. There were eleven solos and choruses. Some of the pieces were, "Here we Come a Carolling", "The Birthday of a King", "The Angels and the Shepherds", "What Child is This", "Bring a Torch Jeanette", "O My Peaceful and Blest."

On Jan. 5th I am to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon for the Union Middle School. As far as I know now this is my only appointment for commencements.

There have recently come to Foochow Mr. and Mrs. Culver and four boys from 3-14 yrs. and another coming soon- no age as yet. Mr. Talbot, tutor for the Culver boys, Mrs. Carey 60+ and Miss Chittenden. They are all connected with Miss Hartwell, - not in any way with the Mission except as we ask them to prayermeeting and Christmas exercises etc.

I hoped before this to write up my Shaowu trip but the chance has not yet presented itself. I am not putting it in here. It is too long but I'll get it to you before many weeks. It was a very interesting trip- bandits, soldiers, communists- long days on the road a foot, sleeping in inns, new steam boats that climb rapids. All the trip planned by Chinese who were perfect hosts. But I'll not anticipate more. - Will you children share this, Kathleen, Marjorie, Dorothy and Harold, Gould, Geraldine and Virginia, - keep it on the road.

Often I talk with the Father about each of you by name- If you are in any special need- remember that I am talking with God about you and asking him to take care of you.

With lots of love

Father

*[This letter dated **Dec. 29, 1929** was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dorothy and Harold to Jerry and Gould. Monnie and Kathleen made it up to Saginaw Christmas morning. Dorothy thanks Jerry and Gould for the check towards a new car and mentions her other Christmas gifts. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

2108 No. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich.,
Dec., 29, 1929.

Dear Jerry and Gould:

We're having one grand old time here together, but, needless to say, it would be much grander if both of you were here. We've missed you ever so much, and have spoken of you many times.

Kathie has told you all about their lengthy journey up here. It was quite thrilling to arise at 3:30 on Christmas morning and go to the station for our company. It made a short Christmas day for us, but we managed to get everything in.

Of course, we had a tree- and lots of gifts. You and Gould hit just the right spot with Harold and me. Harold was in dire need of new ties and I was just waiting to see if Santa brought me perfume, before I bought some for myself. You remembered my "brand" too, didn't you? Thank you both so much.

Were we surprised- And How! - when on Christmas day, that generous check arrived. Well, that just started a realization of a dream we had had for some time. With a starter like that it will be easy to add to it, till we have our car. Thank you a hundred times for the check.

Other gifts I got were three pairs of stockings, a little telephone pad, a Chinese brass letter opener from Dorothy Jewett, two boxes of candy from my girls, a pair of ship book ends from Aunt Molly (they are exactly like the ones Hazel Converse gave me for a wedding gift, but don't tell Aunt Molly.), two aprons, four handkerchiefs, pictures of Kathie, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Johnson, and the two Lappiner children, a pretty quilt from the Aunts, nuts from Uncle Elbert, and last and by no means least, a beautiful bureau set with ten pieces, from my husband, I was so happy over that, for I have always wanted one, but never hoped to get it.

Harold got lots of socks, ties and handkerchiefs. I gave him a big pair of driving gloves.

I am having a bridge party tomorrow night, for the girls. Am getting a big kick out of getting it up, for it is the first one I've ever given. You might be interested in the guests- Hazel Curran and her sister, Alice Stapleton, Irene Gilenas, Margaret Curtis, Ruth Avery, Lillian Ryman and Grace Brady. It's going to be lots of fun. I wish you were here.

We've just done nothing but visit, eat and sleep, but we've had piles of fun doing it, and the vacation is going all too fast.

We are trying to decide now of a radio. I guess it's between a Victor and a Spartan.

Much love and many, many thanks for everything from us both- Harold and Dot.

1930

- Depression
- Myron Gould Beard and Virginia Blatchley Space are married on July 15, 1930. Gould begins work with American Airways where he later becomes their chief test pilot until he retires in 1964.
- October/November -Willard and Ellen return from China so Willard can have an operation on an enlarged prostate gland
- Pluto is discovered by astronomers
- Kathleen is at Oberlin College
- Marjorie is working in Lorain, Ohio
- Geraldine and Gould are living together in Amityville, New York until Gould is married
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Willard is 65, Ellen- 62, Gould- 34, Geraldine- 32, Dorothy- 29, Marjorie- 24, Kathleen- 22.

[This letter dated Jan. 2, 1930 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to Dot and Harold. She and Monnie had a quick train trip back to Ohio after visiting Dot and Harold for Christmas vacation. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Old Talcott Hall again
Jan. 2, 1930.

Dear Dot and Harold-

This is the first letter I have written this year- feel honored. And on this pink paper too. I'll give you a choice between pink paper or no paper because I've got to use this up on the family. Never mind, part of it is covered up by the ink anyway.

The trip back was so different from the one coming up and seemed so short. The 8:00 train was not the one for us for we had to change at Toledo but there was a thru train at 8:30 which gave us plenty of time to buy tickets. We just sailed thru on that train and made Elyria by noon where we had lunch together and I hopped right on an Oberlin bus. I don't know how long Monnie had to wait but not more than half an hour I think. We took turns sleeping on each others shoulders and got some rest made up. I hope you were able to go to sleep again easily.

I am all alone here now since all the other kids are out on dates- first right back you know. After my bag was unpacked and the room somewhat in order again I slept the rest of the afternoon and did it feel good! I am going down to Aunt Etta's for a little while to see if the boys have gone back yet. It is wet and rainy out and I sort of hate to go but I do want to see them.

It is just the same as ever getting back after a vacation. Everybody acts merry and puts on a forced gaiety to get back. Vacations are awfully nice but, oh! the aftermath. It isn't as bad as it sometimes is though because I can make myself snap out of it now.

Be sure to write us which radio you decide on (do I miss that ringing in my ears!) and tell us what the doctor said, Dotty.

I can hardly make it seem that we saw you just this morning and that two hundred miles lie between us now- but they do (aren't I right!)

Love and a heartfelt of thanks
Kathie.

P.S. WTAM Cleveland is broadcasting an Oberlin hour on Jan. 18 from 10:00- 11:00 a capella choir, string quartet and some solos are being broadcast. Tune in. -

[This letter dated Jan. 12, 1930 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry and Gould. She wonders if Aunt Grace (a Christian Scientist), is taking medical care for her illness. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 N. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich.,
Jan. 12, 1930.

Dear Jerry and Gould:

My, now we did enjoy Jerry's letter about all your doings, Gould, so let us hear a word from you once in a while.

I'm so sorry you couldn't have been here for Christmas. We had a grand time. You did have quite a different Christmas than you have had the last few years, didn't you, Jerry?

I have heard from both Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary about their gifts. Have sent the letters on to the girls. Your gifts were all very good, we think- to the relatives, I mean.

I sent Mary Ann a compact and got the cutest letter from her. I am sending it to the girls and want them to send it on to you. It's so sweet.

Dorothy and Uncle Raymond both wrote of your being there, and how much they enjoyed your visit.

I'm so glad you wrote more about Aunt Grace and Uncle Oliver. I haven't heard the details of either case, until you wrote. Is Aunt Grace accepting medical care? How and where is she paralyzed? How is Uncle Oliver now? I am going to write to them.

No, you haven't said a word about what you got from China. What, in the way of linens? I may want to buy something from you. You're coming along splendidly, aren't you? Anything that you can't sell, send to me and I may be able to sell it here for you.

About our gifts to you two- everybody was out of the little nickel bug lights or else didn't carry them, and I just ran across that and thought it was cute. I shall send a refill as soon as they get them in. We are planning to get

you something else, but I just didn't seem to have time before Christmas. You must have thought that the cards and bug light was a rather small Christmas from us. Just be patient. Does Gould really like his robe? I tried to find a silk quilted robe such as you told me to get, but nobody seemed to be selling them for men, and those that we did find were terrifically high. If he wanted it to lounge around in the evening, a silk one would be more what he would want, wouldn't it? I forgot to tell you that Monnie went in on that with us, so your share is only \$3.00 instead of \$5.00. Be sure to write Monnie about her share in it, because I think she felt as tho she wasn't taken on gifts this year. She thought we were all going in on large gifts so didn't get anything herself. What would you say to all of us getting her a camera for her birthday. We have found the prettiest one of three colors overtown. It is a 12.50 camera. What do you say?

Don't forget to tell me about Gould's "progress toward a home" that you left out of your last letter.

I suppose the girls told you about the bridge party I had while they were here. It's the first bridge party I've ever given, and I was quite pleased with the results. I was so glad to have Alice Stapleton come. Monnie and Kathie both like her so much. I am enclosing her tally just to show you what they were. It was the night before New Year's Eve, so I guess the talkies were appropriate enough. I had Alice McKrage, Hazel Curran and her sister, Grace Bray-In fact, I guess I wrote you before, who the guests were.

Dr. Curtis has been very ill for a long time. His office has been closed.

Did you see in the last Alumni Magazine that Dorie Cunningham is engaged and is to be married this month? Don't we wish that she were becoming our sister-in-law!

Are you still getting many subbing positions?

Milo and Niva drove up from Youngstown for Christmas. I wanted to get down to see them, but we were too busy, and they were here only a day or so. Spent most of the time with Niva's folks I guess. Do you ever hear from the Youngstown folks?

I must stop and get rested up for another week.

Have you heard a word from Mother since she got back? What do you suppose is the matter with her?

What have you done about Pearl's wedding present?

Much love to both from both-

Dot.

I forgot to tell you we finally got a Spartan radio and like it ever so much.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 3, 1930** was written from Shanghai, China by Willard to Geraldine. He is in Shanghai to represent the mission at the meeting of delegates for the Church of Christ. Willard is sending Geraldine linens and tea for her to sell in the states. He thanks her for sending the diary for his use. Grace and Oliver's health is not good. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Navy Y.M.C.A.
Shanghai
China

Feb. 3rd 1930

Dear Geraldine:-

To day I have spent some time with Mrs. Frank Rawlinson selecting cross stitched linen for you. I am asking her to mail to you about \$125.00 worth of goods. She will number each piece and send you the key as you will be able to tell exactly what each piece costs you in mex. She will also write you about some of the linen- There are pieces that are to be had only here- no where else on earth. You may think it rather a samply lot- not many of each kind. I so intended it. Dr. and Mrs. Rawlinson are Am. Board missionaries- the only ones in Shanghai. Mrs. R. has a share in a room that sells this kind of goods. Phebe and I bought some of her in 1921 and sent home. I intended to select things that would sell and select so that if they did sell, you could order again direct from her and pay her direct.

She has a lot of tea= jasmine tea and hard. I told her to send you 70 or 80 boxes. She has in all some 900 boxes. She is selling it cheap. It is all in the lacquer cases. I am paying her for all the things she is sending tea and all.

I have this proposition to make to you regarding paying for the goods you are ordering and will order. The check which you sent I have in my pocket. Last Thursday it would have brought me \$280.00 mex. I looked up the account with you for the goods shipped in Oct. 1929 and the tea shipped at different times and it accounted in U.S. gold to \$100.28. If I remember correctly you thought that check would just about balance your account with me. We

will consider it balanced. But it will be better for you I think to send another check to Kathleen for \$100.00 to balance the account and let me call this check payment for the goods I am sending now. Exchange is very good for you just now and may not be as good in a month or more. At any rate I am using this check to purchase goods for you now. It is merely a matter of bookkeeping. The Banks here are closed today. I arrived yesterday=Sunday. I will sell as soon as the Banks open and keep the account with you in silver. This time you will have no financial dealings with Mrs. Rawlinson. I will pay her.

If you cannot use all the tea perhaps Aunt Molly and Aunt Mary will take some. Some of it does not have the jasmine flowers in it now. The tea was fired with the flowers in it and the flowers picked out. The flavor is the same either way. But I will send you a lb. of the flowers from Foochow and you can throw them in - a few with each box. I have friends in Foochow who raise the flowers for market.

Mother I hope is buying drawn work and embroidered linen in Foochow for you while I am here. We will send it when I get back- unless she should happen to take a notion to send it herself. We will also send lacquer as you indicated.

Please write me soon if you are sending Kathleen \$100.00

As far as I can now think this is the business.

Week before last the Mission Ad Interim Comm. voted to ask me to represent the mission at a meeting of delegates of the Ch. of Christ in China to be held in Shanghai Feb. 5-7. I asked to be relieved but they did not relieve, so last Thurs. I left Foochow and arrived yesterday Feb. 2 – Sunday. I may have to stay another 8 or 9 days. So you see I have plenty of time to do the business relating to getting the linen from Mrs. Rawlinson. Dr. Skinner was my room mate on the steamer and is my room mate here at the Navy Y.M.C.A. The Miss'y Home has deteriorated. We are very nicely situated here. Shanghai becomes more and more like an American, hustling, driving city. It's harder to cross the street here and not get hit by an auto than it is in New York City.

The last home mail brought your diary. THANK YOU. It brought a good letter from Aunt Emma. It is very pleasing to me that she and Uncle Elbert could visit you in Amityville. Say did you or Gould receive a letter addressed to Comityville. I am almost sure that I wrote that on an envelope and mailed it one time when I was away from home and did not have your address.

The last news about Aunt Grace seemed to indicate that she was about the same. She hardly realizes Uncle Oliver's serious condition. He was doing well- improving and getting fit for his operation. I hope he is over that now and back home.

A letter from Monnie is full of interest in the work she enjoys and in which I judge she is making good in all ways. I have written already about the pride I take in being the owner of that swade jacket. I miss the desk set that Gould and Virginia sent a year ago- when I am away from home. That is the best pen that I ever used. But I cannot take it away from home.

It is a great pleasure to me also to know that the Jewetts have visited you in your new home. My! but wouldn't Mother and I like to do so too?

The Communists that threatened Kienning hsien just as I left the week after Thanksgiving got so near the last of Jan that the Shepherds left and were at Ciong lok Jan 28. May God take care of us all and use us all in helping him make the world good. Love to you- Gould and Virginia. Father



George W. Shepherd

MR. Shepherd is our authority on Communism as one finds it in the hinterland of Fukien and is working on projects for rural reconstruction and the re-establishment of the church in devastated areas. His fame has even reached Nanking



Mrs. G. W. Shepherd

MRS. Shepherd furthering her husband's projects is busy preparing courses in hygiene and simple remedies for the use of country people and is supervising the work of a nurse in a model village.



Glee and Mary Shepherd

WHEN asked if they were Methodists and going to the picnic, Glee, aged 10, answered "I thought I was until th's afternoon."



Beau and Delia Shepherd

THEIR mother calls them the "Compound Imps" but even so they are much beloved.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 9, 1930** was written from Lorain, Ohio by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry (Geraldine). She sends a quick note along with a letter from Mary Ann that she is forwarding. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

1612 E. 30th St.
Lorain, Ohio.
Feb. 9, 1930.

Dear Jerry,

Just a note to accompany this letter from Mary Ann. Isn't it a dear? How I wish we could take advantage of her offer of a vacation in Virginia! Is it really true that you are going down some time this summer? What are your plans for after May 1? Don't you wish that your land lady would change her mind about the date of returning?

I wrote a letter to Kathie, telling all about our doings last week which was particularly full. She is sending it to Dot and they to you.

Do keep up your welcome correspondence. It's so good to hear so often. Tell Gould that we'd love to see a specimen of his handwriting. Love to you both – Monnie.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 16, 1930** was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry and Gould. Dorothy is not impressed with the principal of her school. Her ladies gym class is growing. The Ames teams are doing well in sports. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

2108 No. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich.
Feb., 16, 1930.

Dear Jerry and Gould:-

We haven't heard so much from you since all that aviation excitement. You must be as busy as we are, for I fear I haven't held up my end very well.

We were very much interested in the clippings and the news you sent. What is the latest news from Mr. Deckard in Alaska?

Two weeks ago our second semester began. Of course, the first week is always hectic. There are so many shifts and changes, new students, etc. Mr. Case doesn't seem capable of arranging a decent schedule. He's got just a mess of a schedule now, and can't do anything to fix it. Our first two morning classes are O.K. - small and all sixth and seventh graders. The third is our free hour, and the poor teachers that take that class are swamped- 98 boys and over 100 girls- 7th and 8th and 9th graders. The hour after dinner is the best of all. Not so large but an aggregation of all four grades- 6, 7, 8, 9. What is one to do with such an assortment. My 5th hr. is huge, and the last, so small that we haven't enough for games hardly. Our poor school is running down terribly- just simply because Mr. Case is not big enough for the job. There's no discipline, no school spirit, no assemblies, no school organization, and no cooperation between the office force and the teachers.

My ladies gym class is growing to such an extent that it is almost crowded, too. For a long time we could get no more than 28 or 30 out, and now there are over 40 almost every Mon. They all like Volleyball so well that we play nothing but that, after about 10 or 10 [20?]min of exercises. I took my ladies over to play against the Central Junior ladies and they beat us 3 games to 2. Tomorrow they come to our gym. My ladies are all set to trim them this time.

Last night I went to a bridge party at Irene Gelin's! She had the cutest score cards. I am enclosing mine.

We're getting terribly tired of winter here. We are due a long and warm spring, because we've had so much winter. If spring doesn't arrive pretty soon I shall be absolutely destitute of clothes. I got a new sport dress this winter, and just a bit ago I got a new purple or plum shade dress and felt hat to match.

Next Fri. is the big Masonic Ball that I've been trying to get Harold enthused over since Christmas. I haven't been to a formal since I was married. Kathie says I may wear her new "flaming glory" if I go. I suppose Harold will have to rent a suit. He says he'll take me if I want to go, but I can see he's not "dying" to go.

Mother wrote that she was sending each of us girls a Chinese necklace for Christmas. I've seen nothing of mine yet. Have you got yours?

I've been going regularly to the doctors until last week when I was so busy and so all in that I came right home after school instead of going to her. She sees improvement each time she says. I had hoped it wouldn't take so long to clear up, altho at this rate I can easily finish teaching the year out.

We have no spring vacation this year, but do have Good Fri. and Easter Mon. We'll drive to Oberlin for that much of a vacation, I guess. I wish you could manage to get out here, too, then.

Our Spartan radio is performing beautifully and gives us just heaps of pleasure. It is lots of company when I am alone.

Our Ames teams are doing very well this year. My girls have played ten or eleven games and haven't lost yet. The High School boys team won their 28th straight game last Wed. That's counting last year and this year both. The older boys come in for a loss now and then.

I was rather happy to hear Harold say the other day that this will be his last year for that work at the Ames. In a way, I hate to give it up, for I love the contact with the girls, but it really is too much, and every year more and more is expected of us. They don't seem to realize how much time we both spend down there on the athletic work itself, without asking us to do all sorts of extras, that others could do just as well.

How are Uncle Oliver and Aunt Grace? I am ashamed of myself for not writing them yet. I shall try to soon.

Are you doing anything with your cello yet? And how are your sales coming?

I am enclosing lots of letters that have accumulated. I should have sent them on long before.

Do write soon.

I am getting the camera for Monnie. If you have already sent something, never mind, but if you want to go in with us, we'd be glad to have you-

Much love to you both from us both.

Dot.

*[This letter dated **March 5, 1930** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould, Virginia and Geraldine. Willard, Henry Lacy, Miss Plumb and two Chinese students went to Mintsing up the Min River for a preacher's retreat. While on the way a village fired a shot across the bow of the boat for money. Bandits have even taken people off Foochow streets and held them for ransom. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.
March 5th 1930.

Dear Gould and Virginia and Geraldine:

For I expect you will all read it. The other sheet was business with Geraldine. This is just a little chat.

Last week I spend in Minchiang or Mintsing 45 miles up the Min river. Henry Lacy asked me to go up to help in a preacher's retreat. We left Sunday evening Feb 23rd. I went over and had supper with Henry and his wife and we took the launch just after supper. Miss Plumb and a Chinese girl and a Chinese boy= students made a party of five. We found a very crowded launch and really had to shove four soldiers back about four feet to get a seat on the edge of the shelf that was to be our reservations for the night. Henry hung his feet on a wire that was attached to the beam above us. A little after midnight two of the soldiers crawled out and we were more comfortable.

Monday forenoon about 10:30 a shot went across our bow and the launch turned toward shore. The passengers ducked their heads and were panicky. But no damage was done. This village wanted a little money and they got it. We reached Mintsing about noon, - had a good lunch got up by Henry and a watchman at the foreign house in which we stayed. After lunch I rubbed down and as the temperature was up in the 80 degrees I put off winter underwear and put on B.V.D.s. The next morning my left eye was swollen. Wed. morning all about the eye was perceptible swollen and on Thursday morning. I could not see out of the eye. The eye itself was not effected, so I kept on with my work- got some boracic acid and washed it and about midnight Wed. night I put on a cold pack made from a handkerchief and a towel and after breakfast I put on a hot pack. Either this or the boracic acid wash was effective and when I got home Saturday afternoon Mother did not notice it. I had an hour in the forenoon and an hour in the afternoon for four days running. This is not so heavy for a man who had written out his lecture and reads it. But I had done no such preparing and it was rather a heavy schedule.

Last night a letter from Aunt Phebe said that Uncle Oliver was improving with one or two drawbacks. Aunt Grace was much the same- not right mentally some of the time.

I am writing this with the pen Gould and Virginia sent me a year ago last Christmas. I never had a pen that I liked so well. At times I almost think that with this pen my writing is more legible. I wore the swade jacket to Mintsing. Why did they not have these years ago when I was doing so much touring. I thought sure the diary Geraldine sent me was gone the other morning. Sunday Mother and I went to the funeral of Miss Barker down at the Anchorage. I shut up my hens after getting home- after dark. In one of the houses I bent over the roost to look for the eggs. The next morning when I let this house of hens out I noticed two of my cards on the floor which is well covered with sand. I picked them up and wondered how they came there. I carry them in the diary. After dressing I wanted my diary and it was not there. I thought back and concluded it must have dropped out on the launch= private

motor boat #20. I had decided to go over to the river and try for it because that book is very useful to me in several ways. While eating breakfast the query came to me- how did those cards get on the chicken house floor? I ran out and found the diary slightly covered with sand which the hens had scratched over it. I was one happy man.

When I was home in 1928 Uncle Oliver gave me two big long pink cotton flannel night gowns. I have greatly enjoyed them in cold weather. When I got home from my Shaowu trip I found Mother wearing one. This is pretty good proof that they are good gowns. You would have to look twice to see whether it was Mother or I.

Uncle Stanley sent a check this last Christmas and I bought an electric heater for the bath room. This past winter has been very cold- the longest period of continued cold weather that I remember in Foochow. With the humidity of Foochow and the mer. around 40 degrees above it is pretty cold to take a cold bath. But the little electric heater raises the temperature just enough to make it comfortable.

Another term of teaching has begun. This is the third week. Our work is much the same as last term. Teaching in Foochow College and in the Union Kindergarten Training School- I teach 5 periods in F.C. and 2 in the N.K.T.S. Mother is doing twice as much and recently has become organist for F.C. - at prayers twice a week.

Bandits are continually seizing people and demanding ransom. A fine young doctor - a church member at Deng Chio was taken on the pretext that they wanted him to go to see a sick man. His family did not hear from him for nearly a week. Then \$6000 was demanded. Price was talked till \$800 was accepted. He was well cared for while with the bandits. One of the students of F.C. was taken during vacation. He and three other boys managed to give the bandits the slip and by walking nights got back to Foochow, barefooted and very hungry. The bandits take some men right off the streets of Foochow.

The Sentinels tell me of the finding of the Fairchild plane and the aviators. I should not have known Gould's connection with this accident if the Aunts had not written of it from Century Farm. [*On January 10, 1930, two aviators were conducting an altitude test (10,000 feet) in a Fairchild plane. While gone, a heavy fog had set in and the aviators crashed and died near Amston Lake, CT (Northeast of Hartford). About a dozen airplanes conducted a search for the plane. Possibly, Gould helped in this search.*]

My hens furnish both Mother and me much recreation- all the nice fresh eggs we want and a good dinner with a party once in a while. But I'm having great luck with setters- two hens were set two weeks ago-both are standing up now. I have found another to set on one of the nests. I'm going to put 40 or more eggs into an incubator next week- not my incubator but one belonging to the Union Middle School. I have thus far sold all the eggs I could spare. If it were not for setting I should be able to sell some now to the others in the compound for eating.

Dr. George Butler, from the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace is lecturing this week at the University. I hope to hear him tomorrow and again Sunday afternoon when Mother and I are to take dinner after Vespers, at Pres. Lin's with Dr. and Mrs. Butcher. With a prayer for the highest good for each of -

Very lovingly

Father

[*This typewritten letter dated **March 30, 1930** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould, Geraldine, and Virginia. Ellen is not feeling well and has not been able to attend church or teach her classes. Willard traveled through the village of Ma Ang and came across 32 bandits. He thanks those at home for the Christmas presents. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Foochow, China,
March 30th, 1930. Sunday

Dear Gould, Geraldine and Virginia:

This is another letter to a lot of you, - all the children and all the sisters and brothers and the Jewetts.

It is a dark, cold, dismal day. I am not in church. The first time in- I do not remember how long. Mother is in bed and I am the whole thing in this house today. A week ago today was fine and warm. I went out on the plain about five miles to a nice, clean chapel that Mother always goes with me to, and that Phebe always liked to go with me to. The preacher has one of the most attractive families that I know in Foochow. We always stay for dinner with the family. And it is always a good dinner. In the afternoon I went out the Water Gate to a unique service. A man who is a paralytic heard the Gospel twenty or more years ago. Then he got out of touch with it and a year ago evangelistic bands found him and have called on him more or less regularly. Some months ago he asked to unite with the church. So a dozen Chinese with a pastor and four of us foreigners went and held a communion service and received him into church membership. He seemed very happy.

Mother did not go with me either in the morning or the afternoon. She was not feeling well and had not eaten for two days. You all know that her cure for all ills is fasting. I noticed that she was not as lively as usual on Monday. Tuesday I was away all day. On Wednesdays we have been lunching with Miss Allen. That evening the

Station was to have a meeting and a picnic lunch at the McClure house. Mother had been asked to make some forty gems [*muffins*] for the supper. She said she would not go to Miss Allen's as she was not eating, but would stay and make the gems. She was due to teach at the Union Kindergarten, where Miss Allen is, at 1:30 p.m. I made up my mind that she ought not to go and while at lunch I told Miss Allen so and she at once said that she would take Mother's class. I met Mother just starting for her class as I reached home. It did not take a word of persuasion to have her turn back and stay at home. I tried to get her to let me make the gems. But she has earned a big reputation as cook in Foochow and I could not persuade her. That night I noticed she had a fever. But she would not let me speak to the doctor nor tell anyone that she was sick. She cautioned me specially not to tell any one. But on Thursday the fever kept up and she was weak. It was not until Friday that she allowed me to speak with Dr. Dyer. She found a temperature of 103.6. Last night it was 103. There is not much difference today. Dr. Dyer has got her to eating and I hope this will start her on the mend. In two or three days Dr. Dyer will make a test to see if it is typhoid.

In the above paragraph I wrote that last Tuesday I went away from home. Pastor Kiu and I went out the north gate to a place two miles from the city gate, Ma Ang (Horse's Saddle). We went to talk with people about the Truth and to sell copies of the Gospels. On the way out we sold some seven Gospels and talked with several people. When we reached Ma Ang we found things very quiet. Most of the children and most of the valuables of the village had been taken away. Bandits had been operating in the hills three or four miles away and the people of Ma Ang had been told that they must give the bandits \$1500. As we were going from one house to another a young man of the village who was with us stopped suddenly and pointed to a group of men at the end of the village. Who are those men? Are they bandits? Soon the men filed thru the village, single file. We counted thirty two. They were bandits. They left a small piece of red paper telling the people that they had served notice a few days before that they wanted \$1500. They had not heard anything from the people of Ma Ang, it would be well for them to get into touch with the bandits. We took lunch and as we stepped out of the little chapel one of the villagers said that the bandits had gone on to a place one mile away and had set fire to a house. You could see it burning. We urged the people to go at once to the city and ask the military to send soldiers to protect the village. This they did the next day but the first appeal was answered by saying that a new general had come to Foochow and they must go to welcome him. There was not time to go out to protect villages. But they did send soldiers the next day after the bandits had burned a house in Ma Ang. This is really the nearest I have been to bandits. When one begins to write on the political situation there is no end. The six heads of the Fukien government that were taken up country by the bandit chief are still up there. They were brought down three weeks ago, supposedly to go to Nanking for trial. But something has taken place in political circles that led to their return to the hills. This bandit chief who is responsible for the arrest, is an old wizened, illiterate, with a lot of money and a lot of sharp younger rascals, who can fool the old fellow into doing anything they want him to. The Central government is filling Foochow with soldiers from the south. Perhaps 20,000 have come in during the past fortnight.

The numbers of students in all schools are greater this year than for the past four or five years. The character of the students of today seems to be higher than that of the students of five years ago. All mission schools are very careful in selecting only those who seem to want an education. Many are turned away because the faculty cannot trust them.

I never have seen such opportunities for talking with people anywhere on Christianity. And it is a common thing for one or two to sell 100 Gospels in a few hours. The other day I was out in a small village. The others of the group were talking with some people. I saw up an alley a group of women and children. I walked up to them and in about ten minutes sold 17 Gospels. I just stood still and the people came to me with the money.

The hens are doing well. And I have thus far had sale for all the eggs I have. This month they have produced 214 eggs. I have 14 hens. Tomorrow 41 eggs should produce chickens. 32 are in an incubator, and I have 9 under a hen here.

The garden is getting ahead of me, with Ellen's help we could not keep up with it so I am delivering vegetables to the neighbors.

The Christmas presents that you all sent are giving us a lot of pleasure and profit. The Suade jacket is just the thing for the country and the hikes we take. Its warm and the cold piercing winds do not get thru it. The handkerchiefs- - well you know how useful and sometimes ornamental they are. That box of candy is delicious. It is already almost half gone, what do you think of that, in three months? "Thought of a Dean", (I have left out the "Lay") I have greatly enjoyed. Dean Inge is very refreshing. I had the book with me when I went to Shanghai. On the ship coming home was a Mr. Fu, returned student from England who knew the Dean. The Book gave a good point of contact. We take the "Laugh a Day" somewhat as we do the candy. The coat flower and the safety pins I guess are all right. I have not worn them yet. The gloves are very useful, and just what I wanted. Mother's are too. The bloomers and the silk slip, I have not yet worn so I cannot say much about them. My, only the family and close ups must read this. The cookies are the most delicious, since that first box that came in '22 or '23. The Coffee is

most gone. Ellen will let me drink the "Hag". I am making my own since she is in bed and I make the real stuff. The postum is low and she drinks that. You should see me use face powder. Every morning I put it on. I also think of you home people when I lather my face for shaving. "Whither Mankind is a book I have wanted ever since it came out. The introduction by Beard is stimulating. As I digest it there is much material in it for the various addresses I have to prepare in both Chinese and English. Here's a big capitalized THANK YOU for each. I hope I have covered all.

Tuesday, April 1st.

Mother seems better this beautiful morning. She says she feels better. The doctor has not been in yet.

With love to each of you,

Father

[This letter dated **April 6, 1930** was written by Ellen Kinney Beard to her daughter Marjorie. It discusses extensively about the vases and silk pieces that were purchased for Marjorie and the difficulty in finding just the right colors. She talks some of her illness. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Foochow, China
Apr. 6th 1930.

My dearest Marjorie,

I will write this to you particularly and you can then send it on and share with the others such part of it as you think they'll be interested in for there is more personal business in it than I tho't there would be when I began this. Father has of course written you of my illness which came so unexpectedly a week and a half ago and I have been a complete invalid in bed ever since. I still have a very annoying dullness of hearing which Dr. assures me will all clear up when the fever is gone. I hope she is right about that. Otherwise I am getting on nicely and gaining steadily, and sitting up for the second time, today and am trying to start a letter to you. Father takes all the care of me and with his classes, and other mission business, his chickens, garden and other things, it keeps him pretty busy. I have got to make long strides in recovery in the next ten days to be well enough to take care of myself and stay alone while he goes to Ing Hok to help them in a Student Conference. That conference was postponed because I was ill and father couldn't go.

Your letters have been very interesting and I have longed to respond to them but could not seem to find the time; now I am forced to rest and perhaps some of my wishes in that line may be realized.

Apr. 30th - At this point, I got tired and went back to bed, was duly reprimanded by the Dr. for getting up at all, and told not to try it again until the fever had all gone and I had been normal for at least one whole day. So I've been just waiting for that thermometer to say 98.6 degrees normal. But it just won't report that figure. 98.8 degrees is the nearest it has deigned to register so now I'm going to try to finish this letter in bed anyway or you'll receive the parcels we sent before you get the explanation of them. Father probably sent a letter with them but I want to explain more fully. So I am sitting up in bed writing and I guess I'll be none the worse for it.

Your letter asking for the vases and the silk came a number of days before I was taken really ill but I was not really well, had been fasting and was very busy with classes and a good many things going on just then, and tho't of course I had plenty of time ahead when I should be feeling better and have more time to select and not do it hurriedly (for which there seemed no need as you had written so early) so I just hadn't bought any of the things when the collapse came and I was laid low and utterly unable to go out to select the things. Father did the best he could and was very patient with my fastidiousness. I am not satisfied with any of the things we finally had to send in order to get them there in time. If I could have gone to the shops my self I am sure I could have given you and myself a little better satisfaction. But you will understand that one can't ask others to run many times and bring samples for one to look at, - as one's self could go to more shops and look, with a personal interest. I should really have enjoyed doing all that shopping myself as you well know, Marjorie, and it wouldn't have been a bit of a burden for I never tire of looking at beautiful things. And don't think for a minute that any one but himself doing the purchasing for it was done fairly easily, the lacquer man bringing the things to the house for me to see and the work was divided up. I thought some of the ladies of the mission who are used to buying Chinese silks would probably make a better selection than a man could do, so instead of asking father to buy that, I asked Mrs. Shrader and Miss Armstrong to act as a purchasing committee thinking the judgment of two would be better than one as I wasn't quite sure of the tastes and judgment of either, but tho't them the best in the mission. They bought the pale blue piece with the round figures on it; altho they had come up to my room and I had shown them your letter with specific directions that it should be bright sky blue and flower pattern rather than geometric design and I had verbally emphasized these points while they were here. Imagine my disappointment then when they unwrapped that piece! Of course I quickly noted all its good points, - quality, Chineseness, etc. and profusely thanked them for their favor and kindness and didn't show my inner feeling at all I think. But when father asked me if it was satisfactory I had to tell the truth that it simply wouldn't do. So he kindly offered to try. At first he bro't home a sample of the darker, heavier piece thinking he had found just the thing; but because I hesitated and didn't exclaim over it, he said "well, I'll try again". And asked me to explain just how I wanted the next selection different. I told him the color seemed a little too deep, heavy, solid. That a blue that was brighter, livelier, more vivid, shading just a bit toward the greens, or robin's-egg blue possibly would be more nearly what you wanted. But he said that did not mean anything to him was no guide because he couldn't understand those terms as applied to colors. Men, generally, do not deal enough in dainty colors to be conversant with those terms in that application. Well, next time he went he tho't he had it sure, so bo't the silk without sampling- the lighter colored bright blue and lighter weight one. As soon as I looked at it he said "well, I see that won't do so now I'll go back and get the other for these two are all I found of the right color". I said "Yes I guess you'd better for it is better in every way and Marjorie can send the others to Geraldine to sell". Or you may be able to sell them yourself right there if you girls don't want to use them. We didn't hesitate about buying the three pieces as we tho't it would be so easy to dispose of them in America. The piece that is at the bottom of the box is the one I think you'll choose. It is much heavier better quality, the color is better (as I understand you wish) and the color will probably hold i.e. wear better than the other, and the figure is more pleasing. The other deep blue one (the middle piece in the box) has too large, sprawly, loosely- rambling a figure that isn't specially pretty as I look at it. The figures are all Chinese in their character, idea, - or could we say spirit? but I think the undesirably colored one, - the pale one, rather beats the other two in Chineseness. Well, now you've heard all I've got to say on the subject, you just make your own choice just to suit your own taste and Ronnie's complexion and dispose of the others in any way you want to. I suppose Father has written you the respective prices already but I'll repeat here if I can get them from him. Later-Father is away and I can't get the prices for you in this letter but I am sure he has sent them to you. I'll repeat them in next letter. I'll use this space to say a word about myself. I've been lying here 5 ½ wks. but have not been seriously ill have not suffered at all, no pain have eaten regular meals all the time by Dr's. orders so as not to lose strength. I was weak, however, from the fever and from lying in bed and not exercising. I went to the bathroom every day with fathers help. Now I have been fasting 5 days on my own initiative, to finish things up and my Dr. has left the case in my hands.

Now about the vases. Neither am I at all satisfied with what we are sending you in those; but it seemed to be the best we could do under the circumstances.

Father went over to Tai Mei's, where we usually trade in lacquer and he had nothing in blue except little ones. He had a pair of medium sized ones in that beautiful green which would be dry enough for him to bring over and let me see in a day or two, - which he did and as the color was so good we decided to send you the pair and look for others in blue to send too, and let you make a choice and send to Geraldine to sell, what you did not want yourself, or sell them right there in Lorain if you can and want to. But be sure if you sell them yourself, to add the postage, the duty, and a little profit, - a dollar or so, more if you think the customer will stand it. The profit is your own. Well, then Father went up on Curio St. in the city where there are many lacquer shops and couldn't find anything nearer to what I had in my eye for you than the two blue pairs we are sending you. I think it passing

strange that they didn't seem to have anything in stock in those blue vases that was just right in size, shape, color and finish. There must have been a steamer in I fancy, whose passengers bought out Curio St.! No one of the three pairs is entirely satisfactory to me and I am so sorry not to be able to send you just the right thing and I know you will be disappointed in them. First, the green ones are a little too small but I tho't their color was good. The larger blue pair is a little too deep a blue and is not polished smooth enough; possibly too, is a bit too large. The other blue pair is too pale a color, not a lively enough blue altho that may change to a deeper shade as it ages; for the mfg'rs. say that the color "qui", that means opens out (like a flower, I suppose the idea in their minds is) as it gets older. I have seen vases that were just lacquered only a few days before and they were a light gray; those that were a few weeks older, the gray had changed to a slightly blue color; older ones were more blue, etc. So perhaps by the time they get to you they will be prettier than when we last saw them. Also another dissatisfaction about all three pairs was that the mouth and throat of the vases was not finished in gold. Possibly the green ones were, -I'm not sure for I did not see them after they were finished. We asked the other dealer to put the gold on the two blue pairs but he said it would take three weeks and we couldn't wait so long for them. I don't believe that, however, for I have seen gold leaf put on myself and it is done very rapidly. I think he did not want to throw that finishing touch in to the price already given for the vases and he feared we would not take them if he asked extra for doing it; so he put the time for accomplishing it what he knew would be prohibitively long; father had probably told him before, that we wanted them right away. If I could have gone to the shops myself, I feel sure I could have done better but it was impossible as I was flat on my back in bed and I had to do the next best way. Don't get discouraged by this failure but try us again when you want something more; I hope I'll not be sick again and will be in condition to function efficiently.

When I began this letter I intended to give you the exact cost of each pair of vases and each piece of silk; but I did not get the prices from father before he went to Diong Loh to the "Retreat" (for ministers and missionaries, a three day's meeting) and I want to mail it before he returns. But father, in his letter to you, has probably given you all the prices. However, I'll repeat them in my next letter to you. Please write and tell me all about the things, - in what condition they arrived, how you liked them, which silk and which vases you finally presented to Eleanor and how she liked both, and what you did with the rest. Didn't you say you were asked to be bride's maid for E. at her wedding? I shall be interested to hear what you wore and all about the wedding. I hope you begin to prepare your outfit in time so as to be all ready without being rushed. I would gladly have sent you silk for your bride's maid's dress had I thought I could get any thing here that would be at all suitable for such an occasion. But styles change; such an occasion requires particular materials; and again, the Chinese silks are mostly so large figured, and figured material is rarely if ever used for brides dresses or bride's maids. This in confidence; -I just saved Father from sending Virginia a piece of white Chinese silk for a wedding dress! Men do not realize that every bride has her own particular choice for this most particular occasion of her life and that she would not want to use a material widely different from that being used generally by bride. If he sent it she might feel obliged to use it, even to her lifelong disappointment. To my thinking, any thing that belongs to a bride's trousseau, particularly the wedding attire for the marriage ceremony, or the go away togs, is the last thing that any one else ought to attempt to select for a bride. Her own choice ought always to prevail on that one great occasion- wedding gifts excepted, of course.

As soon as I get up I will try to get the rings you have wanted so long. Four or five, I think you said.

I have a Pekin necklace which I bo't of a man who came to the Mt. last summer selling such things; he came from Pekin and was at Kuliang only a short time. I am sending you this neck-lace as a gift as soon as I can get up around again so be on the look-out for it. You may call it a Christmas gift or a birthday present just as you like. It was intended for the former but didn't get sent. I have one for each of you girls, - all different, which I am sending too. Yours is not delicate and fine enough to wear to the wedding even if it gets there in time. But I think you'll enjoy wearing it sometimes. I'm not sure it will not stain your neck if you wear it in "juicy weather". Metal mountings that are not strictly pure gold or silver or platinum are apt to do this. If you send your left over silk and vases to Geraldine to sell be sure to insure them and be sure to keep safely your insurance slip from the P.O. and, be sure to follow it up and ascertain whether or not they do arrive safely. Also you would better find out first to what address Geraldine wants them sent for she will be breaking up house-keeping at Amityville about that time will she not? Perhaps it will be easier and cheaper all around to sell them right there in Lorain if you can get the word out to wealthy people thru your callers or thru the ladies who are backing your work and you see them. Don't let your Bulgarians or Mexicans know you have them or they'll steal them from you; and keep them packed away out of sight. I guess it would be cheaper to insert an ad in the local paper than to pay postage and insurance on them to get them to Geraldine unless - she really wants them. You should write at once to ask her if she wants them requesting an immediate reply. Your ad might read; "2 Prs. Chinese Lacquer Vases and 2 Pcs. Chinese Silk (Blue) for sale. M. Beard 1012 E. So. St. At home 4-6 P.M.". (22 words) Of course you will change the hours to suit facts.

If among you four girls you want to make exchanges from preference or because it fits your complexions or your costumes feel perfectly free to do so as it will make no difference to me. The necklaces I mean.

When I came to address this envelope and looked at your last letter to get the address I noticed the new address. It had not come when we sent the parcels so the old address is on all of them and the letter from father that goes with them. So be on the look out for them. The P.O. probably has been duly notified of your change of address.

I have been all alone in the house for 3 nights since father went away, as our one servant goes home at 6 P.M. and comes at 9 A.M. home at 12 on back at 3 P.M. but I can walk around the house slowly and do things for myself in my kimona and bed room slippers taking care not to be up too long for I am now very weak from fasting. I can take my bath and make my bed but I am supposed to be in it most of the time. I don't know how long I'll continue my fast,- it ought to be 15 days but in view of my weakness from illness to begin with I think I'll make it less. I hope you'll keep well. Don't over-eat nor take wrong combinations (you have or should have the Pocket Dietician) nor sit up late nights. I pray for you all every day- have lots of time to now as I am limited on the use of my eyes to read. I hope you get an associate as soon as E. leaves. I do not like to think of you alone in that place. - I have now written a letter to your own dear self precious daughter!

With very much love to you all, Mother.

[This typewritten letter dated April 6, 1930 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould, Virginia and Geraldine. Ellen is still ill with fever and the doctor conducted some blood tests to determine what the illness is. Willard is doing some cooking. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
April 6th. 1930.

Dear Gould, Virginia and Geraldine-

Here is another general letter. It was a week ago that I wrote, and sent the letter on Tuesday. This is Sunday. Mother has improved very slightly each day. Her fever hangs around 101. Yesterday the doctor said she might sit up half an hour. This she did and it tired her so she slept all the afternoon. Today she has walked about very little, and sat up a short time. She has tried to write a little, but she has slept much of the afternoon. She is resting well since about last Thursday. She is now eating well. Doctor tells me to let her have anything that she wants. I can manage all very well except the desserts. Mrs. Shrader has very kindly taken to sending us down a dessert each noon and with this we are getting on all right. Mother had not eaten anything in the bread line for a long time. Friday I made a loaf (if that is what you call it) of Boston Brown Bread. It pleased me much to have Mother eat a slice and then call for seconds. She did the same yesterday when I toasted a piece. With her directions I made some scrambled egg that she said,- "This is fit for a king." She is also taking a lot of milk, Cocoa and postum. I have found a place where they sell fine mackerel and she eats that and calls for a second slice. One of Stanley's Christmas presents was a box of American dried apples that I found in Shanghai. They are nice and sour. I soaked out some the other day and boiled them. She said she would take "just a little". When I came in later her remark was,- "You are awful stingy with your dried apples. I guess you like them pretty well don't you." It looks to me however as if this was going to be a long pull. If she gets back to normalcy by May first she will be doing well.

Sunday evening:-

Doctor Dyer was in about 7:30 and said Mother's temperature was just 100. This is the lowest yet. Drs. Dyer and Campbell took some blood to make a test last Friday. We hope to hear tomorrow. The mail closes tomorrow and I am afraid that I cannot get the report in time to put it in this.

Last Wednesday a hen brought off nine chickens for me. 2 P and K Minorcas, 3 R.I. Reds and four white ones. The same day ten were hatched in an incubator up at the Union Middle School. 2 Minorcas, and four Reds and four whites. We are getting about 7 or 8 eggs a day from 15 hens. Last month the hens produced 221 eggs. I sold a 7 lb. rooster yesterday for 50 cents a lb.

A few weeks ago I sent to Tientsin for 100 lbs. of corn and 100 lbs. of millet. I told them that I did not want to rob the starving, but the grain came all right this last week, and it was cheaper than it was last year. I have planted Yellow Bantum and also field corn. Until today the weather has been too cold for it to germinate, but it will come on soon.

The stairs and landing to our little flat have become unstable so some people are afraid to visit us, we are having a concrete landing put in.

How I should enjoy getting on the farm these days and plowing and help generally. I can smell the steam that rises as the ground dries out, and also the fresh plowed earth. It is just time to plow Flora's garden. How are Major and Colonel? Before this gets an answer you will all have made your vacation plans. Mrs. Rinden of Ing Hok

wrote asking if we could take her and her two children this summer. Ellen dictated the reply last week saying yes. Mr. Rinden is going north for the study of Mandarin and to study methods and observe the work in North China.

I must close and get this in the mail tomorrow morning. I teach all the afternoon. I am afraid I cannot get the little personal notes in this time. But both Mother and I think of you all and talk with God about you daily. He has been very good to us all.

Very lovingly,
Father

*[This note dated **about April 1930** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Kathleen. He mentions the school term coming to an end and refers to next fall's finishing term. Donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About April 1930]

Dear Kathleen-

Soon after this reaches you the class with which you graduate "as with" will be leaving the classic halls of Oberlin. I hope you will be able to enjoy next fall's finishing term as much as Monnie apparently enjoyed hers. Don't plan to take too much work.

We are waiting to hear what your plans for the summer are. Tell us how you found In Hao or Im Go. He'll be leaving soon after this reaches you.

May God guide you in all decisions, keep you self-controlled and always master of the situation.

Lovingly Father

*[This letter dated **April 11, 1930** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her brother and sister, Gould and Geraldine. Kathleen visited her friend, Gidge, in Chicago and had an enjoyable time. She may work at Silver Bay again this summer. Dorothy and Harold are coming down to Ohio for Easter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Talcott Hall
April 11, 1930

Dear Brother and Sister-

That long epistle of yours, Gould, certainly merits a quicker response than this for it really was a masterpiece- and laugh- I thought I'd die. But between the bits of dry humor the story of the week was quite tracable and now we have a well rounded survey of the entire week. Do forego your evening nap again sometime- just one- to write again.

Since I wrote last history in my autobiography has been accumulating fast. For the spring vacation I went out to Chicago again with Gidge and had one of the happiest weeks of the year. It is so stimulating and refreshing to go into a new environment and forget all the worries of every day life with people who are so congenial. Gidge and I were going on the bus to save money but that big blizzard came along just in the right time to block all the roads near Chicago so we were forced to go by train. For the first couple of days we took it easy staying around the house and resting. The family is [a] lot like ours as to principle and ideals etc. so it was very easy to fit into their home life. Chuck, Gidge's older sister, works in the city in an office so she was gone all day. I like her a lot, for she is so spontaneous and has bundles of enthusiasm. I think you would like her, Jerry, because she is much interested in things that you are. She is very much dissatisfied with her present work and is trying to locate something more interesting in the line of social work. It is her desire to go abroad this summer if possible and perhaps study in Brinmore school of social science next year. She is the life of the home when she is there and I see her in Gidge quite distinctly when they are together.

We spent two whole days in the city shopping and sight seeing. About the only products of our long searches were a dress a piece, a hat apiece and sundrae hose, underwear and accessories. One afternoon we spent in the art museum but did not nearly cover it. I should like to live there for about a week spending a day in each department, for it is just fascinating, especially the paintings. That night we were invited to dinner by one of Georgia's friends who is married and lives in the city. Her whole high school bunch was there and they spent the evening reminiscing on their good times together. The husband and I were a little on the outside of the ring, but it was all very interesting not to say enlightening. The two whole days in the city were so tiring that they required two days of rest at home afterwards, and even then we didn't get "slept up". Saturday we went in to see the magician, Thurston, with his daughter. He was very entertaining and did some tricks that would baffle the keenest of minds.

He sawed a lady in two with such deceptive tactics that we are almost ready to believe that the poor girl was actually severed. We- that is the whole family- went to a swell place to dinner and were good and ready for bed when we reached Lombard. Sunday was one of those lovely family days at their home when we all did what we wanted to at our leisure. We took our dinner out into the woods hot! (that is the dinner was hot) spending the largest part of the afternoon roaming over the rolling country. That was about the best part of the whole visit and most remembered because it was our last day of grace. Monday Gidge and I started at six o'clock to get the bus from Chicago riding all day long until 10:30 that night. Nothing but work looms before us now until June.

By the way Jerry – has Edith applied at Silver Bay and does she intend to go? Or has Katherine (Mary Ames's sister) expressed any intention of going? I would like to know real soon because I have my contract here all ready to sign but don't want to go alone. Gidge isn't going and the girl who wrote in with me got no contract. If Edith decides to go maybe I will go anyway. Hugh is going with one of his friends but I'm not just sure that I want to be there with him since we're together during the year. Let me know about Edith soon.

Dot and Harold are coming down at Easter time for three days. Monnie and I are so excited and are planning all sorts of things to do. It will be good to see some of the family again for I haven't even seen Monnie for ever so long. Wish you could fly out and make it a family reunion.

Mrs. Margaret Sauger spoke here several weeks ago on birth control. You can imagine what a big turn-out she got just on her name. I guess most people who hear her were rather disappointed in the content of her talk for it was not informational but merely a well organized convincing argument for its need. Since most of the hearers were already convinced of this they naturally learned nothing new. She is a remarkable woman, though, and a very good speaker.

Do you know where you are going to move when your land lord and lady return? It is only a few weeks now isn't it? I bet you hate to leave the place don't you?

I must get to bed. It's late and I'm sleepy.

Love and then some

Kathie

[This letter dated April 14, 1930 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould, Virginia and Geraldine. Ellen is feeling better each day and the tests came back that she had typhoid fever. Willard enjoys taking care of his hens. He is glad to hear of the good work that Marjorie is doing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

April 14th, 1930.

Dear Gould, Virginia and Geraldine

This is the third general letter. Mother has continued to grow better very slowly every day. I can see her strength increase very slowly. Last Tuesday we knew for sure that she had the straight typhoid fever. This put my own mind at rest some what for she developed a deafness that disturbed me and her speech changed so that she talked just like Aunt Ann Paul. Then she said it seemed as if she was two persons and other strange sensations she spoke of. When it was said to be typhoid all week now she has eaten normally, - much more normally than for some years. Our lunch this noon was beef hash, swiss chard, cabbage, beets, peas, one gem and an egg nog. She kept up with me in it all. This evening we had scrambled egg, peas, carrots, turnip (ruta begas) beets, and Boston Brown Bread. And she again kept her end up. She eats with a relish that is good to see. Milk and cream she devours. Sunday mornings she takes waffles made on the iron Dot and Harold sent us. In the morning the current is good, in the evening there are too many lights used in the city for the plant to do good work and the current is too light for waffles. When I am too old to be acceptable in this work I am going to find a job as cook, with Mother's help. I can make brown bread, scrambled eggs, waffles, gems, fish chowder etc. I feel quite elated that she with her rep [reputation] as cook, eats my concoctions and pronounces them good.

I've dropped all other work except my teaching two half days a week and am just taking care of Mother and of the house. Of course I can't get out of seeing people when they come in and of doing a certain amount of work but my first job [is] right here in the home. I had promised to go to Ing Hok for a Conference April [page torn] 27th. That means start next week Tuesday. We are considering whether she will [page torn] enough for me to leave then.

In the modern parlance I should speak of my work as projects. Just now I have more projects than I should carry, if I were consulted beforehand. The garden is a source of pleasure and profit. I have not bought any vegetables since I have been keeping house. And I have supplied many to the other people in the mission. The hens are doing well. From fifteen I get over two hundred eggs a month. Several of these are old hens that I am getting rid

of and some are Chinese hens that I bought to set and that I will get rid of, - except one that is a real setter. She is better than an incubator. I have now 9 with a hen, 10 from an incubator, and some more that are just hatching.

Wednesday April 16th.

This must go today. It has missed two mails already since I began it. Mother continues to mend. She has consented to see outside people. She has been so tired that she just wanted to lie and rest and does most of the time. The Ing Hok Conference is postponed so I am at rest on that. I was very much afraid that Mother would not be able for me to leave next week. The other hen has produced seven chicks from 11 eggs. So now I have three broods, 7, 9, and 10 a brood. Then I have 20 eggs in an incubator. I am still in my right mind- or at least I think I am.

Emma's letter enclosing Marjorie's report has come. Both are very interesting. Marjorie's report looks as if she and her associate were doing some work. It has a wide range too. I've a notion to write the Mayor of Lorain and ask him if the people of Lorain are actually so impoverished that they feel truly thankful to have two such young women working for them on the munificent salary of \$90 per month and giving a good slice of that for the running expenses of the work they are doing for the well to do people of the impoverished borough of Lorain. It might be a good idea to take up a penny collection among the ricksha coolies of Foochow to help that poor burgh. I'm proud of the two girls. They are getting a big kick out of the work and a lot of experience and real heart satisfaction.

Good bye with love to everybody

Father

Had a good letter from Virginia a few days ago- shall look interestingly for the next one.

[This letter dated April 20, 1930 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould, Virginia and Geraldine. It is Easter and Willard is seeing more people attending church since 1927. The Anti-Christian movement seems to have subsided. Ellen is still ill from the Typhoid Fever. Seven missionaries are headed back to the states for their furloughs and two for good. The Board keeps cutting back on the funding to China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

April 20th. 1930.

Dear Gould, Virginia and Geraldine.

This has been a beautiful Easter day. Very warm, - so warm that George Newell came out in a palm beach suit to conduct the Easter Praise service this afternoon. The church was full. The first time we have seen a full church since January 1927. This is one of the indices that the Christian movement is recovering. The Anti-Christian movement is not in evidence here now. I conducted the Communion service in the church at Sang Bo in the suburbs this morning. Four children were brought to be baptized.

Mother continues to gain very slowly. She fasted all day on Friday and it took just so much from her strength. She is back again now where she was Thursday. Her appetite keeps up and she relishes all kinds of food. It does me good to see her put the milk and cream down. If only something could be done to have her keep it up when she gets well. Her temperature stays at 99.2 or .4 or .6. The last few days have been very warm with April showers, which have brought out the flowers in great profusion, and Mother's room is a bower of roses, flox, sweet peas, marigold, pansies, pinks etc. She is seeing people now and wonders why they do not come more. For the first two weeks she refused to see any one even tho they were in the hall waiting. She was just tired and wanted to do nothing but rest and sleep. She reads now and writes in her diary. Today she has been about the house some. She still eats in bed and reclining.

Gould's letter came yesterday. Mother is having a great time filling the orders you children send. She is in bed and I am on the street bringing samples and other things. I hope you will be able to get something that will answer. I cannot hope that you will get what you want. I have four packages in the house now to mail. I must go over to the south side post office myself to do the mailing. I'll try to get there Tuesday. (I got there and mailed the four packages.)

My Ing Hok trip set for April 24th to 28th is fortunately postponed. I could not have left Mother. But another call comes for May 2nd to 5th only to Diong Loh, and only a Retreat with no addresses. I hope Mother will be about by that time.

Wednesday morning, the 23rd.

Mother keeps on an even keel, - a little stronger each day, but slowly as is characteristic of typhoid. Her temperature sticks at 99.2,4,6. This afternoon after the mission prayer meeting we are to meet to say good bye to Mr. and Mrs. Peet (who are likely going home for good) Mr. and Mrs. McClure, Miss Betty Cushman, Dr. Dyer,

and Mr. Guy Thelin. Mr. and Mrs. Peet have already gone, and Dr. Dyer is in Shanghai so it will be a show with the Principals away. Mrs. Oswald (Monnie and Kathleen will remember her) tried to give the Peets a farewell party but they were taking the launch at 10:30 that evening and did not get to the party.

It seems an age since we have heard from any of the brothers and sisters, but it has not been so long. While Oliver was in the hospital, the girls wrote every mail and spoiled us. Letters from Virginia and Gould hint at a near date for a wedding. We wait patiently for the next letters. My words do not express the desire I have to be home for the occasion. I cannot however complain. Very few people who have spent their lives on this side the world, away from home, have had the privilege of being present at so many of these functions. We have been greatly favored.

The Board sent us a cut of 10% on all the work of the mission for this year. Then about two weeks or more ago they wrote that we must make plans for another cut of 5% for 1931. This rather got the Chinese. They are getting under the load and they have for more than a year wanted to have direct communication with the Board in Boston. A few have carried the impression that if they had direct access to Boston they could get all kinds of money. Now just as they are attaining this desideratum the money decreases instead of increases. Some of them say openly that the Board's policy now is to decrease gradually year by year until the child is entirely weaned. Only a few are talking like this, however. The cold fact is that the Chinese church members have not been taught to give here in Foochow as they could, or as their means make it possible for them to give. At the same time this does not excuse the Christians at home from keeping up their help. One of the best things that the Americans have done from the standpoint of self help has been the assistance they have given to Belgium and Turkey and China in their distress. When we turn a deaf ear to other nations in their hard times we lose something that is vital to our own life.

Lovingly Father

*[This post card dated **May 11, 1930** was written by Willard Beard to Kathleen. Willard will be leaving for Ing Hok for a student conference. He talks about how mother is feeling better and how people brought them food. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]*

Miss Kathleen C. Beard
Talcott Hall
Oberlin
Ohio
U.S.A.

May 11th 1930

This week I am sending a P.C. only to the different addresses. I plan to leave for Ing Hok Tuesday morning early to be gone a week- a student conference.

Mother has had no fever for four or five days. She is beginning to eat and as she eats her strength is returning. She got along all right last week for three days when I was away. The others in the compound here are very good to us. Ice cream, cake, pie, puddings etc. come in frequently. I can make muffins and Boston Brown Bread but pie and cake- take too much time. Lovingly, Father.

Phebe sent me several cards like this from Korea.

*[This letter, dated **May 14, 1930**, was written from Copiague, NY by Gould to his mother. He hopes Ellen feels better. His wedding will be the last couple of weeks of July. Gould feels that airplanes will become an important factor in travel of the future. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel]*

May 14, 1930
Copiague, LI., N.Y.

Dear Mother:

Fathers last letter told of your illness. It was rather startling because somehow it seems that we have had very little sickness among us for a long time. I think our family has been unusually blessed with good health, thanks to your and fathers care and intelligence in bringing us up.

Virginia has not yet set the wedding date but it will be in the last two weeks of July. I had hoped to be able to order a rather elaborate Chinese drawn linen set for you to give her for a wedding gift, but my money is all going

toward other things just now and I will be hard put to it to get enough together to make a good honeymoon. I do hope to realize a good profit from my money though sometime in the next year.

I have been looking up honeymoon places, but have not decided upon anything yet. A trip thru New England looks good as I have not seen much of the upper regions of that country. Maine is one state we both want to visit.

Sunday before last we (Jerry, Ginny and I) joined the Deckard and Somers families in a party at Montauk Point. We drove about 225 miles that day and had a good two[ten?] hours at the point. The scenery is not marvelous out there, but it made a nice picnic ground and the sea was very pretty. It happened to be the first good Sunday this year for picknicking. The roads are fine clear out to the point.

Memorial Day I will be in Seymour to finish the details of the wedding. I hope they are not planning for a big one.

About a month ago I made a nonstop flight to Dayton, O in 4 hrs. and 50 min. Last Sunday I flew a plane to Pittsburg in 3 hrs. and 15 min. These planes annihilate space. They just can't help but become an important factor in the travel of the future generations.

Our country house is pretty nice but not quite as good as the others are. We have a P.O.B. in Amityville #517, so continue addressing us at Amityville.

Here's hoping you are as you put ??,

Your loving son,

Gould.

*[This letter dated **June 8, 1930** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould, Virginia and Geraldine. There has been fighting between bandit Lu Hing Bang and the Nanking government in Foochow for two days. The central government won and reports said there were 650 casualties. Willard talks about Lu Hing Bang and the trouble he causes. The Storrs, Shepherds and Mrs. Bliss have left Shaowu because of the fighting. Willard feels that China is in a worse condition than ever. Ellen is better from the typhoid fever. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
June 8th. 1930.

Dear Gould, Virginia and Geraldine

Here is another letter for all of you. Since writing the last time I must have been to Ing Hok and to Nang Seu. At Ing Hok I was helping in the yearly Y.M.C.A. student conference. There were some 60 or 70 boys with their teachers. They came from about ten centers. Some of them walked forty miles to attend. They will never forget this visit to the metropolis of the Ing Hok country.

Yesterday some of the people in the compound heard firing about 5:00 a.m. Later we learned that there was a battle between Lu Hing Bank, a bandit who was held under his sway the Yeng Ping, Shaowu and Ming Chiang counties for some twelve years, and the forces of the Nanking Government. This morning I awoke just before 5:00 o'clock and soon I heard what I thought was a bird pecking at the tin water spout. But I at once realized that I was wrong and it was firing. The two armies were facing each other only about two miles in a straight line, away from us. They were only half a mile from the house where Mr. and Mrs. Newell are living. The firing continued for two hours pretty severe. Then it was heard at intervals all day. We also heard firing in the distance. The central government's forces were victorious both yesterday and today if reports are true. It is said that there were 600 casualties yesterday and 50 today.

Last evening we were at Miss Wiley's for supper and just as we got to her house we saw a fire. Then as we sat down another fire was reported. They proved to be incendiary. Today the police caught two of the bugs and took off their heads and hung them up in the street near the fires. Yesterday they also caught two spies of Lu Hing Bang and shot them.



Martha Wiley

HER sparkling wit and cheerful manner may deceive you into thinking that she has an easy job but we know that she carries the heavy burdens of many women on her heart as she tries to meet their needs thru' the Women's School.

Monday morning:-

Last night every time I was awake I heard firing, rifles, machine guns and canon. It began to rain about 7:30 a.m. and the firing has now ceased. An Admiral of the Chinese fleet came in two days ago and the report is that he has sided with the Central government. The navy here has been on the fence for a long time. Its men are nicely clothed but their reputation is that they do not fight. But with the navy on the right side, it has steadied the situation some.

This Lu Hing Bang is a most interesting character. He has held the mountainous region of the north Fukien for over ten years. He is illiterate, superstitious, utterly selfish, has no regard for people (except for what he can get out of them) ability to make men follow him and serve him. For over ten years he has been bleeding the people with out mercy, burning houses, seizing for the ransom, killing. The bandits of all that region are his emissaries. He defies the Central Government because he is so far away up in the mountains that it is difficult for a force of men to get to him to strike with any force. Then the men sent against him are used to level country, his men are like mountain goats. However it is now reported that the Central Government is after him out in the mountains. For a month it is said that he has been going the rounds of the temples imploring the gods to protect him. He is held responsible for the arrest of the six Fukien Commissioners in Foochow some months ago. He still has them up in the mountains with him. This makes the Central Government furious. This same bandit has given \$20,000.00 mex. as a subscription to the Fukien Christian University to rebuild the building that was burned.

Leon Gardner with his wife are in Foochow looking about on the scenes of his childhood. He has been in Manila for two or three years as doctor in the American army stationed there. Gould and Geraldine will remember him.

Reports of the announcement of THE engagement have reached us [*Gould Beard and Virginia Space*]. I looked for something in the Sentinel but did not see it. The only date suggested thus far for the wedding is July 19th. We shall watch carefully for the real definite day. And we'll likely be doing some eastward thinking that day. It will be in the night here, while we are in bed.

Last Wednesday I went up to Kuliang and arranged for a few repairs to be made on the cottage to make it pleasant this summer. The mountain is as lovely as ever.

This is Friday morning.

The firing has kept up intermittently all the week. On Wed. the report was that the opposing force had been routed and had withdrawn up river. This has much truth in it, and we think the firing is to let the enemy know that they are still on the job.

Last Sunday a telegram came from Shaowu from Dr. Judd saying, - Storrs, Shepherds, Mrs. Bliss left Saturday. On Tuesday the Consul received in reply to a telegram he sent on Sunday to Yeng Ping, Shaowu folks, Shepherds arrived safely Tuesday. River traffic inadvisable. Yeng Ping quiet. So we suppose the Shaowu people are all at Yeng Ping, in safety and comfortable. Mr. Shepherd had come down and gone to Shanghai to get a little bunch on his lip, looked at. It proved to be only a surface bunch and not important. He is here and of course anxious to get his wife and family down to Foochow. Drs. Bliss and Judd are in Shaowu.

Mrs. Dr. Gillette went to Shanghai for an examination by the doctors. They telegraphed for Dr. Gillette to come up. She has a serious operation. We do not know the exact trouble. Dr. Gillette expected to return on the steamer coming in this week.

Riggs family got off a week ago. McClures got off two days ago. Scotts, Dr. Dyer, Miss Cushman, Guy Thelin leave next week via Siberia. Margaret Smith goes with them.

It looks as if Kuliang might be fuller this year than any time since 1926. Kuling is out of the question and many from the south are getting houses on Kuliang. Mr. and Mrs. McCann are to spend at least part of the summer at the University in the President's house. This house is on the high point where it gets a big breeze. Mr. McCann is a big help at a time like this. He has seen many such in the north and he is calm and steady.

Kathleen is to be in Silver Bay again this summer. I do not like to think of her not going to THE wedding. If it is a matter of money some of you get her there if possible. I will furnish the money. Marjorie, I am not quite sure of. So I am addressing this to her Lorain address. I have to address Gould still at 23 Barberry Court.

I see that Mrs. Lewis Shelton died at the age of 92. As far as I can think she is the last of that generation. I always held her in high esteem.

People are asking us all the time when we are going to the mountain. I tell them "Not yet." I do not think of the date. I have to go to Hok Chiang (Futsing) for a week before there is any Kuliang for me. To day Mrs. Wiant and her two boys and Mrs. Havighurst and her children went up, if they did as they planned.

China was never in a worse plight than she is in today. Many of those in the government positions high and low are worse grafters than the old time officials. Two different persons told me the other day, "Chiang Kai Shek has bled the people worse than any other man ever did." Communists and bandits and those against the present government are making things almost and quite unbearable. Famine is reducing the population by tens of thousands daily. Many returned students are as bad or worse than the old officials. But God has a lot of men and women who are living quiet lives and developing strong Christian characters. Many others are watching and thinking. Some day these level heads will get together and China will be saved.

With love to all

Father

Mother gains strength as fast as what she eats will give it to her. She does not do as much as before, otherwise she is much the same as before the typhoid.

*[This note dated **about June 1930** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Kathleen. He sends her some money after her graduation from college. Original note is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

[About June 1930]

Dear Kathleen

This \$100 check you may use in any way you like. I'd like to feel that \$50 went toward the various expenditures incidental to graduation. That is what I have done for the others.

Tell us more about the young men who are attune to you that poor fellow – I do not lay up his name- is not worth a moment of your anxiety. You have done right and now do as near as you can to forgetting it-

Where are you to be in the summer

Lovingly

Father

*[This letter dated **June 23, 1930** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould, Virginia and Geraldine. The fighting has moved up the river. Some of the missionaries are stuck in Yeng Ping and can not get to Foochow because the armies have taken over the river. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.

June, 23rd. 1930.

Dear Gould, Virginia and Geraldine

On the eve of going off into the country for a week I am sending another general letter. I promise it shall be all on one sheet. This time I am off for Hok Chiang (Futsing) to help with eight hours in a Retreat for the one hundred workers in the field of the Methodist mission in that district. It must be nearly fifteen years since I have been in that region. I went there as American Consul nearly twenty years ago, deputied by the Consul here to judge six cases of alleged persecution. It is interesting that the persecution cases have ceased since the government has ceased to take the testimony of missionaries as the last word in court.

The local war has moved up river so we have not heard firing for a week or more. Report says that the general in charge of Foochow is victorious and has driven the bandits from thirty to seventy miles up river. Airplanes (hydroplanes) have been in the sky for nearly a week. Report says that they have been flying over Yeng Ping where the bandit Lu Hing Bang has his headquarters, when he does not withdraw into his mountain cave at Iu Ka.

Our people are still in Yeng Ping. They telegraph us that they are comfortable but have no prospect of getting down to Foochow. You see the river is the highway for both armies. This bandit has sealed for his use all the

launches on the upper river and not one can stir. There seems to be nothing any of us can do, - except be patient and hope and pray that the strife may cease.

Ned Smith in Ing Hok wrote me on June 20th. "Ing Tai is still in the limboes. Yesterday city surrendered to Liong Ca Ching and Uong Bing Hu was due here for magistrate. But this morning everybody has decamped and we are left alone by both sides. Who will come to fill the vacuum nobody knows. Yamen is occupied by a lonely forlorn ass to bray, in the midst of loot, also one yellow cat to help keep him company, which thing is a fact and not an allegory. Lucy (Lanktree) and all well. Schools dismissed. Don't expect me just yet, too much fun. "



Lucy B. Lanktree

HER ideal of perfection is far from easy to obtain in the country station of Ing-tai but she works with such devotion that even a furlo seems unimportant.

The weather has been not so bad. There is a shower once in a few days and the nights are so we can sleep. If one can sleep at night he can get along with most any kind of weather in the daytime.

Phebe's letter brought the news of the fire on White Hills. The Newtown Bee clipping amplified it a little- or rather her letter amplified the Bee's account. I did not get how about the insurance. I suppose the dwelling was entirely covered i.e. the Insurance Co. would put in good order again. But how about the barns? It was interesting to me that the fire companies got there so soon. Good work.

I'm glad to hear the good news of the dairy. 300 qts a day is going some. Rye is a good milk food, evidently. But you must have some fairly good cows even at that. The cows here have greatly changed for the better in the last ten years. As I look at them as I pass along the roads, there are two or three that must hit close to ten quarts a day when fresh. I'm writing of yellow cows.

For the past three weeks I have climbed the mountains once a week. I went to look after other people's houses. There are some ten families up there now. If the thirty odd at Yeng Ping should be released they would materially increase the population of Kuliang.

We have had green corn and string beans for two weeks. The Kentucky Wonder are just starting to bear. Carrots and kohlrabi and beets are still on the menu. I have quite a patch of field corn that is glazed. It will be ready to pick in ten days or so.

Did I write that Mrs. Gillette had gone to Shanghai for a serious operation? She is doing well and is expected back in a few days.

Mother is picking up all the time. The children write that we have been remarkably free from illness as a family. God has been very good to us. Are we making the best use of our health and our ability in the service of our fellows?

We still have to practice patience about the date for The WEDDING [*Gould and Virginia*]. We are holding the date!!

With lots of love to you each
Father

[This letter dated **July 5, 1930** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould and Virginia. He tells about the fighting and everyone is watching the war between Chiang and Feng and Yen. He had a good trip to Hok Chiang. He asks Gould and Virginia when their wedding is scheduled for. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China,
July 5th. 1930.

Dear Gould and Virginia:

Another rather long silence has elapsed since I last wrote. The local war drags on. Thus far the government forces have kept the rebels out of Foochow. Several airplanes hum over us daily. It is said that they go up to the home of the bandit rebel each day and terrify the people all thru the countryside. We are in daily communication with people in Yengping, Iong Kau and Shaowu. That is we get letter, telegrams and radios, we are not so sure that

they get our communications. They write that it looks as if they were being held by the bandit (who has been appointed governor of the province by his government) with the thought that they would restrict the area that the airplanes could or would work in. The bandit has promised them all kinds of protection. Everyone seems to be watching the results of the war between Chiang and Feng and Yen. If Chiang wins they think we are all right. If he fails in the north there is almost sure to be a turn over here with Lu Hing Bang in power. It is reported that he has promised his soldiers one day of looting in Foochow when they get into the city.

Sunday afternoon.

The report is that there has been heavy loss on both sides. I saw a man who lives in the village of Ma Ang, where I saw the 32 bandits some weeks ago, this morning and he said the people in that village do not stay there at night. They leave some of the old women or men and the able bodied come into the city. The men go out in the day and work a little. Harvest is almost ready for reaping and the people are wondering what they will do. But it may all be over by the day they must reap. It is very evident that the bandit Lu wants to get into the city badly.

Ellen and I had made all arrangements to go to Kuliang last Friday in the afternoon. I was to attend the reception given by the American Consul in the morning- 11:30 to 12:30. Go home and get into walking togs and snatch a bite to eat and we would be off at once and get there about 4:30. (Fourth Celebration on Kuliang 4:30 – 9 p.m.) The Am. Consul had promised to give the address of welcome and the British Consul had promised to make the reply. As President of the American Association I had interviewed both these men. I was to preside. But on the way over to the Consulate there was a very heavy shower and while there it rained again very hard. Consul Muccio said to me “What do you think the people of Kuliang would say if I telegraphed that there was so much water on the plain that I could not get up?” I replied that they would say he was very wise and that I would like to sign the telegram with him. So we sent the word. It rained hard much of the afternoon. The British Consul laughingly said to me that he would make my speech for me. Ellen and I are here and have decided to stay till the weather changes. It is not unbearable hot here while it rains so much. We sent up fruit and bread and some other food but Mrs. Leger is there and will take care of it.

I had to be here Tuesday anyway so we will not now plan to go before Thursday morning. Mr. and Mrs. McCann (Treasurer) are still here and Mr. Shepherd is with them. Mrs. Smith and Helen come from Shanghai Friday and on Saturday morning the sky was not dropping much and they with Ned went up to the mountain. They had a good day. But last night it rained hard much of the time and today is rainy with a terrific shower at 3 p.m. We have all the delicious sweet corn we can eat and carrots, Kentucky Wonders, beets, salisify cucumbers, etc.

When I returned from Hok Chiang a week ago yesterday some of my little chicks were ailing. From 32 twelve have dropped off. That week was very warm and dry. I think it was too hot for them. The 20 remaining seem to be husky. The Rhode Island Reds stand up the best. The Black Minorcas are the most frail. I think I shall not try to raise any more of them.

My trip to Hok Chiang was successful. This is we had a good trip down, a good trip home and there was a good attendance and attention all thru. There were some 75 men in attendance. Rev. Hu Ing Kuang went down with me. He is the Executive Sec'y of the Methodist mission here. He is a fine man of good physique and has a good heard on him and is a man of spiritual depth. He is a good travelling companion. A decided change has taken place in the ten years past in the relations of Chinese and foreigners as they travel together. At least this is true when I travel with the Chinese now. Formerly the foreigner had to make all arrangements and pay all the bills. Now I go as a guest. And the Chinese take thought for my comfort. When we reached the end of our launch ride we found chairs waiting for us. I had eaten breakfast at 4:45 a.m. It was a little after 9:00. Mr. Hu suggested that we have a bowl of vermicelli. This we had and also a cup of tea. When I was about to pay he said “I have seen to that.” On the launch he also arranged and paid for tea. You will recall my pleasure at being so well provided on the Shaowu trip last fall. At Hok Chiang I gave eight Bible talks, or rather Bible Studies two hours each for four days. At the second hour there were about 100 present. Many of the young men from the Anglican church had come in. It seems they were holding some kind of a conference at the same time. These young men came loaded. I guess they are not allowed much freedom in asking questions of either the Chinese or foreigners among the higher ups. “Why did God create man if he knew that man would go wrong and bring so much misery in the world?” “Where is Heaven?” “Where do we go when we die?” Can we know now whether we are going To Heaven or Hell? If Heaven is here and now, what takes place when we die? WHERE do we go? How do we know we have souls? What is the Soul? If an infant only a few days old dies what becomes of its soul? If Jesus had not died for us would there have been some other means of salvation provided? Was Judas a bad man? Well these are some of the questions that were fired at me. I talked with them about all but the one about supposing Jesus had not died. I told them I had no interest in talking on a proposition contrary to the fact. It was an interesting hour all right.

Harry Caldwell was with me at Hok Chiang. We were the only foreigners there, except a Miss Oatway of the C.M.S. Harry is a very interesting man. He is Natural Scientist of very high grade. He has a son in his teens that is way ahead of his father in some lines of natural science. Together they are publishing a book on the birds of Fukien. Other scientists in China have published such books and one was just about to publish a book, but when he saw what the Caldwells were planning he backed out saying that his work was not in the same class. A Chinese saw that blue tiger anoly [*anomaly*?] a few weeks ago in the Hok Chiang region. So he is still waiting for the hunter to get him as a rare specimen.

When is THE WEDDING? The time approaches, - it is near and we do not know the date for sure. We are sending Kathleen's letters to Silver Bay, Gould's and Geraldine's to Amityville, Marjorie's to Lorain. I guess they will be forwarded all right. Dorothy has not written a word about where they planned to spend the summer.

It looks as if I should not get homesick for want of things to do. The Union Middle School has asked me to act as treasurer. I told them I would take the name but they must find some one to do all the bookeeping. I will write checks and see to the general business. I have just audited the mission books with Mr. and Mrs. Christian to help and am told that I must again audit the University books. I did it last year and I thought that as it was a union institution some one else would do it this year. Mr. McCann is here as treasurere in Mr. McClure's place. But Mr. McCann cannot do much of the business agent's work and that is coming my way. Then there are a lot of details that he wants consultation over regarding the accounts and the banking etc. I had hoped to do more of the direct evangelistic work, perhaps I can still get it in. During the past year I have been away in the country for Retreats, Conferences and Annual Meetings five times, this does not count week ends for communion in the nearer churches.

Have I said above that I am harvesting my field corn today, - big crop, - 250 lb cobs and all.

Lovingly
Father



Gould and Virginia Beard - July 15, 1930
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

July 15, 1930



Written on back of photo: "Stanley took this on our porch after we all came down from the wedding. I think Pearl's husband is the only one you do not know."

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

This was probably taken at Century Farm after Gould and Virginia's wedding. There are relatives from the Beard and Kinney side, so it would make sense that it was a wedding of one of Willard and Ellen's children.

L to R front: Monnie with arms around unidentified girl (possibly Ruth Beard), possibly Nancy Beard (Stanley and Myra's daughter), Geraldine Beard, Dorothy Beard Newberg

Middle: Behind Monnie is Stephen Beard and the woman in glasses might be Myra Beard.

L to R standing: Unidentified man, Flora Beard, Unidentified woman, Mary Beard, Elbert Kinney, Kathleen Beard, probably Phebe M. Beard, Harold Newberg, possibly Pearle Chamberlain Tayler and William Tayler.

*[This letter, dated **July 20, 1930**, was written from Costine, Maine by Virginia (Ginny) and Gould to Willard and Ellen. They are married now and on their honeymoon in Maine. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Sunday 7:00 A.M.

7/20/30

Dear Dear Daddy and Mother-

The Wedding itself is past but what fun we're having talking and laughing over this incident and that. Dears everything was perfect except for your absence. But you made us so happy when Mother brought us your cablegram. We just nearly wept in front of all our guests. It was so very Dear and thoughtful of you.

I'm not going to tell you all about the wedding itself because onlookers can, to a better advantage. However that is as far as they can tell at all. We made a grand get away in Dan's car (he at the wheel) after running over several back lawns with one man trying to push crepe paper ?? down my neck, which he did not finally succeed in doing. Dan drove us into New Haven where we had left the car in a garage packed with all our big luggage. We each had a small bag with us on the get away. We left Seymour at 4.45 and spent the first night in Springfield and it was here that we gave each other our Love Rings and we were both most surprised for neither had any idea the other had one. Every where we turn we seem to find some product of your thoughtfulness. Wednesday we made Portland stopping enroute at Old Orchard Beach where several of the Atlantic flight take offs have been made. Thursday afternoon we arrived at our destination a small summer hotel at Costine, Maine. It's way down on the tip of a peninsula in Penobscott Bay and our room looks right out over part of the Bay. Right now it looks like millions of little diamonds sparkling on it with the morning sun. Yesterday was the only poor day we've had thus

far. We'll leave here either Wed. or Thurs. Plan to spend one nite in Putnam, get to Sey. on Saturday and go on home Sunday after packing everything. We had perfectly beautiful gifts.

Much love

Ginny and Gould

[*Added by Gould*]

Ginny forgot to say that Harold Newberg assisted in the get-away by closing the ?? on a small bridge. Ginny was the prettiest bride I ever saw. She wore her mother's wedding gown slightly altered. We'll write more fully later.

Love Ginny and Gould



Written on back of photo: "7/15/30 Myron Gould Beard and Virginia Blatchley Space Beard making their get away to start their honeymoon up in Castine, Maine from the Space's back door while Lillian Space (Ginny's twin) along with Gould's cousin Wells Beard of Shelton, Conn. made a false get away from the front door and down the front 22 steps to the street and a waiting car."

[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Taken the day after Gould and Virginia's wedding at Lordship Beach, south of Shelton on the Connecticut coast.



Lordship July 16, 1930 [Lordship Beach, CT -south of Shelton on the coast of Connecticut]
 Left to right sitting at left: Probably Oliver Gould Beard, Jr., probably Nancy Beard, Geraldine Beard, possibly Phebe M. Beard.
 Standing left to right: Possibly Anna Beardsley (Oliver's 2nd wife to be), Dorothy, Harold, possibly Phebe M. Beard, unknown lady,
 Sitting middle of photo left to right: Mary Beard with niece, Ruth Beard in her lap, unknown woman in hat, Stephen Beard lying in front of Monnie Beard and Flora Beard.
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This typewritten letter dated **July 20, 1930** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Century Farm, Geraldine, Marjorie, Oliver, Grace, Ben and Abbie. They are on Kuliang now. Hu Ling Bang decided to let the missionaries who are stuck in Yeng Ping to come on down to Foochow. Mr. Shepherd is to go up and bring them back. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Kuliang] Foochow, China
 July 20th. 1930.

Dear Century Farm, Geraldine, Marjorie, Oliver, Grace, Ben, Abbie:-

This is Kuliang instead of Foochow. Since I wrote last, Mother and I have moved up to Kuliang. We came up July 10th, Thursday. On July 14th, Monday I went down again. When Mr. Thelin went home the middle of June it left the Union High School with no treasurer. They have elected me to that position. The teachers are paid on the 15th of the month and I had to go down for that. On Wednesday while in Foochow I went to the Consulate. The Consul had just received a telegram from Yeng Ping to the effect that the bandit Lu Hing Bang was willing to let the foreigners come to Foochow. Mr. Shepherd was asked to come up with a launch to bring them down. Then followed a long list of surgical dressings and drugs that they were in need of. I rather had to stay to see what the result was to be. Mr. Shepherd arrived from Kuliang that evening. After three days of negotiations the American Consul, the British Consul and Shepherd left Foochow on two launches to bring the people down from Yeng Ping. A postal came to me an hour ago saying that they were leaving Upper Bridge (five miles above Foochow) at 11 a.m. Saturday, "With military approval." That is not very swift progress. They were supposed to have all military approval on Thursday.

I came up to the mountain on Friday morning. This is the fifth time I have climbed this mountain this year. The weather in Foochow was not bad last week. I could sleep nights and when I can do that all goes well. Thus far this year here it has been pretty wet. Not as bad as last year. When I went down last Monday p.m. I left the house here at 3:00 p.m. walked leisurely down the mountain with a very threatening cloud in my face. It sprinkled a little when I got near the foot. Just as I reached the temple at the foot rain and wind burst at the same moment as if to tear the universe to shreds. For fifteen minutes it was almost a tornado. Water fell in sheets – half an inch in less than an hour. The yard of the temple had a foot of water on it. The road was a small river rushing like a will race. In the temple with me were two chair coolies. I asked what they would take me across the plain to the next village for. They said one dollar. I finally got them for sixty cents. I figured that there would be much water on the road as far as the next village and from there on to Foochow not much. The coolies waded in water on the road as far as the next village and from there on to Foochow not much. The coolies waded in water half to their knees much of the way. I then walked dry to Foochow city, got a ricksha just outside the East gate, found water under the gate so got home dry. If I had not found the ricksha outside the gate I would have got wet feet wading under the gate.

Ellen had an engagement to practice for a sing at the Club at 4:00 p.m. She started and got about three minutes on the way when the storm struck her. She was wet to the skin in half a minute. She tried to get under Mr. Sills house but the wind blew so there was no protection. She of course went home as soon as the storm abated so she could get home. The wind blew the rain into the rooms so Mr. Mobb's bed was wet thru. It is only a little damage to the house.

Friday at about noon two launches started for Yeng Ping as I wrote about. A telegram received this morning says they reached Yeng Ping yesterday afternoon. I plan to go down tomorrow and wait till they come down with the Storrs and the Shepherds and Mrs. Bliss and I do not know how many more. I shall see them up to the mountain if possible.

Foochow College has received a gift of over \$5000.00 gold from a woman in Cala. thru her will I believe. I am glad this has come just at this time for the man now Principal of Foochow College is inclined to say that the Board is not as generous with the Chinese at the head of institutions as it was when missionaries were at the head. The school has not had as large a gift as this in twenty years or more.

The cable telling us that THE WEDDING was over that two people had been made one, came through in about eight hours. It was good of them to send it. But how we do want to hear all about THE WEDDING. And we want the account from different ones. It was most fortunate that some one wrote that they had heard that the wedding was to be on the 15th for we had in mind the 19th all the time. I do hope that our cable reached them.

There are only four houses now for rent on Kuliang. Communists hold Kuling and Mokansang, and the people are coming here.

I would enjoy riding the mowing machine over the farm these days, and seeing the barns fill with hay, but I'll have to wait about three years. We had new corn meal mush for breakfast the other morning. When I think of the misery all about us here and then reflect on the pleasant paths in which we are walking, I try to do justice, love, mercy and walk humbly with my God.

Very lovingly
Father and brother Will

*[This letter, dated **July 29, 1930**, was written from Copiague, NY by Gould and Ginny to Willard and Ellen. Gould and Ginny are back from their honeymoon. They were able to visit Dot, Harold, Monny, Uncle Elbert, Aunt Emma. They hope Ellen is over her sickness (typhoid fever). Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

July 29, 1930
Copiague, NY.

Dear Father and Mother:

This is our first letter to you after getting back into our home. We have been home keepers for two days now. Virginia is making just the nicest little home here. We aren't really settled down yet, but we are not rushing that.

We stayed in Costine, M. until the 24th, then made Putnam in one hop of 346 miles in 1 ½ hours [11 ½ hours is more likely]. It was pretty fast driving on the open roads, but we made it easier than I had anticipated.

It happened to be Uncle Elberts birthday on the day we arrived. Dot, Harold and Monny were there, having arrived that afternoon and we had a lot of fun with Uncle E. Aunt Emma looks very well and seems happier than I have seen her for a long time. Uncle E. gets younger in spirit every year.

As Ginny and I had to make Seymour that nite we took a picnic lunch to Mashpog, Union and Nit.Otuck[*Naugatuck?*], where we ate lunch with cousin Dede Lawson. At 8:00 P.M. we were at the Space home and at 9:00 we called on the Aunts at the farm. Saturday we packed what gifts Lillian and Bob had not gotten to during our honeymoon. Sunday A.M. we were off. Sunday P.M. we had all parcels unpacked and the glass ware all washed and put away.

In the evening in our bathing suits we went to the beach for a swim.

Wed. Morning.

I went to sleep trying to finish this letter and I guess it sounds rather sketchy.

We hav'nt been out on any dinners or parties yet but we have accepted an invitation to a bridge party tomorrow nite at Mrs. Jervis', our land lady's house.

Mothers two special delivery air mail letters and fathers letter was waiting for us when we arrived back from our honeymoon. The packages have'nt arrived yet but that's all right. I don't think the extra postage will do much good. We have US special delivery here at Amityville or rather Copiague. Our P.O. Box is in Amityville 517 and they will not deliver outside the town. As near as I can tell from Mothers minute description, the things will be just right. We are eagerly awaiting their arrival.

We both send love and hope by this time that Mother is strong and all over her sickness [*typhoid fever*].

Your son and daughter- Gould and Ginny.

[This letter, dated Aug. 15, 1930, was written from Amityville, NY by Gould and Ginny to Willard and Ellen. They write on their one month anniversary. They received a cablegram from Willard and Ellen on their wedding day and were touched by it. They wonder if Willard and Ellen will have to leave China before their term is out because of communism. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Aug 15, 1930
P.O.B. 517.
Amityville, L.I., N.Y.

Dear Father and Mother:

Tonite Ginny reminded me that it was our first month anniversary and I must write and tell you about our first month together.

To begin with, it has'nt been half as hard getting adjusted to married life as I had been given to think by talking with other married men. In fact is seemed rather naturel. Nothing this month has strained my mode of living on my inhibitions or created a hard thing for me to get accustomed to. Perhaps it is because I never have gotten into a set way of living and have been forced to adapt myself to frequent and great changes in my mode of living. I am almost surprised at the way things seem to pan out- namely very much as I had dreamed they would be.

During our honeymoon we just took things easy and did only as much as we wanted to do. We took plenty of time to get acquainted; got up reasonably late and to bed early. Most of our day was spent by ourselves swimming or in a boat or playing tennis or walked. We got plenty of sleep and we both needed it and profited by it.

Perhaps the reason we hav'nt found it hard to adapt ourselves to each other is that we were together so much last winter. Ginny was at our house almost every week end we learned to know each others ways and habits before we were married. Then too Ginny is a very optimistic and cheery little girlie and she has a way of making the best of every situation that comes along.

We have entertained twice already since establishing ourselves in this country home of ours, and I am real proud of the way Ginny does things up.

Our wedding gifts we carted down in two trips from Conn. and we had the car full each time. Most of them we have unpacked and have on display. The table cloth and runners came while we were away on our honeymoon, but Ginny is as tickled and proud of it as of any other thing she got. Everyone who has seen it thinks it is one beautiful piece.

We just have told you before that your cablegram came before the wedding but they kept it until the reception and presented it to us on a bible opened to the passages you designated. Uncle Stanley offered to send a reply immediately and we wrote it while eating the wedding cake and it was sent before we got away. We had planned to send the cable to you at our first nights destination.

Father's two letters have arrived this week. I must read them over again to get all there is in them and all that you want me to get for you.

The papers do not give us very encouraging news from China. Your letters bear out what we have read. We sometimes wonder whether the Communists will let you stay your term out. It seems too awfully bad that the Russians have been able to get such a hold of the ignorant Chinese peasants. I suppose that anything is better to the masses and peasant hords than the oppression they have been living under in recent years. When one grinds all the daylight hours for a mere stomach full of food and gets half of that taken away by his rulers there isn't much left to be loyal or law abiding for.

We think of you as enjoying the friends at the mountain. Monny leaves for Labrador in two weeks and paid us a visit the first of the week.

Our love to you – Gould and Ginny



Written on back: "Aug. 17, 1930"

Marjorie (left) pictured with three unidentified women shortly before she left for Labrador, Canada.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Marjorie Aug. 24 1930

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Beards at the beach



Written in album: "Jones's Beach L.I. 1930"

Left to right: Stephen, Myra, Ruth, Stanley, Nancy

Left to right: Myra, Ruth, Stanley, Nancy, Stephen, Gould

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This typewritten letter dated Oct. 12, 1930 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. Dot has heard from the American Board that Willard and Ellen are on their way back to the states because Willard is ill. She and Harold bought a new Hupmobile car. Their cousin, Donald Hume, will be getting married in November. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 No. bond St.
Saginaw, Mich.
Oct. 12, 1930.

Dear Jerry;

I don't know whether I dare attempt a typewritten letter to you- an expert- or not. No, it isn't our machine, but one [of] our summer inmates left by mistake and are calling for it this week some time. I am just stealing a try at it while it is here. Naughty, eh?

What did you think of that letter from the Amer. Board? Wasn't it a shock to you? It certainly was to me. We'll all be most delighted to see them back in this country but it must be a great disappointment to them to have to leave before their term is up. I don't suppose they will go back, do you? Of course, it will all depend on how successful the operation is, I suppose. Have you heard anything about Father's being ill? Do you suppose that it is the same operation that Grandfather and Uncle Oliver had? He has had a little of that trouble, hasn't he? It just doesn't seem possible that they will be here in less than a month, does it? I wonder if they will consider stopping here and in Oberlin, or whether they are planning to go right straight through to the East and have the operation as soon as possible and if it is near enough to the week-end, we will drive them down to Oberlin. I suppose the stop-off would be more expensive than a through trip.

Myrtle and Chet Johnson are going down to Ann Arbor with us to the Mich.-Ill. game on the 25th of Oct. The Lappinems are teaching in Ypsilanti this year. They have invited all of us to come out to their house after the game to stay over Sat. night, so we will have a gala week-end. I wish you were out here so that we could repeat that week-end of two years ago, was it? I have written Kathleen to get Hugh to bring her up if she can. She wrote that she was so smart last semester that she got on the senior exemption list this year - - meaning that she can have as many class cuts as she wants. She would have to cut all of her Sat. Classes.

We are having such beautiful weather here now. I went to S.S. this morning without a coat. Girls were out to the H.S. football game yesterday with silk dresses and no coats. I hope it is like this for our game in Ann Arbor.

You can't possibly guess what we have gone and done!! Bought a new car!! The salesman came around with a most astounding offer of a brand new Hup 8 five passenger coupe. That is, it had been driven just 1000 miles and then was turned in and the owner bought a Packard. It surely is the smartest looking car I've seen. The only feature I don't like about it is that the back seat is a little too near to the front seat. There is a plenty of room, except when you want to stretch your feet out to rest them. We took a good long [time] to think it over before we got it, and while it is a bit "out of our class" we really didn't pay much more for it than we would have for a new six. I felt almost ashamed to ride in it at first. Harold was just so keen on getting it that I knew he'd always regret it if we didn't get it so I didn't have the heart to put my foot down on it. I surely admit that it was almost too good a bargain to let it slip by. It really won't cost us very much more to run it, either. We are getting about 13 miles on a gallon, and will get more after we have run it a little more. I'm crazy to have you see it. It drives like "nobody's business" and you feel like a million dollars when you ride in it.

Well, Monnie must be up there by this time, and nicely started in her work. I wonder if we will get any more letters from her. Those two letters to her from that girl were very interesting and I imagine must have been very helpful to Monnie.

Yesterday we got our davenport back from being all done over. It is beautiful - - looks just like new. How I wish you could come out here sometime soon to see our little house. It is all "fixed up" now. I do hope that Mother and Father will stop so that they can see it.

I had a letter from Ish this summer saying that she was expecting another little one sometime in Oct. The other day there came a cute little announcement of the birth of a little boy - - Richard Ripley - - on the 2nd of Oct. She is plain lucky to get just what she wanted - - a girl and a boy.

My school Volley-Ball games start this Tues. I think I have a fairly good team, but, of course, you never can tell until they come up against another team. We play a game every week for six weeks.

Have you heard about THE WEDDING next month? Kathie wrote me about it. Donald is to be married the Sat. of Thanksgiving week. I guess it is to be quite an affair, with a hotel reception and dinner after the wedding. It is at five o'clock with reception at six, so the dress will be formal. Kathleen very much wants me to go down to go with her, as the rest of the family is going down for Thanksgiving and she doesn't want to go alone. I don't know about it. Harold very much wants to go the Galesburg for Th--. His mother is to have a minor operation tomorrow

morning - - some "female trouble", Grace says. Harold wants to go home and see how everything is. I may go to the wedding anyway. I wonder if Mother and Father will try to go. I suppose that by that time Father will have had his operation and will not be well enough to go.

Harold's sister, Grace, has been engaged since last Christmas and was married a few weeks ago. She is still working and they are living with the Newbergs.

What about the things we ordered from China? I suppose we will have to go without them. You said that you had some things that you were going to send - - some things that just came. I am anxious to get them and begin selling them.

Was I glad to get that box of linens from you!! Thanks you so much for sending them. I shall be careful of them and you send for them any time that you want them. I have already used some of them, and, judging from the compliments and praises on them, I ought to be able to sell lots like them

How is Aunt Grace now? I haven't heard anything about her since I left the East. At the time we left, she seemed to be failing pretty fast, mentally, at least. Does Uncle Oliver continue to improve?

Do you really think that you can use my old fur coat? It's yours if you can. I don't want to send it clear out there if you can't use it. I think there is enough good fur in it to make a short coat out of it if that is still what you want. I am not going to use it at all, but I shall wait for word from you to send it. Let me know right away if you want it.

How are you fixed for clothes for the winter. If I can help you at all, let me know. Do you need underwear? I can get some quite reasonable, I think, if the sale is still on.

If you are ever in New York and have any spare time, I wonder if you will go to Macy's and have them send me one of those vegetable grinders C.O.D. I sold mine to the folks at the farm and never did get another one. I would send for one, but I don't know just what to ask for. Maybe you can call them up from Aunt Molly's if you know the proper name for it. Thank you.

This is quite some letter for me to be writing on this thing. Now I'll have to look it over carefully for mistakes, since it is going to an "expert"!

Much love to all the folks there and much more for yourself. Tell Dorothy that I haven't forgotten that I owe her a letter. That was a nice letter that she wrote me.

Write again soon,

Dot.



BREAKFAST

: o :

Stewed Fruits

Orange Juice Apple Orange Figs
Watercress Spring Onion Garden Radish

1 Kelloggs Corn Flakes 2 National Zwieback Toast

3 Triscuits 4 Force

5 Snow Flake Oats 6 Cream Wheat

7 Fried Whiting with Lemon 8 Yarmouth Bloater

9 Chicken Liver and Bacon Brochette, Olive Sauce

10 Meat Curry and Rice

Potatoes, Boiled and Sauteed

11 Broiled Kamakura Ham 12 Breakfast Virginian Bacon

To Order from the Grill 5 or 10 minutes

13 Aitchbone Steak, Smothered Onion

14 Loin of Pork Chop, Apple Jelly

Scrambled Eggs:- 15 Fresh Tomato 16 Smoked Salmon

17 Chopped Ox Tongue 18 Mushroom 19 Green Peas

20 Lyonnaise and Plain

21 Poached Eggs in Fresh Milk and Plain

Omelets:- 22 Asparagus 23 Spinach 24 Striped Chicken

25 Shrimp 26 Cheese 27 Strawberry Jam and Plain

Eggs:- 28 Boiled 29 Fried 30 Turnover 31 Baked Eggs

32 Black Butter 33 Opera 34 Marengo and Eggs To Order

COLD MEAT

35 Roast Leg of Lamb 36 Corned Ox Tongue

(EXTRA) Misoshiru and Kazunoko

SWEET

37 Semolina Cakes with Honey or Maple Syrup

38 Ginger Snap 39 Hot Rolls

Brown Bread Toast Dry and Buttered

Jam Marmalade

Cracker Biscuits

Teas:- Green, China, Oolong, Lipton, Coffee, Cocoa, Chocolate,
Kaffee Hag, Instant Postum and Ovaltine

M. S. "CHICHIBU MARU" Meridian Day, October 22nd, 1930.

Willard and Ellen returned to the U.S. on the Chichibu Maru in October of 1930.



M.S. "Chichibu Maru",
Suki-yaki Party.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]



M.S. "Chichibu Maru",
Suki-yaki Party.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated Nov. 4, 1930, was written by Ginny to Darling (Gould or Willard?). She refers to Willard's upcoming operation. Gould and Ginny are going to Cambridge, Mass. for the Harvard-Michigan football game. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tuesday nite
11/4/30

Dear Darling-

You had better start right now to take a good long and deep breath for I am going to squeeze every bit of it out when I'm able to put my arms around you. For it is a long stored up hug.

Daddy your very welcome letter came to nite and we are so glad that you are as comfortable as your letter makes us feel you are. But we don't blame you a particle for wanting to get the operation over with as soon as possible and get rid of the nuisance.

We expect to see you for 15 min, Friday nite about 9 o'clock then we'll have to go on to Seymour and pick up my Dad and Mother and beat it for Putnam where we are staying over nite and then we are all going on to Cambridge the next morning for the Michigan-Harvard game. It is our one splurge this fall and we have looked toward it all fall. Then we'll be back in Shelton Sunday afternoon.

My Dears the Lacquer finally came through from the customs the first part of lat week and they certainly are beautiful and we re absolutely crazy about them. They came in perfect condition. There wasn't even a chip on a single piece.

Now we must slip into bed now for we're trying to get to bed before 10 every nite this week.

Until Friday nite.

Much Much Love
Ginny

[This letter, dated **Nov. 4, 1930**, was written by Gould to Willard and Ellen. Willard and Ellen are back in the U.S. for Willard's operation in New Haven. The airplane business is slow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, daughter of Willard F. Beard.]

[November 4, 1930]

Dear Father and Mother:

Your letter mailed from Frisco came tonite. Tomorrow we hope to talk to you in Shelton and Friday nite we will see you for a few minutes. We will be on our way to the Michigan –Harvard game at Cambridge.

I really have felt useless about helping you make plans for your operation. I supposed rightly that you would want it done in New Haven. Probably you will make arrangements thru Dr. ?? Smith or Uncle Stanley.

After you get on your feet again you and Mother must come down and spend some time with Ginny and me. We have a lovely little cottage rite by the side of the canal. We have it all settled and ready now for guests and the family. Ginny knows how to make a home a real little love nest. She's a little dear sweetheart.

The lacquer came a couple of weeks ago and we have admired it and had it admired ever since. We don't quite know whether the two sets of table[?] were most p?? or not. We think if you don't mind we will keep the round tray, the black bowl and the small blue vases as part of the wedding present.

The airplane business is as slow if not slower than the other manufacturing industries. I hardly have enough to keep me busy right now. We have one experimental plane that requires a little attention when the shop is not making changes on it.

Mother Dear, I don't know whether I have followed all your advice, but I'm quite sure I hav'nt made a complete mess of being a loving husband.

We'll see your soon,
Our love to you.
Gould.

[This letter dated **Nov. 9, 1930** was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. Dorothy and Kathleen were able to see Willard and Ellen in Toledo and found them to be looking in good health. Dot talks about getting Ellen a fur coat from everyone. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 No. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich.
Nov., 9, 1930.

Dear Jerry:-

By this time you have heard all about the very exciting reunion at Toledo, and have had yours at Shelton. Isn't it grand to see Father and Mother again, and to see them both so well- (compared to what I expected to see.) I was afraid they'd both look very much thinner and a little older, so it was a happy surprise to see them both so happy and well.

I'm terribly ashamed of myself for not getting that coat to you for this week-end when you were in Shelton. I sent it yesterday. I put a battery, for the little bug light I gave you last Christmas, in the pocket of the coat. You may not even have the rest of the light by now. How long does that little thing last? I don't want anything for the coat. I got my money's worth out of it alright. I certainly gave it lots of wear. I only hope that you find enough good fur in it to get a coat out of it. Let it be part of my Christmas present to you.

The new Hup performs to perfection and is very comfortable to ride in.

I haven't heard, before Kathie told me in Toledo, that you were playing cello in that trio with Dorothy. It must be heaps of fun.

I'll be glad to sell your linens and lacquers for you- that is, try to. Did Mother show you all that she brought to you? Aren't they pretty? Aren't you doing any selling at all now? If you aren't, I might be able to sell those that she brought. She told me that those linens that Gould thought might be his are the ones she sent you. Are you going to keep those, or send them to me, too? I was glad to get the tea, and have sold all but one of the medium boxes and the big boxes already. I think I can sell it all, so will wait and send the money altogether, or would you rather have me send some along now?

I would really love to go to Oberlin and to Don's wedding for Thanksgiving, but Harold is so anxious to go to Galesburg and I'm afraid will feel rather hurt if I don't go, too. The more I think of it, the more I want to go East for Christmas, since most of the family is going to be there. I'm game to try it in the car, but Harold is a little leery about that. Well, we'll see.

I thought of Gould and Ginney Sat. at the Howard game. I guess Gould was happy over the victory. We drove down to see the Mich.-Ill. game, and want to see Notre Dame play in Chicago on our way back from Galesburg on the Sat. of Thanks- week.

Thank you for sending Pearl's letter. It was interesting.

Kathie and I were talking about Don's wedding gift [*Etta Kinney Hume's son, Donald married Helen Mitchell on November 30, 1930.*]. What would you say to you two and us two giving them a pair of lacquer vases all together? Mother gave them Chinese linen. Would that be enough for them? I think so. If you have already sent all of your lacquers to me, I'll send it from here. If you haven't, you send it from there- from us four- providing you think that is O.K.

Also- how about us four giving something, together, to Leolyn [*Leolyn 2nd*]. Did you get an announcement? I don't know what Mother gave her- probably linen.

When I was in Toledo with Mother, I asked her if she'd like a fur coat. She intimated that she would. Do you suppose that it would be possible to interest enough of the family and relatives there in the East so that we could get Mother about a \$100 fur coat, and Father a good heavy winter coat for Christmas. Fur coats are so low now, especially if you can find one that is a last year's coat and cut on straight lines rather than fitted. Mine is a really good coat for just \$100. Ask Gould about it, and the Aunts. You and Kathie ought not to go in so heavy. If we could get enough, I'll like to get them as soon as possible, so that they can have them for all winter. Father whispered in my ear "If you get Mother a fur coat, I'll go in to the extent of \$50. for both of them- not each- but both."

I'm trying to think about what Dorothy would like for her college room next year- for Christmas. What did she think of the towels? Were they a dumb gift? Last Christmas when Kathleen and Monnie were here, Kathie saw a cute little tea set with a tea-pot and six little cups (straight without handles) in a little gift shop, and was delighted with them. She got them for Gidge, for she said that they had nothing in the room to entertain with when they wanted to serve anything. I was in a cute little Japanese gift shop last night and saw a set very much like the one Kathie bought and wondered whether or not Dotty would use a think like that in her college room. Is there any way you could find out without her suspecting, or could you advise me by what you already know. Or is there anything that you know she wants? Please let me know as soon as you can.

How are we going to divide up the relatives this year? You ought not to take very many. I don't know how Kathie is fixed. Maybe we could get Mother and Father to help us out this year. I'm going to be able to do a little bit more this year because of my Christmas Club money. I just paid my last payment this week and now have \$100. Altho if we go east and if we get those coats for Mother and Father, it will reduce that \$100 considerably. Harold has \$100, too and we won't be very likely to use all of it on his family, because there aren't so many.

Answer this P.D.Q. and very thoroughly please.

Love – Dot.

[*This letter dated Nov. 20, 1930 was written from New Haven, Conn. hospital by Willard to Geraldine. Willard is undergoing bladder tests in the hospital. He will be operated on in the morning. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

New Haven Hospital
N. 2- Room 202
New Haven, Conn. Nov. 20th 1930

Dear Geraldine:-

Last evening I wrote you a postal- the nurse said she would see that it was mailed this morning. I can write with a pencil and write postals with little trouble. The letters I give to Mother when she comes in and she mails them. Your letter of yesterday was waiting for me as I came up from the Photograph Gallery. Dr. Denning sure is going to find out all there is to be known about my bladder and the adjacent organs. I put a sentence on the postal to the effect that he looked into the bladder yesterday. He put an electric light bulb right down into it. With mirrors he is able to see much of it. But he wanted to know if there were what are called pockets, pushed out by the distension caused by the obstructing prostate. So this morning he had an X-ray taken.

You write that you will send a draft to Ling Dai Mi. It will be better for him and for you to allow me to send him my private check- I agreed with him to do this. I shall send my private check made out to order and crossed so as one can get the cash on it and only the one to whom I make it out can deposit it and he must deposit in the H & S Bank in Foochow. So it is safe as anything can be in this world. I shall likely send it to Mr. McCann. Then Dai Mi will call on Mr. McCann and get his money. If you get a draft you will have to pay for Exchange. Instead of sending him a draft just send me your private check.

Please thank Uncle Raymond and Aunt Molly for their love. I'll sure be down to see them sometime if all goes well. I imagine that the operation will come sometime next week. I do not have any hope of being with you all at Century Farm for Thanksgiving in person. I'll be there in thought and spirit all right.

A good letter came from Dr. Mark H. Ward of the Board in Boston this morning. This is the fourth or fifth received from different ones there since getting home. Since we went to Foochow in 1894 there has been two turnovers (three turnovers) in the Board Rooms. When we went Dr. Nathaniel B. Clarke was the senior Secretary, with Dr. Judson Smith. Both those went. Mr. Langdon S. Ward was Treasurer and Mr. Swett business agent, both went then came Dr. Jas. L. Barton, Dr. Wm. E. Strong, Dr. Cornetius Patton Secretary. They have just been superannuated. Frank H. Wiggin Treasurer and John Hosmer business agent are gone. Now it is Fred Field Goodsall Executive Vice President and no Secretaries. Harvey L. Meeken Bus. Agent and Frederick A. Gaskins- so I am now corresponding with the third set of officers, since we were connected with the Board.

Last night was a beauty. Every time I awoke the stars twinkled to me telling me they were awake and watching over the world. I note that people are more warmly dressed as they walk along the street this morning.

11:45 a.m. Dr. Denning has just been in to say that with all his tests he can find nothing wrong with bladder and kidneys and he will operate tomorrow morning. As he left, his last words were "Everything is in your favor." It is just two months ago that I began to realize that this operation was necessary- and since then all our plans have been made looking forward to this. Looked at from one point- it is a tremendous expenditure of time, strength and money. Looked at from another point. What wonderful achievements men have been able to make under God's guidance in repairing the human body. Another fact has greatly impressed me- when one is in such a condition as I am, how it draws out the good will- the friendliness of everyone. Perhaps this is one of the ways that people keep good and kind and friendly, and it helps us when it is we that are laid up for repairs, to know that we are helping draw out the pent up good in others.

Yesterday afternoon Mother bro't in Gould's and Virginia's letter. My but it helps lots to get these letters and the calls. Will you forward this to Gould and Virginia please.

Lots of love to you and all
Father.

[This letter, dated Nov. 21, 1930, was written by Ginny (Virginia) to Ellen. Ginny is glad to hear that Willard is doing well and is looking forward to Thanksgiving. She refers to being happy over the prospects (she is pregnant). Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Friday nite
11/21/30

Dearest Mother-

I'm spending my first evening alone since we've been married. Pretty good I think. Honey has gone to a Masonic Banquet and meeting, so I am trying desperately to catch up on some of my long over due correspondence.

I wonder if you have even a fraction of an idea how thrilled, fascinated, and delighted I am with the tablecloth. It's just simply marvelous, and nothing less. I certainly will be one proud hostess when the occasion arises for me to grace my table with that beautiful cloth.

My but I'm glad to hear the good news about Daddy. He just has to come through with flying colors for he has so much to look forward to.

We're just counting the time till Thursday when we can see him and when we can all be together. It's going to be just loads of fun all sitting around one table for one great big very Thankful Thanksgiving.

We are picking Lillian up in Jamaica and Jerry in Mt. Vernon and bringing them both along. Will drop Jerry in Shelton but will spend the nite in Seymour for you will surely have a house full and then we'll be back sometime in the late morning. I have got to go see the Doctor sometime that morning, for I haven't seen him since we've discovered our secret.

Oh Mother, Honey and I are so Happy over the prospects. The more we think and talk about it the more delighted we are.

Goodnite and Sweet dreams.

Much Love
Ginny

[This letter dated Dec. 8, 1930 was written from the New Haven, Conn. hospital by Willard to Geraldine. Willard would like Geraldine to send him a Chinese jade breastpin for his caring nurse. He is pleased with all the visitors and letters and cablegrams he has received. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

N. 2. Room 202
New Haven Hospital
New Haven, Conn.
Dec. 8th 1930

Dear Geraldine-

If you still have those jade breastpins, will you select the least expensive one and get it to me- I want to remember Mrs. Meagher my nurse with some little token. She has been very faithful and her first tho't has been for me- since first she came. If she does not get all things ready to leave me for the night when 7 p.m. arrives, she stays till they are ready. She has been specially good about my meals.

All goes well as far as I can make out from doctors and nurses. I have a little faint hope of spending next Sunday at Shelton- I have not dared express it.

I hope you are at work on your new job and that you like it. Where will you live?

I suppose the simplest way to get that little pin to me is to put it in a little box and mail it.

Tuesday a.m.

Who do you suppose called Sunday? - Mr. and Mrs. Space. And who yesterday? Cousin Vinnie and Lu Turner and Mrs. Taintor, but its nice to have these surprises. People are good and kind and thoughtful.

Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary are taking turns staying with Uncle Oliver. I marvel at the way those two girls get around to help people and bring sunshine into so many lives. That is a very real way of expressing Jesus to people. *[Oliver's wife, Grace Gilbert Beard, has probably died by this time.]*

Yesterday I received two cablegrams from Foochow- from former students. On Dec. 6 a new cable was opened between China and the U.S. and the Chinese had the privilege of sending 25 words free. Three of my former students availed themselves of the opportunity. Mother replied to the first one and I know the young man was tickled pink to get the answer. Mother got a lot of information about me into it- the first information about me to reach Foochow since we got to San Francisco.

I'm doing finely tell everybody

Lovingly

Father

[This letter, dated Dec. 10, 1930, was written from Amityville, NY by Gould and Ginny to Ellen. He tells Ellen when radio broadcasts are made to Canada for Monnie. He says that their secret is not a secret anymore (the pregnancy). Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

P.O.B. 517.
Amityville, L.I., N.Y.
Dec 10, 1930.

Dear Mother:

We wrote to find out when the Xmas messages are broadcasted to the north. Send a short message to Canadian Westinghouse Co. Ltd., P.O.B. 390, Montreal, Canada. It should be there not later than the 21st as they have to pick their time, usually 11-12 p.m. Saturday nite or Xmas nite. They send it gratis.

You forgot to send fathers glove size. Could you please just drop us a card with it on as Ginny wants to shop Monday. We have divided the families as follows.

Gould and Ginny- Aunt Flora, Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra, Edith, Uncle Oliver and Aunt Grace, Leolyn and Fred.

Harold and Dot- Aunt Phebe, Uncle Elbert, Stephen, Wells, Uncle Ben and Aunt Abbie

Gerry and Kathleen- Aunt Mary, Nancy, Ruth, Dan, Aunt Emma

I will send either you or Uncle Stanley a check for our share of Aunt Floras quilt. Dot and Harold we are getting a piece of table silver in their pattern. For Kathleen we are putting in with Gerry and the rest in the suit case. Gerry we are getting underwear or we think she needs clothes.

Last year Aunt Etta asked us not to give to their family so they would not feel obliged to return any gifts. Unless we hear different we will do the same this year.

You may tell the little secret now for it is no longer a secret. How is father now? Do you think he can come home soon? Ginny feels a little better these days and I hope the rest of the time won't bother her so much.

Give our love to Father and all our love to you-
Gould and Ginny.

[This letter dated Dec. 10, 1930 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. She mentions Jerry's new job at the New York library. She and Harold enclose an accounting of the Chinese things that were sold and not sold. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Saginaw, Mich.
Dec., 10, '30

Dear Jerry:-

Kathleen did send on your letter about your new job. It sounds very interesting. The New York Library sounds like about as attractive a place to work in, as you could find.

This letter will have to be short as I haven't much time, so I'll get right to "business".

Enclosed you'll find a list of all the things you sent and what is sold and what is not sold. Harold is my secretary-treasurer and I'm the sales-lady. He has it all down in black and white, and has written a check for what we have collected. We thought you might be able to use the money at this season of the year. We are still trying to sell as much as we can before Xmas. I know I can sell more tea. About the tea- I have always sold the small boxes for 50 cents. Some of your small boxes came marked 40 cents. Aunt Mary's came marked 65 cents. What's the idea? Is there more tea in some of the boxes than in others, or is it the difference in lacquered and plain boxes or what? I'm selling them all for 50 cents and making up the difference, for fear the people won't understand the change of price- since I don't understand it myself. I'll hold the tea and sell it as I can.

Lillian Ryman said that she and her sister would be interested in the big grass linen dinner cloth and napkins at \$35. From the way she said it, I took it that she was pretty sure of taking, so will you please send it.

I'll wait to hear from you as to whether or not I shall send the lavender flower bowl to Leolyn. I'll send you the money for both gifts together soon.

Let's get Mother a cloth coat with real pretty fur trimming for Xmas. Do you think she could get a good one for \$50? If so, I'll put in \$20. I guess Father would put in that much. Or I'll go \$15., Father \$15, and each of you and Gould and Punk \$5. Is that O.K.? If we aren't getting a fur coat, we can keep it in the immediate family, can't we? I just don't know what to get for Father. I guess I'll write Mother, and you write Aunt Phebe. Yes, you get K.'s suit-case.

Is it surely settled that Mother and Father are going to take care of all of the Aunts and Uncles?- with us? That is, do we include their names on our cards for the children, and vice versa? If we are taking just the children, we'll let Gould take Uncle Stanley's children, Dan and Wells, you take Uncle Raymond, Aunt Molly, and Roger, (you take Edith Louise, too.) since you are staying there. Kathleen wants to take Aunt Etta, Uncle W. and Millie. I'll take Don, Myron and Fulton and Dotty. I think I shall give something to the Farm Aunts for being so kind to us in the summer. I feel, too, as if I still owed them lots for our wedding. Enclosed is a list of the above.

I told you that the dress was your last year's Xmas present. Isn't there any big thing you want this Christmas.

If Gould and Ginny are really thinking of getting an electric washer, let's give them money toward that.

I'm afraid you'd better not count on us for Christmas. We don't want to drive so far at such an uncertain time of the year- for weather. I don't know that I'd feel at all safe on the bus either, and the train is too expensive- so I guess we'd better stay home and save money to pay for the car. It'll be a lonely Christmas. I wonder if Punk will go East anyway, or whether she'll come up here. Our Christmas party is dwindling down- from five- to four- to three. Next year it'll probably be just us two, unless perhaps we have a new-comer in our family.

I went to hear Commander Byrd [*Richard E. Byrd, who flew over the North Pole in 1926*] lecture last night. His talk and the movies he showed- together with the other picture we saw in the summer time gave quite a complete account of the whole trip.

Much love-
Dot.



Written in album: "Fred 1929 Leolyn" [*Leolyn 2nd will be marrying Fred Griffiths*]
[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]



This photo may be of Geraldine while she was working at the New York Library. It is on a piece of photo paper that is in the shape of a bookmark.
[*From the collection of John and Nancy Butte.*]

[This letter, dated **Dec. 14, 1930**, was written from Amityville, NY by Gould to Ellen. He asks what his father's glove size is. Ginny is feeling nausea from the pregnancy. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

P.O.B. 517
Amityville, L.I. N.Y.
Dec 14, 1930

Dear Mother:

Just a short note to ask you again whether we are to send you or Uncle Stanley the money for Aunt Flora's quilt. We are still waiting for Father's glove size, but Ginny is going into N.Y. tomorrow and will get size 8 and will change them if necessary. Dot and Harold, Gerry, Kathleen and ourselves have got all the relatives- aunts, uncles, cousins and adopted relatives divided up for Xmas. We have had quite a time doing it.

Lillian spent the week end with us as our first week end guest in this house. She survived sleeping in our attic so I guess it is not so bad after all.

It snowed here for the first time this winter. It was wonderful for duck hunting today. In a light snow the ducks can't see so well as they fly. We rested all day today getting over a very strenuous week and Ginny needs the rest.

Ginny sleeps plenty these days. She is still bothered by nausea a little and her stomach doesn't feel so good any time, but she doesn't complain at all. She's a dear little one.

My love to you and father
Lovingly, Gould

[This letter dated **about Dec. 15, 1930** was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. She talks about Christmas gifts and wedding gifts. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[About Dec 15, 1930]

Dear Jerry:-

I'm so glad you sent a set just like the lantern one I sold before. Now my next door neighbor is happy. She hated to see the other one go. The other set was snapped up just as quickly. For the rest, I think I shall wait till after Christmas, because everybody is so busy and so poor.

About your note- please don't feel that you have to hurry about paying it. It's my own loan, and I have enough so that I can wait a year or so more. I'd much rather see you get up on your feet again and get something to live on. Furthermore, I don't want you to pay interest on that money.

I'm not going to take any commission on these things until I find some set or piece of lacquer that I especially want. I'll put my commission on that, if it's ok with you that way.

I'm anxiously awaiting tomorrow and Fri. to come to see if the grass linen set comes. I'm quite sure the Ryman girls will take it.

I'm sending a check for our share of Don's and Leolyn's gifts. Now, are we square on all the gifts.

I am getting and sending Mother's bag from you, Kath. and us. We'd better let the coat go. I see you said for me to cancel what I owe on the gifts (\$4.00) and what you are sending on Gould's gift that I owe you. I haven't got Mother's bag yet, but will take your share of that out of the \$5. and send you the rest later- O.K.? That ought to make us square.

Gould wrote me that they wanted money for a silver set, so I'll tell them that our gift is for either a washer or silver.

I'm glad you're so nicely located both as to work and as to room. I'm so sorry about the coat, altho I was afraid it wouldn't be much good. They say some places give very good trade in values on old coats for new fur coats. How I wish we could be with you for Xmas.

Love - Dot.

[This letter dated **Dec. 28, 1930** was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. Kathleen spent Christmas at Dot and Harold's house. Dot thanks Jerry for the Christmas money and tells what other gifts they received. Radio station KDKA broadcasted messages to Monnie in Canada over the Christmas holidays. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 No. Bond St.,

Saginaw, Mich.
Dec. 28, 1930.

Dear Jerry:-

I don't know why, but somehow this year it didn't seem like Christmas at all. I generally begin to feel Christmasy when I start out to buy presents, but this year even when we opened our presents none of us felt as tho it were really Christmas. Poor Kathleen had opened most of her presents in Oberlin, so she had only a couple of three to open here.

We all were in Shelton in spirit, I guess, more than here. You must have had a really jolly time all together. We can't wait to hear all about it. It's too bad that you couldn't stay more than the one day.

We had our usual large tree in the same corner of our front room. I don't believe I could ever get along without a tree. Roast duck was on our menu for the Christmas dinner. We finished him in soup tonight.

Our gift from you and Kathleen couldn't have pleased us more. With the \$5 and the six dollars that came from Galesburg, and the \$15 extra that Uncle Elbert gave using the summer to add to our wedding gift, we are going to get salad forks and two more knives and forks for our set, so we'll have eight of everything. My, I'm real tickled about that. Gould and Ginny gave us a pie knife in our set- the very "extra piece" that I wanted. Now when I get the butter spreaders and the soup spoons, I think I'll have all I care for in the set. One or two more extra pieces like the carving set and the little sugar tongs are all the extras that I'd make much use of. Gould said something about wanting money for silver. What set are they starting, and how much have they?

Harold and I are both much pleased with our special little gifts from you- the writing equipment. Harold wonders if his is a hint. Just now he's being a very good boy and doing the Sunday night dishes so that Kathleen and I can write letters. We were all so tired today that we lay down and slept for almost three hours. It seems so good to be able to sleep in the mornings. Poor Jerry isn't getting that luxury this year, are you?

Did yours and Gould's gift arrive at the farm in time for Christmas?

Harold and I got for gifts- a sofa cushion, nuts from Uncle Elbert, a Chinese copper dish from Mother and Father; Harold got one tie; I got a Roseville pottery vase from my Parent's gym class, a "press-pad" - (one of those pads you write on then press a button and it vanishes) - and two paper doilee luncheon sets from Aunt Molly, six handkerchiefs, a pair of little knitted socks to go over shoes when you're travelling, from Eleanor Carpenter, a little glass dish with a pewter tray from the farm (Harold got canned fruit last summer for his gift from the farm.), a box of Christmas cookies from the same girl who brings them every year, a box of fancy soap, and a pair of green silk set-ins. Both Aunt Emma and Dottie Bodman wrote that their gifts would be late.

We didn't hear that K.D.K.A. [*Pittsburgh radio station*] was going to broadcast messages to the North on Christmas Eve instead of Christmas night, so we didn't even tune in on Christmas Eve and sat up till they said "Good Night" on Christmas night- so- we missed it. But - last night- (Sat.) Kathleen and I stayed up and listened for messages. We were thrilled to pieces when we heard two messages read to our Monnie- one from Virginia and the other from Aunt Mary and Uncle Oliver. We also heard two to Dr. and Mrs. Paddon. I hope the message that we three sent gets in on the New Year's night broadcast. Isn't that a wonderful thing! I should think those people up there would just be so thrilled to get those messages. We ought to plan to have a message from somebody to Monnie in every broadcast.

We went to see Jackie Coogan in "Tom Sawyer" the other day. It was good, but Jackie isn't half as cute, of course, as he was in his little boy pictures.

Harold says to tell you that "business is slack" right now. You see pocket-books are pretty slim right after Christmas, and, too, people have other things to think about during the holiday season. We'll "get going" again as soon as everybody gets back into their regular routines again. Mr. and Mrs. Lappinem were in to lunch yesterday, and she took that small lunch set with the big bunch of flowers in the corners. It was an \$8.00 set, but I took \$.50 off for her, for she wanted it very much and felt as tho she couldn't afford it. I'll take that out of my commission. She wanted it on "time payment", so I told her I'd forward the money to you, and she could pay me anytime between now and the time school closes. The other large lunch set with the pagoda pattern came minus a price tag. We found the little thread that held a tag once, but the tag was gone. Do you remember, or do you have it down, so that you know how much it is? If you do know, please let me know right away, because everybody loves that set, and some are really interested in buying it.

I'm planning to have a bridge party, and invite some of the teachers and other girls that Kathleen knows. That comes this week some time. I wish you were here. All the girls have asked about you and Monnie.

Many more thanks for the silver dollars and the correspondence cards and letter paper, and much love.

Harold and Dot.

Write us soon, and let us know all about your Christmas.

1931

- Mukden Incident begins Japanese occupation of Manchuria
- Star Spangled Banner becomes official National Anthem
- Hazel Ellen Beard was born July 9, 1931 to Gould and Virginia. They live in New York.
- Kathleen leaves to teach in Logan, Utah
- Willard and Ellen leave for China in September
- Marjorie is teaching in Labrador, Canada
- Geraldine is in Long Island, New York working in the New York Library
- Dorothy and Harold are teaching in Saginaw, Michigan
- Willard is 66, Ellen- 63, Gould- 35, Geraldine- 33, Dorothy- 30, Marjorie, 25, Kathleen- 23.

*[This letter, dated **January 7, 1931**, was written from Seymour, Conn. by Ginny to Willard and Ellen. She is visiting in Seymour with her parents while business keeps Gould away. She copies some excerpts about Gould's work from some of his letters. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

129 W. Church St.
Seymour, Conn.
January 7, 1931

Dearest Father and Mother-

You see I'm still here and there is a possibility that I may continue to be so for another week or two weeks. It's fun being home and able to see so many of my friends but I do wish Honey would get back. I miss him so that it's almost agony. However I shouldn't say a word for if this trip really brings the company some good business or even leads up to some fairly soon, I shan't begrudge one minute of his absence. And he has been perfectly Darling. He has only missed writing me about three nites since he left Christmas eve and that is more often than he has ever written me in his life.

I talked to Aunt Mary Monday nite hoping to get either one of you for I wanted to give you the latest from Gould I don't know whether he has written you or not so will re-write the newsy parts of his letter.

January 8th

I had another letter this morning so will have even more news.

Written Jan 2
Telling of trip out.

We had clear sailing against a 27 mile head wind in rough air until we reached Butler Airport, North of Pittsburg. We gassed up and started for Dayton. Shortly after leaving the Ohio River we struck light snow and it stayed with us till we reached Columbus. We landed at Dayton a few minutes before dark.

Yesterday I slept and went out to a friend of Mr. Beals (his mechanic) for dinner.

Also written Jan. 2nd

This begins to look like a long siege than I had at first thought. There are rumors of going on to Cincinnati and Indianapolis after we get thru here, which will probably be a week and a half or two weeks. Mr. Dickman (Gould's boss) doesn't know himself just what to plan on until he finds out how the Army receives our ship.

This morning we were out bright and early but there wasn't much doing and we spend most of the time trying to inveigle the officers into taking a good look at our ship. Tomorrow we wheel it out for its first flight by the Army.

Written Jan. 3rd.

I guess I'm stuck here till the ship comes home. That probably means a whole week at the least. There is really no work to this. It is a diplomatic job and one I am little accustomed to doing. Perhaps it will lead to something better for the future. Today I have been circulating around thru the various departments meeting the various officers and civilians who may come into contact with our ship. The ship was flown for the first time today which means at least a start. The army takes things very easily during peace times. None seem anxious to fly our funny ship. I mean the test pilots, for all flying to them is work and they don't like to work. If we civilians did as little work as these army boys (most of them) we'd be fired before we came into the front door. There is impossible way of nussling the army so we have to sit still and let them take their own sweet time. I think the first tests and pilot's observations came out pretty fair and I have every faith that they will like our ship to place an order for four or five of them perhaps ten. Of course there will be modifications and criticisms, but the first impressions are very good so we have hopes. At least we have had no very vicious kidding that often meets the submission of a new plane brought here for test.

The other nite (I think he means New Years nite) we were over at the home of a friend of Mr. Beals. They tuned in on the police calls to the cruising cars in Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis etc. We even got Boston. It was an eye opener. Every minute we got some order sent to some police cruiser to go to some address and stop a fight, or man beating his wife, or suspicious character hanging around, or suicide attempted or man dead etc. They got the calls on that part of the dial clear above the numbers in the higher Keto[?] cycles as far as they could turn the dial up. Then later in the nite the faster they came.

Written Jan 5th

This evening Mr. Dickman took me to Capt. Hill's house for a little visit which proved to be very nice indeed. Today was spent in studying various things in the line of equipment and ornaments and instruments they have here, and in making better acquaintance with various officers around the field. It all adds to the prestige in the game and is very well worth while!

This last came this morning. I do hope this trip gets them somewhere in the business producing line for the company. I've been trying to get some much needed sewing done and am getting there. However not as fast as I had hoped. There seems to be so many people to see and things to do. I've been to New Haven visiting and shopping since. Been to the Dentist and had a good cleaning and thorough examination but he found no cavities at all or gum disorders. I'm coming up again in April or May to let him give them the once over and be sure that they are standing up well during this rather critical period for them. Have seen Doctor once and everything is O.K. which is what I expected.

I have one orange Russian blouse and brown satin skirt to go with it all made and worn once. A yellow crepe back satin blouse to wear with my suit about half done. I've got two little house dresses to make and two slips and two other house dresses to alternate in one way or another and then I think I'll be through such sewing for a while.

Daddy how are you feeling now? Still making good progress I hope.

Much Love

Ginny

Gould's address is Hotel Van Cleve

Dayton, Ohio Room 806

I just love to wear my lovely beads. They go so well with many of my things and the water color will go beautifully between the windows in our living room if I ever get back to get things put away and put up and taken down. Our tree still stands as far as I know.

Lovingly Ginny

[This letter dated Jan. 8, 1931 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen was at Dot and Harold's house for Christmas and will be looking for a teaching job when she gets out of school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 No. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich.,
Jan., 8, 1931.

Dear Jerry:-

Kathleen left Monday morning at 6:45, or rather, 7:15 by bus- the same day that the Frish.[?] at your house left. Was it hard to get up at 6:00 A.M., after being used to snoozing till 9:30, or ten every morning during vacation! You remember how it was! Kathleen and I got up first in time to have our breakfast with Harold's lunch almost every day.

I guess we did less this vacation, than any others past. We just sat around and rested, ate, slept and did much visiting (with each other.) I had two married couples in to lunch one day and it took us the whole day for just that. We cleaned and got lunch in the morning and the company stayed till about 5:30. We ate supper and it took us a good share of the evening to clean up after the big day. Grace Bray had us over to a bridge party later on in the vacation; and that was the extent of our social doings. I was going to have a bridge party for some of the teachers that were in town, but somehow neither of us felt at all like having it, and you know how Kathleen resents things like that - especially since she was here alone, so I just let it go. K. did lots of practicing, some studying and some sewing. I got lots of sewing and darning done and just about had a regular spring house-cleaning one day. Got lots of little odd jobs done around the house, that have been accumulating for a long time.

We went to see Jackie Coogan in "Tom Sawyer, saw two basketball games that Harold played in and went again to the U.W. on New Years' day to the open house.

Both Sat. nights we were thrilled by hearing the messages to Monnie- the last time ours was read. We heard the New Year's messages but not the Christmas Eve ones, for we tho't they were going in Christmas Night.

The second Sun. morning K. and I went over to the Cong'l church to hear friend Thornton preach. He did remarkably well, I tho't. When I went up to speak to him after the service, he didn't even recognize me, and when I

told him who I was and where I met him, I think it took him a little while even then to place me but when I left he said "Good-by, Dottie". He came over last night to speak at our athletic banquet and gave a most interesting talk on Athletics and Religion. Really, he held those youngsters quite spell-bound. He looks just the same as when we knew him, only a little fleshier. He looks very young to be at the head of a large church like that, but seems to have boundless enthusiasm, and the pep natural to youth. He told me last night that he had been skating five times since he'd been here. His brother, Paul, is working in Birmingham- just out of Detroit. Do you remember him? Thornton has had some mighty interesting experiences, - running in some National and International races, travelling abroad in the interests of his work, etc. I think he went to Eng. on the Cong'l tour last year.

You asked what we should get for Father for his birthday. Aunt Mary wrote that Father had bought a new over-coat, so let's get him a good hat (if he doesn't get it himself) or a good watch chain. Does he need a suit of clothes? Maybe we could help him out on that. I'll write Mother and see which would be best.

About Kathie- I'm not so terribly worried about her. She talked with me quite a bit about Hugh. She does love him very much, but from the way she talks, her love isn't the proverbial "blind" love. She sees his faults, and has thought about some of the drawbacks of marrying him, but I think she is pretty level-headed about it all. She says that he has asked her for an answer, but she is quite decided that she will not give a definite answer till she has been out away from Oberlin and him awhile, and until he has graduated and gotten into some line of work. I think she shows a bit of wisdom there. She kept saying she just didn't know whether she really wanted to marry him. She feels that she couldn't find anybody that would be more devoted and faithful to her, and I imagine that's true. I think her greatest fear is what the family and relatives would think of him. That very tactless remark of Aunt Myra's about his being small and red haired, or whatever she said, still lies heavy on her heart. She asked me one time how Gould and Harold got along. When I said they seemed to like each other very much and got along well together she said, "That's one trouble, I just don't know how Gould would take Hugh. I don't think he'd like Hugh's type." Poor girl, she's in more or less of an upheaval on that point, altho she says she's been so happy this year and has had a grand time. (Please don't say anything to K. about this until you see her and talk to her yourself.)

About when she gets out- she has joined one or two agencies and has written some letters in hopes of getting some kind of a teaching position. She hasn't enough education to teach in either Ohio or Mich., so she thinks she'll go right East and stay with Mother and Father until she gets something. If she doesn't get anything within a month, she thinks she may take a short business course- I don't know what for. She made a casual remark one day- "Wouldn't it be funny if I were up with Monnie next Christmas?". Not a bad idea- if Monnie really likes it- eh?

Kathleen finishes in about two weeks, and we have invited her and Hugh up here for their intersemester vacation, and start K on East from here. She wrote today that they were really considering, so she may be back here in a little while. I hope they don't give it up.

Yes, K. told me about Myron's [*Cousin Myron - Etta Kinney Hume's son*] break with Betty. Is he going with anybody else?

I'm so sorry that you didn't see Mother's bag. I don't even know whether she herself has seen it, for I've had no word from either of them since Christmas. I'm especially anxious to hear whether she likes her's for I want to change it right away if she doesn't. I think it's a beauty, and I'm so anxious to hear how you like it.

How provoking to think you and Gould haven't yet got your gifts. I could kick myself for not getting them off earlier. How do I know whether or not they even reached the farm? I had them insured and am still holding onto the receipt to hear whether they reached their destination. I'll send a tracer if somebody doesn't write about them soon. I'm terribly anxious to hear how you like your gifts. From the list of things you got, I guess our gift won't be a duplicate.

I guess you're right. I owe you \$5 and will send it real soon. Pay day this Fr. you see.

Kathleen was muchly interested in why you left Aunt Mollie's. She thought maybe she got on your nerves too much, or did something that made you feel you were no longer wanted there, I believe. How about it? Do you like it lots better where you are now?

Do you have any idea how long you will be in your present work? Do you plan to go back to teaching soon?

Milo and Niva Bugbee were in Saginaw for part of the vacation. They and Mabel popped in on us at about 3 o'clock on New Year's day just as we were finishing our first course of chicken. The steamed carrot pudding had to wait till they left.

Our Christmas tree is still up and is dropping hardly at all. It is a beautiful tree.

Write soon again,

Lots of love - Dot.

[This letter dated **Jan. 1931** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen talks about looking for a future job while between semesters. She feels that her feelings for Hugh are stronger. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

263 W. College
Oberlin Jan. 1931

Dear Jerry-

That is the best letter I have had from you in ages, and it surely sounded a harmonious note. I'm so glad that you are finding such real joy in your work and hope you are thriving on it. Are you staying permanently with the Vails or just while you are working for him?

I am sending the suitcase with the little one inside by express today. I hate to make you the trouble of going back to change it but I think you will agree with me that it is a little bigger than is convenient to lug around much, especially with a little bag to carry in addition. Well, I'm not particular about the match, so long as the leather and the size are right. I am leaving here in two weeks so I'll want it pretty soon.

My plans aren't definite yet, and I sort of feel at sea, but Dot and Harold very much want me to come up for a while between semesters after exams and Hugh will probably go to. Then I guess the Farm will be my destination, about the tenth of Feb. I will certainly plan on stopping with you for a day and want to do some job hunting in the city too. Do you know of any agencies or organization offices to visit? I am making my attack on private schools just now but realize all too well that it serves only as a random effort to satisfy my desire to be active toward something. I'm afraid I'm going to have to camp on someone for a while, but am not sure who the poor one is just yet.

You asked about Enid's husband [*Enid Elmer sister of Hugh Elmer*]. I saw so little of him that I would not like to give a definite impression but he seemed like a very interesting young man. He owns in partnership a pool room and barber shop, but neither are doing well now on account of bad business. They are living in the same house as the partner and his family, to save rent and must be rather crowded. The baby [*Rollin H. McNutt, born July 12, 1930*] is perfectly darling, and just as fat and good natured as can be. We had such fun playing with him. Enid and Rolin [*Rollin McNutt*] seemed very happy from what I could tell, and they were mighty good to us while I was there.

Hugh continues to grow in favor and I have come to feel that I really love him a lot, but still am a little uncertain about the future. My guess is that I will end up by marrying him, but I know he will not be enthusiastically accepted by all my various relations. Mother does not favor him, I know, and he is not one that shows his best side first, but if I find that my love for him continues as strong as it is now, that will not stand in my way. He has a heart worth a million, and there is much that we can enjoy in common. I have changed my mind about his intellectual tranquillity, for he has proved to be a most stimulating arguer on lots of subjects and really thinks much more deeply and originally than I do. If he can only get started in something that he is deeply interested in and can succeed in, he will not stop anywhere. It is going to be awfully hard to leave him but it will be the acid test.

Last Saturday we went in to German Opera and saw Wagner's *Gotterdammerung* which I have been studying in Music. It was most interesting to see the production after learning nearly all of it by heart, and I got just oodles more out of it than any other opera. Hugh was enthusiastic about the last act but didn't like the first two so well.

Exams are upon us again and I am up to my nose in work. I'm finishing school with a bang.

Lots of love
Kathie

Pearls address
124 Stuyvesant Place
St. George
Staten Island
N.Y.



KATHLEEN C. BEARD
Music

Kathleen's senior photo in the 1931 Oberlin College Hi-O-Hi yearbook
[Hi-O-Hi from the collection of Mark and Jana Jackson-purchased from ebay.]

[This letter dated Feb. 1931 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, Conn. by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerrabee (Geraldine). She thanks Geraldine for helping her find agencies for teaching jobs. The association that Marjorie works for in Canada has encouraged Kathleen to apply to go work alongside Marjorie. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Century Farm
Tuesday
[Feb. 1931]

Dear Jerrabee:

That was a quick communication after my leaving and swelled my mail this morning to the sum of five letters. I guess you won't be lonely long with all the going that you do, but I know how hard it is to go back to routine after someone leaves. We did have a grand time didn't we? And we did enough to fill three weeks instead of four days. It was loads of fun but we couldn't keep it up long at a time. Thanks muchly for guiding me in looking for agencies. I would have felt absolutely lost without you to help me. I wouldn't be surprised if I was down there again soon for after talking with Uncle Oliver and the Aunts I rather lose hope. However I am going into New Haven with Father Thursday and can tell better then.

Do tell Mrs. Vail again how much I enjoyed being with them that little while. It is good to find an alumna who is still so interested and so well in touch with the Alma Mater. I liked the whole family so much and just hope I wasn't a nuisance. I do believe I forgot to say goodbye to Mr. Rogers and Aunt Nettie. Give them both my regards and I hope I'll see them again soon.

Bravo for making the decision on Dot's gift and I'm so glad it will arrive on or very near the day [*probably Dot's birthday on Feb. 26*]. Mother doesn't take to the idea- thinks it foolish. But she has some silly desires too. I see that I am in no position to get it here just now and appreciate your promptness. Am enclosing my share of it and keep the change, you deserve it. I don't happen to have any single bills in my purse. I hope this reimbursement will carry my poor poverty stricken sister thru the month. Wait till I get to making 200 a week and I'll send you more copious resources. Ha, ha.

You know I left my filing apparatus with you and my claws are getting dangerous. Not that I can't borrow one but my own is best. If you will send it along in your next letter I guess no harm will be done here. It's on the little shelf of you bureau I think.

"De head man" of the Grenfell Ass. wrote me a very special letter today urging me to apply. They have now heard of Betty's leaving and he says that the cooperation of two sisters would be very good for the school. Ahem! He also said Marjorie had done very good work there so far.

We made butter yesterday which was very interesting. Mrs. Space also called and I see now why we couldn't find Lillian [*Lillian Space – she is the twin sister of Gould's wife, Virginia Space*]. She was sick and went home that day.

That unsigned message was from Mother and she said all their messages were bungled terribly.
Much love from all of us – Kathie

P.S. Mother found the linens and will send them soon. The pond is frozen so come on up and we'll have a skate. I wasn't a bit stiff or sore, were you?

[*This letter dated **March 9, 1931** was written from Putnam, Conn. by Kathie (Kathleen) to Gerrabinee (Geraldine). Kathleen is looking for a job. She took Willard and Ellen to see their first talkie, "Abraham Lincoln". Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Putnam, Conn.
March 9 [1931]

Dear Gerrabinee:

Father just sent you a letter but I want to get in my little word too. Are Mrs. Vail and the children still there or have they gone South? If they are staying South long it would be a good time for me to visit you while they are gone wouldn't it? But I'm staying here at least until April 7 anyway. We are having lots of fun here and are planning several trips. I may even go up to Wellesley to see Peg and Van.

I don't believe I ever acknowledged receipt of your check. You were a rascal to send it for I owed you double every cent, but I won't send it back if you promise not to send me any more. Father says he will lend me all I need until I get a job(???) But I really am trying every place I know. I went to New Haven to the Y.W. and the school Superintendent both of whom sympathetically told me that nothing was doing. Then I looked in Hartford the other day when we passed thru. The city Sup. wouldn't see me unless I had a state certificate, so I trotted up to the State Board of Ed. for that and am now making out my application. Lets hope that will help me if I can get it. I am also answering ads in the Boston paper but have heard nothing yet. A job in the Bank house for children sounded interesting. If you see any governess adds or other interesting ones in N.Y. papers will you sent them up?

When in New Haven I looked up Shirley Harvey and made a date with her for lunch the following Saturday. She had a half day off so we spent it together talking over old times and new times. Her experiences are fascinating but deliver me from nursing. She doesn't like the East as well as the Middle west and is rather anxious to get home, but she says the work is no harder than college work. It was lots of fun exchanging news on our class mates and reading letters. She wanted to be remembered to you.

Father told you about seeing the Talkie "Abraham Lincoln" in Derby. It was very very good and I was so glad that they saw it for their first one. There was almost no loving in it and it was historically true, which cut a lot of ice with Mother. I felt indeed honored to be able to take them to their first talkie and we sat far enough forward so that they could hear perfectly. They both enjoyed it greatly but when the comedy came on they were shocked. I should have taken them right out, but Mother insisted that she wanted to see the part of the picture that we missed and I, forgetting that it was a matinee, sat back and laughed at the jokes- some of them. Even Mother laughed, and quite often too.

Is the chair that I broke mended yet- or discarded? That was a terrible brake! The trouble of it is that I repeated my stunt here. I merely sat on the bed here and it collapsed with me. The folks were all downstairs and when the crash came they rushed up in anxious excitement for fear I had fainted (??). A big laugh went up when they saw the bed. Uncle E. fixed it with a wooden box. I'm too heavy for old furniture I see.

We want to know who Monnie's "Stranger friend" is. Did you listen to the last broadcast? Then tell us who "Gazelle" is or isn't that it? We must send Monnie more messages. Where have yours been lately?

Well, I'm working awfully hard- doing nothing, so I have lots to write about.

Mush luf too u

Kathie

[*This typewritten letter dated **March 22, 1931** was written "at home" by 27 year old Myron (Hume) to his cousin Jerry (Geraldine). He has been ill and missed many classes in school. He is hoping to find a church to be a student pastor. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

At Home

March 22, 1931

Dear Jerry,

Your cheery and therefore most welcome letter of the 8th of the month is on the table before me. What a bold, legible hand you write! Surely no difficulty in reading it. Your letter was newsy too. I was frankly interested in all you had to tell about the visit of your Father and Mother and Kathleen, about the brief but exciting chat you had with Ernie and Ruth Edmunds upon their return from Scotland, about hearing Pres. Wilkins at the Oberlin banquet, etc. By the way, I hope you enjoyed your 12 lecture course under Laki. You ended your letter with your sincere wishes that I'd soon be my old self again.

I'm pleased to report, Jerry, that I am quite my old self again. Indeed, I have been feeling so well of late that 10 days ago I flirted a bit with the idea of returning to school. I realized that I had missed six weeks of lectures, yet I felt sure that by getting them from some of the students in the courses I should elect, by staying there and studying during the Easter vacation, and by attempting no outside church work I felt, I say, that I could successfully pass the exams at the end of the semester, and could, therefore, get credit for the semester's work. I didn't know whether "the powers that be" at Union would agree to it or not; but I saw no harm in trying. I did write to Pres. Coffin, and he conferred with Sec'y Tryon, but they both did not see how I could make up six weeks of lost work. Anyway, they didn't see how an attendance at only the remaining lectures could yield me credit for a full semester's work. Well, a kind but rather final reply for Pres. Coffin punctured that bubble. I'm still convinced that I could pass all the exams in May. Even so it would possibly be unwise to attempt so much so soon after a recovery from the condition I found my self in.

Since the realization that I could not return to school I have been quite vigorous in my efforts to get a church as soon as possible. I wrote to Dr. Frank L. Moore in Chicago who has oversight of all the home missions work of the Congregational Board west of the Mississippi, explained that I had to drop out of school because of a temporary failure in health, but that I had not quite recovered and was looking for a church. He thought there might possibly be a place for me in South Dakota and wrote to the supt. there. He wrote back, that there is no opening at present. Well, Dr. Moore himself stopped off in Oberlin about 10 days ago on his way east. I had an interview with him, and he took a picture of me which he said he would send to all the state supts. under his supervision up there in the northwest. He felt quite sure there would be some place for me. On my own hook I wrote to the supt who had charge of my work in Shoshoni, Wyoming last summer and inquired if that pulpit would be open again or not for a student-pastor. He said he had made arrangements for the regular pastor of a town to the west to come to Shoshoni twice a month to hold services. He stated that he would quite likely have a church for me, however, this summer. With my name in the hands of a dozen state supts, then, my hopes are bright. Really I should like to go out by the 1st of April, but I may have to wait until May or the 1st of June. Well, I can keep busy.

Since I've been home I've been doing a good deal of reading in the field of biography. To date I've read "Lincoln" by the Englishman, Lord Charnwood, "Goethe" by Emil Ludwig, "Herman Melville" by Lewis Mumford, and the "Life And Letters of Phillips Brooks", two thick volumes by a Professor Allen. In the field of the novel I've read "Jude the Obscure" by Thomas Hardy, and George Eliot's "Adam Bede." Next I shall read I've wanted to read for some little time, especially the life of Phillips Brooks. What a man he was! He is indeed worthy of ranking among the great.

I had a most delightful visit with Don [*Myron's brother, Donald Hume*] and Helen in Alliance. Incidentally, I left Oberlin on Friday, the 13th, but met no mishap. How silly some of these superstitions are when really taken seriously! I found them well and happy as a young bride and groom should be. By the way, have I ever confided to you my opinions of Helen? Perhaps I have. Well, in case I haven't—She, like Don, is not very intellectual, yet it would not be fair to say that she takes no interest in things intellectual. She's not very imaginative either, - easy to "kid." When all's said and done though, I must say that she's "a peach of a girl." My, how she can cook! When the rest of us have children, I'm sure Don will be known as the "Uncle with the double chin." Tho she's lived in very comfortable circumstances, she seems quite willing to live within Don's means. Well, there's really nothing exciting to report about my visit. I never got up till noon during all the 10 days I was with them. Most of the afternoons I spent in reading or in having some work done at Don's office. Mirable dictum, I still had a touch of the trench mouth that I acquired late last August. He quite cleared it up, however. Most of our evenings we spent in playing Hearts. Don's business is nothing to rave about during this depression, yet he's able to keep his head above water and pay his bills as they come due. While I was there, I was impressed again about the "give and take" that is necessary to happy married living. Was also reimpressed with how marriage increased one's responsibilities. It will probably be at least 3 years yet before I think seriously of marriage. Well, in the first place I've got to find somebody. Our Putnam Uncle [*Elbert Kinney*] considers finding The RIGHT ONE one of the gravest problems in this existence of ours. Well, who'll be the first to say he's wrong. Not I.

I must get this off to the office, Jerry. Think I'll take it down myself for the exercise. You recommend a good deal of the same, I believe. I fear I've not been taking as much outdoor exercise as I should. When I get up in the A.M., I go thru a series of exercises the Uncle finds helpful.

I trust you still find your library work interesting. What letter have you reached now? How I'd like to be at Union and dine with you again.

Love,

Myron [Myron Hume, son of Ellen's sister, Etta]

P.S. Do you listen in to the Sat. nite broadcasts? Putnam has one in most every week. I sent my first last Sat. nite.

*[This letter dated **July 1931** was written from Putnam, CT by Dorothy to Jerry, Gould and Kathie. Brother Gould has a baby girl named Hazel. Dorothy, Harold and others drove up to Boston with Uncle Elbert to see Bill and Pearl (William Lonsdale Tayler and wife, Pearle Tayler) arrive by ship from somewhere. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Sunday- [July 1931]

Dear Jerry, Gould and Kathie:-

We have been thinking of you all at the farm and Seymore this weekend. Gould has held little Hazel in his arms by now, and did you girls have that great pleasure?

Today we are all "resting-up" after a very exciting day in Boston. We followed Uncle Elbert's usual plan of rising at 5:30 in order to get off by 7:00. We ladies were going to "do" the big Boston stores in the morning, while Father went to the Beacon St. offices, but, alas, we found the big stores closed at noon, so Harold and Fulton went to the ball-game and we ladies idled away a couple of hours by looking at a few little dress shops, the big flower gardens and taking a nap in the car. The boat was supposed to come in at 5:00. We got down there early and drove in just as Cousin Ed and Raymond drove up. They knew nothing of getting passes for meeting people on boats. Father had got one in the morning and we argued for three hours as to which two should use it, but, tho't it our duty to make someone else take it, and so it went till we saw Cousin Ed and Raymond [*Raymond Chamberlin is Pearle's brother*]. The question was settled in a hurry then. They took it without much hesitation. We saw the boat lying out a way in the harbor, then ran around to a place where we could see her dock. She was quite a big boat and the newest on the White Star lines [*probably the Britannic 3rd - maiden voyage was June 28, 1930 according to www.titanic-whitestarships.com*]. After we had seen her dock we got as near to the place where they would come out, as we could then waited, and waited and waited, watching scores of people come out from the customs and meet their friends. Finally, Uncle Elbert screwed up courage enough to ask if he might go in. The man said yes. That started the ball rolling. Fulton and I did the same thing and one by twos, by threes we all trailed in. Pearl [*Pearle Leonard Chamberlin Tayler*] was nearly bowled over with surprise, for Cousin Ed and Raymond had kept it a secret that we were all out there. They had a little trouble with their baggage that they had to straighten out. That's why they were so slow in getting out.

Pearl said she had been sea-sick most of the way over, and she looked quite tired, but Bill [*William Lonsdale Tayler*] hadn't been sick at all, and he was looking fine. They were both delighted to get back home. It was Pearl's birthday, so we all chipped in and gave her \$3.00 with a cute birthday card. We were going to find something in the stores for her, but they were all closed. They invited us right up today, but we thought they'd be rather tired, so are going up later in the week. Uncle Elbert is planning a day at the Gildersleeve's cottage on the shore and Pearl and Bill are going with us. Wish you all could be with us.

Tomorrow evening we are to call on Roger and Harold will deliver his lecture (?!?!).

Later on in the week we are going to crescent Park for our annual shore dinner, where Harold will glory in the class course- I don't think! Today we went to the Baptist church for the Union service. Saw Mr. Converse, Katherine Lown and her little girl, Ralph Pierce (one of my classmates) and his wife, who is one of Hazel Converse's cousins.

Kathie, on the way to Putnam we were discussing the greatly argued frog rock when all of a sudden we came right onto it and in five minutes came to a sign saying "Pomfret town line". Who wins? I've forgotten who said which, and I do believe Mother herself has too.*

Before we left the farm Aunt Mary gave me a little butter with which I was to greet the birthday Uncle, and he got it right along with the hello kiss. He said he was glad that was over with right at the beginning.

What do you think- they have a new electric ice-box here- a beautiful Majestic. This is quite a "Majestic" household now. They got it a couple of days after they got back from L.I. [*Long Island*].

Well, Kathie, did you find that we left anything? We forgot just one thing- to our knowledge- and that was the Aunt's cot which they probably told you about. Be sure and have Gould take it up next week-end. It's in the garage.

How are you coming with the work? Is Hugh down there now, and when do you leave?
Lots of love to all from us all,

Ice Pan! - - - - - Windows! - - - - - Heater!

In an interview with Kathleen by Jana L. Jackson in the year 2000, Kathleen shared the following:
Kathleen and Hugh worked at The Silver Bay, Lake George, New York Conference Center over the summer during college. It was a boy's school in the winter and a conference center in the summer. Kathleen was a waitress and Hugh started out washing dishes. One day, he took Kathleen out for a row boat ride. He rowed for about 12 miles and when he got back, had horrible blisters on his hands. He had to be hospitalized for a week because of infection and almost had to have them amputated. They had to drain them. This was in the days before antibiotics. After that, he couldn't wash dishes, so they gave him a job renting out the canoes and boats.

[This letter dated Aug. 14, 1931 was written from North West River, Labrador, Canada by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry. Monnie would love to have sister, Kathleen, come up to Canada and work with her. She mentions that they are aunts now that their brother has a baby girl. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[North West River]
Aug. 14, 1931

Dearest Jerry,

What ages it has been since I've written you yourself! I've liked your letters so much- your work sounds so fascinating. You know, enthusiasm is contagious! As you said, one would never think that books in themselves could ever be so interesting.

I'm ever so glad that the people you are living with are so congenial. And you are getting about so much, and are seeing a lot of the family. Poor you! It will be lonely for you when Father and Mother go back, and Dot and Harold leave, and Kathleen finds a job and everything settles down for the winter. But you are near everyone and ought to be able to see quite a bit of them during the year. I do so wish Kathie would come up. I don't think I've wanted anything so much in my life before. I'm sure this one year wouldn't make any difference in their love, and there's no one for her to fall for up here, anyway. She ought to get away and see some different things before she settles down; Betty declares that she won't get married before she's 30 at least, there's so much to do and see before settling down! She's a dear! You must see her a lot next winter. Do you know, she gave you a compliment the other day. That Sunday when the Lorimers came to the farm, they didn't know what to expect Marjorie Beard to be like. Aunt Flora was the first on out, and Betty thot the new principal was she! Then as each one appeared, she thot that one might be the lady. But when you appeared she hoped it was you; she said that you had the most sparkling, loveliest eyes she had ever seen- she loved you right from the start! I'm jealous! But Betty has been such a dear to me all year. Her philosophy of life is so different from the one to which we were brot up- and just by being her own dear self, she has changed me more than Ronnie ever could with her "helpful" advice and suggestion.

By the way, did you know that Ronnie's baby has arrived. It was a boy, Robert Ayres Edwards. But he came prematurely and there was some injury to his head, which may prove serious, and also he has a collapsible larynx which affects his voice. The latter, they say may mend itself when he is about a year old. I am waiting for the next mail to find out whether the poor thing lived or not.

It was so sweet of Percy and John to remember me. Do please give them my best, and tell John I simply am crazy about Labrador! The only good reason I can think of why Kathie shouldn't come up, is that it will be such a wrench to leave it- she'll never be the same girl again!!! Poor Betty can't bear the thot of leaving. If her father and mother knew how she felt about leaving they would telegraph right away and tell her to stay.

Some Mr. McLeod in the States sent me up a brand new and very expensive radio and sending apparatus. So we can get the messages beautifully next winter, thank the Lord! - and we can also send you messages about once a month. Little good- no, he? (a Labradorism!) not oftener, for the Canadian Marconi Co. has a monopoly on all the wireless business up and down the coast, and once allowed the Mission at St. Anthony the privilege of sending messages. That privilege was abused, so the Co. is loathe to grant another. So we'll have to be very careful about personal messages.

Here I have been rambling on about everything- not at all as I had planned this letter!

First of all, would you do a favor for me? I sent some one a list of things that I shall have to have for next winter. I for got my blouses, of which I shall need two or three. One is to be silk- long-sleeved. The others may be cotton, - broadcloth or voile, etc. and may be sleeveless or sleeved. White or cream are the preferred shades. Also we have found two complete ping-pong sets, and only one ball. I'm afraid the children will break too many of the celluloid balls, so am getting some hollow rubber balls about the size of ping-pong balls. Could you send about 50 of them? Wouldn't they be about 5 cents apiece?- that's \$2.50. Then 1 silk blouse at \$5.00, and 2 at about \$15.00 to be sure- and to cover depreciation from Nfld, to U.S. money. Thank you just ever so much for the favor.

The last few days have been just perfect. The sun is so bright and warm and the Bay sparkles just the way I have always imagined that the Mediterranean must. The heat certainly gets you here- we just seem to be good for nothing on hot days, almost more so than in the States.

My, I do wish you could come up, Jerry. You'd love it! If I come back in the fall of 1933, to complete a 5- year term, as I'm thinking of doing, wouldn't it be grand if you could come up for a year's leave of absence?! Betty would be here and we three could have a grand time- the Paddons would be back then, too, and Jack and Annie Watts would be here. They are all that matter. But it's too rosy a dream to plan on!

How does it feel to be Aunt Jerry? I find it quite a thrill- me! (another colloquialism). Betty is an awful pun-ner and of course she would see Hazel Beard as a shade of Whiskers! She thinks it a rather unfortunate name for the youngster. It's not too bad, tho. I like Hazel. Do write me your impressions of the first niece. I do hope they send a picture soon. I'm so glad Father and Mother could see the first grandchild so soon.

We are getting beets, carrots, lettuce and spinach, Swiss chard and radishes from out garden every day. It's fun being a gardener!

Do write again soon. Lots of love, Monnie



Written on back of photo: "Century Farm Aug 1931"

L to R: Oliver Gould Beard Jr., Flora Beard, Ellen Kinney Beard, Willard Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard, Mary Beard, Phebe Beard, Myra Palmer Beard and Stanley

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Written on back of Photo: "Century Farm Aug 1931"

Oliver Gould Beard Jr., Flora Beard, Willard Beard, Phebe Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard, Mary Beard, Stanley Beard

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Photo taken same day as previous photos as you can see from the same clothing worn. August 1931
 Back row left to right: Stanley Beard, Stephen Beard, Oliver Wells Beard, Harold Newberg, Oliver Gould Beard Jr.,
 Nancy Beard, Myra Palmer Beard, Willard L. Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard behind Dan Beard, probably Ruth
 Beard.
 Middle row left to right: Mary Beard, Phebe Maria Beard, Abbie Jane Hubbell Beard, Flora Beard, Ellen Kinney
 Beard, Dan Beard's wife Beatrice.
 Seated left to right: Dorothy Beard, Kathleen Beard, Edith Beard, Geraldine Beard.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back: "Dot and Harold Newberg"
 August 1931 -Taken same day as previous photos
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



A blurry photo of Willard and a calf taken in 1931.
 [Photo from a negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Late Aug. 1931** was written from Chicago Station by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerrabee (Geraldine). Kathleen is in Chicago visiting her friend, Gidge before heading off to work in Logan, Utah. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Late Aug. 1931]
 Chicago Station
 Saturday

Dear Jerrabee:

It was dear of you to have a letter waiting for me at Gidge's house. I was tickled to hear all the news. And thanks so much for the garter belt. I thot it might be the bridge set so opened it in front of the girls. What a howl it sent up. Gidge said it was perfectly alright about the set and she will be in Oberlin next Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were away so I saw only Chuck, Basil and Gidge. Chuck is still wildy looking for a job so if you hear of anything do drop her line- teaching, social work, secretary- anything. The other two are so happy, they act just like a couple of kids all the time. The wedding was very simple given in her home informally. She wore a white crepe de chine and had one maid of honor. She didn't even march in or have music, but just stood in their big bay window for the ceremony. They gave a supper, then took the Chicago boat up Lake Michigan and spent two weeks hiking and camping along the shore. Her wedding presents were lovely and more numerous than I supposed with such a small wedding. I stayed from five yesterday P.M. to 10:30 this morning, then shopped in Chicago a bit. It is

almost time to take my train, and I feel as if I were going to drop off the edge of the world. My train goes right thru Lombardi so they are coming down to wave to me as I fly by. Fun! Monday noon will find me in Logan.

Too bad about Nancy. Those children seem to get everything going. I was not surprised at Aunt Flora, for it is probably the affect of the let down after Father left. I'm glad you are located. Do give me your new address and tell me how you like it. Are you getting the room free?

Dot, Mother, Father and Harold are seeing the air races today. How I should love to be there. It was hard to leave them. I have heard nothing from Hugh for days, but know that he is in Cleveland hunting work. Tell me how much I owe for the bridge set and I'll pay when I can. Here is the card I meant to send last time. Hope I'm not too late with it. Off for the West- Goodbye- Love Kathie.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 1, 1931** was written from the "Glad Tidings II", Rigolet, Labrador by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry and Kathie. Marjorie tells about 2 airplanes coming to the area from the Forbes expedition and the pilots gave most of the people of the village a ride. She sends some deerskin moccasins trimmed in deer fur. Marjorie is expecting a new teacher soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

On board "Glad Tidings II".
Rigolet, Labrador.
Sept. 1, 1931.

Dear Jerry and Kathie,

I'm really on vacation! The new minister for N.W.R., Mr. Burry, came down in his little boat to meet his wife who is coming on the "Kyle" from St. John's, and he allowed me to come down with him for the trip. A bunch of five of us made the trip together- he and his man, Mr. Locke, Miss Mason, a St. Anthony nurse on vacation, Mr. Jarrett, wireless man from Grigus, Nfld., and myself. We have had more fun- and this is such a cute boat. It's 35 ft. long, has auxiliary sails and is most completely equipped; every chink is used. The United Church board of Nfld. had it made for Mr. Burry.

Last week we had quite a thrill. Two airplanes from the Forbes expedition came to N.W.R. to use it as a base for a short trip to Grand Falls, 200 odd miles from us, and which are the next highest falls in the world to Victoria Falls in Africa. It seemed so queer to be hearing and seeing planes again. They took almost all the staff up that afternoon. N.W.R. looked so neat with its little white, red-roofed houses, white fences, and garden patches. And we got such a good idea of the relation of the bays, lakes, mountains rivers and streams to each other. It was so interesting. Now I can say, "Ahem! the last time I flew was on the Labrador!"

The airmen spent two and a half days at Grand Falls, and then returned. One afternoon they took up almost everyone in the village, in relays. My, how the people loved it! Only two that I heard of were at all afraid- and they were both men!

When the men left, they were going to fly straight across the Mealies to Cartwright, on the way looking up a high mountain range which Mr. Forbes thot he saw on their way up, and which is not on the map. When they heard I was coming down the Bay they suggested my flying to Cartwright with them and taking the "Kyle" back up to Rigolet. Wouldn't that have been perfect? But of course the naughty little Waco had to go and get engine trouble, and they decided to fly straight to St. Anthony and cable for parts, for they were afraid once they landed they'd never be able to get her up again. So goodbye trip!

I'm sending by this mail, two pairs of deerskin moccasins trimmed with deer fur to Jerry. She can take her choice and send the other pair to Kathie. They are quite good deerskin, and I love the deer fur for trimming, don't you? When they get dirty, just take a scrubbing brush and some lukewarm water (not hot) and soap and go after them. After rinsing, shape them again, and dry in not too hot atmosphere. It will help keep them soft if you work them a bit while drying, tho that isn't necessary. They soon get soft on your feet again. Water doesn't hurt the fur- just fluff it up again when it's dry. I do hope Kathie has a good job by this time. We hear what awful times the U.S., Canada and Nfld. are having with employment. The new teacher is expected on this boat. So is Miss Buxton- and that's all we know about here. Jack, Stella and I have a bet on her age- a 5 lb. box of candy! Speculations on the new-comers is half our diversion here! How I wish it were Kathie instead of the old Miss Buxton!!! Loads of love to you both, Monnie.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 1, 1931** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Willard to Geraldine. They drove from Shelton to Saginaw. They took Kathleen to the train station to go to Chicago and then on to Logan, Utah. Willard and Ellen visited Detroit and saw a parade and air race in Cleveland. Willard gives their address on the Empress of Canada*

which will be their steamer back to China. His operation earlier in the year was a one hundred percent success. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

263 W. College St.

Oberlin, Ohio

Tuesday morning Sept. 1st 1931

Dear Geraldine:-

Someone dropped you a card on the trip from Shelton to Saginaw. At Watkins Glen we all sent a little word to someone back East. The whole trip from Shelton to Simcoe, to Saginaw, to Oberlin, was successful. The first day we drove thru Binghamton and stopped a mile this side with a Mr. and Mrs. Steer- a very neat, clean, well furnished place and pleasant people, \$5.00 for us five. The next day we stopped about noon and walked part way up Watkins Glen and stopped in Niagara Falls that night. We saw the falls lit with electricity. That night, Saturday, we were with the Wallaces at Simcoe. Sunday I went to S.S. with Mr. Wallace prepared to sit as a listener, both in S.S. and church service, but ended up with an address before the whole S.S. a talk during lesson hour to the Adult Bible class and address as sermon in the regular church service.

In the afternoon Harold, Dot, Kathleen and one of the boys Malcomb(?) drove over to Hamilton and got Sarah who is studying nursing in the hospital there. Bruce the oldest boy was away. I had not seen Sarah since 1910 when she was 20 months old. She is a very pretty young lady now Kathleen's age. I judged the family was in better circumstances financially than in 1928 when you were there. We reached Saginaw Monday afternoon about 7 p.m. Fifty miles from Saginaw the auto stopped dead. A little spring ¼ in. in diameter and 1 ½ in. long had broke. I chanced to pick one up by the roadside that answered to get us home. The car had run some 6000 miles during the summer without a stop. It was interesting to get within 50 miles of home and have it stop.

While at Saginaw Kathleen bought a very pretty travelling dress, hat and shoes and Dot a hat and suit for school. Harold and I shopped for a house jacket for me. It is gray with fancy trimmings- collar and cuffs- just what I want and Mother is pleased with it. I understand it is a Christmas gift from you children and this is a big THANK YOU to you. The bandits borrowed my old one in 1927 and have not returned it. It was well worn. Mother gave it to me in 1904.

Friday morning we put Kathleen on the 6:50 a.m. train for Chicago. She was planning to stop in Chicago to see her room mate (Gidge if that's the spelling) and go on Saturday at 2:30 arriving at Logan just before noon Monday. She is the only one of our girls that I have seen start out on her own. Phebe, you, Dot, and Marjorie started out when I was in China. Then we four drove to Detroit saw the big new Fisher building and the Masonic Temple and came on to Oberlin arriving at 8:30 p.m. Sat. with Aunt Etta we went into Cleveland. A flower parade was advertised to begin at 11, and the Air Races at 1 p.m. We saw the flower parade from Union Sq. 12:20 to 2:30. It was long, beautiful and interesting, but it cut us out of the Air Races. We got to the Air Port about 3:00. Saw stunts, gliders, parachutes, comet trail- and got home at 11 p.m.

This is Tuesday. Last night about 1:30 Stewart got home. He is still sleeping so we have not yet seen him.

Sunday morning Harold found the picture of Marjorie's associate for this year. I'm addressing a copy to you. We think she appears to be a society girl. But I trust she and Marjorie will find enough in common to be real friends and mutually helpful.

Mother and I plan to leave here this evening about 6, go to Chicago, get tickets there for Seattle, stop at Geneseo Sept. 2 to 7, going to Galesburg during this time leaving there for the coast Sept. 7th.

Our address will be

Passengers

S.S. "Empress of Canada"

Sailing Sept. 12th for Shanghai

Canadian Pacific S.S. Co.

Victoria, Canada.

(122 W. 2nd St. Geneseo Ill.)

The year has been one of very great satisfaction to me. The operation, the doctor told us the last time I saw him was 100% successful. I feel that way myself. We have been with our own all the time and our own have been very good to us. We have seen much of all you children except Marjorie and her letters and decision to stay in Northwest River give me great satisfaction. You are all making good. Every one of you holds the confidence and respect of those with whom you are associated and of all the members of the two families. I feel that Kathleen will make good. Hugh has ability and he will grow up and wake up. I shall watch with interest and something akin to anxiety to see what he finds for a job.

If God wills, Mother and I will try to be helpful friends in Foochow until 1935, about June then we will hope to see you all again. In the meantime letters and prayers will keep the heart strings in tune.

Lovingly father

[This letter dated Sept. 2, 1931 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Willard and Ellen were visiting Dorothy and Harold and went shopping with Dorothy and Kathleen. Kathleen left by train to teach in Logan, Utah. Dorothy, Ellen and Willard visited Detroit. In Cleveland, Willard and Ellen saw a parade and air races. Aunt Flora is not well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dorothy C. Newberg
2108 North Bond Street
Saginaw W.S.
Michigan

Sept. 2, 1931

Dear Jerry:-

Your letter was here to greet us when we all arrived here at Saginaw.

Yes, we had a lovely visit with the Wallaces. Got there Sat. afternoon, went to church Sun. morning and Father preached, drove to Hamilton to get Sarah in the apt. She is in nurses training there and likes it a lot. She has one more year. She had Sun. afternoon off. That same aft. we went up into the carillon tower at the invitation of the operator and watched him render his Sun. afternoon concert. It was mighty interesting. In the evening while some of them were taking Sarah back Mother and Harold and I drove down to listen to another carillon concert. Father enjoyed the visit there hugely.

We had fine places to stay both nights we were on the road- one at Binghamton and the other at Niagara Falls.

You spoke of the Festival Toys. We found another box of them, so Kathie took one, I took one and we sent you one. I'm going to give them away as favors at parties.

The folks were here only Tues., Wed. and Thurs. and we spent nearly every one of those morning and afternoons over town getting Kathie and Mother and me fitted out. Kathie got a darling brown outfit- a natty two-piece silk suit, a cute brown hat with a brown plume on it and a pair of tie-pump shoes. She really looked very chic. Mother shopped for more odds and ends and I got a brown suit and a darling brown new-style hat with an orange plume across the back- just exactly what I have looked all summer for.

Fri. morning we got up real early and saw poor Kathie off all alone. It doesn't seem possible that she is ready to start out into the world by herself. We were a lonely bunch that came back to the house for our breakfast, then we set sail for Oberlin. We stopped in Detroit, saw the Fisher Building, part of the Masonic Building (where we ate) then went on down arriving at about 7:00.

Sat. we went into Cleveland and in the A.M. saw a long parade of floats for the flower show and in the P.M. went to the Air Races. We were so late getting out there that we parked just outside the grounds and watched the rest from there. Mother and Father and Aunt Etta enjoyed it all very much.

Sunday we all went to church at the Methodist Church. I saw Betty Garland. She has resigned her position as Dean and at present has no work.

Right after dinner we had another sad parting when we said good-bye to Mother and Father and had a long, lonely ride back to Saginaw.

Today we had our first teacher's meetings. Tomorrow more meetings, and Wed. away we go on the teaching. It always takes me nearly a month to get back into working order after such a delightful summer. My mind and heart are still away back East with all the family and relatives.

Did you hear that Aunt Flora had another shock? Aunt Mary writes that her foot and hand are considerably weaker and that her voice is quite thick. Aunt Mary also wrote that Nancy had been operated on for appendicitis and was coming along nicely.

When we ladies were doing our shopping Harold took Father around to find a house jacket for his Christmas present from us children. We found a very pretty gray one for \$10. Did you ask Gould if he wanted to help with it, and do you? We couldn't get out of Mother what she wanted, so we'll have to send her hers. Also, we forgot to fix the Christmas lists!

Yesterday Harold got the Cleveland Sunday paper in Oberlin to read up on the Air Races. In the picture section, what should we see but the picture of a girl in a white fur-trimmed dickie. Under the picture it said that the girl's name was Miss Nancy P. Buxton of Newport News, Va. and she had had this eiderdown hood made to go up to teach the Labrador boys and girls in Northwest River. We were all very much excited and went right down and ordered more papers to send the picture to all the family and relatives. Isn't that an interesting coincidence! She must be an aristocrat to live in Newport News, and to have an eiderdown hood made and to appear in the Cleveland News. I don't know whether Father is sending you one of the pictures or not. I took the original and sent it out to Kathie. I think I told Father that I'd have K. send it back so I could send it out to you. I'll do so anyway. You may see one before it reaches you. Write and let us know your new address.

Much love- Dot.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 3, 1931** was written from Rigolet, Labrador by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry (Geraldine). Marjorie adds a brief note to a previous letter. A Viking aquaplane came to the area. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Sept. 3, 1931]

Rigolet, Labrador.

Dearest Jerry,

I forgot to send these pictures with the other letter I wrote you, and that's mailed now. Would you circulate them around the family and relatives and see that they eventually get to China? Thank you so much.

More airplane excitement here. Donald McMillan sailed out of the sky yesterday in his "Viking", a beauty of a red and white aquaplane. His ship, the "Bowdoin" steamed in last evening. He flew Dr. Paddon to Indian Harbor and back, for a conference with Sir Wilfred whom they didn't finally find there at all. Indian Harbor is the summer hospital station for Labrador.

The new teacher has arrived- on this "Kyle". She came in at 1:30, this morning. Her name is Miss Buxton, and she evidently has just graduated from the Univ. of Richmond- and is quite Southern. She looks rather likeable.

Must close and get this off- maybe by the "Viking" which is going to N.W.R., Grand Falls, then home.

Lots of love,

Monnie.

*[This typewritten letter dated **Sept. 3, 1931** was written from North West River, Labrador, Canada by Monnie (Marjorie) to Dot (Dorothy). Marjorie thanks Dorothy for her box of gifts. She also received a typewriter. The new teacher has arrived. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

North West River

Sept. 3, 1931.

Dear Dot,

I got the two boxes you sent, in the last mail, which came just today, and I just had to write you right away- on my new typewriter! All the things in the boxes were O.K. - - and it was dear of you to stick in the little bottle of perfume. I'm almost out of what I have. Thank you so much. The bathing cap is a beauty. And the shoes are so pretty. My! I feel rich with two really good pairs of shoes. You ought to have seen Betty and me going around this summer with huge holes in our soles. There wasn't a pair of shoes to be had in the place! I sent away to a mail order house in Halifax for a cheap pair of sneakers, among other things, and they came a while ago and saved my life. The shoes that came in your box are almost too pretty to put on -- I just sit and look at them. This ground up here is awfully hard on shoes - - it's a combination of sand and gravel, so you hate to wear really good shoes every day. We all wear sneakers - - they are cheap and seem to stand the sort of rough usage that shoes get here better than anything else. I especially love the combination brown and cream shoes. They are an exact fit and oh, so comfortable. I think I shall save them to wear out next summer.

Father's little gift of the jade buttons was a surprise. I shall use them for cuff links, I think.

My typewriter came in this mail, too. I am so proud of it. It's a Corona portable - - green, and with trimmings on it 'n' everything. Quite new not at all like the one Ronnie used to have. You see what an expert typist I am - - Note the seventh line down. I shall be afraid to write to Jerry on it. But I ought to get plenty of practice on

it this winter. There is a short course in the touch system given in the booklet which came with it, and if I have perseverance enough, I ought to be able to accomplish some thing with that.

There is only a little over a week now before the beginning of school. You begin next Monday, don't you? You haven't even written whether you were planning to teach this year or not. In fact, have I heard from you at all this summer? What have you been doing all your leisure time? Do you love me still? I do realize tho, that it is awfully hard to settle down to writing letters while you are visiting - - I never could at Putnam or the farm, either. And with Father and Mother there is must have been all the harder. I do wish I could have been home for awhile this summer. Did you have a family picture taken? You ought to have - - Jinny could have taken my place. No one has written me anything about what the family did while they were all together. All the letters have been so general - - I haven't much idea what everyone did, except fly hither and yon with astonishing rapidity. It's only thru other people's letters that I know you were east at all.

"Nuff said - - let's change the subject. The new teacher seems quite nice. Her name is Nancy Buxton and she is from the U. of Richmond class of 31! - - her home is at Newport News. I only met her yesterday at 4 a.m., when she got off the boat at Rigolet, so I haven't much idea what she's like. But she went at painting the school floor this afternoon right willingly, so she must be a pretty good sport.

I wish some of you had sent Father's sailing address. I should like to have written them a steamer letter. I could have gotten it to them too, for those McMillan flyers took letters to mail with them, and were planning to be in the States tomorrow or next day.

Just contrast the bottom of this page with the top. I'm getting better already - - eh, what? Maybe you'll be able to read my next letter to you.

Lots of love to both of you, Monnie.

[This letter dated Sept. 3, 1931 was written from Geneseo, Ill. by Willard to Geraldine. Willard discusses getting Marjorie a new typewriter which unbeknownst to him, she already has one. He talks about the trip to Saginaw, putting Kathleen on a train, visiting Detroit and Cleveland, then visiting Cousins Addie and Carl in Geneseo, Ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

122 W. Second St.

Geneseo, Ill Sept. 3rd 1931.

Dear Geraldine:-

First I'll set down the business and after that the news. In some letter Marjorie suggested that she wanted a typewriter. Dorothy spoke of it and suggested that the family give it as a Christmas present. Mother mentioned it again this morning and suggested that I write. I said if it is to be done it should get under way soon so as to reach her while the ships are going to Northwest River this Fall. I suggested that I send you a check. Mother thought you were the logical one to make the purchase and ship it. To get a line on the cost I looked in Sears, Roebuck Catalog. They advertise a Porto Rite for \$47.50. This is specially made by the Remington Co. for Sears, Roebuck and Co. It is ten or twelve dollars cheaper than most small typewriters. I think it is as good as others that cost about \$60. I am afraid it will exceed the maximum weight for parcels cost to Labrador = 15 lbs. = This weighs in the case 11 ½ lbs. I should think it would need a wooden box with packing to go so far. You will know about this. I am enclosing my check for \$60.00 to you, and I am writing Dorothy. Mother and I will give \$30.00 toward the machine and the cost of packing and freight or express. I'll tell Dot that the other givers, and the amount, I leave to you and to her. Send any money to Aunt Mary and she will deposit to my account in Derby.

All has gone as we planned when we left Shelton, Aug. 20th. That night we spent 1 mi. west of Binghamton with a Mr. and Mrs. Steere- very fine rooms and people. The next nite we spent in Niagara Falls and saw the falls lit by electricity. The third nite we were with the Wallaces at Simcoe. Sarah came home from Hamilton, where she is studying nursing. Sunday afternoon, Harold, Dot, Kathleen and one of the boys went after her and her brother Gordon took her home in the evening. The oldest boy Bruce we did not see he was away on a vacation. The others Malcomb and Margaret were there. Sarah was 20 months old when I saw her in 1910. I judge they are in better financial circumstances than when you were there in 1928. We drove from there to Saginaw Monday Aug. 24. The Hupmobile went some 6000 perfectly. But stopped 50 miles before we got to Saginaw. An hour and a quarter was spent in finding and repairing the gasoline pump. A little spring had broken and a little steer pin had fallen out. Harold chanced to find the pin, and I chanced to pick up a spring that did the work on the road side as we waited for the mechanic. So we reached Saginaw in good season. We were with Dot and Harold from Mon. night until Friday morning. We put Kathleen on the 6:50 a.m. train for Logan, Utah Friday a.m. and at 9:20

we four were off for Detroit. We looked at the new office building- The Fisher Building. Then saw part of the big Masonic Temple and then drove to Oberlin arriving at 8:30. Saturday we four with Aunt Etta drove to Cleveland. A large flower parade with many beautiful floats and bands and women's clubs and schools and group of foreign nationals= Chinese, Italian, Slovaks etc. etc. formed a parade that kept us on our feet watching it from 12:20 to 2:30. There we went out to the Air Port and watched students, parachute, gliders, autogyros and last the plane with the tail of fire like a comet. It was all worth while. We were home by 11 p.m.

Dot and Harold left for home at 2:30 Sunday afternoon. Monday Mother went to Cleveland to see her oculist. Stewart got home at 1:30 Tuesday morning. We left on the 6:26 p.m. for Chicago. Yesterday we purchased our tickets for Victoria, so we are all set for meeting the Empress of Canada, Canadian Pacific Line sailing Sept. 12 from Vancouver and Seattle.

We arrived here at 7:50 last evening. Cousins Addie and Carl are as well as usual. Carl looks better but his asthma does not improve. This evening we are to take supper with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brewer, Sheffield. Saturday we go to Galesburg, = all four of us. Sunday I preach for Mr. Brewer.

It has given me much pleasure to see how much you enjoyed your present work and that you were standing up under it so much better than under teaching. You will let us know your new address as soon as possible.

Very lovingly
Father

[This letter dated Sept. 7, 1931 was written from Logan, Utah by Kathie (Kathleen) to Dottabee (Dorothy). Kathleen tells about her impressions upon arrival in Logan, Utah. School starts soon and she tells about her duties there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Please send this on to Jerry so I won't have to write it again. I just wrote Father and Mother yesterday. I do wish they could stop here.



Logan Utah
Sept. 7, 1931

Dear Dottabee:

Your letter was so good. You know how much mail means in a new place like this. We just look for it every time we go to the office. The lovely part of it is that we can get it on Sunday, Holidays and all, for we have a school box and trot up after it twice a day.

Wasn't that exciting about Monnie's new teacher? I think she looks sort of laxadazical but no telling what she may do for Monnie. I'm sending it back with this letter.

Just a week ago today I pulled in at the little station on the old gasoline car which we call the "Galloping Goose." If you could be bounced around on that with dust and hayseed whirling around you all the time you would see why the name. Miss Frick was right at the door to meet me and as the fat friendly conductor helped me off he yelled "Here's your boss." We walked up to the school, four blocks, and right then I got the surprise of my life. After the little hik towns we had been passing and after climbing way back into the mountains beyond Ogden I naturally expected just a four corners, but Logan is a neat clean little town with some really rich looking homes, lovely lawns and quite a few trees. If you could see the dry treeless plains over which we rode for miles and miles you would appreciate the description more. And there is nothing backwardsy about the place either. We are thoroughly modern with a Woolworth, a Piggly Wiggly and a J.C. Penny Co, besides two colleges and a beautiful Mormon temple into whose holy sanctums we can never go. State agricultural college of 2000 is just outside of the

town and a small Mormon college makes the other one. We have wide boulevards here and a whole block of green park up town. Really, you won't have to send me a thing I think, I almost believe I can even get my winter coat here.

Three miles to the East of us rises a range of grand mountains, the Wasatch range, so we are right in a valley which used to be a big lake once. A canyon cutting the Wasatch mountains for 40 miles thru the summer resort for the valley and we teachers had the wonderful opportunity of spending two days up there in the cottage of the only gentile doctor in town. His wife took us up there in her Packard and left us to ourselves, seven of us. (The reason why the doctor is so wealthy is because he is a good obstetrician and Mormons believe in having as many children as possible.) We had a marvelous time getting acquainted and climbing the mountains. Three of us went on a six mile hike over the crimson trail along high cliffs and hazardous crevasses. Oh these mountains are real mountains and you have to cling onto any little shrub you can to get up. They aren't anything like S.B. [*Silver Bay*] mountains because they are so rugged and rocky and steep. But we got superb views from the cliffs and I'll send you some pictures when I get them developed. Coming down we just slid all the way snatching here a limb and there a bush to keep from going too fast. It was jolly fun. The girl's camp is also in that canyon and when we all go there in May the snow is feet deep, they say. And they tell of winters with the mercury at 30 degrees below zero for weeks at a time. Monnie will have nothing on me in the cold line. They have dandy sliding and skiing here too.

Just a little about the school, then I must get to work. We have had faculty meetings every day and are now fairly well prepared to withstand the mob which will over run the place tomorrow. School starts Wednesday. I will have about 5 piano pupils, the Glee Club, choir, choral class and one Latin class. That isn't the half of my duties though. We have numerous little extras like tending study hall, day and evening, saying grace at meals, escorting the girls for Sunday walks and keeping an eye on them every minute. We will get so sick of them that we will want to flee to the mountains. Ten of them are here now working to fix the place up so we are getting used to them gradually. I find that a great deal more is expected of me musically than I had thought and some of the girls are quite far advanced. Yesterday I was church organist for the first time and I was so scared. My worst error was to start a hymn one too many times and when the minister looked around I ended in a hurry. Their singing is atrociously slow and I had to keep a measure ahead I can see. I will be able to tell you more about things a week from today so I'll desist now.

I hope school is going nicely and you are all over the summer loneliness.

Much love to all – Kathie.

[This letter dated about Sept. 9, 1931 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy forwards a letter from Willard and refers to the typewriter gift for Marjorie. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dorothy C. Newberg
2108 North Bond Street
Saginaw W.S.
Michigan

Wednesday
[About Sept. 9, 1931]

Dear Jerry:-

This letter came from Father the other day. I should have sent it on right away.

I wonder who all wants to go in on it. Probably Gould will. Let us know how much it is and we'll divide up the cost as evenly as possible. Better take care of it as soon as possible so it will get there. Father sent two huge long letters from Monnie, which I am starting off on a long family itinerary today, so you'll get them soon.

So you're out on L.I. [*Long Island*] now. I bet you like it there. You'll see a lot of Edith now I suppose. Give them all my love.

I haven't heard from Kathie since she started her work. She must be powerfully busy.

I'm terribly sorry that we all let your birthday slip by with just a telegram. When they were all here, the plan was to send you \$5. from all of us five. We mentioned it at the Wallaces, and after we got here, but our minds were so full of a hundred and one different things, and nobody seemed to take the initiative so it just didn't get done. My plan was to help you get a bathing-suit, and just as soon as that blessed first check comes rolling in this Fri. I am sending you \$2. to do whatever you want with. Pardon the awful delay.

I had such a glorious time out East this summer, that I just can't seem to fit into things here yet.

Went out to the lake with the Crowley's last Sunday and went sailing and swimming. Mon. went on a picnic with the Johnsons and went swimming. I missed the old salt water and the surf. Much love Dot

[This letter dated Sept. 16, 1931 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Gerry (Geraldine). She sends an accounting of the Chinese items that they sell. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Sept 16/1931

Dear Gerry:

Am sending your check of fifteen dollars as agreed upon this summer. Checking over what we have here I find:

1 pr red candlesticks @	1.75
1 pr blue " @	4.00
1 lavender flower bowl @	4.00
1 small blue bowl (with frog) @	2.50
2 gold oval boxes @ 2.25- 2.75	5.00
2 Scrolls @ .65	1.30
4 Pictures @ 40, 100, 90, 40	2.60

As far as we are able to figure out this is all we have that belongs to you. I hope that your figures agree with ours here. The check for \$15.00 is for the tea and other things sold that were not returned to you this summer. Shall we keep what we have here and try to sell it or shall we return it to you.

While Harold's settling up, I'll fill out the rest of the space with a word or two.

The little Chinese towels I got from Aunt Mary went like hot-cakes at first. I've sold eight or ten of them already. I want some left for my Christmas sale. Regarding your linens- if you have any doilies luncheon sets for around \$6. or \$7. I'd like them for wedding presents to Ralph and Grace. If you aren't going to have a sale and want me to put the rest of your things into my sale send them along, with an itemized list and prices.

Last Wed. night we received a phone call from Harold's home saying that his Grandfather died that evening, so we planned to drive home over the week-end for the funeral, which was to be Sat. afternoon at 1:30. As luck would have it, our Supt. let us out at 2:30 Fri. aft. because of the terrific heat and the possibility of an infantile paralysis epidemic [*polio*] so we got an early start. Harold wanted to drive right straight through the night, so we did and arrived there at about 5:00 a.m. to find that half of the family had sat up all night. Why - I don't know. It was lucky too, that we had Mon off for Children's Fair Day. Luck was with us at both ends of the trip. Going down we went through Benton Harbor - the big fruit district and got some peaches for the folks at home for thirty- five cents a bushel! The bushel-baskets themselves cost \$.20.

I had a letter from Kathleen in which she told her first impressions of Logan. She was surprised to find it such a large town. She said she didn't know your new address. Maybe you have written her by now.

Have you done anything about the typewriter for Monnie yet? On her list she wanted to know about photographic supplies, and Uncle Stanley said they'd like to take care of that. Do you know whether or not they have sent any? If you see them, would you ask them, for time is getting short.

Father and Mother are out on the high seas now, and it ought not to be very long before we get a letter from them.

I have a chance to sing in the Cong'l Church choir and am debating whether to or not. I'd adore to do it if I were sure it wouldn't prove to be just one thing too much. I'll have to hurry up and decide.

Am enclosing the picture of Monnie's helper that I wrote you about.

Very much love-

Dot

P.S. We got Father a good-looking housecoat, or "smoking jacket" costing \$10. Mother didn't know what she wanted (as usual) so we'll have to send her something later.

K's address is Logan Academy, Logan, Utah.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

S. S. EMPRESS OF CANADA.

*4 hrs. out from Honolulu,
Friday, Sept. 18, '31.
Dearest Kathleen,
Yesterday morning, the
most spectacular event of all our ocean trips*

[This letter dated **Sept. 18, 1931** was written 4 hours out from Honolulu on the S.S. Empress of Canada by Ellen to Kathleen. It talks about the trip from Victoria to Shanghai on the S.S. Empress of Canada, the King and Queen of Siam, description of arrivals and departures in Honolulu and Yokohama, Japan, military planes in Honolulu, description of 1st Cabin Smoking Room, Japanese/Chinese tensions and purchases made. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

CANADIAN PACIFIC

S.S. Empress of Canada

4 hrs. out from Honolulu
Friday, Sept. 18, '31

Dear Kathleen,

Yesterday morning, the most spectacular event of all our ocean trips thrilled the hundreds of passengers on the Empress of Canada.

I should go back a little to give you the back-ground. Perhaps Father has written you that we have the honor of being fellow passengers on this boat with the King of Siam and the Queen and their entourage [*The King of Siam was in the U.S. for optical surgery.*]. They occupy the suites deluxe in first cabin, and no one ever sees them except the necessary functionaries of the ship, - so much for the "fellow" part of being fellow passengers of a King! The royal party embarked very quietly and unostentatiously, and according to the Canadian Press, they did not want any demonstration or publicity and requested the Canadian gov't to keep things as quiet as possible. I saw them come on the boat, and they took tea with the capt. in first cabin reception room on the boat and I saw while I was straying about to find our cabin. But all the way from Victoria to Honolulu nothing was seen or heard of the Royal travellers, and we were all just common people together like any passenger list of any boat on any ordinary voyage.

But soon after we sighted Honolulu harbor, while we were slowly moving up the bay to the entrance of the harbor, the sound of motors was heard from the sky. Every one who was not already there lost no time in getting on deck and close to the rail. There, in the blue dome floated the winged parade of more than sixty of Uncle Sam's Army planes, a greeting of welcome to Honolulu in honor of the King and Queen of Siam and their entourage. Round and round they flew in formation of three, then of five then of seven, in huge circles, passing very close to the ship and dipping low to the water as they passed the portholes of the King's suite, opening the throttles of their motors wide, making a tremendous noise. It seemed as tho we could almost put our hands out over the rail and touch the tips of their near wings as they passed. There were two men in each plane and the ones in the rear seats waved to us as they passed. This demonstration lasted a full half hour and I think all the planes passed the ship closely three times. If the King and Queen got anywhere nearly the thrill out of it that the rest of the passengers did, perhaps those hundreds of dollars of expense to the U. S. Gov't. were not wasted. Just as Uncle Sam's demonstration of welcome was drawing to a close, a group of 8 or 9 amphibians appeared in the sky in a somewhat higher altitude, presenting the welcome to Honolulu, and the compliments of the Inter-Island Airways Corporation, the Supt. and part owner of which Father and I met on our trip home last Oct. on the Chichibu Maru, of the N. Y. K. Line.

We drew up to the dock at about 11:40 with the diving boys thick about our port side, sixteen in all I think. But the passengers were not very generous with their coins.

The twenty arches of the pier gallery were filled with people three or four deep and I scanned the rows critically but could not see anyone who looked like Allen Thayer our neighbor's son in Putnam, although there were several men dressed in the military uniform, in the crowd, and one carried two leis on his arm.

Everybody knew the King and party were aboard and waited expectantly to see them come off the boat. Passengers booked for Honolulu and those going ashore for the day went off first, then after a short interval of suspense the King and Queen were escorted off the boat by the officers of the ship in white uniforms, and were followed by a whole bevy of other white uniformed officers. At the foot of the gangway two U. S. Army officers in dress uniform waited to receive the King and Queen and they fell in as leading escort as soon as the Royal party reached the pier and lead them to automobiles in waiting and they were driven away, presumably, to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel for lunch. Father had gone off on to the pier to look for Allen Thayer while I staid on the deck of the boat to receive him if he came up there, and he, Father, saw the King and Queen take the auto,- police had to keep the crowds back and clear the way for them. It was interesting to see how quickly the crowds in the pier gallery dispersed after the royal passengers had passed down the gangway.

Just before the King's party left the boat, I was looking over the crowd in the pier gallery just opposite the deck of the boat where I was standing, for the thirtieth time probably, and who do you suppose I saw?!! Mrs. Geo. W. Andrews of Oberlin! She was just turning to leave and I caught a side view of her face but of course could not attract her attention and was too far away to speak to her.

When Father returned from a fruitless search, we went down to the ship's dining room and had lunch then went ashore.

First we went to the P. O. to mail our letters; then to the Y.M.C.A. (Navy and Army) to see what we could do about finding Allen Thayer, and finding its impracticable to go about 30 miles from the city to see him, I wrote him a letter telling him when we were leaving and posted it at once by special delivery. But he did not appear before we left.

After posting the letter we telephoned Gerald Kinnear or his wife rather at his house that we would just drive out to call. We drove around by the University which he is treasurer and business agent to see if he had left for his house and found his office closed. But as Father was coming back to the auto, he saw Gerald crossing the campus and waved to him. He was much surprised to see us as his wife had not telephoned him that we had called up or rather she had not reached him. Our driver knew the way and we led off and Gerald followed us in his car. When we reached the house, it was raining hard,- it rained anytime on the least provocation in Honolulu!) And up their valley they have 225 inches a year and on another section of the island less than ten miles away they have only 25 in.

After a pleasant call, Gerald and Mrs. K. took us in their car to a Chinese Restaurant for a Chop Suey dinner, -the best I ever ate of that sort I think; they are immensely fond of it. I am not; but they didn't find it out; and it was very good.

Gerald keeps two cars, - one for his use and one for his wife to drive to her card parties, lunches, shopping etc.

We had planned to attend a lecture at the Museum of Arts but couldn't get away from this entertainment; so spent the evening with them. After dinner we took a long drive about the island seeing places by electric light and by moonlight and finally called on Dr. and Mrs. Andrews at their home. They received us very cordially and we enjoyed it ever so much. We had been there a few minutes when Mr. and Mrs. Leete, missionaries going to China on our boat and both graduates of Oberlin, came in; they had been entertained at dinner by some friends in Honolulu and had, also come to call on Oberlin's well-known organist. Gerald saw some music paper and a pencil on the table of their dining- room and remarked to Dr. A. that that looked like work and asked him if he hadn't got to the place where he could rest yet. Dr. A. replied, "Well, I've taught fifty years and I think I ought to have a chance to study ten years now." Characteristic? Gerald and his wife took us back to our boat at about 10:15. It was registration time at the U. and he was very busy. So they wanted to get to bed early and did not come in to see the boats.

Next morning we rose at 6 and at 7 started on a 2 hr. drive over one of the highest points on the island. We took just fruit for breakfast as it was too early for the cooks and stewards, and 4 other ladies went with us on our invitation. They were Miss Walker of our mission in Foochow; Misses Cole and Cooper of the M.E. Mission in Foochow the former of the Girls College at Hwa Nang, the latter of the Anglo Chinese Boy's College of the M.E. Mission; and Miss Lee of the Southern Baptist Mission of ----- near Shanghai, - a southern lady. This drive was up a hill 1600 ft. high, thru tropical forest, and the road wound back and forth in easy grades up the ascent many of the turns being literally "hairpin turns" and most of the others were almost that angle. I feared after we had bargained for the drive (\$6. for 2 hrs.) that I should be in an agony of fear over the steep grades but I was most happily disappointed. A fine 7 passenger car, a competent, careful driver, easy grades, congenial companions, a fine day, and magnificent scenery made the ride a never-to-be-forgotten one. Guavas fallen from trees by the roadside were lying in the road in several places. Night-blooming Cereus, Ginger flower (one of the flowers they make the leis of) Bouganvillas, Lantanna, Hibiscus, and other flowers grew beside the road. We picked two buds of Night-

blooming Cereus and bro't it back to the boat and put it in water hoping it would blossom but it hasn't yet and I fear will not. It misses the sunshine.

Returning from the drive we went to the Agricultural Experiment Station and got seeds of Honolulu trees and plants. Here they have envelopes of seeds, 8 or 9 kinds put into a large manila envelope already to give to visitors who ask for them. Each of us ladies took one. Father, who had waited outside and had given us a time limit because our driver 2 hrs. contract was nearly expired, was amazed when we came back in less than three minutes all fixed up, for he tho't we would have to look over scores of kinds and each have a pkg. done up and each pay a bill and get change etc. etc.--- proverbial shopping! Our driver then took us down to the center to one of the big department stores where we dismissed him and each went our own way to shop, and meet on the boat which sailed at 10 a.m. We separated at 9:15. I bought an orchid knitted suit. 3 pcs. that was big enough (Dorothy and Kathleen) but not nearly so pretty as the blue one in Saginaw. Father went to the office of the Inter-Island-Airways Co. to call on Mr. Arthur Armitage, our friend of the Chichibu last year and left his office at 9:40 to go to the boat. After the boat had sailed and we were about an hour out, I went down to our cabin and there on the floor sat a big bouquet of double white tube roses, a dozen sprays, and 4 dozen red roses! All nicely done up in green paper and parafin paper. I rushed back up on deck to ask Father about it. He was innocent and ignorant of its source. We opened it and found the card of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Armitage. He certainly did some hustling to get that bouquet on to the boat in 20 minutes; for they did not know of our presence in Honolulu till Father called at his office. Wasn't that fine of him?

The Hawaiian band of about 15 pcs. played in the gallery of the pier as they always do for outgoing boats and a Hawaiian woman said to be of Royal Hawaiian blood, a relative of the last ruler, Queen Lillioukilani, sung solos and with a Hawaiian tenor, sang several duetts. The band and vocal music continued thru nearly a half hour before the boat sailed. She had a fine, full, strong clear voice for such open-air service, and, as always, was greatly appreciated by the passengers. The deck steward passed around the tray of rolls of paper streamers which were thrown generously by the passengers at the rail to their friends or to any one on the pier gallery opposite our deck, many missing their mark and falling to the pier below near to the water level and picked up by those standing there. As is always planned by the band master, the most appealing melody of all was timed for the moment just after the last deep whistle blast announced the boat's departure. The engines started, the housers were thrown off, the tug that was to pull the Empress out of her berth steamed away, the multicolored paper ribbons that attached departing friends on the pier waved in the breeze tightened and broke and the huge white ship slipped slowly out into the harbor while the dark-skinned soloist sweetly sung the "Aloha Oe" "Goodbye, till we meet again". The diving boys come close to the ship's side as soon as she moves away from the dock while several stand on the top-most deck of our boat waiting the strategic moment to make a spectacular dive; one by one they slip gracefully thru the air past the gazing crowds at the rails down into the water with so little splash and up again in an instant ready to dive for a coin. Several times I've seen it but this time, I saw an unusual thing which I've never seen before. As the tug that was pulling the Empress out into the harbor, swung around and came along up beside us, I noticed that one of the diving boys was being pushed before it. At first sight I thought him in great danger and distress, but after watching a few seconds, I saw that he was doing it as a feat of skill in the water, for the benefit of the spectators, and that the crew of the tug were working with him to produce the desired effect, for when he had carried it as far as he desired the tug crew shut of the power, brought the craft almost to a stop and gave him a chance to swim away to safety. He apparently was in the ordinary swimming position, with head held well up out of the water and his feet braced against either side of the prow of the boat and thus was pushed rapidly thru the water, his neck parting the water instead of the prow of the boat, the big foamy riders of water flying of over his shoulders. We all expected to see him go down under the boat any second till we caught on to the idea. Something new under the sun!- in the way of feats.

Everybody's interest had been held intent on what was happening at the water level, and few if any had thought to look skyward till the sound of motors from that quarter drew every one's attention aloft to behold Uncle Sam's big birds circling the ship in formation again. In threes they dipped low to the water in front of the king's port holes with wide open throttles (I guess this Gould, by the terrific noise they made!) then rose immediately to the higher altitude and were off and away following the leaders. This time, as soon as each group had finished the salute and risen, they fell into line single file until the whole group of 60+ planes were moving in a perfect circle over the ship. Their next move was to dip before the king's port-holes in single file with roaring engines and rise. Looking back in the opposite direction they dipped again singly to the ship's side rising sharply to the right and immediately turning left banking deeply, a very pretty stunt seen repeatedly, singly, and in rapid succession (Gould would explain the feat in three words where it has taken me fifty words to describe but I don't know the technical terms). As the noisy, but graceful, birds soared away in the distance, homing, our ship put on speed, turned her prow to the open sea, and with the fragrance of leis still wafting to us on every breeze that swept the deck, and the melody of the

Aloha Oe still ringing in our souls and the green shores of the tropical island fading in the distance astern, we realized with a definite pang of regret that we were leaving Beautiful Honolulu perhaps for the last time.

I didn't buy a single thing as a curio, but got the flower seeds and a few little things we needed that we had forgotten before, I looked for a knitted dress like the one I tried on at Saginaw (3 pc. suit) and found an orchid one with white blouse; it is pretty but does not compare with the blue one. I took it however and it is large enough.

On Monday we just didn't have any day at all because we went over that arbitrary 180th meridian that takes one day away from you every time you cross it going west and gives it back to you in addition to your full quota when you go back over it east. We didn't notice any hole, or blank space in time however; things went right on just the same as tho we hadn't dropped out a day. We didn't really miss it altogether however, for we lived 40 minutes of it each morning as extra time in bed. So, you see, it didn't drop out with a bang, but little by little, - so gradually that we didn't notice it.

We have now seen the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess several times and they look really quite like ordinary humans. I came so near them at a lecture on typhoons in 1st Cabin Lounge the other evening that I could have shaken hands with them easily, but did not presume on that privilege. At the close of the performance, the rest of us were asked to stand while the royal party crossed the front of the room and entered the elevator to be taken to their suites. Last evening at moving pictures in 1st Cabin, we arrived (at 8:45) too early!) and were sitting in the reception room or foyer just outside the dining room waiting for the first cabin passengers to finish dinner and the stewards to clear the tables and set the chairs for the picture show when the doors of the private dining room opened and the royal party emerged, (the king smoking a cigarette!) and crossed the foyer in front of us 10 ft. away, and entered the elevator. We also saw them once on deck. They looked just like their newspaper pictures and are, (the king especially) diminutive. The prince and princess are a little larger, - at least more portly.

Last Tuesday, (I am now writing on Sept. 26) and we are waiting in the 1st Cabin Smoking Room, 40x45 ft. containing at least 25 large stuffed chairs, and 25 other armchairs with stuffed seats; about a dozen 3 or 4 seat, stuffed divans or sofas, 25 card tables glass-topped, six triple windows, 6 electric fans- large, -13 indirect ceiling lights 18 side- wall double- candle lights indirect- globed (or shaded) etc. etc. and a very ornate carved mantle and over mantle and fireplace, - this just to give you an idea of size, proportions and sumptuousness. - We are waiting, as I said, to get our pass-ports checked up so that we can go ashore, - 1st and tourist passengers all together assembled, and 3 Japanese officers working at full speed negotiating these all important credentials with reference to their authenticity, legality and integrity of ownership. As soon as this is over we go down to breakfast. Later: - Well that was not much of an ordeal aside from the long waiting, and breakfast was quickly over for we wanted to get up on deck to see the boat dock.

All the steamers in port were decorated with long lines of small flags of all nations strung on rope and draped over the mast from prow to stern. No salute was fired that we heard, and no gun-boat escorted us in, as we heard there was to be.

There was one, the officers tell me, just one, that we didn't hear, - while we were at breakfast. The gunboat also did escort us in before we were up.

We reached the entrance to the harbor at 4 o'clock in the morning and stood off till 6:30 when the Dr. came on and began quarantine inspection. At 7 the mail came on and the pilot boat was along side, and the immigration officers arrived in another launch about 7:30. At 8:30 we were up at the pier; it was interesting to see the men on the pier put the boat up to it. A small rope was thrown to the pier from the prow by which a larger rope was drawn thru the water to the pier. All of the ten men got hold of this one behind another at the front edge of the pier and pulled the boat up by walking to the back of the pier. As each man reached the back he let go and returned to the starting point to get a new hold behind the last man. This was repeated many times till the boat touched the pier. Probably the same was preceding at the stern but I did not see it. Those two ropes of human strength handle this enormous bulk and weight so easily tho slowly. Then the 3 gangways were placed by three crews; one midway, the other two from the lowest deck at points about halfway from the middle to the prow and stern respectively. The two latter were soon in place and in use. But the middle one to the deck above took the longest time to adjust that I ever remember to have observed at any port in all my travels. But, - there was a reason; - it was being especially prepared for a King and Queen. It had a cover over its full length of cream white heavy canvas, was lined on both sides with a strip of the same, and carpeted with two thicknesses. We awakened to a cloudy, misty morning and could not see Mt. Fuji. By eight o'clock it was really raining and ever since 10:30 a.m. it has just Poured. It is now 10 p.m. and the officer of the ship who is playing cards in the deck saloon where I am writing has just remarked that it is "coming down in bucket-fulls, and will probably rain all night!" Well, finally the gang-way for the royals was completed and one of the men stayed by it constantly, pushing up the sag in the top to drain off a few qts. of water that collected in the dips, at intervals, and wiping the rain off the handrails with a big cloth the rest of the time. Nearly all of the passengers were gathered at the rails on the promenade deck and the deck below waiting to see the

royal party go off. A few hundred had gone off soon after we docked. A group of Japanese officials and dignitaries in cutaways and high silk hats stood waiting in the pier gallery opposite. Police in dress uniform of white trousers, high topped black boots, brass buttoned blue coats, and white gold braided caps, and swords hanging from their belts were guarding the pier below and were sprinkled about generally. Away off at the far end of the pier five hundred ft. away a crowd of people under umbrellas waited to meet their friends or to see the King disembark and were roped off and police-guarded, to keep the pier clear till the king had gone off. On both decks of the boat Japanese police guarded a section fifty feet each side of the King's gang-way. The Japanese dignitaries and one Military official in lots of gold braid and brass buttons and very ornate hat went on as soon as the troublesome gang way was adjusted and everybody tho't the Royals would soon appear, - but there was a lot more waiting still to come. I suppose the Capt. of the Empress had to entertain them all to tea; moreover Japanese ceremony is proverbially deliberate. One after another of the passengers who had been so anxious to see the King and Queen go off, got tired of waiting and gave it up and left for they couldn't afford to waste so much of their precious time on shore. A Bishop's wife (Methodist South) stood beside me; her husband wanted to give it up and go but she said, "This will be our last chance to see them for we get off at Kobe." The King's party left the steamer at Yokohama, went by rail by Kobe where they came on again just before we leave that port. And still we waited, not caring to leave the rail for a minute lest it all happen while we were away. I remarked to the Bishop's wife Mrs. Keru, that I wondered if the King and Queen realized at all how many hundreds of people's time they were consuming by their delay. Presently, a small group of the Japanese dignitaries escorted the prince and princess out, - the mother and father of the queen; she carried a large bunch of yellow roses which had been presented by the Japanese. Then more waiting:- I suspect the King thought he would fool the people into thinking it was all over and that the prince was the king and would go away satisfied that they had seen the King. Then he would come off quietly and unobserved. But they were not so easily fooled. They still waited. The top layer of the canvas on the floor of the gang way was now wet and well traced up by so many important Japanese going in and out executing their various functions of reception and entertainment. And when we saw the two men in charge of the gang way rolling up the wet one and taking it away leaving the other one dry and clean with a speed that was certainly significant we were sure the King Is Coming. Father had just been down stairs and returned just at this juncture to confirm our prediction for he had seen them come out of their suite into the foyer just as he was passing. Every one's eyes were riveted on the gang way. After a few minutes more waiting a murmur ran thru the crowd "There they come", then perfect silence as the military man and silk hatted Japanese men led the way and the queen in brown hat and coat and carrying a bouquet of red roses followed by the king, proceeded up the gang way. Two ladies in waiting followed and more Japanese dignitaries brought up the rear. The younger of the two other ladies was dressed in red and the other all in white. Conspicuous among the rear guard was the one Japanese lady in blue Japanese costume, probably the first lady of the city. It was very evident that they were all keenly conscious that we were all getting a good look at them as they passed out thru the pier gallery to their automobiles below. Then there was a grand rush on the passengers to get ashore as soon as possible.

One hour and a half we had lost of our precious nine hours in port, waiting for a one minute's view of a King and Queen! Foolish people? Yes, I guess we were; but for most of us it would be the only opportunity of just that kind we would ever have. Then too, every one was thinking, all that hour and a half, that it would all be over in five minutes and so they kept on being foolish lest, if they gave it up and left, it might happen immediately and they would wish they had been patient a few minutes longer.

All the business of the ship had been held up all that hour and a half as they wanted to keep the ship quiet and tidy till the social ceremonies were over and the Royal party were off and away. As soon as they were gone the cranes and deck machinery began working to lift the heavy covers of the well into the hold and to carry the mail bags and cargo to the pier. By the time we went out across the pier a huge pile of mail-bags was already out. O, how it rained. We walked all the way up town to Benten Dori, and began looking thru the shops. Every little while some of our ship mates would drop in to the shop where we were looking about or we would go into a shop to find some of them already there. One girl of ten years was in one shop her older sister in another, older brother in another and father mother and younger brother in a fourth shop. She asked me if I knew where her parents were. I told her. You girls weren't quite so venturesome as to go about by yourselves when you came thru were you? Well I should not have been willing to let you go about alone in a strange foreign city.

I bought for Dorothy's sale Pictures, place cards, correspondence cards, writing paper and env., combs in cases, purses, grape clusters, place-card holders, puzzles, toys=tops and apples. For myself I bo't fans and looked for a hour but did not find what I wanted. I'll get it at Kobe. I bo't another china set for somebody. I am sending Geraldine two crystal necklaces and a crystal ball drop set in silver mounting. She wants one and will dispose of the others as she sees fit.

Father took his lunch in a Japanese restaurant on shore but I used my time otherwise. He returned to the boat at 4 o'clock to receive the things I bought as they were delivered by the messengers of each shop. Our boat was scheduled to sail at five p.m. but we had an inkling of some possible delay; so I staid up on Benten Dori feasting my eyes on beautiful things till 4:30 then dashed for the ship expecting to walk all the way; but it was pouring so hard that when more than a third of the way there I saw an empty rikisha and bargained for a ten sen ride to the pier. The runner was old and couldn't go any faster running, than I could walking but he took the wetting and the exercise while I kept dry and rested so it was worth the cost. I arrived at the boat with 12 minutes to spare and found Father getting off his wet clothes. That was one rain that made him buy an umbrella! Hurrah!

Did you meet any rain on your journey to Logan, Kathleen, that was sufficient to teach you the wisdom of carrying an umbrella? And how about that fresh new suit with its white silk scarf-tie after your train trip to Logan of two days or more?! [*Sad face drawn here*]! If it was as hot and dirty as our trip was across, it must have been a sorry sight!

No sooner was I on board than I learned that the boat would not sail till the next morning at 8 o'clock. Some of the passengers went ashore again after dinner and returned at 11 o'clock; but for once I had had enough shopping in the rain and was content to stay on board and go to bed.

Sun. 27 "We sailed this morning at 8 o'clock with very little ceremony or excitement, I fancy; but I was not on deck to see. Possibly it was more quietly done because of the strained relations between Japan and China. We are hearing various reports of their activities and got a radio newspaper at sea every day, but do not know what to believe and can form no opinion till we reach Shanghai. We hear the Chinese have refused to sit with the Institute of Pacific Relations if the Japanese do, on account of the strained relations between China and Japan. So the members, many of whom are on this boat, have decided to meet in the international settlement of Shanghai, as China was to be the host of this remarkable gathering, and if she has refused to sit with them, of course she will not act as host to them. It is too bad that this important conference has been marred and handicapped by unpleasant international occurrences just on the eve of its convening. Three of its members gave us lectures, on board a few evenings ago. Very interesting. The Institute was to have met at Hangchow, by China's invitation she acting as host of the Pacific Nations.

Sunday Sept. 27 This is my 2nd sitting today on this letter and I forgot I had written any of today's news. We have not been at all religious today, - no service at all has been held on board today except the Catholic early this morning. There are 7 minister missionaries in tourist cabin, and plenty more in first cabin besides three bishops and yet no religious meeting at all! The more spiritual leaders, the less religion it would seem! Every one waits for one of the others to take the initiative, so nobody does anything. It hasn't seemed like Sunday, with no service and everybody playing cards and deck games and majong. I have always thought that it was the rule on all British and Canadian ships that a service must be held every Sunday at sea. I don't understand how the Capt. got around that. Possibly 1st Cabin had a service but did not invite tourist cabin as there are now more Chinese on board going home from Japan on account of the troubles. They got on at Yokohama Monday- We arrived in Kobe about 6:30 this morning and official inspection was brief and easy. I stopped to pack some things I had bought for Dorothy's sale so as to mail them in Kobe, that day so did not get out on the street as early as I intended but we had until 4:30 to shop as our steamer did not sail till 6 o'clock. we mailed two pkgs. to Dorothy registered, of Japanese things, - water color pictures, gauze, center pieces, and doilies, writing paper, correspondence cards, place-cards, place-card holders, combs in cases, (cute) purses, grape clusters, apples with tops in them, apples with a game in them, puzzles, - I guess that's all. They should reach her before this does about Nov. 1st.

Having mailed the parcels I picked out ½ doz. more cups, saucers and plates; but as my money got short and the rest of the patterns where he would break the sets were not specially new or interesting, I did not buy more. I added to these a large milk pitcher and a funny little water jug with a little bird on top under which was an opening which acted as a whistle when water is poured out the spout and air rushes in thru the whistle. I bo't this merely as a curio. Then I bo't a houri for myself! It has an iris pattern in pail lavender and yellow with green leaves on the outside and pale lavender lining with iris on that in similar shades, - not the prettiest thing I have seen but, will do. I did not buy one for Kathleen as she had the Chinese coat and will probably appreciate hers more when she is married. Nor did I get one for Marjorie for she may go to China next year and will prefer to pick hers out herself. But I did buy one [*for*] Myra with green flowers on the outside and green lining with gray flowers on it. And I bought one for Virginia with conventionalized chrysanthemums (similar to the to batik dresses a bro't home last) the flowers outside were in red white and yellow, lining orange silk with same flowers on in red black and white. We mailed these to the respective parties or ordered them mailed and shall be interested to see if they get thru alright. I can get other houris for any of you any time.

Father went back to the boat for his lunch but I couldn't afford the time. He came back up to Moto Machi where I was shopping at about 3:30 and told me to get back to the boat quickly if I wanted to see the demonstration

for the king. We just stopped long enough to order the two houris mailed- (I had picked them out before) and then he went right back to the boat and I went back up the street a few doors to pick up mine where I had seen it an hour before. Then I made for the boat. The special train that brought the royal party and their entertainers right down to the pier was just moving out as I came up to the pier. So they had gone on to the boat before I arrived; but I saw all the decorations and the school children about 2000, the boy scouts, several score, the soldiers, about 200. All,- every individual, had the national flag in several sizes from 1 in. long to forty or 50 in. long; the largest were carried by the soldiers, were of red silk, I think, with gold fringe all around, only about 15 of these; then there were many large ones of bunting with no gold on them and of cotton also. Every few minutes all these groups would cheer and lift their flags and wave them at the same time. I could not understand what the word was that they said,- it apparently was not "Bonzai" the old cheer word that I used to hear which means "A Thousand Years". The pier gallery was lined at the rail and at the back- against the house, also all down the long staircase, both sides, leading up to the gallery from the street with white and red striped cloth about 3 ½ ft. wide, the stripes about 6 in. wide and running cross wise. Also the same cloth was draped (straight) along the back of the pier warehouse where the train came in. The floor of the whole length of the pier gallery was carpeted with one width of heavy white canvas 2 ft. wide as was also the whole length of the staircase and the gang- way. The schoolchildren, scouts, and soldiers were arranged in a long double 2 deep line facing the pier, along the whole length of the street where the train came in, but on the opposite side of the street from the pier and the train, where they could be seen to better advantage from the train than if they were standing near it. After the King's Party had gone up the stairs and on to the boat, I think the carpeting was taken up and the school children went up on the gallery and arranged themselves in a double or triple line along the rail with their flags resting on it, while those behind held theirs at 45 deg. between the children of the front row and the back row held theirs between those of the second row and as the larger flags were at the back and had longer staffs all the flags showed to good advantage and were a unique sight when they waved. Add to that the flags and banners of the scouts and soldiers below, and the hundreds of citizens without flags but wearing hdkfs., and hats and you have a picture that strains your imagination to visualize!

We left Kobe at five as scheduled. As the boat was moving slowly out of the harbor day fireworks were put off from the break water (wall) that bounds the inner harbor. Rockets were sent up which burst with a bang releasing the Japanese flag which descended slowly by a parachute. About 4 of these then three of those that break and spread out into a great tassel of sparks, and several that were all noise. Had it been dark they would have appeared to better advantage,- all except the flags, perhaps. Now we are wondering what China will put on at Shanghai as a welcome to the King.

We shall reach Shanghai Wednesday at about 2 p.m. I will send the next detachment of news from there.

Please send this letter around as follows:-Dorothy, Geraldine, Gould, Marjorie. I am not sure that this is interesting enough to send to Etta, Emma, and the farm; if you think so send then to those places before it goes to Marjorie. Mail it to her as soon as it makes the rounds even if it is winter as she will get it at Christmas or when the first Spring mail goes.

Very much love to all,

Mother.

Reached Shanghai at 2??

*[This letter dated **Sept. 19, 1931** was written from North West River, Labrador, Canada by Monnie (Marjorie) to Gerry (Geraldine). She talks about the sociability of the people around her and she tells about the people she lives with. She tells about the moccasins, sealskins and blankets that are available up there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

North West River, Labrador.
Sept. 19, 1931.

Dearest Gerry,

The mail goes today and I must get off at least one letter to the family! There are so many to write for the school that I always leave personal letters till last, then they sometimes don't get written. My family gets few, and my friends almost none! We always leave letters till the last thing before the mail goes, anyway. It sounds so foolish, but when there isn't a mail going everyday there is [*isn't*] the urgent need for writing away, and there are so many other pleasanter things to do when you have time away from work. We don't get out for walks nearly so much as we'd like to- and N.W.R. is a beautiful place- ideal for walking, and so many different walks to take. I've splurged enough so that you must know that already by this time.

Last year- or rather the year before last, I felt almost no sense of social obligation toward anyone, if that expresses what I mean. Ronnie was usually taken up with Carmen, and when she wasn't she was the aggressive one in planning what we should do, and did it in a way that made one withdraw into oneself rather than reach out to meet the suggestions and match them with others oneself—just passive acquiescence. But here everyone is so generously sociable. When you have to see anyone on business, you always stop and have a talk, or even a cup of tea. And everyone notices when you are tired and hauls you out for a walk, or invites you out for supper and the evening. And if you don't see people in the course of your work, and don't then make occasion to see them, they ask where you keep yourself and why you don't come out of your retirement once in awhile and be sociable. One can't keep talking all the time and giving nothing- and being friends takes time! That's a big reason why not more letters.

This year the teacher's cottage was let to the new minister and his wife, since Dr. and Mrs. Paddon are to be in the States, and all the teachers except me are living with the nurse and housekeeper and dentist in the hospital. I, fortunate I ! am living with Jack and Annie Watts in their lovely new house. I have the nicest room, overlooking the river. It's as much fun helping them christen their new dishes etc. as it was helping Dot and Harold use some of their wedding gifts. Annie's kitchen is all cream and green with a complete set of pots, pans and utensils in the same colors, sent to her by a wealthy lady who spends summers here often.

Betty and Mrs. Paddon, with the P. boys are probably just now reaching the states. You must see and know Betty and I have arranged with her to have you meet Mrs. Paddon. They are both such dears. Betty lives at 37 Grant St., Chicopee, Mass. Do write to her and invite her to drive down some Sunday and take you over to Westville (I think that's the name) Conn, to see Mrs. Paddon. She promised me she'd do that.

By the way, if there's anything you'd like me to bring you when I come out next summer be sure to write me soon, for I can't always get anything at a moment's notice. I am having a short deerskin coat (sport) made. They are the warmest things and would cost somewhere around \$10 or \$15 I think, finished. Then there are moccasins, sealskins and anything made from them, the warm duffel blankets I gave Gould and Dot, all sorts of mittens etc. If you would like anything wire soon so that I can be sure to get it. I am going to try to get a big black bear rug for Gould. There are such lovely ones for only 5-8 dollars. Don't tell him, tho, I want to surprise him. Will you pass the word along to the others to write their wants, too? Thank you.

In the spring at our fair, we have a fish pond and each of year we have the dickens of a time finding enough white elephants to fill it. Do you suppose you could take up some among your friends and from the farm people or the other relatives and send them as soon as possible- for the last boat comes up the last of October. For girls- ribbons, pins, handkerchiefs, beads, pictures, pocketbooks, any sort of novelties- for boys, ties, stickpins, handkerchiefs etc. Any little thing which could sell for 10-25 cents. Don't break your neck to do it, but it would help a lot, if you could find a few things. I always am in some sort of work that requires begging, am I not?!! Thank you so much! Must close and go to school. We started last Monday. Lots and lots of love – Monnie. Write again soon- I mean you!

*[This letter dated **Sept. 28, 1931** was written from the steamship "Empress of Canada" in Kobe Harbor, Japan by Willard to Geraldine. The King of Siam is on the ship which causes some changes in normal ship life. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Kobe Harbor, Japan

Sept 28th 1931

On Board the
Canadian Pacific Steamship
"Empress of Canada"

Dear Geraldine:-

I have just mailed something to you for Mother. I think it was a crystal of some kind. This is just to appraise you in case it does not come I have the receipt.

The trip thus far has been fine- a little- what I call rough a day out from Victoria and yesterday. But not sufficient to make me sick – only lazy.

Your photo reached us at Seattle or rather at Victoria. It is the nearest to having you yourself with us and we thank you for it. I have in my pocket the picture Mary and Stanley took that Sunday at the farm and also four views of Hazel. Very likely you see her more frequently than others of the family.

We are to go at 5 p.m. today, - if the King of Siam does not upset it. Several passengers are not 100% pleased at travelling with Royalty. It is too sacred and common people are denied privileges that are given to all when Royalty is not aboard. Very lovingly

Father.

[Addressed to:]

Miss Geraldine Beard
Room 304
Public Library
5th Ave and 42nd St
New York City
U.S.A.

*[This letter dated **Late Sept. 1931** was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy thanks Geraldine for getting a new typewriter to Marjorie. She tells about miscellaneous family and day to day things. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Wednesday-
[Late Sept., 1931]

Dear Jerry:-

How's good old New York? As busy as ever? I get quite homesick for the East at times. It must be lovely to be within walking distance of Edith's. Do you get over there very often? Have you heard from the Vails to see how they like their new home?

That was tough to have so much chasing to do about that typewriter. I guess none of us realized that it would entail all that trouble to you when we asked you to do it. We really should have seen about it while we were all there in N.Y. It got to Monnie post haste, for I received a letter a while ago from her, that she wrote on it. Also, she said that my two boxes of things- sent several weeks before-came in on the same steamer. The shoes just fitted her and she is delighted with them. That relieves me greatly, because Kathleen was so positive that they would be too small.

Kathie writes that she can't sit in on the family radio chats on Sat. evenings any more because they can't get KDKA.

Have you got your Empress Eugenie yet? I do wish you could see mine and my whole brown outfit. I like it so much.

Have you had your sale yet? I don't expect my things from Mother till Nov. sometime. I do hope they'll get here before everybody has done all of their Christmas shopping.

Do you get the Bertha Studio Christmas cards? I have been getting them every year, and each year I think they grow prettier. I got my box just last week and I sent it right on to Monnie. I think she will be able to find use for a dozen of them. I am having the Bertha Studio send both you and Kathleen a box, too. It will be all paid for, so don't let them charge you. I think you will like the cards.

Have Monnie's two big letters reached you yet? I do wish those pictures would hurry up and get here. Did I tell you that she sent us a lovely warm bright red duffel blanket, with black stripes across the ends- a 4-point

blanket. It's a beauty and real heavy and warm. With the blanket came a pair of little white deer-skin booties for a much-craved little personage. My, they're darling! By the way, did you deceive Donald Hume Jr.'s little announcement? Another "Junior"! We got ours just today.

Day after tomorrow- or, rather, Saturday- the Johnsons and we are driving down to the Ohio State game. This year we didn't send ahead for tickets, but are going to take a chance on getting them down there. After the game, we go on to Ypsilanti to spend the night with the Lappinems. I hope to see Margaret Wilder Menzi this time. Her husband teaches right across the hall from Matt Lapppinem, in the same building. Do you remember the time you drove the girls to see one of the games? Wasn't that fun? Are you going to get to see any games this year?

Next week Thurs. and Fri. are our Teacher's Convention days. This year the convention is held right here in Saginaw. Just today, I wrote to Ruthie Brooks to see if she wouldn't come up and stay with us during that time and over the week-end. This is my third invitation to her and she hasn't come yet, because each time she has been busy. I don't even know whether she's down there again this year or not, but I'm taking a chance on it, and I hope she accepts this time.

I just read in the paper tonight that we actually have a spring vacation this year- along in the last of March- a week. We haven't had one for two years. We get just fourteen days at Christmas. That's a lot more than you get, tho, eh?

The wife of one of our men teacher's at North has two brothers teaching at West Haven, Conn., and she and her husband are planning to drive her father and mother out there for Christmas. It just makes me want to pile along with them so awfully badly!!

Have you seen Hazel Ellen recently? I haven't heard a word from any of them.

Do you still have that crazy old fur coat? I was thinking that if you're sure you can't use it, I guess I'll send it to Galesburg and let either Florence or Grace use it if they care to. I'm sorry it's been such a white elephant on your hands. Send it right along, and don't bother to insure it.

I have bought some beautiful straw flowers and bitter-sweet and have fixed up two or three winter bouquets for the house. They do brighten things up so.

I must stop and go to bed early and try to sleep off this cold. You see, I haven't started to take my cold shower every morning yet.

Much love and write soon again. Am enclosing a check for \$6. for our share on the typewriter. Dot.

The Headquarter of Bandits Suppression
of Kiangsu Province

Yangchow, Kiangsu, China,

October 1, 1931.

To all Christians, Chinese and Foreign, and all members
of Christian Institutions,

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

As we know, China has a history of four thousand years and her people have always preserved the old virtues such as loyalty, fidelity, benevolence and righteousness. Through this long period the reason why she could remain as the oldest nation is simply because of her adherence to the above virtues. At present, the so-called modernists, coated themselves with imperfect western civilization, urge for the throwing away of all the old moral restraints so as to enjoy themselves in the new evils. Thus God is punishing us with much suffering. First come the bandits then the flood which falls upon China as a very heavy stroke.
(Isaiah I; 4-9)

while we were in deep sorrow and suffering all busy trying to relieve those suffering people, imperialistic Japan attacked us. They occupied Mukden and other cities murdering our officials and citizens but spreading false reports to all other nations so as to make them believe that we were at fault. According to the international law all nations ought to interfere with them since their actions are barbarous indeed. we, Chinese, offered no resistance as we wanted to seek Justice through the League of Nations by which we plainly proved our high moral standard.

when we read the Book of Judges in the old Testament we find that whenever the Isrealites disobeyed God their country was always invaded by enemies until they cried for God's mercy. when they showed true repentance, they were soon delivered by God. So we can be sure that the suffering we meet is meant to teach us to repent.

Therefore the first important thing is to arouse all Chinese up to seek repentance which may stop the anger of God. Here at Yangchow we have co-operated in organizing prayer meetings. The place of meeting is not important nor is the number of people. Two or three coming together and praying to God in spirit and in truth fulfil God's conditions. Now we wish all Christians to join us in this earnest praying. In ancient times God promised not to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah if only ten righteous men could be found there and we believe there are more than ten in China but we have to help each other to cleanse ourselves and then pray for china. This is the greatest responsibility of Christians.

In these recent days Japan is ready to fight, her government on one hand calls back all Japanese immigrants along the Yangtze River and on the other hand refuses to allow the interference of other nations. She tries to force General Chang, the chairman of Kirin Province, to sign a statement to prove that Chinese soldiers attacked Japanese first. When he refused, they put him in prison and gave him nothing to eat. These are all facts. Alas! It is inhuman! So we beg all foreign friends to write to your friends and relatives in your native countries and if possible to your governments, telling them the true facts of the Mukden incident so that they may uphold justice for China preventing the Japanese from making use of their false reports. This shows the difference between Christianity and imperialism. Since we Christians, no matter whether foreign or Chinese, are brothers and sisters in Christ you will surely be willing to help us (Psalm 9; 7-10).

We need your earnest prayers and we also ask your help in presenting the real facts to all whom you know.

May God bless you and your holy work. Amen.

I am,

Yours in Christ,

Chang Tse Kiang

[This letter dated Oct. 28, 1931 was written from Logan, Utah by Kathie to Jerrabee (Geraldine). Kathleen has heard that Geraldine is living on Long Island and studying at Columbia. She jokes about Ellen's long letter written from the ship about the King of Siam. Halloween will bring many parties. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Oct. 28 [1931]

Dear Jerrabee:

Indirectly I hear that you are all settled on Long Island and are studying in Columbia. Bravo! You are probably rushing your head off again in a whirl of activity. Now don't get all tired out this time. Write me all about your new location and how much you have to pay for it.

You probably have the news of our new cousin-first-removed, Donald Corbin Jr. Aunt Etta wrote me a proud letter about him and gave me a lot of Oberlin news. She does write the newsiest letters of anybody I know. Poor Don, now he has a family on his hands and business is pretty slack, I guess. Aunt Etta said that Mill [Millicent] was enjoying her work but especially the checks that it brought. She would! Do you see Myron very often? He wrote me a nice long letter which I have never answered, but tell him I intend to when you see him next.

Did you ever get that bridge set off to Gidge? She has never mentioned it in her letters and I wondered if you forgot it. How much do I owe you on it?

A great big, long letter from Mother is on its way around the family. It came here first on its way East, but I'm just warning you about it so that you can ask for a day off from work to read it. The whole thing is 14 pages of fine writing, a detailed account of their trip and a full description of every demonstration for the King of Siam. It is really very interesting and enlightening but I had to read it in installments.

What is happening at the farm now, do you know? I haven't heard anything from that quarter since leaving Saginaw and am wondering about how Aunt Flora is.

Next Saturday is Halloween and we have numerous parties to attend. I don't have any costume but I guess I can scrape up one. We have already had a kid party on one Saturday night which was lots of fun. The girls danced all evening and acted as crazy as they wanted to. It is so different attending a party like that as a teacher from the ones we used to have at school. I don't enjoy them nearly as much - just watch others have fun. In a way I am getting very tired of being a teacher, for we never can come out of our "shells" so to speak. I am longing for a chance to "let out" and be myself once instead of being Miss Beard all the time. The eternal strain of acting the superior is getting on my nerves and there is no escape from it until Christmas. It is just 50 days now until the "brats" go away and leave us in peace. They have the days all counted just as we used to, and notify us of it every day. I can't wait for the vacation; for work is piling up on me and I am beginning to feel rushed, as of old.

I mustn't write more now for my mood is none to good for an interesting letter. Much love anyway and remember me to the folks at the Lib. - Kathie

[This letter dated Nov. 1, 1931 was written from Northwest River, Labrador, Canada by Marjorie to Jerry (Geraldine). Monnie feels Kathleen has matured from the sound of her letters. She had a quiet summer and a vacation trip to Rigolet. Winter is coming and she has been on 2 hunting trips with no luck. She thanks Geraldine for the typewriter which is on its way. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Marjorie Beard
Northwest River
Via Rigolet
Labrador

Nov. 1, 1931.

Dearest Jerry,

Your last contrite letter was most touching. Cheer up, that last mail was a corker! Letters from almost every member of the family - not only the "immediate", either. And photos galore. Kathie sent two dandy long epistles, with pictures, too. My! that child has matured! Some of the expressions she used, and her really masterly description of the country, made me feel quite humble. I hear she's getting to be quite attractive, too. I'm anxious to see her - that kid sister of ours!

I'm so glad you've found so good a place to move to - you've been so happy with the Vails. Aren't you glad to be out on Long Island? - and so near everyone, too. You're lucky.

I'm looking forward to your next installment. I got so many letters telling about separate events, from so many different points of view, that the impression I have received of the whole summer is that of a whole tribe of

whiskers [*a fun way of referring to the "Beard" family*] flying to and fro- now in multitudes together, now in smaller companies! which it probably was – and I know how much fun it is! No wonder you all had no time to write. I didn't write over much my self, if you noticed.

Our summer was rather quiet- spent mostly at gardening, writing (mostly business letters) when there was mail, helping paint the school and school cottages, going off for an occasional (very!) trip. I am enclosing a letter I wrote to you, which came back to me for some unknown reason. It tells something of my vacation trip to Rigole. That was fun!

Our first snow was day before yesterday, so winter is really beginning. However, it probably won't last, and will get warm again before winter sets in for good and all. We had been hoping for a lot of partridges this year- that was the rumor. But we have been hunting twice and have had absolutely no luck. And the native hunters have not done much better. Today tho, right at the end of our path leading to the house, two partridges flew up off the ground. The silly creatures knew it was Sunday, when shooting is a sacrilege, and six of them, we heard, flew about the portage path, just back of the village, just to tantalize everyone! I'm getting up at the crack-o'-dawn tomorrow morning, and am going out with the trusty 22 that Betty left me, to see whether I can find any of the fowls- for they don't fly far. I'll have to make it early, too, for all of N.W.R. will be along out after them, too! When partridges are so scarce, one is not to be sniffed at! We have had them just twice, and last year at this time we were having them every day.

Thank you so much, Jerry dear, for your part in the typewriter which is coming, I hope on this next boat. Your part is larger than any of the others', for you had the trouble of ordering it. I shall appreciate it so much, and will try to do what I can with the book of lessons, tho I am busy and shall probably have to go on until at least Christmas vacation with my old Hunt and Peck method.

Many, many thanks for your package. The blouses are so pretty- especially the satin one. I declare, I'll have to have a skirt made to go with it- all mine are too old. I'd like a black velvet – maybe I can get some up here. And where did you unearth that white silk blouse that I used to have? Did I give it to you? I had an idea I gave it to Ronnie. That was awfully good of you to send it along. The little toys included in the box were cute. I love the little Dutch family and am going to save it for a time when the children are studying Holland. It will make an adorable sand table scene.

I do hope your next letter is on the next "Kyle". And don't feel badly about not having written, for the letters served all the better, for my not having heard for so long.

Would you do me one more favor? Namely, get a lb. box of Chinese jasmine tea in a red lacquer box (\$1.25, I think- from Mrs. Davis, Oberlin) and send it to Betty Lorimer, 35 Grant St., Chicopee, Mass.? I want her to give it to Mrs. Paddon for my Xmas present. I haven't the money to send you now- but tell me how much it all is- postage included, and I'll reimburse you. Thank you. And now- goodbye until January Love- Monnie

[This letter dated Nov. 6, 1931 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. Willard sends a brief note to Geraldine with her birth certificate. Sherwood Eddy is in Foochow again. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Friday evening 9:30

Nov. 6- 1931

Dear Geraldine:

Just a word before I retire. I am enclosing 1. Your birth certificate. You may never need it but if you do need it you will want it badly. 2. A writing making you the beneficiary of your life insurance policy. The company will not accept this but it will show my intention and when I come home in 1935 if all goes well I will satisfy the Company's demand for a Notary Public's stamp.

Sherwood Eddy arrived in Foochow this morning. The Chinese almost worship him because of the telegram he sent to America from Mukden relative to Japan's doings there. He will speak three or four times daily for ten days in all parts of Foochow and to all kinds of audiences. Mrs. Eddy is with him. Mother and I are to meet him at dinner tomorrow evening at Mr. Munsons- and at lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Siek (Hseuh) Principal of Foochow College next Thursday.

Annual Meeting comes in a few days. Mother has promised to entertain the Beaches.

The mail today brought a good letter from Dorothy. With love Father

[This letter dated Nov. 8, 1931 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). She is forwarding Ellen's letter written on the steamer about the King of Siam. She talks about some items from Japan for their sales. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dorothy C. Newberg
2108 North Bond Street
Saginaw W.S.
Michigan

Nov. 8, 1931.

Dear Jerry:-

Letters come so fast from both ways, to be forwarded in so many different directions, that it keeps me humping. This monster epistle from Mother came from Kathleen last week. I kept it over Sun. for I wanted to write a long letter answering it and didn't have time in the week. Take a whole evening off to read it. It's wonderfully interesting.

Have you received your box that Mother referred to in her letter: Was there much duty? I got two shipments of things from Japan- mostly inexpensive little novelties that went like lightening around here. I was planning not to sell a thing till everything got here, but it's half gone already. She sent some of the handsomest correspondence cards, cute place cards, and lots of other cute things that she tells about in her letter.

The paintings and the doilie sets that she wants you and Kath to have if you want them, I think I'll send to you and let you take your pick, then you send them to Kath and let her pick, then she send to Ginny, etc.- or would it be better the way I started out- send it out to Kathie first then she to the East for you and Ginny, and you send the rest of the doilie sets where Mother said to, and the rest of the pictures to me and I'll keep them for Mother with the rest of her things.

She sent only six doilie sets and wants nine people to have one. Monnie wouldn't want one up there now anyway, and what do you think about Aunt Mollie? That might eliminate two people. Maybe Kathie wouldn't care about one right now either. She could send for one if she wants one.

I am also sending you one of the toy apples that she sent. It's a cute little thing and the game is quite a bit of fun. She sent some pretty hankies. I'm sending you one of those too. I wish I had kept a box of those cute correspondence cards for you. They are all gone.

I had a birthday party for Harold last night. Served a chicken dinner to eight. It was a very congenial bunch and everybody seemed to have a good time. Harold's real birthday is Mon. - tomorrow.

Mrs. Croley called up yesterday to tell me that she had met an old Putnam friend of mine. Her married name is Tryon and she's been living here for five years. She didn't know her maiden name, so I called Mrs. Tryon right up and had a long telephone visit with her. She was Miss Anne Montague who taught in Putnam High. She had Phebe, Gould and you she said, but didn't have me. She was there only a year- right out of College. Do you remember her? She said that she used to live with a family of Gilbert's whose daughters used to be friends of the Beard girls, and one time she came down to our house with Florence Gilbert. 'Member it? Is that the Gilbert girl who married the Shaw boy, and who was thrown from a horse and had such a time? I'll have to look her up and have her over. She said that Mr. Cody pestered the life out of her the year she was there.

The pictures of Monnie have at last arrived from Aunt Etta. They are real good, aren't they?

Kathie writes asking what we'll do about Christmas. She said that Aunt Etta's family wanted to be left out this year, so I guess we'd better do it. I guess we'll all give a little something to the baby and that we might make the extent. Harold and I gave to the Farm this summer but we might take one or two others to help out. You and Gould make out the list this year if you can, will you? In one of your next letters, will you send a list of your personal wants for Christmas, and begin finding out Gould's and Ginny's.

Must stop and write to Kathie.

Much love-
Dot.

I've lost your address, so hurry up and write.

[This letter dated November 1931 was written from Logan, Utah by Kathie (Kathleen) to Dot (Dorothy) and Harold. Kathleen is hoping to get a new winter coat. Hugh is still searching for work. Kathleen feels discouraged with her work and is not enjoying it much. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Logan Academy
Logan, Utah
November, 1931

Dear Dot and Harold:

It is shameful the way I don't write. Things are just getting so rushed that my head is half off and my wits are on the caboose. I guess I haven't written about the Christmas cards have I? They are ever so pretty and thank you so much for them. They solve my card problem beautifully for I am planning to send Christmas letters to my closest friends. Let those cards be your Xmas gift to me for you have done so much for me already that it should go for several Christmases ahead. I am asking the rest of the family for [a] little contribution toward a coat which I need desperately as you will remember. I am making my old blue and my summer green do me until after Xmas but the weather is pretty raw. We have had two heavy snows and things are all frozen up around here. I feel as if I were in Labrador. You mentioned sending pictures for my room, but please don't bother, because I got some cute little ones on sale at Woolworths and I couldn't use any more. Thanks all the same for being so thoughtful.

Hugh, alas, is still hunting work and it gets him rather discouraged. He has a friend there with him so doesn't get as lonely as he did in Cleveland and he keeps his spirits wonderfully. I think this experience is doing him worlds of good even tho it is hard, because it is giving him time to think and is giving him a deep sympathy for the poor laborer. I think he will come out of it a stronger and wiser man. We both get desperately lonely for each other and it seems as if I couldn't stand it another minute here, but letters every day do help a lot even if I do get dreadfully teased about it. I am hoping any day to hear that he has been successful.

Jerry actually wrote me a letter the other day, the first I have had direct from her since I came. She is as busy as ever- trust her to find enough to keep her going. Also letters from Monnie and Father came today, I am enclosing Father's for you to read and pass on to Aunt Etta. I am glad that they are staying in Foochow. Monnie seems to enjoy everything so much and loves her work so much that she wants to go back to it. I wish I could muster as much enthusiasm as she does, but I must confess that I have had enough. I should like to leave right now if the way were clear and go to some place where I could feel happy for once in my life. It surely takes a person whose heart is in their work to enjoy life here, and mine isn't- it is four thousand miles away. I just have to force myself to do my work and in consequence I feel rushed all the time of course it is all my fault because I can't do as much as I am expected to in music and I feel awfully inferior. I am just a flop in the eyes of the girls because I can't sit down and play jazz or anything else for hours and thus losing their respect. I can't hold them in any other line either. I feel like a miserable failure and nothing can induce me to stay here another year, if indeed they even ask me. I dread Sundays like H—and I get so sick and tired of playing hymns at every kind of meeting. Oh, its awful and I'll give my head to be out of it. I am up to my neck in Christmas music now and can't get any that I like by mail, then I am trying to put on a Glee Club concert in January and an operetta in May when I don't know beans about it. Well, all I can do is bungle along somehow. Jerry wrote about how romantic it must be out here, but the romance is buried under a nightmare of work. Don't expect another letter from me until vacation starts, but in the meantime have a good time and remember that I wish I was with you for Christmas. Much love Kathie.

[This letter dated Nov. 16, 1931 was written from Shelton, Conn. by Phebe Maria Beard to Gerry (Geraldine). She updates Geraldine on the relatives and friends. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Phebe M. Beard
R.F.D. No. 2
Shelton, Connecticut

Nov. 16, 1931

Dear Gerry,

We are wondering when we are to see you again, surely at Thanksgiving. We are having all the family but Uncle Stanley's, who go to Bessie's this year but they will be up here Saturday for one night. We had a short note from Marjorie to tell us of some mittens and a little basket that she was sending. They are here and are lovely. Last week Betty and her mother were here to lunch and Betty spoke at a union meeting of our Miss. Society and King's Daughters and had over 50 women out to hear her. Of course I did not go as we cannot leave Aunt Flora [*Flora is 62 years old in 1931*] alone anymore, but Mary said Betty was fine and everyone enjoyed her talk. A few weeks ago Betty and Mrs. Lorimer with Mrs. Padden and her two groups of boys surprised us one afternoon and stayed to tea. It seems that Dr. Padden arrived this last week and they are to be in New Haven this winter, so we hope to see them again.

I wonder if you have known anything of Helen Peck's illness. She took Ruth down to Brooklyn the first of Sept. and has not been well since. A specialist in New Haven called it Pectoral Angina and she has just grown worse rapidly after nearly a month of intense suffering and yesterday she was buried. It seems too sad to be true. Ruth is going back to her studies. She is so happy in her chosen work and Doctor[?] and Johnson will stay on with a housekeeper.

Gould and Virginia and Hazel were here for dinner Sunday- also Oliver and Mrs. Beardsley- Stanley's family were at Mrs. Palmer's, then Stanley came back Monday as Fred wanted him to be pall-bearer.

Well, let us know when to meet you next week and we'll be there. Can you stay one Sunday?

With love-

Aunt Phebe-

A letter came from your father Friday which is to be passed around and we are keeping it here for Thanksgiving as we can read it to many more then and save him in getting it around. Mary received your letter today and asked me to tell you.

P.M. Beard



This may be a picture taken the Sunday that Gould, Virginia and Hazel came to dinner as referred to in the above letter. Gould is seated in the very front. Just over his left shoulder is Virginia holding a baby (probably Hazel who was born in July of 1931). With her arm around the dog is Mary Beard. Flora is the white haired lady just behind Virginia and Hazel. Phebe Maria Beard is seated and second from the left in the photo. Bennett Nichols Beard is the man with the mustache, 2nd from the right standing in the photo. The lady at the far left is Ben's wife, Abbie. Edith Beard is behind Gould and next to Edith is Oliver Wells and Marion.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Nov. 22, 1931 was written from Logan, Utah by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Marjorie mentioned coming home from Canada next October. Kathleen expects to spend Christmas in Logan. She finds it challenging to get the choirs ready with Christmas music, but her Latin students are doing well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Logan Utah

Nov. 22. [1931]

Dear Jerry:

It certainly was a rare treat to get that letter of yours. Don't be so choosy with your stationary after this for letters are the only things that lend zest to our existence. (Add one grain of salt.) You are up to your old tricks of

rushing madly around aren't you? Now do be discreet and remember you aren't an "iron man". That trip up north sounds interesting tho, and I can't wait to get the press account of it. There must have been a delay along the line. And that account of your dinner with Jerry Smith actually made me laugh, which I seldom do heartily any more. I should like to have listened in to the conversation- that night.

Yes Mother's letter was good and told us all we wanted to know. She sent me a pair of pretty Japanese pajamas all folded up in a little case for travelling. They are lovely. I haven't got anything from Monnie, but I have received two short letters saying she plans to "come out" next October. I must get some messages into KDKA for her. How I do wish I could hear those broad casts.

I am enclosing your check for \$8.50 and thanks for doing all that business for me. I am as well off now as I will ever be so you might as well have it now. As for the Japanese things, I don't believe I want any of them. I have all the jewelry I need out here and I don't have time to do any selling.

Christmas will find me right here I guess- where else have I to go? I will miss being with Dot so much, but we will have lots to do here. Nearly all the teachers are staying and the kids are leaving so we will at least have unmolested peace. We may go down to Salt Lake for a couple of days to blow a little, and I want to get a new winter coat. By the way, if you are looking for Christmas suggestions, here's mine. All I want from the whole family is a few pennies apiece for that coat. That is my one big need and any help on it will be greatly appreciated. How is the relative list coming? You know Aunt Etta wants her family counted out again this year because they feel a little cramped with the new addition, so I guess she would really feel more comfortable to be omitted. Give me any one of the families but do it soon so that I can get my shopping done early.

It seems almost like Christmas now because we are having zero weather, lots of snow, and the house is freezing part of the time. Besides, I am getting my Christmas music ready so am bringing the season a little prematurely. I am having a mess with the music too- trying to handle three different groups for one concert. My girls choir, a ladies adult choir of seven, and a mixed quartet makes a terrible muddle and I get so discouraged about it because I don't know how it is going to pan out. I am having to order all my music by mail, for there is no selection here, and I have hundreds of approval numbers to go over and send back those that I don't want. I almost wish I had tried a cantata now, as my predecessor did.

Last night four of us teachers went to see "The Apple Cart" put on at the local theatre by a travelling stock company. They say the same actors gave it in New York and how it ever happened to come to this burg I don't know. Anyway it was good to see professionals once more even tho we did go and sit an hour just to get rush seats. There is a series of plays up at the college for which I have a season ticket. It is amateur performance but quenches my thirst for such entertainment a little.

You spoke about the nightmare of a Latin class. Mine must be a model one for I really do enjoy that more than anything else I do (not saying much). There are only three and we play Latin word games and have spell-downs, besides drilling hard on tenses and cases. One of the girls said she was so disillusioned because she had heard that Latin was so hard. Perhaps I'm too easy a teacher. The music is a struggle all the way thru. I guess I am not adequately prepared for it because the girls want jazz and everything that I can't play. Getting four selections is taxing in itself and then I tussel with the Glee Club once a week and have eight piano pupils. The worry of it all gets me terribly and at times I feel like throwing it all up. I haven't had a word of encouragement from anybody- not that I deserve it- and I feel as if I were groping in darkness. You can talk about "romance" off there in New York, but it is far less romantic to me shut up in this yard, hardly seeing anyone but the school kids week in and week out. Even the movies is welcome distraction sometimes. Well, it might be worse, but I can't harbor the thought of another year here. I am practicing typing so that I can be ready to take a secretarial job next fall in whatever place Hugh happens to be by then. I think that may be more my forte than teaching. I guess I'm not endowed with that courageous spirit to surmount all obstacles. I have had some mighty blue days recently.

P-U-N-K now signs off with L-O-V-E Kathie.

[This typewritten letter dated Dec. 2, 1931 was written from Logan, Utah by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen talks about her Thanksgiving in Logan. She keeps busy preparing for the Christmas concert. Hugh and a friend will be taking a test to try to become an immigrant inspector. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Logan Academy
Logan, Utah
Dec. 2, 1931

Dear Jerry:

Your letter with the Christmas list in it came yesterday. The list is all right with me, but I don't think you gave me nearly my share. You have four people yourself and you only have me down for three. Also I thought you were going to give them around by families this year, instead of individuals. You asked what my salary was; It comes to the big sum of \$50.00 per month in cash, plus my keep. Not so bad, but I can't throw it away. Just now I am still paying Father for the money he lent me when I came out here, so I am living on as little as possible and rushing each check off to Aunt Mary before I spend it. Of course I am saving this month's check for Christmas.

As for "cute and different things", there are quite a few of them out here if you want to give the Indians plenty of cash for them. But there are no little cheap trinkets for children as I hoped there would be. I can get you a pair of Indian beaded gloves for Stephen for \$2.00, and some Navajo virgin rugs of very small size for \$1.25, or - - but I must not give away any secrets. That is really the extent of the different things that I could get for you. The big man size buckskin gloves that the Indians make cost anywhere from five to ten dollars. It is terrible how they charge. I think I wrote you in the last letter that I wanted help on my winter coat from the family, but if any of the relatives ask what I need - - silk stockings or wool golf-socks would be very acceptable.

You must have had a grand time up at the farm for Thanksgiving, and I wish I could have been there. I had the hard task of downing two big dinners that day and I felt done for after the attempt. One of the other teachers and I were invited out for dinner at noon and then had to come back here and sit down to a regular feast of goose. That was one morning when we were allowed to sleep so I did it with a vengeance, not getting up until after ten. The girls had a soccer game out in the snow and very nearly got frozen but they loved it. Mary Jane and I were invited to dinner by a Mrs. Kepner, a very nice young lady who comes from Conn. and has taught in Saybrook for two years. I wrote Dot that she knew Hazel Converse very well in college. Well, there were eight of us all together and we had a grand time with the huge turkey and all the other things that she had. We stayed there all afternoon talking and looking at their wedding pictures. It was so refreshing to get away from the school and the howling mob of girls. But the hard part was to come back here and sit right down to another dinner almost as large as the first, if not so good. I ate very little of that dinner, I assure you. Afterwards we were made to do some crazy stunt. I had to dress a girl up to represent a character, in crepe paper. We teachers had our first experience in being taken off, and the girls did it very well. I was represented as directing my Glee Club. Only about half the girls were there since many of them went away for Thanksgiving. Our next two days of school were lots of fun with small classes and only three tables in the dining-room. We played anagrams in Latin class and the two pupils whom I had loved it.

Today we go swimming for the second time this year. The city High school has kindly consented to let us have their pool one hour a week, and although it is not a very big pool, it has good water and gives us a place to exercise. The kids are wild about swimming and most of them go. It is a life saver for me because I get so little exercise otherwise.

My Christmas concert comes off a week from this coming Sunday so I am having to put in a lot of time on that. The hardest part of it is getting the groups together to practice, for they live all over town and have so many other things to do at this busy time. I am hoping for the best, tho, and I'll tell you how it comes out.

Our town is getting all decked out for Christmas in the business district. We have red and green lights along the side-walks and large trees tied to every lamp-post, with big silver stars dangling from the street lights. It really looks very pretty and makes you feel Christmasy. I have nearly all my Christmas shopping done for once so that is not a worry with me this year.

Today I got my present from Monnie, and it is just darling. She wrote me that she was sending me a pair of mitts made of duffle but I never imagined they would be so pretty. They are long white gauntlet ones with bright red flowers embroidered all over them and that lovely soft white fur around the top. All the people here are quite crazy about them, and so am I. The only trouble is that I have nothing to wear them with, and I might get them dirty around here. I think I will ask her to have a short jacket made to match them for next year.

You asked about Hugh. He is in Boston now with Tom Mustard, a college friend of his, and they are both looking for work. They have decided to take the exam for Immigrant Inspector and are studying hard for it. I do so hope Hugh makes good in that because it will make him more encouraged. His letters lately have sounded quite happy although he does get blue spells once in a while.

How do you like my sample of typing? There are a good many mistakes in it but I am improving little. During the vacation I want to get up some speed if I can so that it will really be a time saver. It has taken me over an hour to type this while I could have done it long-hand in nearly half the time, but it is good practice. It is awfully hard to think and type your thoughts at the same time isn't it? I can copy a page lots faster than I can write it out of my head. It is grand fun, though, and I want to be good at it before I leave here.

I must stop now, for I have choir practice tonight and I must get ready for it. My ladies choir is singing some lovely French carols that I just love, but they find them rather hard to get on to.

Be sure to write me if you want me to get any of the things I mentioned and do it soon because they may be gone. There is only one pair of gloves left. I am getting Dan a cow-boy belt and Aunt Emma one of those rugs. Ruthie's gift I have not decided on yet.

Lots of love

Kathie.

P.S. That sketch of the library was very good.

[This letter dated Dec. 6, 1931 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy mentions how Kathleen is not happy in her work in Logan. She would like to try to have Kathleen come to Saginaw for Christmas. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dorothy C. Newberg
2108 North Bond Street
Saginaw W.S.
Michigan

Dec. 6, 1931.

Dear Jerry:-

Since I've written you last you've been doing some skyking around the country. You all must have had one grand time at the farm at Thanksgiving time. Are you all going to be there again at Christmas?

The Christmas list is O.K. I have written Kathie to see if she wants me to take Ruthie. Mother suggested a carving set for a gift to both Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert. I am going to ask Kathie if she would like to do that for Aunt Emma, if we can find a good one reasonable enough.

Good for you and your sales! My lacquers haven't even come, and everybody's waiting for them. I do hope they get there this week. The reason I didn't ask you to send your things is because my Chinese things haven't come, and I have sold most of the order of Japanese things, so I didn't have enough for a real sale. If you are all through with them, and don't think you can sell anymore, I'd be glad to try to sell the rest if you want to send them.

Everybody seems to be so busy. Kathie writes that she is swamped with work. By the way, Kathie used to write quite glowing letters about her work out there, and I really thought she was enjoying herself, but along comes this letter that sounds pretty doleful, - poor kid. I feel sorry for her, for she'll have to stick it out for a year anyway. I have written her telling her that if she can find some excursion rates, or come by bus, I'll pay half of her expenses here for Christmas, if she feels she'd like to come. The change of atmosphere might be worth it for her, and we shall be mighty lonely here alone. Don't say anything about this letter (of Kathie's), or about my offering to help her come. She might not want her troubles published, and I know Gould would think it was downright folly to spend so much money on a vacation. It's worth that much to me, tho, to be together.

Aunt Mary writes that my \$7.98 check for April has not come back yet, and she wonders if it was lost. Was that the check that you kept to pay for some wedding presents, or was that the one before that? I can't seem to remember anything about that one- last April's.

Yesterday Harold and I got up at 5:00 A.M. and drove to Detroit. We put our car in the Hup. factory to have various little things done to it. I went to Hudson's and spent the whole morning right in that store, Christmas shopping and just getting an eye-full of everything. I turned "youngster" for almost an hour in the toy dept. and was just as interested and fascinated as any of those real youngsters.

I bought Harold's Christmas present- a blue silk bathrobe. I also got gifts for Don's baby, and for Ruth Bartlett Nelson's new little baby-girl, Joy.

In the afternoon Harold and I went to a show, then drove home and got here at about 9:30. We both enjoyed the day a lot.

We went to see Svengali not long ago. It was quite a weird play, but very well acted. Have you seen it? Basketball has started at the church, so from now on, we will be pretty busy until Easter.

I wrote Gould that Kathie wrote that her one big desire for Christmas was money for a new winter coat. I guess she has that in this letter. Shall we all send her money for that individually with any other little thing that we might want to send? Gould sent a list for each of the three of them and said he was sending the same list to you and Kathie. Most of the things are small enough for one person to get, aren't they? Shall we get individually or together for them. If individually, what on the lists are you getting?

Gould asked about Mother's and Father's gifts. We got Father's while they were here, but I don't know what to say about Mother's. The only thing that I know she wants is one of those small lamps picturing Niagra

Falls and a fire- in action. She liked both of them and if we could find them and they are not too expensive I think she'd like to have both of them. She thought the Chinese would be so interested in them.

You asked what we wanted for Xmas.

You asked what we wanted for Xmas.

Harold
Socks - #11
Ties
Gloves - #9 1/2
Car clock

Dorothy
Stockings - to go with brown or black
White silk slip
Painter water pitcher

Subscription to Reader's Digest

Did you see those square yellow dishes (breakfast set) that Aunt Molly got at the 10¢ store? I would love a set like that - plates, cups, & saucers.

So have you seen Aunt Myra's green cream-soup set (bowls and plates).

Also, have you seen Aunt Myra's green cream-soup set (bowls and plates). If you see anything like that (same color) would you price it. I might want to get it for my self. I love hers.
Much love, and write soon- Dot.

[This letter dated **Dec. 24, 1931** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to all the folks. Dr. and Mrs. Sherwood Eddy are in Foochow and the Chinese look up to him. Willard summarizes Dr. Eddy's talks to the students. Willard tells of a 27 year old Chinese woman who joined the church against her friends and relatives wishes. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
December, 24th. 1931.

Dear All the Folks:-

Here starts another letter to all of you. The last general letter was dated Oct. 18th.
December 31st. This is the way the time goes. You must not ask me to tell too minutely how it has been used.

Since writing the last family letter I have written someone about once a week or oftener. On Oct. 24th Mother and I went to Kuliang. We could find but one chair at the foot (it was rice harvest and the men were busy) so we took a chair between us and that meant I did most of the riding, for Mother would have it so and I have learned to be babied as you all will testify. Both of us stood the trip well and felt all the better for it. The house was hit by the typhoon but only the veranda much injured. I am now having the roof taken off and a new one put on. This one has been on since 1896. I have no complaint.

Dr. Sherwood Eddy and Mrs. Eddy were here Nov. 6 to 14th. This meant a lot of extras. I gave three or four talks to different groups in preparation and as many more in the follow- up work. He spoke some 24 times and Mrs. Eddy some twelve or more. He spoke to all classes of people, - students in five different groups and in as many places. At the University he has about two hundred, in the other places from 1200 to 2500. He spoke to 600 officials and their secretaries. He was in Mukden when the Japanese took the city and came here soon after. He read the telegrams he sent to Geneva and to the British and American governments to the audiences here and of course the Chinese were ready to proclaim him a god. Two other factors contributed to his success here; - there has been a lot of good work done by Chinese pastors, teachers and by missionaries among students and others. Then for ten years the anti-Christian movement has had the effect of repressing any ardent expression of Christianity on the part of students. For two years a movement among the students called The Back To The Church Movement has been gaining strength and has been active this fall. I should add a fourth factor, - for two months there was a special group of about eight hundred men and women in special preparation for what they called the Eddy Meetings. In

Let's even up our debts. I paid \$12.50 for Mother's bag. (Did she like it? And did you?) K. says she will pay \$4 on it. Can you pay \$4 and I'll pay \$4.50. I sent Gould a ten dollar gold piece. I'll go \$4 on that. Can you give \$3 and K \$3. That makes \$4 you owe me. Now, what do I owe you on Father's and K's bag? I also owe you for the wedding gifts. You make out your bill and cancel my bill and tell me how much I owe you. Also how much Kathleen owes you. Let's straighten this out right away.

Dot.

1932

- Charles Lindbergh 's baby kidnapped and killed
- Amelia Earhart is first woman to fly solo across the Atlantic
- Willard and Ellen are in Foochow, China
- Kathleen is teaching in Utah until summer. She moves back East and marries Hugh Elmer September 9, 1932.
- Dorothy and Harold are teaching in Saginaw, Michigan.
- Marjorie is in Canada until the end of summer.
- Geraldine is in New York.
- Gould and Virginia are in Shelton and Seymour, CT, Newark, NJ and St. Louis, MO
- Willard is 67, Ellen- 64, Gould- 36, Geraldine- 34, Dorothy- 31, Marjorie- 26, Kathleen- 24.

[This letter dated Jan. 7, 1932 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dorothy to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy and Harold had a small fender bender on the way back to Saginaw because of icy road conditions. She was hoping to visit California this summer but Harold is hesitant because of his family's financial condition. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dorothy C. Newberg
2108 North Bond Street
Saginaw W.S.
Michigan

Jan. 7, 1932

Dear Jerry:-

I hope you haven't given up hopes of ever getting your gloves. I tried to exchange them at Baries where I got them, but they had no more fur-lined, so I got a "due-bill" there, and went to another store for these. I don't think they are quite as pretty, but the stock is low right after Christmas. I'm so sorry I didn't think to get a size larger in the beginning.

We had glorious weather all the way back until the very last two hours. We ate supper in Lapeer [*Lapeer, Michigan*]. When we came out it was raining. As we came north the rain began to freeze to the roads and everything else, so we just crawled into Sag. at 20 per. About five miles out of Sag. a car hit another car on the other side of the road from us, glanced off from that car and skidded over and hit our front fender denting it in quite a bit. We were both at almost a stand-still when it hit, so there was no danger, but it was too bad the car had to be marred. We were all thanking our lucky stars that we were so near home when the bad weather began, and not on Bear Mt. or some of the others of those hills.

Jan. 25. - This poor letter was held up in the rush somewhere.

You asked me to send one of our lost and found pens in with your gloves. When I came to look for one, there were only two ladies pens in the bunch, and both of those were broken. That's why I didn't send any. Do you have a good pen and pencil by now?

Our first semester ended last Thurs. and the second semester began to day. The 9A's had their Banquet last week and as usual Harold and I had charge of the games in the gym after the banquet proper. I put on the Virginia Reel which went off very successfully. I am enclosing one of the programs. Don't you think the whole thing a clever idea? They were standing (the acroplanes) at each place. The speeches were all good.

The Russian Don-Cossack Chorus sang here a week or so ago. It was splendid. If you get a chance to hear it- go!! It was remarkable to hear voices as high and sweet as a high soprano- and not falsetto, either-among those huge, hardy, stern-looking Russians. Also, the deepest bass you ever heard.

Midra Elmann was to have come here last week, but cancelled his engagement for some reason, or other.

Tomorrow our Oratorio Club starts up again to practice an Oratorio for an Easter, or spring concert.

My Ames girls are coming along nicely, having played about eight or ten games and lost only one- to the last year's champions of Detroit. Later we beat that same team on our home floor. I've had that same bunch of girls for about six or seven years now. Therein lies their strength. I'm afraid I'm going to lose three of them next year.

Kathleen wrote that this Thurs. she is to give a talk on China and wanted me to send some of my curios. I sent the Chinese dolls, some of my embroideries, and a few odds and ends which I hope will help her out.

Did I write that my lacquers and linens were here when I got back from the vacation? I had a sale here at school but sold only a few dollars worth. The teachers are the poorest buyers. They love to look at the "pretty things". The lacquers came in perfect condition. I suppose everybody was money-shy right after Christmas. I'll wait a little while then make another "attack". By the way, we can't remember whether we settled with you for the lacquer pieces of yours that we had- and the tea- last summer. I had two gold boxes, some candle sticks, and two flower bowls. All I've sold of those is one gold box. I'm almost sold out on the tea, but I want to get completely out of this lot before I get anymore.

Do you have any "spot" luncheon sets among your things? I have a call for one trimmed in blue, and one trimmed in green.

I was talking with Alice McKeage about our possible trip to Calif. this summer. She got interested and said she would love to go. The Johnsons can't go, and we can't seem to find anyone else interested. Alice has two friends that are interested. I can't imagine any better company than Alice and one of those friends, who I know. She used to teach here in North- Laura Lesh. I believe she was at Alice's breakfast party. I don't know the other one, whose name is Phebe. Harold is questioning our going because his family is in such straits. Some of them are

laid off from work and others have work only part time. It would seem funny for us to galavant off on a pleasure trip with them so hard up. If they only knew how to use money, I'd feel much better about helping them.

Very much love- Dot.

[This typewritten letter dated Jan. 12, 1932 was written from Logan, Utah by Kathleen to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen tells all about her Christmas in Logan. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Logan Academy
Logan, Utah.
Jan. 12, 1932

Dear Jerry:

This is a family letter to tell you all about the kind of Christmas we have among the Mormons. It really isn't so different from the usual ones, for the Mormons celebrate it just about as we do. However, for me there was much that was new and interesting. I'll begin way back in November when I started training my choirs for the Christmas concert. I say choirs because I couldn't find enough tenor and bass singers to make a good chorus, so I worked with three separate groups, a girls' choir which sings every Sunday, a ladies' choir of three parts, and a mixed quartet. My leading soprano was so busy that she couldn't join the quartet, so I had to screech on that myself and let someone else play. It was pretty hectic to keep them all going, but worked out fairly well in the end. The concert came on the thirteenth of December, just before the girls went home for vacation. It was patterned after the Oberlin Christmas service, with the story of the "Other Wise Man" read in the middle of it. Some people thought the service too long, but it lasted only an hour and a half. I think an over-heated church made the time seem longer, for we nearly roasted- a feeling which we seldom have here. With that off my hands I was free to enjoy the rest of the Christmas doings.

That same night after the concert I took a group of girls out caroling around town. It was a bitterly cold night, a little below zero, and we must have walked several miles, accepting only one of the many invitations to come in. Thanks to your warm duffle mits, Monnie, my hands kept from freezing, but the poor girls were stiff with cold when we came in to find some warm cocoa waiting for us. We had a taste of some really cold weather before the vacation- 20 below every night, and 10 below during the day. However it is so dry that we wear no more clothes than we did in Ohio. There is almost no wind in this protected valley, which makes a big difference in feeling the cold, and the snow stays on the trees for weeks after it falls. We quite often have heavy fogs in the mornings, which as they settle cover everything with a frost coat, making the prettiest sight you can imagine, I have taken pictures of it which I'll show you next summer.

On the Saturday night before the girls went home there was a big Christmas party for the whole school and all connected with it. We drew names for ten cent gifts, which was all most of the girls could afford this year. Really some of them are nearly destitute and are having to work for their entire expenses here. At the party we had an act of Bird's Christmas Carol staged by the Junior girls, and it was perfectly killing. I had no idea that these girls could act so well, for most of them are very poor in public performances of any kind. Our minister's wife played Santa Clause when it came time for the tree and was a good one even though she wasn't quite cor-pulant enough. She was generous to us, especially with candy, for it seemed as if all our employees, such as the night watchman and janitor, said their Merry Christmas with sweets. We had pounds of it sitting around the house all during vacation and we couldn't help taking a piece every time we went by the box even though we knew it would add another ounce.

Each class had a separate party on the last night before leaving and were entertained by the faculty. Winifred, the girl who lives in the same dormitory with me and is gym teacher, and I entertained the Sophomores, nine of them. We had such fun winding our big Christmas tree into a cobweb with a little gift on the end of each string. The girls enjoyed unweaving it as much as we did tangling it up.

The most fun for all was our midnight ride in a covered truck. Sixteen girls had to take the two o'clock train from a Junction thirty miles away, so two of us teachers went along as chaperones. We dragged them out of bed at midnight to have a little lunch before leaving, then bundled them all into a large canvas-covered truck. I think I know just about how it felt to rumble along in the ancient covered wagons now from that experience. It was pitch dark and we were wound up in blankets until we couldn't wiggle, for it was right cold. The girls sang and yelled all the way over in spite of the frequent lurches of our buggy and the springless seats. Nothing sleepy about them! Fortunately the train was half an hour late, which gave us time to buy all their tickets and fix them up for their journey. The little rattlebrains were so excited that they had no idea what they were supposed to do, and we had to tell them just where to change etc. etc. One Junior didn't even know the difference between her baggage

check and her ticket. After we waved them off we two teachers climbed back into the big empty truck and rattled home. It was four o'clock before we hit our downy couches.

One more party was given by the Sunday School for the little kiddies after the girls left. I had a chance to proxy for Santa that time and it was such fun. I stuffed myself to the proverbial size, safe beyond all recognition with pillows, and wore a mask. The greatest pleasure was to see the enlarged eyes and gaping mouths of those youngsters as they received their candy boxes. They trustingly confided their little wants and even told me what to bring father and mother. One little boy was terrified by my mask and yelled bloody murder when I approached. I didn't get any whispers from him. We were about fed up on parties after that one and were ready to forget school for a while.

When the girls were all gone we settled down to have our own Christmas. Only one of our nine faculty went home, the principal. The rest of us all lived in one house and had a grand old time being just as lazy as we pleased. Our big tree was just loaded with gifts which we religiously refrained from opening until the appointed day. It was just like a family gathering on Christmas morning when we tumbled downstairs, not even bothering to attire ourselves properly, and it seemed a lot bigger Christmas to watch seven others open their gifts too. I got more than my share, thanks to all you good people, and it helped so much to compensate for not being with you at the big family gathering, although I didn't know it then. It was jolly that you could all manage to get together on such short notice.

We new ones had all pictured vacation as a time with absolutely nothing to do- but we were sadly, or gladly, mistaken. The church people were wonderfully kind about inviting us out to dinner parties, teas, theater parties, and socials. I think we had turkey at least five or six times during the three weeks; I hardly want to see it again. You see those birds are very plentiful out here and are especially cheap this year, so we got our fill. There are numerous farms where they raise the ones hatched in California and then send the full grown fowls back there to sell. On New Years day we sat down before a twenty pound roast and he was a pretty bird, I'll tell the world. In between our gaddings we amused ourselves playing bridge, chess and other games. I am becoming quite a chess fan, and bridge was a real treat, for we are not allowed to indulge in it while school is in session. We economized on the work by having only one real meal a day, and taking turns in getting that. It is rather tricky to cook in this altitude, so I let the experienced hands do all the fancy stuff. In baking you have to use less shortening and baking powder, and more flour. They say it takes quite a while to get used to it. Oh, it was glorious not to have forty screaming kids under our feet continually, and to throw off completely that school-marm dignity. We had a chance to become better acquainted with each other too, although there are a few cases where familiarity didn't help.

One high spot of that "evaporated bliss" was a rush wedding. Winifred and I were called upon to be witnesses for a couple who were getting married at the minister's home. Idaho has a five day registration law that many couples avoid by slipping over the border and getting their licences here. That is the first wedding I ever attended in my work clothes, but they really didn't issue their invitations in time for me to change.

The vacation ended for me with a weekend spree in Salt Lake, and a sad parting from all my money. However I have a new coat and a pair of hiking boots (which are almost essential here) to show for it, so it's "not so very bad" as Uncle Stanley says. Now school is in good running shape again, in fact almost running away with us, and we are in for a steady five months of work. These girls can afford to go home only once during the year; there for we have a long vacation now and get out before decoration day in May. My Glee Club is working on a concert for February and an operetta for May. (I though I had better let you know before hand why I will not be writing any letters about next February and March).

[The next part is written in long hand.]

I hope this answers all your questions Jerrabee, for I haven't time to write a long letter to everyone. I have made ten copies of this letter to send around the family so you won't have to do any passing. Incidentally it helped me a lot in my typing. You see I have made quite a few mistakes on a page.

Your letter was so good Jerry, and of much inspirational value. I need that sort of help very often, and I only wish I could find it for myself. I have turned a little more to the spiritual this year than ever before but I don't take nearly enough time to study and think. I have to struggle so awfully hard to produce anything in the way of music that I'm about all worked out when it comes to anything else. I realize my need for a higher source of help but have not come to the point where I am ready to turn completely around yet.

The clipping was interesting and I have sent it on to Dot. Have you seen the Navajo rug that I sent Jinny? I can get you one if you want it- any size. I think I'll get a few to bring back anyway for they are cheaper now.

Gidge has written about the bridge set and I think she enjoys it a lot. She has written quite a bit lately and seems to be wonderfully happy, though terribly busy.

I'll have to have the teachers tell next time, and I'll give you a character sketch of each one. Much love and encore on the letters- Kathie



Kathleen in about 1931 or 32- possibly in Logan, Utah. Is this the new coat she refers to in the previous letter?

*[This letter dated **Jan. 17, 1932** was written from Rigolet, Labrador, Canada Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry (Geraldine). Marjorie tells about a new housekeeper at their hospital who has been unpleasant to everyone. The new teacher, Nancy Buxton, is doing well. Marjorie would like to hear more messages broadcast to her over KDKA and WBZ radio stations. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Marjorie Beard
Northwest River
Via Rigolet
Labrador

Jan. 17, 1932.

Dearest Jerry,

The mail is leaving sometime this next week, so the rush to write letters is beginning in earnest. It's hard to get down to it when one is so out of practice! I have several things to get out for the school, so this will have to be comparatively short.

My, such a funny winter as this is turning out to be! And all because of one person, Mrs. Keddie, the housekeeper at the Hospital, has just turned the Staff here upside down. Last year the Hospital was a place where one wanted to go. Mrs. Paddon was always such a gracious hostess (I hope you've had a chance to become well acquainted with that family by now,) and gatherings of the staff and Hudson's Bay men were happy, if not exactly

hilarious times. But this year, with Mrs. K. there, it's a place to be avoided, and even the people who live there, go out or retire to their rooms of an evening, instead of gathering by the fireplace as they used to do.

In her relations with the rest of the Staff, especially with Jack, with whom she has a lot to do, she is so aggressive, and fault-finding that to work with her is one long quarrel. She and Jack and she and the nurse, Miss Peterson, who is the temporary head of the station, have come to open warfare. Jack no longer cares what he says to her.

Today Jack, Annie and I were invited down to dinner at the Hospital. Jack and Annie refused- probably on the ground that Annie was not feeling well- she is expecting a baby sometime within the next two or three months. I went down, however, and found the three H.B. Co. men there. Everyone was feeling rather good, and wit flowed freely, so the party was rather jolly.

Our weather has been exceptionally warm, just as it is everywhere, I guess. The thermometer has touched 33 degrees below, once; which is more than it did at any time last year. But this winter we are not having the long cold stretches that we did last year. But the dry, hard snow has come. It packs well and makes capital paths for walking. The nights are moonlight this week, and are simply magnificent.

Next Friday evening the church is giving a program- play and basket sale, - to get money for the new building they expect to put up next summer. I am in the play, and, while we are not having nearly the fun that we had with the Mission play under Dr. Paddon last year, still it is a rather clever one, and, despite the fact that we are having to put it on a little earlier than we expected to, I think it ought not to go so badly. The basket sale is what I'm looking forward to most of all. It's always such a lot of fun- the people get such a kick out of one up here. The bidding always goes quite high- sometimes as much as \$20 for a basket. The average basket goes at from \$5 to \$10.

School is going as usual. Nancy Buxton is doing rather well with her class, but finds it hard- as do we all- running two or three grades at once. She is not staying another year, but the other day we got the joyous news by radio that Betty is coming back. I'm so glad, and the children are just standing on their heads- they just loved her.

What's the matter with the messages?! They are sent on both Sat. and Wed. nights now- from KDKA and WBZ (Springfield) and still very few for me. Nancy, Mrs. Keddie, and Dr. Sheldon all get quite a few. Has the novelty worn off? Mail comes in this week and I'm hoping for some from the family. I'm hungry for it. Do do your part by writing as often as you can. I'll see you next summer sometime- and how glad I'll be to get back!

Lots and lots of love,

Monnie

[This letter dated Feb. 1, 1932 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. The government in China is still unsettled. He is now receiving their Christmas packages from the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

Feb 1- 1932

Dear Geraldine:-

How about that diary? If you have started it all right- if not better get one and send it on soon. I'm temporying[?].

Christmas packages are coming fast these days. From Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra came a mechanical pencil and a beautiful box of cakes, and a few days later from the Farm a beautiful box of cakes, and this afternoon ten lbs. of pecans from Uncle Elbert,- with no duty. It is just possible that conditions are such that they are not charging duty now- I do not know who would receive it. The report this afternoon is that the gov't in Nanking has moved to Honan. It is also reported that the Fukien government is planning to move to Yeng Ping. Certain it is that things are in a grand muss. Just this afternoon as I passed along South St. many men were reading posters said to announce that America was fighting Japan=helping China!!!

In the midst of it all every one goes on his way about his business as usual. The boycott is lifted and Japanese goods are coming with Foochow. It is rumored here that Chinese in New York have raised money to buy 100 airplanes to send to China to fight Japan!!!

I hope you will write me when you settle with that woman for the curios she had of yours- just to satisfy my curiosity.

Your description of your new home and its nearness to your chum sounds good. And I'm much pleased to note the friendship cemented between you and the Vails. You have a capacity for making and keeping friends- the most valuable asset any person can have.

Your account of the trip to Mass. and Conn. sounded rather hectic- to use our expression that Phebe used often.- I have not yet developed a desire to ride in the busses of the states more than is necessary.

I wonder if you have sent any money to Aunt Mary for me. She has not deposited any but it takes a long time for such items to get around to me.

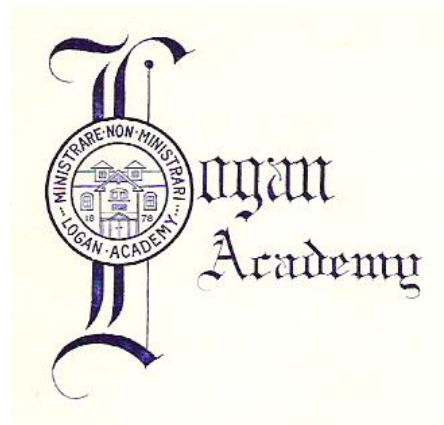
It would have been medicine to sick eyes to see you and Gould and Virginia when you first sighted Dot last Christmas eve. I do not get over the pleasure of thinking in imagination of you folks together there at Century Farm. I know it did you all good. - It turned my thoughts back to 1927 Christmas at Dot and Harolds. We'll thank God for all these good times together and also thank Aunt Phebe and Mary for providing the place and the friendly latch string of the "house by the side of one road!"

With lots of love
Father

Kathleen forwards a letter shortly ago of yours.

Father

*[This letter dated **March 2, 1932** was written from Logan, Utah by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerrabee (Geraldine). Kathleen keeps up with news stories about China and the Lindberg's kidnapped baby case. Hugh still does not have a job and hopes to hear results from the civil service exams soon. She tells about some of the school events. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*



March 2, 1932

Jerrabee Dear:

Since you are three to one ahead of me I had better get busy and write. But I believe I told you in my Christmas letter that I would be very busy during February and March, and it is proving true. This week is just a little lull between episodes, so I am writing for all I am worth.

Going back to your letter of Feb. 1. I'm glad you liked my character sketches, but I guess I made a little too much of Elsie- the slow one. She is really the most insignificant one on our staff, but she is so utterly different from most people that I wrote a lot about her. Most of the time we hardly know that she is here.

You are certainly doing plenty of running around aren't [you], and it all sounds like such fun. I think if we could get away from here for week-ends we would be a much happier bunch of teachers, but there is no place to go and we are tied here with Sunday duty. I'm glad you can get up to the farm so often and see your friends around the city. You mentioned Ethel and Howard and I don't seem to grasp just who they are or where they live. I agree with you about the singing, only in our case I shall have to be the singer. This year has made me more eager than ever to take more voice and I certainly am going to when I get a chance. I do want to hear about the "crazy bridge" too, although I couldn't use it out here at all.

Rhoda is a lucky girl to be able to get married so soon and I'm glad for her. I shall try to write her a note soon. I suppose she is still working at Macy's isn't she? I really wasn't surprised that she is married, but I was that she sent us an announcement.

The article on Roosevelt was very interesting and I read it clear thru. Shall send it to Dot immediately. "Time" comes here for one of the teachers but I don't ever see it, let alone get time to read it. I made a stab at the daily paper to keep up with the Chinese situation and the Lindberg baby. Wasn't that a disgrace for anybody to take

a baby like that? I do hope that it comes back safely. People out here are as worried about it as the parents almost. Wouldn't it be terrible to have such publicity? I'm glad I'm a commoner.

You asked about Hugh. He is still in Boston studying for Civil service examinations which ought to have been announced weeks ago. I am hoping that they will come soon and that he will get a job out of them for his own peace of mind. Being idle and having no money is demoralizing to his initiative and happiness. Things look pretty black. About a month ago his uncle in New Jersey died and he felt it his duty to go to the funeral. Pearl and Enid were there with the baby and he said that Pearl was getting worse again. She is now living with Enid. [*Pearl and Enid are Hugh Elmer's sisters. Pearl has schizophrenia.*] On his way back to Boston Hugh had to wait in New York, so he went up to the Lib to find you, but wasn't successful. I guess he expected you to come out of the front door at dinner time and waited there for you.

We have been having a February thaw for the last few weeks and most of our three feet of snow turned to slush. Walking was bad business and the roads were veritable rivers. But yesterday we had more snow and it has turned cold again. We are all so anxious for spring to come, and are so tired of winter. Everybody is getting irritable and worn out, so you can imagine what lovely times we have. We teachers have terrible fights over the girls, for our activities inevitably run into each other's and there are so few girls that many of them take part in everything. I never saw a place where people crabbed more than they do here, and I do it too, as hard as I try not to.

For once I remembered Dot's birthday because I already had her ring and bracelet picked out which she said she wanted. I got a good letter from her the other day, and I take it that she is fearfully busy. I think it is awful to be so busy that you can't have any leisure time, and I'm not going to do it again.

I do hope you get into that Appalachian Club. It sounds perfectly thrilling and I bet it would be lots of fun. There are some grand hikes and a nice place to ski and coast here but where is the time withal? We considered getting a pair of skis for the teachers after Christmas but other things have crowded that out of our minds.

I haven't told you anything about our Washington party, my recital tea or Glee Club concert. I had to make a costume for the party and the whole school dressed up a la Colonial style for dinner. It was grand fun and Winnie was my George, she made a stunning man- even gave me a corsage to wear for the occasion. (out of school funds) At our tea on the 22nd the minuet was danced by four girls and we served Chinese tea again. The four girls who played pieces did nobly. My concert was last Saturday night and was quite a success I think. I patterned it after the Oberlin ones and the girls wore their formal dresses which thrilled them pink. They looked so pretty and sang quite well. I put on a couple of stunts that I saw at Silver Bay and they took nicely. Now I'm working on Easter music and my Chinese operetta.

My Latin class and Glee Club continue to be my life savers. I really enjoy teaching Latin and we drill every day on forms. All but one of my girls are good workers. I find myself increasingly glad that I do not have to repeat this another year, but I may get something worse- who knows.

This has been an awfully scrappy letter for I was trying to answer three in one and have been continually interrupted in the writing of it. However, it carries its load of love just the same and do write me whenever you can scribble a line for it brightens the day- you don't know how much. All days seem to be dull and hard now. As ever- Kathie.

[This letter dated **March 7, 1932** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. Kathleen has told him that she plans to quit teaching at Logan Academy when the school year is out. He and Ellen have had colds for a week after having both warm and cold weather. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission
Church of Christ in China
Mid-Fukien Synod

Willard L. Beard

Foochow, China

March 7th 1932

Dear Geraldine:-

Thank you for your good letters telling about your visit to Conn. They give pleasure not only to you but to those whom you visit as well. I do not remember that you mentioned Aunt Jane, so I take it for granted she is as well as usual. William has evidently had as hard a time finding a job as many other young men. He is fortunate in having a wife with such a home.

Kathleen wrote in one of her last letters that she thought of resigning and going East at the end of her first year in Logan. I am writing her that unless conditions change it will be hazardous to throw up a job. I have not yet heard that Hugh has work. He was preparing for some kind of government job I believe.

It is proved beyond any doubt that Hazel Ellen is a very wonderful human being. We are losing the pleasure of seeing her develop. But letters from many of you are so full and detailed that we can keep up with her pretty well. Virginia sent several snap shots of her recently and incidentally we got good pictures of her Mother and Father. We appreciate all these immensely.

Yesterday Mother and I went over to Ha Puo Ga to church. The first time I have been there since coming back this time. I had to preach and help conduct communion. We came home, had dinner and were off for Ma Ang- 2 miles beyond North Gate in the country. After two weeks of very cold weather, the past three days have been very warm. A week ago Sunday 2 ft. of snow on the mountains. Ther. 38 degrees. Yesterday Ther. 70 degrees. The sun was very warm. It rather got us- the walk of three miles out, conducting service and walking 2 miles back. After supper Mother disappeared into her room. When I was about to go to bed, I found her fast asleep on her bed with all her clothes on. This she very seldom does.

We have both had head colds- more like hay fever, noses running like leaky milk pails- for a week. Mother has fasted, I have eaten, and both are better.

I am enclosing an account of our Washington's Birthday Celebration. The photo I am sending to Kathleen. It will or should reach you in time.

I think you have sent Aunt Mary for me \$75.00. Is that correct. Your letter this evng. corrects this it is \$110.00

I sent Aunt Mary more lacquer than she ordered. If she does not want it you might take it.

Very lovingly

Father

*[This letter dated **March 1932** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks Everybody. They had a celebration complete with costumes for George Washington's 200th birthday. His chickens and garden are doing well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[March 1932]

Dear Folks Everybody:-

We had a big celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of Washington's Birthday here in Foochow and I am sending you a little account of it.

The celebration was one of the best events that Foochow has seen in a long time. Nearly every American in port and all outlying stations near enough to make it possible was present. And nearly all the Europeans. We invited all Americans, Canadians and Europeans. Practically all came. A very careful program had been arranged and it was carried out without a hitch. There were fifteen in the costumes of two hundred years ago. We have two photos of those in costume and are sending one to Kathleen to be forwarded to all of you. They cost \$2.00 each so we are economizing and asking you to go to the bother and expense of sending this copy to all the families.

Mother represented Mrs. Jefferson and I Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet. Both Ellen and I had some costume. My wig was of raw silk and cost me \$5.50 mex. My coat and knee britches were of black sateen with large tin buttons. The waist coat was of white silk, I wore Mother's white silk stockings, and a pair of new patent leather pumps (the bandits borrowed my others in 1927 and have not returned them) with white brass buckles, and lace frills on my cuffs and shirt front and a white cloth around my neck that Mother says is called a "stock."

As president of the American Association I was chairman of the evening. Every number on the program was very well received. The community very kindly lent us the use of the Foochow Club for the occasion. The room was filled with many standing about the sides. Several have said to me that it was the finest thing Foochow had seen for a long time.



Willard and Ellen dressed as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jefferson at a George Washington Birthday party.
[Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

The change in transportation during the past few years is realized when I write that Mother and I dressed at home, got into an auto at our gate, and were nearly four miles away at the Foochow Club in about fifteen minutes. And when we were ready to come home there was the auto, taxi, at the door of the Club and in about fifteen minutes we were home. The charge for each was \$1.00 for the round trip. We took an elderly lady, Mrs. Hand, with us both ways and brought home Agnes McClure aged 12 and her sister Joan aged 10. Joan was in costume.

My chickens are flourishing. I have one cock about three years old and two hens two years old all thorough bred Rhode Island Reds. One brood of eight hatched Nov. 20th. 1931, four of them perfect R.I.R. the other four have some White Leghorn in them, then I have eleven hatched Jan. 11th. I have four native chicks that are laying. They are about as large as my brood of eight.

The garden is growing nicely. We are now eating lettuce, carrot, radishes, beets, swiss chard, with parsnips, ruta begas, spinach, kohl rabi, brussels sprouts, coming on.

The winter has been very cold, some twenty mornings with heavy frosts. Last Saturday night snow fell so the mountains on all sides of us were white for four days. The men at the University had a snow-ball contest on the campus. The ther. went down into the 30's. It now registers 62 in my study. The fire is out and doors and windows wide open.

News from Shanghai Saturday Mar. 5th caused great rejoicing, and the setting off of perhaps \$1000 of crackers. It was reported that on Mar. 4th there was very heavy fighting. The Chinese retreated and laid mines so that the Japanese in following them got on these mines and were slaughtered. The Japanese have changed head commanders five times since the fighting began in Shanghai. News from the radio said on Sat. night that the shops in Shanghai were opening for business.

We'll hope the fighting has ceased. The Chinese must win in the long run for they can carry on this struggle indefinitely. The Japanese are about at their end of money and men and public sentiment.

Lovingly Father

*[This letter dated **March 20, 1932** was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy and Harold have kept very busy with out of town basketball games. She discusses the financial condition of Harold's family. Many schools are now not letting married couples teach in the same school and Dorothy wonders how that will affect her. She mentions the Lindberg baby case. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Dorothy C. Newberg
2108 North Bond Street
Saginaw W.S.
Michigan

Sunday, Mar. 20, 1932

Dear Jerry:-

Yes, I did get your check, and should have written right away about it, but I simply couldn't find the time. The last three or four weeks have been rather hectic ones for work. I've had hardly a minute to call my own. Someway our out-of-town basketball trips were all piled into the last weeks of the season and we have had to make two a week right along- trips to either Detroit, Lansing, or Flint. Sometimes I would have to drive myself, and every time we'd have to start soon after school and I'd have to chase home and grab a bite to eat, or, go without. For the last 3 weeks, I've been out (on business of some kind) every night in the week except one, and Sundays. Now, thank goodness, the Ames work is over, and I'm going to bed early every night I'm home, or know the reason why!

Yes, the check was a surprise to me. When your letter came I just couldn't imagine what kind of a surprise I was going to get, and I puzzled and wondered till the surprise came. Thank you so much. I do hope it hasn't left you absolutely strapped, for I'd rather take it a little at a time than to do that. Also, I told you I didn't want a cent of interest, and I really mean it. Consider yourself paid up right now. By the way, how are you financially now? Are you able to save anything out of what you get, or does it take it all to live? If there is anything you need in the way of clothes of anything else, I wish you'll tell me and let me get it for you, for things are down so low now here that it doesn't take much to get quite a bit. What of these would you like-bloomers, slips, shirts, stockings, gloves, nighties or P.J.s, brassiers?- or anything else. Let me know right away.

You spoke of going to a "crazy bridge". No, you didn't tell me about it, and I'd like to know how to put on such an affair. Tell me about it.

You surely did "leap out" on leap year night, didn't you. That was quite a coincidence.

I just don't know about our plans for the "wild west". It seems as tho all of Harold's folks are out of work and they seem to be having a hectic time to get along. Harold has been sending checks right along for the last few months to help them out. He says he wouldn't feel like taking the trip if they are still in that condition by summer. His Dad was laid off from the brick yards. His uncle was laid off at the foundry. Grace is still working, but hasn't received any pay for several months. Her husband hasn't worked very much since they were married as far as I can find out. On top of all that his younger brother- the one that has two children- has just had an operation to straighten a foot that has been crippled all his life. He was working as a mechanic in a garage and had to lay off from work for three or so months to have that done. We sent him \$300 for the expenses of the operation, besides some money for his mother's expenses to stay with him. Ralph and Relda are still both teaching, but as far as I can find out, they can't seem to help out very much. We are driving to Galesburg for Good Friday, Saturday, Easter and Easter Monday. That is all the spring vacation we get this year.

I wonder if you hear anything more about the Lindberg baby case out there, than we do here. It has ceased to hold the headlines, but there never fails to be an item or two somewhere in every paper, but none are very satisfying. Do you suppose Lindberg knows more than he will let the reporters know? I thought surely the baby would be returned 'ere this.

Did I tell you that Myrtle Johnson and I joined the A.A.U.W. here last fall? We have been to three or four of the meetings, of which only two were real good, as far as the program was concerned.

Last week the officers and coaches of the Ames Athletic Ass'n. gave the members of all the teams a chicken dinner. It was a lot of work for us and took lots of time to put it on, but the boys and girls seemed to enjoy it. This week Fri. the boys and girls put on a fish supper to make some money. That was a big job for us too, but it went over big. We served almost 300 people and took in over \$50. That money was divided evenly between the Sunday School and the Athletic Ass'n.

There seems to be a grand furor all over the country in educational circles about married teachers. We have been reading articles in the Detroit papers by Deans and Profs. of large Universities, who mostly all favor letting married teachers keep their jobs if they are rated superior as they are supposed to be. I don't know what they are going to do here, but according to our Supt. they will not let anyone who gets married now remain, but will keep the ones already in the system until they wish to stop. The Board may think differently, however.

Did I write you that we have a cute little all white Spitz puppy? We got her as soon as we got back from the East- on New Year's day. She is now almost four months old, and just as cute as she can be, altho she gets into mischief and tears up things if you don't keep an eye on her. Today she got down cellar and into the coal pile and now she doesn't look like our little Fluffy at all. I'll have to give her a bath.

Have you seen Hazel Ellen recently? They sent the dearest snap shots of her a few weeks ago.

Do you get a vacation this summer? If you do, are you planning to do anything special? I was going to say that if we don't go West, we might be East for a while, and I'd like to know when your vacation would come.

I heard that Thornton Penfield is engaged to Mr. Lindberg's young sister- Constance, is it? I don't know how true it is. It was reported that he was out there at the Lindberg home for a couple of days right after the kidnapping.

Thanks again for the check, and don't send interest.

Love- Dot.

The stockings came yesterday. They are so pretty! Just the right size and shade. Thank you heaps for them. The only pair of net stockings I have are just about gone, so these came just in time. The ones you sent are much prettier than the ones I've been wearing.

*[This letter dated **March 27, 1932** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Geraldine. He visited the village of Deng Chio which was completely burned in 1927. He tells how 96 villages have recovered from being robbed. A road for cars is being built across the plain. Willard tells about a couple of funerals. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

March 27th. 1932.

Dear Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Geraldine:-

This has been a great week. Saturday March 19th, with a young man I started for Deng Chio, fifteen miles across the plain and across the river and then into the plain on the other side of the river. The village of 2000 people was entirely burned in January 1927. Admiral Sah went in and rebuilt it on modern lines. The main street is sixty feet wide, with a row of trees in the middle. For our church he put up a long building 60 X 50 feet, in five sections.

Half of each section has two stories. We have had no resident preacher there for a year. A man from another church goes over to hold service Sunday afternoon. We visited about Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning. Saturday evening we had supper with a fine young doctor and his family, - wife and four boys, the daughter was away at school. This man was with the bandits three years ago for about three months, and finally his family got together \$800 and ransomed him. It is a beautiful Christian family. Sunday noon we dined with a graduate of Foochow College, - some fifteen years ago. Sunday afternoon the little church was full and seventeen partook of communion. One young woman united with the church and one baby was baptized.

Five years ago this whole plain of ninety six villages was robbed of everything worth taking away. All the cattle, hogs, goats, chickens and rice and potatoes were killed or eaten or taken away and the bandits also got a lot of jewelry that had been taken over there from Foochow. Just before this there was a scare in Foochow, and the big shops sent their valuables away. The whole plain was skinned. Not more than twenty people were killed. I asked several people there if the people had recovered. Yes, they were about where they were before the raiding. Now that is characteristic of the Chinese. Their recuperative power is amazing. Going and coming to this place and to two places within a few miles, I have a walk of five miles across the plain to the south west. An auto road is under construction over this five miles. The method of construction would interest Wells and Dan. It would be hard to find them rods of straight road in the old path. Modern surveyors have planned the new road. It is straight. It is nearly all the way thru rice fields. A ditch is dug on each side and the mud thrown up to make the road about eight feet higher than the surrounding fields. Then the road is faced with broken stone and cement. As it is now the face is the rice field mud. It had rained hard the day before we went over it, and the old road was destroyed and that pile of the worst, stickiest mud was our only way. It took us an hour to go a mile. Of course we were walking. We did not fall down. W.B.

When I came into the compound Monday, I met the Treasurer of the mission. He said, "Will you come down to the office a minute". I went and found over \$200 mex. that we had utterly given up three years ago. It was the American-Oriental Bank here and that went bust. They have been paying off their depositors the past few weeks.

When I went to my desk I found a slip from the Post Office asking me to call at the head office four miles away to open a parcel just from America. I went and found a small paper box with four of the best most efficient wash cloths you ever saw. The poor fellow, when he saw only cotton gave a grunt and turned away in disgust. "I don't want anything more of it." I felt sort of even for the last time I went at his call he pulled me for almost \$9.00 duty.

On Wednesday I found corn and peas above ground and put in [a] lot more seeds. In the afternoon we had our weekly prayer meeting for the mission. Mr. Topping and I conducted communion and I baptized Muriel, Rena and Lois Topping and Margaret and Whitney Shrader.

It is the custom more and more to hold funerals of Christians in the church, the same is true of weddings. Last Thursday in the Lau Memorial church here was the funeral of a woman forty eight years old. She was a daughter of a preacher of our mission years ago. One of her sisters was the wife of one of our pastors, and another sister is the wife of the Postal Commissioner of all China. He attended the world conference of Postal Commissioners in London two years ago. Now he is giving his attention to the Postal Savings Bank of China. I helped start this man on his road to success. The second winter we were in Foochow I gave him two evenings a week in English. We read the Gospel of Mark together in English and talked about it. Then when I was in the Y. work he was in the Post Office in Foochow, the head Chinese. His monthly reports were for all Fukien Province, and they were spread over about twenty pages of foolscap. They were in English. He asked me to correct the English before he forwarded them to Peking to the Commissioner of Customs as it was then. This woman whose funeral took place last Thursday never married. She studied medicine and was noted for her helpfulness. It is the custom for the relatives to invite two or three church leaders to make addresses at the funeral. I had a fifteen minute talk that day. It was noted by the foreigners present that nearly every Chinese who had any part in the funeral mentioned the fact that she had no family. Not a single member of her own family were there. The arrangements were made by the pastor, Husband of her deceased sister. It was to us Americans rather pathetic that the Chinese should consider the fact that she had no children or husband so lamentable. This is another Chinese characteristic.

Thursday afternoon Mother and I left at 5 o'clock for the University. I was to preach and conduct Communion for the University Faculty, students, workmen, servants etc. This required a bilingual service. So most of the way thru I spoke in English then said the same thing in Chinese. We had supper with the Beaches and then listened to the radio for a few minutes until the electricity went off, the service was after supper. As I had an appointment the next morning we came home after the service. On the way up the engine went on the blink five times. The tide was running out and we lost from ten to twenty rods each time she stopped. We reached home at 11:30 p.m.

Friday there was another funeral. This was the wife of a well-to-do umbrella merchant. It was held in the house. All sorts of people were there. There were the husband and five sons and one daughter, - quite different from the other woman. But most of the two hundred present were non-Christian. There were two brass bands and four addresses.

Yesterday I admitted to membership in the Lau Memorial Church nineteen adults, and baptized twelve children. Two of the men admitted were brothers. Did I write a short time ago of a little boy who was sick some fifteen years ago and his mother gave him up, put him on the floor in the back room to die, went and told one of her relatives who was a Christian, and he said he knew of only one remedy, - to pray. He prayed and as he prayed the little fellow, then only about eight years old, opened his eyes and asked for a drink of tea. Well one of these brothers was this little boy grown to manhood, married and brought his baby to be baptized. [*Refer to letter dated May 23, 1915 by Willard.*]

We think of you all and devour every letter from you. The photos of the granddaughter (her parents don't count) are displayed to each caller. We had one enlarged but it was not entirely satisfactory. Mother and I had our photos taken in costume and will send them soon. Garden and chickens are doing well. Corn up also peas. Easter was a glorious day.

I do not yet get any light on how we may arrange to hear Marjorie. We hear Manila best of any place in the East.

Here is love to you all and a prayer for God's blessing to be always with you each.
Grandfather and Father

[This letter dated April 3, 1932 was written from Northwest River, Labrador by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry (Geraldine). They now have a radio and enjoy listening to church services on it. Marjorie tells a very sad story about a house fire in town which caused the six deaths in a family of ten. Marjorie tells about the weather up there and about some of the lakes and rivers. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Marjorie Beard
Northwest River
Via Rigolet
Labrador

April 3, 1932.

Dearest Jerry,

I should make an apology like the one you made in the letter you wrote at the end of the summer, but I should have to make it to every member of the family; for I haven't written very many family letters this winter. I've gotten so rusty that it's hard to get down to it again. Besides, just now I have to write against two very fascinating distractions. One is a grand church service over the radio. It does seem wonderful to have a radio this year. And how good congregation singing and anthems by large choirs do sound! The cathedral congregation in Montreal is singing one of my favorites now. We have such puny, little choruses in church, and no harmony-oh! how I miss it! I mean it is all unison singing. And then they dra-a-a-ag it so! Sometimes I can't stand it; and we've tried to make them sing faster but in vain.

Well, to go back, the other distraction is that Annie is giving that darling baby her evening bath, and you just can't help watching. Her name is Evelyn and she is just a little over six weeks old today. It was quite thrilling when she arrived. Annie walked down to the hospital at about 5 in the morning, and the baby had arrived at 7:30! Almost all the babies that have come this winter, and there have been about 9, have come that quickly. None of the mothers was in labor anywhere near a day. Pete (our nurse, her real name is Miss Freda Peterson) must be a very good obstetric nurse.

Evelyn knew just when to come. It was a great coincidence. All the birthdays in this house were in the week beginning Feb. 14. Jack's was first, Annie's the day after, mine two days later, and Ella's (Annie's cousin, who is helping her) two days later, the 19th. And when did little Evelyn leave the sight but on the 20th! Just the right week, on a day all her own, and in her right order of age and size, as all the rest of us happen to be! It was the talk of the town!

And just the Wednesday before, on my birthday, Annie had given Ella and me a party- or rather supper. We had each had one guest. Annie said she and Jack would celebrate later when she felt more like it.

Two weeks later, however, the whole town was plunged into sorrow by the greatest tragedy that has been known on the whole coast. (The congregation is singing "Jerusalem, the Golden". Oh, Oberlin memories! Am I getting homesick, I wonder! How good it sounds. How I'd love to sing in the choir once again!!) Well, to go on -

we were all awakened one night by the school bell, which is rung in case of fire, ringing frantically. At first I thought it must be school time, and I had overslept. But immediately came to, and jumped out of bed, craning out of the window to see where the fire was. It was out on the point and burning fiercely, the flames roaring before a northeast wind, just the right direction to be worst for a fire in that place. Jack was out of the house in a minute- literally- and when he came back he had such a gruesome tale to relate. When he had got there, the house was so far gone that nothing could be done to save it. And what was infinitely worse, almost a whole family had burned up with it. The stove evidently had been filled up with dry wood that had been gathered just that day. The mother had written a note to ask that one of the boys be allowed to stay at home to get dry wood as all theirs was so green that it wouldn't burn. And when the family awoke the whole house was ablaze. It was one of the few two-story houses in N.W.R., and all the family slept upstairs. One of the older boys ran out to give the alarm, and was badly singed on the way. When they got back to the house, the upstairs was all ablaze and one of the men opened one of the windows from a ladder against the house and called but evidently it was already all over with those inside. All the houses here are just wooden frame houses and there is almost nothing to do in case of fire. I believe there is not one case of a house being saved after it had really got a start.

The only members of this family who are left are the boy that ran out- he lives here at Jack's now, since he works for the Mission- he's sitting here in the kitchen with us now-, his sister of 11, who happened to be spending the night at the house of an aunt; an older boy and the father, both of whom were on the furpath, trapping. They both came home this past week. My! it must have been a shock to them. The ones who were burned were the mother, an older daughter, two boys who were in my sixth grade, a little boy of 3, and the baby girl of a year. That day and the week after were terrifically depressing- I never want to repeat anything like them again.

April 10, 1932.

The mail came last night- and what a mail!!! Oh! it's so good to hear from you all. You realize how far behind you get when the news comes in. Your letter was so good. Wasn't it grand that Dot and Harold could have come east for Christmas? And what fun to have them do it as a surprise.

I'm so glad you went to see the Paddons. Don't you like Mrs. P.? Yes, she and Betty are alike. Mrs. P. has an uncanny way of knowing what you want almost before you do yourself, and providing it before you ask. And yet all her attentions are so natural and unforced- it looks so easy to be the perfect hostess when she does it.

You didn't say anything about Dr. P. Wasn't he there, or didn't you like him? Jack and I were speaking about them this noon, and I was telling him what your opinion of Mrs. P was. He remarked that Dr. very seldom made a good first impression. He said he didn't like him at first.

After church.

This afternoon I was sitting out on the porch writing. It has been such a warm, spring day today. One hardly needed a wrap. And the sun was so brilliant on the snow that one had to have glasses whenever one went out. Last year wasn't nearly so bad on the eyes; and even old hands say that they have never had to wear dark glasses so much. Even the school children wear them out to play.

March was a miserable month. First it would be cold, gray and blizzardy and the snow would pile in great drifts making walking next to impossible. Then would follow gray days, cold enough to put a crust on the snow so that one could get about on the paths, but terribly depressing and lifeless. Just as walking got good, along would come a jewel of a day- bright, warm, and springy- but bad for the snow, for it would all go soft again, and you were confined to just the village paths that were most used. We had few of those sunny days, tho, so we are appreciating days like this one to the full, - and more. But it will spoil us for the cold snaps and further snow which we are bound to have a little more of. Spring tastes too good.

John Betts came up, and we walked to the top of Sunday Hill- the favorite walk here. From there you get a superb view to east and west. To the east stretches the bay, with the Mealy Mountains, all white with snow, just across. As we came home, the snow was just beginning to turn rosy with the light from the west. The sky, mountains and water- that was not frozen- was never bluer. The mountains are the most intense dark blue here, of any that I've ever seen. The bay was still frozen- a great white sheet, with the blue of the free river water running out into it for a short distance. The river has been open for the past week.

To the west is Little Lake, connected with Grand Lake by the Rapids, running thru a narrow place between two hills. The Nascopil River runs into Grand Lake about 30 miles up its length, and that current keeps the Rapids open most of the winter. There is a strip of open water all the way down Little Lake now, tho the sides are still frozen. The hills are nearer on the opposite side of Little Lake, but they, too, are white where they are bare of trees. Just a soft, warmish breeze was blowing, and we sat down on the top of the hill and were not too cold- for over half an hour.

I've written you who John Betts is, haven't I? He's an English boy (he'd appreciate that term, I suppose! But he's little more, being only 21) working with the Hudson's Bay Co. He is awfully good company and I have enjoyed going for walks with him this winter, and last fall. During Jan. and Feb. and March we couldn't do much walking, but now that it's getting warmer and a crust is on the snow, we'll not be house-bound anymore.

I did appreciate your description of Hazel Ellen. I'm just pining to see her. If she's half as cute as our baby, Evelyn Watts, she's absolutely irresistible. I think maybe Evelyn could put up almost as round a little head as Hazel, and she has the prettiest little nose you ever saw- just like her father's, sitting up there and asserting itself saucily!

Today Jack got me a message from Aunt Mary. It was a fine long one and newsy.

Have you heard of the broadcasts which the Board is sending to its foreign missionaries? It tickled me so to hear of it. I'm wiring out a message. I'm listening for messages that night, you bet.- April 20, it is.

This will be the last mail that goes out, before the boats start. I don't know how many more letters I can get done, so will you pass this around? Thank you. Do write again. Much love to you- Monnie.

[This letter dated April 3, 1932 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. The faculties of the many schools and colleges in Foochow met for a dinner at the Union High School. The Chinese report that another battle in Shanghai is imminent. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
April 3rd 1932

Dear Geraldine:-

Yesterday Ling Dai Mi brought his bill for your lacquer and the receipt from the Post Office for \$8.65 postage on the box. You will note that I guessed fairly near- only 81 cents off. I'll keep that - just about 20 cents gold to apply to your next order. Dorothy wrote that her last order came thru in perfect condition. Harold had to bark water about his confidence in the Saginaw P.O. not charging duty for he had plenty to pay this time.

Spring is here. To day I preached at Sang Bo in the morning- over on the river- a mile above the bridge- came home and at 1:45 started in the opposite direction for Ma Ang- richsha to the north gate and walk 40 minutes. It was good and hot. After the service a 40 minute walk back to the gate and a ricksha home and a delicious cold water bath and thinner clothes all thru. At 8 p.m. the ther registers just 70 degrees. Two nights ago I wore an overcoat and the evening before that we had a fire in the living room.

Saturday noon I went out to the Union High School to dinner with the faculties of Foochow College, Wenshan Girl's School, Union Kindergarten Training School and Union High. More than forty ate together at four tables. Old and young, men and women, foreigners and Chinese were well mixed up. Only three or four years ago these affairs were stiff when they tried to hold them, but the stiffness is all gone now and the men and women act normally. They also play normally and after eating and playing they paid attention to the intellect. Two hours before I started the Chairman and our host phoned me asking me to speak on (1) Cooperation among the members of each faculty and also among the different faculties, (2) Extra class room activities between students and faculty members. Chinese teachers find it difficult to associate with the students outside of the classroom.

I have been reading "The Marks of an Educated Man" by Albert Edward Wiggons. It's rich- very plain, matter-of-fact, practical, like his Ten Commandments of Science. Is that the exact wording. I like specially his chapters on getting along with other people, and popular notions are always wrong. If you have not read it already, take time some day to run over that chapter on getting along with other people. The title of the other chapter rather antagonized me. But after reading it I decided that if I wished to be considered an educated man, I must agree that popular notions are wrong and always have been- the notions that the world was flat, night air is unwholesome, the world is going to the dogs. Not all these are his, but he lists among other popular notions snakes can charm birds. I have seen what I called a snake charming a bird. He had the bird seemingly unable to move away and was within about 4 feet of it when I came up and broke the spell. Nevertheless it is a very interesting and thought provoking chapter.

The last few days have not produced much radio news from the Shanghai situation. The Chinese report that another big battle is imminent. They have no use for the League of Nations. This is a popular notion and it is wrong.

This afternoon the cook left for 50 miles beyond Ing Hok to see his mother, -to be gone a week. Mother will be cook during his absence.

Be bas- do you remember them? are in market. We are still eating delicious pumelo and dry gik, with very fine hung gek. I do not think we had many when you were here. They are as large as a small grape fruit- sections much like it also but quite sour. They grow where oranges grow. We use the juice on lettuce instead of vinegar.

I have just cut my first ham. It is all right.
With lots of love
Father

Will you send one bunch of chop sticks to Kathleen. I'll take it off your bill. I brought both for her if she wants them. Mother has had two bunches for her for three months but does not get to send them.

*[This letter dated **about Spring 1932** was written from Labrador, Canada by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry (Geraldine). Marjorie tells about her plans to come home and would like to study at Columbia for an M.A. in Education. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[to Geraldine]

[about Spring 1932]

My plans now are as follows: I want to stay until the new principal comes, which I hope will be before the end of August. I'll try to get the last mail boat down the coast in August, stop for a day or two in St. John's, then take a boat from here down the St. Lawrence to Montréal (if there are boats running from St. John's in that direction. I've written our agent in St. John's to find out.) then take the train to New York. It won't be as thrilling as coming in to N.Y. harbor by boat, but I do want to see the St. Lawrence, and Quebec.

Next year I'm thinking seriously of taking work in Columbia [University]. Miss Peterson, the nurse here, studied there last year and is crazy about it. She is about 35, so can give mature advice- and is the kind of person who would, too. She advised me to study for an M.A., saying that it would come in handy in future. What think you? O, experienced one?! I have almost no money and would have to borrow almost the whole amount. I don't even know how much I'm getting this year yet, as I haven't seen a cent of salary to date. Been borrowing! So I don't know how much to depend on. If I do study, would I live with you? That would be heaven! I'd like to do it just so we can.

The catalogue I sent for hasn't come yet. I expect it in the mail that will be here next week. My! what I don't look for in that mail! If it doesn't come up to my expectations I'll collapse!

I'd take an M.A. in Education, I guess, as that is what I want right now. I feel the need of it desperately, and have all this year. Dr. Paddon wired offering me an extra year on my term if I'd stay next winter, and go out the following year, then come back for two years more. But I couldn't think of such a thing. I've found out that I really know so little about my jobs that I want to go and learn something. Then I am getting tired of it for now, and out of ideas, and when one gets like that it's time for a change for awhile. A new person would put new life into it next year.

Well, this is enough of this raving for now. I jump about from subject to subject so that I doubt if you can make much out of it. I'll write you by the next mail.

Please give my love to all the relatives, especially Kathie, Dot and Harold, and Gould and Ginny. My, don't I wish Gould would bring you all up after me, and I'd show you all around, then we'd all go home together! What fun! We do expect an airplane any day now with prospectors- prospecting for what I don't know. Love 'n' then some, Jerry dearest- Monnie.

*[This letter dated **May 15, 1932** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks. Five families are on their way back to the states. He and Ellen spent a cool weekend on Kuliang escaping the high heat in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Gould, Virginia, and Geraldine AND Miss Hazel Ellen Beard

May 15th. 1932.

Dear Folks:-

This is to be only one page. It is a long time since I have written. And I am planning to go to Sharp Peak tomorrow with a band of Christian workers for a Retreat. I may not get back until next Saturday.

The Board is telling us when to listen in for their radio messages, but it is as yet of no use, they say a faint noise can be heard from Boston, but nothing intelligible. Before long someone will have a short wave set so we can hear.

Every one is now talking about the five families who are going home. Four of them are leaving this next week. They go via Hong Kong and Europe. They go on the President Van Buren to arrive in New York July 21st. Rev. Wm. H. Topping, wife and four children, Rev. Ralph Shrader, wife and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Christian, Rev. and Mrs. Arthur O. Rinden and two children. I am writing this in case any of you can get off to run down to meet them. They will be in New York two days and then go on to Boston. The Christians may disembark at N.Y. and go to Albany, near where Mr. C. lives.

They are being feasted by Chinese and foreigners these days so it is a danger to their health. We had them in for dinner last night and one sat thru the dinner without eating, another was just getting back on rations again.

A week ago Mother and I were on Kuliang. We started Friday morning and got up for lunch. The two days previous had been schorchers, 120 in the sun and playing with the nineties in the house. But that morning was delightful for travelling. It was very damp up top-side and we just staid in and had a good rest, slept under two double blankets that night. We drew our own water and cooked our own meals and washed our own dishes. Saturday we looked at several houses that are being repaired, and loafed. It was a fine day. Sunday we went to church in the morning and I spoke in the afternoon. Just at lunch time two of the Culver boys blew in and lunched with us. We did not have much food to bring back with us Monday morning. Helen Smith and Mrs. Lewis were up also, early and started down about noon. It was another fine day. Monday morning was foggy again and cool for us to come home. We took one chair between us and did not get tired. We have been able to go in rickshas half way across the plain for ten years, on a jogglety road. We saw them repairing this road and they have begun the road the rest of the way to the foot of the mountain. It will be ready for us to use in August. This will greatly cheapen and shorten the trip to Kuliang.

The garden is doing great string beans today. Corn in tassel. We buy strawberries. The pullets hatched last Nov. 20th have been laying for over a week. Five out of eight were pullets. I have sold or exchanged nearly all the eggs from the two Rhode Island hens.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Church Executive on Friday the men who are leaving unloaded. McClure and I are the only men left in the compound, and as one vacancy after another appeared it was Bi Sing Bang who was proposed (McClure speaks Mandarin). I am now Assistant General Secretary. Newell is up at the Union High and Guy Thelin will be there in the fall. I have persuaded the people not to commence the Thelin residence or the Theological school building until fall. This will relieve me of a lot of work now and also in the fall for Thelin and Newell will be there then.

We were glad to hear of the get together in the old home so often. It is good thing. And we are all glad that the home is there for this. I wonder what has become of the horse that "goes better in reverse." It will not be possible to add the little personal notes this time. I ran across Ruth's letter the other day. Its time for another, Ruth [*youngest daughter of Stanley Beard, Willard's brother*]. Tell Dan he must get that invitation around at least two months before the eventful day if she wants a real to goodness Chinese present. Lovingly Father and Grandfather

*[This letter dated **May 16, 1932** was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Gould, Virginia and Hazel. Willard is at Sharp Peak for a M.E. Mission retreat. Three families have packed up and left for the U.S. and two more are getting ready to leave. Ellen attended an Anti-Cob meeting the night before. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Foochow, China]

[May 16, 1932]

Dearest Gould and Virginia and little Hazel,

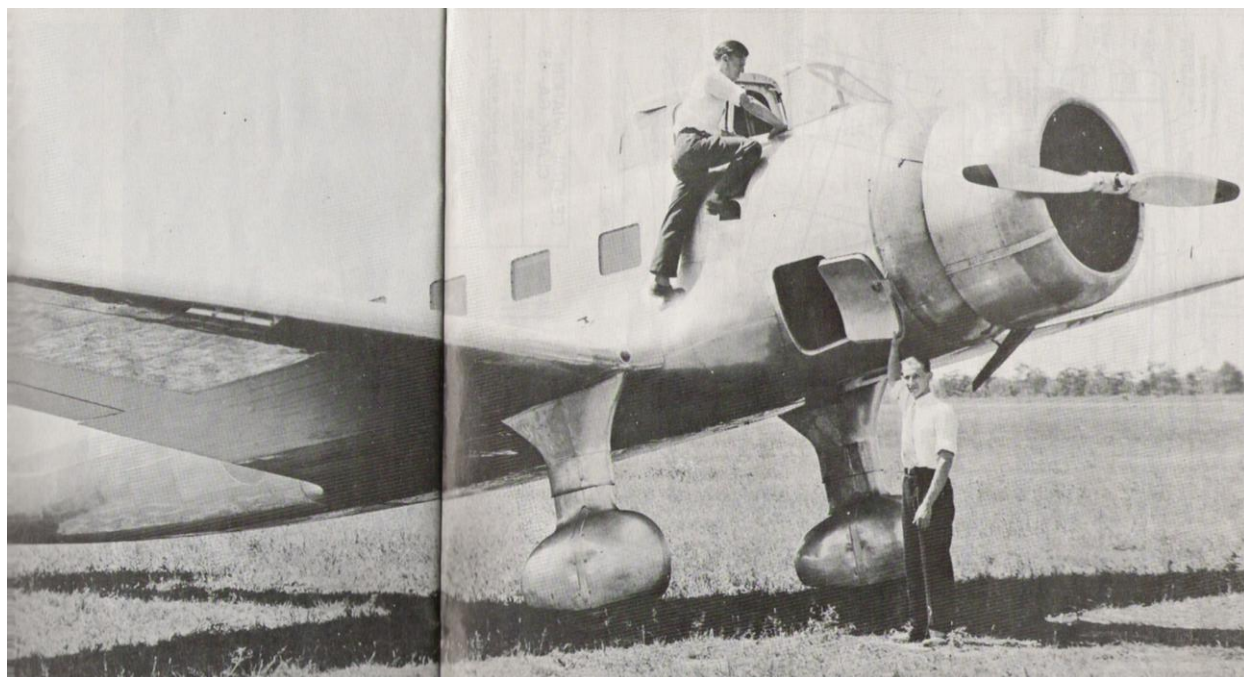
I am adding just a very hasty note to Father's letter. He is at Sharp Peak (our first summer resort, where Phebe was born.) The M.E. Mission are having a retreat there this week for their pastors and preachers and asked Father to speak twice each day to the group; he went Monday and will be home Saturday just too late to see any of the house-goers off.

The compound has been full of the excitement of three families packing up and getting off, growing more exciting each day until yesterday when Mr. and Mrs. Christian left the compound for the last time amid volleys of firecrackers, perhaps never to return, for they have been asked to retire, very much to their sorrow of course, as well as to that of the whole mission; but they still entertain hopes of returning and are just waiting God's leading when they have completed their furlough. They are spending the time till their boat goes Sunday morning, at Pagoda Anchorage with Dr. Gillette's people in a beautiful home beautifully located on the hills over looking the anchorage where all the steamers come in. Do you remember it Gould? Not Dr. G's house but the Anchorage itself? This morning or early p.m. Mr. Shrader and the Topping family leave, the latter on a house-boat with all their luggage and will sleep on the house boat tonight and go on the steamer early tomorrow morning. The Shrader family left

yesterday p.m. and are staying at the University over two nights, Mr. Shrader returning last night to finish up and close up the house. Mrs. Beach and Mrs. Scott at the University are entertaining the family these two days. Mr. Rinden and family (2 children) go on the same steamer but they leave from Diong Loh, down near Pagoda Anchorage, so we miss that part of the excitement. Dr. and Mrs. Lewis and two children make the fifth family but he cannot leave till a month later and is going across the Pacific home. All the others go by way of Europe on the same boat.

Last night our last Anti-Cob meeting was held at the University, and was a picnic supper on the lawn of one of the residences there with tables and chairs supplied, and ice cream with strawberry sauce and spice cakes furnished by the University ladies (yes, and iced tea) while we took our sandwiches, first course and silver. Our program was held later, after moon-rise, in the assembly hall of the U. with a paper on Chinese art pottery, with an exhibit of scores of pieces from the U. Museum, but the curator and collector. Mr. Brand (do you remember him Gould) of the community rented at a reduction his private launch to take the people down to the U. which also towed a house-boat carrying the surplus passengers. Mr. and Mrs. Brand are members of Anti Cob and went too. The moon was full and most of us rode on deck (top most) of the house-boat. It was glorious, and so warm that even with the wind on the river which was taking the sail-boats up even faster than we went, it was not cool enough for a wrap; for the wind was with us. I was sorry father had to miss that pleasantest meeting of the year especially as all the people going home on furlough were there saying their last Good-byes, and it was the one picnic meeting of the year. Now, little Hazel, I hear wonderful reports of you from your Aunt Geraldine. She thinks none of our own precious babies were any cuter than your own dear little self. But dearest, don't let all these doting grown people spoil you. Tell father and mother to be on the guard not to show you off, not to let any one else do it but to let you just act out your own sweet innocent personality unobserved, so far as your consciousness goes.

This ink-scratch is from Mother, with much love. Please pardon the penmanship and poor form.



Gould climbing on American Airplane and Engine Corporation's Pilgrim 150. He took the plane on it's first flight on May 22, 1932.

Delta, Mike. "North American's Unique Airliner". International Air Review July/August 1992: 49-63.

[Magazine in the collection of Mark and Jana Jackson, given to them by Robert Amend, Jr. and to him by Willard and Mona Beard.]

*[This letter dated **Late May 1932** was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Kathie and Dot to Jerry. Kathleen is in Saginaw now and she explains to Geraldine why she is turning down a job. Dorothy and Harold are going to drive Kathleen and Hugh back east. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

2108 N. Bond St.
Saginaw, Mich
[Late May 1932]

Dear Jerry:

Accept my most humble apology for delaying my answer so long. Time has just slipped by on greased rollers since Hugh came and I have been in sort of a dream. I don't blame you for thinking me foolish to turn down a seemingly nice offer like that, but considering everything it strikes me from my biased point of view to be unwise to take it. In the first place it would eat up all my savings to get there and I would have to get some new clothes for that work. I have absolutely nothing suitable for it. Then it would evidently keep me tied down all summer when I would want to be looking for jobs. I don't see how I could get away to go job hunting at all. Besides that Hugh and I have our summer plans all made and part of our share of expenses already paid, and if I went off to New York I couldn't see Hugh at all, and as for being in the open, we will be much more in the open in Penn. than on Shelter Island. If I didn't want to be with Hugh I think I should take the job even tho it doesn't appeal to me, but the whole point of my coming East was to be with him. I would have stayed out in Utah otherwise. Now do you still think I am foolish? Hugh and I are going to hunt in Philadelphia and Reading during the summer and the Hunts with who we are staying will help us some, I suppose.

I don't exactly know Dot's and Harold's plans, nor do they. They are not going West- that is certain but I'll let Dot speak for herself. I had a good bus trip out here, four days and three nights. It cost me only forty dollars to get from Logan here.

Have a good time at the Wellesley Institute.
Love Kathie.

Dear Jerry: Have been so dashingly busy that I just haven't had time to write anybody! We- Harold and I are planning to drive the two "love-birds" to Philly, then do about as we have always done, I guess- visit around through the East, then in Ill. I'm terribly disappointed not to be going to Calif. But it may all turn out for the best in the end. I am going to write to the Farm asking if we can go there first, then arrange our visits from there. Will you be at the Institute all during our visit? I do want to see you. Love- Dot.
Today is our last day.

*[This letter dated **June 1932** was written from Long Island, NY. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy and Harold are on Long Island near Geraldine and Dorothy lets Geraldine know what their visiting and travel plans are. Dorothy lost her teaching job because of the new rule on married teachers working together. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Dorothy C. Newberg
2108 North Bond Street
Saginaw W.S.
Michigan

[Long Island, NY]
Tuesday-
[June 1932]

Dear Jerry:-

Yes, we are here on Long Island, but since your letter came, and I came to the full realization that this was the only place we'd really see very much of you, we immediately decided to go on and do our other visiting first and come back this way later. Now, these are our plans. We go to Aunt Myra's tomorrow- Wed.- stay till Sat. when we go to the farm over the 4th. (This visit to the farm is not definitely fixed, for I have to call them tonight.) Aren't you stopping at the farm on your way back? We'll all be there- that is, Gould's family, Harold and I- if they consent to having us come. We'll probably spend about a week there.

We hear that Aunt Emma hasn't been feeling so well lately. That rather makes me hesitate about going to visit there. Aunt Etta is going to Putnam for the summer, and is going to suggest that the three of them get a cottage and have a good rest. We may visit them there if they do.

About the Long Trail- I'd dearly love to don the hiking togs again and set sail, and I'd love to do the Long Trail, but I just don't know whether we're going to have time to do it. Harold's plans for the summer are- three weeks out here, three weeks in Galesburg, and the last two in Saginaw. Needless to say, I would love to spend lots more time around in the East. I don't enjoy myself nearly so much in Galesburg, and I really think that Harold enjoys himself almost as much as he does in Galesburg, but, of course, we have to divide our time as evenly as possible.

Have you heard when, or whether Monnie is coming? I've been thinking that it would be grand if you could save the rest of your vacation, or, at least a week of it, and you and Monnie visit us in Saginaw together when she comes. You know, I may not teach next year, unless the Board decides to slip out a contract to me the last minute. This married teacher problem "got" us married ones in Saginaw this spring. Some of them got contracts if they really needed work- and- some of us didn't. I felt quite badly about it at the time, but I'm quite reconciled about it now, for I'll have to pull away sometime, and make the break. Now's as good a time as any, I guess.

Kathie spent three weeks with us in Saginaw, and Hugh was with us two weeks. We finally succeeded in getting the two bed-rooms papered. It took all four of us to do it and none of us had had any experience before. We didn't get any of the "border on Grandmother's shawl", either.

Did I write you that Mabel Short and her sister and two other girl friends (sister) of theirs are renting our house for two months this summer? Our landlady finally came down from \$45. to \$35. and we are getting \$32. from the girls, so are almost breaking even.

I do hope that Uncle Harold and Aunt Dot won't spoil the baby, altho there really is grave danger of it. She is a darling, isn't she. We had her all to ourselves yesterday, for her mother went to the city.

Harold and Gould went on an all-day fishing trip Sun.

I'll either see you, or write you, when we are to be here again and we want to see a lot of you. Write me either at Uncle Stanley's or the farm.

Much love-
Dot.

I am powerfully sorry to have kept these things all this time. I suppose they are no good to you now. Ginny wanted me to enclose these letters.

*[This letter dated **July 5, 1932** was written from Indian Harbor, Labrador, Canada by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry (Geraldine). Marjorie is helping the doctor open the hospital in Indian Harbor for the summer patients. She talks about how she might travel back to the U.S. She describes Indian Harbor. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Marjorie Beard
Labrador

Indian Harbor
July 5, 1932

Dearest Jerry,

Just look where I am! My plans changed suddenly with Dr. Paddon's coming. He asked me to come out here and help open up the hospital for summer patients, so here I am! And poor Nancy Buxton is back in N.W.R. doing my job. Poor kid! she wanted to come, too. I wish she could have.

The "Kyle" with its welcome mail pulled in yesterday. How they could have found out that I was here instead of at N.W.R. I don't know, but my mail came here and was I glad to see your letter! It was the only family letter. You are an angel to write so often.

I did write you in my last letter by the last mail when I expected to come out. But now I'm not at all certain when I can get out. But as I told Miss Torrens, who is staying here waiting for the Kyle to come back from North (she's on her way out), I'm going to have a grand time tonight just letting my imagination go, to you. So here goes!

I sent out to St. John's for schedules of boats going from St. John's to Montreal and got back two enchanting folders that made me want all the more to go that way. They are sort of excursion steamers, a two-week's trip from Montreal to St. John's and back. They stop at St. Pierre Island, a French possession, then go on to N. Sydney, and down the St. Lawrence past Quebec (I'm afraid they don't stop there, mores the pity, since it's the return journey I'd be taking) thence to Montreal. I'd take the night train from there for N.Y.C. Hip hurray! I can hardly wait!

But I can think of two plans even better than that. These boats run fortnightly and I'd probably not be able to take an earlier one than that which leaves St. J. on Aug. 26- Friday. It touches at N. Sydney on the 28th. If you could only come up by train and join me on the boat and go home with me! The boat reaches Montreal on the 31st, leaving plenty of time for you to get back and even have some time before Labor Day. The fare from N. Sydney to Montreal would be about \$30. according to the folder. The big drawback would be that it is expensive for you. But it would be fun!

My other grand idea is that Dot and Harold gather together all the family that can come and come and meet me in the car at Halifax. I would pay all expenses except food, for the trip home, since it would be saving me some anyway. In that case, I'd just take one of the weekly steamers from St. J. to Halifax. The Lorimers took that trip up into the Acadian country once and could give you all the dope. I'd try my darndest to get out during your vacation if it could only be worked at your end.

I'll write Dot and Harold, too, and you try and urge them to make the trip. Maybe Uncle Elbert would come, too. It's lovely country, right thru Evangeline country. And I repeat- I'll pay all the car expenses. Oh! it would be so jolly! Ever so much better than coming in, in the conventional way at the steamer dock. And what grand talks we could have on the way back.

If you decide you can do either of those things, wire me. I think Dot and Harold have done it before; anyway the New York office could tell you how to send it. If you can't do either, don't bother to send a message, just write, for I'll know when I don't get the message. But oh! I do wish something like that could be done.

Now that I'm out here, all my plans are upset, and I don't know what to expect. You learn here on this coast to expect the unexpected, and just to wait patiently for whatever turns up. I can't get back to N.W.R. until the next mail boat (in two weeks) anyway, for no one but the doctor has come for this hospital yet. Last year it was well running by this time. They expect a nurse on the mission boat "Cluett" whenever she comes- we expect her any day. No one seems to know anything about who or where the housekeeper and industrial worker are. So it's just possible that I may be kept here all summer, if one or both don't turn up. I verily hope not, tho!

Just now our establishment consists of the doctor, a young medical from Yale, just about to enter his internship; Miss Torrens, on her way home to England; Blanche Davis, our N.W.R. teacher you know, on her way home to Cartwright- both taking the Kyle day after tomorrow; myself; and 3 patients, one in bed, two not; one boy-of-all-work; and 3 girls; one cook, one maid, one ward assistant. When Blanche and "T" go, I'll be all alone with young Doc, which I don't particularly relish. However, there may be another wop on the "Cluett", for this hospital, making two men and a maid! No better, I guess. I hope one of the other women workers hurries up and comes.

As for Indian Harbor, it's a grand place-grand in the proper sense of the word. It's an island, one of a small group. All are bare of trees and rocky- right behind the hospital there is a miniature mountain peak, mostly a large black rock, from the top of which one gets a grand view. The place gets its name from the fact that from a certain place, the rocks behind the hospital form themselves into the shape of a recumbent Indian, with profile to the sky. I haven't seen him yet, but I'm going to get a picture of him before I leave.

We've had miserable weather ever since we came last Thursday. The sun has hardly been out for a whole hour together, any day. And the fog and rain come rolling across the hills just as they used to do on Kuliang. It's been awfully hard to get this old rambling building dry and warm, and blankets and Mattresses aired.

Indian Harbor used to be a bustling fishing harbor at one time, but the price of fish has dropped so low, that few, comparatively, of Newfoundlers come to the Labrador coast now for summer fishing. Just now there are seven schooners in the harbor, most of them bound north. And there are about a dozen families on our island or the adjacent ones, to fish for cod and salmon. We are reveling in the fresh variety of both kinds- I love fresh salmon.

There is a tiny post office on a neighboring island, and a Marconi wireless station on the same one, a little farther away. One of the Newfoundlers keeps a small store, I haven't been there yet, but I hear from the girls that he at least keeps candy! I'm perfectly safe, for I haven't a cent to my name, up here.

Jerry, I wrote in my last letter that I might be studying next year. I've changed my mind, and I'm going to get any job I can-preferably teaching. I realize that any jobs at all are few and far between, so I shan't be at all particular about anything that may turn up. Would you be good enough to keep your eye and ear out for anything at all that I might do? I don't know any of the Teacher's Agencies in the east or I'd write myself. Could you give me the names of a few by the next mail. I'd like to be in the East some where: my! how I wish I could live with you!

I haven't answered your letter at all. I was so sorry to hear of Ethel LeRoy's death. It was a shock.

You saw Sir Wilfred before I did. I hear he's coming up this summer. I may meet him. I hope so.

You are a dear to send my stockings. I'm low in them, and I'll need some for going out. If you had seen how little time I "wasted" on darning stockings this winter, you'd laugh. I think I could count the number of times on the fingers of one hand! I've never done less. I can hardly wait to see the little dolls. Dot sent some cute little Dutch China dolls and I've had them on my bureau all year. By the way, who is Edna Watkins?

Kathie seems to be head over heels all right. But it seems to me it was going pretty far to throw down a chance for a summer job like that, when work is so scarce. Do they both plan to try to find work for this year, and then get married next summer? What did Father and Mother think of Hugh- what do Dot and Harold, and Gould and Jinny think of him? Does Kathie realize the family feeling?

I'm awfully sorry Dot and Harold and Uncle Elbert couldn't manage that western trip. It would have been so interesting. Maybe they'll think now that they can afford to come up to Halifax!

I must close and go to bed. My, but it's been good to talk with you; I can hardly wait to get out. I crave to see you all, and it'll be unbearable if I get held up.

More love to you than ever,
Monnie.

Please let the rest of the family read the news parts of this letter. I'm short of stationary out here, not expecting to be here so long.



September 9, 1932
Saginaw, Michigan

L to R: Geraldine, Harold, Hugh, Kathleen, probably Gidge's husband Peter, Marjorie, probably Gidge, Dorothy
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



Kathleen Cynthia Beard Elmer
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

*[Following is an invitation to Kathleen and Hugh's wedding celebration in her parent's home in Foochow, China. Bride and groom were actually married at sister, Dorothy's house in Saginaw, Michigan on **September 9, 1932**. Poem in Jill Jackson's collection.]*

Wedding bells! Wedding bells ring out today.
Far across the sea,
Bringing to two hearts truly one, joy,
Deep, full and free.

Let imagination take its flight
O'er the long miles between,
And we here participate
In that fair wedding scene.

'Though the actual hour is doubtless past
By a day's full half,
We may in wedding viands share,-
Of its nectar quaff.

To the bride's parental home,
You all are invited to come,
As the evening hour is sounded
By temple bell and drum.

No veiled bride, - not radiant groom
In person you there shall see;
No garlanded, gowned attendants,
No priest officiant be.

No gay-clad throng of guests you'll meet,
No nuptial music will hear;
No ring-tokened marital vows
Shall reach the listening ear.

But deep in the silence of the heart,
The parents give the bride;
And soulfully solemnize the rite
By which the bond is tied.

Hugh Elmer was born in Marsovan, Turkey June 19, 1909 to missionary parents, Theodore Allen Elmer and Henrietta M. Horsley (Henrietta's parent's were English missionaries in India). Theodore Elmer obtained his masters degree at Princeton and Theological degree from Princeton's Theological Seminary in 1897. Mr. Elmer spent time teaching at Jaffna College, Ceylon (where he met Henrietta), then in Turkey with the ABCFM. He worked in British refugee camps during WWI in Bakubak, Iraq. He also spent time working with the American Committee for American and Syrian Relief at Etchmiadzin in Russian Armenia and Baku on the Caspian Sea. Until 1928, Theodore stayed in the Caucasian countries where the Turkish and Russian armies were fighting back and forth over territory. He saw great starvation in Tiflis, Georgia (Russia) where he headed up the Near East Relief to feed, clothe, give medical aid and maintain orphanages. In 1930, Mr. Elmer was appointed business manager of the normal department of the Near East Foundation's school at Antelias, near Beirut. Theodore Elmer retired in 1934 and moved to Florida. Theodore Elmer had 4 children- Pearl, Enid, Hugh and Fred who died in infancy.

[This letter, dated Oct. 11, 1932, was written from Seymour, Conn. by Ginny to Willard and Ellen. Ginny and Hazel have gone to live in Shelton and Seymour while Gould is in Newark and the west. He is waiting to see what his position will be with the Aviation Corporation or American Airways. She discusses Flora's health. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tuesday nite Oct. 11, 1932
129 W. Church St.
Seymour, Conn.

Dear Father and Mother-

Bless your Dear Hearts so many things have happened in the last month since I wrote you that I hardly know where to begin. By now you have probably noticed the address. Yes Hazel Ellen and I are staying between Shelton and Seymour, while Gould Bless his Dear Heart hardly knows where to hang his hat.

Well to begin in the beginning. The model 150 [*see photo after letter dated May 16, 1932*] that turned out to be a beautiful ship with a top speed of 199.2 miles P.H., the fastest single motor transport with the passenger capacity and pay load (10 passengers and pilot and I've forgotten the weight of the other payload {baggage and mail}) ever built, has been sold (ship and all rights of building) to the General Aviation Corp. in Baltimore, which is the Aviation end of General Motors; and Gould is the only one in the Company there in Farmingdale whose services the Aviation Corp. has absorbed since they entirely closed the Farmingdale plant about two weeks ago. But the poor boy does not know yet just what they want him to do. We gave up the house and put all our goods and chattels in storage in Hempstead the last of September. They told Gould four days before we closed up that he was to be located out in St. Louis Missouri so we sent his trunk out there (You remember Dot and Bill Littlewood whom we took you to visit in that lovely brick Colonial House in Garden City. Well they left in entirety for St. Louis Missouri the 25th of September). Just a week from the time they told him they wanted him in St. Louis and the day before he expected to leave they told him they wanted him to stay around Newark Airport for a week or so, for they didn't want him to get out there before Hugh Smith who is to be (or was to be) Gould's boss and who was on a tour in the East, for they apparently had some special work for him that no one else knew much about. Honey has been teaching Mr. Cohu, the President of the Aviation Corporation how to fly and we both think he wants to get his private pilots license before Gould gets very far away. So Gould was in Newark all this past week and hoped to be off for the West this past week end when Mr. Cohu springs the statement that they wanted him to be an inspector on the lines and report to the New York office; all which would mean that he would be flying from the East coast to the West coast and from Chicago to Texas so for the moment as near as we can figure out I might as well be a widow and Babe Daddyless here among Honey's people and my people as out in St. Louis with very few friends. But really we don't know any thing very definite. We only know that he is supposed to be drawing his regular salary that he had while in Farmingdale now.

We hate terribly to think of being separated so much of the time (and it may mean any where from several days to 7 or 8 weeks or more) at one time. I feel lost without my own home to plan and care for and do in as I please and even more so without my Sweetheart to say goodbye to in the morning and welcome home again at noon and night. I miss our meal time visits together, but chiefly I miss my Honey and every thing his presence means. And poor boy he misses it all too, perhaps, even more so because I have Baby Dear as a semi comfort and he doesn't have even that and he does so love his little girl. I only wish you might see him with her. My heart just simply swells up with all sorts of pride and joy when I watch him with her. You know Dears, Gould has made me oh so many times happier than I ever supposed possible. Our love seems to be on the increase all the time. It doesn't seem possible that there is even the tiniest room for more but somehow it succeeds very well in wedging a bit more in from day to day and each bit seems to add a little extra thrill to it all. While Honey is physically absent (for I do feel he is with us almost constantly in spirit) I keep having the Dearest little thoughts about him and all he means to me playing tag through my heart and mind; and Dears it is truly a wonderfully beautiful feeling.

I do so hope that Kathie and Hugh may know at least a portion of the wonderful love and thrill of Life together as we have known it and we both feel positive we'll continue to know and improve upon it from year to year.

You know occasionally I get all so filled up with feeling for my Sweetheart that I have to tell someone else if he isn't around to receive it and because you are not near enough to see it I'd rather tell you then anyone else I know.

I shall write you again as soon as I know anything more definite, first at present Gould's address is
American Airways
Newark Airport
Newark, N.J.

I came here last Thursday P.M. after spending a whole delightful week on the farm. The Aunties surely did enjoy Babe for it is the first time they have had such a fine chance to know her and I even ran off one night and let them take care of her and they just loved it. Even A. Flora derived a tremendous amount of pleasure from her presence. Personally I think A. Flora seems quite well. She is fairly happy the majority of the time and I think she isn't quite as mean and sarcastic in some of her statements as she used to be, for some of the time she can be pretty horrid to A. Phebe.

We are so disappointed to have had to break up our home just as Monnie got here for we had really counted on some grand visits this winter. She and Jerry came up to the farm the weekend I was there and Gould was able to get up also so we saw a little then of her, and we saw her a couple of evenings at Mrs. Linches with Jerry and Mineola before we left the island.

Well Dear Ones another letter will follow this in fairly close succession. Until then Au Revoir
And Much Love From Gould, Ginny and Hazel Ellen

[This letter, dated **Oct. 12, 1932**, was written from Newark, NJ by Gould to his parents. He is in Newark waiting to find out where American Airways wants him to work. He gives them updates on some of the relatives. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

New Tremont Hotel
16-18 Fulton Street at Broad
Newark, New Jersey
Mulberry 4-6336

Oct 12, 1932

Dear Father and Mother:

You must wonder why I am writing on hotel stationary in Newark. Well this is my hang out for a few days till I find out where American Airways wants to place me. The Farmingdale plant has closed down flat and I have been transferred to the airways. They started me to St. Louis but stopped me before I got started. The last two weeks I have been staying around the airport at Newark with very little to do just waiting for Mr. Cohu (Pres.) to decide where he wants to place me. He has indicated that the job could be working out of the N.Y. office as his special representative. I don't know just what that means or what he intends me to do for him. I'm just waiting and in the meantime watching and learning.

When we gave up our little home in Farmingdale we left the prettiest little garden of flowers you ever saw. The gladiolas had gone by but the asters were right in their prime. Snap dragons were a beautiful mass which supplied two bouquets daily. The annual phlox were a ?? of dancing color. The tall blue delphiniums spikes stood out vividly among the green of the flower leaves where there were no blossoms. The petunias again were in a mass of color and the roses were full of buds. We had a bunch of the sweetest carrots I have ever raised. They were from special California seed. Tomatoes, green, hung on the wires in clusters. Some of them would have tipped the scales well over a lb and some nearly two lbs. They too were Dieneir's[?] Calif. tomatoes from expensive seed. Swiss chard stood 14" high in a 20 ft. row and we cut it twice weekly (quarter row). I am having all the rose bushes, 6 delphinium plants, some madaura lilly bulbs, 29 gerbera or transveal daisy plants etc. sent off to Seymour. I think Aunt Mary has all of everything she wants.

Gerry and Monnie have a cute little apartment up near Columbia. I have visited them twice. Gerry is very much set up with a place of her own to do with as she wants to. Monnie is quite pleased with her college courses.

Now the farm- Aunt Phebe and Mary are fine. They both got some vacation this summer. Aunt Mary went to conf [conference?] with Uncle Stanley's family. Aunt Phebe got away while Dot waited for Monnie and visited Uncle Stanley and us. That gave them both a break. Aunt Flora is failing very slowly but surely. [Flora is 63.] I fear she will drag on for a long time like this. Her mind is calmer or more dormant than last year and she does not fly off into the tantrums she used to at best not so often or violently. She either accepts the facts or does not realize them. She is not jealous of her position as head of the house and Aunt Phebe seems to manage things a lot easier without that interference.

However, Aunt Flora is more care than she used to be. She moves about with difficulty and requires assistance to do everything. She has little control of her urine or bowels and Aunt Phebe spends hours keeping her clean. Aunt Flora reads some and plays some games, but most of her time is spent in just sitting and gazing out the window down the lane. Sometimes she talks thru a long conversation coherently and sometimes she loses the thought of her sentence before she finishes. She is amused by very trivial or childish things and if she laughs hard, often she chokes because of the paralysis in her throat. Her decline is not rapid but seems to progress very slowly and that is why I think she will live like this for a long time. She takes much enjoyment in visits from all of us and still enjoys auto rides immensely. She is quite tickled to hold Hazel Ellen in her lap, but that little squirmajig won't sit still any longer.

Uncle Oliver is just about as you picture him. He has gained in flesh quite a little but his reserve power is still small and he does'nt do much these days. He looks fine and seems to enjoy life. Mrs. Beardsley makes a very sympathetic companion for him. He visits the farm quite often and they go there for Sunday dinner every other week.

Ginny and Hazel Ellen are two dear hearts to make a husbands and father heart swell with love and pride. Do you remember once before we were married, that I wrote you to the effect that at that time I was afraid I did not love Virginia as much as I had loved another, but that there was something in the girl that gave me confidence to feel that she was true blue and would stick by me forever and that I felt sure my love for her would always increase?

It has – very much greater- stronger- deeper than I ever dreamed of. It seems that we grow closer each time we embrace. Each problem we meet together and honestly and openmindedly. We respect each others feelings, wishes, ideas, thoughts and needs and it works out for the best for both of us.

Hazel Ellen is growing normally-not too fast-but too fast for you, Mother. (Remember how you kept your babies as babies as long as you could?) She walks only with the aid of a hand or holding on to things. She has'nt crept at all. She only says "Daddy" as yet, but don't talk too plainly in her hearing, because she understands more than you suspect she does. Just now she is with Virginia in Seymour and visiting the Aunts frequently. I have managed to get up the two week ends to see them, and it is a real inspiration to be with my own little family these few hours. Hazel is as cute as God makes babies. I think she is going to be a pretty girl and well formed. Her eyes have real life and snap to them. Just now she is getting more attention than is good for a ?? child but I guess it is part of the growth of every child to be made a fuss over by the aunts and uncles and grandparents. I wish you could be here to enjoy her with us.

I guess I have left out the B.N. Beard family is this family word picture. Uncle Ben and Aunt Abbie seem happy and look better than any time since Uncle Ben got out of active politics. Business is good for him and his two sons and they are keeping very busy. Dan and Bee are as happy as two little birds in a nest. They got ?? of Babe last Sunday and even insisted on having her on their laps in the picture of the family. Dan is as proud of his house as a rooster would be if he had ten worms in his beak for his favorite hen.

Wells is going to have to watch his step. Prosperity is puffing him up. He is "getting away" with too many little things, summons for speeding being taken care of politically, etc. He feels that he is immune from the inevitable which he is not perceiving enough to see. He talks big money very glibly. He likes to "get away" with things that are not just according to the Beard family's standards. He is a fine big boy still but he will have to watch his step.

Edith is the prettiest of all the Beard girls of any of the generations I have known. She is as sweet and lovely as she looks.

Uncle Elbert is looking very well. I think he was very worried about Aunt Emma for a while, up to now he is sure the worst is passed and she is on the up grade again. He is not too optimistic but he feels sure she will be well in time.

I do not know too much about Aunt Emma's trouble. The girls and Uncle E. have probably written about them.

As to my future I am uncertain. I think I have a good job waiting for me somewhere in this acquisition. With five years of service tucked away under my belt for the company in Farmingdale, the Aviation Corp. owes me something in the line of a job and I intend to have it if it can be bot honestly. I am still teaching Mr. Cohu how to fly. He is getting along slowly but doesn't come for lessons often enough.

Well, you have an eyeful of the family as I see them and by now you must be ready to stop reading my scrawl for once.

My love with Ginnys and babes to you both. Your son, Gould.

[This letter, dated Nov. 17, 1932 was written from St. Louis, MO by Gould to his father and mother. Gould is now inspector of American Airways and living in St. Louis. He misses Ginny and Hazel. Uncle Oliver re-married a Mrs. Beardsley. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

St. Louis, Mo.
Nov 17, 1932

Dear Father and Mother;

Your letter suggesting that husbands should write more often came to me in one of Ginny's letters yesterday and I am taking steps to improve that condition at once.

You see this letter is written from St. Louis. Well, in the next year you may get letters from almost any part of the country. I am now an inspector on the air lines- The American Airways- reporting directly to the President, Mr. Cohu. My work takes me from Boston to Los Angeles and San Diego, from Chicago to New Orleans and Brownsville, Texas and Atlanta, Ga. I inspect all flying and operations and equipment and work on the planes.

It was pretty tough breaking up our little home and leaving Ginny and babe in Seymour, but I honestly think that if things go ok, the job will lead to something within the year which will be worth working for and that we can again have our little home. I thought that it would'nt go so hard with me who had been used to knocking about and that it would be harder on Ginny, but I really never missed anything in all my life as I miss my own little sweetheart and our little love flower.

Here in St. Louis I am staying with the Littlewoods. It is pretty nice to be in a home again. Your letter spoke of Mr. Buchnall. I remember him well. He used to come around every so often and we kids were half scared of him. He had'nt adopted Chinese at that time as I can remember. At that time he was in the camphor business.

I won't be home for Thanksgiving this year but I'll get back for Xmas. Ginny writes that Uncle Oliver and Mrs. Beardsley were married two weeks ago. I think that really was fine. They seemed so compatible with each other. I think the aunts are really glad about it too.

I'll write you more in a couple of weeks. I must write Ginny her nitely letter now. It is the only way I can have of writing all my feelings for her now till Xmas.

With all my love to you my Father and Mother- Your loving son.

Gould.

P.S. I guess the country spoke pretty loudly on election day. The people are after their liquor strongly and several of the states have stopped enforcing prohibition already. Time only will tell what it will bring.

1933

- Prohibition ends
- Roosevelt inaugurated
- US recognizes USSR
- Hitler assumes power
- Willard and Ellen are in Foochow, China
- Kathleen and Hugh are living in New Castle, Pennsylvania
- Marjorie leaves for Canada again in August
- Dorothy and Harold are teaching in Saginaw
- Geraldine is in Long Island, New York
- Willard Frederick Beard is born December 7, 1933 to Gould and Virginia and they are living in Memphis, Tennessee
- Willard is 68, Ellen- 65, Gould- 37, Geraldine- 35, Dorothy- 32, Marjorie- 27, Kathleen- 25.

*[This letter, dated **June 25, 1933**, was written from Memphis, Tennessee by Gould to the folks all. He tells about their vacation to Michigan and the World's Fair. They bought a new car while in Michigan. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Memphis, Tennessee

1641 Netherwood Ave.

June 25, 1933.

Dear Folks All:

We're back from a two weeks vacation and we benefited by it all the way around. I'm sending this to the Space home first and they will advance it.

I got in off the last run at 4:00 a.m. June 11th, went home and slept till 11: a.m. then helped Ginny get ready to leave. We got off at 3:00 p.m. and drove as far as convenient that evening. We arrived at Paducah on the Ohio R. at 8:30 p.m. and put off in a little old fashioned but reasonable and clean hotel. (Hotel Knox)

The next morning we were off by 7:30 a.m. They asked us \$1.00 to cross the river on their new bridge. We could have gone west 10 miles and crossed to Metropolis for \$.50. At Metropolis we had to wait 10 min for the telegraph office to open so we could wire Dot and Bill Littlewood our plan of arrival. Ginny and I took turns at the driving. The car was full inside about as it looked when we came west but we had nothing on the running boards. The previous afternoon we had a little thunder shower to drive thru, but from Paducah to Chicago it was perfect weather. It got colder as we approached the lakes until it was positively cold when we arrived at La Grange at 8:00 p.m. just one hour late. We had taken about 30 min to drive around Urbanna and the Univ. of Illinois campus.

The car still had that rasping noise which came from the clutch throughout *[the]* day at a speed of 52 m.p.h. I had'nt had time to fix it myself and did'nt want to spend the money to do so. We kept our speed at 50 or below. It took us 17 ½ hrs. to make Chicago from Memphis. The distance is 598 miles.

Babe rode as nicely as before with just the same arrangement except that she used the little seat more and would get in it of her own will and sit there till she got tired. In fact she did this throughout the whole trip which made it no trouble at all to take care of her or to keep her interested and happy. Ginny brought along a pillow which Hazel would put under her head and sleep whenever she desired and she spent nearly 4 hrs during the day sleeping while we were driving.

The Fair should be a letter in itself. I went one whole day alone while Ginny was being entertained by "the girls". In the evening Dot, Bill and Ginny met me at Old Heidelberg Inn at the Fair and we did the amusements. Ginny would like to tell about them. As for my prowlings, I did all the auto shows, the domestic animal show (very poor), one of the Indian Village (fair), five of the model houses of the future (interesting and novel but not so practical with some exceptions), the transportation building was not complete but the exhibits that were there were most interesting. The Mayan Temple was good but rather colorless because of the lack of objects to exhibit in it. Most of the amusements I passed off to be with Ginny in the evening. The Horticultural Building I figured on seeing with the folks in the evening, but there was'nt time so I missed it altogether. I heard several people say it was among the best of the fair. The electrical group was very good especially a 20 min lecture by Gen. Elect. Engineers on the electric ?? I also saw the social science group which was very good in parts. The Agricultural group was fair; mostly commercial advertising of canned and preserved goods with one big exhibit of farm machinery by Int. Harvester. That's as far as I got, except for the States Building which was a group of local wood screens[?] or products exhibits.

The next day Ginny and I tried to do the Science Bldg. together without much success since we were each interested in different kids of exhibits. We went up onto one of the Skyway towers and saw the Chinese temple and Japanese Bldg. together then split and went separately. I saw the planetarium alone and she looked at the Model houses. I think the planetarium was the most interesting thing I saw at the fair.

There were many things worth seeing that I did not get a chance to see, but I went over better than ¾ of the fair in the day and a half I was there. Dot and Bill Littlewood were royal with their hospitality and we are much indebted to them for making our visit to the fair possible.

We got off for an 8:30 start for the drive to Saginaw on the 16th. Progress was slow until we got past Gary, Ind. The drive along the tip of the lake was very nice. It is a four track concrete road from Gary to Benton Harbor and one sees the lake in many little glimpses.

Ginny got a good education in geography and a good idea of the size of the cities in the middle west. Easterners somehow think that the East has all the big towns and are somewhat surprised when they see the size, beauty and civic pride of these mid western communities.

We stopped in pausing long enough to say hello to Dave Bishop and his father. Mrs. Bishop and the baby could'nt be found. Dave was a house mate of mine at Ann Arbor. We pulled into Saginaw just 10 min late much to the surprise of Dot and Harold. Fluffy made a great fuss over us and Hazel was delighted with her.

Dot and Harold just gave their time over to being our hostess and host. School was out and aside from some Eastern Star rehearsals Dot had nothing pressing. We had a most pleasant and enjoyable visit with them. They took us swimming at Bay City almost every evening and we made a trip to Traverse City to try the fishing. I had the experience of seeing carp 2 ½ to 3 ft long swimming about my legs and not being able to offer them the right kind of bait. We tried pork rind, bread balls, potatoes and all my box full of artificial lures without success. The carp either drove away the pike or the season was too early. Anyway we didn't get a strike all day over fishing grounds that always deliver the fish. I would have been thrilled to get just one strike. I still have to think of seeing a fish walk on water with his tail and shake the jangles. The old fishermen all tell of it but it's a myth to me.

The same evening we landed in Saginaw the auto agents began calling up. I had written Harold and asked him to see what kind of a proposition they would make me since that was pretty close to Detroit and Pontiac. Two of the agents bid each other down until the price got ridiculously low, even better than the best offer Ginny got in Seymour. Of course there were no freight charges to pay on the car. The price being much lower than the point I had decided to buy at, I bought a Pontiac Coach, black with cream stripes. The touring sedan with trunk on the rear was \$40 more and the rear seat is uncomfortable because of lack of room. The two door coach suited our needs better. The improvement over the old car is something to shout about.

Babe enjoyed Fluffy hugely although Fluffy was very jealous of babe's usurpation of Dot's affections and took every opportunity to let us know about it. Much to babe's dislike I took her on a merry go round. I think she would enjoy it again if she had the chance. The first swim she wouldn't have much to do with the water. The next time we went she saw her daddy walk out into the water and decided she would do too. I let her walk out till the water was up to her chin while holding my hands, then took her back into shallow water and showed her how to play and splash and roll. The next time we went swimming it was a job to get her out of the water. Her Uncle Harold introduced her to ice cream cones, and after that it cost him a nickel each time we went riding. It was a real pleasure to see and be with Dot and Harold. They took things easily and made no fuss and we felt at home and enjoyed our visit.

We had hoped that the folks in Oberlin would drive up and planned to stay an extra day if they would. They all had their plans laid however so we stayed the extra day anyway. On our way back to Memphis I stopped in Pontiac and called up the Am. Airways overhaul depot and found Billy Lester there. We drove out to see him and he gave us the address of the Townsands[?]. We took lunch with the Krishners[?] in Wayne and I went to the Stinson factory for an hour with Otto. After that we drove to Detroit City Airport where the head offices of the Am. Airways Northern Div. are. I saw the Div. Sup. and several others there. Then we drove to Harold Beatties home and had supper with them. We started for Ann Arbor at 9:00 p.m. and arrived there about 10:45. I had reserved a room at the Michigan Union and we spent a comfortable nite there.

About 11:30 Harold Beattie phoned from Detroit that we had left our thermos bottle and that they could drive out with them the next morning to take a little air themselves.

We were late getting up that morning and so we just drove around Ann Arbor and saw the buildings. There have been a lot of improvements and additions since I was there. The campus is not as pretty as some of the other state universities, but the compactness of the lay out makes it more practical for a large university where the students have only 5 min. to get from building to building. My third story cubby hole at 50 S. Hill St. where I lived 4 years was still there. I didn't take time to hunt up Dad Rosey. Ann Arbor with all its shade trees and pretty homes renewed old sentiments and memories. The only thing that was lacking was the student body. We were there between commencement and summer school and the campus was deserted.

I had intended to make Louisville that nite, but with the late start from Ann Arbor, about 11:30 a.m. it would have been stretching it a little far. Ginny was driving about 7:45 p.m. north of Westfield, 26 miles N. of Indianapolis when the engine quit cold. After 20 min of investigation I found that the distributor shaft was not turning. A half mile tramp took me to a telephone while Ginny and the baby sat in the car. The farmer prevailed upon a friend mechanic who had a small garage to give us a lift. In due time he arrived and took us 4 miles to his shop. The two of us got busy and between us we got the engine going perfectly by 11:00 p.m. The distributor shaft had run dry and frozen in its bearing. The little spring coupling did as it was intended to do under such circumstances and sheared off. We inserted a new spring made for a tunpered[?] back saw blade.

We got to bed in Indianapolis about 12:30. The next morning we got started about 9:00 a.m. I inquired as to the price of gas before leaving Indiana to cross the river into Kentucky and saved 2 cents a gal. by filling up in Indiana. The road from Louisville to Mammoth Cave was mostly asphalt and we would have been hammered[?] badly in the old Pontiac. This new car just "Terraplaned" over this stuff at 60.

We arrived at Mammoth Cave at 4.00 p.m. One can't miss it; can hardly get by it without stopping. At least 20 miles down the line the natives and agents begin stopping the car to direct you to the Old Cave, the Onyx Cave, the New Crystal Niagara Entrance etc. We went to the New Entrance which is a State parks and State owned.

Hazel went down with us. We made the mistake of bundling up too much as they told us it was 54 degrees F. all the time. It was, but with the constant climbing and descending of steep stairs one keeps active enough for ordinary clothing. A thunder shower put out all the lights just before we went into the cave so the guides used gasoline lanterns to light up the cave. I think we did not get quite the views that the electric lights would have given.

Little Hazel quite took the eye of some senators and other people in another party that we met down there. Everything would have been O.K. with her if daddy had brought along a cracker or two. She got hungry during the 2 ½ hrs below and cried a little toward the end. Otherwise she exclaimed and painted[?] more than the others. She walked whenever the cave bed was smooth enough. On the whole I was a little disappointed. A party from Georgia told us that Endless Caverns in Virginia are much grander and have more beautiful formations and colors. We arrived in Knoxville at 11:30 p.m. It was hot all day. At Mammoth Cave it was 110 degrees at 2.00 p.m.

The next morning we took a fairly early start and got off at 8:00 a.m. and arrived in Memphis at 1:15 p.m., just 5 hrs and 15 min. It took us over 7:00 hrs. the last time. I have a day and a half before I go out on a run so I'll have time to get rested from my vacation. Really though it was a good vacation and a change for Ginny and the baby and the whole family profited by it.

The heat was getting on Ginny's nerves and Hazel was shrinking. The cool weather of the north set Ginny right and she saw people she knew and liked and Hazel developed in weight, strength, words and activity on the trip.

I hope you have struggled thru this.
We send out love to you all,
Lovingly Gould.

[This letter, dated Aug. 13, 1933, was written from Memphis, Tenn. by Gould and Ginny to Willard and Ellen. He talks more about their vacation and visiting with his siblings. Hazel is growing. They may get an apartment this winter since Gould will be travelling and she hopes an apartment will be less lonely. They look forward to Willard and Ellen returning from China in 1935. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1641 Netherwood Ave.
Memphis, Tenn.
Aug 13, 1933.

Dear Father and Mother:

This is one of those quiet, sunny, drowsy Sunday afternoons, very similar to some we used to have in China during late June or early Fall. I happen to be home today and it's a good thing because I have a good summer cold and swollen tonsils and I need the rest to get ready for another trip to Cleveland and back. I go out tomorrow A.M. at 2:56.

I believe you will have gotten my round robin letter telling of the trip to the Fair by now and of our little jaunt to Mussel Shoals in Alabama. That was really a most interesting trip to me because I saw the project that has been a political football ever since the war. It has been under the Army Engineers Corps. ever since and has been perfectly preserved. The people in that part of the Tennessee Valley are really looking happy about the prospects of good times and better business. In flying over this country I have often thought of the use the Chinese would make of all the rivers which are allowed to flow on quietly without a boat on them. I have only seen three boats on the Tenn. R. since Jan. when I began flying this route. The river is navigable well beyond Florence, Ala. and the locks at Mussel Shoals dam are a fine piece of engineering.

About the 22nd of July we got a special del. letter from Monny written from Chicago saying that she would be thru Cleveland soon on her way east with Jerry and that if I would tell her what day I was in Cleveland they would plan to meet me there. I wired them the dates and on the 27th Dot, Harold, Kathleen and Hugh, Monny and Jerry and Fluff all appeared at the hotel Westlake just as I was at lunch. We had a good party together. They had driven down to Oberlin the nite before, plopped in on Uncle Willis (who was watching it) and slept till 10 a.m., then drove on to Lakewood. We had a nice visit after lunch till Kathleen and Hugh had to leave to catch the last bus for New Castle. Then the rest of us went down to the river and took two boats and rowed out onto the lake for a couple of hours while we visited.

Dot and Harold have had the pleasure this summer of entertaining the folks from the East. They seemed quite pleased that it turned out that way since they knew they would not get East this year. Monny seemed glad that

she was at last starting back to Labrador although not as enthusiastic as she was the first time she went. It seems the station at N.W. River had a lot of personal squabbles among the staff last winter and all her old friends left this summer so she is going up into a new set of workers. She is looking fine and healthy though.

Jerry seems rather lost. She doesn't know whether she will keep the apartment with a friend or go back to L.I. in Mineola where she was while we were there. Her job will last another year and that's all so she feels that that good thing is coming to an end. She looks well and not all tired out as she often does.

Kathleen and Hugh show the effects of lying around with nothing to do and a very limited sum of money to exist on. They both look physically healthy and not at all lean, but Kathleen looks very serious and has a little worried expression on her face.

After the boat ride at the Westlake we= Jerry, Monny, Dot, Harold and myself went out to the Cleveland Airfield for Jerry and Monny to fly Am. Airways to Newark Airport, N.J. on the 5:30 a.m. the following morning. They probably have written you about it. I had difficulty in getting reservations for both clear thru and the ok had not come thru when our trip left at 9:30 p.m. for Memphis. However the boys at the station took care of them nicely and kept working on the stations down the line till finally the two reservations came thru and they were both fixed clear thru to Newark. Monny was so excited she just could'nt contain herself at dinner at times. She had to be persuaded hard by Jerry to take the ride and it was two hours after it was first suggested before Monny gave her consent. After I got permission for half fare and they knew they could go part way at least she really got excited. You know how she is at such times- apparently perfectly calm for a speck, then she clutches her fists to her shoulder and shakes them and lets out a little squeal all out of a clear sky and then perfectly sober and calm (apparently) for another stretch. They all went out on the ramp to see me off, then the two girls went to the airport hotel and Dot and Harold back to Oberlin. From the letters the two girls wrote Jerry enjoyed it intensely and Monny thought "It was'nt any fun at all."

It may not be as hot here as it is in the valley in Foochow, but some of the days might near approach it. Ginny has stood the heat better than I thought she would, but poor little baby has looked rather forlorn at times. The prickly heat breaks out on her in perfectly raw patches around her neck and the backs of her head in her hair if we have two hot days in succession. She has been a very good little girl thru it all never the less. I tried the cold water soaking we used to give Monny, but that didn't work at all. Plain starch put on in a thick paste was the best of all, but that didn't do for the spots that sweated the most and washed it away as fast as we could put it on. Ginny got a medicine for her to take internally which she thinks helped some.

Babe has grown some since she was born. She is now 34 1/16" tall and weighs 23# 7 oz. She apparently will be tall and slender in her younger girlhood. She is taller than the average but not as heavy. She is very steady on her feet now and has lost all the baby toddle. The little words are beginning to come out of the little mouth very rapidly. She attempts several new ones each day. They come best when not coaxed. Dogs are still "wo-woos", cows= "moo", donkeys, horses and mules = hahrsch.

We gave her a nice little girl doll with closing eyes and a cry to it for her birthday. The closing eyes and cry were worth the extra price. She thinks the doll almost human and loves it dearly, much more than the three inanimate dolls she has had. Her little teddy bear which cries also is still her favorite. She sleeps with it and whenever she rolls over on it or shoves it it cries out at nite and she seems to feel that it has life to it. That is the only explanation I can make as to why she likes the teddy and the doll better than the other nice animal toys and dolls she has.

Her chief diversion when daddy is home is to sit in his lap and have him show her the pictures in the National Geographic. She will pick out all the animals and birds, boats, bridges and any children also any airplanes. Her next favorite fun is to have either mother or daddy draw her a picture on her pad, then she sits down and marks it all up in an attempt to copy it.

I go out for Cleveland at 3:31 a.m. tomorrow and it is now 10:00 p.m. so I must get to bed. Ginny is adding a letter. We enjoy immensely your letters.

May God bless you both.

Lovingly your son.

Gould.

[The following is in Ginny's handwriting:]

Aug 14th Monday P.M.

Dear Ones-

You must be mind readers. Gould and I have been wishing for some tea ever since we got back into a home of our own so we're just doubly tickled with that portion of Hazel Ellen's birthday. That little jade pin is so cute and such a good size. You were Dears to send it to her. She had several lovely things. The little dress she has on in the

enclosed pictures, Dot and Harold sent her. Then she had another darling little blue dress with hat to match, four lovely little sunsuits of the dress up type. Her Daddy or Mother gave her a doll that crys and opens and closes its eyes which she just loves and then put a few dollars into her bank account in Derby. Great Grandpa Van Namee gave her a dandy little drop leaf table and two chairs which she uses for every thing, including all her meals. Century farm sent her a scrap book of animals that she has a grand time talking to.

August 15th- Tuesday-

This is a gorgeous bright sunny morning with a nice little breeze to make it comfortable. I'm sitting on our front terrace under a fine awning the owners had put up attempting to finish this and at the same time keep an eye on Baby while she plays with a couple of youngsters in the yard next door. It makes it so nice that she can have play mates close to her own age even if they do nearly pull each others hair out at times. The other kiddies are all only children also; so it is the best thing in the world to help them develop a little "give and take" and we Mothers can see a good 75 % improvement in the past four months.

Our lease on this house is up the first of November and we are going to try an apartment next. In the Winter once in a while the boys get stuck away from the home station for as much as a week at a time. I just don't want to be all alone for such long stretches. The winter nites are just twice as long nearly, as the summer ones and we both think we'll try an apartment for once. Neither of us having ever lived in one before.

By degrees I'm getting to like the section of the country a little better. I seem to have acclimated myself (physically) at last and Babe seems to be so much better now that I really begin to feel encouraged. It nearly broke my heart when we first came down here because she was sick or half sick for nearly three months and she had had just two sick days in her life up to that time and she had made such strides during her five months in Seymour and Shelton. I am so tickled that we had that time there, especially when we came so far away when we finally left. My family had a glorious time with Babe and I think the Aunties on the Farm enjoyed her hugely, particularly when I left her in their charge for three days. And did I enjoy the time spent on the Farm? I'm just terribly fond of that place. Someday Gould and I want most awfully to own it. Especially if there is a chance of it's ever going out of the family.

Interruption- 8:30 p.m.

Well I have my Darling home again. He still has a good share of his cold so I put him to bed until supper time and he got some good sleep. Naughty Boy, he played 3 good sets of tennis and only got about 6 ½ hours sleep last nite there in Cleveland and such things are not conducive to the clearing up of a cold.

It has been too hot here for active sports so Gould has been taking his tennis racket to Cleveland with him and getting in some dandy games with some of the boys in from the Eastern run there and I have been glad of it up until the last time for the exercise is good for him for he gets practically none in his present job.

You know I really don't enjoy the present arrangement of things as far as his hours of work are concerned but when he does get home I'm so glad to see him and he is so very very Dear that it's a little bit of heaven that seems to make every thing else worth while. They just couldn't make a Sweetheart husband and Daddy any finer and any Dearer than he is and I am persistently realizing it. I really think our little Love Flower senses her Daddy and Mothers feeling for each other too, for she's one mighty happy little girl most of the time.

I've tried to keep my mind off of the intense heat this summer by keeping my hands busy while the main part of the torso has remained almost motionless. So I have made two birthday gifts and have eight Christmas presents all done and two more well in the works. I just can't bear to cut down on our Christmas gifts for we get such fun out of giving to the various ones so I have been making very gay little bridge sets and breakfast sets out of 'everfast percale' and putting an inch deep fringe on the cloths and napkins with rounded corners and you'd be surprised how very effective it is. Some are made out of very fine red and white check others out of a fine check that has a little pattern worked into the check by use of 3 or 4 colors on the one piece. You see with our very much reduced salary it simply means cut down the cost materially or cut out the gifts entirely and thus far I'm getting 12 gifts for the total of \$3.28 plus some ambition on my part. Then I want to make 4 or 5 cross stitch doggie pillows and some hand hemstitched handkerchiefs for some of the men. Here's hoping I don't weaken before the last is completed.

We sent Monnie a couple of pairs of silk stockings, a silk slip and a gay little washable scarf to take North with her also sent St. Nicks gift to be tucked away in the corner of her trunk until next December 25th.

My how we are looking forward to that date 2 years from 1933 for we expect you two back here in the states and Monnie back and will just have to have a grand little family reunion if it is humanly possible. I wonder what corner of the globe we'll be in by that time? This time last year we were in the wide world supposed we'd be 1300 miles away from our home and families in Connecticut.

We would have loved to have gotten back there during our vacation but we figured that while we were in this section of the country that we should take advantage of its possibilities so by now the Round Robin of our trip has surely reached you and you know quite minutely what we did and we did so enjoy every minute of it. For we did things we had always wanted to do but some how just were never able to.

Father we are so glad you seem to feel so well. Be careful and make it last a long long time for you've got a lot of living to do with your children and grandchildren after your work is completed there in China. Maybe if you both are real good we'll see what can be done about a small grandson for you to watch develop from infancy. It will be about time for another to keep Hazel from being too spoiled.

Well Dears it's time we tumbled into bed so until another time goodnite and sweet dreams.

Much much love

Ginny.

[This letter dated Aug. 18, 1933 was written from New Castle, Pa. by Kathleen to mother and father. She talks about the Centennial celebration of Oberlin and Monnie is home temporarily from her teaching job in Labrador, Canada. Kathleen talks about the 1933 Chicago World's Fair and about employment for Hugh and herself during the depression. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

31 N. Liberty St.
New Castle Pa.
Aug. 18, 1933

Dear Mother and Father:

Our address is still the same as you see and promises to be for at least six weeks more. The summer has nearly gone- and gone fast too, for we have done quite a bit since I wrote last.

Marjorie starts for Labrador day after tomorrow, as she has perhaps written you, going by train part of the way and by boat from northern Newfoundland. It hardly seems as if we were not to see her for two years again but we have had her quite a bit this summer. She stopped here on her way to commencement in June and we saw her later in Oberlin too.

The Centennial was a little disappointing for there was nothing so very special, just a greatly enlarged commencement. I suppose the depression curtailed their plans considerably. The town, however, looked lovely, all painted up and more luxuriant than ever with strubbery. We saw many of our friends, the Christians among them. It was good to see Foochow friends again especially since they are going back so soon. Uncle Willis went to one of the Alumni meetings which we didn't attend and told us that Pres. Wilkins read aloud part of your message from Foochow. It was one of the three out of many which he read. All of Aunt Etta's family were in Oberlin, and Uncle Elbert, but they left for the Fair before commencement was over. We drove Monnie down to Canton, where she was to speak, in Rollin's car and then came back here. When her duties were over in Canton Monnie came here for a stay of two weeks. We did have lots of fun swimming, picnicing and hiking around here and she grew very fond of Enid's children. They are darling and I love them too. All Rollin's and Enid's friends were much interested in hearing Monnie talk of Labrador and seeing the skins and other things she had brought with her. Once while she was here Rollin's Uncle who is an Engineer on the B. + O. Railroad took us all down to the New Castle Round House and showed us the mighty engines there. We mounted into the cab of one which was fired up ready to start and peered into the fire box. My! those monsters made an awesome sight and with all the explanation he gave I fear I still know very little about the action of those machines.

Monnie finally left in July going thru Oberlin to Saginaw and then Gerry stopped here over the week-end on her way to join them. They spent a week at Dot's before we went up to go to the Fair with them. Uncle Elbert and Uncle Stanley very thoughtfully gave us all money enabling us to go, as Hugh and I otherwise could not have. We took the night boat from Cleveland to Detroit where Harold met us and started for Chicago the next day. My! that was a great trip and I do so wish that you could have been with us. We spent three days there staying near to the grounds so that we could walk to and from. There is too much to describe and we saw not a half of it. The buildings were very colorful and modernistically angular, but when they were lighted up at night they were really beautiful. From the 600- and - some foot towers we could look over the whole grounds with searchlights playing over the buildings and spotlights showing up the brilliant colors everywhere. We went through the Chinese village where we found a shop of Foochow lacquers and jade and talked Chinese with the clerk. My speaking ability has gone pitifully but I recognized a familiar word here and there. Gerry did the best in conversation. We also went to the Chinese theatre where they did some of the most wonderful acrobatics I ever saw. The Hall of Science was full of wonderful things but we could only skim most of them for lack of time. The Aquarium and Planetarium were marvelous but indescribable. Hugh and I went to the miniature Hollywood and saw scenes being taken for a movie.

The Lama Temple brought over in twenty-eight thousand pieces was very beautiful but of course not so new to us. What was perhaps the most engrossing was the industrial exhibits showing ties, stockings, dresses etc. in the making, but those too we didn't see so much as we wanted to. One display showed all kinds of mechanical machinery working in miniature. Gear shift, piano action, a combustion engine and others were very elucidating to me. Many European nations built up little villages there and several tribes of American Indians were living right there as in their native habitats.

One day I came upon three of my Logan [*Utah*] friends most unexpectedly and we had a little visit there while we rested. Amid those hundreds of thousands of people I was fortunate to run into them.

The weather was awfully hot while we were there and of course our feet got dreadfully tired with so much walking. They did have rickshaw and wheel chair transportation around the ground but American coolies are high class and charged seventy cents the half hour to pull people around. It was too much for our famished purses. I got a cane to help me around and it was some support. By the end of the third day, though, our poor legs just about rebelled. That last night we began our drive back to Saginaw immediately to save room rent, and got there about nine o'clock the next morning. Then we had three days together just to visit, shop, and play tennis. It was good to be all together again but the time was so short. Dot and Harold drove us all down to Cleveland where we met Gould by an arrangement and had a few hours visit with him in his hotel. Monnie and Gerry flew by plane to New York which they have probably written about, Hugh and I took bus for New Castle, and Dot and Harold started their drive back home. And now we are all apart again. I hope the others tell the particulars which I have left out for I know this is too brief and undetailed for you, Mother.

You will be wondering what is on the horizon for us this year. Our sun has not risen yet, so to speak, but the dawn is breaking and hopes are higher. Hugh is making application to take a civil service examination for social work which comes in September. If he makes good in this exam it means a good position for him. Of course it is still an "if" but that is better than nothing. As for me, I have a temporary position as Church organist in one of the small Presbyterian churches here which is giving me good experience and a pipe organ to practice on. My year of organ lessons stood me in a better stead than I thought and I do enjoy playing.

We are still staying in our little cottage and will stay out here as long as the weather permits. Rollin's relatives often come out to visit us and we go into town nearly every day for mail and supplies. Our financial supply is running rather low since our Reading Bank is still withholding our savings but it ought to open almost any time now. The railroad is picking up a great deal and is putting men back to work who have been idle three years. But there still seems to be no room to absorb the younger men who have never had jobs. The uphill climb is slow and often makes us impatient but as long as we keep trying we are at least busy.

The Kuliang season is nearly over out there and before this reaches you, you will probably be down in Foochow again. Do write us all about your summer at Kuliang, for it is months since we have heard from you.

With lots of love from both of us
Kathleen

[This letter, dated Oct. 15, 1933, was written from Memphis, Tenn. by Gould to Willard and Ellen. Ginny is pregnant again and they are being transferred probably to Cincinnati. He talks about the economic situation in the U.S. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1641 Netherwood Ave.
Memphis, Tenn.
Oct 15, 1933.

Dear Father and Mother:

Two good letters and the roll of Kuliang Messengers have come from you since I wrote last. We have really been very delinquent in writing everyone lately and our mail box shows the results.

With the departure of the hot weather Hazel is picking up in weight. That may also be because we have her under a different baby specialist who seems to be doing better by her. She is still a little underweight, but her little legs are filling out and her ribs are disappearing from sight. She is progressing in words slowly, we think. She is still quite babyish, not backwardly- but she is not as grown up for her age as some of these children here in Memphis.

The other day we took a couple of our films (movie films) down to the camera store and had them demonstrate the projector to us. They are all of Hazel and her playing and are very good. They will be all safe and ready for you when you get home. We have no projector as yet because we just could'nt afford one on my present salary.

The Kuliang Messengers were very interesting although I didn't remember more than three or four persons mentioned in them other than you. It gave me an idea of how organized the mountain colony now is. From your two last letters we gain that you somehow think we got East on our vacation. No- Detroit and Saginaw were the farthest East we got. Aside from the one trip to Mussel Shoals the summer was spent very quietly, mostly at home. You see- you are to have a new little grandchild in about five or six weeks. It should arrive about the last of November or the first of December.

We had planned to write you just a little later than the present date so you would get the letter just about the time of the birth and we were going to keep it a secret from all the folks in the east until we announced the birth. However, we are to be moved to another station- we don't yet know where or just when, but suspect in a couple of weeks.

That upset our arrangements we had made here, and we will have to call upon someone to care for Hazel until Virginia gets out of the hospital. We are writing Kathleen first. If she doesn't feel like coming we will ask Lillian. If she can't help us we have several friends who we feel sure would come and visit us for the three or four weeks Ginny would be laid up.

I feel rather certain that we will be located at Cincinnati; if not there, then Chicago, Newark, or Boston in the order given. I shall hate to move Ginny after Nov. 1st and might make arrangements to keep her here until she is strong after the child comes if the move comes in November. I should like to keep her under Dr. Pride here if possible. He has followed her thru thus far and we like him.

When I took this job I rather thought that I would get a first pilot's job within 6 months. However, all they have done thus far is reduce the mileage flown so that they have had to lay off pilots until now there are about 10 first pilots waiting to take up jobs. These will all be placed before any co-pilot gets a promotion. Next spring should see an opening out of the lines considerable if business continues on the up trend and I most certainly shall expect to see better pay by then or else I shall look for another job.

The United States are going thru an economic or social and business revolution. The life of the people does not seem to be much affected as yet. There are reports of thousands being put to work at various places in the country but there are still over 2,000,000 men unemployed and there seems to be no likelihood that these can be put to work this winter. The government is making huge plans to feed the hungry this winter. The N.B.A. codes are in operation, but business is skeptical about the actual increase in purchasing power of the people. Usually where more men have been put to work, each working fewer hours, the individual pay envelope is less than it was before the code went into effect. It actually spreads about the same amount of pay over more workers.

Also it is the heavy or basic industries that are. Feeling the lack of business the most, i.e. steel, heavy machinery, building and construction, etc. these industries are little effected by the laborers pay envelope and what he spends out of it. The groceries and dry good and notion stores have been running along pretty well since last spring.

The administration is certainly catering to the labor vote to the detriment of the earnings of the various corporations and the next congress will probably have some fierce battles directly and indirectly centered around this policy. However the outcome may be, the tendency is toward evening up the individual wealth of the country. I see no way for the country to make up the debts it is incurring none other than taxation, and the taxes will fall heaviest on the rich. Therefore I feel sure that in the coming years the national tax will go up instead of down until we may be taxed as heavily as England and France are today.

Today's papers tell of the withdrawal of Germany from the League and on the same ?? is an item that Lloyds is betting 2-1 that there will be war in Europe within 18 months. What that may bring for the U.S. is a puzzle, but I feel certain that we have enough men in this country who know what they went thru in Europe's last war to keep our boys over here this time. Also I believe America will be a little cautious about loaning huge sums of money to Europe to be burned up in powder.

Ginny is taking this pregnancy a little easier than her former one. She has not had as much time to sleep and rest as she did, but she has not been bothered as much by nausea or pains. Ginny says to tell you that Hazel's little brother will arrive shortly after Nov. 20.

Dear Grandpa and Grandma: Mother says I will have a little boy brother. How do you like that?
Here's all my love and a hug and kiss for both of you. XX Love Hazel.

Lovingly your son

Gould.

[This letter, dated **December 8, 1933**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard and Ellen to Willard Frederick Beard. They send congratulations on the birth of Willard Frederick. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow, China, December 8th 1933

Dear Willard-Frederick:-

As Grandmother and I were at lunch today a man in the front door shouted Dieng Bo. The result proved to be your Dads announcement that you had arrived.

Well now your Grandmother is happy, - and I'll risk a guess that another woman is happy. It seems to have been a normal trait of woman from the beginning- to experience rapturous joy when told that she has given birth to a man child. God must have meant it so. This helps her to forget the pain she endured to bring him into the world. How we shall look forward to the letter that tells us all about you- how many pounds and ounces- color of eyes, how much hair, who you look like- grown ups still like to talk about who a baby a few hours old looks like- my impression is that most of them could do as well to speak their ideas on this subject a year in advance as to wait until the child arrives- but it makes conversation and gives a chance for women to show their wisdom (???)

We're filled with joy at your arrival. Both Grandmother and I agreed that you should have a nest egg laid beside your venerable sister's in the Derby Savings Bank. So I enclose a check for \$100.00.

Very lovingly Grandfather and Grandmother

Dear proud parents-

We wanted to cable a welcome to the dear boy, but to direct at \$2.00 per word would eat up a big check, so we are just writing at once. We thank God and rejoice with you. Lovingly Father

All's well with us- no matter what the papers may be saying. Father

I hope you'll have no trouble in depositing this check. Mary will put it thru to you with hers. Father

[The following is an article in the one of the Shelton local newspapers dated February 3, 1934. It tells about the bombing of Foochow on December 25, 1933. Newspaper article from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

City of Shelton, Saturday Evening, February 3, 1934

Local Missionary Escapes Bombing Raid at Foochow

Dr. Willard L. Beard Writes Interesting Letter of Air Raid at Foochow, China, Christmas Day

An interesting letter has been received by relatives of Dr. Willard L. Beard, describing the bombing raid at Foochow, China, by forces of Chiang Kai Shek on Christmas day last year. Although Dr. Beard escaped being hurt, he was not far from places where bombs fell. Dr. Beard is a native of Shelton, and has been in the foreign mission field in China since 1894. At one time he was president of Foochow College, but since no foreigners are allowed to hold such offices in China, he has been engaged in the missionary field in Foochow by the American board of foreign missions. He is the oldest missionary in China and is called by many as the "bishop" of the missionaries. Two years ago Dr. Beard visited in this city, but he returned to China. In two more years he will have reached the age limit for missionary work and will be eligible for retirement. Whether he will retire and come back to his native home is doubtful.

Dr. Beard is a graduate of Oberlin College and also the Hartford Theological Seminary. About two years ago Oberlin College conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity.

Dr. Beard's Letter.

The letter dated December 25, 1933, is as follows:

"This morning I awoke 15 miles from Foochow at the village of Chong Ha, where I had spent Sunday with the Christians of the village in a Christmas celebration and the Holy Communion. A motor boat brought me 10 miles on my way home. When I climbed up the bank from the boat I found the village street crowded with people, old men and women, little children and what baggage they could carry, all fleeing from Foochow. I could learn only that Chiang Kai Shek had sent bombing planes and they had bombed the city.

"The five miles of road into Foochow was lined with people leaving the city. I must have met 4,000 and when I reached the city the streets were crowded. I passed Wenshan on my way to the city and there was Mrs. Beard

looking for me. I stopped there and found the McClures (6) and Miss Armstrong and Miss Burr. We stayed for lunch.

"Yesterday the city was the center of a bombing raid, from about 1 to 2 p.m. Some said 24 bombs fell. One struck the Lau Memorial church. It went through the roof and through the gallery floor. It broke most of the glass in the windows in front of the church. In the yard in front of the church were more than 100 children waiting for the doors to open, when they could enter for Christmas exercises. The newly-ordained pastor, Mr. Lu, had been in the church only five minutes before putting the finishing touches on the decorations. So fortunately no one was in the building when the bomb struck it.

Church Bombed.

"Since I began this letter I have been over to see the church. Only a part of a shell struck the church. The pastor said he saw it. It was a big ball of fire, and it divided into three parts up in the air. One went over the church, through the roof on the farther side and landed on the gallery floor. Within five minutes the police were in and took it away. Another part went into a paint shop and killed two people. I engage this paint shop to do any painting I have done. The third struck another house near the church.

"Another bomb struck across the street, killed a person and badly wrecked a house. Another knocked a partition over on a poor man lying in bed and killed him. Others struck at least two of the official headquarters.

"After lunch at Ponasang we stood on the steps and watched nine planes for half an hour as they bombed the airport in Foochow and the military governor's yamen (headquarters). The report is that a bomb struck a corner of a hangar and two or more struck the yamen, killing several soldiers.

"There seems no danger now the raid is over. The planes came either from Nanchang or Kieningfu. The latter place is about 200 miles northwest of Foochow and the former twice as far. Both have airdromes belonging to the central government. As I got to Wenshan this morning one of the men in the new government knocked at the gate and was admitted. He was here in October. He was once principal of our American board school in Shansi. He is now representing Feng Yu Hsiang (Christian general) and holds some office in the new government. As he entered I nodded to him and said, 'This is the way you are treating us?' He grinned sheepishly. He was there at lunch with the principal. After the raid I passed the veranda where they sat and stopped to ask, 'Do you think it is safer here than in the city?' He looked at me again with a grin and said, 'I don't know.'

"The raiders were evidently after the headquarters of the new government and they landed shells in three of their yamens. The raid was unannounced and very severe. Shells struck within 20 rods of our house. A few shells dropped on Saturday afternoon.

"December 26, I am leaving now at 10:15 a.m., to attend Christmas exercises at Ciu Ciu in the suburbs. No shells have been dropped over there and there are no soldier camps or official yamens near. Some of us will stay here all the time, going under the three story houses if the raid comes."

1934

- Mao Zedong begins the Long March north with 100,000 soldiers
- Willard and Ellen are in Foochow, China
- Uncle Elbert Kinney visits Willard and Ellen in China.
- Kathleen and Hugh move to Florida
- Marjorie is teaching in Canada
- Geraldine is in Long Island, New York
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Gould and Virginia are in Cincinnati, Ohio
- Willard is 69, Ellen- 66, Gould- 38, Geraldine- 36, Dorothy- 33, Marjorie- 28, Kathleen- 26.

*[This letter, dated **March to May 1934**, was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Willard Frederick Jr. She congratulates them on the birth of Willard Frederick Jr. (December 7, 1933). The Christmas season in Foochow was stressful for all because of bombings of the city by Chiang Kai Shek's troops. Thousands of people evacuated the city each day and Ellen describes the various types of evacuees and their loads. There is a new form of government in Foochow now. She tells about the upcoming meeting of the Anti-Cobweb Society. The mission had a birthday party and anniversary party for their oldest missionary, Miss Hartwell. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]*

[March to May 1934]

Dearest Gould, and Virginia and Hazel and Willard Frederick Jr.!

First I must congratulate you all on the most welcoming arrival of the dear little grandson! Grandpa and Grandma Beard are very, very happy about this new addition to their family. Another recent cut in our salary lead us not to send our congratulations in a cable at once, which you will please pardon; but believe us, the congratulations and welcome conveyed in this slow letter couldn't be heartier or more sincere and enthusiastic.

Well, well, well, where shall I begin to tell you all the strange things that have happened in these last few days? How we would like to see one of your big American daily papers each morning these days and see what they are saying about our new Foochow government! Such a Christmas Season as we have had! Singing and talking and joy-making about "Peace on earth, good will towards men" with bombing air-planes roaring over our heads dropping destruction and death from the sky! It certainly has been a never-to-be-forgotten Christmas. I really cannot realize that we have passed thru the Christmas season at all.

Last Saturday afternoon I heard a loud report that didn't sound like a gun, nor a giant firecracker; but an explosion of some kind. I looked all about the city from our windows but could see no column of smoke nor other result to tell what had happened. Later the children of the compound said all the people were out of their houses in the street in front of our place, much excited and puzzled by the noise, and were closing up their shops as fast as possible (that means sliding a dozen or 13 boards into grooves along the front edges of the ceiling and floor which closes the whole front of the shop). But we heard nothing more nor got any explanation of the first report. Will returned soon after from a Christmas service out on the plain and packed up and went to Chong Ha up the river for the Sunday, to return Monday morning.

Sunday noon I had just finished preparing my dinner and was about to eat it and go at once to a Christmas service in one of the churches and was talking with Miss Armstrong who lives below us for a moment, when the sound of motors in the sky led me to remark, "That sounds ominous; there must be more than one." We went out to look but decided they must be below the horizon for we couldn't see them. But the noise grew more formidable and seemed nearer and we went out again and looked some time before we found them, 3 of them more than 4000 ft. up, I guess. The sky was covered with a white haze and the planes aluminum painted and we just couldn't see them at first. As we looked at them a terrific report startled us. Then another and another. "They're bombing the city," I said. Soon the servants of the compound all came running down the basement steps under our house which is always considered a safe place when bullets and kindred missiles are flying. Bang!- Bang!- Bang!- on this side and that and the other, all around us. And above us roar, roar, roar of the planes. It was simply terrific. And one feels so absolutely helpless, and defenseless; there is nowhere to run to, to escape it; nowhere is safe. I dared not stay in the house for fear of being buried under the debris if it were hit. I felt safer out in the open. So I went to the middle of the tennis court but would instinctively run to one side when a plane came straight over my head. *[Following sentence written in the margin:]* (I have learned since writing this that the three planes that soared so high were the protecting planes to the bombers which flew much lower to get good aim and were three in number.) Then I would realize I was too near a huge pile of boulders in the middle of our compound and flee to the other side, only to desert that, lest the old white pagoda might be the victim of a bomb and fall on me. We are very near it, you know. One doesn't realize in a time of such tense mental strain what ludicrous things he does in the quest of safety. About $\frac{3}{4}$ hour it lasted then the planes went away and O, what peace and what relief! This was my first near experience with war bombing, and I hope it was my last. Later in the afternoon we went out to see the ruins. Near our kindergarten, a temple and a house were struck and two people killed in the house. Our city church and a house near it were struck and several people killed in the house. The church was not much damaged except a small hole in the roof and much broken glass and some fallen plaster. A hundred children were in the court outside waiting to be admitted to the Christmas service at 2 p.m. The pastor had just come out of the church to tell them to hurry home to safety (?) when it was struck. No Christmas exercises were held that afternoon in any of the churches. Printed notices, dropped by the planes said the city would be bombed again on the following day from 8 to 12 o'clock. So the next day was a great moving day.

I went, with the two ladies in the house with us down stairs, out to the school where Phebe taught, (where we lived first, Gould) and there, at the gate on the street, watched for Will to come along on his way into the city and to stop him off there, for he knew nothing of what had been happening or was to happen, having been out in the country. Such a scene as I looked upon for nearly two hours! I have never seen anything like it before and never expect to again. The street, - both the center road and both sidewalks, was full of men, women and children of all ages, classes, and conditions, all traveling together at the same steady pace, nobody hurrying, all going in the same direction, over South Side across the long bridge to a place of safety away from the bombing. There were blind, lame, crippled, sick, healthy, rich, poor, all traveling side by side, no one paying any attention to any one else, most of them on foot, doggedly traveling on. There were mothers carrying babies in their arms; others with a baby strapped on their back and leading one or two others by hand; children of all ages above seven carrying babies, or 2 or 3 yr.-olds on their backs or in arms; children carrying dang loads or hand loads of personal effects as well as women and men similarly laden; men carrying children or sick people on their backs; sick people from hospitals being carried on stretchers by 2 men; one woman I saw who was well dressed was carrying a dang load, one end of which was a Chinese trunk, her little girl got tired and couldn't walk further, so the mother set her on the top of the trunk and picked up her load and went on. A man had two children in a dang load, one in a basket on one end of his dang stick, the other on the other sitting in a bamboo baby chair which had a guard rail in front to keep the baby in, and further secured by two bamboo spindles from seat to front guard rail between the baby's legs to keep him from slipping out downwards off the seat. Scattered promiscuously through this throng of pedestrians were rickshas loaded to capacity with women and children, every one having a trunk, or bundle, or bed rolled up on the back, or in front of the riders or under their feet. Some were loaded with so much stuff, one could hardly see the person riding with it. Some loaded their effects into rickshas and walked beside them. There were horse carriages filled with people and piled high in back and on top with trunks beds and bundles. Many carts piled high with similar luggage, were pulled and pushed by from two to five men and women. Some men and women had just a bed in their arms, - a bed is just a very thick cotton comfortable. The two most common articles of hand or dang luggage were beds and cooking utensils. Some moved their entire house furnishings on carts, that is, those who had ancestral homes in the country villages. This procession of refugees began immediately after the Sunday bombing ceased and continued uninterrupted all night long from 3 p.m. Sunday until 2 p.m. Monday, when that day's bombing began. I think I must have seen, in the two hours I stood there watching, between 10,000 and 12,000 people pass. And this road out of the South Gate is only one of six or seven roads out of the city, but is the one from which more people would leave the city than by any of the other roads leading out of it, - the East, West, North, and Water gates and two others. But the populace were undoubtedly pouring out of all these other gates in great numbers, into the country villages on the plain and in the hills. People have been leaving the city in smaller numbers every day since. As I went to church today I saw some leaving, a week later. Undoubtedly over 300,000 people have left the city since last Sunday's bombing. Of course not nearly all those people who went out of South Gate to South Side could be accommodated in houses, but as the weather was fortunately fair, mild and dry and had been so for weeks, so that the ground was very dry, they just scattered about on the hills out in the open and slept on the ground, those who could not find housing. Many of them returned to the city in the afternoon after the bombing was over, at 3 p.m. I returned home every day about 4:30 and every day there was quite a procession returning from 3:30 till after dark. People are now moving their goods back to some extent altho there is still great lack of confidence in the situation, evident, for all shops in the city except restaurants, fruit shops and food shops are closed except for a little door in the front just large enough to admit a person; you know usually all the front is open. Many are entirely closed. Business has been at a stand still for a week. All schools in the city are closed and some outside the city. No services were held in many churches today. I should have said above that during the week the people who came back into the city for the night went out again the next morning and did it every day, most of them, except last Friday which was rainy and therefore no danger of bombing. Think of several thousand people walking (or riding) out of the city three or four miles every morning and back again at night to avoid being bombed! Since Monday nothing has happened but no body could know when it would come so we had to play safe. Rumor had it that the 28th of Dec. Thursday, was to be a terrific bombing. Another report said the 30th was to be the worst yet. So we had to all run and take no chances.

The Union Christian Council of Foochow sent a telegram to the National Chin. Council at Shanghai asking them to telegraph beseeching Chiang Kai Shek not to bomb civilian population any more; and we have now had word that he has promised not to. This "People's Government" group send to the newspapers of the city any thing they want printed as propaganda and the papers have to print it. As to the "news" they print, one cannot put any dependence on it at all. One never knows whether it has any truth in it or not. Every thing we hear seems to be only rumor so we hardly know what is happening right around us except what we see.

As I stood at Wenshan Gate watching that unique procession moving thru the street, I thought many times, what an interesting moving picture that would make. Afterwards I learned that Mr. Culver of the Christian Herald Orphanage took a moving picture film of it. So I think I shall see it on the screen here some day. It may be released to the world, if good.

Mar. 4", I wrote the above while things were fresh in mind but seemed to find no time to finish it.

After our bombing some of the cities around us were bombed we heard. About two weeks after the bombing after the 19th army had left and the navy was in charge of our city, and the upstart "People's Government" heads had all fled, people began to move back their goods into the city and for weeks the same kind of loads in rickshas, dang-loads, gong-loads (2 men loads) horse-carriage loads, auto loads, and carts piled high with Chinese trunks and goods, could be seen coming into the city every time we went out South Side or on South Street, but I think it was over two weeks before the shops really opened up for business. Business was at a stand-still all that time, only the most necessary buying,-principally food was carried on. From the trader shops, the employees,- many of whom came from the country villages or places out side the city, had gone home for safety and did not return till peace and confidence were restored; so no business could go on.

When the 19th army began to leave and the nationalist troops and the navy (first) began to arrive to take over the protection of the city, such hords of soldiers as were in the streets coming, and going. For three weeks this condition continued. One of our missionaries was coming from the University (down the river) over the new road and reported that he saw double lines of soldiers on one side of the road coming and on the other side going! thousands of them, - a mobilization that he could not understand. On another occasion in the city streets this same missionary asked a soldier what division he belonged to. He replied indifferently "I don't know." The missionary laughed and said in surprise, "You don't know what division you belong to?" "No there are three divisions all mixed up in this company; how do I know which I belong to!" That is about the status of many of them I fancy; so many of them are young ignorant boys. But the present government has instituted a system of gendarmes or super-police force who are over the ordinary police, controlled by the military but never fight as soldiers and whose business it is to keep peace in the city. They are superior men and look and act as tho they had had experience and superior training and know their business. They are nattily uniformed in olive-tan wool uniforms, in foreign style with brown leather belts, swords, pistols, and clubs with long orange silk tassels on them; and Will has often remarked as we pass them on the street how uniform in size the men are presumably selected with that in view; - figures well developed by military training; and they have a business-like bearing. So our province belongs again to the Nationalist Government,-thanks to Chiang Kai Shek's courageous move.

Just a little "aside" here.

Early last fall we entertained at dinner in our home, a young man whom we heard was principal of a school in Foochow making a study of the schools of South China; another guest was the Chinese lady principal of Wenshan, the school where Phebe taught. She came with him. He was going to Amoy and Swatow later in the same capacity. Because of his educational connection and position, he was invited to one of our mission suppers and meetings in which rural evangelism and mass education were to be discussed. He was hesitant about expressing his opinion on some questions when asked, and frankly said at last that he didn't dare speak his sentiments too openly for Chiang Kai Shek would cut his head off if it got to his ears. But he didn't hesitate to say he thought Chiang Kai Shek was a bad man and that he had many enemies in China. That set us wondering somewhat; but what was our surprise when some weeks later, six of us American Board missionaries were invited by Miss Huang, the Wenshan principal, to be her guest at dinner, at a large restaurant on South St. It was the very night of the day the rebel government was installed, with great doings at a mass meeting on South Parade Ground. And that evening, the People's Gov't put on a lantern parade on South St. of students and police and fire companies etc. and as we went to this dinner up South St. we were meeting the parade the whole length of the street. But the surprise came when we entered the private dining room where our dinner was to be served, and there stood Mr. [left blank], all arrayed in his new uniform of the People's gov't. a blue cotton one, and Miss Huang our hostess, introduced us to him as one of the heads of departments of the new People's Gov't.! That put the missionaries in an awkward situation at once and conversation proceeded with much restraint. But I decided to break the ice and "take the bull by the horns." So I said, "We have a good opportunity now, by the presence of Mr. U, to learn all about this new government. Won't you tell us about it, Mr. U?"

He did tell us some things about it, - that he was the Commissioner of Finance, that all the officers were to wear the same blue uniform he wore; that no officer was to have a salary of more than \$150 a month etc. But we felt rather queer to be hobnobbing with the officers of the rebel gov't!

When the 19th Army had to evacuate and retreat at the approach of Chiang Kai Shek's troops, they are said to have poured oil (kerosene) over several hundred bags of rice that they had to leave behind, so that the incoming soldiers might not use it. Well, they're gone, and that episode is over. What next?

Mar. 11- Schools opened again two weeks ago and we had three day's review, then the examinations in last term's work which we were prevented from having by the closing of the schools before the term was completed, by the rebellion. The depression has kept some of our students from returning this term but most of them are back. I am teaching two classes in English three times a week, which gives me about all the written work to correct that my eyes will stand.

This week Friday our literary society, the Anti Cobweb Society, is to be held in our compound and I am one of the hostesses, three other ladies cooperating. Tea is served and social intercourse proceeds for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour, then the program is given lasting about $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours. This month our subject, I thought was to be "Psychiatry"; but our notice says "Chemistry and its allies." Last month it was "Technocracy." The month before, it was about the Nazzi movement in Germany. Three or four papers are read by the members of the group which elected to study up the subject for any one meeting; and we have eight meetings a year.

The past six months we have had some very helpful meetings of the "Oxford Group." I suppose you have read of their work in the U.S. and Canada when the delegation came over from England last year. If they come to Cincinnati or to Cleveland when you are there attend them. You will find them interesting and helpful.

I hope you are sending Marjorie messages every week or two thru K.D.K.A. and letters will be going thru to Labrador by the time you receive this, so do write her a nice long letter as you did us a few weeks ago. She must be so lonely after that fine year at home with Geraldine. A letter from Geraldine this week told us how terribly lonely she was after Marjorie left. Dear girls! They did enjoy that year together so much judging by the letters from both. Geraldine wrote that there would be an opening for her in North West River next year according to Marjorie's letter, and that she was thinking rather favorably of it. Don't say any thing about this tho; perhaps it was confidential until she makes a definite decision.

I want to tell you, dear Gould, how very, very much we did appreciate that fine long letter telling us all about the arrival of dear little Willard and of the precious little sister's mystification over the whole situation. Poor dear little girlie! She was too young to comprehend the situation which robbed her of her loving mother's presence and companionship and left her to the care of almost strangers. She was fortunate to have so sympathetic tender and understanding a father to help her to adjust herself to the new situation. Such early evidence of deep affection and the strong bond of family ties, is gratifying and reassuring. May they be ever fostered and cherished.

Virginia wrote recently and we did appreciate her letter so much telling us all about the babies, father's business, the new home and the family life generally. She did not remember whether we had received latest pictures of the little folks or not. We certainly have not and we are most eager to see a likeness of his Highness, and an up-to-date one of her Majesty.

Has father written you that we had the hardest winter here that we have ever known in Foochow? It seems to have been so the world over by letters we have had, etc. I wonder if it was unusually cold in Labrador where Marjorie is. I hope she did not suffer from it. Out here, trees which have always remained green all winter and never drop their foliage in the fall, were turned all brown and dead looking on top, and some varieties of bamboo were entirely browned by repeated frosts. Some more nearly tropical trees and plants were entirely killed. Ice formed on father's chicken water-cups so thick I could not break it with my fingers. Some of our poinsettias were killed but it is easy to replace them; just cut off a stalk and stick it in the ground eight or ten inches and it grows. We had beautiful ones this year and lots of them all over the place. Some of mine grew nearly twenty feet high. Roses are in full bloom now, except ramblers which came a week or two later. There is a fascinating little bird here whose brief, oft-repeated little song says so plainly "Don't pick those cherries" and he rolls the double "r" in cherries so prettily. Every time I go out to pick my red roses, he sits on a tree nearby and sings it to me over and over. Sometimes he adds "Don't pick those cherries, Joe." Wouldn't you like to hear my little bird friend sing his little song Hazel? I'm sure you could understand the words for he says it so plainly, - in English, too, even tho he is a Chinese bird! I wonder if you and Willard have a nice place to play out of doors in your new Cincinnati home. I am afraid father doesn't have any place for his flower garden but perhaps he is having some flower boxes outside the windows. There are in bloom now in our compound, roses, pansies, calendula, pinks, cineraria, snap-dragon, nasturtions [*nasturtiums*?], marguerites, callas, white locust trees, stocks, camphor trees, begonia, marigolds, geraniums; and in other compounds in Foochow sweet peas, petunias, flox; azaleas, etc. Johnsonian lilies will be along in about ten days, Easter lilies, in about three weeks, and I am expecting (?) my two kinds of night-blooming cereus (cactus) one from Honolulu, and one raised in Foochow to blossom for the first time in June, $2\frac{1}{2}$ years old. I had this year three beautiful trees of double flowering peach, one white, one pink and one red, just covered with bloom. This spring I have just planted more roses, two deep red hibiscus trees, blossoms all the time nearly, and two trees of myrtle, lavender-pink flower in falls, like wisteria. Wisteria is now in bloom here. I have also planted four ginger plants the flower is very lovely. I am having my first success, (2nd try) with glads this year; they will bloom the last of June. I

must stop the flower topic or I shall make Gould envious! Just one more, - I have about twenty pink hydrangeas planted some in pots the rest in the ground.

Sunday April 22 Father went to Nan Seu yesterday right after breakfast and will return tomorrow about 11 o'clock. I am knee deep in monthly examination papers and note-book correcting. That is the hard part of teaching for me on account of my eyes. Four o'clock tomorrow must find me at work on these.

Rather a notable event has taken place in our mission this last Monday. Miss Hartwell, our oldest missionary reached her 75th birthday and her 50th yr. of missionary service. I thought our mission should not let that numeral event in missionary circles pass by without some celebration of it. So I got busy and got a committee at work and we had a party of 100 guests from the four missions and the business community. A tea in one house in our compound with a 3 story birthday cake, 3 tables of refreshments and four to "pour", and a profusion of flowers, 75 candles in two circles; program at another house (where we used to live, Marjorie and Kathleen), (tea in Rachel Hodous' house), 7 speakers, violin solo by a Chinese, and bass solo, gift of \$50 from our own mission presented in new one dollar bills, pinned to a long strip of adding-machine paper and bro't. in in a long strip over the shoulders of the children of the Mission led by the smallest one carrying a large bouquet of sweet peas. The presentation was by Mr. Christian and Father was chairman. O yes, we had a photograph taken which you will have the opportunity to see soon. It came out exceptionally well of nearly every one, and nearly all the missionaries in Foochow were present; so it is a photo which we shall prize being taken so near to the time where we shall leave the field and this particular group of people permanently, the majority of whom we shall never meet again in this life. It was an outstanding occasion and was greatly appreciated by Miss Hartwell.



This is probably the photo that Ellen refers to. In the book The Gospel of Gentility by Jane Hunter, there is a clear photo of Emily Hartwell and Martha Wiley on page 67. I believe the two ladies in the bottom row sitting in the middle are Emily Hartwell (on the left) and Martha Wiley (on the right). Willard and Ellen are at the bottom, far left, front row. *Hunter, Jane. The Gospel of Gentility. New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1984.*

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

May 20th Dear Me! how even the months!! slip by and I don't get this letter off on its way to you.

It is Sunday again and I am alone again. Father went to Teng Chio yesterday to conduct services today there and will return some time tomorrow. He took with him, 2 1/2 doz. pint glass jars to bring home strained honey in. This year's big and best crop of honey is just gathered from the blossoms of the pumelo, gang orange, Gek orange, lie cie, nong dang and leng geng trees and we are buying our year's supply while it is fresh. These flowers make the best honey. The Chinese about here are doing a good deal of that business these last three years and by strictly modern methods too. The honey is taken out of the comb by a centrifugal machine and is clean and sanitary if rightly operated. Last year we bro't the machine right to our house to separate it. This time Father hopes to be able to oversee the process done there

[Letter either not signed or finished by Ellen.]

[This letter, dated **April 22, 1934**, was written from Cincinnati, Ohio by Gould to Willard and Ellen. Virginia's mother and brother were visiting them recently and they showed them around Cincinnati. Gould is waiting for a 1st pilots position with his company. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

2204 Madison Rd.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
April 22, 1934.

Dear Father and Mother;

Father's letter came yesterday before Mother Space left for Connecticut. She has been here for the last ten days on a little visit. Great Grandfather VanNamee died a month ago at their home in Seymour and she came here for a rest and a change and to see her two grand children.

We had something to show her too. Both the kiddies are in good health and spirits and she decided that we were doing a good job with them. We drove her around the city and showed her parts we had never seen ourselves. She was of an opinion that Cincinnati has more pretty residential suburbs and more pretty and large homes for its population than any other city we have seen.

Bob Space came down from Ann Arbor for his Easter vacation to be with mother. We did'nt have enough activity for him at first until we introduced him to a young lady. He managed to get in plenty of entertainment after that.

Virginia and Mother had a grand time talking and shopping together. I kept the kids at home and let them go shopping on afternoons that I got in from Chicago. I gave Ginny the respite she needed from constantly being with her children. Ginny and I also managed to go once to the picture together which is the first time we have been together to a show since last November= 6 months.

I am enclosing the long waited for pictures. The one of Willard I took in a 1 min time while he was asleep on the divan. The group pictures of Martha, Ginny, Hazel and Willard were taken at the base of the campanile at Marie Mount, a suburb east of Cincinnati. Hazel and Bob are flying a kite on the bank of Ault park which is on the top of a hill overlooking the airport. The group in front of the auto is also taken there.

Now for the family- Master Willard is a little husky fellow. At four months and 1 week he weighed 15 1/2 # and was 25" long. He eats like a healthy calf= 7 oz milk every 4 hours from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. and is starting on a couple of spoonfuls of cereal in the morning after his bath. He is the happiest little duffer I ever saw. It is very seldom that I cannot get a smile out of him and he even stops crying for his meal and grins me a laugh if I take him up and bounce him a little. He spends hours on his tummy with head up in the air and raised up his arms trying to look over the side of his basket crib. He likes to be on his stomach better than his back. He is awake a full hour every morning before we hear from him and he always looks up with the fullest smile when we come to him. I will get a picture of that smile before long. He really laughs and has laughed for at least two months.

Mother, I suppose you would think we are rushing him out of his babyhood too fast. We got a little knitted suit for him. Dark navy blue trousers, white sweater and navy blue baret or French cap. He looks just like a little sailor man in it. He has'nt worn any of his little dresses that were given to him and he will probably outgrow them before he can use them at all. They will be passed on to Dot or Kathleen or Lillian. Lillian is expecting a baby in about 6 months now.

Ginny I think has fallen in love with her young son. Mother Space admitted he was so cute and good a baby as she had ever seen. He likes company and keeps them interested by smiling and laughing for them.

Hazel is growing faster here than she did in Memphis. Just lately her appetite has come back to a visable degree and I think I see a gain in stature a little more rapid than before. She is getting her spirits back too. It took her the full ten days to get accustomed to Mother Space and she was still a little shy yesterday when she said good bye

on the train. Hazel has a little streak of independence which comes out every now and then and it takes all the ingenuity we both have to handle it. Her vocabulary is increasing daily and she is very fond of picture books which have a little story about the picture which can be read to her. We hav'nt a good place for her to play around outdoors near this apartment and it is difficult to give her all the outdoors she needs. If I get a 1st pilots job soon I will move into a house where she can have a yard to play in.

Its time to get ready for the run to Chicago so I will finish this tomorrow.

April 26, 1934.

This letter just side tracked longer than I had intended. Things are just getting nice and green here. The trees are in blossom and the daffodils and tulips are in their full glory. Cincinnati is beautifully blessed with landscaping and with pretty residential districts and it is a pleasure to drive around thru the city and see the architecture and landscaping of the various homes.

Ginny is feeling very well these days. In fact she is having difficulty in keeping the scales from telling on her avoirdupois. I gave her \$10.00 for her birthday. Mother added two and Bob one more and another from somewhere so she had \$14 to spend for a spring outfit. She got material for a dress and a pair of white shoes and a slip and two pr of stockings and some other miscellaneous items of clothing all out of that fourteen dollars and I think she still has a dollar or two left.

My salary now is \$225.00 a month. With insurance and paying for land I bought on L.I. and installments on dentists bills and doctors bills for delivery of Willard we go thru each check completely with only a dollar or two to spare when the next one comes. I am glad I own everything we have outright and not on part payment installment plan. We pay \$50.00 a month for a furnished apartment with gas, light, heat and hot water all furnished in the rent. This is about the best I could do here in Cincinnati and live in a good section of the city and with the comforts we have been used to having.

Kathleen and Hugh are both busy in Saginaw and I think they are very much happier than before. Hugh has given up his funny idea about not wanting to take a factory job and is in the Chevrolet auto plant in Saginaw. We have had only one letter from the Saginawites since the first of the year. Gerry also is too busy to write much so we have not much news about the others.

I am waiting patiently for a 1st pilots position. It is a case of wait until the opening comes. The lines would expand and the position would be there if the administration would only get over their blunder and give us back the Air Mail.

We think of you every day and ask Gods blessing for you both. All the family sends love and kisses.
Lovingly, Gould.

*[This letter, dated **May 8, 1934**, was written from Cincinnati, Ohio by Gould to Uncle Elbert. Elbert is headed to the U.S. West Coast to leave for Foochow to visit Willard and Ellen. Gould would like to also, but work keeps him busy. He talks about the airlines bidding for delivery of airmail. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

2204 Madison Rd.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
May 8, 1934.

Dear Uncle Elbert:

We were awfully disappointed that you could not get down to see us on your way out, and I can assure you that your sister will be also when you get to Foochow because they would like first hand information about one little chap they have never seen. I have the fever to go out there too before Mother and Father leave Foochow but I don't see any possible chance rite now.

This air mail situation may upset all my plans. The American Airways has been badly under bid by several little jerk-water outfits who have scraped together a little cash and enough second hand planes to cover the requirements of the Post office bids. Last year we lost \$200,000 in operations with mail contracts that averaged 38 cents per mile. Evidently the board of directors does not intend to run in the hole just for the privilege of carrying the mail and they figured that 39 ½ cents per mile would allow them to break even on operating the line, so they bid that price on all their runs. So far we have only three of our former eight runs. We have a chance to get about four more with the remains of the runs to be bid on.

The only way the low bidders who took our runs can possibly break even is to cut pilots salaries, eliminate two way radio and have only Dept of Commerce weather running apparatus which eliminates all company radio

operations, and pose the ground personnel to a skeleton crew. The equipment will be old, slow and in poor condition and will not carry half as many passengers as our modern planes.

This situation will exist until the operators who bid low go into bankruptcy or turn their contracts back to the government then they will have to rehash the whole mess. In the mean time I expect to either be put on one of our fun runs (if my seniority is high enough to keep me on), or to choose between flying for the new operators at an appreciable cut or to go to the farm and get in the hay. I probably will know by this end of the month what my fate is. I am not worrying – it has gotten beyond the worrying point long ago. “Gen” Farley has made good Republicans of the Aviation crowd.

Myron, Stewart and Milicent drove down the other evening (Sat.) I have to go out on the run to Chicago that evening so had only an hour with them after they arrived. We hope to see Aunt Emma some time while she is in Oberlin.

I don’t suppose you have two extra trunks with you for curios and trinkets. No you are traveling single, it’s the ladies that need the extra trunks for carrying all their purchases.

Chicago, May 9, 1934.

I didn’t get this finished last night at Cincinnati so I brought it along to finish and mail here. While you are on Kuliang I hope Father takes you to Kushan Monastery, Moon Temple, Kushan Top, Tipping Rock, Ox Head Fort, down in the Bernie where I used to go swimming and all the other places I used to know. You have a good camera with you and plenty of films in tropical cases.

Get in with all the chief engineers of all the boats and ask to see the engine room each time. It is the most interesting part of any ship.

Virginia wanted me to give you her very best wishes for a grand voyage. I could thrill myself at the thought of hearing the last long three blasts when the ship drops the pilot- meaning- Good-bye, Good Luck, God Bless You.

You are carrying all the good wishes and love of all the folks to Father and Mother so tuck Willard Frederick’s, Hazel’s, Virginia’s and mine in your kit for them.

We wish you a most happy and successful voyage with plenty of smooth seas and just enough rough weather to make it interesting.

With all our love,

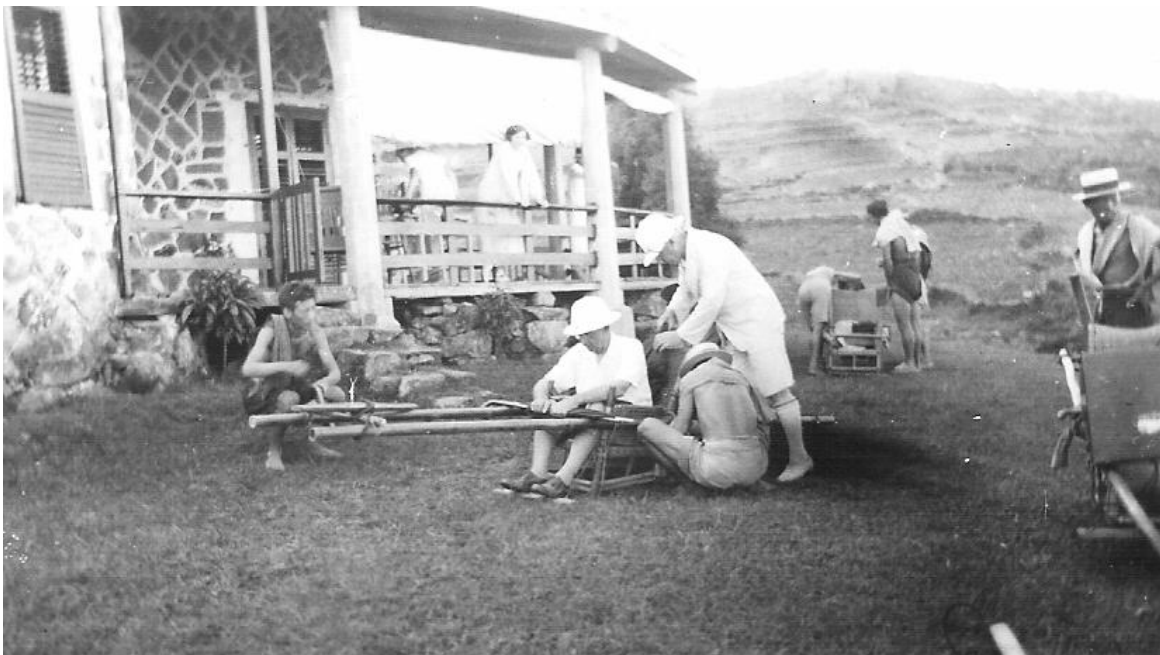
Gould and family.

[Evidently Elbert traveled via the Pacific Ocean to China and came back via the Atlantic. The ship’s list for the S. S. Manhattan shows Elbert traveling from Southampton, England to New York from September 27, 1934 to October 4, 1934.]



Written on back: “Mother- Betty Cushman Thelin, Mark Cushman Thelin and I. Uncle E.C.K. took it.” Uncle E.C.K. is Elbert C. Kinney, Ellen’s brother. He visited Foochow, China in 1934.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte, and also, Virginia Van Andel.]



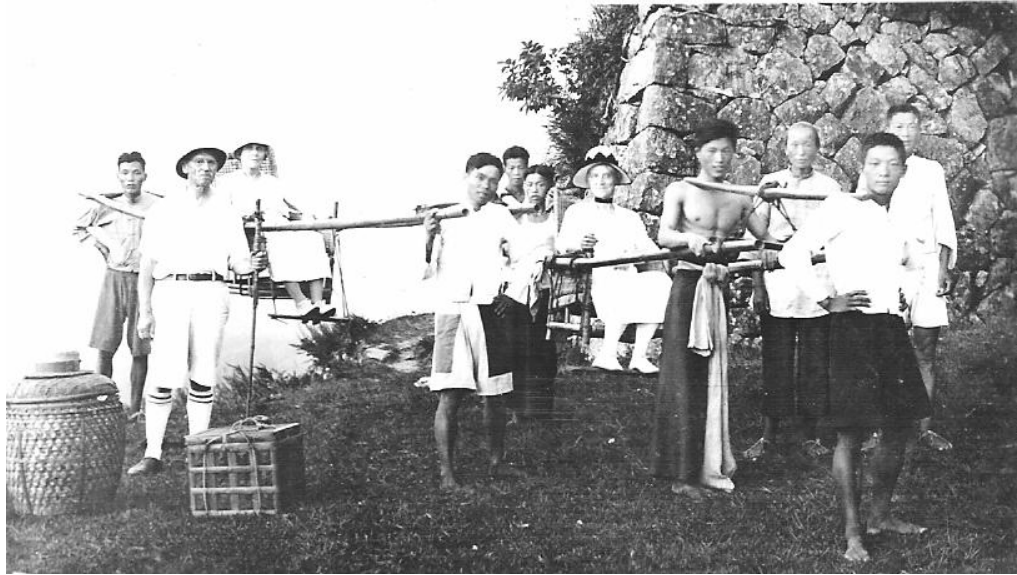
This was taken at the Kuliang cottage. It appears that the chairs are being prepared for a trip. Uncle Elbert may have taken the photo or is in the photo.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



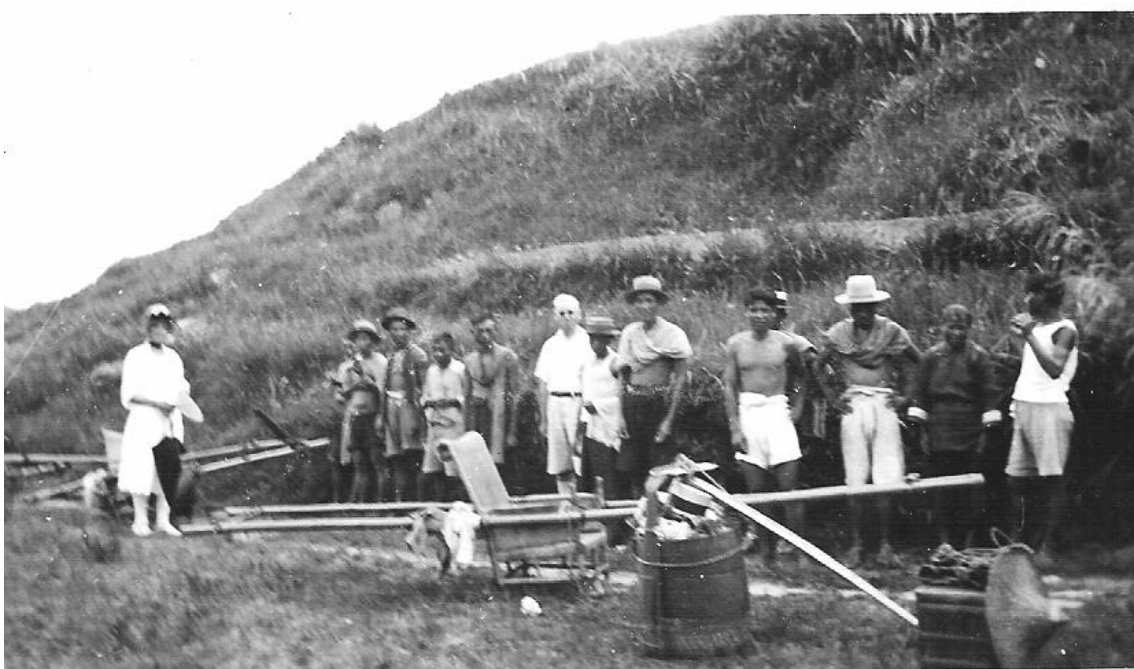
Ellen sitting in a chair and holding a black umbrella at the Kuliang cottage. Probably 1934.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Ellen is in the chair to the right and Willard is the man standing to the left and holding the walking stick.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]

Ellen riding in the front chair holding her umbrella. Probably 1934.
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Ellen to the far left and Willard in the middle wearing all white.

*[This letter dated **July 20, 1934** was written from Jacksonville, FL to Monnie from Kathleen. It talks about the new old Chrysler that Hugh bought and fitted for camping. Kathleen meets Hugh's parents for the first time. She tells of the trip and move to Florida. At the end of the letter she tells Monnie of some special news. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]*

Jacksonville Fla.

July 20, 1934

Dearest Monnie:

It shames me terribly to think how awfully I have neglected writing you. I'm very very sorry and will try hard to be better after this. Just now we are travelling and it is hard to find opportunity for writing more than a postal but a day of respite gets my latent pen to work.

I don't believe I even wrote you that Hugh and I stayed with Dot all spring and were both working. Hugh was doing horrid labor in the Chevrolet foundry and I was doing teaching at the YW night school. For a while we were making good money but my work stopped the first of June and Hugh wanted to meet his folks in New York so he resigned at the end of June. It was fun being with Dot and I was sorry to leave.

Hugh bought an old Chrysler, much better than the one we had before, and we fitted it all up for camping even to making a comfortable bed inside the car and cooking inside the engine hood. We started out across Canada following the Blue Water route that we took that summer after Dot's wedding, only we went clear up to Montreal this time and down thru New York state past Silver Bay. It was a grand trip and wonderfully cool all the way. We stopped in Nyack to see Winnie, my Logan chum, then to Uncle Stanley's where we spent the night. He and Aunt Myra had just returned from Europe and Aunt Mary was still there. *[The ship's list for the President Roosevelt shows Stanley and Myra Beard arriving in NY on June 23, 1934 from Southampton, England.]* Later at the farm we saw all his moving pictures taken over there. We met Hugh's Mother and Father on June 28 as they docked on the Bremen. It was a thrilling sight to watch the big boat come in and it was my first introduction to my parents-in-law. Mother is ever so sweet and Father is quite the executive type but rather liberal in some of his thinking. Gerry put us all up on Long Island for two nights after which Father went up to Dalton Mass. to preach and Mother came with us up to the farm for the weekend. We had a lovely visit and saw nearly everybody except Edith Louise. Danny and Beverly Ann are two cute children. Aunt Flora is better than I had expected but is failing rather fast I guess. I hope for Aunt Phebe's sake that she doesn't last much longer for it tolls on Aunt Phebe's looks and actions. She certainly deserves something very good after all these years of service to her family and I hope she gets it.

Tuesday we met Father in New York and drove to his home in South Jersey stopping in Atlantic city at his cousin's for supper. Atlantic city is dying a slow death, for the tourist business, or guest business, has diminished to almost nothing compared to what it was, they say. In Fairton N.J. we spent two of the hottest days I ever remember and Father had packing to do in the attic of all places. We were glad to move on West to Warren Ohio where Enid and family, and Pearl were staying. It was decided there that all of us should go South with Father and Mother to settle in Florida. It has been Father's idea for some time to settle on the south coast when he retired and have a place where he could be almost self subsisting by producing all his own food. Since Hugh and Rollin didn't have good jobs he asked them to join him and help with the work of making a homestead. So here we are in Florida and we may stay here the rest of our lives.

In Warren Father bought a new Chevrolet and a luggage trailer to trail behind our car. We got a tent and cots and camp stove so we could save money camping on the way. There are nine of us counting the children and it makes quite a crowd to set up for and feed. One night we camped in a cow pasture just outside Lebanon Va. and bathed in the brook. The next morning I walked into town and chatted with Mary Ann Burns while they were breaking camp. Remember Mary Ann? She is as dear as ever and I met her mother and brother too. They were so nice to me.

We drove straight down thru Ohio, crossing at Marietta, thru West Virginia over terrible roads but beautiful scenery. Then thru the western part of Virginia and a wee bit of Tennessee both of which were thrillingly mountainous and wild. North Carolina was gorgeous too but South Carolina was poor and uninteresting. Georgia was even worse and it makes one wonder why people even try to live in that part of the state. It was almost a desert where we went, only a few scrub pines along the road and a dirty cottage here and there inhabited mainly by Negroes. Our one night in Georgia is long to be remembered. We saw a place with a swimming pool which greatly appealed to all of us so we asked to camp. We were given the privilege without that hospitality which we had noted in other places but we stayed. We enjoyed a good swim and supper and prepared camp, but we couldn't sleep. Mosquitoes kept buzzing around, gnats got in our eyes, the heat was almost unbearable, and to add to that a little dance hall near by started up a victrola played "You Nasty Man" about twenty times in a row. Have you heard that crowning glory of jazy absurdity? As if that weren't enough we discovered that we had camped in the pig pen for a dozen little pigs came grunting around our food supply and made a frightful stink. Rollin swears he didn't sleep half

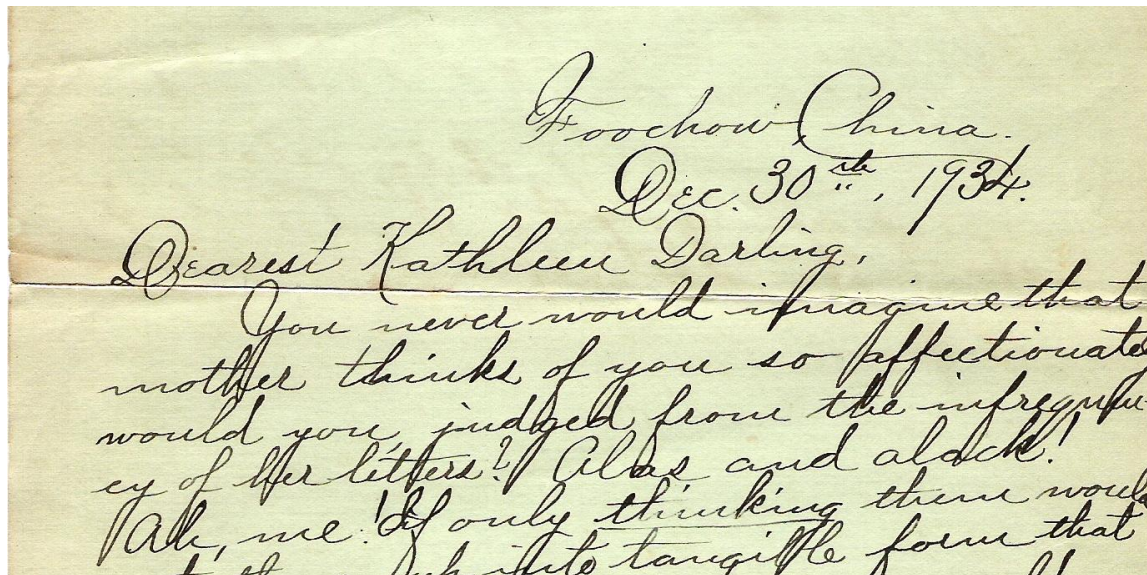
an hour that night and both the children look as if they had measles with their bites, poor things. We got out of there in a hurry and made tracks for Florida. Last night we found this lovely tourist camp with showers, kitchenette et al and we women are staying here while the men find a cottage or house for us to live in while they comb the coast for a desirable place to buy. It really is great fun coming to a new country to settle and from all reports it is a land of Paradise. I hope we shall find it so but just now it is rather warm during the day. I hope we soon get near the sea where it is cooler.

You ought to see Molly [McNutt] now. She is a perfect little doll toddling around on her dainty little legs. She has more hair now and it is very light. Her big blue eyes show off better than ever and she jabbars a mile a minute saying absolutely nothing. Her little body is so cutely formed and proportioned. You just can't help but love her.

And now I'll tell you a deep, dark, secret if you will promise not to tell a soul. Promise? Yes, I'm going to have a baby about between yours and Dot's birthdays next Feb. Isn't that too thrilling? I'm so happy I could fly. Not a soul of my family knows but Dot because it started before we left Saginaw. I want to surprise all the rest of the relatives but I was afraid I couldn't get word to you at the time so I'm telling you now. Don't you dare even hint about it in your letters for I'm sure they suspect nothing. I may write Mother and Father because they do like to know beforehand. I was examined in Warren and everything is O.K. A little nausea has troubled me but not much. I can hardly wait. Remember "mum" is the word. Love Kathie

I'll write you our address as soon as we are settled. Send my mail to Dot until then.

P.S. I saw your good long letter at the farm. Your cold story helped to alleviate the heat we were enduring.



[This letter dated **Dec. 10, 1934** was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Kathleen. Ellen talks of Kathleen's wedding day. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Foochow, China
Dec. 10th, 1934

Dearest Kathleen Darling,

You never would imagine that mother thinks of you so affectionately would you, judged from the infrequency of her letters? Alas and alack! Ah, me! If only thinking them would set them up into tangible form that could be sent to you, you would get many of them. Well, mother does think of you letter-wise very often and very affectionately. If I could only have taken you in my arms on your wedding day and hugged mother's love and sympathy and Godspeed into your troubled heart, and smoothed out the roughness caused by your trying experiences, and have made it the happiest day of your life! Dear Dorothy was a good sister to you and took mother's place so well! (Did she not?) Geraldine was kind and helpful when she was assured her baby sister knew

her own mind and had thought it all through and was not to be moved. (Was she not?) And Gould has relaxed his over-cautious, sagacious, wisely-critical, older-brother attitude and respect his "little sister's" confidence in herself and the courage of her convictions even if she has to "go it alone"; and all are feeling the warming, sympathetic cherishing spirit and the drawing together influence of the family bond, (which may be stretched but cannot be broken,)

[*letter is unfinished*]



About 1934

Photo magnified with key on following page



Willard includes a typewritten "Key to photo"

W.L. Beard – Right front standing

Mother – Squatting near him.

Mrs. Betty Cushman Thelin – Standing back of E.L.K.B.

Dr. Dyer – Behind Betty – head only visible

Mrs. Scott – with back to Dr. Dyer

Miss Graves – Next to Mrs. Scott, a space between

Mr. Culver – White hair, black belt

Mr. Scott – Tall man near left of picture

Mrs. Culver – Extreme right

Helen Smith – Lowest front left in grass

Helen and mother – are frying bacon and eggs others you do not know

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1935

- Mussolini invades Ethiopia
- Jacqueline Elmer was born March 3, 1935 in Clearwater, Florida to Kathleen and Hugh
- Flora dies April 18, 1935 at the age of 66 years.
- Willard and Ellen are in Foochow, China
- Marjorie is teaching in Canada
- Geraldine is in New York
- Gould and Virginia are in Cincinnati, OH then move to Santa Monica, California
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Willard is 70, Ellen- 67, Gould- 39, Geraldine- 37, Dorothy- 34, Marjorie- 29, Kathleen- 27.

敬啓者西歷一九三五年二月五日為
裨益知博士七秩雙慶之辰同人等謹於二月六日
午後三時補開祝壽大會藉表賀忱屆時務希
準臨為盼

三時至四時半茶敘
四時半攝影
四時四十五分開會

祝壽委員會謹訂

注意 (一)祝壽會辦事處設中華基督教會(電話四五六六)
(二)祝壽會開會地點假觀巷紀念堂
(三)茶敘場所假格致禮堂

The Friends of Dr. and Mrs. Beard
Request the Presence of Your Company
at the Celebration of Dr. Beard's
Seventieth Birthday on Feb. 6, 1935.
Tea at 3-4.30 P.M.
In Foochow College Assembly Hall.
Meeting will be held in
the Lau Memorial Church at 4:45 P.M.
Church of Christ in China Office
Ming Gaing Seng

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in the Lau Memorial Church at 4:45 P.M. Church of Christ in China Office Ming Gaing Seng
[Invitation from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

The following four photos are a single panoramic “Photograph of W.L. Beard Birthday the Seventieth”. It measures 42” in width and 5 3/4” in height.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Buildings L to R: Temple on hill, upper left. Lower left, Assembly hall. Brick Smith Hall.



Buildings L to R: Gate house Foochow College. White Pagoda - 2 top stories. Lincoln Hall, Dormitory- Foochow College. 2 chimneys, house in our compound. Chinese house- right of tall pole.



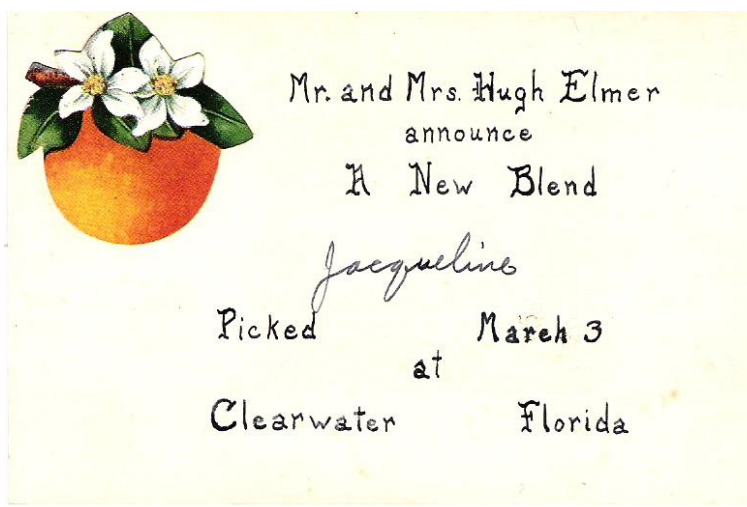
Buildings L to R: Sr. Mid. School Foochow College [the one on the right with arches]



Buildings L to R: Chinese House in rear, Lau Memorial Church, Parsonage.



Close-up view of Willard and Ellen from the previous panoramic photo of Willard's 70th birthday festivities.



Jacqueline Elmer's birth announcement – March 3, 1935
[From the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

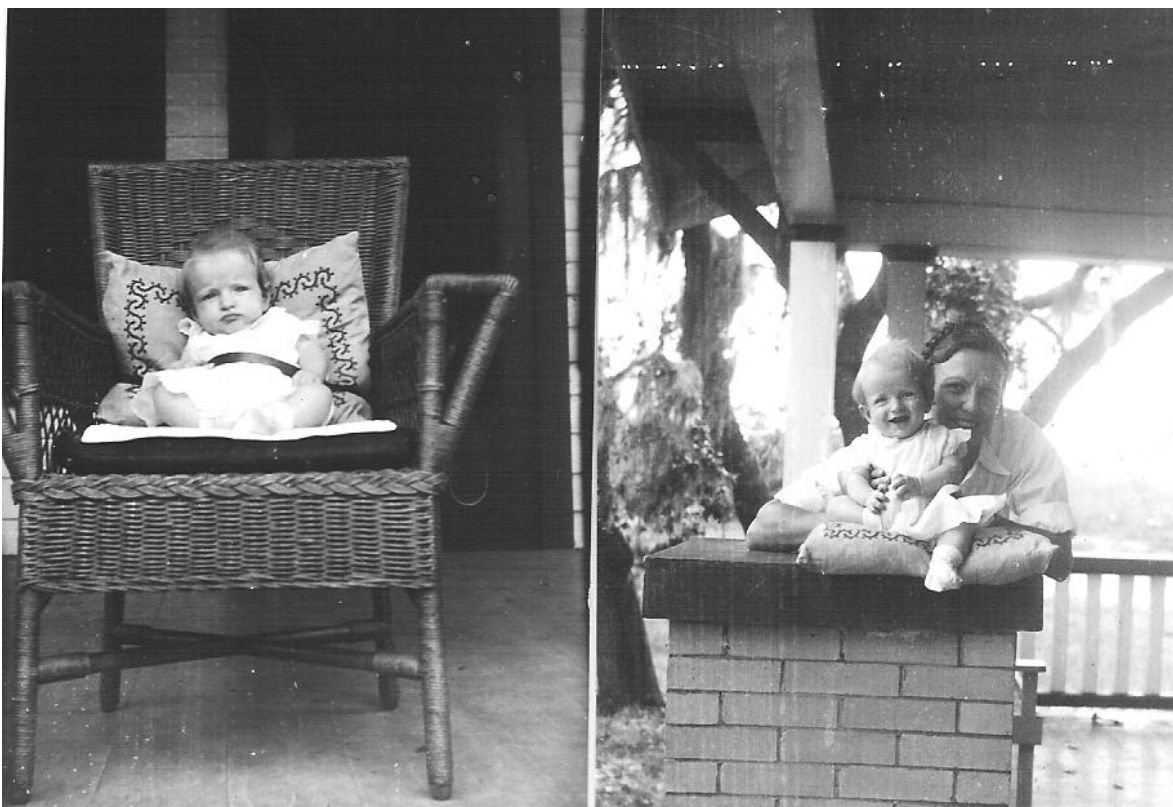
Flora Beard dies April 18, 1935 of "Paralysis following apoplectic stroke" at the age of 66. She had a stroke two years before, also.



Written on back: "May 1935"

Left to right back: Bennett Nichols Beard, Mary Beard, Anna Beardsley Beard, Oliver Gould Beard, Jr.
Left to right middle: Probably Mrs. Lin, Abbie Hubbell Beard, Edith Beard Valentine and husband, Seymour.
Left to right front: Two children of Mrs. Lin, Phebe Beard, probably Dorothy Beard.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Left: Jacqueline "Jill" Elmer Written on back: "October 2, 1935"
Right: Kathleen and Jill Elmer Written on back: "6 months October 2, 1935"
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Dec. 1, 1935 was written from Ing Tai, Fukien, China by Ellen Kinney Beard to Kathleen and her family. It tells of road construction, the river rapids and the boatmen, Ing Tai malaria, availability of meat and the prices, types of fruit and vegetables they eat, flowers in bloom, New Year's celebration activities, Marjorie's engagement ring, and the bad habit of smoking. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]



Ing Tai,
Fukien, China
Dec. 1st, '35

Dearest Kathleen, Hugh and little Jacqueline,

Here I am this Sunday afternoon, all alone in a great big house (The house was built for a girl's school with ladies residence at front end. But last year the girl's school was united with the boy's school and they moved over to the other compound where the boy's school and the Smith house are occupying as a dormitory an unoccupied residence formerly occupied by Dr. Whiting, Donaldsons, Rindens, Lewises, at different times respectively.), almost a mile from the Smiths who are the only other foreigners within forty miles, - Foochow. Even our two servants are taking the afternoon off and the house is pretty still. Two Angora rabbits outside in the cage, and a dozen hens and a rooster keep me company. A pair of squirrels up in the pine trees whistle and chirp to each other at times. I am sitting on the porch swing, on the upper veranda which is pretty well up as the house is built on a sharply sloping hill which rises abruptly from the river bank. Our house is only about 250 ft. from the river, and there is a rapid directly in front of the house which makes so much noise we can hardly hear when it is raining. At first the constant, ceaseless noise of the water wearied me and disturbed my sleep at night; but I am getting somewhat used to it now. Were it not that there are so many pine, maple, tallow-berry and other trees in our front yard, we would get a splendid view of the river both up and down for about a mile each way.

The new road down toward Foochow which is still under construction runs right by our house, - between our front boundary (compound) wall and the river. 76 stone steps in 8 flights of from five to 17 steps each, connected by 8 inclined walks, lead up to the front door, from the street. At the Smith house and the school which is the other terminus of our walk to get to our classes, there are from the street level, 136 stone steps in 10 flights of from 3 to 23 steps each connected by 10 stretches of inclined walk. So with a climb at both ends you see we are getting plenty of exercise.

It is very interesting to watch the boats come up the river. If they have a good wind up-river, which is generally the case in the p.m. they come up fast under full sail, - often from three to seven close together. But if

there is no wind they have to pole and row and progress is slow. All boats slow up when they get to our rapid as the water is so shallow, other means of propulsion have to be applied. Two men get out into the water one at the head and the other at the rear and they partially lift the boat and walk it over the stony bottom while the third man goes ahead also in the water pulling the boat by a long bamboo rope. When there are three or four boats, they all come up to the foot of the rapid, anchor, all but the leading boat by putting their bamboo pole straight down thru a hole in the prow thus pinning it to the river bed; then all hands fall to and pull on the bamboo rope of the leading boat while that boat's two boatmen at prow and stern, lift and walk her up over the stony bottom against the current. When that boat has reached the still water at the head of the rapid they anchor her fast and all hands go back to pull the next one up. And so on till all are over the rapid. This cooperation makes it easier for everybody. The clack of their iron-shod bamboo poles on the stony river bed, and the scraping of the boats over the rounded stones, are two very familiar sounds in our present every day life.

The boatmen who get out into the water to pull on the rope or to lift the boat think nothing of entirely disrobing below the waist in order to keep their clothes dry. They never do that, however, on the boats we hire. Our boatmen roll up as high as they can and take the risk; or they jump right in, clothes and all and come back on deck dripping. In winter weather I feel awfully sorry for them; but in summer and spring and autumn, - even pretty cool weather when we are wearing good warm coats and using steamer rugs, they don't seem to mind it at all. If I have never told you before, you will be interested in a remark Phebe once made on a trip to Ing Tai at the age of three. I discovered a boatman thus unattired on a boat some distance ahead, and at once endeavored to concentrate Phebe's attention on the opposite side of the river. But in an unguarded moment her head turned in the undesired direction. Her comment was immediate: - "Why, mama, there is a man that hasn't even his 'dappers' (diapers) on!"

Father has gone to Foochow for about ten days starting last Friday, in a rain. But he was glad of a little rain before he went as the river was very low and his trip would be quicker with higher water. He preaches tonight, at just this minute I am writing this he is preaching in the English Stone Church at Vespers. The English clergymen are getting so few out here now that they are asking the American Missionaries to take their turns around preaching and are also inviting the Americans to attend and to contribute to the support of the church. He will dine tonight with Rev. W. P. W. and Mrs. Williams, (Eng.) who is in charge of the Church services. He has at least two Board of Manager meetings to attend: one the F.C. University and one the Electrification Experimental Enterprise (that is not the right name); and several other pieces of business. He calls in our old cook at 50 cents a day to cook for him when he goes down like this, and also receives many invitations to meals in the compound and outside it. This time he has at least one Chinese feast to attend, probably two or three.

We are looking forward now to getting ready for Christmas which is always a strain. As far as the church and school exercises are concerned we foreigners will not have much to do as the Chinese are taking so much of the responsibility now. The two Smiths and the two Beards are asked to sing our quartette in English. We shall probably have to help some in furnishing costumes and adjusting them to the actors in the Christmas play. But getting gifts and wrapping them and delivering them for all the teachers, the preacher's family, the Dr's family, the Kindergartner's family, and one other family, and cards for all the women and for each of my two classes, - this is the great effort. Being so far away from Foochow, too, where we can't buy anything is a hindrance. It's hard to think of everything one will want a month ahead.

Let me wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year altho this will not reach you until after you've had them.

Our transfer to Ing Tai has not worked out quite so happily for me as I anticipated; for I got the dreadful Ing Tai malaria "bug" into my system when I had been here only about three weeks and I have had five or six attacks. A chill comes on somewhere from 12 to 2 o'clock p.m. and lasts about an hour toward the end of which I generally go to sleep, all wrapped up and lying down, and about 6 or 7 o'clock wake up with a high fever and my heart beating like a trip-hammer. The fever lasts nearly thru the night, but is gone by 7 the next morning and all but the last time I got up and took my classes on this next day after the attack altho rather weak and unsteady on my feet, walking nearly a mile to the school and back again, at that. But each time it seems to take more of my strength and the last time, having no classes that day, I staid in bed till noon. Mrs. Smith, who has spent her whole time in China in Ing Tai, and has never had it before, has had 2 or 3 attacks this fall too. She has had boils, too. And I had one, quite large one just back of my right temple just back of the hair line. It was so long developing I was a bit anxious lest it be something much more serious. Ing Tai is famous for its malaria but Mr. Smith says it is worse this year than it has been before and a different kind. Some think that so many soldiers going thru here from various places stopping a short time, have in their blood the germs of other kinds of malaria, Ing Tai mosquitos bite them while they are here, get their germs and give them to the next person they bite and so the different kind of malaria is introduced here and spread. I was terribly sorry to get that bug into my system especially at my age, but they say it does not appear again after one goes back to America, or seldom. Eunice Smith came back to China this fall to

work in the Kindergarten Training School and came up here to visit her parents and her old home then went to Peiping to study Mandarin in the Language School and was taken with an attack of malaria after she got there which she caught while here, and had to go to the P.U.M.C.=the big hospital in Peking called Medical College, - at a cost of a \$100, for the few days she was there. Then had a second attack and had to go back to the hospital. And she had never had it before in her life altho she lived in Ing Tai more than a dozen years.

Miss Armstrong, just back from furlough in America came up here for an outing with the Foochow College and Sr. Class and had an attack of malaria two days after she got back to Foochow; but Dr. said she did not get that here for there had not been time for it to develop. She took it the week before on a hike to Ma Ang, the Mandarin's grave. She was in the hospital two weeks. Quite remarkable that so many of us should have it this year who have never had it before. But Mr. Smith says it is worse this year all thru the country up in this region, many deaths having occurred from it, two children in one preacher's family up country. One boy in school here, was made crazy by the high fever and jumped out of the second story window. Not hurt much. So they had bars put across all dormitory windows. Mr. Smith dispenses scores of dollars worth of quinine to the Chinese on his trips thru the country every year. They have no other source of relief from it. Our house is screened but mosquitos will get in, and we get bitten outside the house, too, I suppose.

This is enough about this side of the globe now we'll talk about other things.

When those photos came it did not seem possible Jacqueline had had time to grow so much; she seems, from the pictures, so advanced for 7 mos. It is a good picture of you and you look well. Baby looks like a very happy little girlie as you wrote she is. I hope she keeps well.

You certainly did have a most unfortunate experience with that hurricane, but I am thankful your lives and home were spared. A hard year for the initial year of an undertaking with three superlative adverse conditions. But none of these are apt to occur two years in succession anywhere I think, so you can look for better times ahead. Our congratulations to Hugh on securing a job. Gould is having a chance to see the country in various parts of the U.S. isn't he? Glad he and Dot got out east.

I do want to jump back to this side of the world a moment to tell you about that new road that I wrote is under construction.

The first road expert who was commissioned by the provincial government to build it came up here and set soldiers to digging with gusto. They began right in front of our kindergarten building and dug so long and extensively and apparently so aimlessly that Miss Lanktree feared they would undermine the compound wall and infuse our property. So she wrote the Foochow authorities about it and it was stopped in that place. Then they worked on down toward Foochow making a stretch here and there where it was easy; but if they came to ledges that must be blasted thru or places that must be bridged, they left off there and went on to start a new place. After two or three months work the one in charge pocketed the balance of the money, went to Foochow and reported that the road was 9/10 completed and the money all used up, and departed. Some months later the gov't. appointed another man to finish the road with the direction that every able-bodied man must give three days work on the road without pay even the magistrate. This includes men from 16 or 17 to 60+, and some women. It applies to all the villages for scores of miles around; and many from distant villages have to walk miles to get to the place where the work is going on. All from one village come together, each bringing his hoe, baskets, rice for three days, extra clothes, and some have cooking utensils. Groups from 8 to 75 are passing the house every day on their way from up-river villages to their work, or from their work, homeward bound. Often there are several women among them who may be workers or they may be the cooks. It is very interesting to see these groups frequently passing as we see them from our upper veranda or living-room windows.

The school teachers and students all had to give their share of the work. Our principal went to see the authorities here about it and got it reduced (for our school) to 150 days work for the whole institution. So Saturday morning two weeks ago certain classes came marching down the road shouldering their hoes and baskets and their dung sticks, boys and girls alike. The gov't. furnished the baskets; the hock and dung sticks belong to the school as they have manual labor as part of their regime, as this school is now an Industrial school. The girls dug earth from the side of the road opposite our house and a few rods below, and the boys dug from the opposite side a few rods farther down. They carried the earth a few rods still further down to fill and widen the road near a small bridge just below our house. The students were given this little job near to the school out of consideration for their youth and inexperience, as well as out of consideration for the difficulty of housing and feeding them if they went too far from the school. They worked a half day and went back to school to dinner. Sat. p.m. is always a half holiday. Next Monday morning the rest of the classes gave a half-day of work and that was the end of that episode. Both days were clear and hot working in the sun and I made tea and took it down to them. Most of the work is now going on miles below our house. I fear we shall not stay here to see the first auto-bus go over the road. There is one bicycle in Ing Tai now.

We get fine fresh river fish here almost as often as we want it, - several times a week; the best is a big fish that sometimes weighs 10 or 15 lbs. We have had deer, - gazelle once, and pheasant once, - a cock, a handsome bird and fine eating. It seemed too bad to kill it. It was better fitted to adorn someone's garden as a pet. You ought to be able to raise pheasants on your place. You know they are occasionally seen up at the farm. You could buy a pair for a reasonable price couldn't you, for a start? For pleasure if not for business.

We get no beef here, - only pork and goat, goose, duck and chicken. Duck is 13 cents per lb. silver, - hardly 4 cents gold at present rate of exchange = \$3.33 silver for one of gold. Goose is 20 cents per lb. live weight, silver; 6 cents gold. Venison 16 cents a little less than 5 cents gold. That best fish 20 cents silver; 6 cents gold.

Neither father nor I have been out on any country trips yet but we hope to take one or two before we leave for good. I want to get a first hand glimpse of what the life of these country people really is. They are, most of them very poor. I have been doing a little gardening, today, - repotting Miss Lanktree's Johnsonian Lillies, Eastly lillies and some geranium slips I got of Mrs. Smith. Do you have poinsettias? I wish you could see mine down at Foochow. Father says they are glorious. When it is time to cut them down next spring, I am going to bring up scores of sets here to this compound and plant them generously.

I note your request for seeds and I am writing the Horticultural Dept. at Washington D.C. to find out if there is any way to get seeds into the country honorably. You know no seeds, bulbs roots or plants are allowed to be brought in from a foreign country by law, for fear of introducing plant diseases. I would like to send you the Uoing dang, leng geng, the big northern persimmon, and two other kinds; black peaches; honey peaches; sang chu; knife beans; meat beans; strawberry bananas etc.

You may be interested to know the present agricultural status of Ing Tai as we have seen it in the four months since we came here. The chestnut crop (the big ones, like the Italian ones) was reaped about two months ago and sold off in about three weeks. We enjoyed them immensely, boiled, in soup salad, goose dressing, and as a vegetable served with cream. Sweet potatoes (mostly white ones but a few yellow ones are raised) have been dug as wanted, ever since we arrived late in Sept. But the real harvesting of the crop began the last week in Oct. and went all thru Nov. and Dec. till Christmas, during which time every body who owns a potato field has been making sweet potato rice. They grate the potatoes into straws 3 to 4 inches long and as large around as a straw and dry them on long bamboo trays, 3 ft. by 8 ft. one end of which rests on the ground the other supported by a bamboo horizontal bar 4 ft. high so that the trays are at an angle with the ground of about 45 degrees. Thus the sun shines on them and the wind blows thru them and dries them. We have had little sun for the drying of it this fall, but not much rain either, - mostly gray cloudy days. For two months the air on the road between our house and the school has been scented with turnips from the turnip fields under the plum trees all along both sides of the road. They have been digging them in small quantities and kept them on the market ever since we came in Sept. but the final harvesting of them is just finishing now, Jan. 5. Some of the farmers cut the tops off and hang the leaves over the plum branches to dry; or cut them in short sections and dry them on the bamboo trays for use at times when there is little in the line of green leaf vegetable to be had. Pigs, goats and cows eat much of the tops. The rice harvest finished about three weeks ago. The tallow berries were harvested from trees about 3 weeks ago. They boil out the tallow and make candles from them. The first, early persimmon crop was harvested about Nov. 1. The late persimmons were harvested about 10 days ago. The great big thick-skinned Bong gekks, sour, - do you remember them? are just being harvested and marketed. They take the place of lemons for us; also are eaten like grape-fruit. You ought to raise these too in your Florida orchard. Father took down 400 or 500 of them to the people in our compound when he went down last Thursday. Also he took a load of persimmons. We bought this fall a dang load of each, the gang oranges, the gek oranges, persimmons and long gekks, and have them spread out on the floor of the vacant former girl's school room at the other end of this house.

Spinach, cauliflower, and white cabbage have been in market several weeks. And for the last two weeks we have been gathering from the school garden, (which Father came up here to help teach the Chinese boys and girls in the school to cultivate, for the school has been changed by order of the gov't. to an industrial school, teaching agriculture and animal husbandry) yellow turnips, purple top turnips, carrots corn, spinach. So you see we're well fed. In the Chinese gardens the fields have been plowed since the sweet potatoes and turnips were reaped and have been sown to wheat, peas, and some other vegetables. The wheat is now 6 in. high. The peas are in full bloom some white blossoms, another kind have a pink and garnet blossom, very pretty.

As to flowers, our poinsettias are still in full glory as they have been for about 6 weeks. We have had one frost Jan. 2nd but it did not kill anything. Chrysanthemums have been in bloom over a month and are still going. Geraniums also, and roses at their best, so deep in color these cool cloudy days. The kinds we have are the "Cloth of Gold" a large pink rose of the type sold in flower shops in America with beautiful shaped buds; and a pink common rose but with the prettiest, deep pink buds, and so prolific. Then there is a dark red rose. There are some

wild flowers too; asters both white and purple are just gone by; wild yellow chrysanthemums single are just past; also a kind of golden-rod is just passing. I have used these much in house decoration-bouquets.

Ten days ago a neighbor shot another gazelle, and we bo't a hind quarter for a roast and soup meat. It was good and isn't gone yet. I hung the soup meat 6 days just to see how long we could keep it in case we wanted to buy to take down to our Foochow friends some time. With temperature ranging from 50 degrees to 58 degrees, it kept perfectly, hung in an open window out of the sun.

Here it is Sunday Jan. 5th and this letter isn't off yet! I have been in the house all alone again this afternoon; the woman went to her home direct from church, and the boy wanted to go to the hot spring bath house for a bath. Father went to Foochow last Thursday on several errands, Board of directors meetings etc. and will return Tuesday night. Mrs. Smith invited us to dinner and I accepted. Roast Pork, gravy, sweet potatoes, turnips, meat, beans, brown bread, sang cha jelly, and sang cha sauce, Persimmon pudding with whipped cream.

The Magistrate decreed a 3 days holiday to all schools to celebrate New Years. The city gov't. also planned two evenings of entertainment Jan. 1 and 2 in celebration, to give the people a "nan ick" time. They asked all the schools (ours included) to put on a few numbers of the program, plays, stunts, kindergarten activities and songs folk dances etc. I went both nights but did not stay either night thru to the finish as they went from 7 to 12 o'clock. It was held in a large temple or theatre, having two galleries, earth floor for ground floor. It was lighted by 5 or 6 bright kerosene lamps that burn under compressed air or something of that nature, which makes a very bright, white, light. These lights are used very largely in Foochow and environs for feasts, weddings etc. and theatres. The purely Chinese numbers on the program which interested me most, were 1st Chinese "boxing" done by one man; it is not at all like our western "boxing". It is just a series of different motions of the open hands, arms, and legs with apparent effort at gracefulness. 2nd an oration, apparently of a humorous nature, in the rendition of which the orator gestures profusely and vehemently with hands, arms, feet and head and facial expression, while his mouth frames all the words with conspicuous precision, but really he is not making a single sound. What the audience hears spoken is uttered by another person behind a screen, close behind the orator on the platform. An audience always likes that kind of a performance, and the performers do it remarkably well. The one on the platform keeps time with the real speaker exactly and they are so adept at it that one who was not acquainted with such a performance would never guess that the talking was not really done by the person on the platform. Indeed, at our Christmas program in the church, such a number was put on and I did not know till I got home and Will told me that it took two to do that stunt. Most of their efforts at humorous performance seemed to me very silly and childish but the Chinese laugh and enjoy what I can't see the least bit of a reason for laughing at. It gets terribly tedious when the same number of that kind goes on for half an hour, as one number each night did; but the performers in each case were members of the gov't. force at the yamen and must have a big place on the program whether they had the ability to fill it acceptably or not. The one who performed the second night did not draw many laughs from the audience and I am sure the more refined among them were bored, as I was. Will was with me on New Year's night, but as he went to Foochow the next morning, I staid at Mrs. Smith's over night the second night rather than walk home alone at 11 P.M. for my woman and boy wanted to stay thru till 12 o'clock.

Our last mail bro't a good letter from Gould telling of their trip across the country to California. Perhaps I'll send it around among you girls, as he may not get time to write to all of you so much in detail.

The mail before that bro't your would-be airmail letter. It was just as good as if it had flown here. By the way, I saw an account of your hurricane as one man experienced it in another city where it worked havoc worse, than in Clearwater; and I see your Florida blows can be worse than our typhoons. Perhaps your father Elmer takes the "Advance" and you have read the account too. I hope you don't have another as long as you live in Florida.

Gould's letter told us that Marjorie had written that her ring was coming up on the next boat. He added that he hoped she had found the right man this time. I certainly do too, but I can't entirely resist some misgivings. I am sorry that he is a smoker. I sincerely hope that none of my daughters will ever be inveigled into taking up that foolish, harmful, filthy practice. I am amazed that no reaction has yet come from truly refined, cultured, Christian women of America to cause the pendulum to swing back in the other direction. I should have thought it would have come from men of culture and refinement before now, i.e. against women's smoking.

Your letter says Father did not explain the reason of our change of residence. He tho't he did this. Miss Lanktree, who is the foreign lady teacher in the school here, went home on furlough at the beginning of last summer vacation. That left the Smiths the only foreigners in the station. If Mr. Smith went out on country trip for a week or two or three at a time, Mrs. Smith would be the only one to be here all alone and she just about refuses to do that. Some one had to come up to take Miss Lanktree's place if Mr. Smith was to do any country work this year. Moreover they needed more English speaking teachers in the school and more teaching force to take care of the agricultural and animal husbandry side of the new regime for this new school since the gov't has ordered it changed from an ordinary middle school fitting for college to an industrial school. Will having been reared on a farm

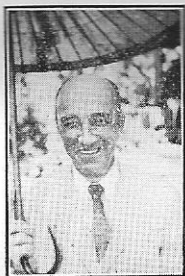
seemed better fitted to take up that teaching than anyone else. He borrowed books on the subject from Mr. Thelin, the agriculturalist at Union Middle School. We didn't move our furniture up here but just went right into Miss Lanktree's house and used hers. She said she left everything open for us to use freely and wanted us to do so; but I couldn't be quite so free as that and preferred to use our own bedding and bed linen, bath room linen, table linen, table cutlery, bureau and side board scarfs and some kitchen utensils. She wanted to keep her woman cook for her return and rather wanted her to have a home there; so we just about had to leave ours down at Foochow and employ hers. She is very faithful, neat, willing, refined and does what she has learned to do well.

You asked if I like it as well as in Foochow. Well, it is very different of course, very quiet, we see no foreigners but the Smiths and there is no English church service to attend, no Anti-Cob, no mission prayer meetings or business meetings and no social gatherings except just us four. Of course we have social gatherings for the Chinese. But it is a rather pleasant change on the whole altho we miss many privileges the people in the port have. We missed Dr. Poling's visit, Mr. White's visit, the youth conference, the week of prayer meetings, Mission Christmas. But there are interesting things up here and ways in which we can help, which is a satisfaction.

You ask about our address for mail. Just "Foochow" China will reach us allright as the postal officials know that we have transferred. But you can put "Ing Tai" on the lower left hand corner of the envelope if you like. The "Hok" had been changed to "Tai" because there was another "Ing Hok" and mail got mixed up.

I guess everybody tho't the postage too high for we didn't get any air-mail letters and they all were sensible to refrain.

What a rambling letter this is! And it savors strongly of Ing Tai. But I'll write another some time. Write me often and write poor Marjorie often too. And send her some radio messages thru the Canadian Station. You probably know the address; I have it right here. Much love to you all especially our cu-nioug-sung Jacqueline. Affectionately, Mother.



Edward H. Smith

THIS picture slipped in by mistake. The one that should be here shows him in a characteristic pose looking down benevolently on one of his ragged little orphan boys. However this is almost as characteristic for his laugh is as hearty as his love for boys.



Mrs. E. H. Smith

NOW that the Ing-tai school is co-ed, the one "Tai-tai" of the station finds plenty of opportunity for hospitality mothering and teaching the little boys and girls.

Edward Huntington "Ned" and Mrs. Smith



Guy A. Thelin

MR. Thelin helps growing boys to work with growing plants that some day the full grown boys may be the key to China's rural problems.



Mrs. G. A. Thelin

MRS. Thelin is a fine example of the metamorphosis of a single lady into a missionary wife. Even baby Mark and a new house do not debar twenty-three music pupils.



Undated Chinese Christmas Card
[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Close-ups of Missionaries in the photo of Willard's 70th Birthday Celebration



L to R: Mr. Topping, Mr. Lacy, Mrs. Scott, Roderick Scott



L to R: Henry Talbott (in hat), Mrs. Hinman (white hair), Mr. McClure (American in hat), Mr. Hinman (white hair)



Mr. Billing



L to R: Guy Thelin, George Newell, Miss Webster



L to R: Bertha Allen, Muriel Topping (3rd from right), L. J. Christian, Josephine Walker



L to R: Agnes McClure, Lois Topping, Joan McClure, H. S. Brand, Esq., Mrs. Brand, Mrs. Burke, Vice Consul Gordon L. Burke, Willard, Ellen.



Bishop Hind, C.M.S.



L to R: Three C.M.S. ladies, Miss Izzard (second from right), Mrs. Christian

1936

- King George V of England dies and is succeeded by his son Edward VIII
- Edward VIII abdicates throne to marry a divorcee and is succeeded by his brother George VI
- War between China and Japan begins
- Willard retires and he and Ellen leave China for the U.S.
- Gould and Virginia are in Santa Monica, California
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Florida
- Marjorie is teaching in Canada
- Geraldine is in New York
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Willard is 71, Ellen- 68, Gould- 40, Geraldine- 38, Dorothy- 35, Marjorie- 30, Kathleen- 28.

[This letter, dated April 17, 1936, was written from Santa Monica, California by Virginia and Gould to Willard and Ellen. Virginia and Gould are living in Santa Monica now. Their letters go to China on the China Clipper now. She would like to see her niece, Jill and also meet Monnie's Ralph. Willard and Ellen are expected to leave China in June. Letter from collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

84- 18th St.
Santa Monica, California
April 17, 1936

Dear Father and Mother-

First off I must enclose pictures of three months ago (I don't think we sent them before, if we have put them in a corner of one of the suit case and we'll use them in the kiddies albums.

The long letter, you should have had years ago but it got caught in a desk cubby hole and didn't reach us until I was leaving for the East last August and I stuck it in my trunk and only came acrossed it a couple of weeks ago. I'm dreadfully ashamed to even send it but it is so interesting you just must have it anyway.

Mother your letter was a rare treat. Fathers interesting letter arrived about a week before.

We are anticipating your return with much interest and excitement. We speak of you often and Hazel and Willard are beginning to feel some of our excitement and expectation too.

April 24, 1936

I'll try another start and see if I can't make better progress this time.

We feel so fortunate to have been sent out here this winter for according to all reports it has been one pretty tough winter back in our native section. In Chicago they had thirty-one days when the thermometer didn't once get above the zero mark. Even one of our pilots froze his hands and feet and there were plenty of frozen ears.

We saw several things on this last trip that we have always wanted to see. We saw Niagara Falls both going East on our way out here. The Grand Canyon is so immense and its magnitude so great that you just stand there and look down in to that hole in the ground and gasp and tell yourself that you can't possibly believe your eyes. It's an experience indeed and we count ourselves mighty lucky. Boulder Dam leaves one feeling almost the same except that one God made, and the other man has made. We came by the Dam too late to get any pictures much to our regret. We stayed that nite in Boulder City and came on into Santa Monica the next day. Boulder City is quite a lovely model city layed out since work was started on the Dam.

We had quite forgotten that we had so very many friends out here until they began welcoming us back. Hazel went right back into her nursery school she was in before. She went into the Beginners Class in Sunday School and Willard took her place in the Cradle Roll Dept. They have a very fine Sunday School in our church here (Presbyterian). Even the Cradle Roll has a lovely room all their own and there are between fifteen and twenty out every Sunday. Easter there were forty-one kiddies there. I have to stay with Sonny but Gould generally goes to our Couples Club (The young married group) class.

Father and Mother I wish you could hear what an orator your son is becoming. I'm sure you would be most as proud of him as I am. He had to speak at a Parent Teachers Banquet here and they other nite he was the Speaker at our Couples Club Annual Banquet. He likes to do it and I hope he has many opportunities for it certainly can never hurt him if he is any good at all and it is awfully good experience.

I told you in my Air Mail letter (It has been interesting to watch the progress of my letters to you, by the notices in the papers to the landing of the China Clipper on the route across. According to the boat notice I figure you should have it about the 26th or 27th of April.) about Gould's work here this time. It is very similar to last year's assignment only very much more extensive. For the Sleeper is a brand new plane and we are the first company to get any of them hence we have all the preliminary experimental tests to put it through and it is no easy job. The first ship was originally supposed to have been delivered the fifteenth of February and it hasn't been yet and probably won't be for another week of so. Then Gould and others have got to take it on a fifty hour Department of Commerce run between here and Fort Worth Texas. If all goes O.K. he will take it to Chicago after that and break in some of the pilots on it. I'm hoping he'll get on to Newark so he will have a chance to say Hello to all the family.

We are so extremely happy that Aunt Mary and Aunt Phebe had that lovely long vacation trip together with Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra. They certainly more than deserve it. We hope they will be able to have more similar ones.

A letter from Kathie tells us that they are at last in a home all their own and they have plenty of room and want all the family to come visit them whenever possible. We are so anxious to see little Jill. According to the pictures she is a duplicate of her daddy as is our son and most of our daughter.

We wish we might all be together out here for a while; this is such a lovely and interesting section of the country. We'd love to ask Dot and Harold to drive out as soon as school closes but we know they should save all

their pennies to get East after you and Monnie get home. Or will you come home over the Canadian Dome and come down the St. Lawrence and make Saginaw your port of entry. We are so anxious to see Monnie and meet her Ralph. All the family feels so proud of her fine and sensible attitude about it and its possibilities.

A card from Jerry a couple of days ago says she plans to leave for Labrador July 1st. We hope you all manage to meet on the other side and have a grand trip back together on the boat. We are all hoping to have Christmas under one roof this year although at present it seems only remotely possible. From your letter Father we gather that you are planning to leave sometime in June.

Please Dears whisper a few words of prayer for us for that Dear Sister who will always remain in the field of your life's work. Thank you so very much. We realize that this departure is going to be much harder than you have ever taken. But do remember please that we are waiting for you with open arms on this end.

I hope my request didn't cause you too much trouble. I'll be watching the mails sometime in June or so for the duty list from you. Oh I'm just terribly fond of those fine Chinese linens.

If another letter doesn't reach you before you sail, here's wishing you a wonderfully happy and successful trip and loads of love and kisses and greetings waiting for you on this end.

Much Love

Virginia, Gould,
Hazel and Willard.

[added by Gould:]

Dear Father and Mother:

Just a few lines to tell you this will be your nicest trip home. The kiddies will be able to talk to you and tell you stories by the time you get here. Our new sleeper plane will be in operation by the time and you can have a ride in it.

Lovingly your son,
Gould.

[This letter dated April 28, 1936 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen Kinney Beard to Marjorie. She discusses the English Dept. activities/plays of her school, gives motherly advice to Marjorie about living in Canada, and describes her fall from a ricksha and the resulting broken nose. She tells how the doctors set and bandaged her nose. There have been many changes in Foochow. Ellen visited Peking and there are bad floods in China. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

[Note: The paragraph to the left of the date was written at the top left corner of the letter. The original letter was written on both sides of very, very thin and fragile paper and was very, very difficult to read, particularly the last page.]

Don't try to read all of this at one sitting; you'll have an eye-ache if you do. Just read two sheets at a time then take a long rest for your eyes before you try the next two, etc.

Foochow, China
April 28th, '36

Dearest Marjorie darling,

It is certainly an unpardonable shame that I have not written you oftener in the past but I will try to oftener in the future. I have started a letter to you many times but it gets so old before I get another chance to finish it that I discard it and begin a fresh one with the same result. But I'll not do that again either. And besides, I'm going to gather up all the unfinished ones that are not already burned up and send them to you now, old as they are to prove to you that I have really meant to write to you and that I have thought of you very, very often, - every day more than once for that matter. I can pray for you far easier and far oftener than I can write to you.

It was so good to get your very interesting letter on April 27th and the photos enclosed none of which we had seen before.

Poor dear girlie, away up in the cold north shut off from your whole host of relatives and family and all the rest of the world besides and looking expectantly for a lot of letters in the first winter mail and getting only one!!!! It is truly a burning shame for us who have so much to cheer and divert us not to share it with you who have so

little! I will see that you fare better than that every mail from now on until you leave North West River. (Interruption No. 1) Miss Burr has just come in to ask me to help her with her work in Foochow College (so called still). Miss Armstrong the head of the English department is home on furlough and Miss Burr who teaches English too as I do only she is a full time teacher is acting as head of the dept. in Miss Armstrong's absence and has her hands full with dramatics and everything else music included so in the coming weeks of especial strain, she has asked me to provide a cake for light refreshments for a dozen boys from our school and girls from Wen shan on Wednesday next, just before they go down to the broadcasting station to sing before the microphone, - their first attempt at singing "over the air"; second, to take her composition class in my vacant hour between my two classes on Thursday morning; third to assist in dressing the participants in the play "Cinderilla" given by the Sr.s and Jr.s. Friday evening; and fourth, to oversee and assist the dressing of 7 boys for the play "Columbus" given Saturday afternoon before the English Teacher's Association as a demonstration of dramatics as an aid to teaching English, of which I personally am not much in favor; and fifth, to prepare a bouquet of roses for presentation to the pianist for the play Friday evening who has been taking lessons of Miss Burr several years, and is virtually giving his graduating recital in playing for "Cinderilla". He graduates with the Sr. Class this June and goes on to China Hua, the Indemnity College, in Peking.



Leona L. Burr

ON top of a heavy teaching schedule in Foochow College, she helps minister to the needs of the Shaowu refugees and in her spare half minutes, writes religious drama which the boys delight to produce.

You referred to our hiking when Elbert was here; - we have just been to the Mt. again. Father had to go up to Kuliang on Easter to conduct communion and receive new members into the church and baptize some children. So I decided to go with him. We went up Saturday after lunch taking rikishas to the foot of the mountain over the new auto road and we both walked up ahead of our two load carriers. We intended staying until Monday but at the last minute were invited to Mr. Munson's to meet three Y.M.C.A. travellers, an opportunity we tho't best not to miss so came down Sunday P.M. after service and dinner with the preacher's family. Father tho't we'd better have one chair between us going down, he riding first where the carrying was easier as he is heavier, and I take it below the first rest house for the rest of the way down. I started on ahead as carriers usually walk faster than I like. I picked red azaleas where I found them near the road and took it quite leisurely but they didn't over take me. Once father sighted me as he turned a curve and hailed me; I waved back and went on and on to the foot and they didn't overtake me at all. Father walked a little and they, the coolies had expected a lighter burden a part of the way. So he evened it up with them that way. Tuesday and Wednesday my leg muscles were frequently reminded of the extra and unusual amount of work they had been required to perform. The azaleas and the white wild roses and many other kinds of flowers were in their prime and were quite abundant. I think I picked fully a dozen kinds of wild flowers going up Saturday.

I shall be interested to hear about the visit of the airplane you expect to land on ice there in Feb.

I am glad you had such a happy Christmas. We had a tree, as usual and much other decoration about the parlor and dining room and one afternoon we had the servants in for their Christmas. We also attended several Christmas gatherings and feasts of the different churches.

I am glad you are not staying more than one year more in Labrador for I agree with your thought of one's making it a life work. A work of such isolation and in such a severely cold climate ought to be done by many people serving short terms.

I am glad you find so congenial a companion in your closest companion, Becky Sharpe. When one has to be so close to another with no other or few other possibilities of companionship, it is very wearing if the personality is not congenial. When we all get home together, I hope to understand better what wrecked the North-West-River-career of your first companion there, Betty Lorimer.

I was interested in your reminiscence of eating quavas and sang cha. I am planning, if nothing happens to prevent to bring home a few cans of those two things and other Chinese fruits. Kathleen ought to be able to get quavas in Florida.

Yes, Foochow is greatly changed and changes keep going on. The latest thing is that some wealthy Chinese has built a real road from Kuliang over to Kushan Monastery. You will remember how very rough and

stonely it was in some places. We haven't seen it yet as it was done since last summer. But whoever would have thought of anyone's putting perfectly good money into a road away out there in the wilderness, so little used except in summer? Even if I did preach it to my chair bearers all the way over there last summer when we went with Mrs. Emery, as being the duty of the Kuliang people to put that road thru since the foreigners had made so many miles of roads right there in the Kuliang community which they, the natives use the year around.

Another innovation within the past year or so is the establishment of several bus lines going over different routes with common starting points at the head of the long bridge and at South Gate, Pagoda Anchorage and way stations, Hing Hua and way stations and Jrang Zring Ge'uk are some of the points reached, Ing Tai or (Hok) as you remember it, is building a road down toward Foochow now. It will not come clear to Foochow but will come down to the point at Dai Chong where the launches go up to (as far as). Some can easily make the trip in one day when it is finished. One other thing we ought to have soon is electric light on Kuliang. We now have telegraph, and telephone, one, - a public one.

Another new thing is air-plane service, - mail and passenger twice a week, Tuesday and Friday. Tuesday down from Shanghai to Hong Kong and Wednesday back Friday down and Saturday back, stopping here both ways. It is a hydroplane and lands on the Min River a little distance from the University. Bishop Hind came down from S'hai in it just before he went home on furlough a month ago. Two days ago a motion picture man came down on it to take a boat here for Formosa to take moving pictures of the terrible earthquake which occurred at 6:30 last Sunday morning when we were at Kuliang. People in Foochow felt a slight quake at the same hour but we were on the mt. and asleep so we did not feel it. I think no one on Kuliang did.

Many thousands of people in Formosa were killed and injured, and many thousands more were rendered homeless. Definite news has not come in yet but brief reports came in over the radio. I wonder if you will get that news by radio.

Your work of reading the thermometers etc. for weather bureau records is interesting but must be quite an addition to your work. Isn't it dangerous to go out during blizzards to take the readings? And don't they get covered up in heavy snow falls. Don't run any risk of your safety or life going out in blizzards for that or anything else. And don't be too ambitious about hikes in winter lest you get overtaken by a blizzard suddenly and get lost. It seems as tho there are so many dangers in that cold sparsely settled country, I hope you will be wise, cautious and follow the advice of old-timers. Isn't it dangerous for two girls to sleep out in tilts [*a type of shelter*]? Aren't there any wolves or other dangerous wild animals up there? Be very, very careful about canoeing. Those boats are rather dangerous. Don't get into one with any one who isn't a wise and careful person. And don't encourage that bachelor who sits beside you in the picture and get tangled up again. Nor with the curly headed mop, unless he's much more of a man than the other one was. How about an Englishman anyway? I'm devoutly hoping our two remaining daughters will marry good Christian, educated, pureblooded Americans at least 3 or 4 generations back, since we already have three "in-laws" of foreign extraction. [*Added here was a note written in, presumably by Marjorie, "I told this to Ralph!!"*]

About three months ago, one Saturday afternoon father and I took the bus out to Ching Chu Liang where the Union Middle School is and the Newell's, Thelins, and Billings live. From there we intended to hike up on to the hills, but we started a little too late for that in the 3 short days, and had to wait so long for the bus that we decided to make calls on those familiar and return home. We went first to the Thelin's and they insisted on our staying to supper. Mrs. Cushman, Mrs. T's mother is out here visiting her two daughters, on in S'hai. We accepted, and after supper took rickshas home. We were coming down Curio St. and had almost reached South St. when, in a poorly lighted place, my right ricksha wheel ran over a pile of earth deposited near the curb for road repairs and unlighted. My coolie did not see it and over my ricksha turned depositing me on the pavement, my nose and left side of my face receiving the impact with a terrific crack. Father was following me and saw it all and came and assisted me out of the overturned vehicle and onto my feet. I wasn't sure whether there were any features left on my face or not, it felt pretty flat. Blood was flowing and I reached for my hdkf. but father supplied a larger and more useful one. I held it over my nose all the way down South St. and home. I could not tell whether my nose was broken or not. While I washed up a bit, Will went to call Dr. Dyer whom he found had gone to the University to spend the weekend. Miss Wilcox, the nurse who lives with her was over South Side for over Sunday.

Mrs. Topping is a registered nurse tho not practicing and he called her. She could not tell whether it was broken, so we called an auto and went over South Side to see Dr. Campbell our mission Dr. in the Union Hospital. He was also at the University for the week end. But the M.E. Dr. living in the same house was just back from a trip to Kuliang and came in and looked at my nose but could not tell whether it was broken. He put on some gauze and adhesive plaster which stayed on almost until I got home! I thought if the professional people couldn't tell whether it was broken or not, I would decide that it was not, and let it go at that. But, Monday p.m. I changed my mind and tho't I'd see Dr. Campbell, so went to the Union Hospital. He at once pronounced it broken and called in the

Chinese Dr. who assists him to see how a broken nose looks. But the ear, eye, nose and throat specialist of the hospital, a Chinese Dr. Li, American trained, was at his home and had to be sent for. Dr. Campbell could have set it just as well himself, but medical etiquette has to be observed, and he could not operate in the specialist's dept. Dr. C is a surgeon. Up in the operating room, the four Dr's. and three nurses assembled, -a formidable array. The Dr's all made an examination and discussed as to just which bones were broken. They sent down to the apparatus room and had a human skull brought up and we all studied it wisely under Dr. Campbell's explanation. They went to the Medical library and brought in the anatomy, -more study and more discussion. When it was finally agreed just what was broken and just what had got to be done, they began to hunt for the proper tools to do it with. Several drawers of instruments were brought in and looked over successively, but just the right thing could not be found. They finally decided to take an instrument they didn't have much use for and send it down to the work-shop and have it cut off and shaped for the work of moving my nose back into place. That took some time. When it was ready, Dr. Campbell stood behind me and held my head and directed the operation and Dr. Li manipulated the instrument and set the nose. There was some cracking of bones and some pain (more than they knew, by the way, for I did not make a sound or hardly winced, -except to ask once if they could let me put my head forward for a minute to rest the muscle strain muscles in the back of my neck. Dr. C complimented me twice on my courage and pluck and said I was an a-1 patient. I told him I had not borne six children without gaining that. When it was finally just right, which took some time, the question was how to keep it in place. They had no appliance suited to that need. As one lack after another of paraphernalia and familiarity of treatment presented itself, I remarked, "You evidently don't have broken noses to repair frequently", whereupon Dr. Campbell replied, "This is the first case of broken nose this hospital has had in ten years!" They finally took two rolls of gauze about as large as a man's thumb placed them each side of the nose and strapped them on with adhesive plaster strips across my face and a wire clothes-pin-like arrangement clipping the gauze rolls close up against my nose. Dr. C. then stood off in front of me to get a good view and passed out to me the compliment "Well, Mrs. Beard, now you look just like a rhinoceros!" I went to my classes two days in my surgical dressings much to the amusement of the boys and the curiosity of the Chinese teachers. The clothespin arrangement fell off early in the game and the Chinese weather-impaired adhesive let go here and there so it did no good at all and Dr. removed it after two days and let the nose hold itself in place. He told me in sleeping at night, I must lie on the back of my head with my nose pointing straight up and put a pillow each side of my head to keep my head from turning; and that I must not blow my nose for ten days!

To next sheet. Too hard on eyes to read when written on both sides. I'll not do this again. [*I'm so glad!*]

Later - Much Later

I left this for father to read and it waited and waited. So I put it in my bag and brought it with me to Peiking.

Just think of it Marjorie, I am really in Peiking!! You perhaps knew that I wanted to visit Peiking some time and this is my last opportunity. So here I am! And, I'm enjoying every minute of it hugely! I hope you'll have the chance to visit it too some time. It is certainly great. I have walked on the Great Wall, been all over the Forbidden City where the Royal Family lived, all over the summer palace, and out at the North Lake and saw the lovely pink lotus blossoms. Oleanders (in pots!) are in their glory now. Went to the temple of heaven and the altar of heaven yesterday. They are repairing it so have staging up and workmen about which detracted some from the solemnity and sanctity of the place. But Oh!. What magnificent distances everywhere in the old Manchu realms of Royalty!!!!!! Very lovingly, Mother

Father took a Chinese gentleman of influence with him and went to see the head of the street Construction Bureau about that pile of earth being left there unlighted at night for we had heard that another similar but worse accident had occurred in the same place. Two children were riding in a ricksha and the puller tried to escape an on-coming bus by a quick turn to the side not seeing the pile of earth in time to avoid tipping the children out right in front of the bus; one child's head was run against by the front wheel and his scalp torn off in part. We never heard whether the child lived or not.

About a week after my accident Mrs. Christian was thrown from her rikisha and her shoulder dislocated. She managed to get up alone, get back into her rikisha and get home without fainting altho in great pain and then took an auto to Union hospital on South Side and had it replaced. It was in a sling for a month. Hers was much worse than mine. I have always sat in my rikisha care-free as far as my safety with reference to trafic was concerned; but since my accident, I find myself watching the road ahead as intently as I do in an auto that is driven fast, and am cautioning the puller frequently; I am apprehensive of danger and not at ease and not free to look at the scenery, shops and people as we pass, as I used to do; but feel that what really is my puller's duty, must now be my

own concern; they are getting so ha[?] And to the possible danger and consequence so careless. Mrs. Christian says her accident had the same effect on her. She has recovered now. My nose is all right and as good as new; and you would never know it had been broken. This is long enough for one, so I'll write the rest another time. Much love, Mother

July 13 [Note: June 2 also written in] We have a big flood on today and yesterday; water is up into our drive-way in front of our gate. Weng Geng Sing, the street straight out from our gate is full of knee deep water.

When Hangkow is flooded the water comes up to the eaves of the foreign houses there.

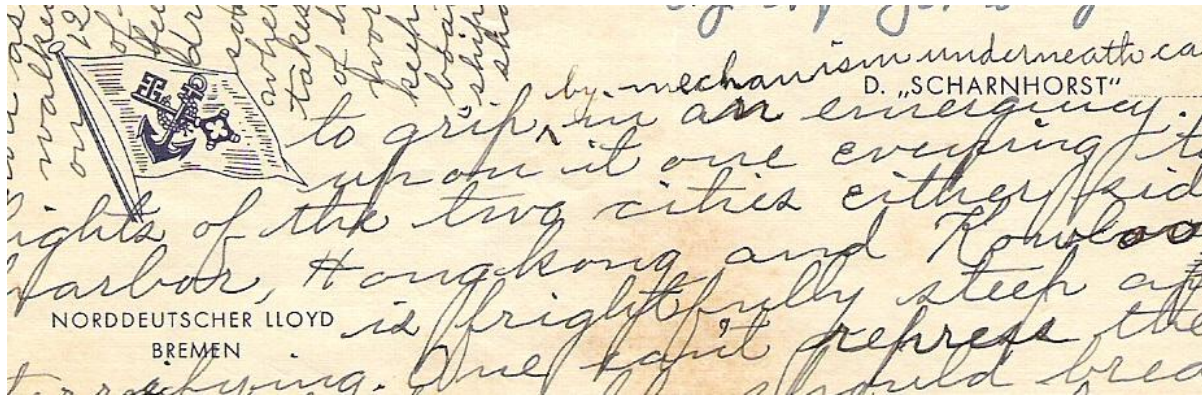
I have a tea on for tomorrow, June 3 in honor of our new Consul to let our mission folks meet him, but I guess it won't come off for he can't get here. We have such deep flood. Later, - The tea did come off and we had a grand time. The consul came in a white wool suit! He had to ride in 4 rickshas and 3 boats to make corrections to get here! One boat was so wet and dirty his coolie who came with him to help him through had to take off his only dry garment and spread it down on the seat to give him a place to sit on. He was quite late getting here and people suggested that Father would better get a suit ready for him for he might need to change his clothes after he arrived thru the flooded streets. But he looked spic and span when he arrived. I hope he reached home without impaired attire! Later- July 16th Now we are hearing of such terrific floods on both side of the Yangtze river and also of the yellow river, -thousands of people drowned and tens of thousands homeless and destitute! What can be done with these troublesome tho useful Chinese drivers. Hords of coolies are working strengthening the dikes. Hangkow is threatened but not yet flooded.



Willard and Ellen about 1930s

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **June 30, 1936** was written on the "Scharnhorst" at sea leaving Manila, Philippines by Ellen to Gould originally, and forwarded on to Dorothy and Kathleen by Ginny, Gould's wife. Ellen describes their brief stay in Manilla. Their next stop was in Swatow and Hong Kong where they had more time to visit "The Peak" and Canton. They switched ships after a brief stay in Singapore (from the Scharnhorst to the Karagola). They slept on the deck one evening because of the heat and she describes the cleaning of a large canvas on deck by the crewmen. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]*



At Sea Leaving Manilla
June 30, 1936

Send rest of this letter to Dorothy and Kathleen.

(This I copied so wouldn't have to cut into some information I wanted to keep about my linens that Mother and Father bought me.)

Monday of this week we were in Manilla- all too short a time- from 8:30 to 3 P.M. We wanted to see something of Philipino life so to a taxi (and road out thru the country 35 miles and back) to an agricultural school. All along we saw the native houses, small, square, steep thatched roofs, lateral sliding windows..... [end of copied part and onto Ellen Kinney Beard's writing]

.....windows on the four sides which were always all open (by day) and as they occupied fully half of the wall on each side the houses were very airy. The eaves overhung widely and kept out the rain. All the houses were set up on posts at the four corners about 5 ft. from the ground. A flight of steps or a ladder served as entrance. A few houses had curtains. Some side walls were clap-boarded, poorer ones thatched like the roofs. We passed by miles of rice-fields, sugar cane fields, Banana groves, and hundreds of caribou grazing. Many beautiful flowering trees lined the roadsides and were planted in public and private grounds. One had a lavender flower, one an orange and yellow spike of flowers, the Honolulu "Flame of the forest" which was a solid mass of bright red flowers on top. Red hibiscus grew everywhere in abundance. We didn't have time to visit the flower market. If we could have cut out the return trip which was over the same route, we could have seen more of the city of Manilla. We bought some strawberry bananas 2 for 1 cents silver and 1 dozen great big mangoes for 60 cents. Does your mouth water for them Gould? or do you have them in Cal. ?

Since leaving Hong Kong we've had lots of rain and gray sky and very little sunshine.

We were in Hong Kong almost a week arriving Sunday morning and leaving the following Saturday night at 6 o'clock. The auditor of the Seventh Day Adventist Missions of China who had been in Foochow auditing, came down on the boat with us to Hong Kong and we found him a very pleasant traveling companion. Edith Simester (do you remember her, Gould?) and her mother who have been out here teaching in the M.E. Anglo Chinese College were on our boat also on their way home.

When we reached Hong Kong, Mr. Williams, the auditor, introduced us to his wife and they invited us four for an auto ride that afternoon at 3 p.m. They took us for a ride around "The Peak" the residential section of the city. It was simply unique. "The Peak" is a hill, or 3 or 4 hills closely connected, very steep, 3500 ft. high with residences built all over the sides and top at respectful distances. They look as tho they would surely slide down. The very good auto road winds around so the grade is not very steep anywhere. The whole surface of the hillsides is overgrown with small trees and wild shrubs, ferns, etc.- tropical vegetation, so it is green and beautiful everywhere. They have reservoirs, rain catching trenches, filter beds,- a good water supply. But the most interesting thing about it is the tram that takes people up the peak to the "Peak Hotel" the Matilda Hospital, and the residences. Did you hear Uncle Elbert tell about it? It is pulled up by a cable 1 3/4 in. in diam. and electric power, one car coming up while the other goes down (double track of course). It runs on a track, with a middle rail to grip by mechanism underneath car in an emergency. We went up on it one evening to see the lights of the two cities either side of the harbor, Hong Kong and Kouloun. It is frightfully steep and most terrifying. One can't repress the thought "What if the cable should break?!" Coming down we sat in the rear seat of the car,- the 3rd Class section,- to get the full

benefit of the thrill, as the car backs down. It was worse than sliding off a steep roof in a child's express wagon! I would walk up the motor road ten times before I would ride on that tram again. But I'm glad I've had the experience. The lighted cities were beautiful. The Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank have just built a new building, modernistic style, similar to some of the buildings in the Century of Progress. It is the only air conditioned building in Hong Kong. Nanking has an air-conditioned moving picture theatre. I was advised to take a light wrap last summer when I went to a movie there last summer, as the contrast in temperature is so great and so sudden.

We went to Canton one day and saw Linyang University, a fine educational plant for Chinese students. We took lunch with Prof. Metcalf of Oberlin ancestry (Gould knows of the family.) He is now at the head of the Botany Dept. in the Univ. We went up to Cautere by night boat and returned by train. It happened to be dragon festival day- the 5th of the fifth moon and we saw two dragon boats in action. They are much longer than those in Foochow which Gould will remember. 36 oarsmen on each side. We had no time to look in the shops, but we saw the most important thing. There is another university in Canton which we did not see. We drove about the city and outside of it and saw three important monuments all in Chinese style. One was for the great statesman who has just died Hu Lin Han, I think the name is. His monument was of a temporary nature built largely of bamboo. But later a permanent one will be built. Another was for the 72 martyrs of some years ago whom China, especially Canton, highly honors.

It was a holiday the day we were in Canton, for the dragon boat festival, so Chinese shops were closed and we could not see the ivory carving, the Canton Black Wood carving and the silk embroidery shops. We came back by train in late afternoon and saw a most gorgeous sunset.

We stopped one day in Swatow before we reached Hong Kong (I'm reversing the order) and had a curious experience there. We wanted to visit drawn workshops there and were seeking addresses as the P.O. Edith Simester and her mother were standing on the street waiting for me to come out of the P.O. when a graduate of M.E. Anglo Chinese College, Foochow, came along and greeted them much to their surprise. They knew him well. I was as much surprised when he greeted me; he had been in my class in Foochow College too, when Will was president. He insisted that we go to lunch with him on the boat on which he had just come in. We all declined because we wanted the time in the linen shops. He insisted on guiding us to the shops, paying our rikisha fares and taking us to lunch after ward. I told him I must meet Will at a certain place by appointment. He insisted on taking us to the shops first then going himself to find Will and bring him to lunch. He did. Then went out again on business while we looked at linen, and returned with two more ladies for lunch one Chinese one Scotch. The Chinese lady he had met in Canton before, the wife of a gov't. officer there. The Scotch lady had just met the Chinese lady on the boat that morning and had arranged to come ashore with her because both were alone. Both were strangers to us. So this opulent young Chinese gentleman got up an impromptu lunch party from the passengers from three different boats from three different classes of people, and the three classes all strangers to each other. It was a superlatively funny situation; but we had a good feast and an interested experience. It cost him \$19, but he's good for it. Gould, he is Ding Ming Uong's nephew,- Old Pastor Ding Long Go's grandson. He now holds a high salary position and it looks as tho he is leading rather a fast life;- not, I fear, emulating the example of his worthy forbears. The lunch took so much time we missed the opportunity to visit the Baptist Mission industrial work,- linen work.

The day before we reached Swatow we stopped at Amoy and lunched with a Miss Pearce and her three associates. Father has transacted business for them regarding their Kuliang house. We called on a Miss Kitty Talmadge who is 83 years old and is still teaching in the women's school there. She with her sister who died 2 yrs. ago, entertained our family of six, Gould, at lunch and showed us around Amoy, 33 years ago when we were on our way home for our first furlough. You were 5 yrs. old.

(Now to last page.)

I thought I had finished this sheet so turned to the margins for space to finish my account of the journey as far as Singapore. Now I can write it up as far as Penang.

We reached Singapore about 6:30 a.m. on July 2". Father's first business is to get our passage on some boat going to Calcutta for we had to leave the "Scharnhorst" at Singapore.

So I staid on board while he went to the S.S. offices. It took him over an hour and a half. When he returned, we transferred our baggage to the steamer we were to proceed on,- the "Karagola" from Glasgow, a British India Line boat about 2/8ths the size of the Scharnhorst, and bade good-bye to the officers of that boat who had given us such a fine trip thus far. We were loath to leave it. Then we took a little Austin car about 10:45 for the rest of the day for \$5.00 Singapore currency (\$1.00 U.S. Currency= \$1.72 Singapore Currency). We drove out to the causeway 3/4ths mile long, to Johore, the southernmost state of the Malay States and to the "Botanical Gardens". There were so

many varieties of palms, shrubs, flowering trees, and cannas; excellent roads winding in graceful curves thru the gardens, and a stretch of real tropical jungle. Then we rode back to the city and visited a few shops. But like our stop in Manila, we spent so much time riding the shopping was much curtailed. I did buy a few things.

On this boat, as on the Scharnhorst it has been cool and cloudy (so less glare) and the sea has been smooth thus far. Last night it was hot in the cabin so we both took our upper sheet and went out on deck and slept in the steamer chairs and settee till 4:30 a.m. then the cabin had cooled off. We are the only foreigners in the 2nd Class on this boat. A Singapore Police officer and family are on, but they do not eat in our dining room. Only one English couple are in 1st Class so far as we can see, and almost no 3rd class passengers- possibly 4 or 5.- 12 sailors have just been cleaning a canvas nearly 50 ft. long and 7 breadths= 12 ft. wide on the lower deck. A cleaning powder is mixed with water in a bucket, one sailor sprinkles it all over the wet canvas with his hand, then the rest fall to with scrub brushes. Then they rinse it off with a hose, turn it over (and it takes 12 to do it) and repeat the process. Then it was rolled up lengthwise, and 12 arms supported the long roll as it walked off on 12 prs. of black feet to dry out somewhere. It takes a lot of hard work to keep a boat in "ship-shape!"

[Note from Ginny at top of letter follows]

I didn't know whether she missed a sheet when mailing or just forgot to sign it. Ginny

[This journal travelogue, dated **June 18, 1936 through September 13, 1936**, was written while traveling from Foochow, China to Lucerne, Switzerland by Willard. He writes about their visits and travels through various countries while traveling Westward towards the U.S. He and Ellen have just retired from missionary service in China. Journal from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Homeward bound 1936

We left the city compound this morning = June 18th at 5:45. The 2 servants Nyer Iu-ting and Iong Dieu-ming got into the auto and Mr. Christian had to take a ricksha. Both servants had a big round pack of firecrackers and lit them and threw them into the street ahead of the auto so we had to wait nearly 10 minutes before starting- until the crackers stopped. Many were at the jetty- Gerz, Leona Burr, Helen Smith, Will Topping and Mrs. T., Mr. and Mrs. Maloney, Len Christian, Ging-meng, Liong-ing, Hsui-in, Suoi-ling, Hung-seng, Diong (Shorty), Diong-huok, Nguk-song, Geng-guong, Nguong-cong.

The "Hai Yang" weighed anchor about 8:30. The sea has been smooth and the breeze delightful. At 3:30 we ran aground on the Haitan Straights- tide rising.

We have said "goodbye" to Foochow, our home for almost 42 years, where our 6 children were born, where Phebe left us for a better home,- where we have put our lives. How different the Foochow we came to in Nov. 1894 was from the Foochow we left this morning! We came to a Foochow with the widest street 12' wide and we left Foochow with several 50' streets. A 2-story building with a "lift" window glass was for foreign houses. Now nearly every building has glass in both windows and doors. In 1894 there were 2 wheels in all Foochow. Now autos and busses and trucks and carriages and hand carts make it necessary to look both ways before crossing the street. But it requires a book to even mention the changes that have taken place in Foochow since we first saw the city.

Friday, June 19

We anchored in Amoy harbor at 6 a.m. After fruit and cocoa we started to go ashore, and met a boy with a note from Miss D. Pearce inviting us to come to her home and to lunch there. We went directly there and Mr. Short's cook- now at leisure- conducted us to the U.S. Consul, Dick, then to the French Consul, Roy, who put his vise [?] on our passport and would only accept a thank you for it. Then to Miss Kitty Talmadge's home where we lunched 33 yrs. ago. She is 83. Then we went to Mr. and Mrs. Bost, and met Mrs. Angus. After lunch Miss Pearce and Miss Frazer took us across the bay to Amoy and we autoed to Amoy University with its beautiful site and buildings set in very artistic surroundings and the faculty residences in a row on one of the bluffs. Farther up the Bay is the airport and still farther the park. The last time I saw old Amoy the streets were all torn up so it was difficult to get anywhere. Now streets are well paved with side walks. The 2nd stories of the buildings cover the sidewalks. After calling Mr. Ling Geng-ong in the customs we went back to the "Hai Yang" which was to have sailed at 4. Some misunderstanding about some of the cargo held us until 5.

Another beautiful day- dry and clear.

Saturday June 20- 1936

About 6 a.m. we tied to the buoy in Swatau harbor. After a b-fast of grape-fruit, apple, banana and cocoa we went ashore- I to find a barber, Mother to buy linen. Mrs. Nicholas and her daughter Edith Simester were with her. At the P.O. Mother got the address of a linen shop. As they were on the street after leaving the P.O. a young man Diong, son of Diong Kong-guang and Ming Uong's youngest sister met them and recognized them. He had been a student in Foochow and in Anglo Chinese Colleges under Mother, myself and Edith Simester. He put them in rickshas and took them to Mrs. Tshu Sok Che, Kialat, Swatau. He also chanced to meet Mrs. Andriva (Roumanian) wife of a white Russian, advisor to the Canton government, and a ship mate Miss Moir. Diong invited all to tiffin in the Yong Ping Restaurant (Cantonese). So this was the company- James I.C. Chang (Diong Ngi-Chiong), Miss Edith W. Simester, her mother Mrs. Nicholas, Mrs. Andriva, Miss Moir (Scotch and Irish chance acquaintances, stopping in Swatau for the day as their ship discharged cargo), W.L. and Mrs. W.L. Beard. We had a classey Chinese tiffin. Then I mailed the linen to Virginia and we reached the ship at 3 p.m. +. We are on the last lap of the trip to Hongkong. The sea and sky and friends have all been good to us thus far.

Sunday June 21 – 1936

Came to dock at Hong Kong at 9:30 a.m.

The man from the "Phillips House" met us and took charge of all our baggage. We took the Star ferry to Kowloon 10 cents and walked = 8 min= to the "Phillips House"- new, clean, quiet, cordial, accommodating, central. At 3 p.m. we four = Mrs. Nichols, Edith Simester and we two went across the bay to the Star ferry on Hongkong, where Mr. and Mrs. Williams (7th Day Adventists) met us with their auto and took us all about the island- one of the beautiful drives of the world. Also when we got to the Peak Hotel. We took rickshas = 2 men at 30 cents per man = for a further ride around the Peak. The views on these drives are beautiful- islands and ocean and city and residences and public buildings and ships are seen as in a kaleidoscope as we wind in and out and up and down. Residents are pushing out along the shore and up on the hills very fast during the last five years. The hill above and back of Victoria= Hongkong= is already well dotted with dwellings. Mr. and Mrs. Williams are in their mission dwelling $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up. We stopped and had a cool drink and a cookie. With a home in that locality, they do not need to leave for the summer. The 7th [Day Adventists] people have good business heads among their numbers. Mr. and Mrs. Williams have no children.

They left Mother and me at the Cathedral. We heard Mr. Carpenter preach and after service met him and Mrs. Carpenter and got back to the Phillips House at 8:30 p.m. and found dinner waiting for us.

Monday June 22- 1936

To-day we tried to do the necessary business with N.D.L., Am. Express etc., relative to sailing. But the letters from Shanghai to Melchus and Co. - N.D.L. Agents and to me with money have not arr'd so we just bo't our Travellers checks, shopped and in the evening took the boat for Canton – ticket 2nd class \$5.60 for a cabin. Our Foochow money sold for \$1.08 Foochow on Bank of China = \$1.00 Hongkong. The heat is not oppressive. It is very pleasant on the Star ferry that plies between Kowloon and H.K.

Tuesday June 23.

We awoke at 6 to see the banks of the river, and soon the dirty little sampans of Canton- such a contrast to those in Amoy, so meticulously clean and bright with paint in colors. A Miss Ding was at the jetty to meet the ladies and we went with them to the Y.W. and had breakfast. Then in the auto of Miss Ding's brother who is in the gov't service in Canton to see the Sun Yat Sen Memorial- a very large building with an auditorium to accommodate 2000+ seated and standing. Just now this is used for a memorial to an important Cantonese Hu. We were allowed to go in. Then we drove to the Memorial to the 72 martyrs of the Opium War and then to the Memorial to the soldiers of the 19th Route Army who died trying to defend China near Shanghai in 1932(?). This last is in shape much like the Martyr's Memorial Arch in Oberlin.

Then we took the Lieng Ang laing[?] the University. As the launch drew near I recognized Mrs. Metcalf. She had come over to meet a friend of Mr. Wisdom who came out last year to the C.M.S. in Foochow- and was taken ill on Kuliang and has for a year been seeking health in various hospitals,- the last one = Matilda Hospital Hongkong. He has decided to go home. While in Matilda [Hospital] Jack Metcalf came there for a few days, and Wisdom wanted to go to Jacks home for his last days in China.

We went home with Mrs. Metcalf for lunch – saw the University. It has been here long enough to have the appearance of a come-to-stay institution. The buildings are Chinese and foreign in design, - far enough so they do not look crowded. I hoped to see the dairy but the day was hot. The night had been steamy and not restful and I gave in to the feeling of = go slowly and lay down in the beautiful chapel and napped.

After lunch we visited and went back to Canton and took the 4:50 train for Kowloon. This reached Kowloon at 4:45 [*does he mean 4:45 the next day or 5:45 the same day?*]. The fare was \$5.60 Canton money for two persons, \$2.80 a ticket 2nd class. The ride was cool and pleasant, - no more boat between Kowloon and Canton for me.

Wednesday June 24 – 1936

I went at once to Melchers and found N.D.L. Shanghai office letter to their H.L. Agents and also letter from Ass't Treasurers to me with my L100+. So my reasons for any worry were gone. Tickets were fixed up and all ready to sail for Singapore.

In the afternoon we met Mr. Carpenter at the Star ferry in H.K. He drove us to his home for tea. Then Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter took us for a ride to see the H.K. 7 Dairy and pigs.

Thursday June 25

We gave this day to purchasing various articles for relatives at home. Out in the evening after dinner we with Miss Simester and her mother took the train to the Peak and had [*a*] refreshing walk in the cool moonlight.

Friday June 26

The morning we spent with Dr. Reichelt and Mrs. R. in their Institute. I met him in Shanghai in 1922. He was then working on the plans for a Christian-Buddhist Institute with the hope of influencing Buddhist Monks to accept Christianity. The upset in 1927 ruined his plans for the region of Nanking. He then went to Hongkong, Kowloon and purchased a hill top for 5 or 6 acres about 9 miles from Kowloon and perhaps 1000' up and has built 4 or 5 residences for himself and his foreign staff. And a beautiful little chapel, - a hostel and a meditation nook- all is very plain. He makes much of symbols, robes, incense, ritual. The architecture of the Institute is semi-foreign. He has already baptized about 40 monks and 30 novitiates. Last Christmas he baptized the first Laama monk to embrace Christianity in all China and Thibet. He is very happy and hopeful. We lunched Chinese vegetarian style with the staff and the monks who are studying in the Institute to become missionaries to Buddhist monks in China.

Friday afternoon we tied up the ends of purchases.

Saturday June 27 – 1936

This a.m. I mailed linen to Virginia, Dorothy and Kathleen. Then we repacked three trunks to go right thru to Bremen, and to be put on the S.S. "Bremen" Sept. 14. We hope to see them Sept. 15 at Southampton, Eng.

At 4 p.m. we went aboard the S.S. "Scharnhorst". Mrs. Phillips of the Phillips House Kowloon, Hongkong is about all that one could desire in a hostess. We were very comfortable there and everything was done to help us in carrying out our plans.

Sunday June 28-

Last nite was hot, but to day has been cool due to rain. A Catholic service and a protestant service were held this a.m.

Monday June 29th Manila

A beautiful morning we were up at 6 to meet the doctor at Manila. After breakfast we met Turner of the Y. and Mr. Wright of the Presb'n mission here. He insisted on our getting into his car and riding to a garage where he found a car to take us out to the Agricultural College of the Philippines at San Banos for \$8.00. It was a beautiful drive, showing us the bamboo organ and the Philipinos in their own homes, each with his dog, horse and two wheeled gig. Buffalo cows were very numerous. The rice fields were in all stages some were fallow, covered with grass which seemed to furnish pasturage for cows, goats and horses – some were being plowed and harrowed, some were just heading out and some were being reaped. We saw perhaps 60 men and women reaping one field, as we drove out. I said I would snap them when we returned. It was raining hard when we got back to it.

The Ag. College is rather striking. All buildings are one storey, very neat, clean, light and airy. I snapped the entrance, done in white. A large arch guarded on each side by a big caribou's head, and far enough inside the arch so autos go to the left of it. Going in and to the left of it coming out, is a large block with a life sized caribou and a life sized man holding a pole, standing side by side. The visit has left a pleasing image on my mind. Rice and sugar cane and bananas were the crops we saw. We bought 20 bananas for 5 cents U.S. currency and 42 large luscious mangoes for 5 cents U.S. each. Primary School buildings were in each village of any size – one storey, neatly painted, lighted perfectly and well ventilated. The Philippino's house is only about 15' sq. - stands on stilts about 6' from the ground, has a thatched roof, often bamboo sides and either under the house or under a roof to one

side is the 2-wheeled cart and the pony. The rice fields are small-rectangular- perhaps 50'X100'. Cocoanuts grew in one village. The motor roads are good. 40 miles an hour was done with perfect comfort. Manila is a pretty city- you have a feeling that they had land enough to build on. Most of the yellow cows and oxen and the dogs made one feel like stopping and throwing some food to them.

Tuesday June 30th 1936

The Pesos 8 yesterday was for the round trip to Los Banos. We left Manila at 9:30, drove about the grounds of the Ag'l College as we wanted to and got back to Manila at 1:30 p.m.- This in spite of repeated – “A little slower, please”. I judged the distance was about 30 mi. It rained in showers all the way home but stopped to let us buy manila dresses and go aboard at 2:40 p.m.

Last night it rained much of the time. Our port hole was closed but the cool air poured in all night thru the ventilater. This a.m. I had a refreshing swim in the pool on deck, in salt water. Clouds cover the sun and it is cooler.

Wednesday July 1-1936

The latter half of the nite was cooler- a sheet over one was comfortable. Another salt water swim to begin the day. It is clear but not over bright- just right. We plan to dock early tomorrow- 5 or 6 a.m. at Singapore. The “Potsdam” will want the slip day after tomorrow, so the “Sharnhorst” plans to get out tomorrow.

I am sending leaves 1-9 to the Girls at Century Farm for all relatives.

Thursday July 2 – 1936

On board British India S.S. “Karagola”. We docked at Singapore about 7 a.m. After b-fast I went at once to Brustead and Co. Agent for the B.I. Steam Navigation Co. They had a steamer leaving for Calcutta via Penang and Rangoon at 4 p.m. today. I engaged passage, then took a taxi to Police headquarters to have our passport recorded and stamped. Everyone if he lands for only a few hours has to do this. You may stay [*in*] Hongkong for 72 hours without registering- over 72 hrs. you must register.

In about 1 hr. 30 min. I was back on the “Sharnhorst” to get Mother and the baggage, and go to the “Karagola”, find our cabin, put the hand baggage in it and then get a taxi for a drive. We engaged a little yellow cab- these have 2 doors, a seat for the driver- the seat beside the driver is an empty space, very convenient and cheaper than the large cars. We paid \$5.00 Straights Settlement money for this car from 11 a.m. till 4 p.m. and drove about 30 miles. Within Singapore 40 cents seems to be the fare. We went out to Johore 13 mi. out. It looked as if this were in the nature of a large park for Singapore. The road is very new- one bridge had the figures 1935. For the first time we saw rubber plantations. The trees were smaller than we expected to find. They were planted in neat rows some 15' apart. This is evidently not the season for the rubber to run. We saw the tapped trees with the little cups held by wire stuck into the tree to catch the sap as it runs from the oblique incision in the bark. The trees were not a foot in diam. and not more than 25' high. It looked as if they were short lived. All underbrush and grass is kept down. We saw one truck load of pineapples but none growing. We passed several rubber factories but they were closed and some looked deserted. Coconut trees were plentiful- not as tall as the ones we saw in Penang 33 years ago. It's interesting to drive on broad boulevards, swarming with autos of all kinds and auto busses and auto-over-head trains, and to sit in a modern 4-storey building, built of massive granite blocks and be told that 33 years ago the land was sea. We realized this in Amoy, Swatow, Hongkong, Canton and Manila. As one senses these facts he realizes that this world's population must be increasing fast. Personally I think this is one reason for the unrest in the world. Some form of birth control must come.

The Botanical Gardens near Singapore are beautiful. We saw many flowers and shrubs new to us. At Johore the zoo was very interesting. Several species of deer, and several kinds of very large birds looked well kept. Kangaroo were sleek and thriving. We saw no horses. The cows and oxen were cream colored with the hump on the shoulders and the long flopping brisket. A very few pigs were seen. Strange to relate Indians import Chinese and Japanese and Chinese silks and embroideries to sell- but no Indian goods. Chinese seem to be contractors, washermen- dealers in fruit and vegetables- and building materials. We saw no Japanese- many Chinese. I am writing this July 3rd Friday on board “Karagola”.

We are practically alone on this boat.- We are homesick for the “Sharnhorst”,- so many of our kind and of old friends there,- such a fine ship- such a variety of delicious food- We were with Mrs. Nicholas and her daughter Edith Simester from Foochow. Mr. and Mrs. Laird son and daughter fr. Canton Lieng Nanag Univ'y. Hugh and Mrs. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Cady, Dr. Rawlinson and daughter Ruth, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and son and daughter, Nanking, Miss McKee, Foochow, Miss Lenders, Peiping, Miss Horn of China, Mr. and Mrs. Moore and children, Korea, and others. How I do hope Geraldine and Marjorie will make the “Bremen” with us Sept. 15.!!

We have mailed some menus to Shelton and Putnam. To show them up you should have the menu we ate from on this boat this evening- Consume- Lamb's tongue- toast duck- boiled cabbage, potatoe, ice cream, bread and butter after I called for it. 'Dessert'= peanuts in the shell burned enough to make coffee, and coffee-

July 4- 1936. At Penang. Saturday

We anchored here last night about 11 o'clock. We took on rice, cocoanut oil in barrel sized drums, and cocoanuts. The cocoanuts in their shells were put in loose, thrown into large, round bamboo baskets about 3 ½ ' high and 4' in diam. These had 2 ropes tied the rim in 4 places. They were hoisted by these ropes. In the center of the bottom of the basket another rope was tied to the basket. The man caught this rope as the basket stopped about 5' from the floor. Then 3 men pushed the basket to where they wished to land it as the engines dropped it then the engines hoisted on the rope tied to the basket's bottom and the cocoanuts rolled out into the ship's hold. The three articles of export from Penang are cocoanut, cocoanut oil, and copra = dried cocoanut.

We allowed a Chinese - 3 generations in Penang - to introduce a guide. We had only 2 ½ hrs. in Penang. First we went to the shops and bo't a kimona for Mother also a bathing cap and a kimona for Hazel and one for Willard and pajamas for Jacqueline. Then we taxied to the Gardens. What a change in 33 years!! Then [*or 'Back then'*] we took a pony carriage to the Gardens - the road lay thru cocoanut groves. No houses. The Gardens were not much to see. Dot was hot and tired and sleepy. She and I stopped under a large tree in the shade near the entrance, while Mother, Phebe, Gould and Geraldine "did" the Gardens in a little less than an hour. This morning we drove out in a taxi in about 20 min. The road is new, with neat little Chinese owned cottages all the way. About the cottages are the cocoanut trees. Indians climb the trees- about 60' high and pick the cocoanuts and throw them to the ground. In the interior, monkeys are trained to do this. We saw families of monkeys in the Gardens. We saw them also at Johore.

In Penang Chinese predominate. There are very few Japanese. The dealers in Japanese kimonos etc. were mostly Indians. I sold after coming on board the Karagola again \$3.00 ?? Settlements \$ for 4 rupees and 8 annas.

Coming on board at Penang- we left for shore at 9:00 and were to have sailed at 12:00 - we found new passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Pruden. He has been teaching in Shanghai University for 2 yrs. and a Mr. and Mrs. Stevens. The Prudens are from Virginia and know Raymond Hightower. Mrs. Stevens is from New Hampshire. Mr. Stevens is a Southerner. There is a Hollander, two Maylaians- your Catholics who cross themselves before sitting down at table and a Japanese and another American who says "he aint got no" - a congenial group however the Prudens are of fine caliber. They are in for just the same trip as we as far as Suez. We plan to "do" India together. We will not decide what to do at Rangoon till we get in. We may go to Mandalay. We all want to see the Himalaias - whether we go up from Calcutta or go on to Delhi and up from there is the question. I am drawn to the Delhi route. Today has been Sunday. The monsoon blew rather strong all nite and this morning no one was 100% happy altho each was up and took nourishment. This afternoon the sea in a little calmer. "Live-a-Century School" in June Readers Digest- we're joining it. This is the first term of the freshman year for us. We find it hard to obey the rules in the "Karagola" for fruit is scarce here. So we bo't 80 cents worth in Penang. The rest are in their 30's. We are farther along but they take us in.

Monday July 6" 1936

The nite was cool. We kept a thin covering over us all nite. Today the wind is less strong. Last evening Miss Pruden played the piano while we sang hymns, - a fitting close to quiet day. This morning Mrs. Pruden, Miss _____ and I played bean bag. I ungallantly beat them. A Mr. Van den Hook- a fine looking young man from Holland has captivated us and Mother talks of visiting Holland (me too). We are to reach Rangoon tomorrow at 6:00 a.m. - not decided whether to go Mandalay. This trip from Singapore has been quiet and restful and our companions are agreeable.

Tuesday July 7

This a.m. at 6:00 the "Karagola" anchored. The customs, the police, the immigration, and the health officers each met us. We passed. A Mr. Dixon pastor of the English speaking Baptist church here - a school mate of Mr. Pruden came aboard and invited us to go ashore with the Prudens and him. We took his car and drove to see Dr. Gray of the Y. who was out. Then we drove around the city some and to Mr. Dixon's home in the Baptist mission's compound in the house used by the country missionaries as the go and come. Then we drove to the Shwe Dragon = Gold Pagoda. This is one of the largest and one of the oldest temples in the world. This big dome or pagoda must be nearly 200' in diameter- round - all gilded perhaps 200' high. There are four entrances - north East, South, West. You enter each of these and climb perhaps 50 steps. Stalls with flowers and curios to sell line the avenues as you ascend. We bought a rosary, wooden beads - 20+, a little ivory image and a Loong yi = the cloth all the men =

natives here wear = a piece of cloth – I bo't silk – 4' wide and 6' long. It is sewed into a pillow-case-tubing like and the men take a tuck in it after putting it over their heads. It covers them from the waist down. There are many small copies of the Shwe Dragon much smaller and built by individuals all about the Pagoda. There are alabaster Buddha everywhere – large and small. The sun was hot and the pavements were very hot. No one is allowed to wear shoes or stockings when he enters the Pagoda grounds. Mr. and Mrs. Pruden and Mother and I took off our foot wear and went in and all about bare footed- imagine it!! When we got home we washed our feet- rode home with bare feet – and dipped them in lysol water before putting on stockings and shoes. Mr. Dixon asked us to stay for lunch. He called it breakfast at 1:00 p.m. It was a delicious lunch – bananas, mangostines, apples, grape nuts, beef steak with potatoe, beans and marrow, ice cream and cake – coffee.

While we ate a very hard shower came up and water poured from the sky. We napped. About 3:30 we got into the car again and drove to town- to the Baptist Mission press. I sold \$50.00 U.S. for 125 Rupees. Tomorrow I will get more. The banks had closed for today and the exact rate could not be told. I exchanged this money at the Baptist Mission Press. Then we went thru the Press. It is very large and has the latest modern machinery – a linotype machine that sets up the type from melted type metal. Mr. Dixon then drove us to the “Karagola”. The world is full of good people who are friendly.

Wednesday July 8th – Still at Rangoon

Yesterday the Burmese who man the boats that bring freight to the ship and take it away had a row from 5-10 p.m. The boats with rice to ship to Calcutta got to the ship first and tied up. The empty boat to take cocoanuts and coconut oil away could not get to the ship. The boatmen squabbled till 10 p.m. Someone at last got the police to come out with a boat. He pulled some of the loaded boats away from the ship and the empty boats then came in and unloading began. Rangoon in 1935 shipped 3,500,000 tons of rice to other countries.

This morning Mr. Dixon was here with his car as soon as we were thru breakfast. We drove into the country about 15 mil, saw the Burmese in their country homes, rice fields, rubber trees, wild land. Then we looked about Judson University and the University of Burma. The Judson University is named for Adoniran Judson. The two are on the same plot of ground, only a road divides them. Burma University has about 1300, Judson about 350 students. They are really one institution. England grants diplomas to each. The faculties and students exchange. The Judson University church is a beautiful building- the inside down in teak wood is very fine, but the acoustics are very bad. We climbed the tower and saw a large extent of country – we went up 150 steps of iron, - this above the gallery of the church.

Again we lunched at the Baptist Mission Guest House – two of us for a rupee and 8 annas = 60 cents U.S. This afternoon, I went to see Dr. Osborn about repairing my cracked plate. He will do it tomorrow between 9 and 12. The boat sails at 2:30 p.m. We hear that the trip Rangoon- Calcutta is likely to be rough.

Thursday July 9

This morning took a taxi from the “Karagola” to the dentist. Dr. Osborne of Passaic, N.J., [has] been in Rangoon 30 yrs. unmarried.

I left my teeth with him. The plate was cracked. Then I walked to the American Baptist Mission Press to get the rest of my Rupees for the \$50.00 I left with them Tuesday. For the \$50.00 U.S. I received Rupees 130 + 4 annas. There I waited for Mother with Mr. Dixon and the Prudens. Then we went to see silver and ivory – bo't nothing. Then we went to the bazaar. I never saw so much stuff for sale in so small a space. Cotton and silk goods, Burma Lacquer, cosmetics, lace, everything you would find in a dry goods store at home, - groceries- we bo't a tin of Postum and a cake of Lux soap, vegetables, fruit, - li cies, mango – Bombay and Burma, - pineapple, grapes, lemons, bananas, mangostines, apples, grapefruit, Japanese pears, onions potatoes, cauliflower, - all under one roof. The venders are importunate. More so are the little boys who want to carry your packages. We gave ours 2 ¼ A.

The others left us here and after we had finished buying,-

1 nut bowl lacquer	4 annas
1 can Lux	12 “
1 tin Postum	4 “
2 Bombay mangoes	8 “
10 bananas	4 “
10 Burma mangoes	1 ¼ “
10 lemons	10 “
1 lb grapes	10 “
1 lb grapes	12 “
1 lb lie cies	2 “

This ship's fruit larder has a rusty key.

We came to the ship in the carriage we took at the bazaar. 1 hr. for 12 annas. The rates are printed in the vehicles. Each carriage carries on its top green grass while waiting for a fare the grass is placed before the horse- for lunch. Rev. J.E. Dixon has been very good to us. He has taken us all round with the Prudens.

Rangoon is Burma's seaport. She sells most of her tin, rice and coconuts – and cocoanut products- copra wax candle oil. Near Rangoon we counted nearly 30 ships in the harbor. This is normal.

The Burmese do not take kindly to steady work. It was only a few years ago that Indians were introduced as laborers. Of course it produced riots. The Burmese are promised independence next year- independence from India. This is sure to bring trouble.

Yesterday we saw the theological work of the Baptist mission in India. There are really three schools here for the work must be done in 3 languages. English, Burmese, Karen [*one of the languages of Burma and Thailand*]. Both men and women attend. The church work is largely supported by the people of the country and the administration is largely in the hands of the natives. The buildings of the seminary were erected with native money to a good extent.

Friday July 10 – 1936

Dr. Pruden has worked out the following for a tentative itinerary in India.

Sun. July 12	a.m. arr. Calcutta (visit Serampor [Serampore])
Sun. July 12	8:40 p.m. lv.
Mon. July 13	6:15 a.m. Ar. Siliguri (change to hill railway)
Mon. July 13	6:50 a.m. lv.
Mon. July 13	12:15 p.m. ar. Darjeeling (Tues. July 14 at Darjeeling)
Wed. July 15	3:00 p.m. lv.
Thurs. July 16	7:00 a.m. Ar. Calcutta
Thurs. July 16	7:36 p.m. lv.
Fri. July 17	8:15 a.m. ar. Benares
Sat. July 18	3:31 p.m. lv.
Sat. July 18	4:00 p.m. ar. Majhal Sarai [<i>or Mahal Sarai</i>]
Sat. July 18	4:17 p.m. lv.
Sat. July 18	8:12 p.m. ar. Allahabod (Sam Higgenbotham)
Sun. July 19	7:17 p.m. lv.
Mon. July 20	9:45 a.m. arv. Delhi
Wed. July 22	8:35 a.m. lv. Delhi (Tues. at Delhi)
Wed. July 22	12:02 p.m. ar. Agra (Taj ma Hal) (Thurs at Agra)
Fri. July 24	10:09 p.m. lv. Agra (Sat on train)
Sun. July 26	5:15 p.m. ar. Madras
Mon. July 27	9:00 p.m. lv.
Tues. July 28	7:08 a.m. ar. Trichinopoly
Tues. July 28	7:30 a.m. lv. Trichinopoly
Tues. July 28	11:20 a.m. ar. (Madura [<i>Madurai</i>]) (Wed. Thurs Fri at and near Inodaur[?])
Sat. Aug 1	8:20 a.m. lv.
Sat. Aug 1	9:42 a.m. ar. Manamdurai [<i>or Manamadurai</i>]
Sat. Aug. 1	11:49 a.m. lv.
Sat. Aug 1	8:30 p.m. ar. Pier
Sun. Aug 2	5:05 a.m. ar. Palgahawela [<i>or Polgahawela</i>]
Sun. Aug 2	5:45 a.m. lv. Palgahawela
Sun. Aug. 2	8:20 a.m. ar. Kandy
Sun. Aug. 2	2:02 p.m. lv. Kandy
Sun. Aug. 2	5:38 p.m. ar. Colombo

In the Madras Presidency we shall try to see some of the Am. Board work in one or two places, - the large College at Madura for one. You may be interested in the expenses of this trip. Dr. Pruden has worked it out thus:

	Rupees	Annas	rice[?]
Calcutta to Darjeeling and return	25	6	12
Calcutta to Delhi	20	0	6

Delhi to Madras	44	14	0
Madras to Madura	9	11	6
	6	0	0
	3	8	0
Madura to Kandy	9	14	0
	3	0	0
Kandy to Colombo	3	0	0
	122	3	24

\$1.00 U.S. = 40 Rupees 122
 40
 \$48.80 U.S. per person

To day the sea has been smooth and the air cool. It has been delightful. It seems months since we left Foochow. It was really only a month yesterday since we left Ing Tai. Why are some of us receiving so many of the good things of the world- while the multitudes are hungry and have such a meager capacity to enjoy even if they had the privilege to possess and to go? How can I use my rich experiences of these months to help people?

Saturday July 11-

Last nite 11-3 the seas felt the monsoon, but calmed down bout daylight. It is a fine clear morning. We are to enter the river Hooghly about dark to nite.

Pages 10-20 mailed at Calcutta July 12 to Stanley
 Pages 1-9 mailed at Manila to farm

Sunday July 12

We had been told the monsoon would blow hard Monday and the ship would rock. The ship steady – the weather cool- all was delightful. I wrote ahead to Sam Higgenbotham at Allahabod – to Elsie Simester Garden, Hydrabod [*Hyderabad*] to John and Miller and to a man at Madura and one in Ceylon.

We had b-fast at 8 a.m. docked at 8:30. We left with the Prudens at once and went to Lee Memorial, Wellington Square #13. Mrs. Lee lost 6 children, when a land slide took away the house in which they were staying at Darjeeling several years ago. She is now well into the 60's- has two sons. Mr. Lee is dead. She built this Lee Memorial in memory of her 6 children and now it is a girls school- with many girls rescued from the temples. We tried to attend the Carey Memorial Church Service, but were too late. We saw the church and met the pastor – an Englishman.

Then we went to the New Market and bought what we needed to travel with in India – 4 sheets, 1 blanket, - we had a steamer rug – 2 pillows – 4 pil. cases, 2 towels and a hold-all to carry them. For all we paid 15 rupees = \$6.00. Then we went to Lee Mem'l for a lunch at 3 p.m. Then a rest. At 6 we left for the train – got a bite at the station. We tried travelling “Intermediate” ticket to Darjeeling return was 41R, 8 annas- 16 annas = 1R. On the train we had a bench with a cushion. We were early and spread out our beds. If the car had been crowded we would have had to sit up. It was hot and noisy. The Indians visit while they travel. None of [*us*] slept very well. We had to change cars at 7:30 for a narrow gage road to climb 7208 ft. We got b-fast at the station. We made fun of the “toy” engine. But when she got to work, she laughed at us. The engineering feats that it took to build that road are very interesting. 5 times we ran into the mountain, backed up quarter of a mile, on a side track, went ahead on another side track. #2 track raised us at least 20' from #1 = the track we came in on. Once we made 3 complete circles about 100' in diam and gained about 25' in elevation.

Monday July 13

The scenery was entrancing. This is the rainy season. But the sun came out and for 2 hours we had the most beautiful views of mountain sides covered with little white houses with roofs of corrugated iron painted red, tea bushes in rows growing everywhere, and all bespangled with clouds. It looked as if God seeing to beauty of the mountain sides with the little houses and the tea bushes took a big handful of white clouds and threw them so they fell helter-skelter all about. Then there were streams of water falling, splashing down over the rocks all along- streams from 1' to 10' wide. Deep gorges met our view at every turn. The scenery on this part of our way up was worth the whole trip. The last 1 ½ hours it rained and we were in the mist. It was tiresome for the little car trembled, looking so intently used up ?gy and the mist had nothing of interest for us. The temperature fell some 20 degrees and we put on more clothes. The distance from Calcutta was 388 mi. 50 of which was climbing.

At the Darjeeling station I asked the man in the restaurant if we could get lunch. "No we do not serve meals – only tea." I looked my thoughts – hungry and tired. He then said he served eggs and we could get Salmon or sausages in tin. So we ate. Then Dr. Pruden looked up Mr. Duncan a Scotch Presb'n missionary here we had heard took care of such as we. We found a warm reception. So here we are in the clouds. Mists everywhere. In the p.m. we just walked about the place a bit. We would have seen snow-capped Himilaya two weeks ago. We hope for a glimpse now. Mt. Everest is only 100+ miles away. We do not hope to see it, but another (just as good to us) = Kin chin Junga [*Kanchenjunga*], Pandur[?], Kabru and Jannu are also frequently visable from here.

Darjeeling was found and started as a kind of summer resort and tea plantation center some 80 years ago. It is now a bustling center for tourists and the tea trade. We saw tea fields on the way up for 25 miles, and how far back from the R.R. they extend I do not know. There are several large hotels here and many schools. Curio shops of Thibetan and cashmere wares abound. This morning =

Tuesday July 14

We visited Mr. Herman School = A Meth. for children of foreigners = about 175 British, Am., Norwegian, Swedish, 2 Thibetans- daughters of the (now) ruler of Thibet are students. The school has 83 acres – with the large building and many cottages. Other buildings are being erected. The hills on which the houses of Darjeeling are built are very steep. Trees are abundant. Houses are gray or white. Nearly all have corrugated iron roof painted red. 60 degrees is the average temperature. The R.R. stops here. Look at the map. Darjeeling is on a strip of land running up between Nepal and Bhutan, two absolutely independent provinces that allow no foreigners to enter and the penalty for leaving is the refusal to allow of reentering. We hope to see the mountains. Our room and board here is 3 R, 8A per day each.

Wednesday July 15

Today I went to the Imperial Bank of India and found I could get R25.70 for \$10.00 U.S. Mother has all the \$10 = travelers checks so I came back to the Duncans and she went with me. We sold \$10.00. We were ushered in behind the counter and asked to sit down before the Indian Manager. Mother made out the check. It was taken away – bro't back – a form produced on which she had to write our Darjeeling address. This taken away and again brought for her signature, another wait and the Rupees were given. In Penang I stopped beside the road, signed the trav'rs check, gave it to the bank, took the money = Rupees and the business was over. After getting the money we visited one shop and looked at Tibetan embroidery. Mother was taken with a cashmere coat and a tea set, but did not buy. I think she will get the coat. In the afternoon after the mandatory 4 o'clock tea we rested – also mandatory (I do not seriously object to the mandatory factor in either) we took a short walk and attended Prayer meeting led by Mr. Duncan. About 17 present. I spoke briefly on China. Then Mr. Duncan took us for a walk to Observatory Hill. On the top of this was an altar used by Hindus and Buddhists. Some 10 or more poles 20 ft. high bore cloths or flags on which were written prayers, and on wires stretched all around the place- 50 ft. in diam- were stuck paper and cloth with prayers. I have seen pictures of this but never before the real thing.

We decided to day to stay another day here with the hope of seeing Kinchenjunga 28000'+ which is seen from Darjeeling – 2 weeks ago it was in good view. But since we have been here it is not in view. –Sent a cable to Elbert "Enjoying trip"

Thursday July 16 -1936

Last night was beautiful – star light- but Kinchenjunga kept in the clouds. After midnight rain fell and it has rained steadily and hard until noon. Mr. Duncan phoned to learn that the train from Calcutta was 20 min. late this a.m. and that there was a slip in one place on the road. This decided us to remain till tomorrow, – such is travelling in the Himalayas. We set by a fire to day. It cleared shortly after noon. After 4 o'clock tea we went out to find the clouds parting and Kinchenjunga peeping thru them. For an hour she revealed her snow capped tops and slopes. We have our reward for staying an extra 2 days. We got photos of three of the peaks and I snapped the Hindu-Buddhist Shrine with prayer flags on Observatory Hill. Mother and I then went to a shop to look at Kashmere coats. The Prudens came with us. Mother bo't 2 embroidered coats R14. This evening a Miss Scott and a Miss Henderson of the Scotch Presb'n Mission here for dinner, and Mrs. Hogg, wife of the Secretary to the Governor and Colonel Hold of the Black Watch Regiment famous for their brave assault on Ticonderoga, were here for lunch.

Friday July 17 –

Last nite we discussed calling an auto to go to Tiger Hill from where Mt. Everest can be seen in clear weather- but both Mother and I were opposed. We start on this trip at 2 a.m. I was awake at that time and it was raining hard. We have had all we can hope for more than we could reasonable expect of views on this trip,- The

grand views on the way up Monday and that never-to-be-forgotten view of Kenchenjunga yesterday p.m. - a delightful home in which to stay with a thoughtful host and hostess. We definitely plan to leave for Calcutta and heat this p.m. at 3.

Mailed pp 21-26 to Mary to day.

Tuesday July 21 at Delhi

We left Darjeeling at 3 p.m. Friday July 17. The ride down in 3rd class was more comfortable than the ride up in 2nd. The car did not tremble as much. We shed wraps as we neared the plain. That nite the wives went into a compartment for women and we men were with 2 Indians- a fairly good nite.

Sat. July 18

We went straight to Lee Memorial, - got toast and tea. I am learning to drink the ever-offered tea. Then we all went to the Am. Express Co. and got a R.R. ticket to Benares, Allahabad, Delhi, Agra, Hydrbad, Madras, Madura, Kandy, Colombo, with stop overs as we please for R316-0-2 for 2= R158-0-1 each. We sold U.S. dollars for 262R=\$100. I sold \$150.00. Mother and I then went back to Lee Mem'l and lunched while the Prudens took train to Serampore to see Wm L. Carey Mem'l. Seminary. We went to see Victoria Memorial, Black Hole where 145 Britains were shut into a hole 18' X 27', with only 1 small hole for air [*the year 1757*]. 23 only came out alive and St. Johns Cathedral, where Bishop Heber presided. He wrote "From Greenland- Icy Mountains". Mother and I took lunch and dinner at Lee Memorial and in the p.m. tried to see the museum, but met people coming out just as it closed. We shopped till dinner. Immediately after dinner we went to the station and took train for Benares.

Sunday July 19

Arr'd Benares 8:15 a.m. took light b-fast in station- left all baggage with the station agent, took a guide- got into two lauries = 2-wheeled pony cars and went to the Ganges, - saw men and women in the most superstitious and degrading exercises. A boat- old, open with 4 men to push, pole, row took us up past crowds in front of temples in the water bathing, - sitting in the water, dipping it up in their hands and drinking it. They believe the water has medicinal powers that will heal. We saw a body being burned- half a cord of wood was piled under, around and over it. It was charred when we arrived. Hindus desire to die in Benares and be burned there. They attain Nirvana. There is no building opposite Benares. No one will live there lest he die there and will have to go thru 1000's of reincarnations. Others desire to be thrown into the river when they die. The superstitious reverence for the Ganges is almost beyond belief. Then we visited some of the temples one of the carvings of which are unmentionable, - others fitted with worshippers- all so filthy we all wanted a bath before we finished. We had a guide but a big fat Hindu began to direct us. "You must not walk there. You must not go here.", all along. When we had seen enough he turned to me and asked for a tip. I said "If you will come to my country, I will invite you to go with me into all our churches and worship our God with me anywhere. I come here. You tell me I must not step here or there. I can only walk in certain places. I do not care to give you money." He turned and left without a word.

On the way back to the station we stopped at a factory, if you can say factory for a place where all in hand work where tapestry was woven- beautiful, very skillful-intricate. At 3:31 p.m. we took the train for Allahabad- glad to leave behind Benares. I had both written and telegraphed Dr. Sam Higgenbotham of Allahabad we were coming and had his invitation. His daughter met us in a car built for the purpose, and took us four and all our baggage right out 2 miles to the Presb'n mission compound. Mother and I staid with Dr. and Mrs. Higgenbotham. The Prudens with another family. This is Monday July 20.

In the a.m. Mrs. H. showed us the Leper asylum in her care. Men, women and children, - families. We saw several with no fingers or toes, but the treatment given had arrested the disease and the people were able to care for themselves. There were couples, one of which was a leper, the other not who had lived happily together for years with no bad results. We saw 2 class of young men here learning "First aid to the injured" to go out into the rural districts to help people. Mrs. H. verily shocked the Prudens by picking up the babies and touching all kinds. She said she has done it for 30 years. The Prudens actually shuddered. Meals in India are to us shocking- At 6:30 a.m. toast and tea are brought to you in bed. You get no more till breakfast at 11:00. Then you go to bed until tea at 4, - dinner at 8 p.m. But I was napped and ready at 1:50 p.m. to address 130 AG. Students on China. Then we looked over the Colleges and went to tea with a Mr. and Mrs. Rice. We saw in the a.m. also the farm which is Dr. H's special hobby- about 600 acres of land- 450 head of cattle- cows and working oxen and young stock. He grows a kind of napier grass wh. he cuts 6 times a year and which yields 9 or 10 tons to the acre. His silos are 20' in diam. and 30 ft. deep. He has one stable of native cows that produce from 3000-4000 lbs. of milk in 12 mos. Opposite them are their daughters sired by Jersey and Holstein and Alde? Bulls that are producing 6000, 7000, 8000 and 9000 lbs of milk a yr. And the farmers are using the grade bulls all thru the surrounding country. As we pass farmers near

the R.R. They are using the oxen attached to the same kind of plow that Abraham used, - all of wood with a very small metal point one handle. The end of the beam is tied to the yoke. It goes into the ground about 3". In his blacksmith shop Dr. H. has a master blacksmith with students as workmen who is turning out plows all of iron for about \$1.00 U.S. and the people are buying them. I found in Calcutta, Delhi, Agra, business men know Sam Higgenbotham. I enjoyed and profited by the day spent there.

We left at 7 p.m. for Delhi and were fortunate in getting a compartment all to ourselves and woke up to find us nearing Delhi.

Tuesday July 21.

We had no address to go to in Delhi, so decided on an Indian Hotel for 4 Rupees each per day. The ladies did not naturally take to it. But it was either this or pay 8 rupees. We got along and came away feeling that it might have been worse. Delhi is the capitol city of India. The Government is here. The parliament building is grand. It is composed of circles. The Senate chambers are circular. A very enthusiastic Hindu showed us thru. The upper most of the 3 chambers of Parliament has now 45 members. Some elected- some appointed. Next year Britain is to allow this number to be increased to 260+. The other chambers will also have great increases. This man was very pronounced in his antagonism to British rule. "We have no independence. The British Viceroy can veto my bill passed by Parliament. Parliament passed a bill 4 times a few years ago and the Viceroy vetoed it every time." As I said good bye to him he said, "Come again in 50 yrs. and we will be independent."

Then we went to the site of Old Delhi. There have been 7 Delhis. The parliament buildings are in what is called New Delhi. In Old Delhi the monument is an old high tower of red sandstone - this is the material of most of the old buildings in this part of India. This tower is 275' high. We did not climb it. The carvings on it and in the surrounding walks and arches were interesting and beautiful. We were guided to the "Jumping Well" = a well with stone arches above, so the men climbed 80' above and jumped down thru a hole about 8' sq. - 4 men jumped for our edification and then demanded a rupee each. We gave them 4 annas. We were in Delhi Tues. and Wed. till noon.

Wed. July 22 noon to 6 pm on train. Delhi to Agra. Thurs. July 23

Here we tried two missionary homes. The Benders are with Eng. Baptist Reynolds. We are in Empress Hotel. O.K. 5R per day. The one thing to see here is the Taj Mahal- built by Shah Jahan in memory of his second wife who was his most beloved wife= Mum taj-i-mahal. Married at 21 she died after the birth of her 14th child at the age of 39. There are many stories about the architect of this Taj. I shall not describe it. Words cannot. We have been twice to see it and are going again this p.m. and Friday July 24.

Yesterday we saw the fort of red sand stone with beautiful carvings and much inlayed work- all jewels and precious metals were taken away by the Indians at the time of the month[?] 1857. Lord Curzon has in several places restored small areas to show what it looked like. These old palaces impress me. 1. As massive very large in area. 2. Sumptuous, lavishly furnished. You can believe all the Bible says about Solomon's grandeur. Every one of the palaces has gorgeous apartments for the women of the Monarch = harem. Just before noon we drove to the Taj and took a view from the entrance. In the evening we went again and went about it and thru it. But I like best to sit awhile some distance 500 ft. and let it impress me. For 300 yrs. it has stood unchanged speaking to 9 generations of people from all countries. As a building the proportions are perfect. The material is white marble. Its base is about 275 ft. sq. It looks as if the builders finished it only yesterday. It is spotlessly clean. No bats- no birds defile it. The rain, sun, wind has not effected it in the least. The steps are not worn. I like best to just sit and commune with the Taj.

Friday July 24

Yesterday we went 33 miles to the Deserted City. A magnificent old palace of red sand stone. Think of the millions of money taken from the poor people to build this palace. After a few years the water supply gave out and the palace was deserted. It is still deserted. The horse stables here stabled 250 horses. The ruler had 1200 horses. We left Agra on 10:19 p.m. train.

Sat. July 25

On train all day. At 1 p.m. we were 3000' up - it was very cool.

Sunday July 26

Arr'd Hydrabod - Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Garden, Elsie Simester, Mrs. Nicholas, Edith Simester - at 7 a.m. chota[?] then to church service in Telagu - breakfast - rest, drive about the city. Hydrabod is an Indian province - but the British Viceroy has veto power. Hydrabod is a backward province because the ruler has been conservative.

A few years ago he visited other provinces. The improvements he saw convinced him. He and his province were back numbers. He called his men together and told them to widen the streets and make it a modern place in a few months. Everywhere you see improvements done or going on. Eve'g attended English service. 6 services are held in the Meth. ch. here each Sunday in 4 different languages. Mother visited the zoo and shops in a.m. I wrote and packed. In p.m. we drove out to a native village 13 mi. and went into several homes- each 2 rooms earth floors, no windows- no furniture- a few cooking vessels of metal- stove = on the ground in a corner of the kitchen so dark. We had to stand several minutes to let your eyes form so we could see. Not a chair or stool or table- the mother had a simple bed. We took picnic lunch in a beautiful (new) public park. Took the 7:13 p.m. train for Madras. Saw schools- very simple furniture- no beds or chairs.

Tues. July 28

Changed cars at Bezwoda for Madras. Car full. Prudens came on board 1:17 p.m. It was very cool all the time at Hy'd and on way to Madras. Went to Baptist Guest House. Arr'd 5:15 p.m. found Rev. S.D. Bowden Bapt. Eng. delightful- he and his wife 68.- He drove us to fort and church – to Girls College. 17 denominations. Miss Coon, Teachers Training Institute. Miss Lawson, daughter of Lawson's Pasumadar- Miss Ferguson has a girls sch. in crowded part of Madras, - not Christian girls.

July 29 Wed. at Madras as above.

Got camera repaired 9R, 8 annas. Board 5R 4A. Madras is a bustling city. The schools mentioned above very modern and efficient- with floors for new buildings and enlargement.

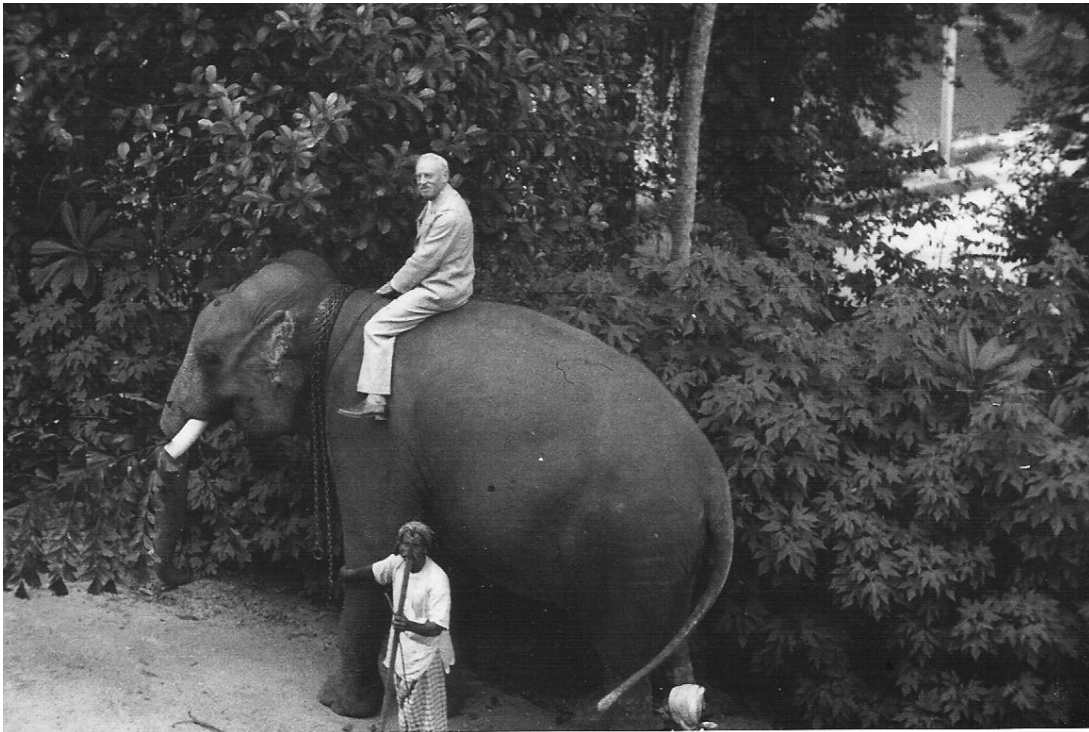
Thurs. July 30 Madura arr'd 7:57

Mr. Lawson [*this may be Ellen's cousin, Harvey Lawson, referred to in letter dated May 2, 1897*] met us. After toast and tea looked at schools. Boys here are learning to work in wood, iron, printing, - large grounds, large homes- needed to live in the heat. We sleep in a covered-in roof garden, delightful, use a blanket at night. Mrs. Lawson drove up into Madras 3 miles to see a disgusting temple – most used of all in India. The Dr. Van Allen Hospital in Madura is a big institution and is enlarging. We saw an old palace refitted in Madura to house the offices and court. Very large pillars with unique decorations. Thurs. eve'g attended Madura prayermeeting led by pastor George, Indian, Mr. and Mrs. Bonniger and Mr. and Mrs. Loibeer. At dinner Friday we telegraphed Dr. Curr of Jaffna. We could not visit Jaffna and got money from Mr. Wallard 70 yrs. for my check on Birmingham Nat'l Bank. 2:02[?] p.m. went 13 miles out to see very interesting center 96 girls- 121 boys in a model vocational school. Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, now on furlough in Guilford, Conn. were in charge. Now an Indian pastor Rev. Thomas is in charge with Rev. Charles his able wife and a young man-resident, unmarried principal. The boys and girls live in several small cottages. They do their own cooking and work and the farm work. They raise grain enough for 2 months food. Keep a yoke of oxen and goats and chickens. They gave us a royal reception threw garlands of flowers about our necks- met in assembly, gave songs and welcome addresses and the girls put on out door songs and games. This is the right kind of work the British gov't pays the expenses of 114 of these boys and girls. Most of them are of what is called criminal classes. They are specially bright and active and happy. 40 women met with us of the merchants class. This is a unique movement- one woman, the leader had to be a secret Christian- her husband opposed her attending meetings. But met with a few others whom she gathers- just for prayer. Her husband has ceased his opposition. This work among these women has sprung up and is going on almost spontaneously with only a little help from church leaders. We stopped at an Indian village and looked again at the simple earth floor, windowless, furnitureless homes.

Saturday a.m. Aug. 1

Saw farm = stables and fruit trees and took 10:47 train for Ceylon. Rode most of the day thru desert, turned to hilly country and rice lands in latter p.m. Reached straights just at dark, crossed water and boarded train for Kandy, Ceylon. P'd 1R duty on 7R's worth we declared. 1R, each for sleeper. They were going to put Mother into a compartment with an Eng. woman and her 5 dogs and two servants. I was not very polite. The guard finally gave Mother a compartment alone, saying another woman would come. I was with 4 Indians. At the next station Mother put her head out the window and called to me. "The guard says you may come with me if no one gets on at the next station. " No one got on. I changed and we had it to ourselves all night. In the morning we changed trains and rode up to Kandy. As we went thru the gate a taxi driver met us (Sunday Aug. 2) with a note from Dr. Pruden to come to the nice ?? place they had found. We met the Prudens going to church. Found a beautiful villa on the hill side. Genial Mrs. Jago and a nice cool room. Kandy is 1700' up and delightful. The Prudens left at 2:05 p.m. We went for a drive about Kandy, saw all kinds of spice trees- allspice, nutmegs, pepper trees, chocolate, cloves, bread fruit,

cinnamon. This is not the largest but one of the most beautiful gardens we have seen. In the morning Mother mounted on elephant and [I] snapped her. Dr. Pruden snapped me in the same position. In the p.m. we saw 6 elephants bathing and later dancing. Attended ?? 5:30 p.m.



Willard on an elephant in India in 1936 on their way back from China via Canton, Manila, Philippine Islands, India, over the Himalayan Mountains, Egypt (the Pyramids), Jerusalem, Italy, Switzerland, Paris, France, and London. [Information from *The Evening Sentinel*, Wednesday, December 30, 1936, in the collection of Virginia Van Andel. Photos from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]



Ellen in India 1936. She is the one with the black choker necklace under the umbrella.
[Photo from a slide in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Monday Aug. 3

We're off for Colombo at 7:15 a.m. and 10:45 went to Y.W. Found comfortable room 5Rs. Phoned Mrs. Reeves. She sent her car for us at 5, drove us to Mt. Louinsa[?] Hotel and Beach. We took dinner with her and Cyril and Jack- she drove us to the Y.W. – a very pleasant evening.

Tuesday Aug. 4

We got ready to go to "Potsdam" and left at 10:00 and to find that she sailed at 7 p.m. instead of 3:00. The Prudens went on board. We ordered a pr. of pants for me @ 12R's to be finished at 3 p.m. then got lunch, took a walk thru the Indian shops. A guide attached himself to us and stuck. Mother labored with him to leave. He stuck. We found ourselves in an Indian silk shop with the owner a glib Eng. speaking high powered salesman. I found 2 silk short sleeve shirts for 3 R's. Mother found something – 3 rings for 10R's. He took my private check for \$4.00 as pay. He found an auto to drive us to the Museum, zoo and other public buildings. We went to the Potsdam at 4 p.m. We are at table with a refined Eng. girl well in her 20's from a tea estate 15 mi. from Kandy. The monsoon is strong wh. makes it cool but a bit rough. At Colombo we had a good mail from Foochow and from home and were delighted to know that Jerry and Monnie were booked on the "Bremen" with us Sept 15, *[According to Ancestry.com, the ship's list for the Carinthia shows Marjorie and Geraldine taking passage on October 2, 1936 from Liverpool and arriving in New York on October 12, 1936. According to Nancy Butte, Geraldine and Marjorie were on a bicycle trip in Europe. For some reason they did not come back on the same ship as Willard and Ellen.]* Now, - can we get to go to Palestine? We will do what is best. God has thus far given us all we could desire. He will guide us the rest of the way.

Thurs. Aug. 13

From Aug 4- Aug 12 at 12:30 a.m. we were on the "Potsdam". There we found old friends and made new ones and of course had a delightful 8 days- really only 7 for we got on about 5 p.m. and got off about 3 a.m. The monsoon only made the sea a bit choppy for 2 days. One afternoon Mother and I were repacking in the stateroom and we had to wag our heads from feeling upset. This was all the inconveniences we experienced. The heat was so tempered by the breeze that we didn't feel it.

Our experiences landing at Suez were- interesting
[expenses listed here]

Now to return to landing at Suez Aug. 12. (1) We went to smoking room with passport. The stamping cost me 3 shillings. I had Eng money only. It was 2 a.m. There was no money changer. At last a man was found who changed British money for me= Egyptian. For nearly an hour business was blocked for want of Egyptian money. No one among the passengers was able to understand. It looked much like a put-up job. Passengers were charged different rates. The Purser advertised a single rate from the steamer in the sea at Suez to the steamer the next day at Port Said for about \$35.00 U.S. Many accepted and Cooks directed. Those who paid this sum were rushed thru ahead of everyone else with no trouble and no questions. We two only disembarked at Suez and we got off next easier. But there were about a doz. who wanted to go independently and thought they could save about \$10 or \$15 on the whole thing. I judge they did of course. The Cook's agent and the S.S. Co. did not greatly put themselves out to help these. We got our baggage off the steamer on the launch. We told that was Cook's. The fare ashore was 50 cents. The company's launch would be along side presently. On this each of us paid \$1.25 !! From this we were shot to the immigration officer at Suez to be charged 3 shillings 6 d. each for his stamp. We found a brand new Buick car and agreed with the owner to take 6 of us and our baggage to Cairo 90 miles. Then to the pyramids, museum, mosque and bazaar for L4-10sh. Mother and I got a nice room at the Hotel Pension, Anglo Suisse for \$2.00 each for day. The other fam. took b-fast and lunch there.

The drive across the desert was worth while. The Egyptian gov't and is making a No. 1 hard road- it is nearly completed. We saw the moon set and the sun rise. He came up just as we were at the half way house with Cook's sign. We had a cup of coffee here for which the Egyptians wanted a shilling. We finally paid him 3 sh. for 5 cups.

After breakfast we drove to the pyramids and sphinx. We engaged a "guide" to take us all about for 50 cents, 6 camels @ 50 cents each and tickets to go into the temple of the sphinx for 25 cents each and p'd a young fellow 75 cents to go up the largest pyramid and down in 8 min. 480' up. He did it in 7 ½ min. easily. The others went into their pyramid to see the tomb. Mother and [I] let them go. From here we went to the museum. It is marvellous- the amount of relics that have been collected from excavations. Tutankamens tomb= beautiful things too- jewel boxes, chairs, bed steads. His coffin was there with 7 cases. The coffin was of gold, its case was of stone layer and when we got to the 7th it was broad[?] and a small house. His chariots were there. I'll not now tell more. In the p.m. we saw the citadel = an old Mosque. This is being repaired. Then we visited a shop- of all kinds of things that tourists buy- went back to Pension Anglo-Suisse, said good buy to the Prudens with whom we had companied from July 6- Aug. 4.

Thurs. Aug. 13

After b-fast mother and I went to the pyramids on our own. We got the train O.K. but one of the omnipresent omniscient "guides" spotted us and clung. He finally offered his absolutely indispensable services – not to show us about for we convinced him we knew the way about and did not [need to] be bothered with a "guide". That word "bothered" was our down fall. The guides and others will bother you all the time. I will go along to protect you "for 25 cents". "Will you promise to keep still and not bother us?" "Yes." He did very well. We wanted a photo of each of us on a camel. I forgot [to] take my camera Wed. Well we went about at our leisure and took pictures for an hour and had a good time. This was Thurs. Wed. I telegraphed a Mr. Beaumont in Jerusalem to ask if we could stay with him a few days. I did this more to know his attitude toward our visiting Jerusalem than to find a place to stay. His reply was "Welcome Beaumont will meet you." This decided us and we bo't our tickets thru to Jerusalem of the Am. Express. We got away from the Hotel and on the train with a relatively small amount of bother fr. every one who chanced to touch a sent case or tell you which train to take. "Guides" in Cairo are worse than mosquitos on the beard for you can at least swat a mosquito and kill him. You cannot do this to a "guide".

We got some sleep Fri. night on the train. It was well fitted with British soldiers. Mother found a compartment with a young Jewess and they were quiet all night. Two British Tammies and I had a compartment. I got a good sleep. We found in Cairo delicious plums, pears, apples, mangoes and grapes. These we ate for supper and b-fast with Postum which we carry with us and for 10 cents we buy graham crackers and we are fed. Mr. Beaumont had an Arab guide = a Christian to meet us and here we are in Jerusalem. Sat. Aug. 14 at 9 a.m.

I am writing in harbor of Alexandria 9 a.m. Aug. 21 – '36. We have – just here I had to go ashore for a drive to see the Museum. – 3 hrs. for 3.50 U.S. and 1.50 for the guide 1 Eng L. Aug. 15 p.m. Sat. We saw the ch. of the Holy Sepulchur, - saw old men and women, young men and women, boys and girls come in, kiss the stone that covers the Holy Sepulchur and go on to pray and worship- each in turn in its own place and two and manner. There is intense jealousy among the sects- five. Blood has been shed because one sect mopped one more stair than the rule allowed and because one sect swept 1 inch over its line. Everywhere are priests who must go thru their own form of worship twice every day. This is true of every church we visited- in varying degree. This ch. of the Holy Sepulchur

is the largest church in Palestine. Jesus is believed by the worshippers, to have been buried on this spot. The mosaics- the chandeliers, the panels, the paintings are of the most costly- they are many of them underground, and a beggar monk is over each with candles to light and give you, and with an outstretched hand for a tip. Beggars are everywhere- at every turn.

Next we went to Roman Cath. Girls School underground . Here we saw what it is easy to believe were the stones that paved the road in Jesus' time. Some of them had markings on them for playing games- a kind of Checkers. Some were chisled to prevent slipping. We could see the cistern for water beneath and the watering trough for the horses.

We were shown the via Dolorosa = the road Jesus walked with the cross – very doubtful- we saw the Jaffa Gate.

Sun. Aug. 16

We attended church at a Scotch church with Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont in a.m. In p.m. we climbed Mt. Zion and climbed a tower fr. wh. we could see all of Jerusalem and much country about. We got a glimpse of the Pool of Silvan fr. the wall, and of the Kidron Valley, - looked over on the Mt. of Olives and Garden of Gethsemane- saw what most experts say was the foundation of an arch in Solomon's temple. The name of the man who found it is Robinson. It surprised me that Mother and I were able to walk, and climb for 3 hrs. - scarcely sitting down once with so little fatigue. We climbed towers and we went down steps into dark damp callers.

Monday Aug. 17

We visited in a.m. a Catholic Convent presided over by an old lady 80+ who explained for about 45 min. standing all the while, the three temples- Solomons, her father Rio _____ had put much labor in studying the forms and changes that the builders in Solomons time, and the changes made by the Moslems and Crusaders and Hadrian had made. These were made to scale 1' -18 and 1' to 200'. We have all these changes in a pamphlet she sold.

In the p.m. Mon. we rode to Bethlehem on donkeys and saw the church of the Nativity- If one could only go to Betheny and feel that in this place somewhere Jesus was born about 1932 years ago, it would be much more conducive to the spirit of worship. The big church with its immense pillars and bare floor serves as a meeting place for pilgrims once a yr or oftener, and back of one church, priests burn candles and chant prayers twice a day- 2 sects are here, mentally fighting continually- antagonistic. Kindness, love, goodwill are strangers to them. The guide pointed to the stable where he was born, and the manger where Mary laid him. "Several shops opened doors to sell brass, wood, silk dresses etc. We bo't a dress and Kimona and a child's dress.

Tues. Aug 18. a.m.

We saw Pool of Bethesda and St. Anna ch. by the side. These pools or springs, one may believe have not changed so much since Biblical times. This one is very deep. We went down perhaps 40' then we went to the Mosque- Mohamedan= I should have said before that since April 19 practically all Jew and Arab shops in Jerusalem have been closed and locked. There is no business. The guide took us into one or two- the door was opened and closed as soon as we were inside. We were told that the proprietor once had 100 workmen- all of whom were dependent on him for food. Times are bad. Every morning the papers told of shootings of Jews by Arabs. I cannot amplify on this. We will talk it over when we get home.

Then we saw Solomon's quarries and stables- not hard to believe are real.

Tues. p.m. We rode donkeys to Mt. of Olives, Garden of Gethsemane and Russian Convent and Tower. I would like to be able to go to the Garden of Gethsemane alone and sit and commune. The olive trees are very old. The place is retired. The church has an inviting air. The garden is full of flowers. The priest was from Washington D.C. and not a beggar. But all said it was not safe. At 7 p.m. curfew was really enforced, so we sat for a few minutes only and meditated and looked over across the Kidron to the city of Jerusalem. It was in some place near here that Jesus looked over and wept for Jerusalem. The sisters at the Russian Convent a short distance *[from]* this garden were at prayers. One of them admitted us to a tower 100' high. We climbed the spiral stair case inside until we could see the Dead Sea.

Wed. Aug. 19

Up at 5- off at 6 a.m. for Betheny- on the way we skirted the city and on the East side went down to the Roal[?] or spring of Siloom[?]. Saw women with standard oil tins of water from this spring taking it home for household use. To look down on this spring from the wall of Jerusalem is one thing. To go down it and climb it is quite another. The path is steep, stony, dusty. The little donkeys worked hard to carry us down and up. Once up we took the modern hard road which Britain has made all over Palestine and rode out to Bethany. Jesus went from

Jerusalem each nite during the last week, to Bethany to spend the nite with Mary and Martha and Lazerus. I think we went the same road part of the way. We most certainly did not go the same role part of the way.

We could not go to the Dead Sea, Sea of Galilee, Nazareth, Hebron, Bethel. We did about all it was possible to do with conditions as they are. One day we saw the "wailing wall"- but only Mother was there. We certainly put in full time. The Beaumont House is a perfect place in which to stay. We slept under a blanket each nite- not a mosquito. At 12:40 p.m. Wed. we were off for Haifa- with tickets thru to London. Sold by Am. Express and 1000 Lire Italian money. It was expensive= seeing Jerusalem- about \$43.00 U.S. for guide and tips. It cost about \$6.00 to see the big mosque. I will not try to describe the carpets. The mosaics, the gold and silver plaques, costly windows, inlays etc. The rock is in a circle perhaps 50' in diam. surrounded by a circular court 30' wide all carpeted with Persian rugs, changed 3 times a year the worship hall is immense, 200' by 100' marble floor, immense pillars. In Jerusalem I went to get an extension to our passport. The agent told me to pay L2 then or when we left – all the same. We said when we left. The charge was F3 1sh, - Palestine is an expensive place to get into and out of. The board was only \$2.50 U.S. per day each.

[From an article in The Evening Sentinel, December 30, 1936, in speaking to the Kiwanis Club, Willard talks about trouble in Jerusalem while he and Ellen were there en route back to the U.S. "Dr. Beard said they arrived in that city and heard about the shooting of two nurses by the Arabs. These nurses he said had been administering first aid to wounded Arabs and upon their departure they shot them down in cold blood. In his travels through all of these countries Dr. Beard said he observed vast changes being made." Newspaper article from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Fortunately Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont had friends in Haifa who kept a boarding place and they phoned and engaged a room. The son of Alvin Yantiss met us and we found a quiet, clean well ordered house and Americans at the head.

Thursday a.m. we took a bus to the top of the hill behind Haifa- to Mt. Carmel. The site of Haifa resembles the site of Hong Kong. At 1 p.m. we went on board the "Marco Polo" Lloyd Trieste Co. Italian tourist class. We are trying to be comfortable. This ship is out for cargo- passengers are a 2nd consideration. After the "Sharnhorst" and the "Potsdam" this is – different. She is full- four in a cabin. We are in separate cabins. We leave Alexandria, - i.e. to here. We should be in Bimise[?] Monday Aug. 21 at 11 a.m.

I am writing in the R.R. station at Bologna. Why? We planned to take the 12:55 from Florence – missed it. Took the 2:45 p.m. to learn that it was an extra fare train- paid 1L, 60C. Extra fare to Bologna- now waiting till 5:50 to go on- may go thru Geneva. Now to resume travelog.

At Alexandria we paid 1 Eng. L for taxi and guide about the city- to the Museum and Catacombs- nothing special about the museum- full of statues dug from buried cities. Pompey's pillar- a one stone shaft 75' + feet high and 5' in diam. was a sight. We had not seen the catacombs in Rome so these were a good introduction to Catacombs. This was Sat. Aug. 21. Sunday Aug. 23 was a quiet day on board with good music by the brass band from a Boy Scout troop of 150 Italian youth studying Egypt. A strong breeze made for a cool day.

Monday at 11:30 were docked at Brindisi I had only a little Italian cash – not enough to pay porter to put baggage on the train so had to get it from in front of station to train myself. It started the perspiration well, but it was cool on the train and I was soon dry. At midnite we were in Naples- went to Roma hotel, so near that the porter carried our baggage to the hotel. We got a very good room for 20 lire 80 centenos a day- no food. At the Am. Express we found a room for 20L a day each including food. We moved. This pensione was near the Am. Exp. which was very desirable- but we do not talk about the food. The two full days cost us 80L= \$4.80 which was cheap.

Tues. Aug. 25 a.m.

Did necessary business at Am. Exp. In p.m. we got a guide, saw a large cathedral with many private chaples, given by individuals. Then to the museum.

Wed. was a great day. A.m. saw Pompeii [*Pompeii was first unearthed in 1748*]. It is not all excavated yet. But it must have been a beautiful city. In earliest times the people put their decorations into the floors. We saw beautiful floors in several of the ruined houses. Later they decorated the walls and still later they used fantastic wall decorations. We saw one house of a weather man restored. The floors were beautiful mosaic. In the center was a large open garden. All about this garden were the reception, dining, bed rooms- beautifully decorated. Baths were an important part of the house. The streets were all paved with what we call flag stones. We could see the ruts in these stones made by the carts. There were narrow, 3' wide, side walks 2' above the street and at the intersections were placed stepping stones so as not to have to step down and up again. The wheels could go each side of these

stones. We saw the ruins of the amphitheater. In the museum we saw the water jars, little oil lamps, cooking utensils, mummies, jewelry, etc. that had been dug out of the ruined city. They are still digging. While at lunch we saw little cars dumping ashes from the digging.

In the p.m. Mother, not caring to go up the steep ascent to Vesuvius, went to Herculanaeum and saw excavating in operation. I went to see fire and brimstone belched from the stomach of the earth. The first part of the ascent was a grade of 10% an ordinary trolley. Then a grade of 25%, a little "pusher" was put on. Between the tracks was a cog rail, which the "pusher" used. Then came a grade of 55% and for this a cable was used. The seats were so arranged that we sat normally. There was no vegetation on this part of the mt. The last ¼ of a mile we walked around to the volcano. When we came to the "sea of lava" each had to pay a lire to a local guide. These men told us where to walk. A few of us walked so close that the sulphur fumes, continuously pouring from the main crater as well as from three or four smaller holes in the side of the mountain, that we nearly choked. These fumes are always pouring out. At intervals of perhaps 8 or 10 min. a rumbling noise like heavy blasting is heard and from the main crater as well as the smaller holes dense black and yellow fumes pour forth. I saw stones fall after one blast. I picked up some lava covered with sulphur- while it was hot. Steam is pouring out of many crevices over which I walked. One hole 10' in diam was so hot that paper thrown in at once took fire and burned. It was awe-inspiring to stand so near an active volcano, and realize that two cities Pompeii and Herculanaeum were buried 10 to 20 feet by one of the eruptions from this beast. We spent half a day independently with a private guide seeing Cathedrals and museums and Naples. I am fed up on Cathedrals and museums.

Aug. 27- Mon.

We left Naples for Rome at 7:40 arr'd 10:40. Here we went to Hotel Roma. We are travelling on tickets bo't in Jerusalem at 1/3 discount, but we had to go to the Exposition and have them stamped. This compels everyone who travels in this way to attend the Exposition and pay 3 lire for the stamp which includes the Exposition. This was purely an exhibition of the growth of Catholicism in each country of the world and in various lines such as Catholic news papers, Cath. Schools, students, books, ch. member etc. When we came to China, the first Chinese that we saw was a mimeograph cope[?]- bottom side up. It was much such a thing in schools and other institutions put on for the 75th or 80th anniversary. For instance, the growth of the church 1825-1935 is shown by a lot of human figures, each larger than the last.

Aug. 28 Fri.

We took Am. Exp. bus with 28 others to the Vatican and walked most of the 2 ½ mi. of corridors, thru lines of statues and mural paintings and other paintings by Raphael, Michael Angelo, and others. The statue of Moses the guide told us was the best piece of work by the author. When he had finished it, he spoke to Moses, no reply. The sculptor struck the right knee and the guide pointed to the mark made by the trowel. On the beard, under the mouth is ingeniously cut in the face of the sculptors lady love. In the Vatican the Sistine Chapel is the place every one wants to see. As you sit facing the front, the whole wall is painted with the author's idea of the Last Judgment. The Pope viewed the picture and pronounced it better suited to a bath room than to a chapel, upon which the painter, put the Pope in the lower right corner bound. Upon which the Pope excommunicated him and had his likeness put in the lower left side- so they were even. It seemed that every available sq. in. of space was painted ceiling and all. Statuary abounds. A new building already nearly full of statues and paintings and mosaics and relics. We looked down on the Popes garden. We spent the half day here. In the p.m. we drove by the Colliseum- over part of the Appian Way which was built by the Romans, from Rome to Naples to Brindise. We descended to the Catacombs and plenty of bones that generations of tourists have left- or do they keep a supply on hand to replenish. It was hard to suppress a smile at the attempts of the priest who guided us thru here to manipulate the English. When he got us over depth he could always fall back on St. Peter and St Paul. He had mastered these two names. His talk was a little too much for some of the younger members of the party. The Vatican is an immense building- better, series of buildings.

Sat. Aug. 29-

Off for Florence at 8:15 arr'd 11:55. The train was crowded as was the train fr. Naples to Rome. At Florence we went to Pension Melignano. 25 lire a day for each with food. Here I got the last 100 lire on the 1000l I bought in Jerusalem. We walked about, saw Duomo Cathedral with nearby Baptstry and witnessed the christening of a baby while there. The priest took up handfuls of water and put on his little head and then covered it with a white cloth. The baby did not peep.

Sunday Aug. 30

We attended service in the Church of Eng. church with 16 others- were not noticed- much less spoken to. We had planned to visit the Art Gallery in the p.m. but it was closed. So went to Michael Angelo Garden- went by trolley. This proved to be a cemetery but money has been and is being spent lavishly. It is high and we got a good view of Florence and of the Arno [river]. We had planned to leave early Mon. but decided to stay to see the Art Gallery here, - said to be the finest in the world. We shall not dispute any one who pronounces it the best. We tried to leave on the 12:55 p.m. train but the porter took our baggage to the wrong place and the train got away from us. We waited for the 2:15, got in, but when the conductor took the tickets he said that was an extra fare train. So I said we will go only to Bologna. Extra charge of 10 lire 20 centinos,- I had left of the 1000 lire only 10 lire 60 centinos- not enough to pay the extra to Milan. We planned to stop at Milan. I had \$2.00 U.S. money in my purse and hoped this would pay for a bed one nite. The hotel recommended was only 5 min from the station. 2 porters carried our bags over. The clerk spoke good English, pointed to his register that showed one room vacant with bath for 55 lire for one nite. With extras this would mean \$4.00 U.S. We said "No Thank You" asked if he could phone for something cheaper he said 50 lire would be the cheapest he could hope for- he would be ashamed to ask for a room for less. We hurried back to the station and waited for the 12:15 a.m. train to Geneva. I was glad to even think of getting out of Italy. It was refreshing to hear the kindly voice of a Swiss officer ask for our passport. The very air seemed different, a change of cars at Lusanne put us on the home stretch for Geneva. The mountains were beautiful. The farm and gardens spoke a welcome. The water of the lake looked clean and inviting. We had "done" Italy and said good bye to it. Only one of the several Americans we have met during the week had any good words to say of Italy.

We reached Geneva Tues a.m. at 7:00. The Pension we planned to stay at was full, but the Proprietress pointed to another across the street.

The Swiss towns are full of Hotels and Pension. A genial man of 50+ met me. When I asked his price for room or room and board he said, "Come and see the room first, - a nice room on 3rd floor- twin beds, running water. 14 Swiss francs a day for us two, - a Swiss franc = 33 1/3 cents U.S. = 3 SF for \$1.00. I accepted at once and went back after Mother and the baggage. I should have added that the head of the Pension Meligman in Florence put up a lunch for us and as far as we could make out made no extra charge. It did not trouble my conscience for there was a charge of 20% for "service". Ever since Cairo we have not been troubled with tips a charge of from 5% to 20% is added to our bill and we are not expected to tip. Then there was a tax of 3.20 and a stamp bill of 1.00 and I was charged 4 lire for 4 eggs for b-fast. But we got two meals out of the lunch she gave us.

We spent in Geneva Sept. 1, 2, 3, and left at 11:15 the 4th. Switzerland is the land of all lands for happy world-wide conferences. She is small- ideal climate in Geneva. No ambition to enlarge territory- no ground to be jealous or to envy another nation- no sea coast- no navy- not much army and lives much off those who come from all lands to be her guests- to enjoy her marvelous scenery. Geneva is a beautiful city. Each morning we looked out of our window on the snow covered side of the peak of Mt. Blanc. Little parks with very beautiful flowers and shade trees- all trimmed to symmetry abound. The tables and chairs of hotels and restaurants are often on the side walk or in a little garden- very inviting. The lake affords bathing and boating and on both sides extends a [words off the page] - trimmed-to-symetry shade trees.

One a.m. we attended a session of the World Youth Movement- a Prof. Martin, spoke on the relation of economics to Peace, - clear, concise- convincing. Until there is more free trade among nations there is not much hope of peace. One afternoon we went thru the new League Building. One a.m. we looked about the old part of Geneva- went into the room where the 1st International Arbitration Conf. was held. The Arbitration Treaty between our own North and South was signed in this room. The Rhone river takes the water from the lake and carries it down to the Meditteranean. Polite officials- pleasing climate, beautiful scenery, a genial host and hostess made us say, "We would like to come again." Mr. Reiss wrote for letters of introduction to places in Interlaken, Lucern and Berrn with times of trains to and from each and put up a lunch that beat any lunch we ever saw. Between 2 large slices of bread he put beef, tomatoes, ham and celery and butter.

We left Geneva at 11:15 and arrived at Interlaken at 4 p.m. to find a porter from Hotel or Pension Krone at the station. Interlaken is quite different from Geneva- 60 hotels here. Here is where everybody comes for the pleasure of it and to see the Alps. An all day trip takes you to a glacier and to the Yung frau. We went yesterday p.m. to Schynige Platte 6500' where [we] looked across a valley at the bottom of which we saw a stream fed by the snows of the Yung frau, Molench [Monch?] Eiger, Finsteraarhorn and Schreckhorn. It was cold up there. But the scenery on the way up and down as well as while there was in a class by itself for us. An electric cog rail way took us up. Mother forgot all about any danger before she was half way up.

To day is Sunday Sept. 6- We should spend next Sunday the 13th in London. We plan to leave here tomorrow at 9:13 a.m., reach Lucern at 12:00+. We may stay there only 1 day so as to have more time to visit Holland and more time in London. The shops here are temptingly full of all sorts of useless and useful things to

buy= trinkets of ivory and wood, beads, embroideries. Mother can hardly leave the windows to go see the sights. Snow clad mountains are in view all the time. We wish for warmer clothes. The beautiful green brook rushes by right in front of our hotel. All sorts of people are here- working men- rich people- Brides and grooms- whole families- young and old. You can wear anything and be in style. I left my pith hat in Naples. I am wearing a straw hat. Good nite. Sept. 6- yesterday Sept 5. 1936-1894= 42 [*Willard and Ellen's anniversary*]

Sept 13- Sunday in London

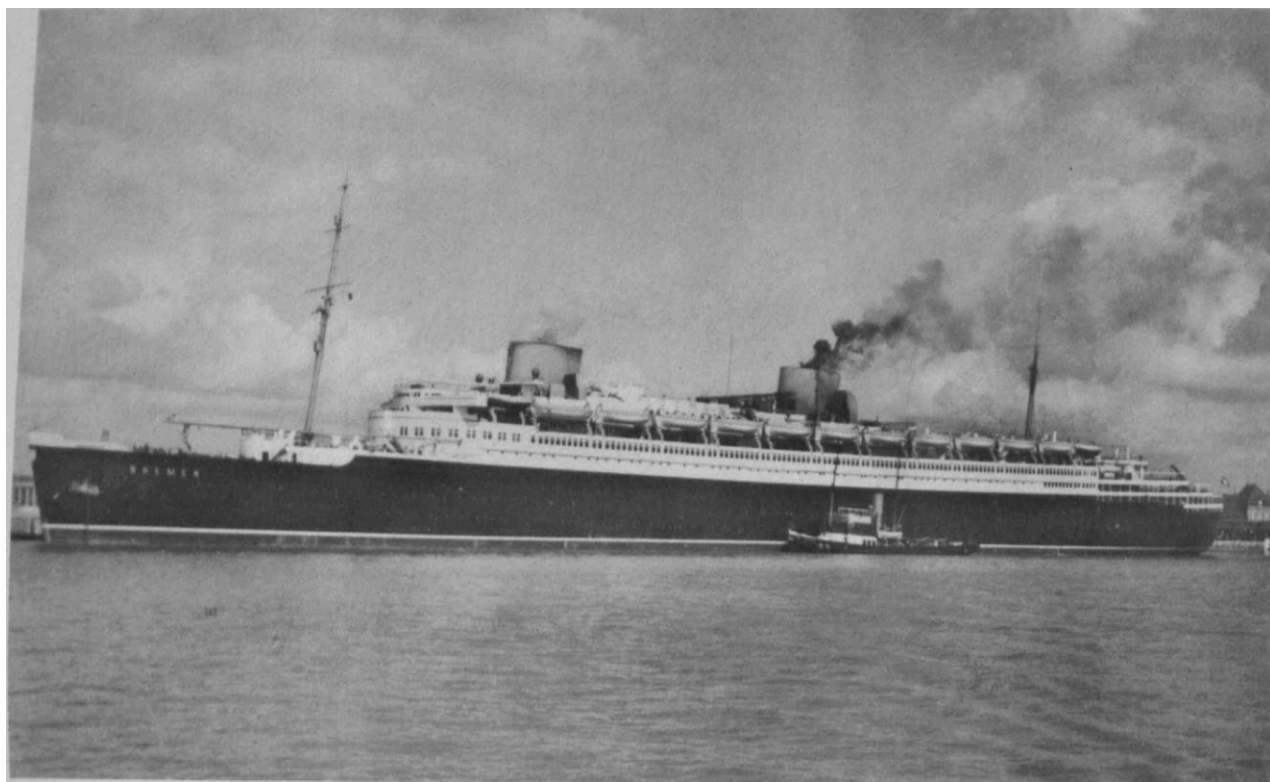
How time flies!! We tried in vain in Interlaken to find a church in which there was a service, so we went into a Rom. Catholic church and meditated for a time. In the afternoon we took a long walk thru Regan Park- the only place to go in Interlaken- many go for mountain climbing here, but one wants shoes and a stick and a knapsack to get pleasure out of this. The trees in this park were very tall and straight and thick for firewood and housebuilding. The houses are mainly built of wood. The barns are often of logs like log cabins. "Neat" is the word one wants to say when speaking of Interlaken. Both of us felt like going back to Interlaken some time. You awake to look out on a mountain covered with snow, and in your ?? you see snow on several mountains.

If you have learned to window-shop just for the pure pleasure of seeing beautiful things without any wish to own them, you can get a lot of real pleasure in Interlaken. All sorts of things carved from wood- trays in a hundred shapes, bears, little and big, nut crackers, canes, book ends, other animals, embroideries, ivory in all shapes, beads, watches, watches and more watches, and all these things beautiful. Interlaken is so small one does not think of taking a conveyance, he just walks. There is a beautiful lake at each end of the village- the lakes like the village are long and narrow. There is one place of comment- the "Kursace"- a beautiful summer house open with chairs and tables- a table for every ten chairs. You are expected to drink- anything, coffee, tea, beer, wine- most take wine. Cake also if you wish. The rich come to Interlaken, but I did not feel any snobbishness. You hear German, French and Italian but English enough to keep you in practice.

We left Interlaken at 9:43 Mon. and were in Lucern at 12:00 +. We rode thru entrancing scenery- a cog R.R. much of the way. Tunnels (these all along the R.R.'s of Italy and Switzerland) were frequent. Trees nearly 100' tall grow on the mountain sides straight as a ram rod and no branches for 60' up. Orchards and meadows on steep slopes. Little farm houses and barns and cows, - All stock was good to look at - clean and sturdy. Switzerland is small. You arrive at anywhere in Switzerland before you really get started. It is a pleasing sensation. No sleepers on the R.R.

Lucern is larger than Interlaken. We struck Lucern as the Congress of Jehovah Cult was in session. We tried to attend the open session.

[Journal ends here, but in the back of the journal, Willard lists some of the places that they stayed. He lists Brussels, Holland and France.]



Bremen- from Ancestry.com



This undated photo of Ellen and two women may have been taken in 1936 on the Bremen. It appears that they are relaxing in steamer chairs on deck.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Record on this blank United States citizens and citizens of insular possessions of the United States arriving at a port of continental United States from a foreign port or a port of the insular possessions of the United States, and such citizens arriving at a port of said insular possessions from a foreign port, a port of continental United States, or a port of another insular possession.

Number **92**

LIST OF UNITED STATES CITIZENS
(FOR THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES)

125

92 S. S. "BREMEN" sailing from **SOUTHAMPTON**, 15th **SEPTEMBER**, 19**36**, Arriving at Port of **NEW YORK** **SEPTEMBER 20**th, 19**36**

No. on List	NAME IN FULL		AGE	Sex	IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES INSULAR POSSESSION OR IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES, GIVE DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH (CITY OR TOWN AND STATE)	IF NATURALIZED, GIVE NAME AND LOCATION OF COURT WHICH ISSUED NATURALIZATION PAPERS, AND DATE OF PAPERS	ADDRESS IN UNITED STATES
	FAMILY NAME	GIVEN NAME	Yrs. Mos.				
1	ELIAS	JANE	41	F	JUN. 20th 1895 ROCKSPRINGS WYOMING		ROCK SPRINGS WYOMING
2	GUSSENBERGER	EVA	30	F	DEC. 6th 1906 SEBAQUE WASH.		2421 WARREN AVE. SEATTLE WASH.
3	ELIAS	WILLIAM FRANCIS	41	M	DEC. 18th 1914 SAN FRANCISCO CAL.		37 BURNING TREE PARKWAY BROOKLYN 100 CAL.
4	GLOVER	HARRIET	24	F	SEP. 9th 1912 LAWRENCE MASS.		169 TENNEY ST. METHUEN MASS.
5	BLACKWOOD	PHILIP T.	24	M	MAY 15th 1912 PITTSBURGH PA.		52 MERCHER ST. PRINCETON N.J.
6	FROST	HENRY A.	53	M	FEB. 8th 1883 NEWTON MASS.		15 FARWELL PL. CAMBRIDGE MASS.
7	FROST	ANNA	56	F	SEP. 5th 1880 SOMERVILLE MASS.		DO.
8	FROST	HENRY A.	14	M	FEB. 13th 1920 CAMBRIDGE MASS.		DO.
9	JOHNS	DAVID	35	M		PASSPORT 333965 WASH. D.C. JUL. 25th 1936	274 CHICHESTER AVE. LINWOOD PA.
10	SILVERMAN	AUDREY MAY	20	F	MAR. 12th 1916 NEWTON MASS.		32 RIVERDALE RD. WILLESLEY HILLS MASS.
11	WALTH	EDITH	56	F	MAY 2nd 1880 PORTVILLE N.Y.		90 HIXON RD. SOUTH BARBARA CAL.
12	WALTH	EUGENE	23	M	DEC. 29th 1912 BUFFALO N.Y.		DO.
13	HAWLINSON	NEIL	29	M		PASSPORT 10794 WASH. D.C. MAR. 19th 1936	GRADUATE SCHOOL HARVARD UNIVERSITY CAMBRIDGE MASS.
14	DALE	STEPHEN	55	M	DEC. 7th 1916	" 163575 WASH. D.C. JAN. 26th 1935	5 W. 63rd ST. NEW YORK CITY N.Y.
15	BLACK	CLAIRENE	23	F	JUL. 7th 1913 JEFFERSON TEXAS		214 E. WASHINGTON, APPLETON WISC.
16	AOSTENHAGEN	OLGA	37	F	DEC. 6th 1898 MAYVILLE WISC.		DO.
17	HUGHES	WALTER EDWARDS JR.	31	M	SEP. 21st 1904 STAMFORD CONN.		7-21 LEBRETT HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE MASS.
18	Houghton	NANCY ANDERSON	2	F		PASSPORT 282667 WASH. D.C. JAN. 18th 1936	DO.
19	DOW	ELIZABETH	25	F	JAN. 2. 1911 KENNEDUNK, MAINE	" 445 ATHENS GREECE JUL. 15th 1935	216 VAUGHAN ST. PORTLAND MAINE
20	CANTRELL	HARRY	65	M		" 318141 WASH. D.C. JUN. 24th 1936	1033-4th ST. SOUTH, ST. PETERSBURGH FLA.
21	BURBELL	JOHN AMOS	46	M	APR. 9th 1890 MAYSVILLE MONT.		COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY NEW YORK CITY N.Y.
22	BEARD	VILLARD L.	71	M	FEB. 9th 1865 HUNTINGTON CONN.		SHELTON CONN.
23	BEARD	ELLEN L.K.	66	F	MAR. 29th 1868 UNION CONN.		DO.
24	WILSON	JEAN S.	33	F	MAR. 31st 1903 DULUTH MINN.		72 PROSPECT ST. NORTHAMPTON MASS.
25	WOODRUFF	GEORGE E.	24	M	MAY 27th 1912 ORANGE CONN.		GRASSY HILL RD. ORANGE CONN.
26	BIRD	CAROLE EDITH	25	F	SEP. 23rd 1910 BENTON ARK.		302 SO. STATE ST. ANN ARBOR MICH.
27	HONE	LYDIA V.	23	F	APR. 18th 1913 ATLANTA GA.		ARCOIRIE DR. ATLANTA GA.
28	PARRY	HOWARD	19	M	NOV. 11th 1916 WINDER GA.		301 ATHENS ST. WINDER GA.
29	MELUZZI	JULIUS	36	M		PASSPORT 328924 WASH. D.C. JUL. 14th 1936	322 B. ST. SE. WASHINGTON
30	KEARNS	ELEANOR	34	F	JUL. 5th 1902 SHERVILLE MASS.		46 DEVONSHIRE RD. WARAN MASS.

No. 3 (WILLIAM F. DREW) CANCELLED, SEE MANIFEST 96/29

CH. PURSER

- IMPORTANT NOTICE.—1. Great care should be taken not to place on this list the name of any passenger who was not born in the United States or who has not taken out final naturalization papers.
2. Where one or more members of a family are aliens, the names of all such members should be recorded upon the alien manifest. Suitable notation may be made upon such manifest opposite the names of those members who claim citizenship.
3. Failure to observe the terms of this notice may result in delay to passengers at the port of arrival.
List on this form only United States citizens or citizens of an insular possession of the United States.

Willard and Ellen shown on the Bremen, September 1936 sailing from Southampton to New York
[Ancestry.com]



Mary Beard and Jill Elmer – about 1936
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

*[This letter, dated **October 1, 1936**, was written by Virginia to Willard and Ellen. She is disappointed that they were not able to greet Willard and Ellen when they arrived back in the U.S. Gould is often away on business trips. Jerry and Monnie went on a trip together somewhere on a freighter. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Thursday October 1st [1936]

Mother and Father Dear-

It's a wonderful feeling to know that you are home at last; even tho try as we could to be on the pier it just couldn't be done. Gould left here Saturday afternoon at 4.30 and was to be in Newark at 11/20 Sunday morning. He was flying through as check Pilot, but when he got to Dallas they wouldn't let him go on because the Pilot checking from Newark would have had to come on out here and within 4 hours turn right around and fly all the way across the continent again and Gould would have had to do the exact thing in Newark and Dallas officials just put a stop to it. If it hadn't been for making it so hard for Ray Wansey too, he would have insisted upon going on. He was so terrifically disappointed and he did so want to surprise all of you by being there. I could have cried when he got back and I found he hadn't been able to make it. Nevertheless Dears we welcomed you with our hearts a thousand times and we are going to see you as soon as possible altho we're afraid that will be close to Thanksgiving.

We still have seven ships to be delivered and it will be a couple of weeks after that because we plan to drive East so as not to have to buy another car.

You know when Gould left that Saturday after expecting to see you the last thing Hazel said to him was "Daddy I want you to bring Grandma and Grandpa right back out here. There just isn't any sense in their stopping there." She is so terribly anxious to see you.

We have a little plan up our sleeve if it is agreeable to all parties concerned. You people, my family and my twin.

Gould wants to drive to Chicago and then have the kiddies and myself hop a plane and go on to Connecticut. If before Thanksgiving, I'll stay until after it. Then go back to Chicago and leave the kiddies in the East to be divided up among the Grandparents as desired. Gould doesn't want them separated at any time, but I don't think it should make any difference at all. I should be back sometime the week before Xmas and take the children home to Chicago shortly after Christmas.

You see we are very seriously thinking of buying furniture when we reach Chicago and getting all our goods and chattels out of storage in Cincinnati and see if we can't have a home mostly all our own. We are tired of paying storage rent and we do so want all our nice things to use again. It will be 3 years in December since most of

it went into storage and 2 yrs this past July since all but our barest needs went into the store house. I know I'm going to be surprised at all the things we really do have.

It would be a very hard and trying job to have to house hunt and then shop around for just the furniture we know we want with two kiddies to be considered constantly. It would be so nice not to have to worry about them and after every thing was all settled to pick them up and bring them back home.

Gould feels almost certain now that he will be able to arrange it so that he can have Christmas day in Connecticut at least unless the weather should play an unkind trick at the last minute.

We will hope so sincerely that we may have an extended visit from you sometime later in the winter.

My Dears I must tell you how thrilled and pleased I am with my linen order. I'm going to have years and years of pleasure from it's use Mother- that list of the first shipment that you had lost track of got on the right track before you lost sight of it. Father mailed it to me the day he mailed the linen. Everything came in splendid condition. The only thing I'm waiting for is the five place mats *[and]* one napkin of my formal luncheon set (cutwork). The runner was mailed to me after you left Foochow but the other pieces haven't put in their appearance yet. It's lovely and I'm so fond of it. I'm so anxious for the rest of it to get here so that I can use it.

Gould has been so terribly busy these past three or four months and he has been away about one third of the time. Making deliveries, breaking in pilots in Chicago and East. A good many trips only as far as Ft. Worth or Dallas. Sometimes only over nite or as long as ten days at a time.

I'm rather glad he gets East occasionally because at least one member of the family contacts the rest of our families in the East.

We have so enjoyed it out here this time even more so than the first trip here. We have so many friends here and the climate is so nice for all of us and the schools ever so much more progressive than the majority in the East. Both Gould and I wish that Hazel and Willard could go through school out here.

Hazel started kindergarten this fall and just loves it as is so very independent and grown up about it. Wants to walk alone to and from school and simply explodes if you even so much as go half way to meet her. Willard has started nursery school again. This time in Westwood about five miles away but I don't have to worry about the transportation so am letting go there. It is an excellent small school of only a dozen kiddies and he just glows in it. Hazel's nursery school here closed the first of August and Miss Floyd is herself teaching kindergarten in Compton this winter.

By now I presume you know we had the whooping cough here this summer, but we didn't have it hard and they came through with flying color and both Daddy and Mother are very glad it is had and over with before the school period of their lives set in.

I'm wondering if Jerry and Monnie have docked yet? Sincerely hope they had a grand trip on the other side after all their many delays before making past there. We had a lovely letter from Monnie written on the freighter which I sent on to Kathie. Jerry's round robins were fascinating and under separate cover. I am mailing them to you for her permanent record of her trip.

We had a nice letter from Edith Louise Valentine the other day. You'll have to tell her for me that I'm surprised at her being a terribly greenhorn at cooking for I never knew a Beard yet that wasn't just a grand cook. So glad she liked our gift.

Isn't it nice about Nancy Morgan Griffith *[born September 19, 1936 to Leolyn Beard Griffith]*. We would so love to see them all before we depart from these parts but there is a great big question mark there. Gould is much to busy to take time off to go up there and that route East from there will be badly snowed in by the time we leave for the East.

Oh I must tell you. Who do you suppose we had a lovely visit with the other evening- none other than Dr. and Mrs. Neal Lewis. I found they were here through Derby friends and my family's here in Hollywood. We had a lovely visit and found there are lots of Gould's China friends here. He talked to Ray Gardner in Glendale Sunday but we haven't seen him yet. Found Vernon Pete and his sister are here in Pasadena. It is so too bad he should happen to find them all so late in our stay out here. Dr. and Mrs. Lewis are planning a Foochow reunion for Gould just as soon as Gould can give them a date 3 or 4 days in advance, but things have been so terribly uncertain as far as any schedule for him is concerned. He has only been home 3 or 4 weekends since way last June.

Aunt Mary I just love to hear your account of the Labrador trip. Here's hoping we will all be able to hear all the stories before long.

Much Love to Each and All of You
From All of Us,
Virginia



Written on back of photo: "Thanksgiving 1936"

Standing left to right: Willard, Elbert Kinney, Stanley Beard, Emma Kinney, Myra Beard, Ellen Kinney Beard, Phebe Maria Beard, Anna Beardsley Beard, Oliver Gould Beard, Jr., possibly Geraldine Beard, Oliver Wells Beard, Edith Beard Valentine, Seymour Valentine, possibly Stephen Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard.

On ground left to right: Nancy Beard, Marjorie Beard, probably Ruth Beard, Mary Beard (looking to our left), unidentified man-or is this Stephen Beard?, Gould Beard.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **November 29, 1936**, was written from Safety Harbor, Florida by Kathleen to the folks. She tells about her sister-in-law's new baby girl. She is looking forward to hearing about Thanksgiving at the farm. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Nov. 29 [1936]

Dear Folks:

We are sitting out in our back yard in the sun and finding it almost warmer than by the fire place this morning. Two nights ago it went down to freezing and injured some plants, especially our poinsettias which look very sad. It was plenty cold and our wood pile is somewhat depleted.

We thought of you on Thanksgiving day with the big party and big dinner. Thankyou for the telegram, Mother. It reached us the day after Thanksgiving because it went first to the Elmers in Largo but we appreciated it none the less for its detour. In case you have occasion to send another sometime it will reach us more quickly addressed to Safety Harbor, the village where we live. The railroad agent here receives them and brings them right up.

Our Thanksgiving was very nice but we missed Enid and Molly, and Chickie was ill with a bad cough which they fear will develop into whooping cough. Enid's baby arrived last Sunday at 2:00 A.M., a little girl named Sarah Graham McNutt. We saw Enid and the baby after our big dinner and they both looked well. Molly has gone to stay with her other grandmothers in Clearwater for a while. With the threat of whooping cough Enid doesn't want to take the new baby home so will stay at our house until Chickie is out of quarantine. It will be nice for me to have them, especially since Hugh will be working nights a lot until Christmas.

We fairly ate up Aunt Phebe's and Monnie's letters and are awaiting accounts of the Thanksgiving party now. You have all been on the go pretty much, it seems to me. One or another of you must be departing or arriving nearly every day so it must keep things buzzing.

Dec. 3 It was almost fatal for me to lay this letter down on Sunday for in the meantime Enid and "Sally" have come to stay with us and time is at a premium. Sally is a dear little baby, very tiny, and very rosy. I enjoy giving her her daily bath and she seems to enjoy it too now, altho the first two days she protested the delay of her dinner vigorously. Enid is an ideal patient too, and is recovering nicely. The difficulty is to keep Jill from taking frequent peeps at the "Bee" as she calls the baby. She is much amused at the tiny cry which the baby gives and is most displeased when I pick up the little bundle. Jealousy I guess.

They have decided that Chickie's cough is not real whooping cough but it certainly is a bad bronchial cough and Molly has one just like it. Jill has a light cough and we are trying to keep her from getting a worse one.

Did you get a box of oranges before Thanksgiving? Hugh sent one from the packing house two weeks ago and if you didn't get it we want to have it traced. The fruit is getting sweeter now and there is a large crop in this county. Father Elmer's trees are loaded, especially the tangerines, but they are smaller in size than previously.

The telegram mentioned Gould being there. Is the whole family East or Gould only? Give them our love and let us know their plans.

Hugh, Jill and I send our warmest love to everybody there-
Kathleen.

In a letter written June 26, 1936 by W.H. Topping to Willard and Ellen on behalf of the Church of Christ in China, Mid Fukien Synod in appreciation for their many years of faithful service in Foochow he writes:

"We are going to miss Dr. Beard's friendly helpfulness at every turn. His long experience in China, has made him an invaluable adviser on church councils, whose sound judgment has created in us all an attitude of trust. His willingness to undertake the most difficult tasks, has been equaled only by his unbounded energy, with the result that he has been usually overloaded with the many matters which could be handed only to the most capable of committee men. He has had to try at practically every sort of work on the Mission field, Evangelistic, Educational, Administrative, Rural work, etc. and has made a conspicuous contribution in each case, much appreciated by his co-workers."

"Mrs. Beard has always made her own worthwhile contribution, whether it were in the home, or in the work of the church. She stayed at home in America with the children, when that seemed to be the thing to do, and when the home no longer claimed all of her time, she took up other responsibilities in the school or elsewhere. We are very happy in the way you were both pleased to spend the last year in China at Ingtai, where you not only helped out in the school and Evangelistic work, but where you could also be wit your old friends, the Smiths, from whom your work has usually been separated. We must add, that the members of the Synod Executive Committee are going to miss Mrs. Beard's afternoon teas, with the nice cake and thick icing, and we want to assure Mrs. Beard that we do not expect any future generation of Missionaries in Foochow, to compete for a higher place along that line."

In a letter written September 14, 1936 by W.H. Topping to Willard on behalf of the Kuliang Council he writes:

"At the Annual Residents Meeting held at Kuliang this year I, as Secretary, was asked to write to you and express the deep appreciation of the Kuliang Residents for your long years of service on the Kuliang Council, and for your unstinted giving of yourself in the service of the Community for nearly 40 years."

In a letter written March 27, 1937 by W.H. Topping to Willard he writes:

"The work goes on as usual. Ling-iu-cu and I were at Ingtai and missed you and Mrs. Beard. The other day at the Pastor's meeting at Ling-iu-cu's we asked the Chinese what kinds of foreign desert they liked best. Kiu said: "Bi-go", which translated means Mrs. Beard's cake."

[On the following pages is a beautiful lacquer plaque with the following inscription presented to Willard prior to leaving China. From the family of Myron Gould Beard.]

“In appreciation of the invaluable services rendered by, Rev. Dr. W.L. Beard
To the development of Rural work in Foochow, this lacquer plaque is presented to him on the occasion of his return
to American in the month of June 1936, and we quote:
That which makes a man to be desired is his kindness
Book of Proverbs, Chapter 19, verse 22
From the Board of Managers, Department of Rural Electrification, Foochow Electric Company Ltd. Foochow,
China”

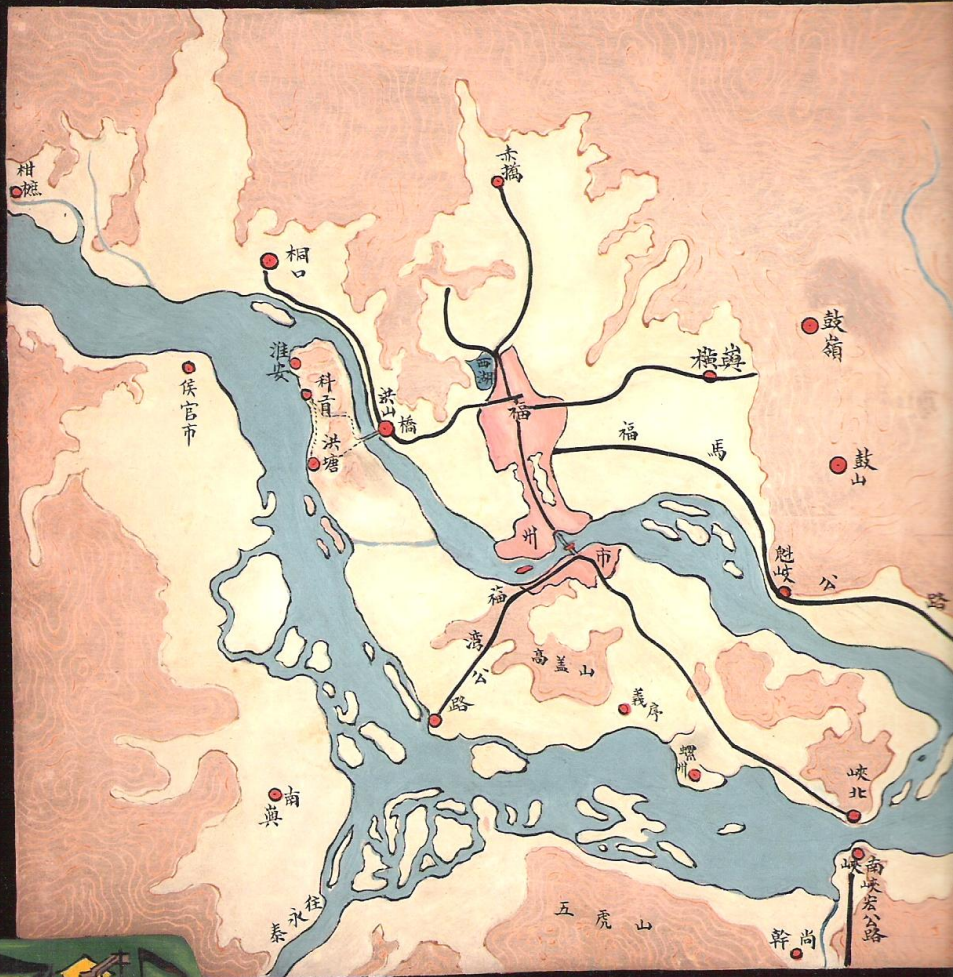
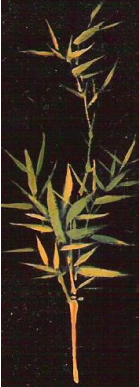
In appreciation of the invaluable services rendered

Rev. Dr. W. L. Beard

To the development of Rural Work in Foochow
presented to him on the occasion of his return to
June 1936, and we quote:

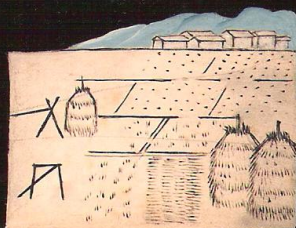
That which makes a man to be desired
Book of Proverbs, Chapter 19, verse 2

From the Board of Managers, Department of F
Foochow Electric Company Ltd. Foo



Foochow, this laquer plaque is
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nt of Rural Electrification,
Foochow, China

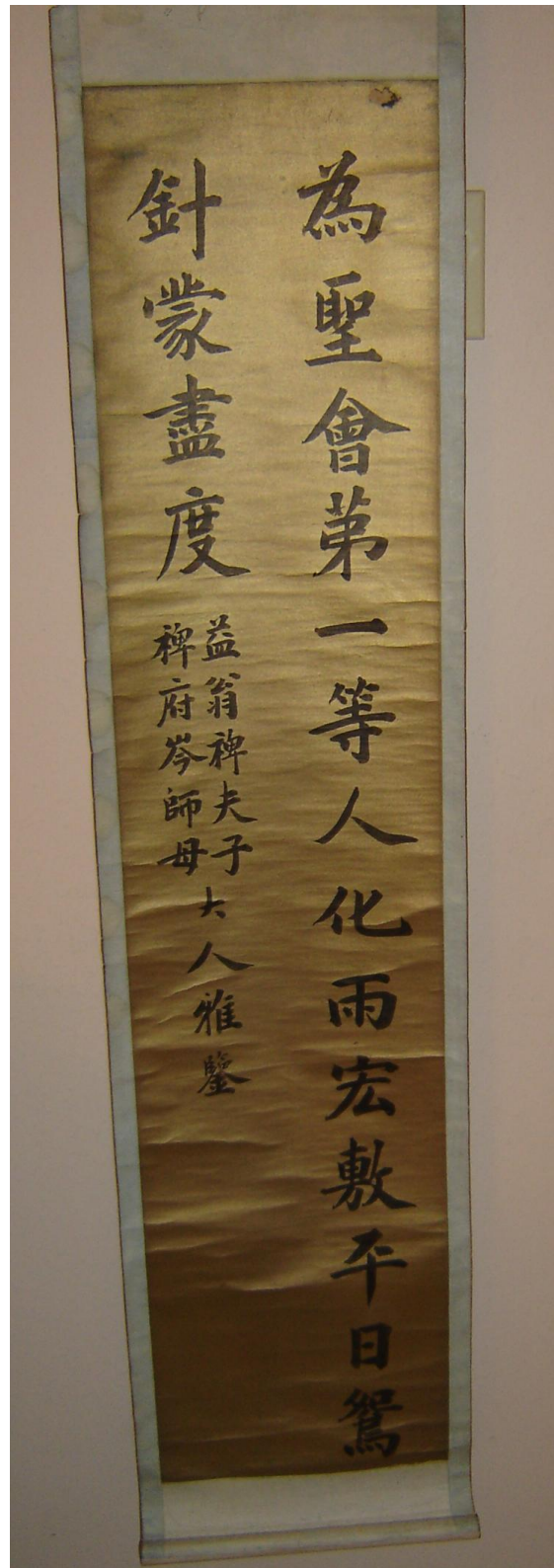


裨益知理事回國紀念

人之可慕在其仁慈

福州電汽公司農村電化部理事會敬贈





Scroll given to Willard and Ellen Beard. This scroll hung in Kathleen Beard Elmer's home for many years. Sherrie and Allen Elmer gave it to Jana Jackson who then donated it to Yale University Divinity Library in 2007 for safekeeping. Sherrie was told that it honors the years of missionary service Willard and Ellen gave to China. Close ups on the next page.

會第一等人化雨

盡度

益翁稗夫子大人雅
稗府岑師母

為聖會第一筆

針蒙盡度

益翁
稗府

雨宏敷平日駕

雅鑒

[The following articles are from newspaper clippings in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The Evening Sentinel

Tuesday Evening, October 6, 1936

Beard Upholds Chinese Regulation of Religious Teaching in Its Schools

"It's what we went to China for- To teach them to help themselves," He tells ministers in interesting meeting at Congregational Church- Christian influence is infused into new China, missionary says.

Dr. Beard held his audience in rapt attention for nearly an hour, as they hung on his words, and led him on with questions, eager for every grain of information which he brought with him from the work to which they had long given financial allegiance.

Ladies of the Congregational church served the luncheon, following which the Rev. Mr. Strickland asked Deacon Charles Z. Morse to introduce the speaker. Mr. Morse told from recollection of the time more than 40 years ago when the Congregational church would have been glad to have had Dr. Beard as their first pastor, but he had chosen China as his field of endeavor, and he served long and faithfully as secretary of the Y.M.C.A., a member of the missionary board as well as president of Foochow College.

Dr. Beard.

Dr. Beard reflected in opening that almost everyone could look back at his life and see in it points at which his course might have been entirely different, had he made a different decision. Such a point as this, he suggested, was that time when he graduated from Birmingham high school, in the days when all of Ansonia, old and new Derby, as well as Shelton, could muster only 80 students. It was then that the late Charles H. Nettleton invited him to join the force of the Derby Gas and Electric company and he refused, having decided to study for the ministry. Had he chosen differently, he said, he might have stood with Arnold Norcross, a classmate, in the limelight of industry. A few years later, three different committees from the Shelton Congregational church asked him to accept the local pastorate. He declined. He was on his way to China.

"I'm not at all sorry today for the choice I made," Dr. Beard said, and then turned to a brief discussion of the time when he thought he might best serve the Y.M.C.A. by affiliating himself with the American board of missions as district secretary. In this capacity he served three years. He was further influenced to make this choice, he said, by the fact that four of their six children were of school age. Then came the call to go back to Foochow as president of Foochow College, and Dr. Beard returned to the scene of his missionary labors.

Political Situation

Dividing his talk into three parts Dr. Beard said he would consider first the political situation.

Chiang Kai Shek, he pointed out, has held the top position longer than any other man since the Revolution. Two years ago, he was not liked, especially by the students. Today he has a great popularity. When he asked representatives of 12,000 high school and college students not to push him too close on the China-Japan situation, he talked for six hours, and succeeded in influencing them to a point when the pressure for action was relieved. Chiang Kai Shek has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal church for ten or 15 years. His wife is a graduate of Wellesley College. His sister is married to H.H. Kung, a graduate of Oberlin College and holding degrees of B.A. and L.L.D. from that institution. Mrs. Chiang Kai Shek is as great an influence as her husband. Her sister, Mrs. Sun Yat Sen, is too much inculcated with communism, to be of the greatest influence, the speaker said. With T.V. Sung, Mrs. Chiang Kai Shek's brother, they hold the key to the Chinese situation, and are all big Christian influences.

"Everyone is wondering what China will do about Japan. Japan has already put more into Manchuria than she can ever get out, and the colonization attempt there has not been a success. More Japanese are moving to the Philippines than to Manchuria, but the Japanese influence is gradually spreading south covering everything north of the Yangtze river."

Dr. Beard told how at Nanking, students are required to serve three months in intensive military training. From May until August, they rise at 5 a.m. and put in 17 hours in intensive training, with 10 minutes allowed for a meal. "It did them good," Dr. Beard said, emphasizing the harsh attitude of the leaders who gave orders to "Make them obey. Work them hard. Lick them if they don't mind, and let them die if they can't stand it."

A New Factor.

In 1919, Dr. Beard said, a new factor came into the whole Chinese situation. Previously the scholar had been a bookworm and a philosopher. But in that year the students organized a Japanese boycott and thereafter at regular intervals they have roused themselves to act as the goad at the back of the political situation.

Dr. Beard was asked about "Reds," and he replied that Sun Yat Sen some ten years ago went to America and to England asking for money. He was refused, but Russia not only proffered the desired funds but offered to send men to train the army. This offer was accepted and at one time there were 17 Russians drilling the Cantonese,

the up-and-coming citizens, who, if anything, are moving too fast in the way of civilization. This communism, bolshevism or third internationale, Dr. Beard said, is not the stuff the Chinese like at all. It is a bitter pill for them to swallow, and although Shek allowed it to prosper for a time, he has recently taken new steps to check it. Instead of moving in and driving the reds out and retiring, he is now building roads to connect the points where the reds are driven out, and rehabilitation this area. As a result the communist element is practically crushed.

Education.

It was in the field of education that the gathering found Dr. Beard's viewpoint most difficult. The educational methods of 42 years ago he said, are a thing of the past. The eight legged essay in which 13,000 took examinations with only 108 passing, have been abolished. No longer do students put in two days of examinations in tiny stalls with nothing to eat. Schools are just as modern as those in America. They are likewise under absolute government control, he said, and with the exception of the seminaries, Christianity may not be taught in any registered institution. Moreover, with the exception of St. John's College, all schools are registered. The ministers gathered there acted as though they could not believe their ears when Dr. Beard said he thought this government regulation was a good thing. He explained that the schools of China are patterned after the mission schools, their teachers were trained in the mission schools. It is only recently that the mission union has received orders from the government that it must stop training teachers.

"I don't deplore that," Dr. Beard went on. His listeners looked amazed. "What did we go over there for?" he asked. "Wasn't it to teach these people to help themselves?" That is just what they have done. No one else can do for them what they will be able to do for themselves. They are fully able now to train their own teachers and teach their own people.

"Don't misunderstand me. I hope missionaries will never stop going to China, but I hope they will also ask the Chinese to come to America. You haven't everything of Christianity, you know. Neither have I. For one thing, they can teach us patience. We can teach them love."

Chinese Education.

Dr. Beard went on to say that there are 13 Christian universities and about as many more Chinese. They are giving good education, Dr. Beard said. It is comparable with the education furnished by major American colleges. Teachers are being trained for this work in all parts of America. Chinese students are sent to America, trained, and go back to China to teach. Others replace them.

It was added that a part of this training is financed with the Boxer money. It was Dr. Arthur H. Smith who suggested to the American government some 25 or 30 years ago that the Boxer indemnity should be used for Chinese education in the United States, this is done. Other countries are using the Boxer indemnity in the same way. England contributes to industrial development, Japan uses the money for hospitals. Germany and France also contribute to this program.

Compulsory Religion

Dr. Beard was compelled to repeat many times his belief that China is able to administer her own educational system. He said he thought the laws which forbid compulsory Christian training in schools and colleges were good, and explained that there was a time when students had to attend two young people's services, two Sunday school services and three church services a week." The study of the Bible was required. It was all uphill work, both the religious and Bible teaching. When the law was passed which made this attendance voluntary, the tension seemed to be relieved at once. There might not be so many boys attending church but there was less pin sticking and restlessness among those who did attend."

The schools, he emphasized, compared in curricula with American schools. English is a subject but not a medium of education except at St. John's.

The Christian Influence.

People are not going to church as they were forty years ago, but Christ has been infused about the whole of China, the speaker continued, and even men who have nothing to do with the church are well versed in Christian standards and Christian ideals.

Dr. Beard went on to describe the Christian work which Foochow and other Christian institutions are doing in lifting the level of the people of China by the use of modern machinery and power. He told particularly of the use of electricity to pump the flood waters from the rice fields in the rainy season, and pumping it back in the dry season. As an illustration an area equivalent to 6,000 American acres could be drained for \$50,000. In one season it would produce \$90,000 worth of rice, but this obvious worthwhile investment cannot be effected because they haven't got the money.

Dr. Beard told an interesting experience at the college where 12 villages were allowed to hire a boar at \$5 a month, and as a result had greatly improved the strain of native stock.

The college had five white pigs grazing on the hillside, while everyone predicted that the Chinese would not accept these white pigs in preference to their native stock. When the pigs were ten months old they weighed 108 and 113 pounds each, while native stock averaged only 80 pounds at 12 months. So much demand was experienced for the 13 pigs in the first litter, that it was with difficulty that they saved three for breeding purposes in spite of the fact that they charged the top price of \$5 each for the pigs.

This practical training of the Chinese to better their living conditions speaks louder than all the Christian teaching in the school, the speaker concluded.

The Christian Product.

He emphasized that 60 per cent of the men ruling China today are products of mission schools. They are not all exemplary Christians he admitted, but there are many. He told how graduates of Foochow College were exerting an influence in various capacities and agreed with the suggestion that China's friendly attitude to America is largely the work of the missionaries.

[The article goes on to list those in attendance.]

The Bridgeport Sunday Post, October 11, 1936

Dr. Beard, Chinese Missionary for 42 Years Returns to Family Homestead at Shelton

SHELTON, Oct. 10 – (Special To The Sunday Post) Dr. Willard L. Beard, for 42 years a missionary in China, has returned to Shelton with his wife to take up his residence at the family homestead, Century Farm, where the Beard family has lived for more than 100 years. He comes back to his birthplace as a man who set out in life to accomplish a great work, and has been fortunate to live to see that work completed and a new and greater task begun.

Dr. Beard does not look his 71 years, for that matter he does not look like a missionary. He has the gentle face of a country practitioner, the patience of the Chinese themselves, and the peace of a man who has lived a long time, close to the soil and to a people of the soil.

Turns Down Job

More than 50 years ago when Dr. Beard was graduated from Birmingham High school he had a chance to enter the employ of the Derby Gas and Electric Co. He refused. Already his mind was set on the ministry. A few years later when he was ordained at the Congregational church in Huntington, the Shelton church, then just being formed waited on him three times to persuade him to accept a local call but he declined. His eyes were on far off China.

Forty-three years ago, the missionary to China found the progress of Christianity blocked by what seemed an insurmountable wall of ignorance and poverty. Stone by stone he began the removal of the first, always with an eye to the alleviation of the second. Dr. Beard's life, which included 15 years as president of Foochow college has been long enough to see the wall of ignorance entirely removed and many stones crumbling in the wall of poverty.

One of the things he finds hardest here is to make people understand that the American missionary in China does not deplore the government mandates which prohibit the compulsory church attendance and Bible teaching of the mission schools; which have ordered the mission schools to stop training teachers; which make the teaching of religion in secular schools against the law. "You think these are a good thing?" local ministers ask him repeatedly. And over and over he has to repeat "I certainly do."

Sought to Help

To grasp his point of view, it is necessary to hear the whole story, and it is a long one. But through it runs this thread: The American missionary went to China and remained in China, not to Americanize them, but to Christianize them, not to set up a system of foreign domination, but to help the Chinese to help themselves. The original mission school was used first to teach and then to train teachers. It served as a pattern of education and in this capacity it still exists. It taught the Chinese not only the importance of elementary education but the importance of a system of elementary education.

It took nearly 40 years to build up this system but the work is done. Now the Chinese have their own teachers, their own schools, and, what is infinitely more important, their own training schools. Chinese teachers are being sent to America to learn modern education methods, and return and to teach them to the Chinese teachers under them, who will in turn incorporate them into the Chinese classrooms. "It is the instructors, teaching in the Chinese thing for which we have worked all along," Dr. Beard insists. The schools, the normal schools and the colleges of China, staffed by Chinese language, compare favorably in every way with similar schools in this country, he says.

The war against poverty is yet to be won, Dr. Beard points out, but the ground work of education has been done, and it is in the industrial college, such as the one at Foochow, that the greater part of the work is being carried on. Here Christian men and women – 40 per cent of the influential men and women at the head of the Chinese government are Christian – are training students in modern agricultural methods. The General Electric Co., is showing the use of electricity through its rural electrification committee of which Dr. Beard was a member. Everywhere by Christian example the importance of improved stock and soil is taught. By electric power the flood water is pumped out of the rice fields in the rainy season and pumped back again in the time of drought.

“This is the Christian work which speaks louder than all the Christian book teaching and compulsory church attendance in the world,” Dr. Beard insists.

Church Attendance Days

Like the rest of Christendom, the church in China is experiencing a let up in church attendance. “But,” Dr. Beard insists, “Christianity has been infused into China, and its influence is seen in every field.”

Dr. Beard hastens to add that he does not mean that he would advocate an end of Christian missionary work. “I hope missionaries will always go to China,” he says, and adds: “But I hope that Chinese missionaries will also come to America. After all we haven’t everything here. For one think the Chinese could teach us Christian patience. We try to teach them Christian love and we often fail for lack of patience. In this field, the Chinese might well be our teachers.”

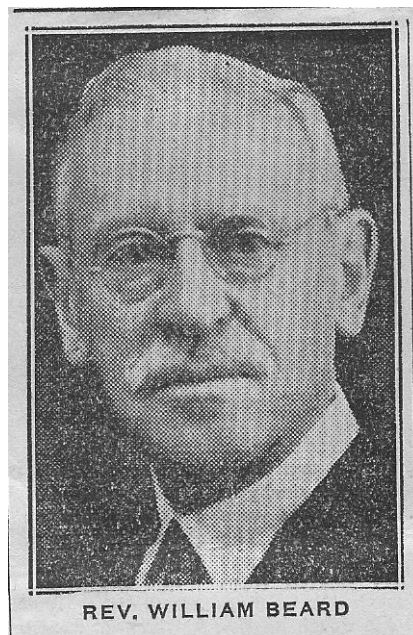
In all the unrest in China during the past 15 years, he has never been molested. At all times, the Chinese themselves have held him in the highest regard. His friends feel it is because he practices in daily life the gospel which he preaches. Upon leaving China he was presented with a plaque, a splendid example of Foochow lacquer, unique in that it is so carefully applied that it looks like ebony. The plaque, hand painted, testified to the esteem in which he was held by the people of that city.

Parents of Six

Six children have been born to Dr. and Mrs. Beard during their long sojourn in China. Now these six children are scattered all over the continent, and have children of their own. A daughter is a missionary in Labrador, now visiting in London. Another is in Florida, another is in Pearl River, N.J.; another is in California.

“The world is very small,” Dr. Beard says, reflecting on how far his family is scattered, “It is only a few hours from one end of the country to the other. I seem never to feel that my family is very far away.”

And indeed they are not. Since leaving China he has seen four of these children including the daughter from Labrador and the son from Florida. [*a daughter is in Florida – Kathleen.*]



[Newspaper articles from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Friday Evening, November [*probably 1936 from the Sentinel*]

Dr. W. L. Beard Rotary Speaker

Recently Returned from 42 Years in China, Shelton Resident Talks of Progress.

Rev. Dr. Willard L. Beard, for 42 years a missionary in China, who recently returned to make his home at Century farm, Shelton, was the guest speaker at the meeting of the Derby-Shelton Rotary club yesterday noon in the Hotel Clark dining room.

Dr. Beard gave an interesting description of the conditions in China, and drew upon his early experiences to illustrate the growth of the country and the progress made in the last few years. He told about improvements in highways, saying that in the large cities the pavements are excellent. Stores today he said have plate glass fronts, not unlike American stores, although when he first went there, glass was practically unknown.

In concluding Dr. Beard described his trip home, the journey through India, the visit to Jerusalem, now under martial law, the trip to the Pyramids, and then, briefly, the return through Switzerland, and England to this country.

November 30, 1936

Dr. Beard was Preacher Sunday

Former Missionary to China Discusses "What We Can Believe" at Second Church

Rev. Dr. Willard L. Beard, for 42 years a missionary to China, was the preacher at the Second Congregational church Sunday morning, his topic being "What We Can Believe."

Dr. Beard said that at the present day there is a great deal of uncertainty as to religious ideas and beliefs, but that there are three things of which a person may be absolutely sure.

A man can say, "I can believe that I am. I can say 'I will' and I can say 'I believe'." A man can also say: "I believe that you are," and finally a man can believe that God is. These three things a man can believe whether he can read and write, or no.

"We can also believe that Jesus Christ was," Dr. Beard continued. "We can believe further, that He was different from other men, and that He was the Messiah, the Son of God, for to these two things both His enemies and His followers testified.

"Also," Dr. Beard continued, "we can believe that He rose from the dead. The resurrection was the foundation of the Christian life for 200 years after His death. Finally, we can believe that Jesus is the same today that He was 2,000 years ago."

The church school met as usual at noon and there was a meeting of the young people at 6:30.

An article in the Sentinel dated December 7, 1936 reported that Willard spoke at a meeting of the C.E. Union at the Baptist Church on "Conditions in China".

Tuesday Evening, December 8, 1936. [*Probably the Sentinel*]

City of Derby

Business in China is Subject of Address Before Board of Trade

Rev. Dr. Willard L. Beard, of Shelton, Told of Vast Opportunities in That Country and Some of the Things Being Done There.

Rev. Dr. Willard L. Beard, former president of Foochow College, China, and now retired and living in Shelton, was the speaker at last night's supper-meeting of the Derby and Shelton Board of Trade, taking as his subject "Business in China." Dr. Beard, during the course of his remarks and the questioning period that followed, showed that he was thoroughly familiar with conditions in China as well as the Chinese characteristics by reason of his long residence of 40 years in China and his study of the people. There are no big business men in China, he said. The Chinese in his own land is a small business man conducting a little shop and dealing in small quantities of his own products. In other countries, Chinese become big business men he said but it is peculiar that in China he adheres strictly to the custom of his ancestors and carries on his business along small lines.

Dr. Beard Speaks.

Dr. Beard, presented by Philip Franz, said, that appearing before the Board of Trade was like coming home again. He did not know very many in the audience. He was born in the Long Hill district in Shelton and during high school days walked every day a distance of 3 ½ miles to attend the Derby high school and return [*aka Birmingham High School*]. The Derby high school was the only one serving the several boroughs hereabouts. He remembered

very vividly the late John W. Peck, who was an instructor in the high school at that time and later became superintendent of schools. There were 80 students in the high school in the four years he attended Dr. Beard said. He intended to go to Yale but went to Harvard [*actually Oberlin and Hartford Seminary*].

Great Changes.

Great changes have taken place in 40 years, Dr. Beard said. The “red devils” or automobiles have come and trolley cars have come and nearly all gone again. In China similar changes have come about in the 40 years in which he was engaged there in missionary and educational work.

Business in China.

Dr. Beard said that trade or business in China could be divided into domestic and foreign. Changes in business there have been owing to three causes: First, the diplomats sent there; second, the business men sent there; and third, the missionaries sent there. Dr. Beard described in a general way, saying that domestic business in China is small. Business is carried in many small shops. The Chinese, in a general way are not big business men. The largest concern is the Steamship Navigation company which plies its trade up and down the coast and up the Yangtze river. The Chinese, himself, carries on his business in a small way. He has his small shop, few workers and the products of these small shops, combs and other materials are sold direct to customers all over the country. In other lands, Singapore, for instance, you will find Chinese engaging in business in a big way. In China business is done along the lines adopted by ancestors years before. The speaker illustrated by saying that a certain medicine for jaundice is prepared and made, according to a recipe handed down in a family from generation to generation. This medicine is made on a very small scale. In this country, he said, a corporation would be organized and the medicine sold on a large scale.

China Buys Much.

China, Dr. Beard says, buys all sorts of manufactured articles, in the machinery line, also cotton goods, and clocks, watches, etc. In 1913, he said Japan sent to China 18 million dollars worth of cotton goods and in that same year England sent 58 million dollars worth. In 1929, Japan had raised its export to China to 110 million dollars worth and England's had fallen to 35 million dollars worth. China is the richest country in the world in natural resources. Enough coal is to be found in China to supply the world for 200 years, the speaker said, but it costs too much to transport it.

Dr. Beard explained the various projects undertaken by independent groups in China as well as by the present Chinese government headed by Shang Kai Shek, present leader of China and his able cohorts. He told of these projects especially as they affected farmers helping them to increase their crops, installation of irrigation systems enabling them to save the crops from floods in the spring and droughts in the summer.

Dr. Beard answered a number of questions concerning industry, government and the like and altogether presented an interesting and instructive picture of China of today with its promises for the future.

An article in the Sentinel dated December 14, 1936 reported that Willard spoke at the Lafayette Parent Teacher's Association meeting. “Dr. Beard spoke interestingly of his educational experiences in China. He traced the development of education in China from the 19th and 20th century, in its various stages from the kindergarten to the university. Dr. Beard also discussed the present situation in China.”

The Sentinel, December 21, 1936

Dr. Beard Gave Talk at Senior Epworth Meeting

Famed Missionary to China Tells of Experience at M.E. Church Parsonage

Dr. Willard Bead, famed missionary to China, now a resident of Shelton was the guest of the Senior Epworth league to the First Methodist Episcopal church at a meeting held in the parsonage Tuesday evening. The reason for this meeting during the holiday season was that the college students, home from school, had expressed a desire to meet and talk with Dr. Beard.

The meeting was informal. After speaking of the political situation in China, Dr. Beard spoke of the religion and economic situation. His special emphasis was upon the fact that the ideals of the Christian religion, carried to the Chinese by missionaries have made great headway in permeating the society of that country. Although people are not uniting with the Christian church as they once did the idealism of Christianity carries forward with greater emphasis each year.

Many of the young people asked questions and for more than two and a half hours Dr. Beard was kept busy.

The Evening Sentinel, Wednesday Evening, December 30, 1936
City of Shelton

Dr. Willard L. Beard Tells of Present Situation in China
Kiwanis Hear of Interesting Experiences of One Who Lived in China for 42 Years.

Speaking on the present situation in China, the abduction of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, and the sudden coup d'etat last week at Sianfu in the release of the military war lord by Marshal Chang Hsueh-Liang, Dr. Willard L. Beard told a large gathering at the weekly luncheon and meeting of the Shelton Kiwanis club yesterday noon in the Baptist church parlors he did not think anything would be done to the rebellious young leader, but it is unlikely that Chiang Kai-Shek would trust him any more.

Dr. Beard who recently returned to this city after spending 42 years in the mission field in China related many interesting things of the vast changes in that country since the first time he went there. Before proceeding to tell about China and his many experiences in that country, Dr. Beard said he couldn't but think of the great change in Shelton in nearly a half of a century. He recalled that his uncle, James H. Beard, conducted the only store in the city on a site near Bridge street. It was a one story high structure and when people bought sugar or flour, it was by the barrel, today they buy it in a small carton. As Shelton has changed he said, so has there been changes all over the earth.

Pointing to Foo Chow on a large map of China, suspended from the wall, Dr. Beard said he left that city last June and went down to Canton, and from Canton by boat to Manila, Philippine Islands, then to India over the Himalaya mountains. From there to Egypt and Jerusalem, Italy and Switzerland, Paris, France and then to London, England, where he boarded a steamship for the United States.

Speaking about the trouble in Jerusalem, Dr. Beard said they arrived in that city and heard about the shooting of two nurses by the Arabs. These nurses he said had been administering first aid to wounded Arabs and upon their departure they shot them down in cold blood. In his travels through all of these countries Dr. Beard said he observed vast changes being made. In the town of Amoy, China, he said that when he first went there 40 years ago, the streets were narrow, and now there are boulevards 50 feet wide. The shops that used to stand one story high are being replaced by structures two and three stories high. The same he said can be said of Foo Chow and Hong King, although the latter city is controlled greatly by the British. The speaker told of the beautiful roads in Italy and Switzerland. China is also building new roads and is advancing along with the rest of the world, he said.

Communism in China.

Dr. Beard told how communism got into China. About ten years ago Sun Yat Sen went to America and to England seeking money to equip an army of men. He was refused, but Russia not only proffered the desired funds and offered to send men to train the army. This offer was accepted and at one time there were 17 Russians drilling the citizens of Canton. This communism, bolshevism, or third internationale, Dr. Beard said, is not the stuff the Chinese like at all. The stronghold of communism in China was at Kiang Shi. Communism brought along banditry. The soldiers of the communists would go into a small village and find out those who had money, and then would seize them until a ransom was paid. This was done under the threat of death if the money sought was not paid.

Chiang Kai-Shek, he said, the generalissimo for the whole of China, who held this position for 20 years, longer than any other man since 1911, was trying to drive the communists out of China. General Chiang has practically driven the communists out of China. In driving out the communist element Dr. Beard said he has built good roads over which his armies could move.

"Many good things," Dr. Beard said, "have come about as of war. I hate war. How much do you realize has been done for airplanes since the war?" The speaker pointed out the vast improvements done for aviation through the war and also the old Roman road which was built out of war.

Dr. Beard told of his experience when traveling in a convoy of boats down one of the rivers in China. This convoy of boats consisted of thirty small craft. As they were slowly going down the river all boats stopped. "What's up," I asked. The reply was "I don't know, bad men." Dr. Beard said he learned from the boat pilot that a messenger had been sent down the river to negotiate with the bandits. The boats proceeded slowly down the river and ahead in a bend of the river could be seen an empty rowboat with a large bamboo stick sticking out. This was a sign that the messenger had been making arrangements with the bandits and going down further we heard three shots ring out. That was the signal that everything was all right. Passing down the river further, Dr. Beard said, could be seen eleven boats burned to the water's edge, which indicated that they tried to run the gauntlet without negotiating with the bandits.

Rebellious Leader.

Marshal Chang Hsueh-Liang, the speaker said, had been appointed lord of the Shensi province by Gen. Chiang. Chang Hsueh-Liang is the son of the former lord of the province and is said to have something to do with the death of his father. Chang Hsueh-Liang was appointed to that post last May or June. Evidently Gen. Chiang Kai-Shek had suspected that something was wrong at Sianfu, the capital of the Shensi province and went there to investigate when he was made a prisoner with several of his military leaders. Dr. Beard said he didn't think that Chang Hsueh-Liang would do anything to hurt Gen. Chiang Kai-Shek. Dr. Beard enumerated various persons who hold the political situation in China. Gen. Chiang Kai-Shek, his wife, who is a graduate of Wellesley College, his sister, who is married to Dr. H.H. King, a graduate of Oberlin College, and holding degrees of B.A. and L.L.D., from that institution. Then Mrs. Sun Yat Sen, sister of Mrs. Chiang Kai-Shek and Dr. T.V. Soong, brother of Mrs. Chiang Kai-Shek.

Chiang's Birthday.

The bombing planes, which number 50, were given to Gen. Chiang on his 50th birthday anniversary, were bought by money raised by the government in schools and donated by the citizens. Dr. Beard told how young women went about the city stopping buses and collecting funds with which the bombing planes were bought.

Dr. Beard spoke interestingly of Foo Chow University, which was founded in 1915, and of which institution he was president for several years. He told about the progress being made in educating the young Chinese at the university. There are today 175 students at the university. There were 153 applicants for entrance last year and out of this number 144 took the examinations and 63 were admitted as students.

The speaker told about the civilization in China and the work that is being done among the people in the rural sections. The government, he said, is also cooperating with funds to bring about a better China.



Ellen, about 1936

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Willard Beard – about 1936
[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1937

- Amelia Earhart is lost in the Pacific
- Hitler continues to build German power
- The Japanese begin occupation of China in August
- Gould and Virginia are in LaGrange, Illinois
- Cynthia Elmer was born December 19, 1937 to Kathleen and Hugh in Florida
- Marjorie is back in the U.S.
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Gould and Virginia are living in La Grange, Illinois
- Willard and Ellen are in the U.S.
- Willard is 72, Ellen- 69, Gould- 41, Geraldine- 39, Dorothy- 36, Marjorie- 31, Kathleen- 29.



Undated photo of Beard ladies dressed in Chinese clothing taken at Century Farm -about 1937
L to R: Marjorie Beard, Ellen Kinney Beard, Mary Beard, probably Edith Beard Valentine, Phebe Maria Beard,
Kathleen Beard Elmer.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte and women identified by Jill Jackson.]



Undated photo of Phebe Maria Beard and Mary Beard in Chinese clothing.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **January 19, 1937**, was written from New York City, New York by Marjorie to her father and all the rest. She is a governess for a Teresa Peabody and tells about her responsibilities. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Care Mrs. J.D. Peabody
18 E. 84th St.
New York.
Tuesday Night.
Jan. 19th [1937]

Dear Father and all the rest,

Things are growing brighter. But it's always darkest before the dawn- this was the worst day I've had yet, and it seems as if I had been here a week. I can't get over the feeling that I'm in a prison, tho a rather pleasant one.

I got up at 7:15 so that I could get my hair fixed before going down to wake Teresa, for that's always the longest part of my dressing and I want to be sure of it. At 7:30 I went down to wake Teresa, Ray going with me this first time. She has warned me that Teresa is hard to get up and frightfully slow about all her operations simply because she (and all the rest of the children) have no conception of the value of time.

Here Ray came in with an orange and sat down for another good long talk. I'm glad of the orange for I was starved. I'm really going to lose here, for, tho the food is delicious, one just does take small helpings (everything is passed) and I never take seconds. Dessert is always fruit or custard, sometimes with small cookies. How I miss Aunt Mary's apple pies that melt in your mouth! There's no place like home!

Well, Teresa at last got down to breakfast, and ate a pretty good one. She eats practically nothing at dinner. Lunch she has at school.

I got left when the car took Muriel, Ray and Teresa off to school, because I didn't hear them go down. It was my own fault, I had my wraps all on. The stairs and halls are padded with carpets almost two inches thick so you can't hear anyone. I washed Teresa's stockings, pressed her skirt, looked over her clean stockings and found no holes, looked thru her dresses on eager quest for something to mend and was rewarded by finding a sleeve- seam with an inch split in it!!! After that was all done I asked Ray if there wasn't some thing I could do for her- but no. Well there were 2 ½ hours until lunch and nothing to do. So I began mending my own stockings. Nothing is so depressing and nerve-racking as feeling you ought to be busy and having nothing to do. Presently Mrs. P. came along and sent me on the immensely important errand of buying a needle-book for my work basket! At least I got a walk out of it and any chance of getting out of the house is like release from prison. Poor lady, I think she even is hard put to it to think of things for me to do.

Ray asked me to walk to Muriel's school with her at 12:15 to get M. I jumped at the chance. Ray is so comfortable and satisfying. She's a perfect dear- my chief friend and helper here- tho all the servants go more than halfway to be nice. Really, I do think that most of the people in this world are nice. I expected to get all sorts of bumps in job-hunting and in this kind of work but I've had none yet.

After lunch- from which Mr. P. retired in a coughing fit (his cough sounds worse than a consumptive's). He's had a stroke and is just getting on his feet again. Awfully young for a stroke- about 50, and the nurse says he'll never be strong again.

Well, to resume, after lunch I telephoned down to find out about tickets for Teresa and me for the opera Saturday afternoon. We're going to hear Flagstad in "Tales of Hoffman", Aunt Phebe, as you suggested! But no response from the box office, so I'm going to the Opera House tomorrow morning to get them, another errand to take me out. I'm reading up on the opera, to educate Teresa. They have a large library here- the book I have on "Opera Synopses" came out of it.

Then I went downtown to Altman's- first time I've ever been in- to do some bits of shopping for Teresa- dress buttons etc.

Teresa came home tonight on the school bus at quarter to five, and my job is to meet her. I found that she'd sprained a few ligaments in her foot playing basket ball. We soaked it in hot and cold water alternately and the nurse did it up with adhesive.

Since Mr. P. doesn't like to cough at table, he and Mrs. P. are dining alone at 7, and all the rest of us eat at 6. We have lots more fun- the two children, Ray, the nurse and I.

After supper we, Teresa and I set to work on her lessons. She goes to bed at 8:30, so then I was free. But I really have very little time with her on week days. She goes to dancing school at five tomorrow afternoon, that will be fun. I find I can't skate when she goes to skating on Tuesday's (she didn't go today) for it's a special Junior club.

I've promised to knit a sweater for Mrs. P.- one that she promised to send to the Kentucky mountains. That's the way to do your missionary work- by proxy!

During the month of February, while the Peabodys are south, Teresa and I are going to stay at the house of a cousin of Mr. P.'s, who is godfather to these children. He and his wife have no children. Ray says he is very silent. Mrs. P. says the wife has always wanted to be a missionary, so she thinks we'll hit it off beautifully. Ray says they're lovely people, so I'm expecting a very pleasant time, especially as Teresa will probably be on her best behavior.

Teresa really studied hard tonight. She has brains if she'd only use them. She's really clever. But she used her cleverness to the worst possible advantage. But she really seemed interested in what I had to say, so I hope I've begun to touch her slightly. So this ends on a bright note. Lots of love to everyone.

The kiddies will be going the day you get this so kiss them each for me and take their pictures- don't forget. Monnie

[At the top of the letter, Ellen wrote:]

Please forward as follows:-

Mrs. Hugh Elmer, Clearwater, Florida, R.D. 1.

Mrs. Harold C. Newberg, 2306 N. Bond St. Saginaw, Mich.

Mr. M. Gould Beard 610 N. Catherine, LaGrange, Ill.

Then back to Mrs. W.L. Beard,

Shelton, Conn.

Don't destroy; they're history.

*[This letter, dated **January 20, 1937**, was written from New York City, New York by Marjorie to Jerry and the family. Marjorie talks about her duties and goals as a governess to Teresa Peabody. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

18 E. 84th St.
New York City
Jan. 20, 1937.

Dear Jerry and the family,

Father's letter came this afternoon- Teresa handed it to me when we came in from dancing class- and I fairly shouted with joy. I certainly did "like to see an envelope from home" Father, and that's putting it mildly. I'll answer the letter first.

As I wrote you last night, Teresa and I are going to move to a cousin of Mr. P.'s on the first of Feb. or thereabouts, so I'm afraid I shall have to make arrangements with those people. I'm sure they wouldn't mind my taking a couple of hours off on that Monday afternoon, since Teresa is at school until 5 anyway, that day. I'll write you about it the first week in February.

Today has been a day of the greatest emotional ups and downs. I really think I've got the clue as to what's the trouble with Teresa, but I'm holding my breath.

This morning's work was insignificant in comparison with the findings of afternoon and evening. I spent most of it trotting around town buying opera tickets for Sat. afternoon and arranging at the Berlitz School of Languages in Radio City for my first lesson in English on Friday morning. I'm to arrange for the succeeding lesson each time, for my schedule here at home isn't at all fixed. It was very snowy and blowy but I loved it, for this is real winter. The snow plows have been working all afternoon and snow piles taller than a man are scattered along the sides of the streets.

Teresa came home for lunch, and we washed her hair, bathed her and practiced piano from then till five, when she went to the Plaza Hotel (Mrs. Beaumont-Smith's hotel, Jerry) for her dancing class. During her dressing and the ride down something must have impressed her as especially clumsy and inexperienced about me for suddenly she asked as we rode along, "Have you ever taken care of anybody before?" And I explained that I hadn't. She was silent for while and then said "Do you like it?" in a more gentle and interested voice than I've heard her use before.

When we got to the hotel, the fact that she now knew I was "green" made me "greener" still. But I think she felt for me, because she guided me about most watchfully in a rather shy, awkward way. It was so queer, being taken care of by someone I was supposed to be in charge of. My prize faux pas came when she was taking off her wraps- a red felt hat and a lovely little red velvet coat. She wore white kid gloves, and in a spasm of helpfulness I burst out "I'll take your gloves." "I'm wearing them," she said, and I sank thru the floor.

When we started upstairs for the ball room (it must have been that, with the crystal chandeliers, little balconies etc.) one of the other girls promptly attached herself to Tray (as every one calls her) and her nurse and I walked side by side in silence for awhile, but finally introduced ourselves, and she- dear lady- took me under her wing when she found I was new, and I blessed her for it. We told her all about "our families". She had been with hers for 24 years and had served three generations. They were real aristocrats for the old dowager to whom she is lady's maid has never put on or taken off her own shoes and stockings. My friend said it proudly. They are Rhinelanders- Germans, I suppose? The girl looked it.

The dancing class was fascinating- all girls, between 12 and 17, dressed beautifully in all colors of velvet and silk, about half had gloves. I learned four new dance steps- if I can ever remember them.

I felt for the first time that jealous pride of servants for their families, for Teresa compared well with the other girls. She is small for her age (Ray says she thinks that's part of what's eating her), but she has a perfect little figure, lovely legs and arms, the cutest most characteristic walk- I'd know her by it anywhere, and an abundance of dark, naturally wavy hair cut in a long bob. She's not pretty, but her large, dark eyes are lovely. (You'd think this was a novel. Truth is stranger than fiction.)

I was amused and touched when the teacher announced at the end of the class that there would be no class next week, that Teresa caught my eye solicitously to be sure I'd got it.

I usually come up to my room right after supper to give Teresa a little time alone with her parents before they go down for their dinner. When I went down to her room, she was industriously studying. Exams are coming next week, so she's a bit interested. Ray says her report card last quarter was so bad that they didn't show it to her parents. She's bright, but indifferent- another of my reformation jobs. She's absolutely unashamed, outwardly, of bad marks, tardiness, etc. Ray says she has no Achilles' heel. We'll see.

I'm surprised at her ability to organize and choose her material for review. She simply won't let me do a thing, but tells me just what to hear her say, and has me ask her dates and declensions and conjugations backwards and forwards unsparing of herself. When she applies herself that way she does it amazingly easily. During the year she evidently just doesn't. Her brother was on the honor roll of his class at Groton, last term.

During her prolonged process of undressing we got to talking about her faults and virtues- I had planned to have a talk with her tonight, and was just steeling myself, when suddenly we just fell into the subject so naturally. And it gave me my golden opportunity; I spoke very frankly about her attitude toward her mother which I think shocking and said so. But I went on to say I wasn't going to nag- esp. about her slowness morning and night- she's forever late. And she burst right out that that's why she was so stubborn- because they all constantly nagged. I'm so hoping that the trouble is as simple as that - do you suppose it can be? Everyone is always telling her to do or not to do something, regardless of who's around. It's so inconsiderate of her feelings. If she were a moron it would be different. But she's of more than average intelligence, and sensitive, I think, so she covers it up with a hard little crust of seeming indifference and defiance. All the nagging has become absolutely meaningless she does exactly as she pleases. Ray says Mrs. P. is utterly powerless with any of the children- even 7-year-old Muriel. Last summer when Ray was away for two days, they told her Muriel ran wild and they were all thankful when she came back. To reform Teresa is the main reason why they got her a governess.

After I had explained that I wasn't going to nag, I asked her what I would do if she didn't do as she knew she ought. I told her she was old and intelligent enough to watch time herself and see that she kept to the schedule she knew perfectly well. She thought for a minute and then suggested that I try her tomorrow- just wake her and not come down to see whether she was up, until I was dressed myself. So I agreed. She even told me breakfast was supposed to be at quarter to eight. She's never down till 8. And this morning she asked me to wake her early to study for a quiz today, and then I went down at quarter to 8 to take her down to breakfast and she was still in bed. I felt like pulling the clothes right off her. But I knew that any demonstration on my part would only make her worse. So I just seemed slightly shocked, and let it go at that. Then's when I resolved on the talk tonight. I've been rather feeling my way toward a plan of action and this morning brought it to a head.

When I said goodnight to her finally I remarked that I thought the plan would work. She flung back gaily, "That's what you think." But I'm hoping that's just a face-saver.

I'm awfully glad she is what she is. She has a strong and most interesting personality, and is essentially serious. She smiles seldom for a child of her age. While we were waiting in the hotel lobby, there was an orchestra playing in another room, and she remarked that she didn't like jazz, only to dance to. At supper she said something about these women who go around all painted up. Neither she nor Muriel ever wear any jewelry. They are really brought up very simply.

Poor Teresa has hardly a minute to herself all day. Except for Friday and Saturday her whole week is full. Maybe that's not exactly simple, but their home life is.

I hope you haven't been bored by this letter. It was an emotional necessity. I was so down at the dancing class because I seemed socially a failure as a governess. Then I was so encouraged by that talk with Teresa tonight- I just had to get it out of my system.

Tomorrow afternoon I'm off. I think I'll go and see Pearl and Bill. They may even invite me to supper. I'll also call Miriam Samuels. I'll try to arrange to go out to Aunt Mollies' next week. It may not be possible to go to the Oberlin supper. I find I can borrow one of the boy's radios from the nurse, and plug it in right beside my bed Saturday night. Grand eh? Did Willard have his hair cut?

When is Jerry coming down? Aunt Phebe, those handkerchiefs are such a comfort now I have enough so that I can send them to the laundry and not have to do any myself.

Loads of love to all, Monnie

*[This letter, dated **January 31, 1937**, was written from Marjorie to the folks at the farm. Marjorie tells more about her job as governess to the Peabody family. She has visited with some acquaintances. She expects to stay about one more month. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

18 E. 84th St.
New York, N.Y.
Jan. 31, 1937.

Dear Folks at the Farm,

Mr. and Mrs. Peabody have left for Florida and we are having a very quiet Sunday afternoon. Since it is so dreary outside, and not too warm inside, and I'm going to be in my room all afternoon, I've lighted a fire for the first time, in my fireplace, and the soft coal is making a cheery blaze which I do so wish you were all here to share with me. Ray, Muriel and I are alone in the house- except for the servants below. Teresa has gone for the weekend to Long Island with her godparents and will not be back till tonight. I had thought I'd ask to be off today and come up to the Farm and surprise you. But I saw that it wouldn't work, because Mrs. P. would have things to tell me at the last minute, and she has already made two concessions for me- last Monday night when Miss Grutchfield came and last Friday night when I went to the Oberlin dinner- so I'm stuck here. I shall get some of my correspondence done; and Ray gave me a card from St. James Episcopal Church, where the Peabody's go, which she got this morning when she took Muriel to S.S., telling about a special service there, to which I may go tonight.

Thursday afternoon I was off. Did a bit of shopping, went to the Trans-Lux, the new movie house at 60th St., which the children go to nearly every week and saw very impressive pictures of the flood. Had supper and came home to get my skating things. Met Miriam Samuels and we went to Madison Sq. Garden rink. The ice was terribly chewed up and my skates were too sharp to go well, and Miriam wasn't feeling too well, so we left at ten o'clock. But we had a very satisfying talk, and she gave me all sorts of encouragement. She's going to be very tied down from now on, for she's taking three courses at Columbia T.C. this semester. Both families with which she has worked have told her she ought to do something with children, since she is so very gifted along that line; so she's decided to take training to be a primary teacher, and plans to do three courses this semester and complete her work with full-time study next year. Besides, she says, teachers get more than librarians. Miriam is very self-assured, isn't she, Jerry? She felt quite capable of giving me all the advice needed for my job. Otherwise I liked her. She was much surprised that I had had any trouble finding work. She had had five offers, all the families eager to get someone they could trust. They baby she has charge of improved tremendously in the first two weeks she had him, and all the trouble with him was that his former nurse had been giving him paregoric to keep him quiet. She says many nurses do that to save themselves trouble. I don't wonder mothers want someone they can trust!

Friday night was most satisfying. Just as soon as I reached the place I found Esther Radachy, a psych. major whom I knew in Oberlin and with her was a 1928 man, whom I never knew at college, but whose face I knew. And he had since been in China- Shanghai, banking- and knew of Father, so we immediately had something in common. I'm enclosing the program of speeches given afterwards. And as you see, I at last heard and saw John Gurney. He looked much the same, and sang well with real operatic drama and finish and effortlessness. After two arias and a funny English folk song, he sang "Ole Man River" which he declares will become a classic. Mr. McDonald spoke of all the peace-preserving measures which have been tried- war, League, disarmament, etc., - and of the failure, and left us with a rather pessimistic view of the world, which Pres. Wilkins was supposed to brighten by giving us some suggestions as to what we could do about it. In speaking of writing to Senators and Representatives to let them know how their constituency thinks, he told of one (of several) letters written by an Oberlin student last year, in the answer to which was a confession by the Congressman that that letter had made him resolve to study up seriously on international affairs. I thought that was noteworthy.

After the dinner, I spoke to Judy Van der Pyl, saw Ethel Metcalf 2, who was so cordial and thought Jerry a great rascal for not writing, and is going to write her to come for a visit. Polly Root was there but I had no chance to speak to her. I saw Henry Douglas (whom I met in the subway that day, Jerry) and met his wife who is a very interesting person of Porto Rican birth, and of Japanese-Spanish parentage (what a combination!) who is interested in social work and knows Rhienhold Neibur (whom she calls "Rheiny") and his wife well, and adores them both. The Douglasses have invited me up any time I can come, and have asked me to come with them to a class (I guess at the Theolog. Seminary) on the Bible as literature every Thursday night. She wears the pants in that household, I think. I never did think there was much to Henry.

Yesterday morning we got Teresa ready and moved her things down to 67th St. where she will stay next month. I shall have to see her to the bus each morning, and take her home from school and see that she is dressed for dinner each night, so I'll get plenty of exercise, thank goodness walking the 17 blocks at least twice each day. And I intend to walk whenever I have time, for the exercise.

Teresa left with her godparents yesterday noon, and in the afternoon I took care of Muriel for Ray, since the latter couldn't have gotten off today, and she will be tied down without any days off, as I will be, next month. In the mornings when the children are at school, and in the evenings when the children are in bed, we will be able to do our errands and get our recreation. I'll be off earlier in the evening because Mrs. P. says when I have dressed Teresa for dinner I'm done for the day- about 6:30 or seven. So I'll be able to stay in for Ray sometimes in the evenings. I'm taking care of Mrs. P.'s mail, too. She gave me my first check today, for about \$35, for the two weeks I've been here. It isn't half a month of 31 days, so it's not \$40. I shall have to keep all of it and wait to begin payments until next month, for I need some new clothes (Mrs. P. has said nothing further about helping me with them, so I'll have to get a blouse and dress) and Mrs. P. gave me \$10 for expenses during the month, and if they run over I'll have to dig into my own purse, she said, until they come home, so I dare not risk running short. We, Teresa and I, have spent more than that in the last two weeks.

Father and Mother, Mrs. Peabody said I could have you up here to call. So either next Monday morning or afternoon, come up to 18 E. 84th and, if you'll write me when to expect you, I'll be here. Get the Madison Ave. up-town bus at the corner of 43 rd and Madison and get off at 84th. Cross Madison Ave. after you get off and it's about the third door down. Just ring the bell. Wallett, the butler, will be expecting you. If you could stay for a later train than the 4:30, we could have tea. Write me anyway. Bring the aunts or Jerry with you if you can. I shall be free until about 5:15 when I go to get Teresa from her music lesson.

Her skating lesson on Tuesday was as much fun for me as for her. The darling costumes, and the tiny children, and the really beautiful skaters among the girls from 10 to 15, were fascinating to watch. Two little 11-year-olds are far on the way to becoming Sonia Heinies. One tiny four-year-old boy in a yellow knitted suit persistently trudged (you could hardly call it skating) round and round and round hanging on to the railing. I don't believe he stopped once during the hour and a half period!

Want to hear some gossip? Mr. Peabody has just paid his income tax- \$28,000.00. Mrs. P. says "Isn't that robbery?" Mrs. P. just bought a new hostess gown for informal, at-home dinners- dark red trimmed with fur, with a bustle ruffle and a short train- \$200.00 [*using an online inflation calculator, this equates to about \$3,000 in 2007*]. (This from Ray, who is the eager vendor of all such information, bless her. I like her better every day, she's so good hearted.)

Anne, the chamber-maid, says Teresa is getting better natured. Otherwise, I can't see much change in her. Tho I know I influence some of her opinions, I can't seem to change her actions much. Miriam Samuels says "Have patience. I didn't begin to see any change in my three-year-old girl until lately, and I've been with my family since early fall. Teresa is 13 and you've been with her only two weeks." In a way, I'm sorry she's going away during February, tho Ray and I agree it will be the very best thing for her to have to toe the mark with no one to give in to her. But now I can't see what I could have done with her. Any changes will be attributable to her training at her godparent's. They are both awake to her problems.

Please send my trunk- it looks as if I were going to stay at least a month more! And send me the bill for expressing it. I'll also pay Father for the skates and things Jerry so kindly sent (they got here at 7 o'clock Thurs. morning!) and he can repay her.

Thankyou, Aunt Phebe, for your most welcome letter. Letters are events these days. Dorie's letter was good, Jerry. I'm enclosing it in case you want it again. Lots of love to all, Monnie.

I tried the small portable radio a week ago last night, but couldn't get any Canadian station, tho they all insist they've had even England on it. Last night I was so dead sleepy, I didn't sit up. But next Saturday night I'm going to try again. Did you hear my message go thru?

[This letter, dated **March 1937**, was written from Century Farm by Virginia to Ellen in Putnam. She thanks Ellen for watching young Willard and Hazel. Gould is away with work and they are in the process of moving from Cincinnati to La Grange, Ill. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Century Farm
Shelton, Connecticut

[March 1937]
Monday afternoon

Mother Dear-

I have a very guilty feeling that I haven't written and told you how much both Gould and I appreciated the generous and splendid care you gave our kiddies while with you here.

We were so anxious that they both learn to know and love you and Father as they do the rest of both families and it certainly accomplished it I think, if the amount of discussion of Grandma means anything. I've been told by them all the nice things you did for them. How grandma slept in the room so that you'd hear them if they called, shown the splendid patches that were put on the knees (they are holding out better than the rest of the suits), all about singing with Grandma and countless other things.

You were a jewel to do it my Dear and Gould and I can't say thank you enough.

Our house is only about half settled. We couldn't get our goods out of Cincinnati, but they were not the least bit damaged and we'll probably have them in another month. The kitchen, and bedroom and the kiddies room is complete, the dining room still boasts only a card table and the living room a studio couch, folding chair, world globe on floor standard, Encyclopedia Britannica, and my serving cabinet. The studio couch will go into our third bedroom which is going to be fixed up as a den.

I'm hoping that Dot and Harold may be able to come down and spend Easter with us.

I haven't seen Gould very much since Christmas. He left Chicago Jan 3rd and got back Jan 15th. Then left again Feb. 5th and isn't back yet. You see he is testing and taking delivery on 5 more Douglas planes for us. He had gotten three of them when the strike set in! They were supposed to open today again but don't know whether they were able. So haven't any real idea when he'll be back; certainly hope it is soon for we don't either of us enjoy these separations.

I had planned to stay East until Gould was ready to leave the coast but if he isn't leaving within a week I think I'll pick up the kiddies and go back to LaGrange anyway. I just don't feel that I should be away much longer, for I have altogether too much to do back there and then too I want to get the kiddies back in school again.

Tuesday morning-

I'm on my way into New York for the day. The enclosed advertisement I thought might interest you. I'm going to look at them this morning and will tell Monnie about them on the phone so that if you should want one for Aunt Emma she could get it for you on Thursday if you let her know right away.

How I wish I might get up to Putnam, before I leave but it is quite impossible. Do give my love to Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma. It was so nice seeing them at Christmas.

I have been at the farm since last Friday and probably will stay until this Thursday or Friday.

Mother is going into N.Y.C. with me and just asked that I be sure and send her regards to you.

I'm so glad you can have this nice visit in Putnam but am very sorry I won't see you again before I leave, but will hope to see you in Chicago soon after we finally get all settled.

Much Love
Virginia

[This letter, dated **March 8, 1937**, was written from Florida by Kathleen to her mother, Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert. She thanks Emma for the dress for Jill. They visited the Ringling Brother's winter quarters in Sarasota, Florida. The Elmer's garden is abundant this year. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

March 8 [1937]

Dear Mother, Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert,

News has been rather scarce from you folks in the North this month but I am presuming that you, Mother, are still in Putnam and Father is at the Farm. I see that I made a mistake in sending his birthday socks there but you knew what to do with them anyway.

Since I wrote the above the darling little blue dress from Aunt Emma came. Thankyou so very much Aunt Emma. It is sweet and just Jill's color. She wanted to put it on right away so we tried it on and found it a perfect fit. She will wear it a lot this spring and summer.

We had a little birthday party for our two-year-old last Wednesday, having her three cousins, her grandmother and Aunt Enid over to help celebrate. The children had a grand time breaking six balloons and eating jello and cake. Here are some recent snaps of her and her cousins. The one showing the zebras was taken down at Sarasota when we visited the Ringling Bros. winter quarters. The one with Jill under the parasol was taken in our back yard. Something blemished the film and left a mark on her feet but it is pretty good otherwise. She isn't fond of having her picture taken and I have a hard time making her pose. She is growing so fast now that she out grows her clothes in a few months. She has shot up more than an inch since you saw her and has done a little filling out too. She isn't so shy now and I'm sure she would take to you all in a few minutes if she could see you.

Father Elmer's garden is bearing lots of strawberries and peas now, so many in fact that they have a canning fest every week and I go over to help. This year has been the best so far for growing vegetables and he is encouraged by the abundant harvest he is getting. The first two winters here were very bad- too cold and rainy, but I guess they would call this a normal Florida winter.

Two weeks ago a friend of Mother Elmer's from her days in Turkey came for a four day visit. The other house is full so we entertained her here for nights and breakfasts. Perhaps you, Mother, have heard of her, Miss Worley, now of Salonici, Greece. The A.B.C.F.M. is withdrawing support from the girl's school there and Miss Worley is raising funds in this country to continue the work. We found her very interesting and lovely. She remembered Phebe in Oberlin and said she had heard of you and Father.

I fear I never answered Aunt Emma's good letter which came in January. I did send a card to Aunt Viola tho, and hope it reached her in time for her birthday. I do love to get your letters Aunt Emma and will be more prompt about answering your next one. Yours and Mother's birthdays are coming soon and I suppose you will celebrate together. I'll send some good wishes now and more when the time comes for both of you.

We all send our love to all three of you-

Kathleen



Jill Elmer



[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter, dated **March 19, 1937**, was written from Florida by Kathleen to Monnie. Kathleen had a birthday party for Jill. She tells about their family life in Florida. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

March 19 [1937]

Dear Monnie:

Guess I haven't written since your birthday have I? But have been what I call "busy" for the last few weeks. Other people probably wouldn't say I did much but Jill can consume so much time and I have been helping the family some.

Your two letters have been gobbled up and re-gobbled in the usual way and I could stand more. I must correct you on your niece's age however. You must be thinking of Willard for Jill has had only two years of illumined life. She loves her new doll and is forever wanting me to undress it. I do think Jerry and the Aunts got up a very cute outfit and am eager to see your creation. Don't hurry on it tho; because there is no danger of the baby getting cold in this weather. We had a little party for Jill to which Mother, Enid and the three children came. Five balloons entranced them until eating time and the popping of four disturbed them not at all. I made a little cake with robin's-egg blue frosting and pink candles which we ate with jello and tea (orange juice for the little ones). It wasn't much of a party but the children got a kick out of it.

I know how "suspended" you feel about word from Ralph and I hope it comes soon. Is he coming down to N.Y or just to Montreal? Are you going to quit work in June anyway and does Mrs. P. have any idea that you are only a temporary governess?

Jerry said "narry" a word in her letters about her nose. Will these operations clear up her bronchial trouble? I wish my nose could be excavated too for it does me little good as is, and isn't any decoration either.

We did see Maid of Salem when it was here and liked it very much. Romeo and Juliet was also grand. I am very fond of Norma Shearer and she is so sweet as Juliet. There are several other good shows I would like to see but we can't always arrange to go when they are showing in Clearwater. "Lost Horizon" and "Winterset" are on our list of must sees, and I'd love to see Sonya Heinie's skating in "One in a Million."

Pearl is on another rampage now. She is completely absent and no help at all so I've been helping with washing and picking vegetables over there and have done lots of driving for Father this week. I like to drive but it takes time to go to Clearwater and St. Pete and I don't get much done here. Of course Jill goes with me everywhere and, while she likes to ride, she gets restless on long drives and wants to get out. I'll be rather glad when Rol stops work again and can be their chauffeur. He says he is going to take his family North this summer to stay. He's disgusted with jobs down here and thinks things will be going better in Warren again. We will miss them awfully- especially Jill will miss Molly. I don't know what Mother will do without Enid.

I sent some snaps of Jill to the Farm and to Mother so maybe you can get a look at them since I haven't enough prints to go around. I thought maybe your picture would come today so held this over for comment but, it didn't and I want to send this on.

This week a Miss Bailey (I think that's the name) and Miss Shelton and two other ladies stopped to call. I don't remember any of them very well but was glad to see them. She, Miss Bailey, raved about how sweet and interesting you were and how she enjoyed Father's talks. Fortunately I had just been to Clearwater and so looked half way presentable. We are going again this Sunday to see the Nichols and have supper with them. I think they must be leaving shortly for the north, but am not sure.

I must get to work on some of my lagging correspondence, much as I don't feel like it. Jill can say your name (Monnie) very plainly, but Aunt Jerry sounds something like "Ann Duwy". She calls herself Du (Jill) and me "Kassie". She fell the length of Mothers back steps the other day (about 8) and scratched her nose and forehead so looks quite banged up. Love as ever Kathie

*[This letter, dated **March 27, 1937**, was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Etta Kinney Hume to Ellen. She wishes Ellen a happy 70th birthday. Etta updates Ellen on her family and various acquaintances. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Oberlin March 27/37

Dear Ellen:-

Birthday Greetings to you on the 29th! How does it feel to be almost 70 yrs old? Not much change in feelings from year to year I can tell by experience. You must be feeling younger, rather than older, with your grandchildren, if you are like father, who felt ten years younger after the twins came. Grandchildren, - two in one order, rejuvenated him.

It is always a question what to get people (who have nearly everything) for a present. Should I send you a rose bush or another apron? As you do wear aprons, and probably do not have time to make them as you are busy with speaking engagements, am sending you another, which I bought at our Bazaar. You will think my selection of both rather gay but all of those on sale seemed to be very colorful, and seeing much color in China you are accustomed to it. I am giving Emma a rose bush, and that would have been equally appropriate for you; as you will, no doubt, have a little patch at the farm where you can cultivate flowers of your own choice.

I'm wondering if Marjorie is liking her work better as she continues as governess. No doubt she is enjoying N.Y. City. Quite different from Labrador isn't it? Stewart disliked to leave the city. He enjoyed the Y.M.C.A. advantages; Fordich's church; and the Lake Chatauqua reunions, and the hikes with Geraldine, and others. He likes his work much better now in the Acceptance Dept. of General Motors. It takes him out doors and he was looking better after he was in Youngstown a few weeks. In N.Y. he took "bottled sunshine" – (Cod Liver Oil in Capsules) to keep fit. We expected him home last week end but did not come, and again this week end with Millicent but he is so busy the last of the month he could not get away. His work was held up a little by the strike. His roommate's father died, and he went home to take his father's business; Stewart was given his work; and he has been busy since.

Millicent came yesterday for a week's vacation. Lucybelle and Myron will be in Sunday to dinner. They were over Tues. evening to attend the Conservatory Concert. The Orchestra of 90 pieces gives two free concerts a year.

The Girls Glee Club has just given its home concert. I went last year but did not go this year. They are on their concert tour in the South and West.

Mrs. Van der Pyl passed away a few weeks ago; buried in N. Hampshire. Think it must have been at their summer home. Prof. Miller's wife died a week ago. Think you must have known her. She taught children in the Conservatory until two yrs. ago. Two sisters of Mrs. Upton have recently died. One was Mrs. Nelson, who has been a missionary in China, and the other Miss Elmore, who has been a teacher in Brooklyn. When she retired ten years ago, she and her friend, Miss Henry, built a nice house on Morgan St. They were both making a visit in Brooklyn when Miss Elmore died suddenly.

Prof. and Mrs. Upton are spending their sabbatical in Washington and she has been called home twice by the death of her sisters.

Elbert writes he has decided to make his trip this summer, but did not say when he planned to start.

I will probably go East about June 23- as the reunion at Mt. Harmon is 25-28. I will be with Emma a while, during Elbert's absence, and hope you will be in Putnam at the same time.

I suppose Marjorie has not made any definite plans about her wedding.

Millicent is going up town so I'll conclude this that she may mail it. I sent the apron to Shelton day before yesterday, and I hope this letter may reach you before you start for Putnam. Elbert said you were to be there April 1st.

We are having real winter. Quite a lot of snow. There will be few Easter outfits tomorrow.

Mrs. Davis led a women's meeting in Fairchild chapel in new Theol. Building Friday at 7 o'clock, and a meeting followed at the church at 8; Communion was held Thurs. Night. Have heard Lent services over the radio from Detroit.

I enclose Mrs. Davis outline.

Birthday Greetings- and Easter Greetings to all

With love-

Etta.

I intended to remember the Feb. birthdays in your family, but failed to look them up in time. We have five in March in our family. Bobbie 12, Helen 13, Donald 31, Stewart and Millicent 16th.

*[This letter, dated **March 27, 1937**, was written from Fukien province, China by W.H. Topping. He tells Willard about a dispute over some land that their church is on and asks Willard for a written statement that might shed any light on the situation. A response by Willard to Mr. Topping's letter is written at the end of the letter. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Church of Christ in China
Mid Fukien Synod
Mar. 27, 1937.

Dear Mr. Beard:

There are so many things piling up that I have been hoping to write you about, that I must not delay any longer. We have greatly appreciated your fine letters which have come to the mission one way or another. They all give the impression that you are kept busy, not only with pigs and cattle, but with speaking, and strenuous social rounds. We envy you your good home life in the land of the free, etc. I am herewith enclosing some pictures which we took the day you left, and some taken before that time. They are very poor, but perhaps will serve to stir your memory of the send off early in the morning over at Dong-ciu. I could not get a shot at Mrs. Beard's face, so had to be content with the back of her head. I hope that you got some good ones on the way home. We got some great pictures on our last trip.

Now, to open the meeting, the first matter of business, is Au-cieu. After Sing-gang's death, the son Nguk-guong claimed the day school property, and collected the rent. He said that he had the deed to it given by his father, and it was registered etc. in good shape. We did not hurry to dispute his claim. We consulted lawyer Gong, and he said that since we had the deed of the land, that the property built thereon after we bought the land, could only be claimed if we had given permission to the builder-owner to build it. We of course had given no such permission, because the building was supposedly our own and not Sing-gang's. It looked as if Sing-gang's family were trying to freeze on to the property. They soon got to see this themselves, and gave up that trench of "Ownership". The next claim was that the church owed the family \$280 for a loan made by someone to Sing-gang at the time the school building was built. The money the family claims is still owing, and so the Church must pay this. I told Nguk-guong I was willing to investigate. I told him that Newell was one of the committee and he had better to [go] and see Pop. This Nguk-guong and wife did at once. Pop told them that he himself was the treasurer when the school building went up, and he and no one else handled the money, and that he had squared up everything absolutely. This was a stagerer, and they told Pop that the \$280 had nothing whatever to do with the school building, but was connected with the church building. This was trench number three. We wonder if you can remember anything about the building of the Church. They have never made any claim to that property, and we are sure that no one would loan funds on Church property to an individual. Even if it were true, it could be the church committee which would be responsible, and not the District. We would be glad if you could put any statement in writing on a separate sheet of paper, if you can make a statement which you think would be of value. The week before Sin-gang died, Ling Iu-cu and I had a long talk with Sing-gang and settled up all his claims on the church. He owed the District treasurer \$39 and signed papers to have that paid out of 1937 subsidy to his church. He said nothing about anyone owing him any money. The accounts showing debt of \$280 were in the year 1916. i.e. their family accounts. (My typewriter is gone bad) We have an account showing Sing-gang borrowed \$100 from the Treasurer in 1917, so that it is not likely the Synod owed him.

I am enclosing a letter from Ung Huai-iu which I will not try to translate. It is his usual appeal for funds, which you can understand without reading. Many others have been here wanting me to make an appeal to you on their behalf. Pang from Au-seu, is very anxious for me to make a strong appeal for him. You know the situations at these places. Len Christian has been doing some good work at Au-seu, and there is promise of good there. It is as you know run under the auspices of Hartwell Memorial Church. This brings up thoughts of Pastor Guok. He has never bent a hair from his former attitude of having done nothing wrong about Sing-gang's wedding. He has not submitted to discipline and has gone on conducting his own Communion services. The subsidy to his church was cut off because of their attitude toward their Pastor's insubordination. The matter thus stands as it was. At the Pastor's Association which met this week, a resolution was passed asking him to come to the meetings - -- which he has not been attending. The meetings are for both Pastors and preachers, and are for the deepening of the spiritual and intellectual life, and we feel that he needs this as much as the rest of us. A committee of three was asked to see him - - - Len Christian, Diong-huak, and Ieu from West Gate. I am on the best of terms with him, and preach in his church occasionally. I never refer to the matter.

Lawyer Gong fell out of a rickshaw and is probably lame for life. He was told by Dr. Jarvis after his X-ray that he should either go to Shanghai for an operation, or should get the bones placed by a competent physician and lay absolutely still in bed for several months. Jarvis told me this. Lawyer Gong did neither. He took rather the advice of his evangelistic friends - - -many of whom you know - - -not to show his lack of faith in God, by trusting in the knowledge of men. I went to see him once, and he walked round the table - -hanging on for dear life - - -to prove what God could do for a man who had faith in God rather than in a mere doctor. I have heard both Ieu Soi-ling and Pastor Guok in sermons refer to this cure as a wonderful example of Faith in God as against faith in a human doctor. Had it not been for this pernicious evangelistic advice, no doubt Lawyer would have had his operation, and the promise of two good legs. Now it is too late. One leg is about three inches shorter than the other already.

I must say a word about the Kuliang Council. I was asked to send you a letter of appreciation at the Resident's meeting. Skerret-Rogers is back in Foochow and has put \$2000 on his Kuliang house. The new

swimming pool is being built where the Chinese Club was. That property was given to the Council for this purpose. The Provincial Gov. contributed \$1000 to the project. It will cost about \$2000. Tieng-die is dead. He was accused of having part in some thefts. His son was accused, and his wife imprisoned. I know now he was not the thief. He ran up and down the mountain too much over it, and died. We will miss him at Kuliang. I always liked him and got on well with him.

The work goes on as usual. Ling-iu-cu and I were at Ingtau and missed you and Mrs. Beard. The other day at the Pastor's meeting at Ling-iu-cu's we asked the Chinese what kind of foreign desert they like best. Kiu said: "Bi-go", which translated means Mrs. Beard's cake. We all send our greetings to you all. Cuthbert, Muriel, and Rena are all in Japan.

Very cordially yours,
[signature]
W.H. Topping.

[Handwritten]

Thanks for the nuts at Xmas. We've all enjoyed your gift and the kind thoughtfulness which prompted it.

Bessie and I went "in" to the Oxford Group at Meetings during the retreat with Bishop Root past October. The Bingham's are just back and are also "in" it.

[Willard's carbon copy of his response to Mr. Topping's letter:]

Century Farm
Shelton
Conn.
U.S.A.

April 26th, 1937.

Rev. W. H. Topping
Foochow
China

Dear Mr. Topping:-

Regarding your inquiry relating to the claim of Rev. Ling Seng-gang's son for \$280.00 for a loan made to his father many years ago. I am very much surprised. For forty two years Rev. Long Seng-gang and I have been very intimate. We have always talked very freely. In 1896 the first building was rented for a chapel in Au Ciu. I have known the circumstances of the church since then, the acquiring of the land for the present building and the getting of the building, the dedication and all. Mr. Newell was in charge when the school building was gotten. But Mr. Ling and I talked that all over. If there had been any encumbrance on the property, church or school, he never mentioned it to me. We always took it for granted that the property was free of encumbrances of any kind.

As to the church owing him money, or the school owing him money he never mentioned it to me. He has several times told me he did not need money.

In the light of the above I am very much astonished that any one should present a claim of this kind, and special of so long standing.

Very sincerely yours,

[This typewritten letter, dated **March 31, 1937**, was written from LaGrange, Illinois by Virginia to the dearest family one and all. Virginia, Gould and family have moved from Cincinnati, Ohio to LaGrange, Illinois. She describes a flight they took. Virginia asks Geraldine about the surgery on her nose. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

610 N. Catherine
LaGrange, Illinois
March 31, 1937

Dearest Family One & All:-

If I don't just stop and take time out to get this letter written now I don't know when I will get it done. Right now I am spending nearly all my spare time house hunting and believe me it is a mighty discouraging job. Rents here have gone up terrifically according to the supply and demand, most certainly not according to the quality of the houses. I have seen a couple of fairly good ones but they are both two story frame houses and not in the location we want and do not have automatic heat but I am afraid it is going to be a case of - - beggars cannot be choosers --.

All the goods arrived from Cincinnati storage the day after we got word that the house had been sold and we would have to vacate within sixty days. Needless to say we did not have any of the barrels or cases unpacked. However we are overjoyed in a few ways. When I opened the pasteboard cedarized cartons that I had my blankets and linens sealed in, I could still smell the moth crystals that I put in two years and nine months ago and they were in perfect condition. I was so tickled for I a little bit dreaded what I might find. My silver was just as I left it and we found one box that we thought had gone to California and been lost there when we came back the first time. Now if the cases and barrels are holding their contents in as good condition I shall sit down and write Pagels a real thankyou note after we get settled again and everything unpacked. I can't begin to tell you how grand it seems to have all our belongings under one roof and to use at any time we care to.

Mother I hope you are getting as much pleasure from the use of your comforter as I am of mine. It came the week after we got back here with the kiddies and I have used it on our bed nearly every night since. How did yours turn out Aunt Emma? I'm so proud of mine and the dark blue matches as near perfectly the upholstery on my bedroom chair and vanity bench as is possible when one is satin and the other taffeta.

Our dining room set has been ordered and am expecting it within a week or so. I'm terribly anxious to see it all together for it is from three different companies and sections of the country. The chairs from Wisconsin, the table from Charak of New York and the buffet and china-closet from some wheres around Georgia or the Carolinas. I know it is taking a chance but it had to be done to get what we wanted. It is all in Walnut only because I couldn't get some of it in mahogany as we would liked to have had all of it. We still have to buy rugs but it will be another month before we invest in those. What we do about our livingroom will a little bit depend on the house we find.

We had so hoped that Dot and Harold could spend Easter with us but they were both too tied up with the work to get away very much to ours and the kiddies disappointment. Mother they were so tickled with their cards you sent them. The only one they received and they are being treasured.

About our trip back here. - - Monnie we were so sorry not to make connections with you for a few minutes anyway. Seeing Gerry helped tho. I had no idea it would be so hard for the kiddies to say goodbye, but Hazel just wept her little heart out before we left that morning and she has said countless times since here in our own home; "Mother it is so good to be all together in our own home again, but I did so hate to leave the Farm and Nana's." They both still talk of all the nice things you did for them and the interesting things they saw and did. I really think the both will never forget those two months in the East.

We had no trouble getting out on the plane. First they thought we might have to go out on the noon local via Buffalo and Detroit but at the last minute there was room for us all on the noon nonstop. We went right up through the clouds and flew on top in the most gorgeous sunshine and all those fluffy billowy clouds underneath us. We only had fleeting glimpses of the ground about a half dozen times during the entire trip; but we didn't care for it was raining down there. They served us a delicious dinner. Lets see if I can remember at this late date what the menu was. Hot boullion, fried chicken that was perfectly grand, string beans, potato balls, slaw and orange salad, hot rolls, coffee, and delightful ambrosia custard. Uncle Elbert you'd better try one of our trips when you come out to make us that promised visit. Yes you'll even find the stewardess very charming young ladies for the most part. If they don't stop getting married by the wholesale though I won't know any of our girls any more. Did you see the pictures of several of our girls and their husbands in the last issue of Life?

The kiddies loved the trip. Willard took a splendid nap after filling his little tummy to the bursting stage under Daddy's supervision. The stewardess was lovely with them and they had a good time visiting the other passengers. Willard was saying only tonite during one of his mental ramblings, that a great big truck would come and take everything and then we would go on a long airplane ride and then finally get the automobile out and then we'd be in our new home. Poor youngster felt quite disappointed when we told him that this time there would be no long airplane ride because our new home we hoped would be right here in LaGrange.

Gould has been to Newark two or three times in the last couple of weeks. He is having to check out the Pilots on the new ships that they are putting on the new nonstop run from here to Washington and then Newark. The run was inaugurated today. Gould is having to go out on it again tomorrow and gets about 8.30 Saturday night on the same trip.

We have had one or two touches of spring since we got back but that is all. The first week after we returned we had snow every day but none stayed more than a few hours very much to Hazel's chagrin.

Gerry how is the nose? Certainly hope this takes care of things for you. Hazel has been in bed for the last four days with a good case of bronchitis that started out with an earache. I just went in to her and she is sweating so the fever must be breaking for which I'm very glad. She ought to be already to go back to school Monday I think. This has been her Easter vacation. Billy Littlewood has spent his vacation in bed in the hospital having his appendix out. Has come along very nicely and are bringing him home Friday night. I took "A Genius in the Family" over for him to read and Dot said he got to laughing so hard he had to stop reading it because it hurt him. I talked with her this noon (Thursday) and she said he had finished it and he didn't believe he had ever enjoyed any book as much. They all want to read it now.

Willard likes his new Nursery School very much. I'm so glad I was able to find a good one here for him. Hazel is enjoying kindergarden too and is really beginning to learn things. Several times she has come home with a paper with free hand drawings on it and she has explained to me that the teacher had read a certain story to them and they had to draw it on paper what the story had been about. One of the papers had the blackbirds nipping off the maids nose. I've forgotten the others for the moment.

This end of the Beard Family will be very happy if the fireplace set works in nicely at the Farm. I was so glad when I hit on something I thought you might get a lot of use out of.

Mother I am returning Monnies letters that Dot just forwarded to us last Saturday. They were so interesting, thank you so much for sending them the rounds. I'm going to ask you to send this the rounds if you don't mind. Will make Saginaw the last stop for Dot and I are both the worlds worst about forwarding letters.

Kathie how is Jill since she got over her whooping cough or is hers hanging on. I know it does with some children. We were mighty lucky with Hazel and Willard when they had it last summer and we are thankful it has been had and is over with. How we wish we might see the three of you. How I wish the entire family might all be together before Monnie goes North again if she and Ralph get married this summer.

The wood in our nice fireplace is just a mass of glowing coals gradually dying out and with it my thoughts are about used up and it's time I stopped so Gould will go to bed. Could use a little sleep myself after a couple of poor nights with Hazel.

Much Love to each and every one of you from all of us.

Ginny

From a Pearl River newspaper dated Wednesday, March 31, 1937

Rotary Hears Talk on China

Education Plays Big Part in Chinese Progress, Nyack Club is Told.

Education has played a most important part in the material and physical changes during the last half century of China's history, according to Dr. Willard L. Beard, president of Foo Chow College, who spoke to the Nyack Rotary Club yesterday on progress and changes he has witnessed during the 42 years he spent in the Orient.

Modern highways connecting the cities and provinces and bus transportation facilities that are equal to anything on our highways now provide dependable services to all parts of the nation, he said. Although communism has made progress he expressed doubt it could hold any gain since the philosophy of communism is not in keeping with the traditional Chinese mind.

"The army comprises almost 2,000,000 well armed and efficiently trained men," Dr. Beard said. "And while no effort is being made to establish a navy, every effort is being made to build a first-rate army and a large air corps. Today it is not uncommon to see young ladies soliciting contributions on the streets and in busses, and railways trains for funds to purchase airplanes from America.

"A combination of things made possible the march of progress, but the crucial thing was education. In 1908 the Empress abolished the old school system and in its place established one based on the best to be found in the Western world. Since then progress has been slow but steady.

"One of the interesting things education has brought to the nation has been the change in the status of women. When I first went to China, it was considered a waste of time and money to educate a girl. 'A girl is too stupid so why waste time educating her' was the reaction. Today, however, girls receive the same advantage of education as do the boys. Some of China's most progressive leaders are women."

Stanley D. Beard of the Pearl River club was a visitor.

[Newspaper article from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter, dated **April 2, 1937**, was written from Florida by Kathleen to Monnie. Kathleen thanks Monnie for the gifts that she sent. Hugh would like to get a job in accounting. Kathleen and Hugh went to a nightclub and left Jill with Hugh's mother to baby sit. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

April 2 [1937]

Dear Monnie:

The little tea-set is sweet and Jill did so want to play with it, but I knew that it would go the way her little one did (the one Aunt Mary got her up there) so I just let her hold a few pieces and then put it away. She has forgotten about it now but she loves the utensils and plays with them a lot. Two cups got broken en-route but I think that is a pretty good percentage for the distance it had to come. We will use it at the next party we give. Thankyou loads for such a cute outfit. Your picture came the day after I wrote last, and thankyou for it too. It is good but not your best expression or angle for your face. The family all thought it excellent, but I will say (as Ralph probably does) that I'd rather see you in person- and how I wish I could. You asked if there was any prospect of our moving North. I don't think so, at least not for some years. Hugh thinks he wants to get into something down here and establish a permanent home here. He is working toward being an accountant and there seems to be some opening in that field if only he can find it. We both like Florida, especially this part, very much, and often wonder if we would enjoy a Northern winter again. If we could have a couple of months in the North each summer it would be quite ideal here, but of course it is all day dreams as yet. We're merely scraping along on a fish line now and hoping something will break.

I hope you have heard something from Ralph by now, or perhaps even seen him. Do keep me posted on events concerning your beloved for I am feeling with you.

Your job has worked out rather nicely, hasn't it? And will release you just at the right time. When I quit as a waitress in N.Y.C. they felt rather bitter about it for I only worked three weeks and I suppose it was unfair of me not to tell them. From what you say of Mrs. P. she must be a very reasonable and likeable person. You were lucky.

Well, we at last got to a night club in St. Pete and tried to trip again on rusty feet. I didn't get much kick out of it and didn't get into the dancing mood either. Guess I'm getting old. It was Father's treat to us and he went too. The floor show was amateurish and not a little dirty, and the floor was crowded. But we had fun watching a young gold-digger play up to an old fool who resembled W.C. Fields, and there was nothing subtle about it. Jill stayed with her grandmother and howled when we left, so I had her on my mind much of the evening. Poor little thing does hate to be left. I took her on a shopping trip to Tampa when I drove Mother and Father there and she enjoyed the stores so much. It's hard to shop and watch her too, so I didn't get half what I wanted to. I did get some lavender gloves with flowers to match for Mother. Do they go with her spring things? I do so hope she wears them. What did you finally do to celebrate her birthday?

I can't keep track of Jerry so if she is there this is to her too, and I hope she has luck in finding a temporary job. I have seen nothing of that long letter sent via Dot, Jerry. She is having one of her letter lapses now and it may run on for months. Love to you both Kathie

The package came alright addressed just R.D. 1. The mail man knows us, in fact even delivered a letter addressed to Jacqueline Beard which Father sent. That's observation for you isn't it?

*[This letter, dated **April 9, 1937**, was written from New York City, New York by Monnie to her father and mother. She will be staying a little longer with the Peabody family and then may look for temporary work for the summer. Ralph is doing an apprenticeship with his company and won't be home for another year. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

18 E. 84th St.
New York City
April 9, 1937.

Dear Father and Mother,

This is just a short note to corroborate Jerry's announcement that I am staying on with the Peabody's until the first of June. Evidently Mr. and Mrs. P. talked it over and decided that it would be best to keep me during May while Mrs. P. went to the hospital to have a tumor removed. They may keep me after that for all I know. I was so disappointed when Mrs. P. asked me to stay on, for I had had visions of the last two weeks of April at the Farm, during these glorious spring days. And here the life is so dreary. But I suppose I ought to be thankful, so I'll try to be.

During June and July Mrs. P. suggests getting work thru a Temporary Work Agency. That gives work taking care of the children of transients at hotels just for the week or two while they are in town. Temporary work always pays more, and if I can get enough of it, it ought to be profitable. I shall sign up again with teacher's agencies, if Jerry gets no encouragement for me from the school at Locust Valley, L.I. where she is visiting today.

Yesterday I shopped for Becky and managed to spend about \$35 of her money. I was fortunate to be able to get so much in one day. She wanted it soon.

Have I written that Mr. Butt says Ralph will not be home until a year from this summer, so I shall plan to teach next year. It will be best for us both if he takes the regular five year apprentice-ship required of all new Company men, and isn't favored because of relationship to the high-ups. But this year will seem awfully long. Yours and Aunt Phebe's letters were good. I shall answer the letter soon. Mother's birthday gift from me will come later. Had letters from Gould and Kathleen. Will send them on when answered. Must close. Much love to all, Monnie

*[This letter dated **May, 9, 1937** was probably written from Clearwater, Florida by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen asks about Geraldine's nose operation. Kathleen is pregnant with her 2nd child. Hugh's sister, Pearl, is in the hospital but is doing better (schizophrenia). Hugh's current job will be ending and he will have to find another. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

May 9, [1937]

Dear Jerry:

Your letter was dandy and I'm glad your nose is fixed up. If it is a very noticeable improvement in your breathing I would like to know more about it for I'm sure my nose would show about 1% breathing space in an exray. It has always been the bane of my existence.

Thanks for the letter about England. I hadn't seen it before and I think it quite the prize of all you wrote. The preceding ones I sent on to Ginny before Christmas and asked her to send them back to you, so if you don't have them Ginny may know where they are. I'm returning this one directly.

No, I haven't read "Gone with the Wind" yet but would if I could lay hands on it. The mention of it on the radio so much is enough to arouse anyones curiosity. I hear that its success has quite unstrung its authoress tho.

I am feeling much better after the flu but still don't have much energy, due, I suppose, to the fact that the next little Elmer is using it all. (Mother told you didn't she?) We expect its arrival in January but it may fool us as Jill did. I don't imagine I will feel much like travelling this summer and that means that unless you come down here I won't see you and Monnie for another whole year. I am writing Dot trying to persuade her and Harold to drive down and bring so many of you Beards as can come. If you don't have a job by July I do wish you would come down for at least a few weeks. I don't think you would mind the heat so much if we went to the beach every day and we could take things easy.

Pearl is still in the Tampa hospital but the doctor says she is much better. We expect to bring her home toward the end of this week and I do so hope she will be well enough not to be a care. Hugh has taken Father over to see her today. If the treatment does make her normal again it will be a wonderful thing.

Enid's family is still here and will be at least until the packing house closes. If Rol finds work after that they may not leave. Coachman's will be closed at the end of this month and Hugh will have to find something else, but just what it will be we don't know yet.

You people do go around so much that I never know where you are but I guess if I send letters to the Farm they will always reach you. How long did you stay at Pearl River? And are the folks back from Putnam yet?

We are having tomatoes and corn from Father's garden now and string beans. Soon their cow will be fresh again and we will have plenty of milk. We have been getting along on one quart a day all winter. Berries are gone now but melons will soon be ripe and mangos in a month or so.

Several of our neighbors have gone North already and it seems rather quiet but it isn't hot yet and the nights are almost chilly. Jill is glad to be wearing sun suits again, all of which I have had to lengthen this year. Much love from us all Kathie

*[This postcard, postmarked **June 3, 1937**, was written from Boston, Massachusetts by Monnie to her mother. Monnie has finished her job with the Peabody's and is staying with Bella Butt before coming down to the farm. Postcard from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Postmarked June 3, 1937]

Thursday

Dear Mother,

I am staying tonight with Bella Butt at her friend's in Newton Highlands. Left the Peabody's this morning. Will leave here tomorrow afternoon, arrive Bridgeport tomorrow night at 8:27 and come to Shelton on the bus. Will telephone when I get in. We are in Boston this afternoon. See you soon. It's good to be free.

Love to all,
Monnie



Written on back: "1937"

Left to right: Stephen Beard, Ellen Kinney Beard, Marjorie Beard, Willard Beard, unidentified woman, Mary Beard, Ruth Beard, Myra Palmer Beard, Geraldine Beard, Stanley Beard, Nancy Beard, unidentified woman, Phebe Maria Beard, unidentified man..

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This postcard, postmarked **June 4, 1937**, was written by Hazel Beard to her grandmother, Ellen. She writes a brief note en route to Chicago. Postcard has a photo of an American Airlines Flagship airplane. Postcard from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Postmarked June 4, 1937]

[Addressed to:]

Mrs. W.L. Beard
Century Farm
Long Hill Ave
Shelton, Conn.

Dear Grandma Beard, Sonny and Mother and Daddy and I are riding home from Detroit to Chicago. Daddy came to Saginaw from Los Angeles Sunday and spent Monday with us at Uncle Harolds and Auntie Dots. All my love-
Hazel



[This letter, dated **June 4, 1937**, was written from Putnam, Connecticut by Emma Kinney to Ellen. Elbert is on a long vacation to the West. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Putnam, Conn. June 4 37

Dear Ellen,

Elbert left this p.m. on his western trip with flying colors. He took a 4.40 bus to Springfield where he plans to take a 9 o'clock train for Ohio arriving in Cleveland Saturday morning.

They are having an Exposition in Cleveland which began last year and is opening again this year.

Elbert thought he would go in for a few hours and reach Etta's in the early afternoon.

College Commencement begins this week and he will reach Oberlin early enough to see the Illumination on Saturday night.

Elbert plans to remain in Oberlin until Tuesday a.m. He has been very busy the last week getting things ready to leave for two months at least, and I think it will probably be three months. He has very thoughtfully planned everything even to the most minute detail for my comfort and conscience. He has earned a delightful vacation and I'm sure he is going to have it. He has arranged with one of our neighbors, who knows gardening, to take care of our garden on the 50-50 basis. He will also take care of the lawn. This man will plant some more corn and I have two more rows of glads to plant and then our planting will be done.

How are your flowers coming on? My roses are doing finely but I find something is eating the beans. Think I'll have to spray them, if I can learn what is the best kind of spray to use.

Do you have this difficulty at the farm? Elbert received your letter in this mornings mail.

We learned this a.m. that Miss Nellie Kent, (Ernest Kent's sister) who was principal of Isreal Putnam School thirty five or more years ago, is on a trip to Alaska this summer. She, with three other ladies, is taking one of the shorter trips into Alaska. Perhaps when Elbert reaches the Pacific Coast he will decide to do the same thing.

I think I wrote you that Willis, Etta, Donald and Helen plan to arrive in Northfield about June 215 and will reach Putnam probably June 28 or 29.

Donald and Helen will make a short visit and then go on to Washington. I do not know Willis plans. I'll be glad to have you come up to be here when they are here, or later if you prefer. Suit yourself as to time. I want you to be here while Etta is here. D and H want to make a call at the farm on way to N.Y. D. was there once with Etta when [he] was three or four years old but does not remember it. I am getting on finely and will have no difficulty staying alone. So do not neglect your work or anything you wish to do in order to keep me company. Let me hear how your garden is coming on,

Much love Emma

[This letter, dated **June 13, 1937**, was written from Putnam, Connecticut by Emma Kinney to Ellen. She talks about the upcoming commencement of Putnam High School. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Putnam, Ct. June 13 '37.

Dear Ellen,

It had not occurred to me until last evening that the banquet and graduation exercises of the P.H.S. were so near and that you might like to know about it. Commencement comes a little earlier this year than usual. The banquet takes place next Wednesday June 16 evening at 6.30 at the High School. Menu as follows- Virginia ham, escalloped potatoes, peas, relishes, tomato and lettuce salad, rolls, strawberry short cake, and coffee \$1.00 a plate.

Kenneth Sharpe will lead the alumni in the singing of the school song and School days. Several professional entertainers from Boston and Providence will be heard in a program of songs, dancing and patter[?]. Wm. J. Carrigan radio tenor (have not heard of him before) and Miss Blanche Golthwaite N.E. outstanding diseuse[?] in impersonations and light character ?? will entertain. Husbands and wives of members are invited to attend.

The entertainment committee have departed from the old custom of having an address or remarks by old members of the alumni and now cater to the younger classes.

On the following Tuesday June 21 graduation will take place. There will be no address by some outstanding educator and no graduation essays by the honor students as one former occasions. Instead the class will present the opera, "Daniel Boone". I failed to mention that dancing would follow the entertainment at the banquet. Probably the audience will be made up very largely at the banquet of those who have graduated since 1915. If the entertainment would be of interest to our class mate Mr. Bliss I would invite him and Seraph to attend, but I do not think it would interest him so do not think I shall suggest it.

I don't know that you would feel it worth while to come up unless you were planning to come soon. Since you have been unable to attend the banquets in the past, I thought I would let you know about. I hav'nt attended for many years but would be glad to go if you want to attend. It would be well to get tickets as early as possible. I am sorry the time is so short.

A letter from Elbert states that he is in Salt Lake City yesterday and to day. He enjoyed the mountain trip into Denver very much. The next six days he will be touring the National Parks.

We had a very interesting Children's Day Service to day.

I expect Etta about June 28 or 29.

I invited a Hampton friend to spend this week or next week end with me but she had appointments for both dates. Will hope to see you up here some time soon or when you find it convenient. Am getting on finely doing a little of a lot of things. Much love Emma

[This letter, dated **June 24, 1937**, was written from Mt. Harmon, Massachusetts by Etta Kinney Hume to Ellen. She tells briefly about what she and her family have been doing in their travels. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Mt. Harmon, Mass Thursday June 24/37

Dear Ellen:

Helen, Donald, Willis and I left Oberlin Wed. noon and reached here at 5.30 today stopping over nite with Fulton. As there is only a Musical program on Sun. evening they think they will go to Putnam Sun. evening calling at Pearle's on the way, stay with Emma Sun. nite and with you Mon. nite and hurry in to N.Y. where they want to do some sight seeing and meet some Alliance people. I think they will arrive for supper. We drove over to Northfield this evening. Every thing is beautiful. Lovingly- Etta.

Fulton may call on you before he goes to Honolulu early in July.

[This letter, dated **June 30, 1937**, was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to her father and mother. She and Harold are on vacation for the summer. They hear that Kathleen is pregnant. Dorothy gave a speech on China and has been asked to give it to seven other organizations. Hazel and Willard F. visited them for a couple of weeks. Dorothy refers to Willard and Ellen's new car. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

2306 No. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich.,
June, 30, 1937.

Dear Mother and Father:-

No wonder you think we've dropped from the face of the earth. I guess it's eons since I've written. I now have letters from you, Jerry, Monnie, Kathie and Ginny to answer. I've had two from Mother and one from Father since I've written.

Why, I haven't even congratulated you on your new car. That's just grand. What fun you must be having with it, and how independent you must feel not to have to rely on someone else to get you where you want to go, and when. Mother, are you driving yet?

Well, here's the why's and wherefores about us. Harold wrote to Mrs. Holland - our landlady- before school was out, asking her if she would supply paint for the outside of our house- (pillars, window casings, trellises, etc.) and let him do the labor in exchange for a month's rent during the summer. He thought it might take him a week or maybe two to get the outside of the house fixed up, and at the same time help out with our summer expenses. We've been sitting here over two weeks now since school closed and nary a word from the dear lady. We've asked her twice before for the same thing and each time she's put us off. We've done so much on the inside of the house that we don't feel like paying for the outside, too.

While we were waiting for word, Harold saw in the paper that they were hiring playground supervisors. He applied and got the job at Bliss Park right down by the school. Today is only his second day on the job. It is supposed to last for eight weeks, which would take him almost up to the opening of school, but he may decide to do it for July and let Russ Parish take it for Aug. We're not sure yet just what we'll do. So that's the story thus far.

Just about the time school closes my heart always yearns for the East and all the relatives out there, and how I do want to be there. Yes, wouldn't it be grand if we could celebrate our tenth anniversary at the very scene of our wedding. If we take Aug. for our vacation, I shall certainly try to do that.

No, I didn't plan at all to go to the Oberlin Commencement. Next year will be my 14th reunion, and I very much want to go then.

I didn't even know that Uncle Elbert had started on his trip till you and Jerry wrote about it. A letter from Ginny today says that he called her up between trains in Chicago, and is seeing Gould in Calif. She says he plans to stop for visits with us on the way back.

Monnie's position for next year sounds very interesting. I think she is pretty lucky to be located so nicely and so early. I hope Jerry finds just what she wants.

Yes, Kathie wrote her most interesting news to us. Are you going down there to be with her when the baby comes? She'd like nothing better. I'm so sorry we can't plan to take a load down this summer, I do want to go down sometime. Harold just can't see going South during the summer. However, he never can get there in the winter.

Thank you so much for sending all these letters. They certainly did give lots of news about the wanderings of the various members of the family.

I was reading over your letter, Mother about the tiger skin. You suggested that you'd like the head a little lower. The one we sent you had the whole mouth- upper and lower lip. He said you could have it mounted without the lower lip. That probably would make it a couple of inches lower. Don't send any more until we see if we're going East. Then we can bring them back if you want us to.

I wish you all could have been here to have some of our asparagus. It was an especially good crop this year. I gave so much of it away, canned some, and ate just as much as I could. I think next year I'll have to make a little "vacation money" by selling it. We've always given it to our friends except now and then when my grocer asks for some and cancels a little of our bill with him. My currants are going to be ripe enough for jelly next week, and the bushes are full. Grapes- both our red and the wild- are abundant.

I never saw roses around town here more beautiful than they were this year, nor more profuse. I asked someone if she knew why, and she said because we'd had so many rains in early spring. They both watered the plants, and did a lot toward washing bugs off from the plants.

I suppose you've been reveling in strawberries. I have too. I put up my usual amount of "sunshine strawberries", and several pints of sauce, and have put up some peas. Now I'm waiting for raspberries.

From what Jerry writes, she's getting pretty well fixed up. I surely hope so. I'm so relieved that she feels so much better.

You needn't apologize for not sending material for my China speech. That that Father gave me helped a lot. It must have interested them a little for from that talk directly or indirectly I got some six or seven calls to give it over again at all sorts of places- the Culture Club (ladies), a Presb. Young people's mixed group, the Merry Wives Club of the Y.W., Mothers and Daughter banquet at Frieland (20 miles from Saginaw), the Young Married People's

group of the 1st M.E. Church, etc. I was so afraid that many people would hear it a second time and really, when I talk I tell just about all I know, so it would be just the same thing over again, but out of all those groups I believe only three or four people heard it twice, and that was because they heard it in one group and were responsible for getting me on to the next program in another group they belonged to. I have a date for the second week in Sept. for quite an elite group of ladies whose group is called the P.E.O. whatever that is. I know almost all of them, but don't care so much about talking to them. I'll have to get more help from you this summer, I guess, for that big speech.

According to Father's letter you are having a good apple crop this year. Our tree is just loaded. Harold asked the man who takes care of all the trees in the parks for the city, to come down and spray our tree. He came once and is coming again soon. In return we're giving him a bushel of apples.

We certainly had one grand time with Hazel and Willard while they were here. I was fortunate in that it really was about the most free two weeks I had all year- for outside activities, but Harold seemed to have everything under the sun pile up in those weeks, so he couldn't play with the children as much as he would have liked. I took them to my swimming class and had one of my girls sit in the balcony with them. One of our large gas stations here has a lot of little ponies that they use for advertising purposes. Children can have free rides on them if parents are with them. We took them there twice and they loved it. But the most fun of all was when we went to the country for our milk and meat. A neighbor lady goes with me. I get milk and eggs at the first farm, my cream, her cream and milk at the second and both of us, our meat at the third. All three farms are within about a mile of each other. Of course, each farm had little baby animals, and the kiddies went wild over them. At the first farm they saw little chicks. At the second, baby ducks, lambs, chicks, pigs and calves, and at the third Hazel ran for the barn and found some baby kitties. Oh, I tell you, that was a big day. Our kind neighbors came to the rescue and offered tricycles, carts, toy trucks etc. that their children had outgrown, and, of course, Fluffy came right into her own those two weeks. The children were crazy about her, and this time she wasn't one bit jealous of them. Isn't Willard's little Robin Redbreast song adorable- I mean, the way he sings it! He got his Uncle Harold's number right away and always came back with, "Oh, you're just 'poofing us.'" He could never start that word with s. One day Hazel had been out in the back yard, and came to the door and said, "Auntie Dot, here's a branch of 'lolly-locks (Lilacs) for you."

Monday and Tues. afternoon of this week I went to a cooking school put on by the Morge Co. The instructor was very charming and really made some very practical, different, and delicious dishes. Some 15 or 20 prizes were given away to the "lucky numbers" each day. I'm never lucky that way. I marveled at the worth of the prizes tho! Five different pieces of Super-maid aluminum- the frying pan, roaster, tea-kettle, sauce-pan and chicken fryer, five great big baskets of groceries (all sorts of things in them) three- 3 lb. cans of Pioneer cobbler, and of course all of the various things she made for us in the school. Did you ever make- or taste- butter-milk pit, Aunt Mary? By the way, would you be willing to give me the receipt [*recipe*] for that bread pudding made with caramelized sugar?

Love to you all, and do write soon again- Harold and Dot.

Father, if we can't go East why don't you fill up your car and come out here sometime in Aug. They all could help you with the driving.

[*Added by Ellen:*]

Marjorie please send to Gould, 75 North Park Road, LaGrange, Ill. Kathleen please send to Marjorie, Steamboat Island, Lakeport, N.H.

[*This letter dated **July 8, 1937** was written probably written from Clearwater, Florida by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen is hoping that Hugh can get a job with the Express Company. She went spear fishing with some members of Hugh's family. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

July 8, 1937

Dear Jerry:

You probably have by now that box of lovely rotten [*rotten*] mangos that I so unfortunately sent at just the wrong time. I would have written you immediately on receiving your letter about the change of address but I thought you would leave your forwarding address at 21 Claremont and it would reach you alright. A week after we sent the box I got a card from the express co. saying it could not be delivered and yesterday my letter which went with the box came back via Woostock Conn. So you see everything went pretty much haywire and I guess I had

better not try it again until you are more or less stationary. So sorry it was such a mess and I wonder what you thought when that stinking fruit was delivered to you.

Got your card yesterday and am anxious to know what comes of the Thompson position. Can you have it if you want it? Where is Monnie all this time and why under thunder doesn't she write? Dot is like a sphinx too and you are my only family correspondent at present. Thank heavens you don't all clam up at once.

We are waiting daily for Hugh's call to work for the Express Company. He is sure to get a job there but it may be tomorrow or Sept. The suspense sort of keeps us on tenter hooks. I guess you know how we feel, just waiting.

The other night Enid, Rollin, Hugh and I went spearing fish out in the bay. The air was as still as could be and it was ideal for fishing. The boys take turns standing with a spear at the prow with a bright light shining into the water, and poling the boat slowly in the stern while we girls sit in the middle and sack the fish as they come in. We didn't get anything very big that night but Hugh pierced a three foot shark- then let him go again. We got about ten edible fish- enough for both families a meal. Today we are taking dinner with the family and some friends from Turkey days are coming to visit for the day. It will make a crowd of fourteen, not counting baby Sally [*Kathleen and Hugh's, niece, Sara McNutt*], at the table.

Lots of love from us all
Kathie

*[This letter, dated **July 9, 1937**, was written from an island in Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire by Monnie to the folks. Monnie is a governess to the Tucker family. She describes the family, the other workers, the living quarters and the island. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

July 9 [1937]

[Steamboat or Birch Island in Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire]

Dear Folks,

We have been having almost as hot weather here as any of you. Last night we could hardly sleep. The Tuckers said it was the hottest night they ever remember. Swimming helps a lot. We go in almost every day- the children and I twice. There is a gently sloping, nicely sanded beach on Birch Island, to which our bridge connects us, and that is just the thing for the children. I hope some day to go over and dive from the diving board and slide down the slide on the wharf.

I'll introduce you to the limited circle of my acquaintances here. Mr. Tucker is fifty-four (he said so the other day) white hair, ruddy complexion, and a twinkling pair of the bluest eyes you ever saw. Carol, my 6-yr.- old has them too. They will help her break some man's heart some day. Mr. T. is rather easy-going, but must be worth something in a lawyer's office or he would not be where he is today. His father was a carpenter and Mr. T. is a self-made man, the only wealthy member of the family. People on the other island who have known Mr. T. a long time (he has been coming here since 1910) say his first wife used to have to count both sides of every penny.

Mrs. Tucker is his second wife. She is a quite attractive woman between 45 and 50, hair quite gray, but she gives you the impression of being much younger. Her manner is fresh and vivacious and she is always the master of the situation. I have never seen her visibly upset in any way- embarrassed, excited, or angry- under any provocation. She is a charming hostess, and awfully nice to me. But despite her seemingly familiar manner, she very subtly holds me at arm's length. She is a very unusual, capable, and winning person- apparently- but there's something about her I don't like. (Mrs. Tucker is a rabid pacifist, Jerry. You and she would probably click.) She was a travelling and speaking secretary for the Presbyterian Home Missions, with offices in 156 Fifth Ave. where the Grenfell offices are, before she married, and why she should look down on Mr. T.'s relatives is something no one on Birch Island can understand. They have all known and loved the Tuckers for years and resent the luxury and snobbishness of our beautiful establishment (only 3 years old) alone here on our own little island. Most of the other "camps" as the summer cottages are called, have kerosene lamps and outhouses. We have six bathrooms, 3 floors, running hot and cold water, something like a Delco system (Frigidaire and electric iron) and furnishings that give a charming atmosphere of roughing it, without any lack of comfort. His (Mr. T.'s) family never comes over here except on invitation tho the whole family, children and grandchildren are over there on Birch Island within 5 minute's walk of us. Mr. Tucker for certain is not the snobbish one. The other island is more or less like one big family. All have come here for years. We are the only outsiders.

Billy is also staying with us until his summer job starts on Monday. He is the son of Mr. Tucker by his first wife. He's 19, fat and usually good-natured, a Junior in Dartmouth. He doesn't have to work, but is doing so for the fun of it- a "brown" job, carrying and hauling, in an uncle's factory or something. Mr. T. has told him to come home

if he doesn't like it. That cut his pride and he declared he wouldn't quit. He worked with a Swiss road gang last summer sort of exchange job got thru a student exchange organization. Must have been interesting. The relationship between him and Mrs. T. (he calls her Christine) is interesting- very friendly, sometimes genuinely so, on the surface. But the antagonism pops thru once in awhile. She shows it in sarcastic remarks given with the sweetest of smiles, and he does, much less subtly by exploding quite bluntly and childishly at what he considers unnecessary fussiness.

He seems immature anyway. But I like him, for he is friendly to me, and awfully decent in every way.

In the kitchen are Arthur and Maude, a colored couple. They both are very particular about how people step on their toes, and are rigid about any infringements of their kitchen laws. Scrupulous cleanliness and orderliness are the rule and woe be to anyone, no matter who, who is careless. Mrs. T. warned me, and I was not long in finding out for myself, that I'd have to watch my step in the kitchen. That's unusual and very commendable in Negroes. They are both young- under 35 I should say. Arthur comes from Jamaica- is "English", his wife says proudly. But if you show them that you are perfectly willing to clean up after yourself and to do more than your share of the shared duties (like Stuart's trays- my 4-year-old eats alone in his room, and I bring his trays up) then they are really very nice. Maude has put herself out for me twice- offered to do some errands for me when she and Arthur had the afternoon off and went to Laconia. He's the chauffeur, so he takes the car to be serviced and goes for the laundry so they get to shore at least weekly. I have been only once as yet. We decided, or rather, I did, this morning that my times off would be when there was something I wanted to do - a trip etc.- instead of a half-day weekly, because it's so hard to get off the island. So for goodness' sake come up in August, someone, for I can get the day off, if there are no family guests here then.

My evenings I spend in my room, mostly, reading, writing letters or sewing. And I have so much of all three to do that it will be weeks before they will be done. In August I'm going to start on all those geographics and English and arithmetic books I brought up with me.

The mother of two children on the other island, comes down with them sometimes to the beach. I like her immensely. She's Mrs. Canterbury, the wife of the Yale forester who took care of the Yale forests in Union, Conn. She seemed as attracted to me as I to her. I'm going over to her camp as soon as ever the Tuckers stay in for an evening. Both last evening and this I planned to go, but they went out both evenings. She's between 40 and 50, but has such a rich sense of humor shining out of the blackest eyes (actually black) under heavy black eyebrows. She wears old dresses and stockings with the awfulest runs- she and I laugh over wearing out our old clothes up here. She has summered here since girlhood, has climbed all the mountains and almost walked around the lake in yearly laps, with the young crowd of her day. It must be a rather rich feeling to have such deep roots in a place. I never have, and am only beginning to realize the value of something I've always held rather lightly.

On July 3rd night there were fireworks on Birch Island- Mr. Tucker's brother (everyone affectionately calls him Uncle Doctor) always treats the crowd to a sumptuous display. Then on Monday night we took the children 15 miles down the lake in the speed boat to a town and stayed drifting in the harbor watching the fireworks from camps all around the shore. It was lovely and the children were thrilled to death. My first fireworks in years.

That completes the people I know here- as yet- (except the High School girls who helps Mrs. Canterbury). Only a few, but life is full and busy- never busier than when my day's work is over. A letter is an event in our placid life. Monnie

Please send around the family.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **July 14, 1937**, was written from LaGrange, Illinois by Ginny to Willard, Ellen, Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary. American Airways keeps Gould busy and away much of the time. Hazel and Willard spent some time staying with Dot and Harold. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

75 N. Park Road
LaGrange, Illinois
July 14, 1937

Dear Father, Mother Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary:-

Father your nice long letter was so very welcome with all its interesting news. I have carefully put it with the other mail that Gould must see and read when he finally gets home, which I and the kiddies sincerely hope will be very very soon.

You see the Company sent him to the coast the eleventh of June to be gone about five days then to go out a few days later for another very few days. As usual in cases like that unforeseen things arise and we didn't see him

again until seven o'clock Sunday morning the fourth and he had to leave for California again the next day, Monday evening the fifth of July and so it goes. He promised me he'd be home for tomorrow but I'm afraid I'll be fortunate if I have him home by the end of the week.

We've been separated three out of the first six of our anniversaries and it looks like the seventh would fall that way too, worst luck. Well everything comes to he who waits so we have found out so we have hopes that even that may come to us. After all it is rather a low trick to keep separated so much two people so terribly much in love with each other. Maybe it's for a purpose though for certainly it is just a little bit of heaven here on earth when he does get home. Hazel, bless her heart came to me the other day and wanted to know why God couldn't bring her Daddy home to her even if the American Airlines did want to keep him away. We have every hope that after the middle of August there will be no more extended trips until sometime in the middle of the winter.

It looks now as if it will not be until sometime next March or April that we will have to move back to the coast, if at all. I'm not so keen on moving again but I certainly would love to go out there again to live. Gould jokingly keeps telling friends that he doesn't dare take me out again for fear he'll have to come back alone when it comes time to leave.

I was so glad that Gould was on the coast while Uncle Elbert was there and helped him to see some of the things that he might not have seen any other way. Sort of a little family gathering out there with Freck [*nickname for Virginia's brother*] being there also.

How I did enjoy my visit in the East in May. I did so many things and saw so very many people in the comparative short length of time that I really felt as if I had been away longer than I actually was. It was such fun though and believe me the good old New England Spring just made me realize all over again that it is just about the most perfect section of the country and I just couldn't seem to absorb enough of it. It just tickled Gould so much for he has always talked for weeks about it when he has been sent East for several days around New Year while we have been located on the coast and he comes back out there with a lovely new green picture in his mind which makes poor Sunny California look most as dry as the desert.

The kiddies enjoyed every minute of their stay with Dot and Harold and now we are hoping that they can come down here and make us a visit sometime this summer. I haven't heard a word from Dot since we left so don't know what they finally planned to do with their summer. At that time Harold wasn't sure whether he was going to get a job for the summer or not. Dot said if he was she was tempted to pick up and go East for at least a goodly portion of the time.

The weather has been trying hard to get us down out here. The thermometer has said 90 or over, several times in our dining-room and it gets up to a hundred or so up in our bedroom at that time. Gould has brought me several short, shirt, and skirt combinations from out on the coast and I find myself practically living in the shorts and shirt and keeping the skirt handy to slip on when ever the occasion called for a bit more modesty, which is very often compared to what we were used to in California.

Sunday July 18, 1937

Today is a perfectly grand day; just the right temperature and the sun not too hot. Guess I'll see if I can't get some one of the neighbors to play badminton with me after supper. I gave Gould a set for Father's day but he hasn't had a chance to really use it yet. Our back yard is just the right size for a court and it is loads of fun and such excellent exercise.

Gould did not get home for our Anniversary but remembered it several ways. He is such a Dear. I swear they didn't make any more like him. He hopes now to be home by the 25th, but isn't at all sure.

Had one of my Los Angeles friends here last Sunday and Monday and was I ever glad to see her? Her husband Bill Birren is Pacific Coast Representative for the Wright Engine Corporation. We knew them very well out there and Gould and Bill are very busy working together out there now. His Father [*Joseph Birren*] was a very famous artist. His fame was in his trees. Art as art bores me for the most part but his paintings are thrilling. They are so very very alive and he has painted so many scenes that I know, it is a joy to look at his works. He has pictures in museums all over the world and many in private collection. When he died not quite four years ago he left over three hundred thousand dollars worth of paintings still to be disposed of. I saw a good many of them last Monday night when I drove Belle into Mother Birren's down in Chicago.

Had a card from Monnie the other day. If her charges are not too difficult to handle I imagine she will enjoy her summer up there. It certainly is a beautiful location. How is Jerry's work coming? Is it going to be more permanent than she first thought?

Mother I'm so glad to see that you are not waiting for Father to drive two years before you go on any trips with him at the wheel of the car. I'm sure he is going to make a good conservative driver.

Dear Grandpa and Grandma—

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y etc., etc., etc.

Love MNHAS ELI

Hazel just had to write a message to the folks on the Farm before she felt she could go to bed, hence the above.

When Gould was here for the one day over the 4th he asked me please not to open anymore of the barrels until he got home but since he is being so badly delayed I am going ahead with it anyway. It is such fun. A regular treasure hunt. Our new china cabinet looks so pretty holding all our lovely wedding gifts of that sort. It has a solid glass front with sliding glass panels for doors and the glass, silver, pewter and chromium just shines out beautifully.

There are still two more barrels and several cases to be opened. Gould got the lion and tiger velvet cut pictures also the cork picture hung in the few hours he was home. They with stood their sojourn in storage just splendidly and look so well in this house. You just can't imagine what fun it is to have all our own nice things to use again and how good it is to look around in the house and know that everything in it is our very own. I don't think I ever realized what pride of ownership could mean until now.

Oh! I forgot to tell you how interested the kiddies were in the news about Anniebell and Bessie cows. I imagine if you can decode it you will find all that in Hazel's note.

I think the world is about to be repopulated. Roberta in August, Edith in September, a friend here in October, one of the girls on the coast in November, and both Kathie and Lillian in January. I started to make a Weave-It blanket for Roberta but I know mighty well I'll not be able to make one for each one. So many have me scared about Christmas so started shopping for that the other day. Picked up part of Jill's Christmas yesterday. Have six people already cared for and plans for several others already in mind. It really is lots more fun doing it over several months and then you can take your time and get the things you would really like for each one. Then too there are some excellent specials once in a while that are lovely gifts.

We are still wondering whether we are to be favored with a visit in our home from part or all of you. We still have hopes anyway.

What do you hear from Kathie? I do hope she is feeling pretty good.

Much Love to you All from all of us.

Ginny

*[This letter, dated **July 22, 1937**, was written from Steamboat Island, (Lake Winnepesaukee) Lakeport, New Hampshire by Monnie to Kathie and the rest of the family. Monnie hopes to be able to visit Kathleen in Florida someday but does not know when she will be marrying Ralph. She is still with the Tucker family as governess and talks more about it. Monnie will be teaching at the private, high class Low-Heywood school for girls in the fall. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Steamboat Island

Lakeport, N.H.

July 22, 1937.

Dear Kathie, and the rest of the family,

Your letter, Kathie came today. And was it welcome! Yesterday a letter came from Jerry with two enclosed from you. So now I feel quite well posted about your family for the past three months.

Indeed you're not naturally last on the list of my Round Robins. I make up my mind that I would start with you all in turn, so the letters will chase each other round.

First of all, about coming down to see you. I am sorry not to have done it this summer. I feel guilty about it. I think that idea about coming down at Christmas time a grand one. Or would Easter vacation be better. I shall come one or the other times. I can't afford to leave it til next summer, for there's no telling when Ralph will be coming, and tho you will be up for our wedding, whenever that is, while preparing to be married is no time to visit. If Christmas time is too uncertain and you think that at Easter time you will be more in condition to do things I'll come then. I hope Jerry will come, too. Here's hoping that our vacations coincide.

Ralph has been transferred to Hopedale, a couple of day's journey up the coast. He is to go sometime this month. I haven't heard from him yet from there. I'm anxious to hear his comparisons of the two places. You are singularly understanding, Kathie, when it comes to reparations- with reason, tho. Ralph wrote that he could hardly bear to go out walking in N.W.R. because of the memories that all the paths and hilltops brought back- just as you wrote.

The school where I'm teaching next fall is Low-Heywood, a "private, high-class school" for girls from the first grade to thru High School. The academic standard is very high, teachers stay sometimes as long as 20 years, many alumnae mothers send their daughters back from all corners of the globe, the staff is congenial (which means a lot) and the girls seem a likeable group. I went to the Commencement with Rebecca May and Aunt Bet. The grounds are perfectly lovely, right out on a point, two miles out of Stamford, extending into the Sound. We are only half a block from the Sound. It is the wealthy section of town and most of my youngsters will be day pupils from the homes nearby.

I'm teaching Geography in the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th grades, English in the 4th and 5th, and Arithmetic in the 3rd. Rather a mixture, but all the more interesting. Miss Merrill, the head of the Junior School, with whom I have talked, evidently holds very loose reins over her teachers, so I shall be able to use what little originality I have.

I enjoyed your news of Enid's family. How I wish I could see them all again. We did have such a good time those two weeks I spent with you outside of Reading, doing absolutely nothing.

Our life is peaceful and all our little excitements are very mild ones. You wrote Jerry of going fishing with torches. Well, we took the children out fishing today. It was the first time I had ever fished with a rod. We fished for about an hour and pulled in- among us- five tiny fish, 4 perch and a sun fish, all so small we threw them back. But the children were excited at catching anything. It all seemed frightfully tame after catching 12 and 15 lb. cod in Labrador pulling them in as fast as we could let the hook down. Mr. Tucker is quite a fisherman. He has come to the lake ever since 1910. But today he said the biggest fish he had ever caught here was a 5 ¾ lb. bass. We have had bass chowder twice, of Mr. Tucker's catching. It had to be chowder because there were only 2 small bass for 5 people. One doesn't catch many at a time.

Tonight was Maude and Arthur's day off (they are the butler-Chauffeur, and the cook) so we had a picnic on the little beach where we swim. I love picnics and they are few enough of them so that they are events. The children always eat better outdoors.

It's a riot the way these children don't eat. Carol, 6, is allowed to eat at the big table (and I with her) for the first time this summer. She always is having to be hurried up and she slows up mealtimes considerably, Maude and Arthur say. Stuart, 4, eats by himself, but if his sugar is not on straight or if you cut up his prunes, or if he does not like a particular vegetable, he may not eat anything, just for spite. Mrs. Tucker is sensible enough to let him go hungry. He generally eats pretty well at the next meal. Mr. Tucker once asked if poor children ever were so hard to make eat.

And then both children, but especially Carol, are so slow, in getting up, and going to bed, and coming when you call them. They have no conception of minding at once.

But one of the hardest things about the whole job is the way Mrs. Tucker retains most of the responsibility. That made a very fine nurse that they had last summer leave. And the sympathy of all the people round about was with the nurse. When a nurse is hired to care for children she expects to assume full responsibility- for discipline, health, recreation etc. But Mrs. Tucker doesn't plan that way at all. She comes and supervises the children's meals (I wouldn't mind if she did plan them), she sometimes puts them to bed, she wants to be responsible for their discipline, she's simply there all the time, until you feel- well, why doesn't she do it all then and not have a nurse. What she wants is a high-school girl that she can give orders to, and not an experienced adult with ideas of her own. The discipline is the worst part of it. The nurse last year would tell the children to do certain things on the beach, then their mother would come along and reverse it. They know the nurse has no authority. I'm in the very same paradoxical position as I was at the Peabody's- expected to train the children in the way they should go without any authority. Carol and Stuart always run to "Mommy" at the least hitch, and are encouraged to do it, so I feel very much de trop. Take note, all you mothers who will have children's nurses some day, and have regard for the feelings of the person who is taking care of your children.

During the weekends it's better, tho. Then we have guests and I have the children more to myself. I love it when they all go away and I and the children are alone.

This coming weekend we are having 4 guests- one lady is the President of the Garden Club of America. Some time the new president of Cornell University is coming. He lived in Bronxville and there's where the Tuckers became acquainted with him.

These nights are beautifully moonlight. Tomorrow is full moon and I'm going out to enjoy it. The Tuckers are very good about telling me when they are to be in and letting me go out.

Do write, everybody. Kathie's letter enclosed one from Dot, from whom I hadn't heard for at least a hundred years. Much obliged, Dot, for the indirect information!

Good health to you, Kathie. Love to all the family,

Monnie

Please send in order given, and as soon as possible, or the summer will be over before it gets around.

Kathie and Hugh

Gould and Ginny- 75 N. Park Rd., La Grange, Ill.

Dot and Harold

Farm

Jerry

*[This letter dated **July 23, 1937** was written from Saginaw, Michigan Dot (Dorothy) and Harold to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy would like to hike more of the Long Trail but she and Harold are working hard to pay off their new car. They are keeping busy with their sports teams and Dorothy with the Eastern Star. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Saginaw, Mich

July, 23, 1937

Dear Jerry:

I'm much chagrined to collect three unanswered letters from you. I'm glad you read my letter to the folks. At least, that gave you the latest important news from this way.

To go way back to your letter of June, 13, - thank you for getting and sending the buttons for Aunt Emma. No, I haven't sent you the piece from my soup dish. A funny thing happened. Not long ago I knocked one of those bowls off from the shelf in the cupboard and- mirabli dictu! [*Latin-miraculous or wonderful to say!*]- it was the broken one, so now I have two cute little pieces for you. One is the handle and the other has the name on it, so I hope you can match it. All I want is one bowl and I'll send the pieces right along. Please send me the bill for buying and sending both the buttons and the dish. And thank you for the time spent doing it.

Has Monnie had much news from Ralph, since her wire?

How I would like to do some more of the Long Trail but I just can't tell how things are going to work out. Harold's job may last right up until school starts- or up to within a week of it. In that case, we probably shan't get East at all. You see, the new car is the equivalent of our vacation this year, and we are sort of paying double these last few months to get it paid for as fast as we can. That's why Harold is working. After all, you know I've been out East twice and Harold once, since the folks came. I really had hoped that we could entice you westward this summer. Couldn't you really get a car load to come out after your work stops? We could put up five easily.

You do more moving around, with seemingly the least fuss of anybody I know. I dread the day we ever have to move from here, for we've accumulated so many goods and chattels. Then again, it isn't a circumstance to what Mother and Father used to pick up every time we uprooted. I most certainly would love to visit you in your swank apartment. Aren't you lucky!! And isn't that a funny coincidence, that you should be living in the New York City apartment of my Phys. Ed. teacher in Oberlin. Remember me to her when you see her.

I'm glad your nose is O.K. again, and am so glad you're going to get that eye fixed. It always seemed as tho that would be extremely uncomfortable, running all the time. Why is it going to take so long?

I'm sorry I could do nothing to help you rent Pearl's apt. As soon as your card came in June I sat down and called the four girls I knew were going to be in N.Y and they were all going to be in a dormitory. I guess they don't like the idea of taking care of an apartment and getting meals.

We were listening to that program that Polly took you to- at least, while I was reading the Reader's Digest Sun. evening, I remember hearing that particular interpretation of "The Music Goes Round and Round." I don't remember Bonelli tho! I heard him in Bay City some time ago.

This is the week-end you are to be with Percy. Tell her that I love the articles from her father's book that we read in the Reader's Digest. He certainly must have had a keen sense of humor- her grandfather, too. Have you read the book?

While you are having a good time with Percy, and I'm sitting here alone Sunday, while Harold drives a load of Y. boys down to the ball game- guess what's going on at dear old Silver Bay!! A group of old emps are meeting there this Sat. and Sun. to plan a Grand Reunion of all the old emps that can get there for next year. My heart jumped when I saw two envelopes from Silver Bay in the mail box this week. One was a letter from the committee signed by Ken Brooks. He said he'd just got my address from Polly so he was a little late in writing. The other was a very interesting folder telling all about the summer activities there. I decided then and there, that if it's at all possible Harold and I are going to take a real vacation next summer. I'd like to spend two weeks there. We ought to round up our gang again and put Oberlin on the map once more. Wouldn't [*it*] be great to see the S.B.-ites again. I'll send you the letter and folder just as soon as I answer it. If you have the married names and addresses of any old S.B. emp, I guess they'd be glad to get it. I think it's a grand idea, don't you?

In June, before school was out I drove a load of grade- Y. boys (5th, 6th, 4th) down to Detroit for the ball game. Three truck loads and two car loads made the trip – 106 boys in all. They visited Greenfield Village first, then ate a picnic lunch then went to the ball game- (Philadelphia and Detroit). Harold was still teaching, so he couldn't go. Two weeks ago Sat. we took some of our neighbors down on a Sat. to see a double-header with Cleveland. The very next Thursday the same man that took the first group down took the summer Y. members down and wanted Harold to drive. He got off from work Sat. morning to see the double header, so he didn't dare get off again so soon, and they got stuck for enough cars, so down I went again- this time to see that historic game with N.Y. where Detroit staged that wild sixth inning. N.Y. walked six or seven men in the one inning and Det. made seven runs on one hit. Now- this Sun. Harold finally gets to make one of those Y. trips I'm so glad for him. On those trips the drivers get into the game free and the gas bill is all or nearly all paid by the boys, so it really is a lot of fun. We get in on it every summer we're here, through our friendship with the Secretaries at the Y.

By the way- Francis Gray has resigned as head of the Y. here to head the Y. at Hartford, Conn. It's supposed to be quite a step up for him, because the Hartford Y. is supposed to be one of the best.

I've done quite a bit of canning this summer- strawberries, raspberries, peas, beans, sunshine strawberries, currant jelly, raspberry jam, etc. Mother would adore to go to our public market just now. All kinds of berries right in their prime and very reasonable. I'm just about living on them now.

I'm still swimming. Only three or four of us in the pool every time this summer, so we have lots of fun. It surely cools you off in this hot weather.

Our Eastern Star had their annual ice cream social last Wed. I had charge of soliciting cakes to serve with the ice cream, and for a cake sale. I had to get 26 large flat cakes to eat, and I guess I had about 18 cakes to sell. Some who didn't want to bake gave me money, so I made \$11.54 on my cake sale. I guess we made about \$30 altogether.

Isn't Kathie's news a surprise! Is Mother planning to go down to be with her when Jr. arrives? I hope the poor girl won't have as hard a time as she did with Jill.

How and when did Monnie get this job that she has now? She's getting to be quite the governess[?] How much does she get for it?

Has anybody heard from Uncle Elbert? I sent him a birthday card. Tomorrow is it.

Say, do you know that Francis Gray borrowed my Long Trail Guide, map, and some of my snaps, to look into a trip for his family last summer- and lost the whole business. I was so provoked. They may find it when they're packing to leave. Here's hoping. If I can't get East, and you girls go- Monnie can use my pants and pack and anything else she wants. You'll have to get me another guide if you go, because I hated to lose that. [*The Long Trail is the oldest long distance trail in the U.S. It is in the Green Mountains and begins at the Massachusetts/Vermont boarder and ends at the Canadian border.*]

I'm so sleepy I'm going to bed. Will finish this in the morning.

A.M. Have you read the article "Summer People" in the Aug. Reader's Digest? It's good!!

Did you get Gould's new address? It's 75 No. Park Rd., La Grange. Don't forget to send me- sometime- a list of all the S.B. people you know the addresses of.

Do write again soon, and I'll try not to wait so long.

Very much love

Harold and Dot.



Gould's children: Willard and Hazel Beard
 La Grange, Illinois 1937
[Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard]

*[This letter, dated **July 25, 1937**, was written from Steamboat Island (Lake Winnepesaukee), Lakeport, New Hampshire by Monnie to her mother. Monnie is still working as governess for the Tucker family and encourages her parents to come up and visit her. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Steamboat Island
 Lakeport, N.H.
 July 25, 1937

Dear Mother,

I hope it is as cool with you as it is with us tonight. It was a hot day, but a wind came up at nightfall that has made it delightfully cool.

A weekend party is in progress. There were five guests, but three of them went this afternoon. Two are staying for a few days. The children and I have been eating by ourselves on the back porch, which I like quite as well as eating at the main table. Last night we had a turkey supper with all the fixings, and delicious chocolate ice cream that the cook makes herself. We have a standing order for ice on Wednesdays and Saturdays, which are ice cream days. We have an electric refrigerator but they never use it for ice cream. Maude is the best cook. And Mrs. Tucker's menus are more to my liking than Mrs. Peabody's- a bit more substantial. And plenty of iced drinks on hot days. I doubt if I shall grow any thinner here!

Our groceries are delivered each morning by a motor boat, and the order is taken for the following day. I think running such a boat would be fun. I'd like to try it.

There is a native New Hampshire who has been working more or less steadily here ever since we came- fixing doors, making a stone and cement fireplace for picnic suppers, moving rocks etc. He seems to be a general favorite and looks after the houses on Birch Island and here in the winter time. He's a dear old man- tho he really isn't old, about 50, I suppose, - but he's so genial, round cheeks and pleasant expression, always ready to break into a smile. He lives all alone- a bachelor- and as particular as an old maid, they say. Mr. Abbott is his name- and the children are so fond of him. Stuart especially will follow "Mr. Abbitt" around all day firing questions, simply fascinated at his carpentering and mason work. So am I.

Well, all this to preface information regarding you coming up. I asked Mr. Abbott about getting overnight accommodations near The Weirs, and back he came the next day with complete information- names, places, rates etc. He says a Mr. Davis has a very nice house, and charges only a dollar a night, a person. There are also very nice auto camps with those little cabins. All these are near The Weirs. Mr. Abbott says they are liable to be filled up during August, so the safest thing to do would be to write ahead for reservations. I do hope as many of you will come as possible. You will enjoy talking to Mrs. Canterbury about Union and Mr. Beeding. Mrs. Canterbury also introduced me to some people who live on the next island. The grandfather, Mr. Bartholomew, comes from Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smith's home town, knows their families well, has known both of them since before their marriage! Also knows Union and was telling me of all the great people who originated there.

I'm returning that precious letter from Dot. I'm sorry she can't come east this summer. Father and you are pulled all sorts of ways aren't you? Don't end up by going nowhere, tho.

Will you give me Uncle Elbert's next stopping place? I'll write him a letter.

My love to you and Father, and Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary. Do write me yourself, today please.

Monnie

*[This letter, date **July 1937**, was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dot to her mother and father. She talks about plans to visit Harold's family and then go east to visit her family. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[July 1937]

Tuesday

Dear Mother and Father:-

Your letter that came yesterday sent my mind and heart racing Eastward. Well, just yesterday, Harold heard that his work was to last up until this week Sat. so that gives us a little vacation, anyway. Harold wants to go to his folks for a little while and as we sat down last night to figure things out, there were several reasons why we thought it would be better all around if we went to Galesburg first, then out East. It broke my heart to think of not being there for our anniversary- and it would [*be*] such fun taking the trip up to Monnie. On the other hand, if we go East last we stand a better chance of seeing all of you- Monnie and Jerry, too, don't we? Aren't they coming to the farm after their work is over?

Our plans now are to leave here sometime Sat., Aug. 14, spend that night with Gould, go on to Galesburg on Sun. We'll stay there till the next Sun- Aug. 22- then start East. It will take us three good days to get there, and we ought to be there for Jerry's birthday. You see, that way we can be there to celebrate that, and maybe your anniversary. Harold has to be back for Sept. 7.

About your trip to Monnie's, couldn't Jerry go along to help you in the driving, or why don't you go right on from your Union speaking engagement and take Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma with you? I'll write Monnie, telling her that we are not going East until later.

The letter, enclosed, from Monnie came a day or so ago. I must get it on to you so that you can tell her you read it- that it got all around- when you see her.

Thanks for the check Father- but isn't it a little "out of season"? I generally get it in April and Oct. Is this the Oct. one?- in advance?

The enclosed check on my life insurance was addressed to me, and the check is made out to Father, so I'm sending it on. I want to talk to you some more about that policy when I get there.

Thank you, Father, for sending the clippings. They will all help, and I shall hold them to send back.

Myrtle Johnson sent this leaf to me from her mother's home in Wis. and said somebody told her that there were just a few trees like it in this country. They were native trees of China and Japan. I don't remember it, do you? If so, what is it? (Ginkgo- Mother)

Tell Aunt Phebe thanks for her note enclosed in Father's last letter. As I look at my birthday book, I see that her "big day" was Aug. 3. Hope somebody greased her nose for me.

I can't hardly wait to see you all again. Write again soon.

Lots of love-

Dot.

*[This letter dated **July 25, 1937** was probably written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Hugh does not have a new job yet. Their 2nd baby is due December 9. Kathleen hopes that Ellen can come down to Florida and invites Geraldine to come. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

July 25 [1937]

Dear Jerry:

Wish we could see you in your elegant apartment. How did you happen to meet up with Miss Eldred? I'm also eager to know whether you took the job at the Marot school. Are you all thru at the doctor's now and is your nose all healed up? Every time I get a blocked nose in the middle of the night I wish I could be dug out too. I should think it would hurt quite a bit since the nose is so sensitive anyway. Does it?

Poor Jerry, I can easily imagine how that July 4th drive would set you on edge. Should think Mother would learn how hindering her uneasiness is to the driver. I'm surprised to hear that Father is getting along so well with driving especially with such hills and traffic as you have around there. I'm afraid I would not like driving there much tho I think nothing of it around here where it is quite level and little traffic. Aren't those new Chevies wonderfully easy to handle tho? There is all the difference in driving our Lizzie and Father's 1936 Chevy.

No, Hugh hasn't got a job yet. We learned this week that the express job will not be open at least until late fall or even winter. Very discouraging. And there isn't anything else very likely here in the summer item[?]. Many businesses just shut down altogether for five months and others do half time operation so we may have to wait until things begin stirring again in October.

The doctor sets the birthday of the baby on Dec. 9 but if it is so slow as Jill was in coming it may be a Christmas present. I'm feeling pretty good these days but am getting a very visible protrusion in front. I could have passed with the excuse of poor posture until a few weeks ago but nobody would mistake the evidence now except children. I'm just wondering when Chickie [*Kathleen and Hugh's nephew, Rollin McNutt*] will begin to ask questions. He is so observing. When Jill came home he was much mystified about my getting her at the hospital and staying so long afterwards. I think he learned the facts when his little sister Sally came but he will surely make some knowing remark about it when he recognizes the symptoms. I can already feel significant twitches which heralds life but s-"he" hasn't begun the boxing matches yet. Jill certainly could punch before she came and I either had to hold my breath and bear it or return the sallies. - But all this must be very boring to you, so just skip it and don't show to any one outside the family.

I hope Mother will be able and willing to come down and help me but she may not want to be away down here for Xmas. Since it will come at the holiday time I do wish all of you who can would jump into Father's car and take your vacation here. Wouldn't that be fun? Of course I couldn't be a proper hostess but should love to have you all here. Please talk it up with the folks.

We are having almost daily rains now which help cool it off immensely. Just now there are showers on all sides of us and a lovely breeze blowing in on me. We are always grateful for clouds to hide the too-constant sun.

Mother wrote a good long letter telling all the news from there and enclosing Dots last letter. And how did Monnie get located way up in N.H.? She just dropped a card saying where she was.

Jill loves to get your card and read it aloud. She says it is from "Aunt Dewy" (with a short e). She knows you all by name now and I wonder how long it will take her to fit names to faces when she sees you.

Loads of love from us all- Kathie

*[This letter dated **Aug. 1, 1937** was probably written from Clearwater, FL by Kathleen to her Aunt Phebe. Kathleen wishes Aunt Phebe a happy birthday. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Aug. 1, 1937

Dear Aunt Phebe:

In two days you will have a birthday and we hope it will be a very happy one. I wish we were there to celebrate with you and see that you are properly kissed and buttered, but will have to wait until next year, I guess.

Mother wrote that you had been visiting in Nichols and were to go to Putnam later so I take it that you have also been on the go this summer. We have been pretty quiet except for a few picnics and frequent swimming but somehow the time seems to fly by and now the summer is half over. I am looking forward to the cool weather again for it has been pretty hot for the past month. Last week it rained for a half of every day and we even had a miniature hurricane one day. It rained over eight inches in as many hours that day and we were kept busy putting pans under the leaks in our attic. Fortunately the storm subsided before night so we weren't completely flooded out. I hope that isn't the prelude to a real hurricane.

Guavas are getting ripe and I have made a little jelly. Late mangos are coming in too but are rather stringy. Did Jerry tell you of my attempt to send her some? I was hoping that if that experiment worked I would try sending some to the Farm but it seems that they do not stand travelling very well.

Time out- to straighten up a quarrel among the three children. Little Rollin can't find enough to interest him without school and usually leads Molly and Jill a merry chase when they all play together. The two girls alone get along beautifully playing with dolls or dishes. During the rainy days last week I introduced Jill to paper dolls and she adores them. We found the styles in Woman's Home Companion just right to cut out and Jill keeps them very carefully.

News is noticeably lacking down here now but we don't do as much during the summer as you do- it's even hard work writing when you have to stop every line to fan yourself.

We all send out love and a great big Happy Birthday-

Kathleen



This photo was taken in 1939, but shows from R to L: Cynthia Elmer, Sally McNutt, Jill Elmer, Molly McNutt, and Rollin McNutt. Cynthia was born in December of 1937.

[Photo from collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

[This letter dated **Aug. 11, 1937** was probably written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen is hoping that Geraldine will come to Florida for Christmas. Kathleen should have her new baby by then. Her 29th birthday was celebrated with Hugh's family on the beach. Kathleen talks about her sister-in-law, Pearl Elmer, and how she has been doing since her treatments (insulin treatments for schizophrenia). Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Aug. 11, [1937]

Dear Jerry:

Thanx loads for the long letter and the bill which fell out of it into my lap. You and Monnie managed very well to size up the situation and we are most thankful for my gift in that form. The knitted dress would be grand but my interest in clothes just now consists mainly in how soon I may get them off.

My! how nice and cool Miss Eldred's letter sounded. It must be lonely up in Maine now, and how I would love to need two blankets at night. For the past three months we have pulled a thin blanket up only twice- both times after a rain storm. Jill usually sleeps with no covering.

I hope the doctor is there probing your eye now. I can imagine how it must hurt in so sensitive a place. I hope too that the result justifies the inconvenience. But you musn't cudgel your thinker about my nose for it has given me pretty good service for 29 years and I guess it can go until we have the wherewithal. We hope not to be as penniless as we are now for very long and I'll have it done some summer when we're up north.

I'm muchly thrilled about all the encouraging remarks about you all coming down here for Christmas. It would be scads of fun for us to have you come- and being family you wouldn't worry me in the least whatever my condition. Tho I greatly hope that Tootsie will make it's appearance well in advance of the 25th. I should hate to be in the hospital all the time you were here. Monnie suggested waiting until Easter vacation; and that is alright with me only that vacation isn't so long, but the weather is apt to be nicer. Father writes that he may be in Carolina in November and he is practically here if he comes that far. I haven't sounded Dot about it but am getting discouraged about their ever coming down. She hasn't written since April so I'm giving her some of her own medicine.

Yesterday we all celebrated [August 10- Kathleen's 29th birthday] with a picnic at Clearwater beach and it is about the nicest picnic we have had down here. Rollins sister was down here for a week with her family visiting her mother who has a home in Clearwater so they all came along too and that made seventeen in all. We roasted wieners and took a freezer of homemade ice cream out there so it was a feast royal, what with birthday cake and potatoe salad too. There were six children and they all went in swimming except Sally who got her exercise kicking around on a blanket. Some of the grown ups went in too and it looked like grand fun. I should have liked to but my suit becomes immodest when two of us try to get into it. The children all sat together for supper and were a picture of bliss. You should have seen Jill after the ice cream- she was a chocolate baby from the lap up. We stayed out there until after sunset and it was so blissfully cool and bugless that I wish we could take our supper out every night. The only trouble is that the beach is ten miles from our house. The day was otherwise commemorated by two telegrams and a bath set from Hugh's family. Pearl is also making me a maternity dress which is nearly finished.

You asked about Pearl. She seems, to all outward appearances, quite normal now and takes an interest in everything that goes on. I don't think she is quite her old self. You would probably see a difference, but she is so much improved over what she has been for the past few years that it seems most remarkable. The Doctor refused to predict as to the permanency of the treatment. It is too new to tell from any of the patients he has used it on. But he thinks that unless the same physical ailments return (anemia and some deficiencies in her system) that she should remain cured. It is too drastic a treatment to repeat often- a sort of kill or cure. In fact we were rather worried for a week or two while she was taking it that she wouldn't survive it. She really should get out now and get some interests of her own, a job etc. but the whole family seems reluctant to have her be on her own. She is some help there now and will be company for Mother if Enid moves out.

As the physical burden becomes greater my mental functioning seems to get duller and duller so if my letters sound plodding don't think that I am growing moronic. I guess it is a fairly normal accompaniment and will pass I hope. I remember Debbie's letter, written before her baby came sounded almost simple, but it is true that concentration at his time becomes very difficult. I simply can't take in any heavy reading and even with ordinary reading I sometimes have to go back to get the sense. I feel more or less like a cow.

Jill saw me writing and said she wanted to write to you too, so I'm enclosing her note. I asked her what it said and she says, "I had a nice picin" (picnic) and "I like Aunt Jerry" and "my name is Jacun Amer". If you can get that out of her scribbling you're doing better than I can, but we'll take her word for it.

Thank you again for the money and lots of love from all three (four) of us.

Kathie

Just when do you leave New York and will you be at the Farm afterwards?

[This letter dated **Aug. 12, 1937** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Aunt Etta (Etta Kinney Hume) to Geraldine. Etta talks about her trip back to Oberlin after visiting Geraldine. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Oberlin Ohio. Aug 12/37

Dear Geraldine:-

Tuesday at 5:15 found me safely in Oberlin. I enjoyed Polly very much. She is all you have told me about her. When she has finished her education and comes to Oberlin to give a concert, I am to have the pleasure of entertaining her!

We reached Albany about 6 o'clock. The trip up the river was delightful. Polly wanted to sit on the upper deck to get a little sunburn. She thought she had not succeeded. When I reached home and looked in the mirror, saw that my chest was quite red, and showed just where my beads had rested. It has not been at all sore.

Your lunch was much enjoyed. Polly bought some orange and grape juice to go with it.

I rested, stretched out on a couch, until 8:30. My train went at 9. I took a day coach which was new and air conditioned. The seats were separate and each one lowered in the back as do those on the busses, so they were quite restful. My train arrived at 6 o'clock and again I stretched out on a couch in the ladies room and rested until 8 o'clock, then went out for breakfast. The stores did not open until 9.30 in the summer. I bought a coat (white) at Taylor's, after looking in three places. At twelve o'clock I went to the Exposition and remained until 3 o'clock and took the bus for Oberlin, arriving in time to prepare dinner which Willis had planned. We have our dinner at night as Willis is not hungry at noon. In Albany the streets were full of water from two heavy showers, which were over before we arrived. They had had rain during the night in Cleveland and weather was cloudy. Rain preceded me also in Oberlin, so I didn't need the umbrella. Willis said Elbert telephoned from Cleveland Sat. evening, about 5 o'clock to see if I was home. Willis advised that we go to Donald's to spend the weekend and come here Tuesday. He said he would think it over and if he did not hear by 8 o'clock he would know that he had decided to continue his journey to Putnam. We rec'd a card Sunday that he had left for Putnam. I was very much disappointed. I arrived home about the date he said he would be in Chicago 10th, so expected to be here in time. He must have been in a hurry to get home when he was on the homeward trip. He'll forget many little interesting details before we see him. The letter I wrote you at your apt. was returned. As Gould was not home (I infer) he did not stop long. Thanks for the very interesting events you provided.

With love- Aunt Etta.

Myron and Lucy ? are at her home and are going to Chautauqua about the 16th.

Donald and family and perhaps Stewart will be here Sunday. Am wondering if Polly's finger is recovering.

The Best Sport

There is no game that is more exciting or pleasurable than the game of finding friends. If you really look for them, they will pop up in the most unexpected places, and If you only know it, you have within yourself a lodestone that will attract friends to you.

The woods are full of friends waiting to be found.

By Chas. Battell Loomis.

I was interested in this as it is so applicable to you and Polly.

[This birthday card dated Aug. 22, 1937 was probably written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Gerry (Geraldine). Kathleen wishes Geraldine a happy birthday on August 25 and thanks Geraldine for sending her a gift of money. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Aug. 22 [1937]

Dear Gerry:

We all hope you have a grand birthday wherever you happen to be on the 25th. Did you decide to stay on in N.Y. for treatments or are you going back to the Farm? I think I'll send this to Shelton and not run the risk of having it come back as one other did. Your gift from us will be late again I fear, for I have not had a chance to get it yet. If there is anything you especially want or need for fall please tell me right away and I'll try to get it.

Your letter and the second five spot came safely and thank you again. I think you and Monnie were both too generous.

Have you heard from Mrs. Marot yet about your job? Things are much the same with us. Nothing much happens and this month has been awful for heat. It takes half a day of rain to cool it down to 75 degrees and then only for the night. I for one will be glad when cool weather comes.

Did you notice that an Oberlin Alumnus was killed by a bomb in Shanghai? His name was Bob Reischauer [see photo below] and he was in Monnie's class I think. Japan is certainly maddening and I wish there was some way to bring her to terms. Mother and Father got out just in time it seems. I can't feature a Japanese-controlled China, can you?

Here are lots more birthday wishes from all of us and some big smacks from Jill.

Love

Kathie

[This letter, dated **September 6, 1937**, was written from LaGrange, Ill. by Ginny to Dot and Harold. She thanks Dot and Harold for taking Hazel on a trip with them. Willard enjoyed his time while she was away. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

75 N. Park Rd.
La Grange, Ill.
September 6, 1937

Dear Dot and Harold-

I still can't make out which time she was more excited- when she left or when she arrived home at the airport. At any rate Hazel was about the most excited little girl possible both times. The only damper on her arrival was her Daddy's departure. She was able to see him for just about ten minutes before he left.

I'm heart broken that he should have to leave right now for he will miss all that first pent up enthusiasm of hers. I don't think I ever heard words get spilled out so fast nor get messed up as badly as hers did for the first hour or two. Her little mind was going about those times as fast as her tongue and she was so afraid she'd forget something that she simply must remember to tell me.

It certainly seems good to have her home but we can't thank you enough for your generousness in taking her with you and making it possible for her to have such a momentous trip in her young life. She loved every minute of it and will probably remember most of it all her life. Gould and I both thank you a hundred fold and if you had any undue expense because of her we want to know about it and re-emburse you. Oh say; did you have any trouble getting her through the customs?

You mentioned while here that you might come down for that big base ball game here. Do, we'd just love to have you; and we'd so love to hear your side of the story on this trip.

Willard was so funny about Hazel's being away. At first he missed her frightfully but after 3 or 4 days he began to be very nonchalant about it. One day I asked him if he'd be glad when sister got home and he came back with "I wish she'd stay there ten years". Why I asked and he said, "Why Mummie I don't mind sleeping in my room all alone." Since her departure he has played with his toys in his room more than he does in six months ordinarily and has hugely enjoyed building his hangers, bridges, houses etc. to suit himself, without a little voice say "Here brother let me show you how to build a nice one" and after about five minutes he'd loose all interest in it. However regardless of all statements he was one mighty happy little boy when sister appeared and they have chattered their heads off.

Gould has to be in Newark a couple of days than on to Washington for an important conference with the Department of Commerce. He

[Letter ends here and the last page is missing. The following is written in someone else's handwriting:]

The last page was business.

[This letter dated **Fall of 1937** was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Monnie (Marjorie). Dorothy would like to go to Florida to visit Kathleen some day. Her mother, Ellen, is going for Christmas. Dorothy may attend her 15th reunion at Oberlin. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2306 No. Bond St.
Saginaw, Mich.
Sunday- [Fall] 1937

Dear Monnie:-

I waited a long time for that letter telling about your life there, how you liked it, etc. I'm so glad you really do enjoy it, and are not too awfully tied down. That's the only thing I'm afraid of in Jerry's work- that she will not have enough time to herself to rest up if she gets too tired. She must be powerfully busy, for I haven't even heard from her yet. However a letter from Aunt Emma told quite a bit about her. How did she look to you when you saw her at the farm?

How perfectly thrilling to think that you may soon talk to your beloved so many many miles away! That's just too wonderful. Bet you won't even know what you're saying. I'd like to watch you in the act. Thanks for the snap of you all on the farm. It must have been a grand week-end. Mr. Butt looks real jolly, and Daphne looks cute.

I do so want to get down to see Kathie, too, so when you go, I think I shall go along even if Harold can't go. I don't know why- but he never has seemed the least bit enthusiastic when I suggest a trip to Florida. I'm afraid we have only a short Christmas vacation- 11 or 12 days- altho the school directory hasn't come out yet- so it would hardly be practical for us to go down then. Is it true that Mother is planning to stay down there alone for Christmas, and that Father is coming back? I think it's almost too bad that he doesn't stay with Mother- for Kathie's sake.

I wish you and Jerry would plan to spend your Easter vacation here with us. Maybe you could inveigh Mother and Father to drive you out. Do think about it.

You know, this will be my 15th reunion at Oberlin, so I may go down. How long would you and Jerry plan to stay in Florida? If you went after Commencement? I have a job in the Eastern Star that I'm supposed to take care of in July. Our ice-cream social always comes the third Wed. in July and the Conductress (that's what I am this year) is always chairman of it. If I could have them move that up to the first Wed. in July, then I think I could be free for the rest of the summer.

Aunt Emma forwarded your letter to Jerry and it was most interesting. You seem to have met some very interesting people there. There is a minister here who- I've heard- has spent some time in Labrador. I haven't met him yet. You and he will have to get together for a talk sometime. As usual, your letter was full of your clever and interesting character studies of your new friends there.

I'll write soon again, but must close now.

Much love- Dot.

I spent two very interesting days in Grand Rapids attending the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star. That's our state annual convention. I drove a load down. Had lots of fun.

I'm refereeing all the Junior High girls volley-ball games this year- one every Tues. and every Wed. for six weeks- at \$2. per game. "Every little bit helps."

Is the family still planning to get together at the farm for Christmas and what are we doing about the relatives?

*[This letter dated **Fall of 1937** was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) and Harold to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy asks about Christmas presents for the family and is keeping busy with volley ball games. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Saginaw, Mich.

Monday – [Fall] 1937

Dear Jerry:-

You must be powerfully busy. Haven't heard one word from you since you started teaching. Guess I haven't written, either, have I?

We have just decided to go to La Grange and Galesburg for this short vacation; if the weather permits. We'll spend Thurs. and Thurs. night with Gould and go on down Fri. to Galesburg- coming back Sun. We're guessing that you and Monnie will be at the farm. I suppose Father will be back with news about Kathie.

While you and Monnie are together I hope you can settle the Christmas business- whether we are dividing the relatives as usual, and who each of us takes. It doesn't make any difference to me who I have. Ginny wants to know what about the dictionary idea for the Putnam folks. Guess they want to go in on it. They seem to think the mattress will cost too much- for Aunt Phebe. If we could get enough people in on it, it wouldn't. Maybe Uncle Oliver, Father, and all the nieces and nephews could swing it together. However, whatever you decide is O.K.

Would you have time next week-end to send me the article about the 1000 yr. old Chinese bowl. If you don't have time to copy it can you send the whole thing and let me send it back. I'm planning to use it on Dec.7, in a talk.

I've been plenty busy myself, this fall. I've been refereeing all of the Junior High girls volley-ball games this year- one every Tues. and every Wed. afternoons for six weeks. Last year I had only half of them and another

lady took the other half. I substituted in my old North gym one day last week, and had lots of fun. It gave me "that o-o-o-o-ld feelin".

It's been snowy here for the last week. We're hoping it will let up for this week end.

Our Eastern Star Installation is held on Wed. night before Thanksgiving, so we're not going to be able to start before early Thurs. morning. I am to be Conductress in the Chapter this year.

Monnie's letters sound as tho she were thoroughly enjoying her work there. I do hope you are enjoying yours too, and that it is not too very confining. Do you get to see much of Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert? What did Bill Taylor [Tayler] finally do?

I'm invited to a luncheon and program at the Reading Club this afternoon as a guest. The speaker is a minister here in town who has spent several years in Labrador. I've never met him.

Hope to hear from you soon.

Love from Harold and Dot.

Please send us yours and Monnie's Christmas wants, and have you any ideas for Father and Mother?

Program notes of Willard's address to the Thirty-Third Annual Meeting of the Southeast Coast Association of Congregational Christian Churches with the Miami Beach Community Church October 26, 1937.

460,000 people in China 1/4 of all world

- Facts:
1. China is a unit
 2. Church influenced all China
 3. Chinese head all
 4. Every progress thru Christianity

43 years ago

1. very few travelers in China
2. closed to converse [*conversation*?] and religion
3. idols sacred
4. Dr. Sun Yat Syn put[?] out rulers
5. disjointed under many rulers
6. student body only few boys

Now

1. Many visitors and foreigners
2. open to modernization
3. not ?? if used
4. republic
5. Chiang Kai Shek unites China
(traitors no more – why?)
6. everyone- talk to generalissimo girls and boys

Chiang Kai Chek

Married- Madame Koong's sister

Kidnapped by General Chang ???

Asks for bible

Unites last part of China

7. church ????

(13 different types)

8. Gov. against church

9. Gov. injured property

10. Christianity blocked

7. Church of Christ in China

(1/3 of everyone)

8. Gov. and church together and 20,000 per year to church for advancement of science

9. builds it up anew

10. Christianity begged for

rickshaw pullers to preachers

once a week to tell people of Christ

Soong family all Christians

And their families

Madame C.K.C. writes speech

April 17- 24- 1937- diary of China's leader

While he was kidnapped

"Sufferings of Jesus means to me"

love of leader or China
1st Jesus – 2nd China

11. work carried on by foreigners

11. in hands of Chinese
helped by foreigners

They want us to help and advise
As friends not bosses
Teach forgiving to Chinese people
Teach to get over superstition
10 ? – 112+ lbs.
12 ??- 80 lb.

?? leichie beys- shook from tree (210,000)
picked up and packed or burned

12. floods and drought destroy

12. electric irrigation and
drainage system

13. church supported by us

13. self supporting now or in
2 years

14. foot binding

14. only back in country

address by W. L. Beard

*[This letter dated **early Nov. 1937** was written from Clearwater, FL by Ellen to Geraldine. Ellen gives Geraldine train info to FL as Geraldine and Marjorie may come to Florida for Christmas. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Early Nov. 1937]

Dear Geraldine,

As Kathleen is writing I will put in a brief note.

Marjorie, I think, wrote that you had suggested to her, that you both come down here on Christmas vacation. Thinking you probably intended coming by rail as requiring the least time in travel, I went to the station here in Safety Harbor to get what information I could about trains and fares for your consideration in planning.

The station agent said "The Orange Blossom Special", a very fast train, will be put on Dec. 10 for the whole winter season and into next summer. It has air conditioned cars, individual reclining seats, and is nice, clean and new all thru. Fine wash room, etc. I gave him New Haven as a starting point (he didn't know where it was, but by my directions as to location and distance with respect to Hartford wh. he found in his books, he estimated the fare from New Haven), as \$27.40. Then he said later on this "Special" starting at about 1+ p.m. from N. York, you arrive here at about 4:50 p.m. the following day, thus having only one night out.

At first, he said you changed only at Washington. Later he said some thing about changing at N.Y., but I think that meant, if you entrained at N. Haven.

I asked the price of berths in case you felt the necessity of them and he said \$9.00,- I suppose that meant from N.Y. in which case you would probably not change at Washington. Your sleeper would probably be attached to the "O.B. Special" at Washington. He said you would probably go to bed at 10 p.m. at Richmond, Va.

I asked the price of a round trip ticket and he said \$71.20 good for 15 days stay. I asked why so much more for a round trip ticket than for 2 one way tickets and he said he didn't know but that was what the books said.

71.20

\$27.40 X 2 = 54.80

Difference \$16.48 - !

However he said he did not have the latest information re. the "O.B. Special" but he would receive new schedules and books in a few days and he asked me to come in again.

I suppose buses are a little cheaper but I am afraid of buses, they travel so fast 60 m.p.h. and they would not be as comfortable and restful as train service.

Hugh contends that buses are safer than R.R. as R.R. trains have jumped the tracks 3 times in recent times hereabouts, to only one bad bus accident on the Tamiami Trail where 14 persons were drowned in a deep ditch beside the road. Florida is so level that there are no high embankments for trains or buses to roll down.

Well this is enough in this line, for you isn't it?!

It makes the decision of the time you come difficult, doesn't it, since the only time you can see Gould's family for a year or more is on Christmas. I suppose he counts on seeing all but Kathleen and me there then.

It is cold here today 40 degrees last night, around 60 degrees outside in the sunshine today.
All are well here.

Kathleen drove the Elmers in their car and me and Jill to Clearwater (7 miles) yesterday a.m.; may do so again the day before Thanksgiving to get the turkey. Mrs. Elmer has invited us all to the Th'ksgv. feast. Love Mother.

[This letter dated Nov. 7, 1937 was written from Portsmouth, VA by Willard to Geraldine. Nancy and Willard drove Ellen to Kathleen's house in Florida and they are now in Virginia. Willard describes Kathleen's house and Hugh's new job. Willard will be doing some speaking in North Carolina. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Portsmouth Va
Sunday, Nov 7- 1937

Dear Geraldine:-

A post card has gone direct to you once and a telegram. I think twice to Putnam asking that it be sent on to you. So you have more or less kept track of us.

Nancy [*probably Stanley Beard's daughter-19 years old*] and I left Mother with Kathleen- Jill and Hugh last Monday at 7:45 a.m. and drove two and a half days- about 780+ miles to Holland Va. This is near Franklin. We were put into a private home- Mr. and Mr. Joe E. Holland and Martha (16). Mr. H. is a well-to-do farmer sticking to his business- over seeing- not doing much of the real work himself- he has his 52 pigs that he was "finishing off" for the market to see sometime this week- 200 lbs. each. He sold over \$500.00 worth a month ago. He buys them 40 or 50 at a time when 8 weeks old. Kept them in a pasture for 6 months or more. Then put in a large pen and feeds them on corn till they weigh 200 lbs. and sells. He has 23 cows- hires a man to feed or milk them- oversees 4 or 5 farms on which cotton, corn and beans are raised. The Association meetings were finished Fri. morn but they asked us to stay on till Sat. morning. We enjoyed Friday evening with the family and Nancy and Martha hitched up together finely. We tried to go thru the peanut candy factory in Suffolk on Friday afternoon and try again. I am to meet with the Woman's Miss'y Society tomorrow evening there so we will try again for the candy fac'y in the afternoon.

We were very quiet while at Kathleens, - drove to Clearwater, or to Tampa or to St. Petersburg about every day, and I drove out from her home to New Port Richey, Tampa and St. Petersburg to speak.

Kathleen's house is very conveniently arranged with large living room opening off the dining room behind which is the kitchen. A hall runs from the living room to the bath room. One bed room is just behind one living room another behind that and one across the hall and behind the kitchen, - all on one floor. The whole family are looking well. Hugh went into partnership with an electrician a month ago. The man wanted capital. Hugh's father gave \$1000. Hugh drives 24 miles to his work, receives as salary \$20 per week and gets 1/3 of the profits. He said he sold \$100.00 worth of equipment from the store last week, and just before we left he announced that they had just contracted for wiring a drug store for \$325. They would make \$125.00 on the job, and they are practically assured of the job of wiring and lighting the fair next year I believe. This is a \$30000.00 job. So I hope he is on the road to better times.

I am in Elon College, N.C. Tuesday nite and at Big Oak church near Biscoe for an Assn Meeting Wed, and Thurs. I do not yet know about next Sunday, Nov 14 or Nov 22. Nov. 16, 17, 18 I am at Riverside, N.C. Mail will reach me here addressed General Delivery.

Your last letter forwarded from the farm I guess read as if you were trying to make the best of your position. I hope your trys are making progress and will attain success in time. In the mean time I hope you are getting rested. I wonder what Thanksgiving will bring forth for the family. Nancy and I shall try to get home for or by that day.

We have seen "right much" of Florida and some of Georgia and Alabama and Virginia. We shall see a lot of northern North Carolina. I have a distinct impression of miles and miles of wasted land in Fla. and of meeting many people past middle life in that state who have moved here from New England or Penn. or Ohio or Michigan. They are not natives. Here the people are Virginians.

With love
Father

[This letter dated Nov. 8, 1937 was written from Portsmouth, VA by Willard to Monnie (Marjorie). He tells Marjorie of the places that he and Nancy have visited. He talks about Hugh's job. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Portsmouth, VA.
Nov. 8th 1937

Dear Monnie:-

Visions of the end of this whirl-of-a-campaign begin to appear. I have been hoping it would be possible for me to stop on the way between Pearl River and Shelton to perhaps take you to Shelton. I am not sure yet just when we shall actually start for home. I can see that the latest date will be sometime before lunch on Tuesday Nov. 23. One conference at a place. Shallow Well Church, near Sanford, N.C. has not written definitely. This is to be our Association Meeting and I intend to stop at the office of the Superintendent for Va and N.C. and tell them I will attend and speak if they will give me a place on the program at the first session Tuesday morning. Then Nancy and I will leave as soon as I finish and take off 200 miles of one home journey that day, and plan to reach Pearl River Wednesday and I will drive home Thursday morning- stopping for you if you are still in Stanford. Could you write me addressing me at Reidsville, N.C. General Delivery. I am at Reidsville Nov. 16, 17, 18.

It may be that you have other plans that do not fit in with this if so do not change them.

We have kept to our schedule thus far.- The speedometer shows 10500+ miles. It registered 5000+ when we left home. The car covered about 2500 to 3000 miles in Florida alone- from the East Coast Daytona Beach to Clearwater about three times, and from Clearwater to Miami Beach once and from Miami Beach to Daytona Beach one day. Then we drove from Daytona Beach to Atlanta, Ga. and stopped three days, then went on to Talladega, Ala. and from Lineville, Ala. to Clearwater. The longest drive since the one coming down to Fla. was from Clearwater to Holland, Va.- Mother was not with us so we could go 50 and 60 miles an hour.-850+ miles in ten days and a half. The roads were good and weather clear.

Kathleen, Jill and Hugh were well. Hugh is in partnership with an electrician Mr. Newsom- Hugh's father put \$1000 into the business, and Hugh keeps the store while Mr. Newsom is out on the jobs. Just before I left Hugh said they had the job of wiring a drug store \$325.00. They would clear \$100 or \$125 on it.

Then Mr. Newsom has secured the job of doing the wiring for a fair to be held in 1938 \$30000.00. It looks to me as if Hugh was on the way to make good. They have to get up at a little before six. He leaves at 6:40 and drives 24 miles to Tampa and gets home about 6:00 p.m. He receives as salary \$20.00 per week and has 1/3 of the profits from the business. Thus far I guess he has not realized much more than his salary. Jill and Nancy struck up great friendship. The last Sunday we were there, Nancy staid at home and took care of her while Hugh, Kathleen, and Mother and I went to Tampa. I spoke in the Tampa church and all but Hugh lunched with the pastor. Nancy and Jill lunched with Father and Mother Elmer. We found them very happy when we got home.

Write so I will get it from General Delivery.
Reidsville, N.C.

Lovingly
Father

[This letter dated Nov. 13, 1937 was written from Elon College, NC by Willard to Elbert and Emma (Kinney). Willard talks about buying pecans on the roadside. He spoke at Elon Chapel and attended a Duke/NC State football game. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Elon College
Of Dr. Atkinson
Nov. 13th 1937

Dear Elbert and Emma:-

Elberts letter re pecans reached me here two days ago. How perfectly things often work out without our planning! I had decided to buy 100 lbs. of pecans if the right opportunity offered- whether you wrote for them or not. So as we came up thru the pecan raising section we watched for the B. Lloyd's advertisement. We thought of coming back the same route as we came or rather went down, but we were driving against time- nearing 400 miles a day- and for novices that's going some- and our shortest route did not take us thru the place where we had bought the sample we sent you. But we passed a station where Lloyd's pecans were in stock on both sides of the street they wanted 28 cents a lb. for Stewarts [*a type of pecan*]. I did not know one kind from another, but knew the Stewarts had seemed to us good on our way South. Finally they said they had 100 lbs. of Schleys 28 cents. I told them I had bo't Stewart for 25 cents. At last they went across the way and brought over the box. He asked what I wanted. I told him, and said they did not get an order for 100 lbs from a tourist every day. He said all right take a 100 lb bag

for \$25.00 so we have them in the car. All unknown to us what kind you wanted or whether you wanted any. I thought at that price I could dispose of them. When I get home, I'll get them up to you in some way. Maybe I'll want to come up to see you and Jerry-unless she comes down to Century Farm for Thanksgiving in which case I may bring her back and take the nuts along.

Nancy and I are greatly enjoying a few days here with Pres. and Mrs. L.E. Smith of Elon College. They kindly asked us to come for last Monday evening. Nancy has been here since I was off in the country- where I went to the well and pumped the water with the family wash basin to wash my face both for supper and b-fast- where the men eat first and the women and children at second table- but they are the kind of folk that make the foundation of the nation- financially independent well-to-do, morally straight, solid gold, intellectually rising. 7 children all but one in school. The youngest Mildred 6 yrs. came running to her father just as I arrived, with her face all aglow and showed him her report card- the first one- with all A's.

I have spoken once at Elon chapel and conducted two forums with two student groups- but the acme of pleasure came yesterday afternoon when I went with the Smith family and Nancy to the football game. Duke (at Durham, N.C.) vs. North Carolina State College). The day was perfect. The crowd 45000 in the Duke Stadium. Just to see that crowd was enough to pay for the tickets- \$2.50 a seat. The playing was clean,- a little logy and called it on the part of Duke. The Carolina boys put up a good game and won 14-6. After the game the Carolina boys had to have some fun so they tried to pull down the goal post nearest to where we sat. The Duke boys defended them. After perhaps ten minutes 20 or 30 Carolina boys started for the farther goal post and before the Duke boys got onto their game the C. boys had the posts down. The people here called it a "fight" but I did not see much "fight" in it. We drove our car out of the congestion. As we were inching along, we met a car in the ditch. Another car backed up to it to pull it out. The towing chain was the chains they put on the wheels for ice. The chain snapped. The car was in a pickle all right. Up to its axle. I had a tow chain in the trunk of my car. I could not be sure of landing it and waiting got it, so I told the fellow I had it and would sell it to him. He asked how much. I told at cost= 80 cents. He replied "I'll give you \$1.00" I took his dollar and had the satisfaction of seeing him safely on the road with his car- but too far away for me to give him the chance to return my chain and me to return his dollar.

We had dinner at a hotel- a fine dinner. ?? ?? and a call on a Dr. Campbell, teacher in Vanderbilt University and his wife and to bed for a nine hour's sleep- and up for a beautiful day on which I could go to church- get in a pew and listen and enjoy a service. This evening I am to speak at Greensboro.

Here at Elon College I have spoken at College chapel once and held two forums with a class or rather two different classes of the students in the college.

I think I'll send this letter to Geraldine and ask her to forward it to you. Nancy and I are having a very interesting time, but I at least, am looking forward to the close of this campaign with pleasure- two months of it is enough for one stretch.

The weather here now is something like our New England weather in November Indian Summer. We all sat thru one game yesterday with our overcoats off. Put them on when the sun went down.

You would have enjoyed this I think, Jerry. At least you would have seen much of the Southland- and much of the people in different walks of life. From the real share-cropper who asked me - if there was not some kind of trouble over in China right now to the cultured College President.

With love Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 16, 1937 was probably written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen is relaxing and waiting for her 2nd baby to arrive. She gives information to Geraldine on train schedules in hopes that Marjorie and Geraldine will come to Florida for Christmas. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Nov. 16, 1937

Dear Jerry:

Jill and I are out basking in a lovely warm sun and Mother is working - as usual. I am being very lazy these days and letting her do most of it. I am just waiting for the "event" so that I can go back to normal and it can't come too soon for me now.

You must be very busy with your classes for we have heard nothing from you since they started. Uncle Elbert wrote that you had been down there to dinner three times and Monnie wrote of your New York trips so we know you haven't been stationary. I hope you don't have too much studying to do or much extra curricular work. Do the girls seem responsive or are they inclined to be sophisticated and unscholarly?

Have you and Monnie decided whether you are coming down for Christmas? We hope you have made up your minds to come but of course you know best when it will be most convenient for you and any time will suit us

so far as we know now. Mother found out some important information about trains down here which she will include in this letter. If you do come by train be sure to get your ticket via the "Seaboard Airline" road for that goes right thru Safety Harbor and we can meet you. However, get your ticket to Clearwater since it is cheaper that way I think, and ask to get off at Safety Harbor. There is another line, "Atlantic Coast line", which goes thru Clearwater but we would find it hard to meet you since Hugh has the car in Tampa all day. Or, you could buy your ticket to Tampa and Hugh could meet you there and drive you home when he comes. Perhaps that would be easiest all around and it might be a little cheaper for you too. Anyway let us know if and when you are coming.

We are wondering where you will spend thanksgiving. Will you go down to the Farm or have dinner in Putnam. I suppose you will have the whole weekend won't you, or don't the girls go home for that Holiday? We have been invited over to the Elmer house for dinner if the children get well enough by that time. Sally and Molly have colds and little Rollin has some kidney trouble resulting from a cold- so Enid has her hands pretty full taking care of them. Also Pearl has been worse for the last two months and is very little help over there. Her case was of such long standing that it has not responded well as they hope it would.

Hugh likes his new job and gets along well with his partner, which helps a lot. It will probably mean an eventual move nearer Tampa for us but I guess we will stay here for the present anyway. Mother seems to like the location of our house and her sunny South room. It is very quiet out here and if you come down you will get a good rest.

Last night was our coldest night so far and we needed heat this morning. We had not frost tho, and I hope we don't have any as long as the poinsettias are in bloom. They are beautiful now and very showy. This is Thursday (Nov. 18) and Jill and I are out sunning ourselves again. It is much warmer out than in today- but I'll never get this finished if Jill continues to demand my attention. She missed Nancy's attention for a few days after they left and was a handful to take care of. She is more contented now but learned to do several taboo things which she hasn't unlearned- like turning on all the lights any time of day or night and filling everything with water at the sink. She is getting some much needed discipline from Grandma and lessons in good behavior. She ought to be a model child when Mother gets thru with her for I have been rather lax recently about making her mind.

I must finish now if I get this into the mail so goodbye for now and write us soon.

Love from all of us

Kathie

[This letter dated Nov. 22, 1937 was written from Clearwater, FL by Ellen to Geraldine. Ellen talks about life in Florida and of some of the people she has met. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Clearwater, Fla.

Monday Nov. 22", 1937.

Dear Geraldine,

I fancy you have been wondering when you were going to hear from us as much as we have been when you would favor us with a communication.

I can realize now how Kathleen feels rather isolated from the whole family, but she adjusts herself to the southern environment very well. There is very little society immediately about here for her; and owing to the coming of Jacqueline and the care of her since, and the approaching arrival of the second, they do not go out much to get into any society. I have met one couple three houses down the road, a former Boston minister and wife who have spent 49 summers at Lake Winnepesaukee; were there last summer; bought this house here on this street about 3 yrs. ago; they dropped in a few minutes yesterday afternoon on their way home from a walk; were much interested to hear we had been to Lake W. last summer and Marjorie's residence with the Tucker family. They did not know where Steamboat Island is [*an island in Lake Winnepesaukee*]!

Aside from these,- Rev. and Mrs. Bakeman, I have met no other, outside of the Elmer family, except their (K's and H's) grocer who is a relative of the former President Lowell- of Harvard, their ice man who delivers ice a the house daily, and the proprietor of the electric shop where Hugh works. So you see we live very quietly.

Yesterday and today have been cold days; last night so cold that some of the more exposed poinsettias were killed. The lowest temperature at 7 o'clock this morning was 29 degrees. Last evening at about 9:30 and again at 10:30 the forecast of probable temperatures for each of the cities in this part of Florida was given by radio for the benefit of citrus fruit growers and truck gardeners. The announcer must have given about 50 cities ranging from 2 to 34 degrees. Little or no damage was done to citrus fruits I think, in this part of Florida. Ice froze on open tubs of water at Mr. Elmer's house, 1/8 inc. thick. The ice man also reported the same at his home. And wasn't it cold tho!! Saturday night I slept so cold under 7 thicknesses (including the sheet) of cotton and wool covers of

varying weight, 2 being the English Duffle from Labrador, that last night I added 2 more thicknesses of cotton bedquilt, and slept in 2 union suits, woolen stockings and heavy winter night gown. So if it's cold up north at Christmas vacation, come down to "Sunny Florida"!!!

But it's moderating and Kathleen says the cold snaps never last more than two or three days.

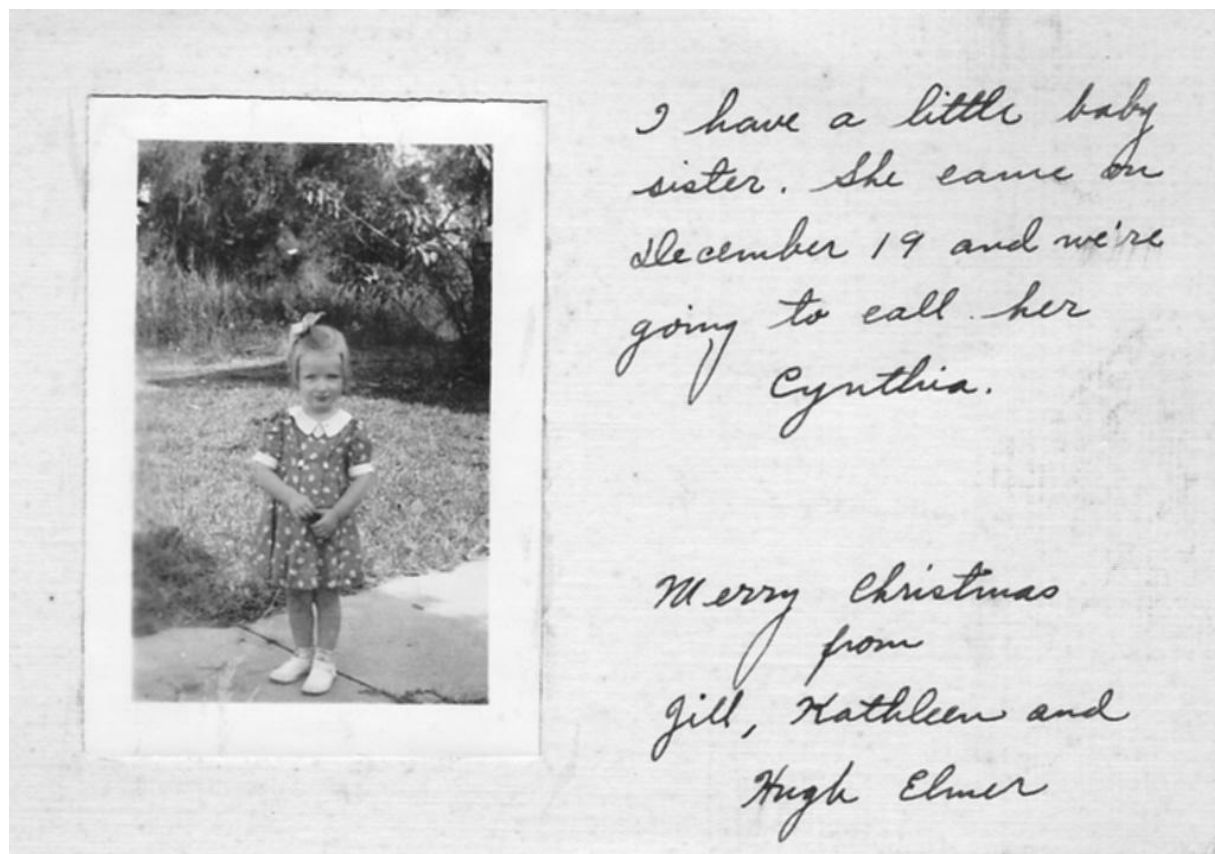
Two weeks ago yesterday we planned to go to Clearwater to church. Mr. Elmer, Hugh and I. Hugh wanted to take Jacqueline. K. was a bit doubtful. But the little girlie sat very still in her father's lap, all thru the service without uttering a word or a sound. She fell asleep for 10 min. toward the last but woke when the organ struck up the final hymn. Her grandfather was evidently quite gratified by her perfect behavior and complimented her and gave her more attention and caresses than I ever saw him bestow before. She took one of her little automobiles in her hand to play with if the sermon was too long and I carried a small picture book for a diversion if necessity required but I simply held it in my lap covered with her coat and she only held her automobile in her hand not playing with it at all nor even looking at it. In one of her grandfather's compliments for her behavior, spoken to Hugh, she transferred the meaning to the church service when he meant it regarding her behavior. What he said was that she behaved better than at the moving picture a few weeks ago when she ran down the aisle and was brought back by an usher who told Hugh to keep her in the seat. When she arrived home her mother asked her if she liked going to church, she answered "Yes, better than the moving picture".

I said I had met only one couple here. There is one other couple who came in one evening last week to play cards. Mr. and Mrs. Dort and their 2 yr. old boy. They live a few miles away.

Mr. Bakeman said he had a brother who was a missionary in Shanghai teaching in S'hai Bapt. College, many years but died 3 yrs. ago. We did not know him.

I walk down to the store in Safety Harbor occasionally and am taking this letter to the P.O. or train there right now. Love Mother.

Kathleen is well and keeping up finely.



Cynthia's birth announcement December 19, 1937
[From the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



Written on back of photo: "Baby Cynthia and Grandma"
Ellen and Cynthia Elmer
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1938

- Hitler invades Austria
- War of the Worlds by Orson Welles is broadcast over the radio
- Willard and Ellen are in the U.S.
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Florida
- Marjorie is living in the U.S. – probably the farm
- Dorothy and Harold are living in Saginaw, Michigan
- Geraldine is living in New England
- Gould and Virginia are living in La Grange, Illinois
- Willard is 73, Ellen- 70, Gould- 42, Geraldine- 40, Dorothy- 37, Marjorie- 32, Kathleen- 30.

[This letter dated Jan. 26, 1938 was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Ellen is in Florida for a lengthy stay. Kathleen has had baby Cynthia and Ellen realizes how much work babies are, since she had the help of amahs in China. Geraldine did not make it to Florida for Christmas but sent a box of presents. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

R.D. 1 Clearwater
Jan. 26 [1938]

Dear Jerry:

You are probably thinking that I am shamefully slow about writing and the truth is that I am thinking so too. There just doesn't seem to be any time for writing in this business of bringing up babies and I just can't account for the twenty-four hours of each day. Mother said the other day that she had never before realized how much work a baby was, and I think she surely was fortunate to have amahs when her children were young. Cynthia is almost a modle baby and demands very little beside a full tummy, but her feelings do come around with such surprising frequency that we get nothing done between times. And then my pep isn't up to par yet and I can't accomplish as much as when I feel normal. It does seem to take ages to get into the swing again after a baby comes and its no use to try to force it, as I found out with Jill. Mother lets me lie abed until ten some mornings and the added rest does help so much, but it makes the days seem that much shorter.

You have probably forgotten all about Christmas by this time and are engrossed in midyear exams, or are those out of style by now? Your big box came while I was in the hospital and Hugh and Jill opened it! So cards and wrappings got wildly scattered and I am still very much confused about what is from whom and to whom. As I rounded things up later your apt little verses did help a lot to piece information together but if I credit you with the wrong things or leave out some you will know why. Hugh liked his candy as well as anything and had it nearly devoured before I got home. The shoe trees, wash clothes and bowl covers will come in for their share of use, and we think the latter particularly nice. Mother and I were looking at them in the stores in November but came away without any so I'm glad to have them now. Jill's little apron and bib are big hits with her and she loves her blanket. It is a beauty and she needed it on cold nights. Now I won't have to scratch around to find something to put over her. I learned just recently that you got that tip from Mother. I have been wondering how it was that so many of our gifts fitted our real needs so well. Thank you loads for all of it- and have I got it straight?

It is Jan 28. now and I can't seem to make much headway on this letter. We are having another cold spell after having real mild weather for several weeks, and it chills us through. Mother spent a day at the state fair in Tampa yesterday, going over with Hugh, and said she nearly froze. I guess she enjoyed it though and is going again on Monday which is Gaspirilla day, named for the pirate who used to sail the Spanish Main and once took Tampa. They put on a mock storming of the town in very colorful style I've heard and I hope to see it someday. Mother has also been to Tarpon Springs on their festival day and to our county fair in Largo. Perhaps the St. Petersburg festival will be on when you girls are here so you can see it. I am wondering if Gould and Ginny's plan to come East during Hazel's spring vacation will change your minds about coming down here again. If so please say so now. We don't want to have a sudden disappointment just before you are supposed to come. Mother and I have been through your visit several times in imagination and I hope we can do all that we plan to do, or would you rather rest?

We have just got the first pictures of Cynthia so you will get the first peek at them. Here are two of the bed though they show mostly blanket. The one with Mother holding her was taken at three weeks. The other at five weeks. She just barely fits into Hill's doll bed which Dot send last birthday and we let Jill roll her around in it once in awhile. It makes a very nice portable crib for her to lie in if she is fussy during meals. Jill is crazy to touch and hug her and runs to her every time she cries. I think there is a little jealousy too, which comes out when I am preoccupied with feeding or changing her. Jill wants me to play with her all the time too. In fact she is right now at my elbow whining for me to come and play- and baby is yelling with all stops open to be fed long before feeding time- and so it goes. Be glad that your charges can take care of themselves between classes.

Thanks for Gidge's letter. I got one from her a few days later. I guess they are doing pretty well now with their show and we want them to bring it down here next winter. I think it would be very popular with the tourists. *[Gidge married a Russian man named Peter who had a marionette show according to Jill Elmer Jackson.]* I'll enclose her letter if I can find it- the one you wanted back.

I had better stop if you ever get this, and at my present rate of writing letters you may not get another for months. "Time does forget" as Mother says.

Much love from us all and much thanks too for the Christmas presents.- Kathie

*[This letter dated **Feb. 18, 1938** was written from Clearwater, FL by Ellen to Geraldine. Ellen and Kathleen have sent citrus fruit to Geraldine and Dorothy. Ellen tells Geraldine what clothing to bring to wear in FL when she comes to visit. She also tells about the different train schedules. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Clearwater, Fla.
Feb. 18", 1938.

Dearest Geraldine,

Night before last after supper, Hugh and I drove down to Coachman's Packing House, where Hugh used to work, and bought some oranges and packing boxes, metal strapping, etc. and bro't them home. Yesterday Kathleen packed two boxes (she knows the art of doing it as it is done in the packing house) nailed and strapped them and last night Hugh took them down to the express office at the R.R. Station at Safety Harbor, where they were entrained, destinationed (my coinage) respectively to Marot Junior College, Thompson, Conn. and to Saginaw, Mich. The one that will be delivered to you is intended for your birthday gift, six months ahead of time, or as a valentine a week late, just as suits you best. It is from the whole family with congratulations and love which will cover either or both.

You would better look them over every two or three days, as soft spots of decay or mould sometimes develop in packed fruit.

There are three Temple oranges in the box which you will find easily as they are wrapped separately in paper. These are considered the best oranges grown. They are skinned and eaten like Tangerines not reamed or dipped with a spoon. You'll notice their appearance is a little different from the Pineapple oranges in the box. They're a little deeper orange color, more wrinkled skin, glossier, and slightly pumped at the stem end. I take a sharp knife, just cut off the inner edge of each section, pull down the white skin toward the thicker outer edge of the section and bite off from the skin of the outer side of the section the pure pulp without getting any of that skin in your mouth; or you can lift it off with the knife. I think this is so much more satisfactory a way to eat them than chewing them, skin and all that I am describing it in detail. And I think the neatest way to eat the other oranges is to ream the juice out, then you do not spatter your clothing and everything else in reach, dipping with a spoon. Get a large size reamer with a deep trough around the spur next time you are in Putnam, at the 5 and 10. Kathleen likes the little Comquats, or Kumquats, that we tucked in here and there. I don't know whether you will like them fresh or not. If you don't, take them down to Emma's and make them into preserve, perhaps adding a little orange and grape fruit pulp. Kathleen eats them fresh, skin and all, - except the seeds. Choose the ripest looking ones to try first or they will be sour.

You asked what clothing to bring when you come a month hence. I am letting Kathleen dictate the answer to this, as she knows the climate better than I. She says, "The weather is unpredictable. But you will need mostly summer things. You should have one warm outfit, but that will be necessary anyway up there for you to start out in, at the season of the year. She says to bring mostly short dresses as that is what they wear much down here. Not much dressy. Something suitable for church wear. A street costume would be suitable for that. K. says Hugh wants to take you to a night club. If you want to go perhaps you would want to bring something suitable for such a place but not necessarily a strictly evening dress. K. says they wear "anything and everything." In general she thinks it will be warm when you get to Florida; I don't know what kind of weather you will start out in. I think you may find a light weight sweater handy even if it is warm weather.

As to R.R. lines there are two lines. The Atlantic Coast Line, and the Seaboard Air Line (not an airplane line). Both come to Clearwater but you should not come to that station. K. says come either to Tampa or to Safety Harbor. And she thinks you'll have to take the Seaboard Air Line (= R.R. Line) to reach Tampa or Safety Harbor as the Atlantic Coastline does not come to Safety Harbor and she thinks not to Tampa. You see Hugh is in Tampa all day, -from 7:45 a.m. to 5:30 or 6 p.m. and he could meet you there and bring you home in his car. It is easy to meet you at Safety Harbor from their home as it is only a half mile away.

But I will get all the information about lines and trains that you need and send it to you in good time. I was just waiting to get the very latest schedule and fares, near to the time you want to come as there are changes, and as it will be late in the season, there might possible be excursion rates as an inducement to the public to travel, when touring to Florida begins to drop off, and most of the traffic is in the other direction, but also dropping off.

We shall be glad to have Aunt Emma come with you and she need not worry about room. I'll write her to that effect, at once.

Don't worry about your invitation to the Beard aunts. I think it will come out all right. If they come it will be quite possible to manage it only I thought with K. that it would be a little pleasanter if it was a sister's party this time.

With much love,
Mother.

P.S. Do you think you are improved decidedly by your nose treatments? And is your Dr. going to finish his job on you – sometime?!!! I am glad you are having some treatments by Dr. Pease- osteopathic.
Mother.

Baby is prospering and is a joy. All family well.

I hope you will not give away all these oranges to your teacher and student friends but will keep some considerable portion for yourself. You are in such an intimate and public position that it will be difficult, with your generosity, to keep such for yourself. The Temple Oranges are a cross between oranges and Tangerines.

*[This partial letter dated **about Feb. 1938** was written from Clearwater, FL by Ellen probably to Geraldine. Ellen tells about the cotton balls and Spanish moss that she sent to Geraldine. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About Feb 1938]

I did finally get your box of souvenirs from the cotton fields and Florida off to you day before yesterday and it will probably get there before this does. You may be so near thru this term of school that you will have no chance to show them to your students in class but they'll keep till next semester opens. Have you forgotten all I wrote describing the picking and baling and ginning of cotton? You may have to reread my letter. Or did I write it to Marjorie? I intended it to be passed between you two,- too long to write twice. I sent her the same as to you= souvenirs, yesterday.

In the box are 2 cotton balls just as they grow, and as I picked them in the field; a tiny bale of cotton, exactly like the commercial bales that weigh almost 500 lbs.; a few cotton seeds just as they come out of the gin; a small jar of orange blossom honey which I bought in northern Florida on the way down; be careful when you lift out the moss, as the glass jar is wrapped in the moss; a bunch of Spanish Moss or Florida Moss as it is sometimes called, such as hangs thickly from many, many trees all thru this section of Florida. I picked this from a live-oak tree in Kathleen's back yard. You may like to hang it in your room for a time over a corner of a picture or mirror. They say it will grow anywhere it can get moisture and food from natural air. I don't know that it would grow in a steam heated house or out of doors in N.E. winter zero weather. Also in a tiny package wrapped in white tissue paper is a tiny plant of the moss first started from the spore or seed, to show how it starts growing on the limbs and trunks of trees on the bark.

The cotton pickers pick the cotton out of the calyx of the flower leaving the whole calyx on the plant. I picked the whole on the stem so you could see how it grows. The sepals are now dry and brittle and may be much broken on arrival.

On your way down, or back, you will probably see the negroes in the cotton fields planting the cotton seed or cultivation the young plants for this years crop. Gins will be closed I think.

The orange blossom honey is for you, not your students, as indeed are all the other things, primarily.





Willard and Ellen in cotton fields while on 1937 trip through the south.
 [Photos from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

*[This letter dated **April 7, 1938** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He expects Geraldine, Aunt Emma and Ellen to be coming back from Florida soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Shelton, CT]
 April 7th 1938

Dear Geraldine:-

Cards come to us from Florida that tell us you were all coming home- each one by herself. We think of you as back at work and Aunt Emma still in Florida. I hope your rest will last so you will get back into the harness with zest and pleasure.

This morning we woke to find about 4" of white stuff on the ground. At 4:15 p.m. it is not by any means gone. Yesterday we three went to Bethel to a Fairfield Women's Missionary Meeting. I spoke before two of these meetings a year ago- one in Georgetown- one in N. Guilford. A Miss Scott and a Miss Carter and a Mr. Lin were the speakers,- all good. Miss Scott specially so for Imanda Seminary Natal, Africa- where we sent Nettie Walker from Foochow in 1935 and where Dr. James B. McIord is a big man as well as a big doctor. Mr. Lin is doing a real rural community job in Sherman, which is in the N.W. part of Fairfield Co. One of his problems is how to keep the Theological Professors of Yale and Union from leading classes out so "see" his work. He is not doing work to put into a show case. His work is being a friend. He deals in intelligent Sympathy and he is getting results.

My car is to be freed from prison April 15. I plan to take some rabbits down to Uncle Stanley just after Easter. If I do I will look in on Monnie. I wonder if Mother will be home by that time. I also want to drive up to Putnam soon after Easter just for a how-do-you-do, good-bye and stop in Pautucket to see Mrs. Cushman and Bettie Thelin and Mark and Robert- too much gadding about do you say?

I had the garden plowed Tuesday. Mary and I planned to plant lettuce plants today. Too easy putting them in ground.

Last Sunday evening we hear Rablin Wise in the Forum in United M Church B-port and supper with Uncle Oliver and Aunt Annie.- the week before we heard Sherwood Eddy in the same place.

Lovingly

Father

I enclose a letter from Ginnie. Please send it to Monnie

Father

*[This letter dated **April 12, 1938** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He talks about life on the farm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

April 12-1938

Dear Geraldine:-

Monnie plans to come home next Sat. leaving on the 8:53 or about next and ari'g [arriving] Derby 8:55 a.m. Can you come too? My car will be out of bondage Friday April 15th, and I can come after you or take you back. I plan a trip to Putnam soon anyway and plan to stop in Saybrook and Pawtucket either going or coming. I should like to take you either coming or returning.

Uncle Elbert writes of your good looks. Florida sun, rest and travel were good for you. Aunt Emma was completely captivated by something down there. She tells Elbert he must not mention Florida if he does not want her to go.

Spring gains a little each time it struggles. You must have thought the freeze zone was moving south when that snow came. It has been very chilly every day till today it has been balmy and fine.

Yesterday we set out lettuce and planted spinach and peas. The small garden was plowed before the snow came.

Rabbits are increasing fast. Two litters this week- a dozen in each. Of course I do not allow more than seven to live. So now I have four mothers with young- 1 with 6, 1 with 5, 1 with 8 or 9, 1 with 8 or 9. I do not destroy all at once- take them away gradually. Sold one 7 weeks old to a boy for a pet- \$2.00. *[Willard is raising rabbits for serum for pneumonia for Lederle Laboratories where brother, Stanley works.]*

If you want me to come for you drop a postal at once when you receive this.- That is if you can come at all. Tomorrow I speak to the freshmen of State Teacher's College New Haven, 75 in the class.

Thursday evening I conduct communion for Mr. Strickland.

Lovingly

Father



Willard and one of his rabbits

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



A blurry photo of Ellen with Jill and baby Cynthia.
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

[This letter, dated **about April 1938**, was written from Florida by Kathleen to her mother. Kathleen is writing her mother shortly after Ellen's departure from visiting Florida. Kathleen is adjusting well to Ellen's absence and she thanks her for all her help with her new infant, Cynthia. There was a big brush fire between their house and Hugh's parent's house. They were able to successfully prevent it from reaching the houses. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[About April 1938]
Monday

Dear Mother:

Letters keep coming for you and are a constant reminder to me that you were here not so long ago, but it seems as though you left months ago. It seems that Aunt Emma wasn't expecting you to get up there so soon for she enclosed this letter to you in with mine. I took the liberty of reading it since it wasn't under separate cover. You have probably seen her 'ere this but you will want to read it anyway.

I have your three postals written en route and am waiting for the one that tells of your arrival. I hope you don't do the way Dot did and wait a week before letting me know that you actually got there. Of course Bridgeport is practically home for you but it isn't the farm and I want to know that you got there. I'm sorry you had so much cloudy weather on the way and that you slept so little. I hope you get a good rest there or in Putnam. You didn't mention Washington. Did you go thru at night or didn't the train stop at all?

My teaspoons from Lux came this morning and they are beauties. If they are real silver plate they are certainly a bargain and the pattern is all they said it would be. Jill's song and Betty Lu paper doll also came last week and supplied play for a whole day. She is really being very good these days and is helping me all she can. Perhaps it is because she feels that I am all hers again now and my attention is undivided. Anyway things have gone very smoothly and if we all keep well I see no reason why they shouldn't continue to.

Yesterday Jill asked to go to church. I had not been planning to go since I wanted some time for the flowers and corn but she insisted and I knew I shouldn't refuse so I dressed us both up and Hugh stayed with baby

while we went. There were about thirty there, few of whom I knew. The minister talked some more about his new \$5000 church, which is absurd for its membership, and delivered a fair sermon on the forty days after Easter. Hugh trimmed his Mother's double hibiscus and brought seven cuttings over here which we planted and hope will grow. They make more things for me to water every day so I'm praying for rain. Today there is not a sign of it- clear, breezy cool and a grand drying day for my washing. I did a big one this morning starting early, and had it all out by noon. Baby was a perfect angel and required only one feeding during it and nothing else. I marvel at her goodness. She gets a wee bit fussy around supper time but Hugh is usually here to hold her until I can get something ready to fill the little tummy. I have moved her and all her things into your room now so you may think of her occupying your big bed all by herself. I thought it would be more quiet there and we wouldn't disturb her going in and out the side door. Besides I have none of my things in there so have no occasion to go in while she is asleep. Mrs. Codville gave her a pair of soft white doe skin booties trimmed with blue. They look adorable on her but she can't wear them many months.

The Codvilles are back down here now, having sold her farm up North and also their house down here. They plan to build a new house now on their lot in Dunedin. Rollin said they cleared about \$1000 on their house in Clearwater. Sally was quite ill yesterday- had a cough and fever Enid said. Father and Mother Elmer want me to drive them to St. Petersburg this week. Don't know how I'll manage but guess baby will go with me anyway, and Jill too if the children over there aren't all well.

Thank you again so very much for all the help and company you were to me last winter. I shall remember it a long time with a lot of pleasure. It was awfully hard to let you go but I'm fast getting used to being alone again. A heartfelt of love to you and Father – Kathleen

Tuesday

P.S. – For I must tell you about last night's excitement. Hugh came home early for a wonder and suggested that we go to the beach before supper. The Lowells have invited us to come to their cottage out there and use it as a dressing room for swimming so we decided to accept. We took suits but found it too cool for a swim so just visited for half an hour. They told us (the younger couple is there now) that they got \$100 a month for that tiny cottage all winter!!! and those around them were getting \$125 and \$150. Imagine! Well, baby got fussy and sleepy so we came home and on approaching the house saw a great smoke rising to the north of it. In the afternoon the woods across the road from the Elmer's place had burned but the North-East wind had swept it way to the West of us and we thought it beyond danger. It seems that a telephone pole or stump had continued burning and had blown sparks across the road, for there was a great blaze up at the corner and the wind was blowing it toward our house and a little to the West. We got right to work immediately and were ever so thankful that Mr. Woodell had disked and burned all around our house. But you know how dry everything was around here and with the stiff breeze that was blowing I feared danger from sparks. I put the children in the house and told Jill to roll baby in the carriage to keep her quiet, and she stuck by her guns and did just as I told her all the time I was helping Hugh start a back fire all along the edge of the woods and draw a lot of water to have ready. It was getting dark by this time and the approaching fire made a great light in the sky, and as it reached each clump of trees with moss in them it made a great flare and a flash of sparks high in the air. It was beautiful but a little terrifying so near us. Mr. Woodell came by and said Hugh had done the right thing in lighting up this and Mr. Hyde came over to see. Father Elmer came over and went right back to start a back fire across the dirt road from his place. Imagine if you can the entire woods between ours and their house ablaze with the reddest fire I ever saw. It was a gorgeous sight for a full half hour or more. Hugh stayed out to watch it until the two fires met and died down somewhat, while I fed baby and got some supper together. It was eight o'clock when we sat down and, nine when I got thru putting both children to bed. By nine thirty when we turned in we could see only embers glowing on the ground here and there and smoke rising from the charred area. This morning it is black everywhere to the North of us and all the trees are badly seared. It is too bad but I'm glad it didn't come while I was alone or away – and I got my wish to have all the grass cleared away along the walk from here to the other house so I won't be afraid of snakes when I wheel baby over there. I rather expected to see some snakes around here this morning driven by the fire but have seen none yet. It is another glorious bright, cool, breezy day today. We are having the best weather of the year right now. Yesterday Hugh brought over some huge tomatoes from his Father's garden, but they say there won't be many unless we get rain soon.

The girls may be interested in reading this note so you may send it around if you like.

Love again

Kathleen

[This letter, dated **after April 17, 1938**, was written from Putnam, Connecticut by Emma Kinney to her sister, Ellen. Emma thanks Ellen for sending her toiletry articles that she left behind while visiting Kathleen in Florida. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[After April 17, 1938 and
before May 1, 1938]

Dear Ellen,

Just as I was finishing Kathleen's the parcel postman left the box containing my toilet articles which you so kindly sent.

Everything came in perfect order. But how could it be otherwise with such wonderful packing? When I saw how much care and time you had put into the packing, I was very much ashamed of my carelessness in forgetting it.

I was very much pleased to get a card with the Jacaranda tree. I intended to get a card after seeing the tree in St. Petersburg but did not have a chance to do so. Please accept my hearty thanks.

Since I hav'nt stamps enough at hand to send the postage now I will bear in mind that I owe you 26 cents for postage.

We have had three very impressive services during the Easter season. On Palm Sunday evening 49 voices from all the Protestant Churches of the city rendered the cantata "The Seven Last Words". The church was filled as we hav'nt seen for years.

On Fast Day the four churches had a three hour service (12-3 o'clock) in the Episcopal church. Ministers from the surrounding churches took part including the new pastor at Woostock Hill and the new pastor at Danielson. Mr. Gaylord whom we met at Harry Bachs about a year ago yesterday left Danielson last Fall for a parish in Maine.

We had a fine service Easter morning at which 15 people joined the church and 4 babies were baptized.

Elbert records 330 as the number of people present. We ought to have two thirds of that number every Sunday. I thought of you rising about 3 o'clock Easter morning and driving to Lake Wales to hear the chimes from the Bok Tower. I hope you were able to go.

Bright and early about 9 o'clock, last Monday morning Harry appeared with 10 gallons of maple syrup which Will had ordered. He reported that he had a long season of syrup making. He thought the season was over about the last of March, but a snow storm early in Apr. started the sap again and he taped the trees again and make more syrup. Harry also reported that Eleanor, Mary's daughter is to be married May 21, at Mt. Ochepetuch. She is marrying an electrical engineer and they will be located at Nyack, N.Y. His people live on Cape Cod. The cousins are to be invited so you better head for Conn. by May 1 to get your wedding garments ready. Don't be alarmed, it is to be a small, simple wedding but you will be invited without doubt. Time for the mail man so I'll have to close.

Much love

Emma

[This letter dated **April 19, 1938** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Gerry (Geraldine). He delivered rabbits to Stanley's laboratory. Ellen should be back from Florida on April 29th. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Conn.

April 19th 1938

Dear Gerry:-

Monnie and I had a pleasant ride home Sunday afternoon. As we drove into the garage we noticed a light in front of the Hudson. The fog light has been on -perhaps all day. The rest of us had decided to stay at home and go to bed. Aunt Mary was going up to the church for the Easter Cantata. She went out and after several minutes I noticed she had not left the garage. The fog light had used so much of the battery's energy it would not start the car. I tried to have her take my car, but she decided to stay at home so we were all in bed by 8:30. At 4:30 I was up and at 5:30 I had loaded the rabbits, the bicycle and some trees for Uncle Stanley. And at 6:00 a.m. we were on the way. As Monnie walked in the school the girls were just coming down to breakfast.

Aunt Mary and I caught the 9:00 o'clock ferry and at 10:30 we were at Aunt Myra's with the rabbits safely ensconced at the Lab'y. I had a good long nap while Aunt Mary and Aunt Myra shopped for eatables for lunch. At 1:00 we left for home- drove over 10 to 15 miles of the new Merritt Highway,- coming out at S. Norwalk- not so good- 4 or 5 miles of rough earth roadbed,- stopped at Uncle Oliver's and Aunt Annie's 10 min. and reached home

at 5. Aunt Mary had to go to Shelton in the evening for a "dress rehearsal" of The Old Peabody Pew. It rained some yesterday but was pleasant travelling. Today is very fine.

Mother had planned to reach Shelton April 29. In my letter I mentioned my plan to go to Putnam and she wrote that she could hurry to come home, go to Putnam with me and get back by the 28th - when Aunt Phebe leaves for the South. I have written her to follow her original plan and get here Apr 29, and we will go to Putnam after Aunt Phebe gets home.

I hope you feel much better and that the spring sunshine and balmy atmosphere with lots of rest will help you.
Lovingly Father

[This letter dated April 27, 1938 was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Geraldine visited Kathleen and Kathleen offers to have her back for a length of time to help with her health. Ellen has left Florida after staying there for six months. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Wednesday
April 27, 1938

Dear Jerry:

Forgive me for being such a rotter as not to answer that good boat letter and your other one. But it seems as if almost every letter I write nowadays must be prefaced by apologies for tardiness- and I think you know how it is.

I hope you really did get a little benefit from your vacation, though Aunt Emma writes that you have been ill again. I'm terribly sorry. I'm afraid we let you do too much work and going while you were here, for you have that enviable ability to appear quite well when you are really feeling rotten, and we thoughtless people let you go right on wearing yourself out. For your own good you ought to be more like me and show it all over when you have any little ache or pain. Now if you don't pick up a whole lot during the summer I want you to take a year off and come down here with me (if you think you can stand me that long.) Seriously, I mean it, for with your kind of trouble I am sure the climate here would be relaxing and you could get the fresh air and sunshine that you need. Of course I'm issuing this invitation with little financial backing but I'm sure that I'll still be here and that I'll have a roof to cover you with. You might have to do a little humble tilling of the soil for nourishment but that might go in on the health program. Do consider it, and feel assured the door is always open.

If you have seen Pearl [*cousin Pearle Tayler*] recently you probably know that I asked her to come down when you wrote me her state of health. I fear my invitation was a little late for her needs tho, and for the season too. But she said she might come next winter and I hope she does.

You have probably also seen Mother since she got up North. It was hard to see her go after having her for six whole months and has been lonely around here without her, but I am just about readjusted to being alone again and everything is going smoothly. Jill takes a nap almost every day now and that gives me a chance for a rest. Cynthia is as good as ever and as full of smiles. Jill made real progress in her speech while you were here. Her double consonants are very clear now and she sometimes says f correctly too. School- stocking-spring are some of the words she has improved upon- and all by her own effort. I am stiffening up on the discipline, and since I have had her alone she is much better. Only once or twice during the week have I had to punish her for disobedience and I think she understands what I am after.

Have you seen some of the pictures taken down here? Monnie has most of the negatives but one film is going around from my camera for your orders and mother has another taken since you all left. There is a darling one of Jill holding Cynthia. I'm sorry we didn't get more pictures of the whole crowd while you were here but, my goodness, whatever became of the twelve days you were here anyway?

Your red pajamas are getting a good deal of wear now and I doubt if you will ever see them intact again. They are so cool for hot days and are just what I need. Thanks so much for leaving them and the shorts too.

We had a little excitement here the other evening when the woods caught fire down by the corner. You know how dry everything is now. The whole space between us and Father Elmer was ablaze as darkness fell, and made a dazzling sight. I feared for the home but the open lot between us and the fire saved us and now there is a blackened stretch to the North of us.

I would like to hear just how you are but don't take time to write if it taxes your strength for other work. Mother will probably give me the news. Lots of love from all of us- Kathie

*[This typewritten letter dated **April 29, 1938** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard and Gould to members of the family. Willard shares Gould's story of how his daughter, Hazel, was hit by a bus and her resulting injuries. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm
Shelton, Conn.

April 29th, 1938.

Dear Geraldine, Dorothy and Harold, Marjorie, Kathleen and Hugh, Stanley, Myra, Phebe and Nancy:-

Gould's letter has just come and to facilitate matters I am making copies for you of the main facts in it.

The opening of the letter is so like Gould that I copy it.

"The trees have burst into green verdure and the fruit tree blossoms have blasted wide open in full glory these last three days. It has been like summer. The June bugs are early and fat and have come in hoards and the lake shore residents have been almost driven off the streets in the evening. All the country is exuding the joys of Spring, but our little girl lies badly broken up in a hospital bed.

It happened only yesterday afternoon, yet it seems like a week ago. Hazel [7 years old] was coming home from school, and was crossing Ogden Ave., which is the main thoroughfare thru the town. The policeman who is at the crossing during the hours when the children are around school was busy for the moment talking to an out-of-town car and Hazel didn't see him around. She finally decided on a gap in the cars to cross the street, but the bus that hit her was coming faster than she judged. The little tots just haven't learned to judge the speed of oncoming cars. She was dragged about 55 ft. but the bus did not run over her.

The police took her immediately to Dr. McDugal's office which is very near our home. Virginia was in one of the shops of the lower floor or in the next block at the very time, but did not know about it until I got home just as she got home. Hazel was conscious and told them who she was and where she lived. They called the house and the maid kept her head and called our family doctor and told her to go to Dr. McDugal's office. She got there at once and went to the Berwin hospital in the ambulance with Dr. McDugal and Hazel.

The Police Department called the field (Airport) and Operations sent a man over to me at the flight surgeon's office where I was getting ready for my semi-annual physical exam. I left at once, went to McDugal's office and there was directed home arrived just as Virginia was being told about it.

Dorothy Littlewood was having a big tea party of 70 some ladies that afternoon. The school principal called her when Virginia couldn't be located. Three of our friends left the party in their cars and came over to the house to be there when Virginia arrived and take her to the hospital. I forgot to say that Mrs. Jacobs one of the wives of our company called with her little son at Dr. McDugal's office while Hazel was being examined and recognized Hazel's voice thru the door and on being told that it was an emergency case she walked in and was there and followed the ambulance to the hospital and stayed there till we came. Hazel knew her and she and Dr. Schwartz, our family doctor were the only ones she knew who were with her.

Mrs. Francis who was waiting at our house led us in her car directly to the hospital as we had no idea where it was. Hazel was on the X-ray table when we arrived. She was not crying, but doing a lot of directing and scolding. She lay very still and white, while the last pictures were being taken. The first were just developed and Dr. McDugal took me in to see them. No ribs broken and the spine apparently O.K. But the right arm snapped clean about 2 inches from the socket and the ball out of joint. The right hip joint out of place and the top of the ball joint broken off and down behind the bone. The collarbone snapped. That is only the broken parts of the bones. Her urethra apparently was pulled clear of its outer attachments and completely severed so that the doctors could not find it. Something seemed to have gouged or punched her so severely that the clitoris and all the flesh about her uterus was gone. The doctors were unable to completely stop the hemerage last nite but this morning they operated and found the connection to the bladder and spliced it together and stopped the flow of blood. Immediately after the operation I gave her 400 cc's of blood. They were going to give only 200 in two doses but she had lost so much that they gave the whole dose in one transfusion. She had more color to her lips afterward, and in the afternoon she developed a slight fever 103 degrees which is normal after a transfusion because the new blood does not mix or fit exactly for a few hours. Tonite the temp' was back almost to normal.

This afternoon Dr. McDugal put a brace on Hazel's arm to pull the bones end to end.

There are so many blood vessels near the sharp edges that he doesn't need to force the bones in an operation but will draw them into place by slow constant tension.

Virginia is standing up very bravely. The friends have been wonderful. It has created a wave of motion to put an underpass at that crossing since there are three schools in two blocks.

The maid has two note book pages of names of friends who have called to ask about Hazel while we were out at the hospital. Dotty Littlewood has established an information bureau on the case.

Thursday Morning:- Last nite when we left the hospital we were all very pleased with Hazel's appearance.

We send love to all and deeply appreciate your love and sympathy.

Signed

Lovingly
Gould

Dear Jerry:-

Mother and I took Aunt Phebe to Pearl River to go to White Sulphur Springs, WV with Uncle Stanley, Aunt Myra and Nancy. The will be gone a week(?) according to the business.

We saw Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert Wed. at New London.

Drop us a card- we want just a word from you.

It looks as if we would get up about the last next week May 6 or 7 if Aunt Phebe gets back.

Rest and do not worry- I know- easier written than done but I know also what it is to have cause to worry- and by leaning heavily on God to stop worrying. If we can do anything to help before we come - -call us

Very lovingly Father.

Will you cut this off and send the letter from Gould to Aunt E. and Uncle E.
Father

We are very thankful that news of Hazel is so good- It is still a serious case.
Father

The last telegram says the operation on the hip was to be performed to day, April 29th. Hazel is doing well. If no complications set in she is on the way to recovery.

*[This letter, dated **May 2, 1938**, was written from Alliance, Ohio by Etta Kinney Hume to Ellen and Willard. Her grandchildren have had scarlet fever. She will be traveling to Alaska with Emma and Elbert. Millicent will be visiting Fulton this summer (I think he is in Hawaii and this may be where she meets up with Dick Arimizu – a fellow Oberlin graduate of hers and Fulton's. She marries Dick eventually.) Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[May 2, 1938]
2048 So. Seneca St.
Alliance Ohio

Dear Ellen and Willard:-

I was home three weeks, and because I saw much Spring work to do, and was supposed to rest every afternoon, to keep my blood pressure down, a letter did not get to you.

Millicent and Donnie came for me Sat. with Donald's car. Bobbie has the fever, and Donald and Donnie are boarding out (as did Millicent when Donnie was ill) because Bobbie cannot be confined to one room, he is so lively. Donnie must go to school too. Millicent is helping Donnie with his school work as he has lost a month, and several weeks before while he had the mumps.

We drove to Milan to church this morning, to hear Myron preach. Hurried back and had a hasty dinner, and started for Alliance at 1.30 so Donnie could see his Mitchell grand parents before they left for Pittsburgh. They had been to Youngstown to see their daughter Margaret, and arrived in Alliance after Donnie left. He wanted his grand daddy to see him ride his new wheel which he had as a "balm" for being confined a month in one room. I do not know what Bobbie will get- he doesn't stay in one room.

A letter from Emma which I rec'd just before leaving (Willis has a P.O. Box) said Hazel Ellen had been injured. We are surely sorry to hear it. What a long seize it will be for both little girl and parents.

The apron from you came a day or two ago. I hav'nt seen one like it. Shall use it when I work at the James Brand House. Am sure others will enjoy seeing the unique pattern. Thanks very much.

We did enjoy the oranges you sent for our birthdays. They arrived on the 31st, Donald's birthday, and lasted thru mine. I asked Elbert to let you know they arrived, as I did not want to send a letter to a home where there were children, from a scarlet fever home.

Those that came later to Oberlin from Emma and Elbert were equally fine, and came in good condition. We took some of them to Myron and Lucybelle today. It was an exceptional treat to have two crates of oranges in one season. Many thanks to you all, I wrote to Kathleen before I left home.

You have had a very happy winter with Kathleen and family- and a new baby- and the reunion at Easter and an escape from the New England winter; tho you did not escape all the "Jack Frosting" weather as Myron used to call it.

Fulton wrote of seeing snow on the Mts. on Xmas day. That is more than we saw in Oberlin, which was a green Christmas.

Millicent is planning to visit Fulton this summer. She may drive across the country with a lady going about the time she plans to go. I am quite thrilled about going West with Emma and Elbert. Imagine me in Alaska! Impossible!

I am glad now that Elbert did not take Emma last year. Perhaps he had more in the back of his head than we realized then.

The treatments I am having will fix me up for my trip. Dr. is giving them in two installments. I consulted a Dr. in Oberlin to see if I could not have it finished there. I would need to go to the Hospital for four or five days, which would be much more expensive. Here the Dr. treats with electric needle in his well equipped office. Guess Helen did not realize the time it would need when she wrote "I am coming after you. You can rest better here and our Dr. is especially fine for case like yours." Will be here ten days. Regards to all - Etta

*[This postcard dated **early May 1938**, was written by Monnie to her parents and Aunt Mary. She missed seeing them because of a field trip with her fifth graders. She just found out about Hazel's accident. Postcard from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Early May 1938]

To Father, Mother and Aunt Mary

I'm sorry that I had to miss you. But I promised to take my Fifth grade to the Stamford Industries Exhibit this afternoon. Your card came this morning, Father. I was horrified to read about Hazel's accident. What more will happen to the poor child! Do keep me posted on news of her.

I'm sorry to miss seeing Mother.

Love to you all,

Monnie

Spending the weekend with the Butts weekend after next.

*[This letter dated **May 8, 1938** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry (Geraldine). He feels that life for Geraldine is going well at the moment and that she is healthy. Willard and Ellen plan to visit various friends. The barns at the farm are being painted. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Sunday afternoon
May 8th 1938

Dear Jerry:-

Three things have come to me within a few days or weeks that have given me pleasure and hope. 1. You made the remark the last time you were here that every time you went to New York it seemed to pull you down- or something to that effect. 2. Uncle Elbert wrote that he had taken you to Worcester and the doctor there had said after examining you that you had no constitutional troubles. 3. Monnie wrote that you had written her in reply to her invitation to come home for Sunday, that you were not going to leave Thompson again this term. You are all set for enjoying life. Under normal conditions I would urge you to jump into the chevy and come along to Oberlin with Mother, Monnie and me, but I guess you'll get farther along on the road to normalcy if you stay quietly some place, - come home and pick the few strawberries that we have if they ripen by that time.

Mother and I have been looking forward to find the best time to go to Putnam- that means at least a call in Pawtucket to see Betty Cushman Thelin, her two boys, Mark and Robert, and her mother, and a call in Saybrook to see Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Reking[?] Woodin.

It may be we will take a meal with Betty and perhaps overnite with the Woodins. Mrs. Woodin asked us to spend the nite with them when we saw her at New London recently.

Last evening Mother and I went to New Haven to listen to the Junior Orchestra- some 70 pieces - with a harpist, a violinist and a chorus of older persons. We enjoyed it immensely.

This is Wed. evening, - -

Farm work has been and is pressing. We are painting the barns. Today I have just done nothing but the chores and this a.m. I took Mother to Derby for the trolley to go to New Haven, then drove to Wh. Hills to meet Oliver and a Real Estate agent to talk over and look at land for sale. We have just sold 125 acres for \$16000.00- no money down but he gives a mortgage. He has 50 head of cows and calves 3 horses- a silo- and much farm machinery. He milks with electricity, has already put in a pump and has running water at the barn from a drilled well. We have also just sold 2.7 acres to a young married couple who are building. We gave a mortgage here also. Aunt Annie lends the money.

I am leaving the plans for going to Putnam to Mother and Monnie. I'll go when and how they decide.

Apple blossoms are nearly gone. Lilacs are in full bloom. I did not add about that from Wh. Hills I came back to Shelton, got a hair cut and met Mother at the bus in E. Derby, drive home- ate a hurried lunch, drove her to the dress makers in Shelton, then to Howard and Barbers. Then home to find Mr. and Mrs. Fred Donaldson and Freddie here. They took supper and left to drive to Princeton ?? about 7:30- 132 miles. They all looked fine and Freddie impressed us all as being a fine gentlemanly young man, 19 years old- with one yr. in Oberlin and this year working for money to go on in Oberlin.

Monday Aunt Phebe got home at 1 p.m. At 4:30 we all drove down to Greenfield Hill to see the Dogwoods- almost miles of them- white and pink. Uncle Oliver said there were 14000 cars drive thru Greenfield Hill Sunday to see the Dogwoods.

Rabbits are 44, Lovingly Father

*[This letter, dated **May 1938**, was written from LaGrange, Ill, by Gould to Willard and Ellen. They thank Willard and Ellen for their prayers for Hazel who was hit by a bus. He tells a little of what they have been through. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

75 N. Park Rd.
La Grange, Ill.
[May 1938]

Dear Father and Mother:

Your wire came and we appreciate deeply your prayers and feelings. It has been a trying ordeal for Ginny and me but we do not consider that, when compared to what little Hazel has had to go thru with and will have to endure for months to come.

Yesterday morning Dr. MacDougal set the hip joint and today he is setting the arm permanently. We asked him to call in a specialist on bones to make sure the job was done as well as possible. We feel that we have had the best medical aid available and probably as good as any in the country.

Hazel has been a very brave little girl. She talks to the Drs. and nurses and tells them everything they want to know about her feelings and painful parts and helps them in every way.

Hazel is now in a plaster cast from her ribs to her heels complete except for the necessary opening at the crotch. Her legs are spread about 20 degrees and a broom stick is cast in the plaster across about at the knees so the nurses can lift her to put the bed pan under.

This morning the Dr. set the arm and the Xray shows a perfect set. She is a bit uncomfortable all confined that way and it is getting on her nerves a bit so we will have to find means of diversion for her to keep her mind occupied.

Ginny found her holding the shears in the trussed up left hand and cutting the paper as she rotated it with the left. She managed to do a fairly decent job of cutting out paper dolls. It is hard to know what to get her to do for she can do so little with her left hand free and flat on her back so that she cannot work puzzles that have to lie on a horizontal table.

I have spent all afternoon going around to witnesses of the accident getting written statements. There were only a very few adults. Most of the witnesses were children at the crossing. I am laying plans to get all expenses paid by the Chicago and West ?? B.R. Co. who operate the bus that hit Hazel. I am advised that the case should not be closed for at least two years when it can better be determined what the costs will be. No attorney has been decided upon as yet as it is not necessary to decide that immediately. I have a professional investigator getting in contact with all the outlying witnesses and getting all the statements in order.

We have asked Dotty to take Sonny for a few weeks till we can get squared away on a new mode of living between home and hospital. He will probably go to Detroit Monday or Tuesday and be met there by Dot and Harold. Now he will get his "trip" that he missed out on at Xmas.

Sonny has been a very good boy during it all. Sometimes he feels a little left out when we go down to the hospital most of the day and leave him with the maid, but all told he has helped out wonderfully just as he did when sister had pneumonia.

Luckily I have not had to leave town. I may have to get a trip in to Ft. Worth soon.

Hazel says to give Grandpa and Grandma all her love and Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary all her love and to keep the bunnies nicely.

All the friends have been so very nice and sympathetic. People have called up whom we have never met. Little school mates have brought their mother's around to enquire about Hazel. Her room is overflowing with flowers. I hope they remember two months from now when the sudden shock and fever of excitement has worn off and it is hard to keep Hazel interested and doing something to occupy her time.

Give our love to all the relatives. Pray for little Hazel that we may be able to bring her home all whole and uncrippled so she may walk her way thru life as freely as she ever would before.

Lovingly-
Gould.

[The following was written by Ellen:]

Mrs. Space please send to Marjorie Beard, Low-Hernwood School, Stamford, Conn.

Mrs. Space please use enclosed stamp for forwarding.

Marjorie please send to Geraldine; and Geraldine to Emma and Elbert then to Kathleen.

Thank you- E.L.K.B.

*[This letter dated **May 20, 1938** was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Cynthia cut her first tooth. Kathleen expresses concern for her niece, Hazel. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Friday May 20, 1938

Dear Jerry:

Just a note with these snaps. I am sending two from this file that was taken after you left, which Mother has. You have probably seen them all and if you want prints of the other picture just designate which ones and I'll send them.

I suppose you are seeing Mother and Father today as they wrote they were to be in Putnam now. They are taking quite a swing around the state this week aren't they? I wonder if you are going to that wedding of Mother's cousin tomorrow.

Cynthia cut her first tooth today and I wasn't the first to discover it. Mother Elmer was up here and was holding her when she felt it and I was so surprised. She hasn't been eating very well for the last few days and that is

probably the reason, but she hasn't been fussy. She weighs 16+ pounds now and can sit up alone for about a minute or more. She can travel too, on a bed, so she'll soon have to be put into Jill's bed.

We have had several helpings of our own corn and it is delicious, tho rather stunted and under-developed. If it would only rain I think we would get a good crop of corn. We are getting lots of tomatoes from Father's garden and their lima beans are good this year.

Poor Hazel- such a siege of misfortune. It will set her back so in development, if it doesn't injure her permanently too. I feel so sorry for Gould and Ginny with all the worry and expense it is causing them. It makes me fear all the more for my own little ones and poor Jill thinks that I keep her too much at home. But how can I encourage independence at such terrible risk? I think I'd rather have her molly-coddle than marred for life.

When does your school close. I'm looking forward to it for then I may get a letter from you once in a while. But I can wait so don't take any of your over-full time now. Jill hasn't forgotten your visit and often speaks of you all. She remembers surprisingly well what each of you gave her.

All of us send our love - Kathie

*[This letter dated **June 17, 1938** was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Hugh is working at the packing house again. Kathleen tells about how Hugh's sister, Pearl, is doing since her insulin treatments (for schizophrenia). Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

June 17, 1938

Dear Jerry:

Your letter was like an oasis in the desert. The silence from my family was beginning to be deafening and I was wondering if the mail man would ever bring anything but bills. You sound so happy about your new job- and how fortunate it came when it did. I hope you can find something equally interesting to follow it. I want to know more about Monnie's job too. Is it a private school, and what will she teach? You all seem to be landing such grand work, but I guess you say "it's about time" don't you? I only hope we can have something to make merry about soon but Hugh's still working at the packing house and has had no opportunity to look around. They bought another crop of fruit which kept them running three weeks longer but I think this is really the last week.

Why didn't Stewart write us that he would be in Jacksonville? We just might have been able to drive over and see him for a little while. I thought Uncle E. was going around by Panama. Did he change his mind and is Aunt Emma alone? Do you know Gould's new address? I have never known their Chicago address so haven't written at all, but they wouldn't miss my letters so I guess it doesn't matter.

Mangos are coming in now and we have had a few. I'll send you some when we see some nice ones but I can't promise that they will arrive in perfect shape. Let me know if you suddenly change your address so I won't send them wrong.

Pearl is really much better and it is such a relief to the whole family. They treated her with insulin injection, and that is pretty drastic in large enough doses to produce the necessary shock. I guess it is sort of a "kill or cure" treatment but it has produced such remarkable results in Europe that progressive doctors here are beginning to use it, tho it is not approved by a good many eminent specialists. Pearl herself says that her mind is much clearer than it has been in five or six years and she certainly acts much more normal. She helps with the housework now and takes quite an interest in things. She still rests a good bit and doesn't go out much but, then there isn't anywhere to go easily.

I'm feeling none too ambitious. But much better than at first. I don't think the first months are usually the worst but they were bad this time because of my flu and excessive nausea. That is about over now. This week I had my teeth fixed up and the dentist found them in bad shape. A couple more babies and I'll be ready for my third set. Perish the thought!!

Jill has a puppy now and she loves it when it isn't nibbling her toes or her sun suit. It is pretty hard on her clothes but we keep it outside so it doesn't bother much. It is a tan and white pointer-setter-female. We named her Trixie.

Yesterday was the coachman picnic- a regular southern fish fry. I always wanted to attend one- and this quite satisfied all my anticipation. They fried 200 lbs. of mullet in deep fat over an open fire- and was it good. We also had salad and all the trimmings.

I do so hope you girls can all come down sometime this summer. Now that the summer rains have begun the heat isn't so bad and it would be such fun to show you Florida. I want you to see Jill too before she gets any older. I know she would have the time of her life with you because her old mama is no good to play with any more. Do write again and here's stocks of love from us all- Kathie

[This postcard, dated **June 25, 1938**, was written from Fresno, California by Emma Kinney to her sister, Ellen. They saw Etta's daughter, Millicent, off on a ship to Honolulu. They are now on their way to Yosemite. Postcard from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Fresno June 25, 1938

Dear Ellen,

We are waiting here at Fresno after an all night ride by train, for the bus to take us to Yosemite. Last night at 5 o'clock Millicent left with flying colors for Honolulu. Since she was taking the boat 2500 miles from her home and friends, she was most fortunate to have four relatives (Etta, Gould, Elbert and I) and five friends to see her off. M. was most happy with the anticipation of the trip. Gould remarked that "she looked like a million dollars". E. said the boat was a very large boat. We think of you starting for Putnam. We hope you find conditions sufficient for your comfort. This is the wedding day in Berkeley. Much love

Emma

P.S. Received Wills postal at Los Angeles. Having fine time. EJK.

According to the bulletin of The Congregational Church, Putnam, Connecticut, Sunday, June 26, 1938, Dr. Willard L. Beard preached the sermon for the 11:00 A.M. service.

"We are also glad that Dr. Beard could come on this day. He is always well received by his old-time friends, and always makes some new ones. May he inspire us all to do our work better and with God's benediction resting on it as on the work of Dr. Beard. God bless you all as you part for the summer, to meet here and there and may we all be rested and recreated during these few weeks of the summer."

[Bulletin from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **July 5, 1938** Chicago, IL by Gould to Jerry (Geraldine). Gould gives Geraldine advice on a Dr. Coltam's treatment to help her health. His daughter, Hazel, is now able to walk since her accident. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

July 5, 1938.

Dear Jerry:

Got to Seattle Wednesday nite and did a day's work Thursday then caught the 9:00 p.m. Northwest Airline plane for Chicago. Arrived today at noon and went into conference. It was very good and got back to the little family and what a reception I got-always get too!

I slept well all the way up to Seattle and slept the rest of the nite at the hotel. I felt fine Thursday except for a little soreness in my throat when Dr. broke the puss sack. Today I feel fine in the head but a little tired from sitting all nite long in the Northwest plane. My throat is draining a lot and probably so because all I could get to eat was meat and potatoes and eggs. If I could have had salads and fruit and vegetable juices the mucus would have been much less. Milk, meat and fish are awful mucus makers as are also eggs in excess.

I just wanted to let you know that the clearest treatment Dr. Coltam gives is not so severe on its after affects as I thought it would be. I believe though you should allow two days to rest of it and take the regular treatments before starting back. Get yourself a sun suit and lie out in the sun a little. Pack[?] out for the sun as it is twice as hot down there as it is in Conn and you will burn in 20 min. the first time. If you are already burned ask Mrs. Coltam where you can get Naturo Day. It takes the acid out of all burns and they heal quickly.

Let Ginny phone when you can come here to begin your work. Give my regards to Ish and her family. Dr. Neal Lewis is near you somewhere.

I asked Mr. H.W. Beals my partner there in the Douglas factory to see that you did not get lonesome. His wife is very pleasant and Ginny and she are real pals. They live in Santa Monica on Montana Ave. and you can call them up by asking information or call him at the Douglas Factory, Santa Monica.

Hazel very proudly showed me how she can walk alone when I got home tonite. She walked once around the room and later at nite the front walk to show the little girls.

Soney [Sonny] had a Snow White paint book given him and they proudly showed me some large blotches of color smeared around the several pages which served for coloring the pictures. I am going to get Ginny and Hazel down to Dr. Coltam sometime during the Fall if possible.

Heres hoping fervently that you find Dr. Coltam's treatment all you expected. I fully believe it is showing some benefits to my mental capacity already. Stick with it and learn all you can about it for it is natures process and I believe it will work if given half a chance.

Those three are the best I have read on the subject and are compact and direct. The rest you can read when you get here.

Lovingly your brother
Gould

[This letter dated Aug. 3, 1938 was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Geraldine flew to California for health treatments. Kathleen's family have had colds and other minor health problems. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Aug. 3, 1938

Dear Jerry:

Well I swan!! So you're out in California! Even tho you are having a rough time with your health you do manage to get around. What a thrill to fly across the country! Do write me about every air bump and beacon light. I do hope you get something besides pleasure out of it tho, and come back feeling fit. Will the doctor really have time to do much in two weeks? Your job sounds alright too and I hope you have it "in the bag", you at least won't have papers to grade and classes to bone for and you may see something of Gould's family if they are still there. How long do you suppose the inventorying takes- as long as Sabin?

Thurs. we have been going thru a few minor health troubles ourselves for the last two weeks and tho none of them are serious it is surprising how the little ones pile up to make quite a mountain of trouble. Cynthia has had her first ill health and I did so hope I could get her thru the summer without a sick day. Diarrhea has appeared off and on for a month now and causes her some discomfort. It's a novelty to have her fussy for any length of time. I think it has cleared up and begin to give her full strength milk when it comes on again and it's so discouraging- boil things as I will I can't seem to eliminate it in this hot weather. Just now she seems to be alright but tomorrow it may begin all over again. It hasn't been really bad yet but enough to keep her uncomfortable. Then too, she caught a bad cold from Jill and has been coughing a lot. All the children had colds and all but Chickie [Rollin] had fever with them. Jill's has cleared up now. She never holds a cough long thank-goodness. On top of all the children's ailments my breast had to begin acting up again with a hard lump, soreness and inflammation. I tried treating it with heat for three weeks and it just went on getting redder and sorer so I finally went to Dr. yesterday. He said "must open" so I swallowed hard and let him hack away. It was an abscess and he said it was at just the right stage to lance. He "froze" it so it didn't really give me any excruciating pain but I always get weak and teary about a thing like that and feel like a fool afterwards. He is a deft surgeon so that was right in his line and didn't take two minutes when all was ready. It's draining now and doesn't pain at all. Mother had the same thing when Gould was a baby and stood lots more pain than I did, I know.

Well, here I go on about my own petty trifles when you have enough trouble of your own- but that is all the news around here just now. Except that Enid and her family are going North for a two weeks visit starting next week. I hope she gets a little rest for she looks awfully tired. It will be a change anyway.

Thank you again for your part in the fiesta ware cups and saucers that you girls gave me for my birthday. I don't use them much- only for company for I don't want to break any before I get a whole set- but I do enjoy looking at them and feel very proud when I can set them before guests.

Are you seeing anything of the country or just concentrating on treatment this visit? Glad you got a taste of mangos but guess you just missed the second box I sent. Sorry. Love- Kathie

[This letter dated Aug. 3, 1938 was written from Shelton, CT by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry (Geraldine). The family at Century farm enjoyed Geraldine's account of flying across the U.S. to California and Willard would like to make the same trip some day. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

A box of mangoes came from Kathie day before yesterday! They would – just after you'd left. But some will keep till you get back. Have some out there if you can buy them.

Century Farm
Aug. 3, 1938.

Dear Jerry,

Your grand log came this morning, and how we all devoured it. You've been prayed for every meal and every night since you left, and I suppose it was partly relief as much as anything else that made our interest so avid. However, your very welcome telegram had already uncorked our tacit tenseness, which could be seen in the over-casual interest in the weather and in where you might be at a given time, or just what time it was with you etc. I myself am guilty. But it is funny, that we should feel such anxiety over your trip while we let Ginny, Gould and the kiddies go without another thought.

Your log was fascinating, and when Father read it he stopped and looked up while reading the description of the odd sunset and said, "I must take that trip sometime."! He won't be satisfied now till he does. I bet you anything if he goes back to China, he'll fly across the country. Mother won't tho, even tho she was much touched by your description of it all.

I do hope you aren't finding it as hot there as we have it here. All reports say today will exceed last Friday and yesterday which were the hottest so far. It is 90 degrees by our thermometer in the shade. You feel it too. Aunt Mary says the West Coast always is cooled at night by the Pacific breeze. It was so hot last night we slept with nothing over us.

A note from Betty Lorimer McLaren today made us decide on the trip there tomorrow. We are going in the morning, taking a shore dinner on the way, and spending the afternoon with them. Everyone is there, I guess, for she said she couldn't have us overnight because they were full to overflowing. They are to be there until Sat. the 13th. I'm so sorry that you aren't here to go, too. We'll take pictures, tho, to show you.

Today is Aunt Phebe's birthday and yesterday was Uncle Ben's. So this evening for supper Uncle Ben's family is coming up. Aunt Mary got some ten cent presents, some jokes and some useful- six for each of the birthday-ites- and she and I did them up. They are surprises to everyone else, too, so it will be fun.

We've asked the Groves's for the 14th and the Jewetts for the weekend of the 21st - no answer from either yet.

I'm so glad Gould is in Los Angeles. Make him take you around and show you the sights. And have a real good time. Don't rest all the time- I know you won't anyway- you couldn't!! And we're all hoping hard that the doctor is all he's cracked up to be. Lots of love from us all, Monnie

We forwarded some letters. Did you get them?



Written on back of photo: "1938"

Left to right: Phebe, Willard and two unidentified women probably eating watermelon.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Aug. 3, 1938** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry (Geraldine). He is glad that she arrived safely in Los Angeles and hopes that she comes back healthier. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Conn.

Aug 3- 1938

Dear Jerry:- Your postals that came yesterday by mail were most welcome, and your telegram telling us that you had arrived at Los Angeles made us feel that our prayers had been answered as we hoped they would be.

Yesterday and today have been very hot 90 degrees + and at 4 p.m. now 86 degrees in the cool place outside the dining room window.

Last evening we all drove up over White Hills and to Monroe, the sun set was grand, - not as grand as yours last Monday nite when the sun set the side of the horizon. Your letter from Fort Worth is much prized by us all. It should be printed. Your descriptions are vivid and clear. You make me want to take the same trip. Mother says if we go to Foochow I may go by air- she - - - -?

Yesterday was Uncle Ben's birthday, today is Aunt Phebe's. Uncle Ben and Aunt Abbie are coming down for a birthday supper- double.

You have fulfilled one of my wishes expressed on that little piece of paper in the B-port station, now keep in mind the object of your trip- make that primary and all else secondary. Give yourself= your physical self a chance and come back home- not restored (too soon for that) but reconditioned for a renewal of life.

Lovingly
Father



Stamped on back of photo: "September 16, 1938"

L to R: Geraldine Beard, Phebe Maria Beard, Mary Beard, Dorothy Beard Newberg, Harold Newberg, Marjorie Beard, Ellen Kinney Beard, Willard Beard.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Cynthia and Jacqueline Elmer about 1938

[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



Stamped on back of photo: September 1938

Front row L to R: Geraldine Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard, Mary Beard, Marjorie Beard, Phebe Maria Beard
 Back row L to R: Unidentified older lady, Dorothy Beard Newberg, Harold Newberg, Willard Beard, Ellen Kinney
 Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

In September of 1938, a strong hurricane hit New England killing about 600 people and injuring about 3500. New York, Connecticut and Rhode Island were hit the hardest. Source:
<http://www.geocities.com/hurricane/hurr1938.htm> , March 13, 2007

[This typewritten letter dated Nov. 30, 1938 was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to many family members. He names those who were at their Thanksgiving dinner. He tells of the damage in parts of Connecticut from the hurricane. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Century Farm
 Shelton
 Conn.

November 30th. 1938.

Dear Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Willard; Geraldine; Dorothy and Harold; Marjorie and Emma and Elbert;-

As I write the landscape is all white except where the woods are. About seven inches of snow lies on the level. About the buildings there are banks- some of them three feet deep. This snow fell last Thursday and Friday. Thursday morning was cloudy and rather cold. Stephen came out Wednesday morning, no in the afternoon. Thurs. morning he and I ran out the old truck and I got out my car and towed it until it went on its own. Then we drove

over to the woods and got some white birch wood that he and his roommate had cut. They want it for their fire place. I think we had to start that old plug seven times, some of those seven times took a lot of cranking.

There were eighteen here for Thanksgiving dinner. Here are the names; - with no handles Annie, Oliver, Ben, Abbie, Wells, Edith, Seymour, Winfred, Phebe, Mary, Stanley, Myra, Nancy, Stephen, Ruth, Will, Ellen, Monnie.

Just after dinner we sent Thanksgiving messages to Lagrange (including Geraldine), Saginaw, Safety Harbor, Putnam, Berkeley and Pleasantville. Jerry has since written that she was alone and of course she did not get our message that day. It was good to hear that Gould's family were with Dot and Harold. Too bad the deer escaped. Strange you had less snow in Michigan than we did here in Conn. Uncle Stanley's family except Stephen left about 8:30 a.m. Friday. We put his chains on, even then he said he had to creep along about 20 or 25 miles an hour and got to Pearl River about 2:00 p.m. They took Monnie to Westport where she had agreed to meet Mr. Adams' man. When they pulled up to the curb he met them. Just right. The Aunts had chains put on the car Saturday and they are still on. The mercury went to 12 degrees above Sat. morning. It has been warmer since but not much snow has gone.

The trees that blew down in the hurricane are about 2/3 in the woodpile back of the woodhouse, which is now set square on its foundation and painted. When we get all the wood that blew down on the pile it will be a big one. I now have the north part of the old woodhouse made into a nice tool room with cement floor and a partition between it and the woodroom. And Aunt Phebe's ship that tells which way the wind is blowing is on the north peak.

Several letters have asked if the water tank blew down. Aunt Mary had that taken down about a year ago, so it would not fall to hurt anyone. It is very interesting to drive about the country and see so few houses damaged by the falling trees. Some of you have not heard that Mother and Elbert drove us thru the Woostocks and Union to show us the devastation. Words do not express the damage done to forests and buildings. Cousin Harvey Lawson and Bill and Pearl were pretty hard hit. Harvey lost one barn flat on the ground. His auto was in it but the timbers so fell that the car was not damaged at all. The roof of another barn was taken off and carried some five rods or more and set down right in front of the house. The roof paper was taken off the house. About 1/3 of his maple trees were blown over. He said it would be very difficult to get them out of the way so he could get about to collect the sap next year. The beautiful pine grove just south of the Union church where the Old Home week celebration was held, is flat. The trees were mostly pines. Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert wondered where the Old Home Day would now find a place to meet. The East Woodstock church was a sight. The steeple fell thru the roof and half the roof was crushed, repairs were in progress when we were there. Uncle Elbert said if all the equipment in the country were available they could not save all the timber that is flat. In two places we saw logs in piles ready for the mill.

We saw a flock of 600 turkeys. Uncle Elbert engaged one for the Kinney Thanksgiving. They were inviting Bill and Pearl.

We have just been to a Turkey supper at the Shelton Episcopal church. I grabbed four times and am sending the four to the grandchildren. This is not breaking the rule to send no presents, I'm just passing on my grabs.

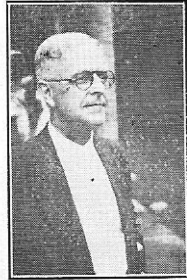
For a whole week now we have been partly marooned here with not good travelling. It is the longest spell of such weather I have seen since we came home from China.

Several Foochowites have had a furlough recently and returned. Misses Wiley and Ward and the Storrs are planning to return, the sailing date has been set once or twice and is now set for January 27th, 1939. I hear nothing relative to our going back, from this side. One of our graduates wrote last week that he was on the Synod and voted with the others to make the call unanimous for us to come. Boston has not made a whisper.



Laura D. Ward

THIS lady is not really wrapped up in clouds. She is much more wrapped up in Rural Worker's Institutes of her own staging, in practical demonstrations of 'how it can be done' in the country churches as well as in schools.



Charles L. Storrs

RADIATING good-will, "this refugee from Shaowu" has been ready to fill many a needy opening made by cuts and withdrawals. He is now located in Foochow College.



Mrs. C. L. Storrs

MRS. Storrs keeps the compound school with its eight American children up to modern standards. Her home is the center for the activities of Shaowu women who are now in Foochow.



Julia and Charles Storrs

JULIA 11, is a home loving-body who would often rather refuse an invitation than miss a meal with her family. Charles, 8, has a great admiration for knightly strength in books and is sometimes found reading the Readers Digest. In spite of his brother's epithet of 'book worm' he is a real boy.

Mother and I have joined the New Haven Congregational Club. The next meeting comes next Monday. And I have promised to attend a meeting of the Church Committee for China Relief in New Haven a week from Tuesday. I wonder if those of you are giving to this relief would send the money to me and let me forward it. I have sent a little already, - the contribution taken at Putnam two weeks ago when I spoke to the Men and Missionary group and \$2000 given me by Mr. Morse to forward.

I took a snap of the cows the other day, thinking Willard would enjoy seeing the looks of the new cow that takes Bessie's place.

Now the children would enjoy seeing the little rabbits now. I have six hutches with the little ones in now. Some are a month old and some only ten days, all are cute. One of the mothers is so careful to keep the little ones warm that she pokes all the hay in the big hutch into the little hutch and fills it so full I can hardly find the youngsters.

This carries a lot of love to you all

[*handwritten*]

Dear Geraldine:-

Before this I hope you have your share of the message we sent Thanksgiving Day. We rather figured you would be with Gould's family but- in a recent letter you wrote of planning to give \$50 to the China Relief- think it over. That amount seems rather steep to both Mother and me. I had thought of giving \$25.00 for mother and me. 56 boxes of jasmine tea came the other day. (Do you want more? I sent you 4.) I plan to send them to some of my old friends to whom I have sent for several years, and to write Christmas greetings to all relatives and other friends to whom I do not send tea.

I did not write in the general letter that Mother and I went over to the Riverside Cemetery the other day and chose a lot- next to two that Uncle Stanley owns. Mother wished to buy there rather than use the Beard lot in the Long Hill Cemetery.

It is good to see how Monnie enjoys her work and her charges. It is also good to see how something has put you on the right road. Keep up 8 or more hours in bed every nite and not too much "friend Pigeon" - a quiet life for a time. Mark anxious thoughts taboo. Miss Garretson of Foochow used to talk about letting yourself rest down on the bed- sometimes she said we do not - touch only the shoulders, hips and knees- she said one could not rest in that way. With lots of love Father

[Willard and Ellen purchased a perpetual care lot in the Riverside Cemetery, Shelton, Connecticut for two hundred dollars on February 9, 1939 in Section number I, Block G, Lot number 6 containing 200 superficial feet according to the deed by The Riverside Cemetery Association, Book 2, Deed 73. Copy of the deed is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



A frozen Century Farm

This photo was in an envelope marked "Snow Storm 1938". Other similar photos were labeled at "Ice Storm 1939". Either the snow/ice caused the damage to the trees or the trees were already damaged from the strong September 1938 hurricane that hit southern Connecticut.

[Photo from a negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Marjorie, Gould, Virginia and Ellen probably between 1936-1939.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1939

- Germany invades Poland
- New York World's Fair opens
- Gone With the Wind premieres
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Florida
- Geraldine is in Chicago possibly
- Marjorie is in New England
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Gould and Virginia are in La Grange, Illinois
- August – Willard and Ellen leave for China to live in Ing Tai to replace Ned Smith
- Willard is 74, Ellen- 71, Gould- 43, Geraldine- 41, Dorothy- 38, Marjorie- 33, Kathleen- 31.

*[This letter, dated **January 15, 1939**, was written from Florida by Kathleen to her parents. She thanks them for the Christmas presents. Kathleen hopes that Willard and Ellen will come to visit when Uncle Elbert does. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Jan. 15 [1939]

Dear Mother and Father:

At last I have got time to write you the letter I had planned to for so many weeks. Or at least start it. This year I made myself write most of my harder letters first so left my poor family to wonder why on earth I took so long. Well, I'm really not so dreadfully busy but when the children are around it is hard to concentrate and when they're not work presses, while many evenings I have been helping Hugh with his work. Bookkeeping is terribly endless at the first of the year and his boss is one of the driving kind who is never satisfied with the amount of work accomplished.

The letters from Father, Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary were very welcome and I'm glad that Gould did get there for his vacation this year. You must have had a good chance to visit with them since there weren't a dozen others of us hanging around. I am also very glad to hear that Hazel gets around easily and naturally. Do they think that her legs will gradually adjust their length to be perfectly normal again? Thanks for the hurricane pictures. Your trees certainly were tossed around and broken up.

Christmas was so far back that I find it hard to remember any interesting particulars, but I can't forget that exciting box of samples and playthings, Mother. My, what fun I had with that- just like a big surprise grab-bag, and I opened it all alone so that Jill would not see the things before Christmas. The samples are being used right up and those kitchen novelties are awfully nice. I do like the all purpose grater and the lemon extractor works well, too. The top, puzzle and other toys went to fill the stockings along with the cereal samples which Jill loves. She wanted to try a new one each morning and is fond especially of the Weetabix. That is a new one on me. Thankyou for the stick game and baby's rattle. The game we have played several times with friends and they all like it. We even play it by ourselves. Cynthia has completely demolished two of her Christmas rattles, but the one you sent is hardly enough to withstand her hard treatment and she can make plenty of voice with it too. The Florida cards came in perfect condition and thank you for sending them. I didn't use them for Christmas since I already had enough and they have no particular Christmas message on them. They will be good for any greetings during the year tho, and I'm only sorry you didn't use some of them while you were here. But you may have opportunity yet, for I fully expect you both to come down with Uncle Elbert. If the Florida call is not strong enough I am counting on the Cynthia call to bring you. She can stand alone now for several seconds and often does it unwittingly in her pen when absorbed, but she prefers to creep rather than walk on the floor- and she can go like a streak on all fours. She goes all over the house in her kiddy walker) the one that Sally had) and I have to watch her to see that she doesn't get into things. Most of the time she is quite content in her pen however, and I wonder what I should ever do without it.

Christmas day was warm and fairly pleasant. We had dinner with the folks and spent a quiet afternoon at home. We blew ourselves for a tricycle for Jill but it does seem worth it for she (as well as all the neighborhood children) uses it a lot, and that keeps her out of doors more. Jill simply loves the Christmas cards and still asks me to sing them for her, particularly "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear". She learned "Away in a Manger" in Sunday School and sings it a little off tune, but it stimulates her interest in singing. Her piano is progressing too, and in another month she should have a little piece ready to play.

We are having trouble with those little "jiggers" that you found burrowing into you last year. I have found as many as a dozen on Jill at once after she has been playing outdoors and they make awful bites all over her. She even passed a few on to Cynthia but I found them before they got under her skin. They must be particularly abundant this time of year for we can hardly walk around the house without picking up at least one.

I am now settled in front of a cheery fire enjoying a rare gray day indoors. It is Hugh's Sunday to work so I'm alone. Both children are tucked into bed for their naps, tho they aren't asleep, and I have laid aside my household tasks for a little leisure.

Since New Years we have had some glorious "Florida weather" with no need for fires and no rain. But today is plenty cold and my twig fire feels good. On the whole so far our winter has been very mild. No frosts, no long cold spells,- we haven't even heated any bricks to take to bed although the hot water bottle has felt good two or three nights. We still have quite a bit of wood that we bought last year so you see how rarely we have had a fire.

My college roommate's sister and Father are spending the winter in Clearwater. She is Chuck Taylor with whom I worked in the Saginaw YW when we were living with Dot. I do enjoy having them so close and they have been over several times. Last Sunday they went with us and Enid's family on a picnic to the State Park, the other side of Tampa, and we had a grand outing. All the children enjoyed it so much and Cynthia was as good as gold. She still loves to ride.

Just after Christmas I had a call from Helen Belnap and her folks (Jerry's friend). They are in Clearwater again and Helen was here for her vacation. She won Jill's heart by enthusing heartily over all her Christmas toys.

Pearle writes that she and Bill are driving down at the end of this month and I expect them here the first week in Feb. Is she quite recovered from her operation (was it?) last spring. I haven't heard much about her since you left, but I hope she enjoys the trip.

I am trying to find time to put in a few flower beds so they will be in bloom early this year but have doubts of my success. I saved some of the giant zinnia seeds and hope they make as conspicuous a showing as they did last June. Also I want to start some more poinsettia cuttings along the North wall of the garage. Woodell says there used to be some lovely ones there which were killed by the frost. Flame vine is coming out now but may be retarded by this cool weather. Beauganvillia and hibiscus have blossomed continuously all fall and everything but the grass has kept right on growing.

Is Ralph here yet? He was supposed to come before Christmas wasn't he, and here it is mid January. I should think poor Monnie ?? yet very impatient after waiting so long.

The papers say that the North is all blanketed in snow again so I picture you shoveling walks and driving with chains on your tires. I'm afraid I don't envy you, but I would like to have Jill see snow just for a little while.

I guess my leisure is over for I hear complaints from both parties, and no naps have materialized, so with a heartful of love for you both I'll say goodbye for now,

Kathleen

P.S. Would you care enough about a bushel of tangerines to pay \$1.25 express on them? They are delicious now and will ?? Sorry I can't manage the express. Perhaps I can get them off this week. My abcess completely healed over last week after slow draining for 5 months. There is still a red mark.

*[This letter, dated **February 17, 1939**, was written from Florida by Kathleen to her parents. Pearle and Bill spent some time visiting with them. Kathleen and the girls will be travelling to Connecticut for Monnie's wedding. They attended the Gasperilla Parade. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Feb. 17 [1939]

Dear Mother and Father:

Both your letters have been so good, and how I do devour letters now. I will try to answer all the items you both wrote about but it may run into too long a letter for one evening. Thank you, Mother, so much for the package. The little dress is perfectly adorable and you probably shall have your wish to see Cynthia in it. I like my house coat too and will find it more convenient to slip on at times. Jill was a little teary when neither of the dresses turned out to be for her but I reminded her of her coming birthday when no one but she would get presents and that dried up the waterfall. She likes the book and is asking me to read her the story every day. Thankyou too for the dollar bills which flutter out of your letters like autumn leaves. You really shouldn't send them but they seem to come in very handy. The fruit was given by the Elmers, packed and picked by me- (and now expressed by you,) so we all had a hand in it. It is much easier to pack and cover a bushel basket than a box so I guess I'll do it that way hereafter. Yes, fruit is plentiful this year, but oranges never seem to drop in price as do tangerines and grapefruit. I guess consumption of oranges is much more steady than of the other kinds of citrus. Pearle and Bill had such fun tying all the different kinds of oranges and they found some that I had never tasted- king and tangelo. Yes, their visit was very pleasant and I enjoyed having them. I haven't seen Pearle in so long that I was a bit fearful about entertaining her but she takes everything so graciously that my mistakes and omissions seemed less evident. We had lovely weather as luck would have it- two days of clear cool weather and two days very warm. Bill introduced each day with "what a beautiful day", and went into raptures over the glorious sky, air etc. Pearle just came out smiling and cheerful but with no exclamations. We went to Clearwater the first day, shopped and saw the beach. Bill tried to arrange to go deep sea fishing but it was too rough and boats weren't going out. We washed the second day since they also had some to do, and they took Jill and me to dinner at Tarpon Springs. Bill had more raptures over the boats and things up there. Then we had supper over at Mother Elmer's and Bill and Pearle went spearing fish with Rollin and Enid. They got one fish which I baked for them next day. Pearle seemed especially interested in the foods down here so we had fish every day, and strawberries, avacado and papayas, besides citrus. We went thru the packing house and Bill and I played one set of tennis (which nearly did me in) but he didn't get in his swim. They wrote lots of cards and letters from here and sent two bushels of fruit up north. I think they brought all the clothes they owned (Pearle had four coats with her) and the car was loaded. I wish you had come down with them, Mother, and stayed until Uncle Elbert came. Pearle said she asked you. It was fun having them but very strenuous. The

children were both very good and Pearle said she thought Jill was exceptionally well behaved. (Mother please note) of course she was having a good time so there was no reason for her to be anything but good. She took to Bill and shadowed him the first two days. This paper was some that Pearle left here. Well, I guess that covers their visit.

Aunt Emma hasn't said a word in her letters about coming down although I have written twice asking them to. She did mention to Pearle something about it- to see whether I could take care of them for I don't want to move before they come. I doubt if I can do it before I go north (and it seems for all comments that I am going whether or no) anyway, but I want to know what to plan on. I agree with you that travelling would be easier on the train and would take less time so tell Uncle E. he doesn't need to consider brining me and the children up. And more about the wedding. How can Monnie even get ready for it while she is staying there? I should think she would have to be at the farm for some weeks ahead of time. Is she planning a church wedding and house reception like Dots or all at the house? How many guests? Hugh seems quite willing for me to come but he doesn't want me to stay more than two weeks. Frankly I dread that trip with Cynthia but I guess I can do it somehow. Do you suppose some of you could meet me in New York to help me transfer and get up to Shelton? I was thinking I would come starting Monday or Tuesday (April 3rd or 4th) arriving there Wed. afternoon, and that would give us a chance to get over the effects of the trip before the wedding. What is the weather apt to be then? I suppose I shall have to bring all the children's winter things won't I? They will be all thru with them for the year down here. And I'll bring all my rags and tatters along too. I don't suppose it will be any use to bring summer linen dresses or light silks will it? And I haven't the vaguest notion what to get for the wedding. Any suggestions? Also do you have any idea what Monnie needs or wants for a wedding present? I'm stumped there too. I think, Father, that I have enough (or will have) to get up there thanks. I'll have to see about getting back when the time comes and I may need to accept your offer then.

I'm taking the items as they come in Mother's letter. It's funny how both of you wrote and answered the very questions I was going to ask you. You must be very busy with all those lectures and teas for the Chinese relief. I hope they raise a lot of money. Are you definitely decided to go back this spring? It gives me kind of a lost feeling to think of you leaving the country again and going so far away, but if you are really needed I know that is where you want to be and we must suppress our personal feelings about it. I do hope that it won't be for more than a year or two tho, for I want the children to know you better and they are growing so fast now and forget so quickly. I will be interested to see how Jill remembers you all when she sees you this time. She talks about it a lot more since she has heard Hugh and me discussing it and not the least of the pleasure for her will be the train ride (which I dread). And now you asked about my breast. Yes, it is completely healed over and gives me no more trouble, tho I don't like to have it bumped by Cynthia's head or anything else. There is an ugly read scar where the opening was, but it is gradually getting smaller and I suppose will eventually become white, tho will probably never go entirely away. Did yours leave a scar Mother? It didn't give me any pain for the last two months that it was draining but it was a nuisance to dress it. The breast is noticeably shrunken from it but I suppose that will right itself in time.

I can give you a little more data on Hugh's work now for I have seen him twice since I wrote about it first. His run is from Jacksonville down thru Orlando, Lakeland, Bartow, Punta Gorda to Ft. Myers- about 130 miles south of Tampa. He doesn't come anywhere near here and couldn't see me during his run if he did for at every stop he has to work like mad to put off and take on all Express packages. He has lost a lot of weight doing such strenuous work and is black and blue all over from bruises but he may not be doing that very long. He hopes to be a messenger soon. A messenger on an Express car oversees the loading and tabulates each article. On this run Hugh gets \$132. a month which is much more than he was getting in Tampa. His runs are all at night- four nights a week, so he has five days off. He has to sleep some of those days of course. It happens that he gets back to Jacksonville on Sunday morning and doesn't have to work again until Tuesday night so he has been coming down here every weekend to spend two nights and a day with us. Living apart is pretty expensive and as soon as we know whether he will work thru the summer I shall go up there and we will get a furnished apartment, leaving all we can of our belongings here in storage. It looks as though the next few years might find us moving here and there quite a bit so we can't accumulate much furniture I guess, but the out look for promotion is pretty good. Hugh's hopes are high for the future. It isn't so nice right now tho.

Well, I'll be seeing you in about six weeks and am already preparing for the trip. I find there is much sewing to be done for all of us and the time isn't any too much. I get so little done during the day besides caring for the children that I seem to get nowhere. Just how the house-moving will be accomplished I fail to see but I guess I will rise to the occasion somehow. It is getting late now and I must get to bed for the children wake me all too early.

My love to all there

And my special love to you both

Kathleen

Sat. Morning

P.S. I forgot to tell you of our trip to the Tampa Fair on Gasperilla Day. We left Cynthia with her Grandmother Elmer – took her pen and dinner right over there- and drove over with Father Elmer in his car. It came on a Monday so Hugh was here and went too. We got there about noon and the pirate ship was just coming up the river but I couldn't get a very good view of it from the bridge we crossed. We went right to the Fair grounds and got a seat on the grandstand (bleachers) in front of where the parade ended, but we had to sit there in the sun for more than an hour waiting for it. Hugh and Jill got a bad sun burn, having no hats on, and I got a burn on one side of my face. It was hot alright. There was a show going on in the field but it was rather far away for us to see well and Jill kept asking to go on the Merry-go-round. When the parade finally came it lasted almost two hours so it was three o'clock before we got lunch and started on the Fair. The floats were beautiful but there was a sameness in their make up and they all had a bunch of pretty, semi-nude girls draped on them. One man and his wife (in Tampa) design and make most of them up you know, so no wonder they are something alike. Several of them had motor trouble right in front of us and had to be pulled away by a tractor, which slowed up the parade a lot. When it was over we ate at one of the lunch stands and then Father went off by himself and he gave Jill her rides on merry-go-round and little cars that go around on a moving belt. I think she liked those best for she felt that she was really driving them herself. We all three went on the ferris wheel too but she was so scared when we got up high that we got right off. Then we strolled thru some of the buildings but didn't have time to see all the exhibits. The Pan American part was a distinct disappointment for they have advertised it widely as a "Pan American De Soto Exposition" this year and we expected something unusual. I was glad to have seen it once tho, since I may not be in these parts for another one soon.

The children are here for their music lessons now so I'll close again with love. K.

*[This typewritten letter dated **March 16, 1939** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to folks in various U.S. towns. Willard gave Ellen her first driving lesson orally. He held 2 successful China Benefit tea and suppers to raise funds for China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm
Shelton, Conn.

March 16th. 1939.

Dear Folks in La Grange, Chicago (Geraldine), Saginaw, Clearwater and Putnam.

Mother is getting to be a regular gadder. And as she has not yet learned to drive the car I have to go along. On the way to Putnam the other day she took her first lesson in driving. It was an oral lesson. She was the passive driver, not an active driver. She does not want to drive on an open road the first time. A closed road she considers better for then she will know when to stop. Some such road as the path leading into the little house in Putnam. There is an end to that road and she will stop when she comes to the house, - or soon thereafter.

I forget just when I wrote last. Did I tell about the two suppers for China relief? One was on February 27th and held in the Parish parlors of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Episcopalian. It netted \$62.00 which is in China by now saving lives. The next was in Ansonia Methodist Church Parlors, on March 3rd. It netted \$83.45. The next will be in Seymour. The first meeting of the committee is to [be] held tomorrow.

Did I write of our drive to Winchester, Conn. about 6 or 7 miles beyond Thomaston on Sunday afternoon February 26th. What a drive! The snow and ice increased as we went north and the rain fell all the time and froze. We arrived about 5:00 p.m. and the minister, a young man did not seem overjoyed at our arrival. I asked him how about the evening for a service. He said he could by phoning get out perhaps ten or a dozen. I looked at the clock and suggested that we put coats and rubbers on at once and beat it for home. He fell in with the suggestion quicker. It was rather amusing to me that as we were ready to leave Mrs. VanCleeve wanted us to stay for a cup of tea. I saw 6 or 7 miles of dirt road covered with snow and ice, before we reached the hard roads and we men had our way for once. We reached Thomaston before dark. But then fog came in and it was thick. In Seymour I got on the wrong road and the first familiar object was the corner at the very north end of Main Street Ansonia. I had come down on the East bank of the Naugatuck instead of the West bank. The fog light saved the situation. This is the second time this winter that the fog light has made it go-able. We reached home about 15 minutes to eight. If I wrote this before, well it's worth two writings.

Monday evening- afternoon also- we put on a China Benefit tea and supper. It was held in the Parish Parlors of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Episcopalian. I sent to China \$62.00 as the proceeds. I went to New York and bought 200 bowls for rice, the same number of tea cups, spoons and chop sticks. We sold these to as many as wanted them, - doubled our money on them. We fed 124 on Chop Suey or Chow Mein 50 cents. The food I bought in New Haven and Nancy came up to drive in after it and she brought out a Chinese to serve it, and took him back after the supper. Mother and I hung Chinese banners, scrolls, embroideries etc. on the walls and had a real Chinesy atmosphere about the place. On Friday March 3rd we duplicated the supper in Ansonia. I ordered 200 portions. Just as the people got most thru eating the head waitress came to me and said the food was all gone and no waitress had eaten and there were several at the door asking for tickets. I said if they would wait one hour I would go into New Haven and get more. They waited. Uncle Ben drove me in. The pointer touched 60 much of the time. We made it in less than an hour from Ansonia. The proprietor was on the job as I stepped into the door of the restaurant he appeared from the kitchen with the bucket in his own hand and carried it down to the car himself and put it in the car. He let me have the food for ½ price, and sent one man for Shelton and two for Ansonia to serve. I have sent my check for \$83.45 as the proceeds of the Ansonia Benefit supper.

As speaker for Shelton I got an old student who graduated from Foochow College in 1923, Ling Meu Seng. But now he is Dr. Mouseng Lin. He holds an important government position in New York. But he delivered the goods all right in Shelton. I came near getting proud of him. Tuesday I took him to Tarrytown where he wanted to stop and then took Nancy home. On my way home I stopped at Uncle Olivers and Aunt Annie got supper for me, - pretty near supper. Then I went and picked up Dr. Day of the United Church and took him to Shelton for a talk at our fist Lenten service.

A week ago last Monday, March 6th. Mother and I went to Putnam and on Tuesday Uncle Elbert took us all to Providence. My, but it was windy and COLD. Wednesday we came home. We went and came by Hartford.

Last Friday Monnie brought her four charges and Mary the Maid up to the farm for a day's outing. They all went over to the woods to look off at the river etc. They played in the hay. They saw the rabbits. They were much interested in farming. The second boy got hold of one of the teats with both hands. But he settled down and really milked well for the first trial. Monnie drove them up in Mrs. Adams' Buick.

Mother and I went down to see Monnie on Monday March 13th and again on Saturday March 18th. Monnie had been to Montreal to see Ralph in the meantime, - went up Monday nite and came back Wednesday nite. Spent Tuesday nite with Betty Lorimer.

We four here went to New Haven to see the moving pictures of the Madras Conference, given by Dr. Roy Houghton, pastor at Milford across the river.

Monday March 20th.

Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert stopped here on their way to New York, Washington and perhaps Southern Pines, N.C. Mother and I are booked to go to Waterbury for an address and the showing of Chinese things this week Friday evening.

Love to all

Father.

[handwritten]

Dear Geraldine-

As far as I have heard people of the Beard tribes are rather glad that Monnie and Ralph have decided it was possible to make the date for the wedding a month later- May 6. I think you will enjoy the prospect of the weather being a bit warmer. As I look out the north windows now it is a very wintry scene that meets my look. The snow is still much in evidence after nine days and altho the thermometer stood at 34 degrees above this morning a keen breeze from the north keeps the bright sun from dispelling the snow and ice too fast. What fine weather we have had [*for*] the maple syrup makers. Cousin Harvey's maple bush was so broken down by the hurricane that he is not making syrup this year.

We have gotten the apple and other trees that were blown down by the hurricane sawed and split ready to draw to the wood pile- most of the wood is already in the wood poke- but there are several loads yet to bring. I am anxious to have the boys use these mornings when the ground is frozen to bring up the rest. Yesterday I had the old farm truck fixed up so it is usable. We look forward to the gathering of the family in May.

Lovingly Father

The Evening Sentinel, March 1939
Town of Shelton
Chinese Supper, Fund Program, is enjoyed by 350
Dr. Musheng Lin Hopes Chinese Can Wear Japanese Out Over Long Period.

Congregational hall was filled to capacity last night for the Chinese supper and program sponsored by the churches of Seymour for the benefit of Chinese relief. It is estimated that more than 350 attended, the stage as well as the auditorium being filled.

The tables were attractively decorated with forsythia, donated by Mrs. S.B. Rentsch, and Chinese cups, bowls and chopsticks furnished by Dr. Willard L. Beard. The chopsticks, bowls, cups and spoons were on sale after the supper.

The speakers' table was placed on the platform. An American flag hung at the side of the platform, which was attractively decorated with beautiful Chinese hangings and many Chinese curios. The walls of the parish hall were covered with scrolls and hangings donated for the occasion by Dr. and Mrs. S.B. Rentsch, of Derby. The curios were donated by Dr. Willard Beard, of Shelton.

Rev. Joseph Swain acted as master of ceremonies at the speaking program which followed the supper. He opened the program in a humorous vein and said that nobody had leaned on any one's shoulder in arranging the affair, as there had been splendid cooperation. He introduced Dr. Willard Beard, who made introductory remarks and in turn introduced Rev. C.G. Vickert, of New Haven, Chinese missionary who is soon to return to China and who spoke briefly.

Hopeful for China.

In introducing Dr. Musheng Lin, Dr. Beard spoke of having him as a pupil in China. Dr. Lin, of Columbia University and Foochow, China, is in charge of the Chinese Institute of America, in New York. Dr. Lin spoke at length following through the course of the war in China. He thinks the Chinese can hold out for a period of years by attacking small garrisons and retreating when necessary. He hopes they can wear the Japanese out, even though the Japanese are so much better equipped for war. His talk was most interesting and his personality very pleasing.

The hostesses for the occasion were Mrs. E.A. Jones, chairman, Mrs. Harold J. Edwards, Mrs. Joseph Swain, Mrs. Edward Gahan and Mrs. Fred Schuster.

Mrs. J.B. Honey and her assistants were in charge of the sale of Chinese linens.

Mrs. F.G. Space was chairman of the supper. The food was cooked in the Far East restaurant in New Haven and a staff from the restaurant came out and served the supper, which was delicious, consisting of chow mein and chop suey with bowls of rice, hot rolls, coffee and Chinese tea and assorted cakes.

Mrs. Robert Tocher was chairman of the dining room with 30 assistants.

Alton MacHardy acted as treasurer. All of the money after expenses are paid will go for Chinese relief.

The Men's club of the church was in charge of checking in the Sawn Memorial. The money received from this went into the general fund.

[Newspaper article from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



See enlargement next page



Century Farm - Possibly 1939 – is Willard taking the photo?

Back left to right: Harold Newberg, unidentified woman, Gould Beard, Anna Beardsley Beard, Oliver Gould Beard, Jr., Virginia Space Beard, Mary Beard, Unidentified man-possibly Seymour Valentine, possibly Oliver Wells Beard or Dan Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard, unidentified man, Emma Kinney, Ellen Kinney Beard, possibly Dorothy Beard Newberg, Bennett Nichols Beard, Elbert Kinney.

On ground left to right: Nancy Beard holding baby, Marjorie Beard, 2 unidentified Women-possibly one is Marion Beard, probably Beatrice Beard, Stanley Beard with arms probably around Willard Frederick and Hazel Beard, Edith Beard Valentine possibly holding Winifred, Phebe Maria Beard.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This typewritten letter dated **April 15, 1939** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He has received word from the Board that they are to go back to China. Willard would like to marry daughter, Marjorie and then leave for China in August. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Century Farm
Shelton
Conn.

April 15th. 1939

Dear Geraldine,

The important letter from the Board Rooms in Boston came this week. I am quoting the important paragraph.

Voted that Rev. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard of the Foochow Mission, retired, be returned to Foochow for a special three-year term of active service; with \$400 of their outward travel expenses to be reckoned as part of the budget provision for new Missionaries, for 1938-39.

This settles the question of our going as far as I can see. The time is not set. But I have written that I have engagements up to May 30th and that Mother wants a little time to pack. I think it will be the latter part of the summer, sometime in August before we get off. I also told them I must stay long enough to marry Monnie.

This week has been pretty full of going and meeting etc. Monday was snowy and drizzly. Monnie came up with her younger protégés. Mother and Monnie went to New Haven, - guess what for. The Aunts and I cared for the

children. This was on Tuesday. Then after an early supper the Westons [probably Weston, CT] left. Monnie had them pretty well trained. Coming up we noticed one child was on the front seat and the other, the boy, on the rear seat. But when they were ready to start home both children were on the seat with the driver, and they were to stay there, where the driver could control them.

On Thursday we all four went to Huntington Church to a meeting of the Women's Missionary Ass'n of Fairfield County. The church was full. For lunch they filled both the parish houses of the two churches. A native Indian woman was one of the speakers. And she delivered the goods. That evening we all went to our church supper and the Annual Meeting of the church. Two church meals in succession. Then on Friday Mary and I went to a meeting of the Women of the New Haven County and had another church luncheon.

Monnie came with Ellen from New York on the 7:57 p.m. train. I took Mother up to the 7:26 a.m. train for New York. Today Mother and Marjorie have been in Bridgeport, guess what for.

I am in charge of the service in our church tomorrow but a man from the Salvation Army speaks. Next Sunday I am to have the whole service. Mr. Strickland is in the hospital at Newington. I think he has to have a second operation for appendicitis. He had one three years ago. He was operated on yesterday morning and in the evening was doing well.

Mrs. Bartlett, mother of Dr. (dentist) Bartlett died quite suddenly yesterday morning. The funeral service is to be this evening at the home. She came from Putnam and they are taking her there tomorrow. I came near going for the service at the grave, tomorrow afternoon. But Mr. McGowan a former pastor here whom the Bartletts were very fond of is to have charge of the services this evening and at the cemetery.

Next Wed. evening another of the China Benefit suppers is to be held in Seymour.

We hope to see you all around May 6th.

With love,
Father

[This letter dated April 27, 1939 was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Kathleen, Jill and Cynthia have arrived in Connecticut by train to visit. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton, Conn.

April 27th 1939

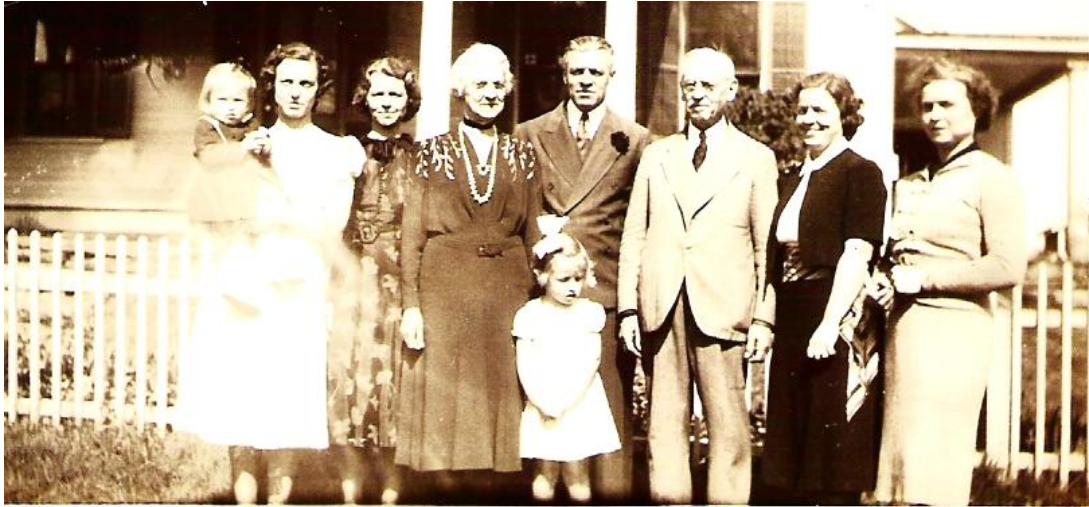
Dear Geraldine:-

I have not yet made a date with Dr. Bartlett. I'll wait till the wedding date is settled. They are now trying for May 13th.

Uncle Ben, Monnie and I went down to Penn. Station N.Y.C. for Kathleen, Jill and Cynthia. Their train came in at 6:05 p.m. We had parked a little more than a short block from the station. Monnie and I went down to meet the trains and I chanced to see them thru the windows. We took the luggage and all walked to the car and were on the road for home at 6:25. How's that. We reached home at 9:45. Kathleen is thin but both little girls are quite fit. Grandma stayed with them rather than go to the State Annual Meeting of Cong'l Christian Women. Yesterday Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma were there- Waterbury. Monnie and I took three ladies, the Aunts three and Ruth Tanter[?] Beard three. We had a very interesting and inspiring meeting.

Write again when you are coming. We all wonder if Nancy will stay and fly East with you.

Lovingly
Father



Written on back of photo: "May 1939"
 Cyndy, Kathleen, Geraldine, Ellen, Jill, Gould, Willard, Dorothy, Marjorie
[Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Beard, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



This picture was probably taken the same day as the above photo. 1939
 Willard and Ellen in the back
 Front L to R: Dorothy, Kathleen, Geraldine, Gould, Marjorie.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Monnie and Ralph were to be married in May, but the Hudson Bay Company required that he finish his apprenticeship before marrying. The wedding had to be postponed.



Cynthia and Geraldine – 1939
 [Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Beard]



Left to right: Seymour and Edith Valentine, Dan Beard, Unidentified woman- Dan's wife Beatrice? (this lady seems heavier than what I've seen of Beatrice in other photos), Stephen Beard behind her, Stanley Beard standing behind Abbie Hubbell Beard, Phebe Beard, Myra Beard, Kathleen Beard Elmer, Hugh Elmer, possibly Marion Beard, Mary Beard, Possibly Oliver Wells Beard, Anna Beardsley Beard, Oliver Gould Beard Jr., Ellen and Willard Beard. Front row left to right: Bennett Nichols Beard kneeling, Winifred Valentine, Cynthia Elmer, Danny Beard, Jill Elmer, Beverly Beard.

[Photo from a negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Etta Kinney Hume's husband, Willis Hume, dies April 29, 1939. Etta is Ellen's sister.

Rev. Hume Dies At Oberlin

OBERLIN, May 1—Rev. Willis P. Hume of 263 West College street passed away about 5:15 Saturday afternoon at University Hospital, Cleveland, at the age of 77.

Rev. Hume was born October 23, 1861, in Marion, Ohio. He and his brother, Harry Hume, started the Marion Star which was later owned by the late President Warren G. Harding.

He was a graduate of the Oberlin Theological Seminary and held pastorates for twenty five years in the Meridian, North Bergen and North Tonawanda, N. Y. Since coming to Oberlin fourteen years ago, he has been engaged in stereopticon slide work.

He is survived by his wife, Etta, four sons and one daughter, Dr. Donald Hume, Alliance, O., Rev. Myron Hume, Milan, O., Dr. Fulton Hume, Hawaii, Stewart Hume, Youngstown, and Millicent Hume, Alliance, O.; also one sister, Miss Sadie Hume of Oberlin.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 2 P. M. at the Sedgeman Funeral Parlors, with the Rev. J. A. Richards in charge. Interment will be made in Westwood cemetery.

May 1, 1939 from The Chronicle Telegram, Elyria, Ohio
[Ancestry.com]

TIGER, LEOPARD SKINS ATTRACT MUCH ATTENTION

**Handsome Animals Were Killed in
Ingtau, Foo Chow,
China.**

Much attention is being attracted today by the two tiger and leopard rugs on display in the furniture window of Howard and Barber's store on Main street.

The rugs are owned by Rev. Dr. Willard L. Beard of Century farm, Long Hill avenue, Shelton. Both animals were caught in 1936, about 10 miles from Dr. Beard's home, in Ingtau, Foo Chow, China, and were brought to him by the man who killed them, a few days after their demise. The tiger was of the man eating variety and the leopard would kill a man if cornered.

The skins were brought to this country and mounted here.

[Newspaper article in the collection of Virginia Van Andel. Laura Amend Peugh now owns one of the leopard skins. On a loose piece of cardboard in the back of Willard's 1936 Homeward Bound Journal of 1936 is written Tiger skins 2, Leopard 3. Article dated about Spring or Early Summer 1939 based on article on back of this newspaper clipping.]

[This letter, dated **May 16, 1939**, was written by Ginny to the family and all at Century Farm. She had to miss a visit to Century Farm because the children had to be quarantined. Gould will be awarded an honorary B.A. degree from the University of Michigan. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tuesday nite 5/16/39

Dearest Family One and All at Century Farm-

Thank you Dears for your thoughtful telegram on Sunday. I was so glad to get it for I was missing it all with a little bit of an aching heart. We had all looked forward to it with so much joy, but I'm fast finding out that this business of raising two normal children is apt to be decidedly uncertain at times. [Hazel probably had chicken pox or measles, so the children were in quarantine.]

I've just pumped Gould continuously in the little while I have to see him. He didn't get home until 3 A.M. this morning (What an hour when I wanted to fire a million questions at him)

Thursday nite 5/18/39

Now he is gone again. Left on the 8.40 ship yesterday morning. They tried to send him off Tuesday nite but he asked if he please couldn't spend one nite with his family. After he left you Monday A.M. - he went over to the Wright Engine Factory in Patterson N.J. on business, came back for the 5 P.M. non-stop and was informed he couldn't dead-head for they needed his flying time, so he had to wait until the next trip and fly it in which didn't arrive until 1 something A.M. C.S.T. Tuesday, so it was 3 our time before he finally got home.

But we're a mighty happy little family when our Daddy gets home, even if it isn't for very long.

Kathie what glowing accounts of your darling daughters did that brother of yours give. And from their picture I believe every word. I'm just heart broken not to see them and even more so to miss seeing you. It's been just a long time since you and Hugh drove away from our apartment with Dot and Harold there in Cincinnati, and I

have never ceased being grateful to you for taking such good care of my family while I was in the hospital. I wish so sincerely that there would be some way of your still being at the Farm till the end of June, for now I'm sorta planning to come East about the 19th of June for a couple of weeks and really do some house-hunting. If Dot will have them: may let Hazel and Willard have their Saginaw visit at that time.

The 17th we both have to be at the University of Michigan for Frecks [*nickname for Virginia's brother*] Commencement and Gould will be in Cap and Gown also to receive his B.A. degree as of June 1925 which you know he never received because an Engineering drawing which took 25 hours of work during a sudden shower the nite before it was to be turned in at the finals so he never had finished that one three hour course. Now they feel that he has earned it many times over and want him to have it. He has always maintained that it didn't make any difference to him whether he had it or not, but now that he knows he is getting it, he's as tickled as a small boy looking forward to something very extra special.

Monnie I hope that by now everything has shaped up just as you want it and this time you are making plans that will hold to completion. So glad the sheets and cases pleased you.

Our quarantine signs came down yesterday and it looks as if Willard is really not going to get them tho we hoped he would get them out of his system so we wouldn't have to think about them after he got into school.

Hazels spots are all gone and her temperature has been normal since last Saturday A.M. She has been out for the past two days but wears dark glasses until the first of next week. Is fine except for a little throat inflammation. Hope to have her back in school next week. If she hadn't already missed so much of school I'd be tempted to bring them East next week end, but she only has three weeks more of school and I just don't dare.

Monnie I'm wondering if the latter part of June will find you well on your way North and just about to leave. Do let me know as soon as you know yourself. For I do so want to see you before you leave.

Father and Mother if you don't leave until September we should be able to entertain you in our new home before you go. Still don't know whether we'll move August 1st or Sept. 1st.

You've all been so generous with letters that I feel horribly guilty. Mother and Aunt Mary, Hazel has been so delighted with all the stamps you've showered upon her, and has had much fun getting them located in her album. Even Willard is getting interested in that hobby so the other day I bought him a small album from the 10 cent store as a starter and Hazel is being very generous with her duplicates.

Mother I'm just thrilled with those lovely linens you sent by Gould and those napkins tho not a perfect match will go very nicely with my big Chinese cloth. You know I have two great weaknesses, lovely linens and nice nighties. I just can't have too many. My lovely Chinese linens have been admired countless times by so many of our friends and I've always been very proud of them and so thankful that I'm fortunate enough to have them.

Sent the movie films in yesterday to be developed and am so anxious to get them back so I can have a peek at all who gathered for the reunion. If the other lesser halves missed being there as much as the kiddies and I, they were feeling just a bit low too.

How much Hazel and Willard talk about being able to go to the Farm more often when we move to Long Island. They just love it so up there. And they (especially Willard) insist that if we move again after Long Island that we just have to move near Auntie Dot and Uncle Harold. And after we get located on the Island we have to get a dog. We've promised them that we will, trusting that we'll be located there a bit more permanently than any where in the past.

We've been having a few warm days, it's still far from being very summery. Have planted a few seeds. Have radishes 4" high, and carrots just beginning to show. I put out 56 pansy plants ("Giant Maple Leaf") about three weeks ago and they are just beginning to bloom. Am trying the same kind again this year for they were so very successful last year. Even had a few blooms as late as last December and quite the envy of the whole neighborhood. Seems to have more song birds here this Spring than ever before. Everyone is remarking about it. Sonny says they wake him every morning. But that is much nicer than an old alarm clock.

Presume Dot has already returned to Saginaw and Jerry leaving this weekend. I'm so glad they were all able to be there. I wouldn't have had Gould miss it for anything.

Hope the next time we try making some definite plans they aren't all shattered.

Good nite My Dears must lie myself to bed.

Very Much love to each one of you from All of us.

Love - Ginny



Undated photo of Monnie and Ralph probably in Canada.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **July 7, 1939** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry (Geraldine). Hugh has joined his family in Shelton and went to Bridgeport to look for a job. Willard and Ellen will be sailing to China on the President Coolidge on August 25. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard
 Century Farm
 Shelton, Conn.

July 7th 1939

Dear Jerry:-

This is just to begin a short letter to you and I'll have to finish it later. I wrote the La Grange family and mailed it last evening when Mother, Kathie and Hugh and I went to B-port for Monnie at 10:24 p.m. We got her all right. She returns tomorrow evening.

We have sailing on the Pres. Coolidge Aug. 25th. We plan to leave here Aug. 10 or a day or two earlier, spend 4 or 5 days with Dot and Harold and 2 or 3 with Gould's family and get to the coast so as to spend one day at the S.F. Fair. These dates are very tentative. We are not planning to stop at Oberlin for Aunt Etta is planning to drive to New York with Millicent and Fulton*, starting just about the time we leave home. I have not fully decided whether I will fly or not= to Chicago. Then Dot spoke of coming East in Aug- when? and when will Ginny come to house hunt?

Mother has begun to pack- she read old programs etc that I was to throw away for about 2 hours a few days ago, and she has begun to look over a box of things we brought from China three years ago.

I have a talk before the Meth. S.S. Sunday July 9th and I have been asked by Mr. Strickland to speak at his morning service July 23. This winds up my speaking as far as I know. I had a good time speaking on China for the Pearl River High School at their Commencement- a full house and a very appreciative audience. I was 100% innocent of any financial thought related to the effort. And came home thinking that a talk in such a place and before such an audience would do China as much good as a talk before an audience in a church service. So I was 100% surprised to receive a check for \$25.00 with a note of appreciation that was flattering, a few days after I returned home.

Haying is on its last legs. There are about 10 or 12 acres only not cut, and it looks as if Aunt Mary would have to put that into her own barns.

Some of us are planning to take Monnie to Stamford this evening, leaving here about 6:00 p.m. to put her on the 8:00 p.m. boat for Oyster Bay.

This morning Monnie and I took Hugh to B-port to look for a job and do some errands.

To day has been warm- some would say hot. It must have been very hot in cities- but here in the country it has been not bad with a good breeze all day.

I wonder when you are coming East for the other week of your vacation- before or after we leave.

Very lovingly
Father

[*From an article from *The Chronicle Telegram* (Elyria, OH) dated July 20, 1939: "Dr. Fulton Hume, who has been on the Hawaiian Islands during the past two years, arrived in Oberlin Tuesday and will visit his mother, Mrs. W.P. Hume of West College street for several weeks. Dr. Hume has accepted the appointment as head of the medical department of Beirut University, Syria, and plans to sail some time this Fall for the Near East to take up his duties there in October. The Beirut institution is under the Rockefeller Foundation and is the leading university in Syria."]

[Another article:]

SON GOES TO SYRIA

Mrs. Etta Hume of West College street, left several days ago for New York City to see her son, Dr. W. F. Hume, embark on the Normandie for Beirut, Syria, where he has accepted an appointment in the Surgical Department of the University of Beirut.

Mrs. Hume will also visit in Batavia, N. Y., and in Shelton, Conn., and plans to make a farewell visit at the home of her sister and husband, Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Beard, who are sailing from San Francisco August 25 on the President Coolidge for China where they will resume their missionary work.

August 11, 1939 from *The Chronicle Telegram*, Elyria, Ohio
[From Ancestry.com]



Written on back: "Will and Ellen 1939"
 [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter, dated **Sept. 5, 1939**, was written from the S.S. President Coolidge near Honolulu by Ellen to Dorothy. Ellen and Willard are on their way back to China and she tells about touring the ship with the Captain. She tells about some of the new clothing and swimsuit styles on board. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES
 New York -California- Orient- Round the World

On board
 S. S. President Coolidge
 Six Days Beyond Honolulu,
 Pacific Ocean
 Sept. 5th, 1939.

Dear Dorothy,

I am addressing this letter to you because I am sending a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Wager in your care asking you to add the proper address and mail again as I failed to get their address when we were in Saginaw. I am writing a note of thanks to them for their hospitality to us. But you may circulate this letter among the children as it will save writing for me. I wrote one to Marjorie which I hope she has circulated in the family, and one to Etta describing the wedding in Honolulu which we unexpectedly attended, and which I have asked her to forward to you children after her family have all read it. *[Millicent Hume may have married Richard Arimizu at this time.]*

I stopped my letter to Marjorie before I had brought it up to date, as Father was also writing and covered all the ground and I tho't best not to repeat.

I may as well begin this letter with the experiences of this date and work backward as far as my memory will go. Do you know what this date is? *[Willard and Ellen's 45th wedding anniversary]* We are not saying anything about it here on the boat for we don't want any one to feel obliged to celebrate it for us. A boy in his teens going to Korea had a birthday cake candles and all given him at dinner a few nights ago and the orchestra played "Happy Birthday" and then played it again and the players sang the words. We didn't care for any such publicity. But there was a little incidental celebration not especially so designed. The passengers were invited to go up on the bridge at 10 a.m. About 30 went. The Capt. welcomed us in the room, where all the steering apparatus is and the apparatus for electrically closing the doors between the different parts of the ship (in case one compartment is flooded) and the machine for reporting fire in any part of the ship etc. etc. He told us there is a little electric mechanism in the ceiling of each cabin by which he, by opening a switch in the room where we were standing on the bridge, could hear every thing we said, even a whisper. "So be careful what you say!" he warned humorously. "And when it is open, you can hear what we say up there." He was very gracious and answered many of our questions and told us many things about a ship that we did not know before. He is a sea-faring man of long and varied experience, very wise and careful, takes no risks not required by duty, is a religious man and has a very sane view of World Conditions and talked some time on that line. He was on a ship as an officer in the World War for one year and has been on the sea ever since. He said he trained the navigator on the China Clipper and was in radio communication

with him whenever he flew over his route so each knew just where the other was. He told us there was a big American flag 25 X 15 ft. spread out on the deck above, of heavy canvas painted red white and blue, stars and stripes, so that bombing planes flying over could distinguish our nationality. We all went up to see it. It was thrilling to be away up on top of everything with the blue dome over us and the calm deep blue sea stretching out over every side so far below us; it seemed like flying. He said the ship was all arranged for our utmost safety and we need not be at all anxious.

(Too sleepy, as you can see, to write or think so will hold up till tomorrow.)

I read in the Sept. Reader's Digest that American seamen were not as well trained as other countries but that government authorities were taking strenuous measures to improve such conditions. The article quoted some one as saying he would never make a voyage on an American boat. I think this invitation to the passengers to visit the bridge was a measure connected with the government's reorganization plan to reassure the traveling public and prove to them the efficiency of the service and equipment on American boats. We have also had three fire drills thus far, one for everybody (except engine room crew required to run the engines) - passengers and crew, when we all had to don our life preservers and go to the life boat to which we were directed by a posted notice in our cabins, (ours was No. 7.) the other two drills were for the crew only. Each time life-boats are unfastened and swung out over the boat's rail on the davits (?) but not lowered into the water. At the same time others of the crew manned half a dozen or more lines of hose throwing as many streams of water over the rail into the sea, at different points of the deck. At a signal whistle all boats and hoses were replaced and every body went back to work.

The Capt. said he used to see the China Clipper go over, but recently he does not see it as they have changed their course; also they fly too high.

Today they conducted a tour to the engine room. I went part way but it got so hot I stopped and waited till they came up. Father took the whole trip away out to the propellers. I probably could have taken it all right but at my age I thought there was some little chance that I might be a burden to some body altho I have never fainted in my whole life. I wanted to be on the safe side however. I have been in a ship's engine room twice before.

I have seen no sea life except half a dozen flying fishes. They fly from 50 to 150 feet, close to the water.

The ladies on this boat use their house-coats as bathrobes to cover themselves when they go thru the halls or public rooms from their cabins to the baths. And it is very interesting to sit in the writing rooms as I often have done at the writing tables and see the procession of house-coats kimono and men's bathrobes, in gayest colors and large figures and various styles as the people go for their baths before dressing for dinner, from all the corridors and aisles opening off the writing room which they have to pass thru to get to the baths on the other side.

It is equally interesting to see the great variety of togs the young men and young women and girls can scare up. The men are wearing a garment I never have seen before, - a kind of shirt blouse with short sleeves worn outside the trousers with a straight hem at the bottom which covers about 9 or 10 inches below the waist. And the figures they have on them and the colors! One had writing or printing all over it. News paper headings and advertising. Another had San Francisco Fair pictures all over it. One couple had blouses just alike in big red figures on white background, and the wife had slacks to match. Miss Buckhout who is going with us to Foochow has the sloppiest outfit of big loose slacks and blouse to match of a sleazy dust-colored or no color at all material, and when she rolled the slacks up to about half way to the knee to play shuffle-board, with socks and tennis shoes on you can picture about how she looked running about when I tell you she weighs about 180 lbs. An officer of the ship asked her if they had roped her in to wash decks! A number of young women wear slacks.

And the shorts that are worn here by so many both men and young women; and grownup sun-suits, - those bible affairs. And the bathing-suits!! They are getting briefer and briefer, both male and female!! All the children wear sun suits below 8 yrs. of age. So it all makes for a great deal of nakedness around here.

The table steward service has not been all that could be desired. Only American men can now be employed by American Boats, - Orientals can no longer be employed. And these men are green at the work. Ours has been changed once on account of inefficiency; a change but not an improvement. They forget what we ordered and then guess at it; and get the orders mixed up delivering to the wrong person; and service is slow; sugar bowl empty, - no pepper on table, - only one menu for four once, etc. Nevertheless we are pretty well taken care of and the food is generally good. Once my baked apple was fermented, once the rhubarb was, once the prunes were and twice the corn on cob was too hard to bite. But our room steward is good and we are pretty well satisfied everything considered.

The "Matsonia" on which Millicent sailed was to leave at 5 o'clock, the same time as our sailing. Hers did sail but ours didn't get loaded in time so sailed at 7 o'clock two hours behind. We overtook the Matsonia the second night out and went along almost parallel for 24 hrs. when we got ahead and she followed us about 3 miles behind all the rest of the way and docked about half an hour after we did not far from us. Her course the first two days was

about 3 mi. off to our right. I sent a radiogram "Greetings" at 16 cents per word including address and signature. She responded with a radiogram of 5 words!

Must close to get this into the mail on this boat closing at 6 o'clock tonight. We get into Yokohama at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning.

Can't you hear the children in this room screaming, through this letter? Well you can see the screaming in my writing and composition.

Much love, and thank you all for making our departure so pleasant. Did you get my deaf and dumb message thru the sleeper window? It was "Fine Children"- not Five Children. Love Mother.

Circulate among you five children only- perhaps Emma and Elbert.

[In other handwriting:]

Please send to Jerry. Kathie, Dot and Monnie have read it.

[This letter, dated Sept. 28, 1939, was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to her children and friends. Ellen gives a lengthy description of her trip from Shanghai to Foochow. Because of the Japanese control of the Fukien Province ports they were only able to take a boat part way and had to be carried over the mountains to get to Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Another chapter of ancient history, but I am going to send it on as I have spent so much time and eyesight writing it. You can read it if of sufficient interest and circulate it if it is worth it. But eventually keep it for me as it is my only record of the arrival here. I may want to review it myself some time.

Tai Bing Ga Compound,
Foochow, China,
Thursday
Sept. 28", 1939.

Read first.

I am putting in these two sheets of another letter as I find to send the other completed I have to add 30 cents anyway and it may as well carry my money's worth. Send on the other but keep these two sheets till the other comes.

Dear Children all, and friends,

I can hardly believe my senses that we are really back in Foochow again! Yet here we are surrounded by the old familiar scenes, and a few of the old friends.

The great city is all about us, yet it is so quiet that hardly a sound breaks the stillness except those made in our own house here. Since the recent bombing of last week, little business is done in day time when the bombers may come, but people keep quiet indoors during the day and open up business after sunset when the danger of bombers is past, continuing to 11 o'clock at night.

Two of the houses in this compound are vacant, and there are no children in the compound. Mr. Topping's family have just gone home on furlo; we met them in Shanghai where they were waiting for the steamer we came out on, (Coolidge), to get back to Shanghai from Hong Kong and Manila. They gave us our first installment of Foochow news.

We received a letter in Shanghai from Mr. Christian inviting us to come right to their home to stay until we go to Ing Tai. So we are here in their home. Miss Buckhout who came out with us for the Wenshan School is with Miss Atwood in the house we used to live in when Marjorie and Kathleen were with us. Miss Walker and Miss Wiley are in the up stairs apartment where we last lived, by the tennis court. Dr. Tucker and Miss Stanbli are in the Hodous-Belcher-St. Clair- Beard-McClure house.

Now where shall I begin? For I have another letter started in my suit-case, but we landed here without a single piece of our luggage,- nothing but what we had on, our steamer rugs, umbrellas and my hand-bag and Will's brief-case. No night clothing; no comb, brush, curlers! safety razor or tooth-brush.

Well I'll start in with leaving Shanghai and fill in the intervening events when I finish the letter I started some days ago.

Regular coast-line boats are not running since the Japanese interfered with our Fukien ports, all of which are supposed to be closed now; but we hear a day or two ago that the ban was lifted on Wenchow. There is one boat, the "Shinhwa", which does run fairly regularly sneaking into whatever small port is thought to be practicable at the time.

Bishop and Mrs. Gowdy, Miss Plumb and Miss Jones of the Meth. Mission took all the available cabins on her first trip after we reached Shanghai, so we had to wait there till her next trip which was last Sunday, Sept. 24th.

The first announcement was that all baggage must go on board at 4 o'clock. Saturday and passengers, Sunday morning, sailing at 7 a.m. Later information gave Sunday at 9 a.m. for baggage, passengers on at 10, and sailing at 11. We actually did get off at 11:30.

I think I have described the boat and voyage in the "started" letter so will begin the land trip now.

We had hoped to go in to the little port of "Sung A" near Diong Loh near Foochow, but this trip it landed at "Sang tuao". Anchored at 7 a.m. we had breakfast on board. Then a customs official came on board with white cap and white suit and brass buttons looking very official whom we recognized as one of our old students. I helped him to get his English. He offered to help us in any way about our baggage and getting boats to get ashore etc. but we told him Mr. Christian had sent a man from Foochow to take all that responsibility. He did pass us thru however without examination of any kind so far as I know, on the merits of our profession. He said his wife and two children were on the boat too, from Shanghai.

You see we were the very first ship-load of passengers to be debarked at that port and we were sort of blazing the trail to Foochow, albeit over long established routes much used locally in short journeys but regular thru traffic trips were in their initial stage.

"Seng seng", Mr. Christian's man hired three boats for us and our baggage, and we packed in and were rowed a short distance to shore where "the Military" had to give us an examination which Will and Mr. Stowe took care of, and had to show their cameras and answer a lot of questions and were passed. Mr. and Mrs. Stowe, he a professor of Fukien Univ. and she a teacher of English and dramatics in the U. were on the journey with us from S'hai to Foochow. Then they had the long 2 day trip up river and overland to Shaowu where the U. has moved.

Then we were rowed farther into this deep harbor for an hour and $\frac{3}{4}$ on those little boats to the place where we were to get chairs and burden-bearers for the long day and a half trip overland to Guang tan, where we could get the launch for the up river trip to Foochow.

The weather had been fine the first day on the boat, somewhat cloudy the next day with a few drops of rain altho the sea was very smooth; but this morning as we left the little boats, and our baggage, forty odd pieces in all, for the company of five was promiscuously stacked up on the shore, a fine gentle rain began to fall and the clouds promised an increase. We had no oil-paper to cover our baggage and none could be bought in that little village. So the luggage would have to take the wetting.

By a stretch of imagination you may perhaps visualize that squad of shouting coolies that came to carry our chairs and baggage; all in bamboo rain-hats and old ragged and patched faded blue clothes, trousers rolled above knees, and straw sandals on their bare feet; gesticulating and vociferously clamouring for a little higher remuneration; and scanning the piles of trunks, suit-cases and parcels, the while, to select an easy, convenient shaped load to carry. Seng Seng is a general and handled the situation with a master hand. The customs officials passed us thru without opening our cases and with only a routine questioning, probably because it was raining. We went into a native restaurant (buong daing) in the village and ordered each a bowl of vermicelli with pork and greens. These native eating places are most unattractive buildings to think of taking a meal in. They are roughly and primitively built, the woodwork, floors and most of the meager furnishings are unpainted, old and dirty looking, the tables once painted, are old and peeling off, and the utensils of doubtful cleanliness. But we ordered a bowl of hot water to wash the spoons and chopsticks in, and the food was hot, right off the fire, so it answered the purpose of nourishment and tasted rather good to those who were hungry. Meanwhile the loads were making up and starting off one by one.

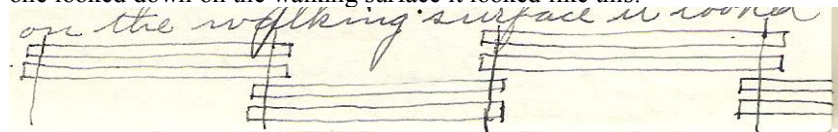
The chairs for most of the party were the regular mountain chairs all made of bamboo, consisting of a simple seat with arms and a folding back, fastened between two bamboo poles that were held together by a cross-piece at each end, which rested on the back of the coolie just below the neck while the poles rest on his shoulders. The poles project about 8 in. beyond these cross pieces and these ends the leading man holds in his hands. A stick of wood 4 in. wide swings by ropes attached to each side of the chair, for a foot rest. Those who rode in these chairs were protected from the weather only by rain-coats, steamer-rugs, umbrellas and over-shoes. I alone had a real sedan chair, with top, side and back curtain, front curtain and side-and-front-guarded foot floor. This special provision, as being the "old lady" of the company! And with my rain-coat, rubbers, and wrapped from neck to feet in my steamer rug, I went very comfortably.

At one o'clock we were off and we had come only about a mile when we began to climb up the side of a mountain range by stone steps in easy lifts. For over an hour we were ascending on this mountain stair-way. Mountains, range upon range, were all about us and the scenery was grand! The precipitation was a light, fine, rain most of the time, but it rendered the road wet and slippery and the atmosphere misty so that much of the beauty of the scenery had to be imagined especially the distant views. The Topping family, Mr. and Mrs. and three daughters,

Muriel, Rena, and Lois had just come over that road from Foochow to take the same boat, up to Shanghai on their way home on furlough, that we had just left and Mr. T. was very enthusiastic about the grand scenery on this route, when we saw him in S'hai.

After an hour and a quarter of climbing we reached the top of the pass and our coolies stopped and set our chairs down under the foot of a tea house, to rest, drink tea and smoke. After a 10 or 12 minute rest, they picked up our chair and started on again and began the descent on the other side of the range, over a similar road of stone steps, which zig-zaged down the slope. The angles were so sharp at the turns, the grade so steep, and the speed of the coolies so great that I feared the head man would go off over the precipice before he could make the turn. It was as bad for me as speeding in an auto. All my muscles were tense till we reached the bottom of the descent.

As we proceeded from this point along the earth road that wound along the uneven terrain, across valleys and over low hills, I noticed excavations in the red earth close beside the road or rather cutting into the road so as to leave only about a foot or 15 in. to walk on. They were about 10 by 15 ft. and 3 ft. deep and several yards apart. At first I thought them wash-outs or slips from heavy rains, yet there were no signs of real erosions. (I am using whatever writing paper I can scare up among my baggage! Please excuse.) They looked more like the work of man-dug with implements. Then, as I passed a pile of this earth, I wondered if all that earth had been removed for making brick. But this red earth was not clay. It took about an hour of observation and thought as I traveled along to arrive at the correct conclusion. This was one of the new roads that China had built but a short time before the Japanese invasion but had never completed. It had not been hard-surfaced and bridges had not been built. The old-time make-shifts for bridges over small streams and gulleys were still being used, and there was a great variety of them. One consisted of two 10 X 10 in. stone stringers 12 ft. long and a foot apart. My coolies used but one. Another longer bridge was of the same size planks laid on cross-pieces supported by rather frail looking trestle. As one looked down on the walking surface it looked like this: -



I sat very still so as not to shake the chair on their shoulders to make them make a misstep, and held my breath (as I did over all the different bridges) but they negotiated it as easily as I would have done on a bridge 4 ft. wide. At another place where there was no bridge at all the coolies waded right thru the stream. At another wider and deeper stream they went thru on stepping stones which was rather shaky uncertain business for me. Had it been high water in the rainy season it would have been almost impassable on foot. The excavated places that I had seen so many of, were the work of the local people under the orders of the government to tear up the roads to make it impossible for the Japanese army to bring in their tanks, trucks, heavy guns etc. over the newly built roads and they cut so nearly across the width of the road that only a narrow foot-path was left for pedestrians. This was a defense measure of the government, but in my opinion, they carried it out a little too far, and unnecessary destruction and inconvenience to the traveling public. But the coolies took it as a necessary evil and uttered not a word of complaint. It was "all in the day's work" to them. This work of "tearing up the roads", varied somewhat in form in different localities. Here, they were all on the same side of the road leaving only a narrow foot path only 12 to 15 inches wide, on the other side, sometimes worn down to 4 inches in places or entirely broken away, in others, so that the coolies had to walk down a steep little slope into the hole then up another on the other side. In three different places on this first day's run, the road had been cut away so close to huge rocks that the chairs could hardly get past them without scraping; and the earth had been dug away from under them so much and they were so poised that it seem as tho a jar or a slight push would start them rolling over upon us, and we were really almost under them as we passed. The fact that it was raining and softening the ground around them made it all the more dangerous. But the coolies did not seem to think anything of it at all, - not even of the inconvenience and difficulty of getting the chair around them. They proceeded in silence with the exception of a few inevitable grunts from the extra strain. But I did considerably more than tense my muscles and hold my breath, and was not at all at ease in my mind until the last chair and the last load were safely in at the next rest house where we all stopped for hot water or tea and rest for the coolies.

Gentle rain continued to fall throughout the day and at about 5:45 we entered the compound of the English ladies at Lo Nguong, Dr. Cooper and Miss Loader both of whom have been in China nearly as long as we have. Dr. Cooper retires next year. Mr. and Mrs. Luder, two children and amah had arrived about a half hour ahead of us and were well settled in their quarters for the night, and were just having tea in the dining-room, where we joined them as soon as we could get washed up. Mrs. Luders and two children had been in Japan for the summer and were returning via S'hai. They were on our boat coming down, and Mr. Luders came overland to escort them home on this unaccustomed route which we were taking. Their house was not a foreign built brick house like the ones in the

city compound that Marjorie and Kathleen will remember, but a large wood and plaster house built in semi-Chinese style, painted in dark colors of Chinese paint, and was old; so that just at dusk, on a dark cloudy, rainy day, it looked very dreary and dismal so far as external appearances are concerned. But it offered us a very welcome shelter for the on-coming night with dry, clean beds, hot water for refreshing clean-up after the long day's travel. Boiled drinking water, foreign food, and very generous welcome and hospitality. They knew we were coming for both Mr. Christian's man who was sent to meet us left a letter from Mr. Christian on his way out to Sang Tuao and Mr. Luder had stopped there over night on his way out to meet his wife and children. The ladies did the very best they could to care for us all and we were very comfortable. But, of course, they just didn't have enough of some things to go around and couldn't get more in such a small, inland, entirely Chinese city, - no other foreigners were there. They could set up Chinese beds enough to piece out their ordinary furnishings, because their girl's school (or woman's school I forget which) was either closed or moved to another place. They had blankets enough, for the weather was still mild; but Father and I had no upper sheets on our single beds and I had no pillow and no mosquito net. One or two others didn't either. But I improvised a pillow out of one of our parcels. The food was good foreign-prepared food but was rather limited in quantity for three husky men in the party. But we couldn't find any fault with that for we were a crowd to entertain over night in a small place where the markets are so limited in the goods foreigners use. Nine of us in the house; and the amah and a Chinese woman who was traveling with us were entertained in the school building by the women in charge, with Chinese food.

We planned to get started at 5 o'clock the next morning and were up at 4, by candle light. They have no electricity there so their artificial light is all by kerosene lamps and candles. But it took the coolies so long to argue out their carrying problems that we did not get off until just 6, and daylight, for a long 30 mile trek in the rain which was still falling as it had thru out the night, not at all to the improvement of the torn-up roads. As we traveled along over the hilly scenic, sparsely-settled country, luxuriant with wild growth, and the mountains surrounding, - whenever one's chair got out of sight of the other chairs, and the coolies ceased their talking, and no human abode was near, and we were far from the sound of running water, how deep and impressive was the silence of nature! It was truly amazing that, out there in the wilds, so little frequented by man, ideal for the home of wild life, hardly a bird or an insect was heard. It was so wild and apparently so remote from man's habitat that meeting a traveler on the road came as a surprise. And we did meet a surprising number of people, for that region, - not just the local country folk, but men and some women who were evidently educated, cultured persons riding in chairs; and the reason we met so many was that they were bound for Shanghai and had no other way to get there than the road we were traveling from there. Very unusual.

We did not stop at Lieng Gong where another English lady lives, for the second night as we thought we might, but pushed right thru to make Guang Tan before dark and to catch the up-river launch before it left.

The plain on which Lieng Gong is situated presents an immense stretch of rice-fields, - beautiful to look upon as its luxurious greenness. It was almost full grown and bearing a heavy crop. We rode miles on narrow stone-paved foot roads right thru the center of this fertile plain with acres and acres of standing grain stretching out on every side. The sun was very low when we reached the mountain range that lay between us and the river Min on which Guang Tan (and Foochow) are situated. The clouds were heavy and as we began the ascent up the stone-step road among the trees, dusk seemed to fall very rapidly. Climbing was slower than level travel, the road was such as to necessitate good vision, the region was wild and remote from human habitation, we had no lights at all for six chairs and the on-coming darkness made me a bit anxious as to our safe conveyance over the pass and especially down the decent on the other side.

At the top there were several immense banyan trees near which was a rest house where our coolies stopped for the last rest on the journey. There were some tense moments in more than one chair as we descended on the other side, but at last we were safely down to the plain and the coolies cautiously and wearily picked their way along the two miles or more of winding road to the river, in almost darkness. They set our chairs down in front of the native hotel, and Seng Seng, who had gone ahead to hold the launch and order the supper for us, came out and ushered us up stairs to quieter rooms, to get us away from the confusion of the loud-speaking coolies. Bowls of hot vermicelli were set on the table for us all, but just as we were beginning to eat, Seng Seng came in and said the launch captain said he could not wait any longer and would go on, unless we came aboard at once. So we left our steaming bowls, grabbed our hand luggage and made for the pier where a small boat was waiting to row us out to the launch.

Seated in comfortable places out of the wind near the front of the launch, the ride up river was very pleasant and restful. The river was calm and smooth, the moon was full, and had it not been cloudy, the moonlight ride would have been perfectly beautiful. We were almost four hours making the run to Foochow including a few stops, and we reached the pier on the bund below the long bridge about eleven o'clock. Things were rather quiet and closed up around there but we succeeded in taking up three ricksha men and were soon off for the city. The streets

were dark and almost deserted; the street lights were few feeble and far between; the clouded moon however shed a subdued light, that enabled us to see the standing ruins of the bombed buildings along the bund. The old streets had a familiar look; only the three years of wear and weather since we last saw them made them look dowdier and more shambly built than ever. Even in the dim light we noticed some changes that had taken place since we left; and looking for the familiar land-marks, and for the changes in the old scenes, made the mid-night ride interesting.

When we approached the city compound, the grand, new 5 story Union Hospital loomed up before us with all the dignity of a New York City skyscraper. When we left three years ago the walls were just beginning to rise.

We paid off our ricksha men and knocked at the familiar old gate, now decorated with an American flag painted on its face, to let the Japanese know “who’s who”. The gate-keeper was wakened without an undue amount of noise, and we filed up thru the compound without waking the residents. At the Christian’s house, Father called up to Mr. Christian from under his window, he soon heard, rushed down stairs in his pajamas opened the door, switched on the hall light then skipped up stairs three at a time to get out of sight of the ladies. In a remarkably short time Mr. and Mrs. Christian were both down stairs in appearable attire and enthusiastic indeed were the greetings. They said they had no idea we could get thru to Foochow that night, and did not in the least expect us till the next day.

Mrs. Christian’s knowledge of the Mandarin quickly solved the riddle as to who the woman (Chinese) we had brought along with us was and to what hospital she wanted to go. Fortunately for her and us, it was the Union Hosp. right here at our compound. And the people she was going to were her son and his wife who (he) is a technician or something of the sort at the hospital and he and his wife live there. Mr. Christian skipped down there and woke them and they were both up here in a short time and took the lady home with them.

Father was not backward about reporting the disappointment of the “inner man” at having to leave that steaming bowl of food on the table at Guang Tan, so Mr. Christian woke the cook and coolie who built a fire and cooked eggs, coffee and toast for us while Mrs. C helped set table and get out provisions and Mr. C. went up to Miss Atwood’s once to tell her Miss Buckhout was here then a second time to tell her not to get her cook up as Miss B. would have supper with us. Then a third time to escort her up and introduce her when the midnight repast was over. Finally all got to bed again and some slept while others keyed up to super mental activity by the environment and experiences, reviewed in restful comfort the experiences of the days in the near past, and glowed with the consciousness of really being in Foochow.

The next day Helen Smith appeared from Ing Tai and wanted to start with Miss Buckhout the following morning for Ing Tai where Wen Shan school now is in which she is to teach. But Miss B. had some business in the city to do before going up so Helen was persuaded to wait another day.

The next Wednesday the Synod held a “welcome meeting” for us at which we both had to speak and receive welcome speeches. Our reception by missionaries and Chinese alike has been most cordial and enthusiastic and we are heartily glad to see them all again. - The matter of Father’s taking Mr. Topping’s work here instead of going to Ing Tai was put up to him at the outset and he decided to visit Mr. Smith and talk the matter over with him first. If he planned to go home at once we would go up there this fall. If he planned to stay till spring and go home with Eunice we would stay here and live in the Topping house. The latter plan won out.

With much love, Mother.

*[This typewritten letter dated **October 2, 1939** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children and grandchildren. He and Ellen reached Shanghai and he describes travelling on to Foochow. To get a break from all of the visiting they took a relaxing trip to Kuliang and later a trip to Ing Tai where they will be stationed when Ned Smith decides to leave. There have been 63 bombings in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Foochow, China, October 2nd. 1939.

Dear Children and Grandchildren, That is Gould and Virginia, Hazel and Willard; Geraldine; Dorothy and Harold; Marjorie; Kathleen and Hugh, and Jacqueline and Cynthia:-

On Oct. 2nd. I wrote the above. A knock at the door held me up. This is October 13th. In the intervening time Mother and I have been to Ing Tai and returned. I hope our “goings” are now at an end. We are now cogitating how we can have our home here and set up housekeeping very soon. But I must go back for my story and outline our trip to Foochow, to Kuliang and to Ing Tai.

We reached Shanghai Sept. 12th and left the 24th. The French Concession and the International Settlement are crowded. Stores are doing a rushing business. Hotels are jambed. It is considered safe to live in these areas. And missionaries and business men are coming and going all the time. It was no trouble to get in or to get out. Freight is a different matter. Rates are high and steamers demand prepayment on all freight. We were out for lunch or dinner with the Mains, Cio Lik Daik, Munsons and with the Ladies (about 12) at the McTier Girls School. Took lunch once at the Navy Y.M.C.A. I preached at the Foochow church once. We went often to the office of the steamer that had promised to take us to Foochow. The Gowdys went on her two days after we arrived. She came back on schedule and sailed with us on schedule,- only they told us that they could not take us to Foochow, only to Sang Du some 60 miles north of Foochow on the coast. I had stopped there twice in my going to Shanghai. I remembered it as a very beautiful harbor.

The ticket cost us \$105 each. It was an old boat and not too neat. But we were not too fussy about such things,- after having visions of buying two trucks in Shanghai and transporting them to Ning po, and using them to transport us and our baggage to Yeng ping 100 and more miles above Foochow on the Min river and then after selling them to the Chinese government, coming down to Foochow on a river boat. We had a good captain and a very congenial Radio man and we were good company for each other. We left Shanghai at 11:00 a.m. Sunday. Monday nite we were within 100 miles of Sangdu. And about four Tuesday morning we anchored off the entrance to the harbor. We for once were glad it was foggy and rainy. Airplanes are not apt to fly in such weather.

Just as I was talking about boats and coolies to take our trunks and other baggage up to Hi Luang six miles on up the bay to its head, a man whom I recognized as the brother of Mr. Hseu, principal of Foochow College, appeared and handed me a letter from Mr. Christian. This letter told me to put all our baggage and ourselves in his hands and he would plan all. We did this. It required about 40 coolies. We were told in Shanghai not to plan to bring anything in the line of groceries. So we obeyed. We did not even plan for a lunch on the overland trip of about 50 miles. A lunch at a Chinese restaurant at Hi Luang,- and we were off at 1:00 p.m. We had a climb of some 2000 ft. and then it's descent. At 5:00 p.m. we were at Lo Nguong at the home of Dr. Cooper and Miss Loader, two British ladies. They put us,- Miss Buckhout, Mr. and Mrs. Stowe, Mother and me, and a Chinese whom we were taking down to her son at the Union Hospital, up and fed us supper and breakfast. They also gave shelter to our baggage. With us were also Mr. and Mrs. Luders and two small children. A day or two after reaching Foochow I was talking with Bishop Gowdy and Mr. Williams, of the British mission here. Bishop Gowdy expressed sympathy for the ladies who were so harassed by such large groups of transients dropping in on them. But Williams said "No such thing. It is the very best thing that could happen to them. Lo Nguong has been bombed and these ladies are just there by themselves, the schools have moved off into the country and they have not too much work now and a house full of friends is a bananza for them."

Wednesday morning we were up at 4:30, breakfast at 5:00 and after half an hour of "visiting" by the coolies (that sounds better than "wrangling") we were off at 6:00. It rained and kept it up all day,- just a drizzle,- but good weather for "birds" to fly. We had 5 puo, i.e. 15 miles to go to Ding Iang, another 5 puo to Lieng Gong and another 1 ½ puo to Guang Tau on the Min river. We made Ding Iang by 11 a.m. That was on schedule, for the coolies told us they would get us to Guang Tau that nite by dark. At Ding Iang we went to a Chinese restaurant and I ordered a Chinese meal. Rice, duck's eggs, bean curd, greens. Ellen ate some. Miss Buckhout ate well. By noon we were on our way. The road was a new auto road. All thru the country these new roads have been made during the past four years. But within the year the military had dug them up,- holes four feet deep and 8 or 10 feet square. They have left about 1 or at most 2 feet on one side and not always on the same side, for a path. This is so an army can not march on the road. When it rains you might imagine how muddy and slippery it is. But there was one time one of mother's men fell into a mud hole beside the path. This hole was full of water and the water was mixed up with yellow earth. I chanced to see him just as he came up. He went all under except his head. Mother said that other coolies have been poking fun at him all day for his clumsiness. They just gave him one good laugh and went on with Mother. He went to a nearby tea house and the keeper poured water over him and had to actually scrape the mud off from neck to feet. One of my men fell and in trying to keep the chair right side up another man sank into the mud up to his knees. He had to be helped to pull his foot out. At 5:00 p.m. we were at Lieng Gong and 5 miles to go, we made it. It was dark. But our man Friday was there before us and had held the launch. He also had a supper of Hung Ang i.e. rice vermicelli on the table for us. But the launch already had its anchor up and howling for us to come on board. We had to leave the supper. At a little after 11:00 p.m. we were at the Foochow jety and at 11:55 we were in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Christian. Were they surprised? They had not dreamed we could make it before Thursday nite. So we were on the go steadily from 4:30 a.m. until 1:00 a.m. Thursday. 20 ½ hours. The hour after we reached the Christian's home was not a resting hour. It rained steadily all the time. The roads were very slippery. Everyone calls the distance 35 miles. It seems humanly impossible for men to carry 90 pounds each over such a road in one day. The actual carrying time was 6:00 to 11:00 a.m. and 12:00 to 7:30 p.m. or 12 ½ hours.

And yet some people say that rice does not give strength. We had reached the end of our journey. The next morning we woke up at 9:00 o'clock. Miss Buckhout had rather a strenuous introduction to her scene of work for the next three years. But she accepted it like a hardened veteran. I think she rather enjoyed most of it. Helen Smith came down from Ing Tai and took her up with her on Sunday.



Helen H. Smith

BELIEVE it or not, this is the lady who inspired this little account book. She inspires many other things, too, such as her Wen Shan classes, student conferences and her fellow missionaries.

Thursday and Friday were pretty full of business and saying hello to lots of people. It always tires me. I told Mother we had better get out of it for a day so we lit out for dear old Kuliang on Saturday morning. It was a perfect day. Kuliang men met us half way across the plane and the trip up was very restful. After we left the city the road was full of holes to retard progress by an army. But when we struck the mountain road it was all natural. And the hills were beautiful. Just as still and majestic and green as ever. Our cottage that two of you children, - Geraldine and Kathleen were born in was much as we left it. The two kitchens have been thrown together into one large one. In the passage way also thrown into the one large kitchen. The amahs room and the passage way from the kitchen to the dining room all thrown into one large bathroom with a door opening into it from the living room. They also have an aseptic tank and cesspool so there is no more emptying of jars. Otherwise the house is much as Monnie and Kathleen left it. It is the first time I remember to have gone to Kuliang with no business to transact. We just sat on the veranda and talked, for the people came. Deliciously cooked rice, sweet potatoes, eggs and boiled water were brought to us with the lunch Mrs. Christian put we lived on the fat of the land. We did not stay long. At 4 p.m. we were home.

The Topping family left Foochow on the ship that took us down to Foochow, so we saw them in Shanghai. He told me there that the Synod had unanimously elected me as Assistant General Secretary in his place. At the next Synod meeting they put all his committee and board of manager work on to me. They were very considerate and told me that if it turned out that I went to Ing Tai at once I could still do these various jobs by coming down once a month or oftener. Then the president of the Theological School asked me to take two hours a week teaching there and also by the Treasurer. We have been here three weeks tomorrow nite. I have spoken five times thus far and have two more sermons to give next Sunday. Many asked me what we were to do when we got to Foochow. Part of the reply is in the above.

I shall remember that Kuliang trip a long time. When we got back I was relaxed and ready to sleep. But it seemed to me I must get to Ing Tai soon. There was in the air a pull to have us stay in Foochow but we had come because Ned Smith had started the call so he might go on furlough. Mrs. Smith's death had somewhat changed that, and no one seemed to know whether he wanted to go now or next spring. All seem to be looking to me to make the decision. For if he went now we would go to Ing Tai now. If next spring we would stay in Foochow until then. So on Tuesday evening we went over to Mr. and Mrs. Brewster Bingham on South Side and spent the nite and at 5:15 a.m. Wednesday we were on our way in the rain to Ing Tai. The road for three or four miles to the launch was one of the auto roads that had been dug up. It was worse than the road from Sang Du. Both Mother and I had to walk most of the two miles. We got to the launch just as it [was] starting. That nite at 5 o'clock we were in Dai Kau, six miles from Ing Tai. A student from Ing Tai and an old Foochow Colleague, now teacher, of Foochow College were there and helped us to get chairs and a Coolie to carry our belongings. About two miles on the way a man whose life we saved three years ago in Ing Tai met me with fire crackers. Before he had set them all off I told him Mother was coming behind me. He dashed back and soon I heard the crackers again. Then on he came to me again. It is impolite to ride when you are met in that way so we both got down and walked all the rest of the way. That man bare headed and bare footed, with only parts of two garments on, gripped my arm and held it as in a vice, "to keep me from falling." When he had gotten me safely over a precarious place he would run back and grip Mother in the same way. In this way we soon met some 400 students of Foochow College and Wen Shan and the Ing Tai school. What they thought of our saviour we have not yet learned. But such a reception we have never had on this earth. Lanterns and torches and fire crackers and songs, two miles long. This coupled with personal greetings from many old friends made our hearts swell. I wish you could all have peeked down from the sky and seen it. Two lines of students all in uniform, and we (with our saviour) walking between them. Lanterns, flashlights and large lights with

mantles (kerosene under pressure). We'll never forget it. Every school had to give us a feast and a play. The Japanese would not have been pleased with the plays. We both spoke twice and I preached once Sunday. They hold two services with two different audiences on order to accommodate all.

We left Monday morning at 6 o'clock. Five miles down river the boat hit a rock and we pulled ashore and repaired. One half hour gone. Just as we got down over the last rapid the first gust of a typhoon struck us and took off two large pieces of the bamboo cover to our boat. Another half hour to recover. The typhoon was against us and we reached the launch landing at 2 p.m. instead of at 11 a.m. The launch had gone. By three I had secured a tow boat to take us down for \$5.00. 13 of us. The boatman cooked a meal for us and we started about dark down river. At 8:30 the wind was so strong against us that we told him to tie up. At 5:30 Tuesday a.m. we started and by 10:00 a.m. we entered a customs place and as we had seen the launch coming up the river in spite of the typhoon we said we would wait for it to come down and board it for the rest of the journey. We had had no breakfast. So we went ashore and bought rice, sweet potatoes, eggs and bean curd. Just as they had started a fire on the boat to cook, our boatman announced that he had found a boat with three good oarsmen, just come from the place we wanted to go to, that would take us right over and that he would bear the expense. He would also go with us and cook our meal. We hustled our things over and soon had breakfast and lunch in one meal. My, but it was good. The wind had ceased but rain fell in torrents. But the men worked right thru, and at 2:00 p.m. we were at uang bieng the landing and it was raining suds. The chairmen were in for a harvest. One chair for two miles \$1.50, three men. One for our baggage to keep it dry two men \$1.00, one with 2 men, I to walk half the time \$1.00. Mother got off then the baggage and I went to get into my chair. "Oh but you must have three men and give us \$1.50." I started to walk and did not look around. You see I'm economical. I saved \$1.50 by walking and got wet to the skin. I had a brand new pair of rubbers, bought in Honolulu, but the rain was so heavy that my feet were wet as if I had soaked them in water. But Mother and the baggage were dry and at 4:00 p.m. we were at home and I was there in time for the Synod meeting as I had told the general secretary I would be. I reported in my wet clothes and then got a bath and dry clothes and something to eat as well as drink.

This is the fourth sheet I have not mentioned the condition of things in Foochow. There have been 63 different bombings. Very few people killed and not so many wounded. The most serious damage was the complete burning of the Union High School building, the land for which I purchased and which I helped erect. The planes first machine gunned the building then dropped one ordinary bomb that struck some ten feet from the structure killing two little girls in a small house near. I saw a piece of the bomb. Then an incendiary bomb was dropped and completely destroyed the large building. The Am. Consul is demanding \$30,000.00 U.S. for damages. The report is that the Seventh Day Adventists have demanded reparation and have gotten damages for all their losses. The Consul has hope that he be successful here. There have been no bombings for some months. Mails are coming thru fairly regularly. The second day we were here Aunt Mary's letter arrived, - 28 days from Derby. Geraldine came in 32 days. It had 70 cents in stamps, air mail all the way. Papers are coming somewhat regularly. Our best radio is Treasure Island [*During World War II Treasure Island in San Francisco became part of the Treasure Island Naval Base, and served largely as an electronics and radio communications training school, and as the major Navy departure point for sailors in the Pacific.*]. But Japanese have intercepted this and it is most impossible to get anything thru it. There are five centers with facilities to feed about 1200 people once a day. Right here in the buildings of Foochow College we are feeding 200 each afternoon. A meal costs 5 cents. In Shanghai we saw one refugee camp with about 4000 living in it. This one was supported by the Salvation army. The camps in Shanghai have been reduced from about 180 to 40 or 50. And the refugees are being taught to work to help pay their way. Business is very quiet. The only inlet and outlet is the way we came. This means over land carrying by men of about 50 miles. We met many many men carrying tea in 50 lb. boxes. And many people on foot and in chairs going to the boat enroute for Shanghai. The coolies along that route are reaping a harvest. We are getting everything we need. Flour is \$15.00 instead of \$3.00 a bag. But fruit and sweet potatoes and vegetables are only a little if any dearer than three years ago. Wages rickshas etc. not much changed. Rickshas are 20 cents where they were 30 cents. Exchange here is about \$12.00 mex. for \$1.00 U.S. We are still with the Christians. But have two servants on the string and hope to set up our own mess in a few days. We go into the Toppings house and use their things. We do not hear anything from our two boxes sent to Boston to be shipped here.

I'm sorry this machine does such bum work. I think it my fault in not being able yet to put my finger on the defect.

You are all continually in our minds. We want to hear from you. Has Hugh gone to Florida yet? It has pleased me greatly to hear how fast the barns grew red under his dexterous hands.

I must close this now and promise not to write so much at once again.

With oceans of love and prayers for you all

Father

Mr. Smith it seems to me will prefer to wait till next Spring and go home with Eunice. I left our going to Ing Tai- in this way "When you go home we will come to Ing Tai."

I think you may believe in complete victory for China about Chang Shi. But I feel it useless to write such news for you hear of it before we do and perhaps more accurately.

[This letter, dated Oct. 22, 1939, was written from Pagoda Anchorage, Foochow, China by Ellen to her children. Ellen describes the exciting attempt of a boat trip from Foochow to Pagoda Anchorage so Willard could preach there. They had a nice visit with the Gillettes. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel]

Please preserve for writer.

Ma Moi,
Ma Aing, or
Pagoda Anchorage
Oct. 22", '39.

Dear Children all,

I am going to write up this trip while it is fresh in my mind,- before it is completed, in fact; for it is so difficult to remember details when it is a few weeks past.

You see where we are today by the heading above. Mr. Rinden, who has charge of the Diong Loh field, asked Father to preach in the church here today so Father wrote Dr. Gillette that we would be down Saturday (yesterday) to spend the week end with him. A gracious letter of assent, invitation and welcome came back by return mail.

Marjorie and Kathleen will remember Dr. G's place as the home in which they played "tiger" with his two younger sons when they were very small boys, and thereby gained the name "Lau hu cia" by which they were always called by the boys, ever after. The interpretation, (for the benefit of those who are not up in the Foochow dialect) is "the tiger sisters". Humorously but not uncomplimentarily applied of course.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian, with whom we are still boarding, left us to keep house for ourselves and started for Ing Tai on a vacation trip of a week, last Thursday morning. Saturday morning, (yesterday) right after breakfast, at 8:30 we closed the house and left it with the servants, took rickshas at the gate and rode over to the head of the long bridge, walked down the bund a few yards and engaged a small boat to take us down here to Pagoda Anchorage for \$1.00 (according to present exchange that would be about 7 cents gold! for three persons in the crew!) But it must be explained that \$1.00 here, now, means almost as much purchasing power for the Chinese as it did before exchange slumped. Will had engaged the boat of the woman member of the crew who was out on the bund seeking passengers; and when she led us to the boat, we found it a rather poor apology for a craft. It was small, very old, unpainted, leaked and had a small pung[?], that is, a cover over the seats to protect from sun or rain. I doubted if we could ever make our port in that tub. But they assured us it was entirely sea-worthy, and we started.

We had engaged, the night before, at the "Anti Cob" meeting, to pick up Dr. and Mrs. Skinner at the Fukien Christian University as we passed by, for they were also spending the weekend at Dr. Gillette's, on their way to Futsing or (Hok Ciang). We had not gone far when the wind began to rise, which convinced me that when we neared the Anchorage where the river is wider and the wind has a greater sweep, the waves would be high enough to capsize that little boat. Moreover, adding 300 lbs. more at the University would make it all the more dangerous. So when we arrived at the U. pier, I told Father I would go no further in that boat; we would hire a larger boat or I would walk the rest of the way. Only two boats were in sight and they wouldn't go.

I sat in the little boat while Father walked up to the house where Dr. and Mrs. Skinner were supposed to have staid over night. He returned saying the servants reported that there was not a foreigner anywhere on the campus. So they evidently did not come down from Foochow the night before as they planned. (You know all the schools have moved back into the country and only one foreigner to an institution is staying at the campus of each school to guard the property.) So all we could do was to go on our way and let them come by themselves.

Just then two more boats drove in sight coming down the river and our boatman called to them asking if they would take us down to Pagoda A. They replied that they were a Ma Moi boat and were going right there and would take us there for 50 cents about 4 cents U.S. currency for 4 people in the crew!!! A distance of about 7 miles! This was a much larger, better newer stronger boat, clean and painted outside and three strong women and a burly

man to propel it, all of which gave me confidence and peace of mind. They battled sturdily with the wind which was against us, keeping close in the lee of the river bank to avoid the force of the waves in the open river. The clouds were dark and angry and the wind blew like a typhoon, increasing as we proceeded. For over an hour and a half they rowed and poled strenuously, then all declared repeatedly while they continued to work like beavers, that they couldn't possibly make it. Impossible! After seeing them work to the limit, for an hour and a half I agreed with them. We told them if they could land us at a place where we could get ashore without walking ankle-deep in mud, we would walk the rest of the way. A small village at the head of a cove was just ahead. Another passenger, a petty official, was as anxious to get there as we. He had been lying on the bottom of the boat at our feet covered with a Chinese bed= (thick comforter) until things got exciting then he roused, folded his bed and stood up and talked with us a little. The Chinese (men particularly) nearly always take a boat trip on a small row-boat in that way- many women also. Once settled, and the boat started, they lie down in the most comfortable spot at their disposal, and sleep!, - cover or no cover. If they are carrying a bed or a blanket with them they use it, except in the hottest weather. I have even known a man to borrow! (without request, or permission) my blanket when he had none of his own and I was not using the whole of mine. Even on a steam launch those who get there earliest will select the best places for sleeping and hold them, if they can, as the launch fills up, even tho they (the launches) are nearly always crowded to capacity of standing room.

The crew gladly headed into the cove, but it meant crossing a fiercely-wind-swept stretch of water about 500 ft. wide just inside the mouth of the cove. They got out the anchor from the depths of the hold with its length of chain and placed it on the prow of the boat ready to be slipped off in case of emergency. Then they headed the boat into the wind with "full steam ahead." All four pulled mightily at the oars, or strained powerfully at the poles. But the wind blew the boat right back and turned it half around. Again they tried, and it took a lot of yelling orders to the crew from the captain and a lot of shouting and grunting by the women straining at the oars and poles. Again the wind overpowered them and over went the anchor. After a little breathing spell and much talking shifting blame on the women to save his face, the captain attached one end of a rope, thru a hole to the prow of the boat, slipped the loop at the other end over his shoulder and jumped out into the water and walked ahead to pull the boat while the women pulled up the anchor and took to the oars and poles again with might and main. Sometimes it seemed as if the wind would surely tear the boat away from the women's hold and drag the man after it. But they made progress and he waded till the water was up to his armpits, when the worst was over and he climbed back into the boat with nearly every thread of his two garments dripping wet. But that never matters to a boat-man; he went right to work at the pole again and in a few minutes we were in quieter water and soon reached the tumbled-down stone steps to the village. The steps being missing, we had to walk a slanting 1 foot-wide plank laid from an adjoining boat to the top of the sea-wall. One of the crew walked off first (they are entirely used to such makeshifts and think nothing of it, but they were thoughtful enough to know that we were not, and planned nicely for us) and another of the crew extended one end of one of their bamboo poles to the one on the wall, and held the other end herself thus making a fairly steady hand rail for our use.

Our baggage deposited on the stone landing, the boatman helped us bargain for a load-bearer from among the crowd gathered to see the foreigners. An up-teenage boy agreed to go but after we had started his mother came running after us and took the load saying he did not know the way. We didn't, exactly certainly, either so our loadbearer was to be our guide as well, thru the rice-fields till we reached the auto road, now torn up which led straight to Ma Moi. We paid the boat-man the full-bargain price altho he took us less than half way, for we thought they had certainly earned every cash of it.

The wind blew so hard that it was difficult to stay on the narrow paths between the rice-fields. Twice it blew me off with one foot in the rice-field but the fields were being dried out for the harvesting, so I did not get a wet or muddy shoe. Several times when a hard gust came I had to stop walking and hold my grip on the path till the wind abated a bit, to keep from being blown off it. To add to the difficulties I had to keep my hand on the top of my head all the time as did Will, to keep my (and his) hat from blowing off until I finally changed the pin from the back to right thru the top of the crown and my coiffeur. That held it on.

Finally we reached the auto road which had been torn up by digging big holes from the edge of the road in toward the center, about 10 X 8 ft. and from 3 to 5 ft. deep. Most of them were nearly half full of water. The holes alternated between the two sides of the road in such a way as to leave a narrow zig-zag or serpentine path between them. Thus:- [*insert sketch*]

Imagine walking miles on such a road! The path left was hard and smooth and easy to walk on aside from the constant turning. After we emerged from the rice fields on to this auto road, we met many people in groups from 2 to 10 all going to the theatre in a village up river. When we passed them we had to stand on the wide spaces between the holes and wait for the line to meander over the winding path by us. There were several places where

bridges had been blown up and make-shift contrivances had been placed to accommodate the foot traffic, generally a single plank or two or three small timbers bound together, some with no hand rails at all and others with very shaky and unstable ones. Whenever we came to any irregularities in the road of questionable safety, our woman leading would stop and turn around and watch me until I was safely over, the while cautioning me “kiang ho”; “maing maing”, meaning “walk carefully; slowly. But when we came to these make-shift bridges, which were from five to ten feet above the water, she would go across with her load, set it down on the ground, come back and get my bag and umbrella and take them across the Father who had crossed behind her, then come back and lead me across taking my free hand while I used the other on the handrail if there happened to be one. This was all her own idea, - I didn’t ask her to do it, but was very glad of her help in some instances. I did ask her to stop and wait, when an especially hard gust hit us right in the middle of a span, till the wind abated.

And so we arrived safe and sound and quite unwearied, after a most interesting trip throughout. Another interesting little gesture of our woman guide amused me as it showed her sense of responsibility for my safety, and also it demonstrated the Chinese innate sense of obligation on the part of the younger and stronger to care diligently for those who are aged and of gray hairs. I was wearing new rather heavy leather shoes without rubber heels, and their impact on the hard, smooth gravel path enabled our leader to keep track of me. Whenever I paused for a few seconds to take a sweeping glance at the surrounding scenery (and there was plenty of beautiful scenery well worth viewing, to do which however it was absolutely necessary to halt, as walking at all meant “watching your step”) she would stop, turn around and watch me till I started on.

Dr. Gillette did not see us approaching, and when he answered our knock, he was greatly surprised, for he said he did not think we could possibly get down the river against that wind, which he said had been blowing for three days. And of course he was interested to know how we did it.

It was then 2:30 p.m. and we had had no lunch. Father’s “inner man” spoke up and told the truth, but we told Dr. Gillette to make it an afternoon tea and not to make the cook prepare a meal. We did have an egg with our bread, butter, and cakes and Dr. took his tea with us.

Father then wanted his usual nap and I “retired” too to get out of the way so as not to hinder Dr’s hospital work. Oh, it was such a beautiful quiet, restful place overlooking the river with the varied scenery close around and the mountains across the river, and so many big trees and beautiful plants surrounding the house! Do you Marjorie and Kathleen remember it? You’ll recall that this was the missionary house that was bombed and greatly damaged and Dr. sent us photos of the wreck. Well, you would never know now that anything at all had ever happened to the place. Everything, -house, grounds, walks and furniture, has been repaired and restored just as it was before, so that there is not hint of the serious damage remaining, - except the absence of a huge banyan tree far back in the rear of the property, and two or three smaller ones which the occasional visitor would not miss from the luxuriant abundance of verdant growth.

Just before we emerged from our siesta about five o’clock, Dr. and Mrs. Skinner came in and after they had refreshed themselves, we heard the story of their journey. They had reached the bund almost an hour after we had left, and were told by the boat-men around there that we had already gone so they got a boat and started. Before they got down to the place where we started to walk, they had changed boats twice, and the third boat gave it up and landed them at the same village we disembarked at. But Mrs. S. could not walk so they had quite a time getting a chair for her, but finally succeeded and Dr. S. walked. We had a good dinner and an interesting evening of conversation together. Dr. G. gave up his bedroom to them and went down to the hospital to sleep, himself.

Sunday morning, all three men, after breakfast, went their several ways out of the house and Mrs. Skinner and I were left alone to visit together. I learned that their daughter Geraldine is way up in the north-west of China and was teaching in a gov’t. school until the place was invaded by the Japanese. She said the school had a beautiful campus and fine buildings and that Geraldine was the happiest there that she had ever been. She did not mention this but others have told me that her first husband (Chinese) deserted her and that she is now married to another Chinese teacher with whom she seems to be very happy. Lawrence is married and has one child whom I think Mrs. S. said she had not seen, born since they last visited him. Both sons are married and both are Dr’s I think.

Sunday a.m. an old church member whom Father knew called on him and told a pitiful tale of personal loss of a good job, and then everything he had by fire. He was once well to do. Father says he doesn’t see how he and his family live. We are hearing of plenty of similar tales now.

Dr. G. invited a Chinese English-speaking Dr. from the navy hospital at Ma Moi, to dinner with us Sunday noon and we sat long at the table chatting after the dinner was cleared away. After the guest had gone naps were in order- for those who sleep, while I began on this letter.

Dr. Gillette invited me to preside at the tea table for afternoon tea, which gave me something to do, the while, as I never take it. We had an early supper as the people down there have their church service in the evening on account of the bombings in the day-time. All but Mrs. Skinner went to the service. We walked down to the river

and took a boat to within a short distance of the church. We found it crowded to the doors. A Bible woman conducted the service and Father preached the sermon. She seems to be doing excellent work there among the women and children. They sing the hymns remarkably well for a country place where there is no large boarding school student body to give trained leadership to the service. They read the responsive readings well and carry out all parts of the service intelligently. The Bible woman also played the organ- not perfectly.

In the midst of the service Dr. G. was called out to a case which kept him at the hospital so far into the night that we did not see him again that night, but when we got home from church we locked up the house ourselves and went to bed, for we knew he was sleeping at the hospital. The next morning we were all up at 4:30, had breakfast at 5:15 and were off for our boat a little before six, on our way home. We left the Skinners in the house still waiting for their boatman to come to take their baggage down to their boat which was to take them in the opposite direction from the way we were going. As we were walking down the hill, we met Dr. G. coming up from the hospital. He had hoped to get up in time to take breakfast with us all but slept too late as his patients kept him up so late into the night. The cases he said were two men shot by bandits and one of them had an abdominal operation and died on the operating table.

Our trip home was a smooth and comfortable and interesting one, all by rowing, as there was no wind. The boat was large and clean and was the home of twelve persons. When we boarded the boat at six o'clock, only the grandmother, father, mother, one son and one daughter and the baby were on deck. Presently a boy of five was pushed up thru the trap door in the deck floor. Then a girl of twelve popped up from the regions below; then another boy of ten, and so on till nearly the whole family was in sight. Each took to an oar as soon as they appeared and at one time there were seven people rowing at once, 4 at one oar,- the lead one,- the "wobble-tail", the sculling oar, but one of the 4 was the five-year-old, just putting his hands on the oar and learning the motion of hands and feet in rowing. Grandmother combed her hair before her mirror, then went to the lead oar but they soon excused her to give the baby his second helping of breakfast. As soon as another appeared to take their place at the oar, the father and mother successively took their breakfast of rice and sweet potatoes; but the rowing at four oars never stopped for a minute.

We passed the fine new paper mill equipped with the best modern Swiss machinery built only five or six years ago, now in partial ruins, bombed by the Japanese. A saw-mill and the old electric light plant, likewise. A new electric plant has been built so we have electric light again.

The one other passenger, a teacher took a small boat and crossed the river as he wished to land on the south side. The two miles of river just below the long bridge that used to be so full of boats of all sizes and so busy and bustling is rather quieter and less crowded now since the port is closed; still there are a good many boats anchored there and not a few small ones moving about.

We landed at the fourth or fifth hill up, not far below the bridge, found rickshas near, and were off for the city, reaching home before ten o'clock.

The whole trip was most delightful. In all the forty years of our co-residence in Fukien as missionaries, we have never had so ample an opportunity to visit with the Skinners as we had on this week-end trip. The journey down the river and the stay at the Gillett home recalled many pleasant memories of experiences and events of the days long past.

The boat trip down, was probably the most eventful and thrilling experience we have ever had on the river in all our forty-three years here, - which is probably the reason I have written it out so fully, - more to my own amusement than to yours, I fear. How old folks do like to reminisce!!

With much love to you all, - Mother.

Nov. 16. We aren't receiving your letters yet, - only two, - but we hope you'll keep on writing and they'll all come in our grand bunch come time.

And another retarded message! But it brings you another of our new stamps, so perhaps you'll welcome it if it brings no news.

[This typewritten letter dated Nov. 12, 1939 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children, brothers and sisters. Because of conditions in Foochow, paper is at a premium. Mr. Bishop has experienced three bombings while travelling up the Min River. Willard lists and describes his duties in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China,
November 12th. 1939

Dear Children and Brothers and Sisters;-

Paper is at a very large premium in Foochow just now, and will be as long as present conditions prevail. I find some of the old Hospital letter heads left and am using them. Mr. Bishop now in charge of the Christian Herald Industrial work, has gone to Shanghai to buy paper. He was on the steamer which had not weighed anchor, when planes with machine guns and bombs sank about half the freight which was in small boats about the steamer. He seems to be in bombings whenever he starts anywhere. A few months ago when he was taking the boys of the orphanage to Kucheng, 100 miles up the Min River, he was in three bombings. Fortunately I brought out with me quite a supply of paper and carbon paper, so I am all right for a time. I am making three copies of this letter. One for brothers and sisters, and one for Geraldine and Dorothy, and one for Gould, Marjorie and Kathleen.

Mother and I moved into the Toppings house to sleep last Monday Nov. 6th and to eat lunch the next day. We are quite comfortable. One expression is frequently on our lips, - "When our boxes come." For almost everything we are using belongs to the Toppings. We saw them in Shanghai and they told us to do so.

I wonder if people are still asking what we find to do here. It is rather difficult to set down in order just what fills up my time but here is a leader.

1. Associate General Secretary of the Synod. This involves reading and translating all the correspondence from Boston to the synod, translating the minutes of all meetings of the Synod and preparing them to send to Boston and understanding all questions that come up regarding any part of the Evangelistic work, the Educational work the Medical work and Property. These questions are always present.

2. Teaching two periods a week in the Theological Seminary. That means an hour of travel for each period. Preparation also takes time.

3. I am a member of more than a dozen Boards of Managers and Committees, besides I must act as a member of various committees that are transient. Just the other day word came that the Provincial Government had told the Church High Schools that there were too many of them. They must be reduced. A committee of five from each of the three churches in Foochow have already sat twice (three hours each time) on this question.

4. Interviews eat up time as rust eats up iron. Saturday morning I had designs on getting a place fixed up for ten white leghorn pullets that I have engaged. Just as I was ready to go at the job in came a young man, a graduate of mine, with his Ph.D. from the U.S., to talk about his work. Two hours of the very most worth while talk. Before he was away another came to talk about his future, and before he had finished another pastor came to say that he had just come from the death bed of an earnest Christian man, a church member for many years. The present condition of the family was as low as it could be. Not a cent with which to buy the coffin, and hire bearers etc. In a case like this the only thing to do is to fork out \$10.00. This is a little less than \$1.00 U.S. money. Then in came a woman who said that the village of Sung A, at which the first steamer from Shanghai since the port of Foochow was closed by the Japanese last summer, landed passengers and freight, was bombed and the whole business street burned out clean. Several Church members had lost their all. What could we do to help. When we went down to the Anchorage for the Sunday, an old friend whom I had known for nearly a quarter of a century came to call on me. This is his story in a few words. When the Arsenal was burned with bombs he and his son were thrown out of employment. He had worked in the Arsenal for a long time. Just about that time his ancestral home was burned in a fire accidentally started. All his furniture, bedding etc. went up in smoke. He was in straights. I'll not burden you with more stories of this type. Just as I had this last sentence half written another man appeared with a hard luck story.

5. I have just agreed to meet a class of the refugees at 5:30 p.m. each day for, - I do not know just what to call it, - Helping them to know Christianity, I guess will be a good name for it.

There are about 1200 poor people that are caught in the distress caused by the war here in Foochow. The churches have set up six so-called Soup-Kitchens. Most of these give one good meal a day, about five o'clock. After the meal some pastor or missionary talks to them about Christianity for twenty minutes. Two hundred are fed each evening at Foochow College. I have spoken to them several times. Most of these people (all ages and both sexes) are desperately poor and illiterate. Imagine what you would get from a twenty minute talk each day from a different man each day. There are two hundred of them. I have suggested several times that there should be more intensive teaching, but no one has caught on yet, so I'll see what the power of example will do.

Day after tomorrow, Friday, I am to speak with two others at the Anti-Cobweb meeting. I shall tell some of the most interesting experiences of our trip home in 1936. This is evidently meeting a need here in Foochow for the Anti-Cob is going strong. Business men that did not used to come are now in it and the meetings are well attended.

While I have been writing our former coolie's letter came in telling us that he would be here from Shaowu in a few days, - as soon as possible. So we are now all set with a cook and a coolie. Just as I was looking at his letter another applicant brought a letter of recommendation as coolie.

My mind keeps running back to Century Farm. The last we heard from any of you was Geraldine's letter that came a few days after we arrived. Bessie's calf must be nearly a cow by this time. There must be another nest of kittens. What few apples there were are gathered. No corn to pick, no potatoes to dig. Margaret is "putting the cows ON the barn" every nite now. In the minutes of one of my committees which I gave to my teacher to mimeograph the other day, I spelled Night as above. He was reading the minutes over and pointed to that word, - "That is spelled wrong". Stanley is still driving up for a week end. I wonder if Gould has learned the way yet. There are five or six private autos in Foochow, business men and missionaries own them. Gasoline costs \$26.00 a tin of five gallons.

Our two boxes are somewhere. That is all I can say about them except to add that we would like them. It is getting cold weather and the people who own the bedding we are sleeping under may want the blankets. We want to hear where Monnie is this winter. Also what Nancy is doing and how Ruth enjoys Holyoke. Stephen is of course getting as much of a kick out of Yale as he did last year. I have finished the Autobiography of William Lion Phelps. It is astonishing how many men and women of letters he knew. I am now reading Jack London. I hope the mails will get loosened up soon. For I think there must be a jam somewhere.

There is lots of thought and love going out to you all from Foochow,
Father

[This typewritten letter dated Dec. 2, 1939 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children, brothers and sisters back in the U.S. They are having many sirens sounding to alert for possible aerial bombers. Willard experiences one while writing the letter. He belongs to a cooperative store for the purpose of obtaining items that are difficult to get at the present time. Willard attended a wedding and the reception was similar to an American one. Prices are high on rice and wood. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

Foochow, China, December 2nd. 1939.

Dear Gould and Jinny, Hazel, Willard; Geraldine; Dot and Harold and
Monnie; Kathleen and Hugh, Jacqueline and Cynthia;-
Oliver and Annie; Ben and Abbie, Wells, Dan and Beatrice, Dannie
And Beverly; Phebe and Mary; Stanley, Myra, Nancy, Stephen and Ruth

You people run around so much I hardly know how to send the five copies. So I will ask that they be thus used;-

- 1 copy for Gould family to be sent to Stanley and family
- 1 coy to Phebe and Mary for Oliver and Annie
- 1 copy to Ben for & family.
- 1 copy to Phebe & Mary to be remailed to Kathleen

If this is not the best or most convenient disposal just let me know and I will follow your suggestions.

The Annual Meeting of the Synod took place Dec. 22 to 29 *[He probably meant Nov. 22 to 29 since he was writing the letter on Dec. 2.]* It was a small meeting compared with some years previous but it was a good meeting. The spirit was good, and the Chinese, specially the younger men are coming into leadership in a way that is good to see. One hour was given each day to the discussion of "Worship". You would have been interested in hearing the Chinese discuss the church furniture and the shape of the church. Where should the pulpit be placed? They decided that the church should be rectangular and the pulpit at one end. Should there be a cross in the church? Shall we copy the Episcopal church in the furniture? This brought a rather definite No. But there was a decided set toward a

more decorative interior for the church. One room was arranged and decorated and reserved for worship ONLY. There is a memorial service for those of the church who have died during the year. The question was asked whether this could be held in the room set apart for worship. This shows how strict were the rules for the use of this room. The last service was a communion service. The two officiating pastors were dressed in gowns and stoles. The service was rather elaborate and was followed or rather closed with a candle light service. This was very elaborate, and it was effective.

The siren has just sounded or groaned, but I hear no plane. Yesterday we saw one plane, the first in a month. It only flew over and off. I bought 5366 lbs of wood yesterday. I paid \$1.05 for 100 lbs. How would you girls, Phebe and Mary like to pay that for your wood? We are eating the most delicious persimmons, the winter variety. Ned Smith sends them down from Ing tai. He brought down with him when he came for Annual Synod meeting over 400 lbs. I distributed them for him. He wrote that when he got home he found another 400 lbs. I have written him to send them down. I will put them in our Co-operative store. There are about 80 persons in this Co-opt. Chinese, British, American. We are making money too. Thus far some of the people, both Chinese and Foreign have "kept store" from 4 to 5 p.m. four days in a week but at the last meeting we voted to engage a store keeper. And we look to renting a store soon. The society has been running ten months. Last Monday evening they distributed dividends. They have about \$1000.00 to their credit in the bank. The idea is to supply articles that it is difficult to get at present. They have sugar, soap, vinegar (I found a pint bottle the other day after much searching, for \$2.50. The Co-opt sells it for 75 Cents) carbon paper, corn starch, candy, quinine, flavors, etc. We pay \$1.00 membership and invest as much as we like. (The siren says no trouble this time)

We find that we did not put in any teaspoons and only two serving spoons. It is rather difficult to find these here. I think ours are in the trunk in the room over the kitchen. I think I left the key with Phebe and Mary. Will you please see if you can find teaspoons, send all there are. One gravy ladel, one berry spoon and if you find two soup spoons there, do not send them. If there is only one carving set do not send it. Do not send the steel. Send them by mail. They will be likely to reach us some time. Our two boxes are somewhere, I hope. We do not yet know where.

This evening we attended the 70th birthday b-fast for Bishop Gowdy- we were the only ones not Meth. there.
December 14th.

This date shows my slowness in writing letters. Since the Annual Meeting of the Synod committees have been thick. One day I sat in committee from 9:00 a.m. till dark. Three different ones. Sunday I went to church here, then went up to the northern part of the city to see a poor family. I found the man 70 yrs. old, his wife and a son 11 yrs. They have two sons and a daughter in school, at Ing Tai and Mintsing, in Christian schools. Some one is supporting these three. The man was in government till the Japanese took Mukden in '31 was it? He was then thrown out of work and came back to Foochow his home and being so old he could not find employment and lived off what he had laid up. He got on fairly well till the war came on. He is now down and out. His wife is working on embroidery work and earns about \$2.00 a week. This of course will not keep the family alive. I have known of their plight for more than a month. But it is just as well to not rush into such conditions too fast. The same story has come to me from different angles and I am convinced that the need is real. I promised them Sunday that I would see them thru. This is just the conditions that I have been waiting for before spending the money that several persons gave me. This amounts to something over \$30.00 U.S. It amounts to over \$300.00 mex. This will help the family to help themselves for the next two years.

After this visit I came home and took a nap and went to a church in the suburbs to preach in church that has just called a preacher but he has not yet come. After that I went to a wedding feast. The ceremony was held in the Y.M.C.A. and the bride was the daughter of a man who joined the church twenty years ago but who took a second wife and thus cancelled his church membership. He has not severed his connection with the church. As long as we were in Foochow Mother and I had supper with him once a year. And he wanted me to attend his daughter's wedding feast. 16 tables, 160 people. The bride sat next to her husband. She had changed her dress and wore a red dress at the feast. She had a boy's cut on her hair and talked and laughed as an American bride. At the proper time she took a pitcher of wine her husband a wine cup and they went the round of the tables. She poured wine in his cup and all at the table filled their cups and drank together. When they came to our table I had my cup upside down. I took it up, but he said I must drink wine. At last he accepted my refusal. Soon however they returned with two tea cups. He gave me one and she filled both and I drank. He was satisfied. After they had gone the rounds, 16 tables, 16 cups of wine he could still walk straight, he came over to me and had quite a chat, very pleasantly. I told him my father told his sons they must not use wine or tobacco til they were 21 and then they did not care to. As we left he

was at the entrance with his bride and there told me he was sending his best wishes to my country and I was to tell them we had greatly helped China and I must take his thanks with me to America.

This is Sunday morning, Dec. 17th. 1939.

A letter came from Phebe the day I began this and another a few days ago. A letter also from Mr. and Mrs. Topping. They are at home now but I expect in the west. I judge Mary is finding the work as president of the Woman's Missionary Society some job. I'm glad she has it and I know she is making good.

I have just returned from church. I intended to go half an hours trip to Ma Puo. But just as I started the siren sounded and I had to go to Lau Memorial where I could go without going into the streets. Just before pastor Lu (one of the boys whom the King's Daughters helped to educate) began his sermon we heard the planes. When the noise from the planes was so great he could not be heard, he stopped and said, - "If any one wishes to leave feel perfectly free to do so. Only do not go into the open." I saw five persons leave. They soon came back. Pastor Lu stood perfectly still. The planes seemed right over the church and within a few hundred feet above us. When they had receded he went on with the service, and never once referred to the planes. After the service I went to him and told him I was proud of the way he conducted himself, he thanked me and said from the first, when the bombing was severe he had never changed the time or place of the service. You may read this to the King's Daughters if you like.

There is no coal of any kind, except charcoal, to be had in Foochow and those who are dependent on coal to keep warm are wondering. We have never burned coal, - perhaps a ton in all the years so we are not disturbed. I bought more wood this past week and have 12,000 lbs. or 6 tons on hand. I am letting a poor man and his wife saw it and split it so they may keep alive.

At its last meeting the Synod voted to give the pastors and preachers and others who are in church work two extra months help for 1939,- about \$2000.00 mex. and \$4000.00 extra for 1940. The church members are as hard hit as the pastors, and the only things to do seemed to be to ask the Board to make an extra grant of these sums. The Board has no money and to me it was like asking a hen for an ostrich egg. To save the situation I gave them my check for \$100.00 on the Birmingham National Bank. This amounted to \$1175.00 mex. I am considering asking the Booth brothers for a few hundred. Rice is now \$26.00 a load of 160 lbs. It is normally about \$10.00 Wood has more than doubled in price and other necessities have increased some five some six times. The pastors that are in self-supporting churches where they have just about made the ends meet are very hard hit now. One of the pastors lives in the Upper Bridge village. This was bombed since we arrived. One bomb was dropped on the house next to the church and the stone fell on his church and the roof was badly torn. Some of the members were badly destroyed and his income is nearly nil. I gave him \$5.00 the other day to tide his family over till something could be done.

The other day I went with a pastor one of our students of years ago to call on a man 76 years old. He says he will not be with us very long, and he wants to talk about plans for the "future". He is a bachelor. His brother's son was given to him as a son. This son is a graduate of Foochow College. He is now in south Fukien in the Post Office. The old man's brother is dead. The wife is an idolater. She declared the old man who has been a Christian and a faithful worker for forty years, must have a heathen funeral. We went to persuade her to allow a Christian funeral. She said the old man has no burial place no coffin. We had talked these affairs all over with the man before we saw her. The pastor promised to see about burial in our Christian cemetery and promised to see about the purchase of a coffin at once. There were four adults before us who belonged to the family and they agreed that there should be a Christian funeral. I never before talked so freely with anyone about their death as with this man. It was as if he was planning to go to America. We left after a prayer with the man carrying light hearts.

I hope you all had a merry Christmas and Happy New Year and that the peace of God will be apparent in your lives all the year.

Lots of love to each,
Father

[The following is handwritten.]

We discussed the style of coffin. Chinese or foreign. The deciding factor was- a foreign coffin requires immediate interment. He said interment must *[wait]* till his adopted son could be present.

M.B. - The 25 cents ?? there'll be a 5 X on the Messenger soon.

[This letter, dated **December 28, 1939**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to David and Stephen Booth. Willard tells them of the dire food conditions in China and is asking American friends to help financially if they would like. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Willard L. Beard

December 28th. 1939.

Messrs. David and Stephen Booth
Stratford Conn., U.S.A.

Dear Messrs. Booth:-

It is quite a change from your Easter Morning Service in 1938, with its quiet and comfort and safety and well ordered program, to the service I attended here a few days ago. I had planned to attend a church half an hour away. But just as I was leaving the house the siren sounded telling all people that an enemy plane had been sighted. This meant no one on the street till the "all's well" sounded, - about an hour. I have been caught on the street in this way. I waited in a shop for an hour.

So I attended the church near my house without going on the street. Just before the sermon began three bombers (so I was told) were heard coming right over the church. The pastor's voice was no match for the noise of three bombers only a few hundred feet over his head. He said calmly, - "Anyone is free to leave, only do not go into the open." One woman with four children left to return soon. He stood perfectly still until the sound of the planes died out, then went on with the service, never mentioning the planes. The audience seemed not in the least perturbed. He was one of my graduates fifteen years ago and I told him I was proud of him. A few months ago this enemy's plane dropped a bomb on a building ten rods from where we sat that morning. That morning no bombs were dropped.

This is the third year of the "undeclared war". Possibly bombs are not its worst feature. They kill few soldiers, and comparatively few civilians. They destroy property and stop business. They make a lot of people hungry and poor and destitute. The military significance of these bombings is almost nil. It is estimated that in a city 30 miles from here, the Japanese spent \$75,000.00 to kill five people and destroy five buildings.

The churches in Foochow, with money from the U.S. and contributed locally by both Chinese and foreigners, are giving one square meal a day to about 1200 destitute. Mrs. Beard and I are trying to keep three families from starving. Rice which every Chinese eats three times a day if he can get it, has risen in price from \$10 to \$30 for 160 lbs. Wood the same. Wheat flour from \$3.00 to \$18.00 for 48 lbs. Sugar from 23 cents to 85 cents per lb. Two months ago the meals we give to the 1200 cost 5 cents now 7 cents and they are inferior. This high cost of living is falling heavily on the workers in the church. Specially is this true of the pastors in self-supporting churches. Their expenses are more than doubled and the ability of the members to pay their subscriptions is going the other way. Their business is shot and their living expenses are mounting. Imports and exports with Shanghai are nearly at a standstill. Hospitals have to send men to Shanghai to personally buy and convey to Foochow the drugs they need. Fukien province is still free. The Japanese gunboats at the mouth of the Min river. Foochow is forty miles up this river.

The other day the Synod discussed ways and means of helping these Chinese workers. We had been helping the destitute regardless of whether or [not] they were Christians and forgetting that some of those who were doing the actual work of cooking the rice and distributing it to the poor were themselves getting pretty hard up.

We voted to ask some of our friends in America to help in this emergency. We ask for \$2000.00 Mexican or \$200.00 U.S. currency for 1939 and \$4000.00 or \$400.00 U.S. for 1940. But people have to live and cannot wait for a letter to go to America and the reply to come, so I have advanced \$100.00 U.S. which brought \$1140.00 Mex., to tide over.

I was struck on Easter 1938 with your novel method of giving money to those who came to the service. Here people pay to come to church, and then they pay to help the destitute. Money is continually coming to me for buying rice for that 1200. The Chinese send it.

I am not asking my friends at home to give to help these needy church workers, but I am trying to let them know the facts and give them the privilege of giving if they want to do so. I am also telling them that their private check sent to me is just as good as a draft on New York, or that a check sent to my brother Oliver G. Beard, 135 Beechwood Ave., Bridgeport, Conn., or my sister Mary L. Beard, Century Farm, Shelton, Conn. will forward to me at once any money sent to them for this use.

Mrs. Beard and I left Shelton August 11th, 1939. All went as usual til we got to Shanghai. We expected a hard time of it to get over the 500 miles to Foochow and we had no idea how to do it till we disembarked at Shanghai. We found one steamer had made one trip to a place 60 miles north of Foochow and we booked on her.

When we stole into the little port of Sangdu we knew there were nine J. gunboats at the mouth of the river Min. We made the trip, overland in two days, in sedan chairs. Got into Foochow at 11:55 the second nite and have been trying to do a full days work each day since.

We hope you have had a Merry Christmas and are now having a Happy New Year that will last till 1941.

Very sincerely yours

[unsigned copy of original letter]

姜陳淑英平安：
六月廿八号由郵宏傳手寄來面粉壹包 22.7 ^{Kilogram} 公斤生
油壹公斤白米伍公斤于七月十五号由僑貨倉
都已收清請勿念餘言后陳即祝全家健康
林茂德手復
七月十六号



Written on envelope: "This letter and stamp from China acknowledges money and oil and food rec'd".

九龍山林道2号地下
姜陳淑英先生收

福州青圃鄉林寄

Possibly from 1939.
[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back of photo: "Orphans at play on the campus. We had 80 here for vacation this winter and San Muoi was "pater". The relief work grows as the poverty and suffering increase. They drift in almost daily – 150 now here. Ned"

Ingtau 1938.



Written on back of photo: "Attacking the Ing Hok hill. "Every mountain shall be laid low.""
[In Ned's handwriting]



Written on back of photo: "We too have rabbits, and orphans. These two were begging."
[In Ned's handwriting about 1937-38- Ing Tai]



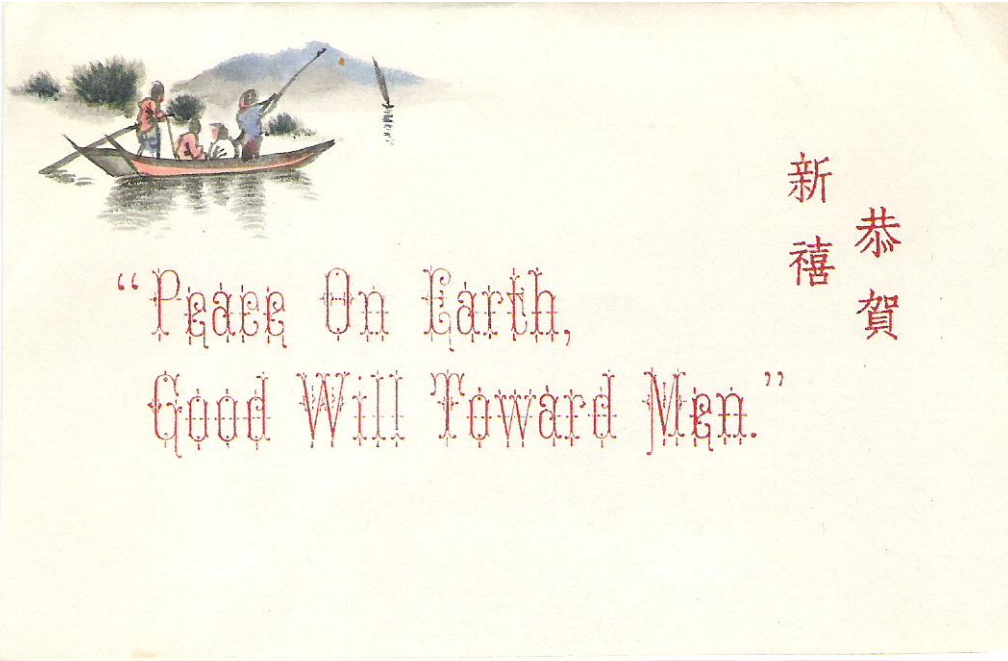
FOOCHOW MISSION MISSIONARIES

First row (left to right): Mrs. Christian, Lucy Lanktree, Martha Wiley, Susan Armstrong, Laura Ward, Lois Topping, Mrs. Newell, Mrs. Smith (died July, 1939), Mrs. Topping. Second row: George M. Newell, Hazel Atwood, Mrs. Bingham, Alice Tapley, William H. Topping, Charles L. Gillette, Edward H. Smith, Helen Smith, Albert Faurot. Back row: Brewster Bingham, Arthur O. Rinden, Leonard J. Christian.



Mr. and Mrs. E. Walter Smith, who sail in August (1940) to Foochow, will fill the pastor's chair. The Smiths are to be the missionaries of the First Congregational Church, Worcester, Massachusetts, and Mr. Smith was ordained in this church in June (1940). Miss Mary F. Buckhout's is the third picture. She arrived in Foochow in September 1939, and filled the teacher's chair. Miss Buckhout is the missionary of the church at South Hadley, Massachusetts.

[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



We're sending this with our best wishes hoping
it will reach you some time.

It will be too late to wish that the Christmas-
tide and the New Year will be joyous and happy
for you, but most of the year is ahead and this
brings our best wishes that success and joy and
happiness will be yours thruout the year.

—W. L. and E. L. K. Beard

Undated Christmas Greetings from Willard and Ellen

1940

- Willard's brother, Oliver Gould Beard, Jr. dies in February
- Willard and Ellen move from Foochow to Ing Tai in late April to replace Ned Smith
- Marjorie Beard and Ralph Butt marry August 31, 1940 in St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada and move to Davis Inlet, Canada
- Kathleen and Hugh are living in Savannah, Georgia
- Geraldine is in Chicago, Illinois
- Gould and Virginia are in La Grange, Illinois
- Japan has control of China
- Hitler invades Norway, Denmark, Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and France
- NBC first broadcasts
- Willard is 75, Ellen- 72, Gould- 44, Geraldine- 42, Dorothy- 39, Marjorie- 34, Kathleen- 32.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 4, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his relatives. He reviews their activities for the past couple of weeks. They sang carols at the Anti-Cobweb meeting and gave some rice to the rice kitchen as a Christmas gift. He will be going to Diong Loh next week. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China.
January, 4th. 1940

Dear Children, Grandchildren, Brothers, Sisters, Nephew and Nieces;-

This is a brief letter to accompany the copy of a letter I have written to the Booth Brothers in Stratford [*see letter dated December 28, 1939.*]. Do not take this to yourselves. It is for the Booths and I thought there was some news in it that would interest you and save me some time.

The first item of interest to you and to us is that we would like letters. Our "received" letters since Dec. 1st are from Aunt Phebe Dec. 2nd and 10th and from Topping and Alice Emery.

On Dec. 19th Mother and I went down to the university to spend the nite with Dr. (Ph.D.) Sutton. He is the one member of the Faculty delegated to stay at the plant to watch it. He is teaching Ceramics and engrossed in the subject. It was interesting to look at the clays he was experimenting with and to see the different models he was making. I am trying to get Mother to decorate a tile and have him burn it. We saw Miss Eunice Thomas' new house that she built for herself and had to leave because of the war. The poor buildings cry out for inhabitants. The F.C.U. is now in Shaowu.

On Dec. 17th some 20 Anti-cobites sang Carols for our Christmas entertainment. The Carols were interspersed with readings. The stage was prettily decorated with bamboo, large ferns and poinsettias. The conductor was Frances Bingham nee Frances Beach whom I baptized thirty and more years ago here in Foochow.

To be sure of some work to do I have taken on a daily class in the Elements of Christianity. I chose a dozen of the refugees in the rice kitchen nearest us and each afternoon at 5:00 I meet them. They are progressing very satisfactorily. I was afraid some of them would get tired after a time and leave. But the class grows with no urging and the interest keeps up.

My ten pullets are doing very well. One day five eggs, today three.

For a Christmas present to the 200 who eat at the rice kitchen in Foochow College I gave four bags of rice. This made 2 cing or about four lbs. each. The rice cost me \$90.00 mex. There were 640 lbs. of the rice.

For more than a month now we have had delightful weather, to make up for the dismal weather in October and November. The sun is big and bright a every day. The ther. drops to about 44 each nite and now at 4:30 p.m. it is 58 warmer than usual. But with no fire the tops of my fingers get cold and I have to stop and rub them occasionally.

Two weeks ago Ned Munson died in Kunmin, Kueichow province. It was sudden and not expected so soon. We all knew he was far from well. High blood pressure and trouble with his stomach. He was on a very strict diet. I knew he was planning an extensive trip over West and Northwest China. He talked of this when I saw him in Shanghai in September. He and Clara had started on this trip. She was to stay in Hong Kong. She received word of his death in Hong Kong, while she was there.

Next week we shall plan to go to Diong Loh for six or seven days. I am to take two hours a day in their tings[?]. Mother has not decided whether she can get away or not. We have to travel by nite. Some river launches are going by day but most are still moving at nite. When we went to F.C.U. we met three launches crowded coming up. One had just begun to go from Foochow to the Anchorage twice a day. In Foochow the streets are beginning to assume normalcy. The stores are opening and business is picking up a bit.

Last Sunday I was at Chong Ha 10 miles in the country. It was cold but I kept warm with a lot of clothing. I found half a dozen retired men with big families (one had 6 children with him and 3 in school away from home. They had lost 7. How is that ? One man had built himself a house for \$15,000.00, a beauty. A high wall surrounded his property of 2 acres, which was planted to orange trees. This year is selling them for 25 cents a lb. The wife of the preacher was very ill. I could hear her groan all nite. We'll likely go to Ing Tai for their Annual Meeting about Fe. 12. May God continue his loving care to us all with love Will

*[This letter, dated **Jan. 22, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to her children. The mail service has been extremely slow. She tells them what letters she has received and would like to know the latest news on her children and grandchildren. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Extra. - last.

Foochow, Jan 22", '40.

Dearest Children all,

Can it be that you all are writing occasionally and yet we do not hear anything from you?

We know the mails are held up somewhere unconscionable. The postal service here is in a terrible muddle and apparently nothing is being done about it. We get our Shanghai papers- after a while, Dec. 23" being the last arrival, and letters come thru from these and other points in China slowly. Our American magazines have not come yet with the exception of one Reader's Digest, the Nov. No.

Yesterday a letter came from the Board rooms mailed Oct. 28"- lacking only 7 days of being 3 months on the way. In the same mail I received a letter from the Shelton missionary society mailed Oct. 26". As nearly as I can remember all the letters we have received from our relatives since we arrived are as follows:-

Marjorie's Airplane letter received at Honolulu, Thank you, Marjorie.

Geraldine's letter after we arrived here, Thank you, Geraldine.

Virginia's letter, received five weeks ago, Thank you, Virginia.

Etta wrote answering my letter about our visit at Honolulu.

Mary wrote two letters to Father

Phebe wrote one letter to Father.

Jacqueline sent Grandma a picture scrap book all filled by herself for Christmas. Thank you, Jacqueline.
I think that is all we have received from relatives. I will write you a thank you letter soon.

I don't know how many of our letters you are receiving but think they reach their destination more speedily going that way than coming this way.

Well, keep on writing and we'll get a big bunch of letters some time.

How about Marjorie's affairs.

" " Kathleen's "
" " Dorothy's Eastern Star.
" " Gould's whereabouts.
" " Geraldine's position.
" " Hazel's progress.
" " Willard's snakes!

How about Hugh's position in Jacksonville? How about Jacqueline, and how about my little Cynthia? More in my next to tell you what I'm doing. Much love to all,

Mother.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 25, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to many members of his family in the U.S. They have a lot of vegetables and fruit. They received a shipment Willard sent from Shelton in 1939- five months later. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China, January, 25th. 1940.

Dear Folks;-

This goes in envelopes addressed to;- Mr. & Mrs. M. Gould Beard, Miss Geraldine Beard, Mr. & Mrs. Oliver G. Beard, Misses Phebe & Mary Beard, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley D. Beard, Miss Emma & Mr. Elbert Kinney.

For six weeks we have ideal weather. The mercury has been in the 50's most of the time. It drops to 34 once in a while but the days are bright and occasionally we get a warm one in the upper 50's. The past two nights there was a heavy frost. This morning the roofs were all white, but the air crisp and clear. We are well fixed for the cold. I found an all-Chinese hot-water bottle, metal, with no corner, with the hole in the top, a screw with the handle on it holding about two quarts. It's a dandy. In the morning it is still quite warm. Then I found [a] large brass fire basket. It is nearly a foot in diameter. The boy puts a charcoal fire in it about 8:30 p.m. and it is so hot all nite that I can not put my hand on it. This sits in the bathroom all nite and in the morning the temperature is quite different from that outside. Then we have the bamboo hot water basket with cotton lining that keeps the water so hot we cannot hold our hands in it in the morning. In the dining room we have a cunning little stove that is very economical and keeps one room warm all day.

For food we are living high. This is the season for vegetables and fruit. The Chinese are getting to eat tomatoes and it is evident that the gardeners all about raised a lot of them last year. There are bushels of them in many stores. The gardeners pick them green and put them in glass jars, and they ripen well. If they want to hurry the ripening they put them down in rice. I suppose wheat would do just as well. They are nice and red in about three or 4 days. Celery, carrots, lettuce, beets, kohlrabi, turnips, sweet corn till two weeks ago, green peas, DELICIOUS, spinach, Chinese cabbage, bamboo sprouts, bean sprouts, lima beans, tomatoes, squash. For fruit oranges and tangerines, pumelo, hung gek (like grape fruit), bananas, persimmons. [Ellen adds in handwriting: Cauliflower Delicious!! For 9 cts. Chinese money or 7 mills in American money!!!] One bag of flour lasted from October 8th till now and there is a lot (almost a half of it) left yet. I guess it pays to deal it out. At \$18.00 a bag of 48 lbs. we do not feed the servants on it, - not very much.

January 9th. I started for Pagoda with Arthur Rinden in a sail boat. It was after dark when we arrived. Spent the night with Dr. Gillette. The next morning Arthur and I looked at a recent purchase there for a church. The building is of reinforced concrete about 36 by 75 feet. Two stories, cost over \$10,000.00 mex. Bombings a year ago spoiled the village and the owners wanted to sell. It was built for a hotel. We paid a little over \$3000.00. The old church was too small. I preached there once since returning and every foot of standing room was occupied and people could not crowd into the door. The next day Dr. Gillette took us over to Diong Loh in his launch. The Quarterly Meeting of the station began that night and continued till the next Tuesday night. I had an hour each day of Bible Study and an address in the evening. One day I committed [Ellen clarifies: Performed Ceremony] a wedding off in the country 8 miles. A preacher and I went, starting after breakfast and getting back at dark. It was a perfect day. The host paid for our chairs \$11.50. Incidentally the high price of rice is good for the farmers. They can afford to get married. On the way out I counted 200 cattle. It is rich farming region. One day I was walking on the street of Diong Loh and stopped to say hello to a cloth merchant, a member and an earnest one. I saw in his show case some LUX soap. I asked the price, 40 cents a cake. I bought a cake. The next day I told him at church I was coming to get some more. I went and asked if I could buy 6 cakes, telling him I had no change and asked if he could change a \$10 bill. "O yes, come out here." We went to the door and he gave me back the bill and said he had not the pleasure of asking me to dinner and he wanted to give me the 6 cakes of soap. I had to take them. Miss Ward went into his shop to buy silk for a dress. She selected the pattern. He told the clerk to cut it off and give it to her. She had to accept it. The meetings were very good. Interest was sustained to the end of the last session. The spirit was very good. I got on the launch for Foochow at 1:30 p.m. Wednesday Jan. 17. I sat till 5 p.m. Then 75 recruits for the army were steered aboard and we sailed. All the launches are burning wood now. Coal is \$54.00 per ton. And almost impossible to get. I reached home at 8:30.

My hens have produced 120 eggs thus far since Jan. 1st. 9 is the most in one day. They are worth 8 cents apiece.

The two boxes I started from Shelton of August 8th, 1939 arrived here Jan. 6th. Mother did not glow with pleasure as she unpacked, - not those two boxes but NINE small boxes into which her beautiful packing had been stuffed. But everything was there as far as we could see. And nothing was broken, it was MUSSED. But the charges!! Here's the bill, -

To coolie hire on 9 packages Personal effects Santuao to Foochow	\$63.64
“ extra coolie hire on the above for quick delivery !!!	24.30
“ “ “ on one big c/	3.78
“ 5 station charges at 20 cents per case	1.80
“ charges on repacking	4.10
“ Godown rent, coolie hire and literage	7.00
“ Wharfage	.10
“ passing customs fee	<u>5.00</u>
	\$109.72

I paid the bill and it is in my possession receipted "Rec'd Pay't with thanks". I'll try to keep it for a relic. Two observations, - 1. the "quick delivery". It took from Dec. 17 to Jan 6. Our three trunks and numerous small packages came down over the very same road last Sept. in four days. I had three times the weight and it cost me about \$60.00. 2. The "extra coolie on 1 big c/. \$3.78." This case weighed 56 lbs. The "extra coolie" was for the 6 lbs. Well when you put the amount into U.S. at \$11.40, it is not so bad.

Another beautiful day, ther. 41 in my study.

Last Sunday I preached in the Stone Church, British Church, now renamed St. John's. The Church Missionary Society has a new Bishop, - a young man unmarried, with new ideas. The audiences have quite increased. Several of the business men are now attending. Bishop Hind was away, Mrs. Hind phoned Friday and

asked if she could send her care for us and if we would ride home in it also. We accepted. They have a nice little car the size of an Austin, - a Singer. They also have a fine young Chinese man as chauffeur. Next Sunday I am to preach at the Lau Memorial, the large church near here. This church gave as a thank offering for the poor \$530.00 a month ago. They also voted to give the pastor a bonus of two months salary for the increased cost of living. The pastor, one of the boys the Kings Daughters helped to get an education, is a hustler. He came to me the other day and asked for one hour a week when he could come and talk over his plans [plans?] and his problems. I gave it to him altho I do not know what other work it will cut out. They are inducting the new church officers for this year next Sunday and he wants me to preach.

"The poor ye have always with you." This is just as true here today as it was 1940 years ago. I am trying to give rice to six families. It is hard to find it, the government has cornered it and is holding it for a big price. I have just found 1200 lbs of unhulled rice for my chickens, \$21.00. I have about 10 lbs of food rice on hand. When the hungry come I do not know what I shall do. I still hope and may find some somewhere. Love to all. [Willard]

[This typewritten letter dated Jan. 30, 1940 was written from Foochow, China by Pastor Iu Soi Ling to Friends regarding the finances of the church. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

But whose hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? I John 3:17

Lau Memorial Church
Church of Christ in China,
Foochow, China
Jan. 30, 1940.

Dear Friends:

I am very glad to send you this brief report about the local charity fund to help the poor in Foochow.

This Church is a self-supporting church of the Church of Christ in China. It is located at Guang Heang near Foochow College. The church compound is quite big and safe, and therefore during every air raid the neighbors and the members take shelter in the compound.

The members of the church committee have felt very much concerned about the hardship of the present community. What can they do for those who need help, and how can they show the christian spirit?

On July 1939 the Church sent out circulars to its members, telling them about the condition here and begging them to send some money to help the poor and the refugees.

In response to the request for help on of the church members gave a donation of one hundred eighty dollars (local currency) to the church. The member did not hold his birthday celebration in order to save this fund for the donation. Within a month the amount of \$317.00 came from out local members. Then a sum of \$332.00 was received from two members in Java. Last Christmas fund from church members and a few missionaries in our Synod also made a good sum of \$563.00. Even the poor members who need our help, were willing to send in ten cents for their contribution. A poor old woman said, "As I am poor, I need help, but I should like to claim a fair share of the church work." Indeed, her conduct reflected the true Christian spirit.

God, our Heavenly Father does take utmost care of us, and gives us the opportunity to do what we can during the serious condition.

Now, let me say a few words again to show you the items in the program and the payment of the church. The items in the program of the church are: To do the sort of work (a) Suggested by the contributor. (b) By the investigation by our pastor. (c) To express deep sympathy with the poor in their hopes. In accordance with the said program the church has afforded its members the following facilities:

(a) Loan fund. Any church member who needs some money may borrow ten or fifteen dollars from the church treasury. The debtors will return one tenth after every ten days.

(b) Rice-kitchen. 37 members have been given one meal per day, since last August. There is one meal every afternoon at 5:30 O'clock. At present rice is very expensive about \$35.00 per picul 160 chinese catties. It is three times as expensive as last July. The children will study on hour and the women have a Bible Class.

(c) Miscellaneous Aids. Sums on money have been set apart for medicine, scholarships, clothing, and some other special needs.

Here is the total of the local charity fund in the year of 1939:

<u>Items</u>	<u>Received</u>	<u>Paid</u>	<u>Balance</u>
Loan Fund	\$205.00	\$102.00	\$103.00
Charity Fund	702.00	494.00	208.00
Christmas Fund	<u>563.00</u>	<u>529.00</u>	<u>34.00</u>
Total	\$1470.00	\$1125.00	\$345.00

As you have been earnest in Christian work and have already given much help to make our work possible, I do myself the honor to give you this brief report and to ask your further advice and prayer for the success of the charitable institution so that from this church the light of Christ will continually and increasingly shine forth upon this dark world!

Sincerely Yours,

Iu Soi Ling
[Signature]
Pastor of Lau Memorial Church

*[This letter, dated **February 25, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to many family members back in the U.S. He tells about the success of his egg laying chickens. Rice is hard to come by. Willard tells the family that they could send clothing for the children in Ing Tai. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Fukien Christian Council
Treasurer
Church of Christ Office
Foochow, China

February 25th. 1940.

Dear Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Willard;
Geraldine; Dorothy, Harold and Marjorie;
Phebe, Mary; Oliver and Annie;
Stanley and Myra;
Emma, Elbert; Ben, Abbie;-

This makes five copies and I am addressing the letters to the first name in each line, asking that one to forward to the others in the same line.

The last letter from any of our own came of Feb. 6th mailed by Monnie November 7th. We are beginning to think there is a stopping place on the way somewhere. I hope our letters get thru. It is too much work and costs too much to send letters from this side to have them intercepted.

The hens are doing well. I have just been for the eggs and counting the six they produced today they have given us 176 this month. That is a little better than 7 per day. The day that I left for Ing Tai the cook's little boy was here and left for home. The cook was in charge of the hens while I was away. The hens laid THREE that day. I do not remember whether I wrote of my success in breaking up a setter. I put about two inches of water in a big jar and put the hen in the water and shut her in there from about 8:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. for three successive days. As the Chinese say "she woke up."

Feb. 13th. Miss Laura Ward and I started for Ing Tai. It was a very fine, warm day. We got to Dai Kau at 4:45 p.m. About six miles to walk. At seven we were there. It was a good stiff walk for me, specially as I had walked nearly three miles in the morning over a good auto road that had been dug up to make it impossible for a body of men to make progress over it. That nite I ate a very light supper and was in bed by 8:30. I did not stir unless

it was in my sleep, till 6:30 the next morning and after turning over I slept another two hours. I felt all right. Both of us took lots of blankets and a hot water bottle, bed socks etc. for cold weather. It was an hour a day and gave two evening addresses and preached Sunday morning. Also helped conduct Communion Sunday afternoon. The Annual Meeting was good all thru. The spirit was all that could be desired. Every one stayed thru.

The people who must buy all their food are up against it. The farmers are reaping a harvest, specially if they have rice or potatoes to sell. Rice is \$30 plus, normal there \$3 or \$4 a load. Ned Smith can buy plenty but he must go in person to guard the farmer against being taken by the soldiers, his rice confiscated and he himself beaten. We staid over a day and walked into the country five miles to see a large house now occupied by the Diong Loh school that moved up there last spring. More than 100 students with the faculty and Principal and his family live quite comfortably in that one house. It is beautifully situated in the mountains, quite out of the path of "birds" that fly over and drop heavy things. One of the teachers asked us to lunch. We had a kind of rice cake, cauliflower beancurd, and pigs liver. No rice. Rice is very scarce anywhere. The schools are beside themselves to get it. Mr. Hendry has gone to Shaowu to see if he can buy 510 bags. He has credentials that should allow him to bring it down the river in boats. The officials sold Bishop Hind 500 bags yesterday for refugees. The soup kitchens have mostly been turned into rice distributing centers. For several days only sweet potatoe rice could be given out. During the past month I have given out one bag 160 lbs. \$31.80, and one bag 200 lbs. \$36.00 (this was too filthy for description. Rats had lived in it) Also 100 lbs of sweet potato rice. I am entirely out now. Yesterday I went with two Chinese pastors to a place where they promised to sell rice. We wanted one bag a day for the constituencies of our churches. They took our names and request. We do not know whether we will get anything. I have been watching the market for wheat flour. I could buy a few lbs. but not a bag. Last Friday nite I was at a store where they knew me. Yes, they could sell a whole bag. \$23.00/ I took it. Yesterday I heard of a place where it could be bought for \$18.40 by using a lot of red tape. The government is getting the staples of food, and transportation into its hands. When we landed from the launch from Ing Tai I put all our luggage five loads into the care of coolies and Miss Ward and I went ahead and left two Chinese with us to follow. The coolies stopped at a house some quarter of a mile along the way. A man came out to say you must have five coolies at 40 cents a man. Not so long ago I had come the same route and paid 25 cents a man and they were happy. I said things. Never mind what. I got my four loads carried for \$1.40. That man himself took 8 cents from each coolie.

Bishop and Mrs. Gowdy started two weeks ago for the General Conference of the Methodist Church to be held in the U.S. sometime next spring. Bishop and Mrs. Hind leave shortly for England via America, - retiring for good. Sometime in May Ned Smith, Arthur Rinden, Mr. and Mrs. Christian, Mr. and Mrs. Bingham leave on furlough. I shall plan to go up to Ing Tai two weeks or more before Ned leaves to learn a little more about the work there. I was elected as General Executive Secretary for Ing Tai last week. The only part of the work that seems like a mountain is that 260 little orphans. To feed and clothe them will take some thought, rice and cloth. I'm thinking of writing Dr. Burtner as president of the Lower Naugatuck Valley Clergy Club and ask him to let all the churches know our need for clothes. Anything in line of clothes, under or outer will be made use of. There is an old mother up there that is a wizard at cutting over and making, and if she needs help there is a tailor ready to give her a lift. Cast off men's overcoats and women's cloaks are specially useful. I keep thinking of your rummage sales. I do not know what we would do with the shoes but all else would make the eyes of those little fellows stick out.

There are six new buildings in Ing Tai. One is an auditorium to seat 600, one is a dormitory for Foochow College to sleep 90 in one room, second story with class rooms below, one is a smaller building for Wenshan Girl's school classrooms. Miss Susan Armstrong is planning to build her a residence for \$1000.00 mex. \$90.00 U.S. Ellen has not decided whether she will go up with me in April or the first of May or wait till after Kuliang.

George and Mary Newell were with us for four days the first of Feb. On my birthday Mother invited Misses Armstrong and Houston to supper. We had just finished soup when in walked Ned Smith straight from Ing Tai. I do not remember all that we had for supper (its all gone now so you cannot have any) but there was a fine big cake with 7 candles on one side and 5 on the other. It was good, I did not realize that I was any older on the 6th, than I was on the 4th.

Sat. evening Feb. 10th Mother and I attended what we used to call Preparatory Lecture 60 and 70 years ago. Then on Sunday we went to Holy Communion at the British Church, at 7:00 a.m. and to their breakfast after the Communion. This is a new institution of a new Bishop Sargeant. We found it a pleasing and helpful service. During the next month we will plan to spend one week end at Dr. Gillette's (I'll have my physical Exam then) and one week end at Dr. Sutton's at the F.C.U. plant. He is pretty lonely there all alone just keeping guard over the property.

I hope to send to some of the pastors in Shelton, Derby and other places near, reports of the work, finances and philanthropies of the Lau Memorial Church. I shall watch to see if any of them use the report.

I am still trying to keep alive some twenty families. They come to me about twice a week after rice and Sw. potatoe rice. It is surprising how far a little goes. God is good. When will man learn to be good. May He find a helper in each one of us. Lots of love Will

*[This letter dated **Mar. 1, 1940** was written from Foochow, China by Iu Soi Ling to Friends. He writes to inform of the Financial, Membership and Activities of the Lau Memorial Church. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Lau Memorial Church,
Foochow, China,
Mar. 1, 1940.

Dear Friends:

This is my opportunity to write you this report and to show you the statistics in these five years.

In the following report I have divided of work of the year 1939 into three divisions:

(A) Financial: The church expenses of the year have been met through the generosity of the members of the church and friends.

For church expenses \$1147.23 (Chinese currency)

For local charity \$1471.00

(B) Membership: The total membership is 485. New members during this year included 24 men and 27 women. 96 people are in preparation for church membership class and 5 members died.

(C) Activities: The church is endeavoring to meet the religious needs of many classes of people by propagating the Gospel and by taking an active part in improving the community program. In trying to carry out its program the church has Religious services, social work, and charity work.

Will you give us suggestions to provided an all round development in the future and to have more activities in the church to glorify our Lord Jesus Christ.

Sincerely yours,
Iu Soi Ling
[Signature]

*[This typewritten letter, dated **March 3, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to many members of his family back in the U.S. He talks about receiving a lot of mail and was interested in reading about the Thanksgiving celebration back home. Willard contrasts it with the shortage of food in China. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China, March 3rd. 1940.

Dear Gould, Virginia, Hazel & Willard; Emma & Elbert.

1 copy

Geraldine, Dorothy & Harold, Marjorie, Kathleen, Hugh, Jacquilin & Cynthia.

1 copy

Oliver & Annie;

1 copy

Phebe & Mary; Ben & Abbie & Family.

1 copy

Stanley & Myra & Family.

1 copy

Yesterday was a red letter day in this home all right. As my memory serves me we have never in all our years in Foochow had such a grand shower of letters from our own people in one day. Phebe's letter of Jan. 6th came Friday, just a harbinger. Then the next came her letter of Nov. 7th 1939, and each delivery brought more, till we had heard directly or indirectly from all of our own. The picture of the Thanksgiving dinner was very vivid, - with the sketch by the two youngest Beards. We could see you all seated at that table with one standing on her head, and the two big places for "Grandpa" and "Grandma".

I am writing this now so soon after my last, only a week ago, because of the great pleasure we had in reading those long interesting [letters] yesterday afternoon and evening. I think they all came thru with no censorship. Phebe's of Nov. 7th looked as if it had lain in a coal bin for a month or more. It was sealed with P.O. seals because it arrived somewhere in poor condition. It was all there. The high spots were Gould's flight over the mountains in fog, and Seymour's accident. The Thanksgiving dinner overshadowed all so it cannot be called a high spot. The vision of you people lying around so full as to be uncomfortable is quite in contrast with what we see every day all about us here. When will the world learn that the Chinese have to [the?] true ideal in their oft quoted

saying "ALL UNDER HEAVEN ARE ONE FAMILY"? Do not take this as any criticism. I simply could not help the comparison. We are doing the same thing here. We have all we want three times a day. The government is gradually controlling all food and transportation. They have taken over wheat flour. I bought three bags the other day at \$19.40 a bag. I wrote last week about goods coming overland from the coast to points in Ing Tai. Miss Eunice Thomas, Mrs. Smith's sister arrived last nite from the U.S. She came via Hing Hua. She says there are 5000 colliers carrying salt alone from Hing Hua to various parts of the interior. The road for 25 miles is black with them. Mr. McClure is still somewhere between here and Hing Hua with the baggage. And when any foreigner comes from Shanghai these days he has BAGGAGE. Mac has tons of it, the Coopt has a lot of goods with him. We are waiting for him to get here for our baking powder is gone and none in Foochow that we can buy. I found some yesterday for \$16.00 per lb. I did not buy. Mother has cream tartar and soda.

Mr. Handry the hospital superintendent has gone to Shaowu to buy rice. He has found a few hundred bags. But here in Foochow people are restricted to about 1 lb. 11 oz. per family of five a day. And often the people who must get a ticket are pushed away from the window where the rice is dealt out and go home with none.

We get practically no news these days. Very little about conditions in Europe and almost less about conditions in China. Rice is the big conversational topic these days. The government is selling three or four bags a day to the red cross to feed 1200 and more refugees. We are paying about \$36.00 a bag of 200 lbs.

I thank the sisters for sending on the book "With the Twelve". I have it nearly half read. This last mail also brought a lot of Christmas cards. The newspaper clippings are interesting. The passing of Mr. Bradley takes away another landmark. It was interesting to get that card from Wilton (?) Tomlinson. Willard [*Gould's son, Willard Frederick Beard*] comes honestly by his contriving mind. When we were getting ready to go home the first time he [*Gould*] wanted to take along his goat. I said it was impossible. He had various schemes. One was to tie him by a rope by day and lead him in the water. By nite pull him up to sleep on deck.

Lots of love to all Will

Your pastor may be interested in the enclosed report. I helped Lu Suo ??? for the ministry.

[This typewritten letter dated April 12, 1940 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his family and many relatives. He just spent 17 days from hernia surgery in the a hospital built by one of his committees. Ned Smith has had health problems and Willard will be taking his place at Ing Tai. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, April 12th. 1940.

Dear Geraldine, Dorothy and Harold, Monnie; (Please send to Gerry)

Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Willard; Kathleen and Hugh, Gill and Cynthia;

Ben and Abbie, Wells, Dan and Beatrice, Dannie, Beverly, Edith, Seymour, Winifred;

Phebe and Mary, Oliver and Annie;

Stanley and Myra, Nancy, Stephen, Ruth.

Emma and Elbert and Etta.

A little over a week ago I sent a letter to Geraldine, only one copy in my own handwriting. It will take that letter a long time to go the whole trail, so I had better just repeat the important part of it.

On the 21st of March I entered the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital as a patient to have Dr. Brewster fix a hernia which Dr. Gillette discovered the Saturday before when I went down to Pagoda to let him give me a physical examination. The operation was performed on Thursday, Mar. 21, just after the electricity came on about 5:00 p.m. It was done with a local anesthetic. A dose of morphine was shot into my right arm an hour before I went to the operating room. I talked with doctor during the operation, - felt only what I took to be a few slight pricks. Doctor said I slept much of the time while he was working. I guess he spoke the truth for he said I snored and I could find no one to refute the charge. He said he was at work about an hour. My worst trouble for the next two days was hunger. When they began to feed me I began to recover. I was in the hospital 17 days, came home last Saturday. I have not felt like pounding the typewriter until today. Everyday I can see improvement.

My stay in the hospital was made pleasant by thinking of the hours that would make days that I have sat in committee planning a Union Hospital of which this is the new born child. And a good husky child. One hundred and sixty patients are enjoying its privileges now. For all my requirements nothing was second to the New Haven hospital. The Chinese nurses were efficient, quiet, methodical and thorough. The last three days they gave me a girl from Amoy to bathe me. She could not talk the Foochow Dialect well and was new to the work. But by that time I

could roll over and do much for myself. The first morning she was making rather a slow and botchy job of it. The head nurse came in and it was very interesting to see how deftly and quietly she helped the green one. She not once "let her down." I had a host of visitors every day, - never less than six and up to eleven. They came from all over Foochow, Shaowu, Amoy, Diong Loh. The bill has just come in. You may be interested in it,

Hospitalization 17 ½ days at \$5.00	\$105.00
Lab. Service	2.00
Operation Fee	50.00
Glucose Sol. 5% 1000 c.c.	<u>1.50</u>
	\$158.50

PAID (Journal)

Last fall I paid \$44.00 for Group Hospitalization and this is the benefit. I'll hold up a bit now. This is a pretty good bit for the benefits at the very beginning.

Saturday a.m. April 13th.

This is just such a morning as I remember in 1883 in May. I was ploughing the school house lot for corn. I was using a Wakelee plow. It was one of the old fashioned plows, cast iron and very light. The oxen were a pair that had grown from a pair of twin calves, that father bought of James Blakeman when his barn burned. It was seven on the clock as I started to work. The sun shone brightly, the air was keen but not cold, it was one of those mornings when every thing seems in harmony with every thing else, perfect coordination in all nature, and I seemed to just fit in with nature and felt like shouting, - "I'm monarch of all I survey. I'm equal to anything." Its like a long door from that day to this day. But each year has brought advance and success- more of success than of failure and each year has been more interesting than the preceeding year. I see at times in print something that makes me think that several people look back on what they call the good old days. Others say their days in school and college were their best days. It has not been so with me. My school days were good days but the days since were better. And they are getting better all the time. This may be because circumstances and my choices have never allowed me to [enter] into a run where I could become stale. During the last year of our first term in Foochow I remember distinctly thinking that when we returned my work was all cut out and I would only have to take up the ends where I left them and go on, - no hustling to learn new work. Then came the call to the Y.M.C.A. and everything was new. With newness came interest. Then came the work in New York on entirely new lines again. Then the call to be President of Foochow College with another set of entirely new duties. And from that time to the present every year has brought a new trail to be blazed thru an unknown forest. And now I am going to Ing Tai to take or try to take a, to me, brand new job. Just what it involves, I do not yet know. I shall have new associates and new problems. I am pretty sure it will be interesting.

Ned Smith has not been at all well for six or more months. Sinus trouble, rheumatism, malaria and sciatica. He plans to go over the mountain from Ing Tai to Hing Hua and take the steamer that goes to Shanghai, the same one that we came down on last September. She stops at Sangtu both coming down and going up. I have written him that I should be in condition to go to Ing Tai about April 25th. I should have some five or more days with him to get acquainted with some of my associates at least. I shall likely come down once during May for business relating to the assistant general secretaries then go back and stay till time to go to Kuliang. I think I have written that Guy Thelin promises us our old house on Kuliang. This will please both Mother and her husband very greatly.

While I was in the hospital the sweet potatoe rice and the rice gave out. I could not get any till yesterday. 100 lbs. came in. It is now 3:30 p.m. and 75 lbs. are gone. This with no telephone where these people live. The situation has eased a little. Three weeks ago it was not possible to buy for love not money. It is now purchasable at about 35 cents per lb. When the people come for good and we have none we give them 50 cents or a \$ according to the size of the family and they are happy. They take the money and buy food.

I have read several books since I have been on the shelf and the best one has been MADAME CURIE by her daughter EVE. I do not know when a book has gripped me from beginning to end as this one has; Both she and her husband were unique. They were 100% scientists. Science was their food and their religion. Along with science they both lived a perfectly beautiful family life. For society neither of them cared a fig. She had a wonderful feeling for humanity. During the world wars she wrought miracles with nothing to work with except her hands, her brain and her heart. Science was her god. She would measure up to the Oxford Group's four standards, - absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, absolute love, - unless it be the last. She did not know love for any superior being. When her own family died she had nothing to bear her up. Her husband's death staggered her and dazed her. She found nothing to sustain her. It was only when she went back to her laboratory and buried herself in experiments that she rallied. It is also interesting that the very thing that she discovered RADIUM was the cause of

her death. Meticulously careful to caution and compel her students to use utmost care in handling... [typed over]...the time for three weeks I have had a lot of good long talks with God about each of you. How far is it from here to Long Island? to Chicago? to Saginaw? to Shelton? to Florida? to Pearl River? That depends on what measurement you use, and how you travel, air plane, steamship, train, bus, auto. By spirit in the ether (I guess it is that route is swiftest of all.

Lots of love to all. Father

[This letter, dated **April 16, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks all. He writes about his brother, Oliver's death. Willard is recovering from surgery. He tells them they may sell the cows and buy more productive ones if they want. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow, China
April 16th 1940

Dear Folks All:-

This means chiefly Phebe and Mary. You may let others read it if you want to. I dashed off a few lines just after your three letters came to let you know as soon as possible that the word of Oliver's going home had reached us [Willard's brother, Oliver Gould Beard, Jr. died about February 1, 1940]. I hardly know what I wrote. I suppose I am not yet normal after my operation and it= the news struck me with more force than it would have done if I was stronger. I have reread the letters this evening and I see I did not do a very good job at answering, so I'll try to put down a few things.

First I am glad you got the flowers for the Willard Beard family. But it is not necessary to put us by ourselves- unless you prefer to do so.

Sam Brewster's gift of \$5.00 touches me deeply. I'll write him specially soon and put on the envelope one of those double China- U.S. flags,- if I can get one. They are not easy to get.

If you see Ard Blakeman tell him I know how to sympathize with him- but he does not need to think of me with pity because I am way off in China. I had just as good a surgeon as he had and just as good nurses and care in every way.

Emma's letter to Ellen came with yours to us- just after lunch. It told of the death of Evangeline Lawson's husband up in Union or Woodstock, and of the death of one of my Abington friends- Joe Elliott.

I'm proud of Gould's keen appreciation of real personal worth in men, as shown in his telegram. I shall never forget his estimate of Ruth, and of her sisters who were home at the time in a letter to me here in China.

Stanley and family have gone and returned before we knew they were going. They must have had a very interesting trip.

Did I tell you to get rid of Bessie cow whenever you wanted to? If not do not hold on to her for us. I think you could get a cow that would be more profitable for you- that would give more milk in quantity. And I do not feel sure that Anne Belle is taking after her mother in milk production. If she does not come up now it may be best to change her- all of which means do not think of us- do whatever you think is best. Bessie is your cow entirely.

Yes it comes to me you will miss Oliver at many turns. He was a helper and a wise and gracious helper.

The Platt girls had a narrow escape. I do not see how the fire company got that fire out so as to save so much of the house.

Will Mary have to take charge of the White Hills property now? Can you put it into the charge of a real estate agent so as not to be so much bother?

The clock has struck 9- so I must to bed. Good nite. The pecans in my trunk drank deeply of the moth balls in one trunk and the moth balls have not yet eaten one pecan!!

Your envelopes do not stand the long journey nearly every one comes all plastered up. The four edges are worn out. The letters re Oliver are very satisfying. Thank you for sending them. Will

[This letter, dated **April 16, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Phebe, Mary, Stanley and Myra. Willard talks about his brother, Oliver's death and how he feels about being so far away at these times. He is recuperating from surgery. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tuesday 12:30 p.m. April 16 – 1940

Dear Phebe and Mary, and Stanley and Myra-

Phebe's letter of Feb. 8 came about an hour ago. The one written about Feb. 1 (I judge) is not here. This sudden news of Oliver's home going strikes me very deeply. I have mailed all the letters to the children just this morning. I wrote a little personal note to each to go with one general letter and had not yet written these notes for your letter and for Stanleys. Oliver will not need it now. I do hope your precious letter will come soon.

Oliver was always very near to me. He has helped me much in his example. He showed me how to be a friendly man- how to live above petty trials and always keep a forgiving and friendly spirit.

After lunch:- Just as we finished lunch your two other letters arrived and one from Emma. I'm glad they are here.

I do not like to think of the tragedy in Oliver's life. But I do like to dwell on the masterful way in which he overcame it and lived above it. He was one of the world's lifters, - always helping. He has had some of his reward in the evening of his life and is now reaping the fullness of his reward.

I am very glad you had the flowers- snap dragons- you were right in taking it from my account. Oh! I cannot tell you how I have been saddened by not being able to be at home at these times. Sometimes it seems as if that had been the only sacrifice I have made in my choice of a life- work. I have realized also that you all have had to sacrifice much because I am so far away.- But I believe all of us realize that the rewards have been great. I am anxious that you shall realize that I appreciate what you all- children, sisters and brothers nieces and nephews have given up. I hope also that you have shared some in the rewards.

I am improving daily. Took a walk on the street yesterday and felt all right. I am planning to go over South Side to Hua Nang College to Anti Cob this week Friday evening (4-6), after meeting my class at the Sem'y at 2:15 and getting a little rest somehow.

I plan to go to Ing Tai next week about Tuesday.

I am putting in a note to Anna [*Oliver Gould Jr. 's second wife, Anna Wilson Beardsley Beard*] and asking you to address it, seal it stamp it and mail it.

Very lovingly

Will.

Will you let Stanley see this. W.

[This group of letters dated April 15 and 16, 1940 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Dot and Harold, Monnie and Jerry. He talks about prices in Foochow. Willard sympathizes with Ralph Butt having to work in Canada alone and compares it to his days in China without his family. He awaits the new diary from Jerry. Letters donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Monday April 15 [1940]

Dear Dot and Harold:

I should have greatly enjoyed your big time. Did you take any photos of the doings? If so I hope you'll try and send us some of them.

I can imagine just how empty that house seemed or really was with 4/7 of the family gone, and by far the most active 4/7 - Cynthia. While she was in Shelton was very near perpetual motion. You, Dot, were favored with a lot of your own people, - the same two sisters to take part as took part in your wedding ceremony. Those young people who asked us over for that delicious dinner when we [*were*] in Saginaw sent us a Christmas card- Mr. and Mrs. Wager.

Last Saturday was a beautiful Sunny and warm day. Miss Atwood and another nurse went to Kuliang. Yesterday= Sunday was cold and rainy, - not so pleasant on the mountain. Mother said she would not go up for \$100. That would not be much in U.S. currency. Two weeks ago \$1.00 in U.S. was worth \$20.00 in mex. The same for March was \$14.50. How shall we ever get used to paying 10- cents a lb. for rice in the U.S. when we pay 60 to 70 cents here. It is down now to 36 cents. That is what I paid today for 100 lbs. to give away. And worse yet how well it seems to pay 50 or 60 cents for a hair cut when I pay 30 cents mex. here or less than 24 cents U.S. A barber came three nites to shave me when I was in the hospital. I gave him 40 cents= 2 ½ cents in U.S. currency. But the poor people all about don't know anything about exchange. They know work is scarce and wages low and all food way up out of sight. Among others one poor young fellow with a wife and little girl about 10 has been living off us for three months or more. Yesterday he saw me at church and followed me home. I had just said good bye to them when Mother appeared and they had to see her and chang-ang her and come into the house again and sit down. Mother had tea and cake served to them. They stayed and stayed. He used to be a student in Foochow College, and I his teacher. Now he says, - "You have saved my life- at least 100 poor starved people have jumped into the river from the big bridge during the past three months. But you have saved us from that."

Love from Father

Monday Evening April 15 [1940]

Dear Monnie:-

Every day and often many days I think of you and Ralph. In the hospital I had time to talk with God about you. I shall wait with a lot of interest to hear how he has wintered way up there in Davis Inlet. How lonely he must have been- more lonely than I was here in Foochow for two periods of 4 years and Phebe the second 4 years. My, what a comfort that dear girl was to me!! But Ralph has had much less company of his own set than I had. Some of the business men and of the missionaries are here now with no families and they are lonely.

I hope you will find time to write soon and fast before long letters will get thru to and from Ralph. I shall want to know.

Gould was the one of our family favored this past holiday season with being with you all in Saginaw and then again in Shelton with the rest.

I hope your work goes better than during the first few weeks.

God keep you and bless you

Very lovingly

Father

Tues. a.m. April 16 [1940]

Dear Jerry:-

This time I'm sending the letter first to Saginaw. I wonder when that little diary will appear. I'll have to take a vacation from other work and write it up. Say go into the ten cent store and buy a 10 cent diary for 1940 and send it on so I'll have something to begin 1941 with when it comes in. I wrote you I was using a 1938 diary that I bo't for 10 cents to keep my auto expenses in. Fortunately I used a pencil for that so I can easily erase the entries.

When you write tell me how you are coming on with your reports to me, and are you increasing that nest egg in the Bridgeport Savings Bank. I have not heard a word of my Birmingham National Bank checking account since I left last Aug. The upset in mail facilities is not at all pleasant. But in most ways we are so much better off now we thought we would be that we are not complaining. We have had strawberries @ 75 cents a qt. for a week, and fresh peas nearly all winter. My garden now has beets, swiss chard, spinach, lettuce, carrots and parsley and Mr. Billing at the ?? ?? has a man with almost everything - vegetables and grain- he comes three times a week.

The thermometer registers 56 degrees in my study this morning- too cold for this time of year.

I like to think of that little flat of yours, and the picture of you children on the platform of the station in Chicago last August is a joy always.

Lovingly

Father.



Ralph Butt at his desk in Davis Inlet.
 [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **April 20, 1940** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. He is still recuperating from his hernia surgery. Many of the missionaries are leaving Foochow as planned. He encloses a letter from the pastor of Lau Memorial Church. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

April 20- 1940

Dear Geraldine:-

Your good letter came this past week, telling of your two weeks in bed and of your feeling all right again and at work. But you chose either the right or the wrong time to be in bed. If you wanted much to be with Dot and Monnie it was the wrong time. If they were company and a help to you it was the right time.

I am getting on as well as I can expect. To day is the 15th since coming home from the hospital. Last Friday= day before yesterday I went S. Side and met my class 2:15- 3:00 p.m. then to the Bingham's and got a straight hour of solid sleep. Then walked a mile to the Anti-Cob. Then walked another mile to Dr. and Mrs. Brewster's and took dinner and talked or listened to their radio till 9 p.m. Then they drove us home in their car. I was none the worse for it.

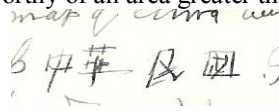
Mother and I plan to start for Ing Tai day after tomorrow. Up at 3:30, b-fast at 4:00, off at 4:30. We hope to reach Ing Tai that evening. I shall take a chair on 2 stretches. Mother may also. She will come home next Sat. or Mon. I will stay until the last of May, come back for a week, - go up again and come down June 22 for the summer.

Lots of people are leaving Foochow normally. Bishop and Mrs. Hind left a week ago. He has resigned and they are going home for good via the U.S. They plan to go thru Washington D.C. and New York into New England- within about 8 miles of Century Farm. Arthur Rinden of our church left last week. The Christians and the Bingham's and Ned Smith go soon. I or rather we are here to fill up a little space while so many are away. Mr. McClure is the only one who has returned and he has left his family at home. He will be the only man in the compound while I am in Ing Tai, until the Toppings return.

Have I said that the nice little diary came last week THANK YOU. I am well along on copying from the makeshift. I hope you keep well and happy. May God keep you

Lovingly Father

I see I have not mentioned the stamp on the envelope which you did not understand. It is a very pleasing gesture by China to the U.S. for friendly relations and worthy of an area greater than an ordinary stamp. Note the two flags and



the map of China with characters on the map. I have turned them around end for end from their positions on the map. = Republic of China. The Japanese do not like this stamp. It cannot be used after May 1. Lovingly Father

The enclosed is a report of Rev. Lu Soi Ling Pastor of the largest church in Foochow City. I found him a poor lad, in 1912, helped him thru school and now he is one of the successful pastors in Foochow- keeps at it thru depression and war and has a growing working church as his report shows. If you can use the report all right, if not send it to Dot.

Lovingly Father

*[This typewritten letter dated **May 1, 1940** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to Friends. He describes the farewell scene of Ned Smith as he left Ing Tai and talks of the work Ned did. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Ing Tai, Foochow, China.
May 1st, 1940.

Dear Friends:-

Yesterday a man who has spent nearly forty years of his life in and for Ing Tai started for furlough in the United States. The whole city rose to show appreciation for what he has done for the people here in these four decades of unselfish service. Then a mile of street the shopkeepers suspended their business as he passed on his way to the ferry that took him across the Ing Tai river to begin the first lap of his long journey. More than one thousand teachers with their students, boys and girls, dismissed classes and followed him in procession all the way to the ferry. The name of this man is Edward Huntington Smith. Until he came to China his home was in Norwichtown, Connecticut.

In early 1901 it was my privilege to introduce Ned Smith to the people of Ing Tai. We toured the whole field,- nearly as large as the state of Connecticut. Mr. Smith could not say a word of Chinese, but his smile "got" the people. He was the first missionary that they could really call their own. He would live among them and stay for a long time. The Rev. Simeon F. Woodin, then Rev. Dwight Goddard and then I visited the field, living in Foochow. Mr. Goddard had bought the first land and built a residence, school, church and hospital but had stayed only two years or so. Mr. Smith was their own. They took him right into their hearts at first sight. That reception has been going on for nearly forty years. The love which this people have for this man reached its climax when they with one accord escorted him to the ferry with a continuous explosion of firecrackers as he left for the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have changed the mind of Ing Tai. That is possibly the most fundamental change that can take place in any community. Among the different methods he has used, Christian education has probably been the most prominent. At first these boys and girls were hand picked by Mr. Smith himself as he toured the district, one boy from this village and a girl from that hamlet. They received an education in a Christian atmosphere. He has befriended the people in hard and dangerous times. He risked his own life to save them from bandits and inhuman armies. He has made possible for them medical care when they were ill. He has fed and clothed and educated their orphans. In a word he has provided church, school and hospital for them. He has taught them God and his love, and in his own life of love among them he has showed them that God was their loving Father. He was now leaving for a much overdue furlough of a few months. No one regretted it. All were, but they asked,- "When will he come back?" It was a sight never to be forgotten,- 1300 teachers and students standing on the river bank waiving "Good bye" and singing "God be with you till we meet again."

If Christian education was his first concern, "Ned's Orphans" press for a close second. More than two hundred and fifty of them now. If you should ask him how many have gone thru the orphanage school into higher primary schools, college and seminary and are now serving their country in various important positions, he would smile and shake his head and reply,- "I don't know." The relation between Ned Smith and his orphans is unique. I

have witnessed two very touching sights in my life. One was Mrs. Sam Higgenbottom and her five hundred lepers in Allahabad, India. She actually – touches them. The other is Ned Smith and his orphans. When he goes into the grounds after class hours, thirty or forty of them come running to him. He takes a little face between his hands and looks into it. One pulls his ear down and whispers, - “I want a piece of soap.” His hand goes into his pocket and out comes a bar of soap and a knife and a piece is cut off and given the boy who runs off as happy as an American boy with a new sled. Another pulls his coat sleeve until he can whisper into the ear of the kind man, - “My pants are all worn out and they need washing.” “Come up to my house and I’ll find a pair for you.” They are likely “manufactured” from some of the cast offs sent by friends in America. Talk about creating. That art did not cease with the CREATION. Ned Smith created with the help of NeMu, an old lady who sort of sees to the clothing of these more than 250 homeless little boys. And they are wonderfully clothed. But they are kept warm. Another little fellow pulls that head down and says, - “The sun is hot, may I have 3 cents to buy a bamboo hat?” Out of another pocket some three coppers. The man who walks out of a staunch Fifth Avenue with a brand new Stetson is not half as happy as our little fellow with his 3 cent bamboo hat.

Coming back to the procession passing thru Ing Tai’s main street, there were men in that procession who had walked twenty miles over rough steep country roads, and who must return over the same roads, to do homage to this man. These men are the corner stone of this Ing Tai enterprise. There are the preachers who all the year live in the mountain villages shepherding the Christians, leading men and women to Jesus and helping people. They are the men who create a desire for knowledge in boys and girls. It is impossible for people in America to imagine a whole state with no desire for education. This was the condition in Ing Tai when Mr. Smith came. These preachers have planted the desire, it has taken root, and has grown to a good sized plant. It is still growing. The boys who have gone from Ing Tai schools have helped foster this desire as they have made good as principals of school, as government officials, as members of chambers of commerce, superintendents of hospitals etc.

You have heard that God called Mrs. Smith to the higher service last summer. During all these years she has been a most gracious homemaker and hostess. I suppose I have visited Ing Tai about one hundred times in the past forty six years. I know what the hospitality of the Smith home is. In addition to making a home, Mrs. Smith spent several hours every day in teaching. For nearly forty years she was the loyal helper in all this work.

It falls to the lot of Mrs. Beard and myself to try to keep this enterprise from slipping while Mr. Smith is on furlough. Retired in 1936 because of age, which we could not well help, we were three years at home when the American Board reappointed us as missionaries to go again to the Foochow mission. It was the condition here in Ing Tai that decided us to come. We are as sure as we ever were sure of anything that we are where God wants us. With your backing we’ll try to carry on.

The last view I had of Ned he was sitting in a sedan chair made by hanging a bamboo seat on two bamboo poles and carried by two men. It took him three days to reach the steamer which was to take him to Shanghai. No one ever before started on that road in such a conveyance for the United States. Via Foochow was the way. War is the reason.

Very sincerely yours,
Willard L. Beard

*[This letter, dated **May 4th, 1940**, was written from Ing Tai, China by Willard to many family members in the U.S. Willard and Ellen have gone to Ing Tai to replace Ned Smith. He tells a little about Ned Smith’s farewell from Ing Tai. Rice is scarce and soldiers are seizing it along transportation routes. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China
May 4th. 1940.

1 Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Willard
2 Geraldine
2 Dorothy, Harold and Marjorie
1 Kathleen, Hugh, Jacqueline and Cynthia
3 Annie, Ben, Abbie, Wells, Dan, Beatrice, Dannie and Beverly
3 Phebe and Mary

4 Stanley, Myra, Nancy, Stephen and Ruth.
5 Emma, Etta and Elbert

Say that's a lot of names isn't it? Well here's Dear all of You:-

I had set the week as the time when I was to write another letter to you all. It is Sat. afternoon but it is still this week.

Mother and I came up to Ing Tai Tuesday April 23rd as we had planned. We had a good trip up. It was a beautiful morning. I was awake at 3:30 a.m. and had to call the servants. But we were off by a few minutes after 5:00, caught the launch all right, had a very pleasant sail up the river engaged a boat up to Dai Kau for \$10.00. Reached Dai Kau at 4:00. We could not find a coolie, no one to carry a chair or a load. Finally a man was found who would take one load as far as the chapel, - twenty rods. He after a time agreed to take it to Ing Tai, 6 miles. Then another man took one more load. One load stayed in the chapel. We considered spending the nite at Dai Kau. Then a friend suggested that he MIGHT find chairs by going 1 ½ miles up the river. I said I could not bear to think of his walking so far to accommodate us but if he insisted I would allow him to do it. I had helped this man quite much so inwardly I did not feel so bad. He was gone an hour, but he found two chairs right on the road we were to go for \$2.20 a chair. We had to walk 1 ½ miles. The chairs were there all ready. It was just 6:00 p.m. It rained a little and it got quite dark half way. Fortunately I had taken my flashlight and by having Mother go ahead I could show the road to all four bearers and we arrived safe and happy at 8:10 p.m. I had sent a note by the load man that we would not come that nite, so Ned and Helen had just finished supper as we got there.

Mother went to Foochow last Monday. She wrote me that the regular passenger boat that goes down every morning to meet the launch at the foot of the rapids struck a rock and every one got wet to the waist and all baggage was soaked. I had hired a special boat to take her. Just as she was to get into the boat we heard that Mr. Nga was going down on the other boat. So we sent over and invited him to go with Mother which he did. He was taking some examination questions to Foochow and they were all in his baggage which would have been wet and the questions spoiled. Perhaps he was not glad he was on Mother's boat!

Mr. Smith left Ing Tai Tuesday April 30th. It was a big send off. More than 1300 teachers and students followed him for a mile from just below the house to the head of the main street to the ferry where he crossed the river. It was a grand sight and sounds from firecrackers were popping all the way. The shopkeepers joined in honoring the man who had lived helpfully here for almost forty years. Ned broke a new road from Ing Tai to the U.S. No one ever before started for America that way. He went some forty miles over the mountains south to Hang Geng near Hing Hua. He wrote back that the scenery was most beautiful and urged Helen to take friends over part of the way for pleasure. We had word that he with Mr. and Mrs. Christian and Mr. and Mrs. Bingham went aboard the steamer for Shanghai Friday afternoon. Always before people have taken the steamer for Shanghai at Foochow. Ned wrote back that Mr. Hendry Superintendent of the Union Hospital was at Hang Geng with over 100 boxes of groceries for the Coopt, in which we share from Shanghai.

It is hard to describe the rice situation here. With 1300 students and fifty or more teachers and their families to feed, the heads of the schools are at their wits ends to know how to get the rice. The soldiers guard the roads in all directions and sieze what rice they see come in. The other day a woman and her son and his wife were bringing in 120 lbs that had been ordered by the head of the primary school. The soldiers seized them, made them carry the rice to the barracks and paid them \$15. If they had been able to take to the rice to the school they would have received about \$30. Mr. Smith and I went to the captain or whatever his title is, but there was nothing to do. The rice was bought and paid for. The only way is for the farmers to bring the rice in by back roads. A man from Foochow College here took some \$30,000 up into the northern part of the province and says he got about 200 bags, of 160 lbs. They are on the way but have not arrived. Two months on the way. I believe Mr. Smith has around \$2500 in this venture. The man, one of my former Foochow College students, says he went over into the Kuang si province and had to buy a few bags here and a few there. After it was bought it was very difficult to get it down to Foochow and then up here. They say it is coming "in a few days." Well you will accuse me of going dippy on the rice question and on the poverty problem. If so you're getting a true picture. There are ten blind men here. Two of them are gatekeepers for this compound!! Two of them are musicians. One of them cares for the hens. The others get I judge. But don't worry. I came here for just this. I was conceited enough to think that I could do the job and possibly no one else. I knew the work as no one else and sympathised with Ned as no one else. It's a big work. He has influenced the whole big district of Ing Tai. The boys from his orphanage and school are all over China in important positions. There is a corps of loyal and efficient Chinese at the head of the work in the schools.

There are three parts to the educational system here. Junior Middle, the Primary and the Orphanage. Then as guests there are Foochow College and Wenshan Girls School. I attended a meeting of the Junior Middle Y.P.S.C.E. last evening that would have done your hearts good. It was entirely in the hands of the students. It went.

Then there is the work among the churches scattered all over the big place,- most as large as the state of Connecticut. This I have kept in touch with all these years by visits frequently.

The Foochow Y.M.C.A. school has moved up the Dai Kau, where we land from the boat that brings us up the rapids,- the place from which we walk to Ing Tai. Tomorrow morning at 5:30 I plan to take a boat down to Dai Kau to give four addresses at a Retreat they are holding for the Y boys. I come back by chair over the same road that Mother and I came two weeks ago this afternoon on Wed. p.m. at 5.

It is now 4 p.m. and I will stop and take afternoon tea. I'm a real addict. I am alone but I can drink two cups of babary [*barbary*] tea.

The other day Helen received a letter from St Petersburg, Fla. In it was a clipping from the Sentinel. It looked to me as if Jane Curtiss cut it out sent it to a Mrs. Holmes in St. Petersburg and she sent it to Helen. Mrs. Holmes summers at Lake Winnepesaukee, N.H. The clipping was from two or three of my letters home.

May God let his face shine upon us in all our ways.

With lots of love to each one.

Will

*[This letter dated **May 16, 1940** was written from Fenchow, Shansi, China by Louise Meebold to Geraldine. She mentions that Willard and Ellen had a nice welcoming back to Foochow and tells about the problems that exist with the people under military occupation. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission
Fenchow, Shansi, China

Lui lin church
May 16, 1940

Dear Geraldine Beard:

It was very nice to get your Christmas greetings. I know from my sister that your folks had a real welcome in Foochow, and if they could only have been twins or triplets, the mission could have put them to work in more places. I am sure they are glad to be back.

We see an order changing before our eyes, not under the influence of education as before but under the heel of military necessity, and since we know that in the end only character will stand the test, we feel our work more needed, more urgent than in the good old days.

I am out on a country trip, had hoped to go far, but after arriving at this town 60 miles due west of Fenchow the gears gummed or something. I found no one willing to go on further, and was advised to stay put. A few days siege with a cold, gave me time to think, and so here I am, nearly two weeks in one spot. I have had time too to look around a bit and listen to the chat of the town, and it is most enlightening. With the military in occupation, women and narcotic evils are on the ascent. Guerilla warfare outside, but even where there is none, the ceaseless efforts of both sides to line up all available food, wealth and manpower each for his own side, makes country life dangerous, and those who can at all afford it are coming into the town, crowding together in small courtyards and rooms.

Many a man and woman is trying to forget his troubles in narcotics, and so petty thieving and bold banditry are becoming a common matter, the drug habit is so expensive! Both armies try to stop the banditry. One bandit was executed by city soldiers day before yesterday, and buried before he was dead the people said. ?? [*Question marks in original letter*] I saw the crowd out in the road listening to the reports. Last night we heard a new tale, of two bandits caught by the Chinese troops, who were in turn caught by the Japanese. A village which had put on a one-day dramatic performance (ostensible to worship the gods but really to give an opportunity for a little business and barter) was told that after the last act, a demonstration would be given, and it was the bayoneting of the two bandits. I hardly believe it myself, tho no one else expresses any doubt. "We are supped full with honors," and one more? Is it "The Tale of two Cities" that has that citizeness knitting and counting the heads that fell in the French Revolution? That left a horrid impression on my youthful mind, but I suppose there are people like that.

Our little churches are like little pennants flapping in a gale, but they are fastened to the mast. They signal decency and order in a brotherly world, - now isn't this very nautical of me? But I can't go on with the metaphor. But you, with the breath of two countries in your face, know what my oratory means. I sure believe in this job of reconciliation.

Sincerely
Louise Meebold

[This typewritten letter dated **June 1, 1940** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to his family and relatives. He talks about prices, weather and the people of Ing Tai. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Ing Tai
Foochow, China

[Abt. May 23, 1940]

Dear Gould, Virginia, Hazel, Willard: Kathleen, Hugh, Jacquilin and Cynthia;
Geraldine, Dorothy, Harold and Marjorie;
Phebe, Mary, Ben, Abbie, and family, and Annie;
Stanley and Myra;
Emma, Elbert and Etta;-

These five groups, I think, cover the family. I will address the letters to the first name in each group. I am using some paper I found here in Ing Tai, in large sheets, which I cut into this size. Paper is one of the commodities that is difficult to obtain here. I mean foreign paper. Chinese paper money is going down all the time. The last I heard \$1.00 U.S. brought \$20.50. Kerosine is now \$30.00 per tin of five gallons. If my letters seem to you to be much on the line of prices, you need only remember that these days we hear "things are very dear" about 100 times a day. Exchange is creeping up daily.

Ellen's letter that came this morning says that the Germans have got into France and things look very serious.

The schools here will plan to close from June 26th to the first week in July. Each school closes on its own time. It looks now as if I would go down next Mon. May 27th, come back June 5th. and perhaps go down again June 22nd. and I may come back June 27th. and go down about July 3rd. for Kuliang.

It looks as if Ing Tai might be rather full next fall and fuller before the year is finished. We expect the E. Walter Smiths [*not to be confused with E. Huntington "Ned" Smith*] to come to Ing Tai in September. When they arrive every room in the foreign houses that are in use now will be occupied. There is a foreign house that has been used as a dormitory for the girls that we will likely repair for a residence. Ellen and I may use or it may be best to let the new Smiths have it.

We have had, and are still in it, a long spell of rainy, cold weather. For ten days we have had sun enough to dry the clothes,- once almost dry them. The ther [*thermometer*], has stood at 62 some of the time. We here have a fire in the fire place and Ellen has written that she has had a fire in her stove. I have worn under clothes and a sweater and an overcoat most of the time. By the time I write again, I expect, I will be in the least clothes possible, and longing for such days as we are now having. It is interesting that the same cold spell seems to have visited all over the world. We had it cold here when you wrote of the severe weather in Conn. Emma wrote that they had four feet of snow on the level. Elbert was sitting by his fire thinking how fortunate for him that he did not have to get out to deliver coal to keep other people warm.

You will remember that I had a stock farm that I was glad to tell about here five years ago. It is with no pleasure that I write about it now. There are about ten of the hen tribe in the hen yard. I turn my head when I pass. I had some teens of fine pigs of all sizes. People came from twenty miles away to buy the little ones at the top market price. Now there are twenty two or three. I cannot bear to look at them. After three weeks of urging I have got one sow transferred to a good clean place. I hoped to have it done before she had small ones. But they came two days ago. TWO. I do not blame her. They give them just enough to eat and if I were her I should not want to produce more than two on what she has had to eat. As for bedding these people do not think it is well to put straw in for a nice bed. When I was here before I used to have to do it at times with my own hands. I guess that's grumbling enough for the time. It does a man good at times to get things out of his system. And you poor people are so far away that no one will get hurt,- unless you feel hurt.

For three weeks the schools here have had a hectic time getting ready for the visit of the educational commissioner. He has not yet arrived. An orphan has just come for the fifth of sixth time to say that he needs a

new bed mat. These bed mats are the same as we have for floor mats made of grass. He had an extra lever today. The commissioner was coming and his bed would not look well if there was not mat on it.

We have word that the Leger family, and Miss Bertha Allen are to sail on July 9th. The Legers will go to Shaowu to be in the University. Miss Allen will go to long Kau to be in the Kindergarten Training School. Mrs. Scott is not certain about her health and she may not be able to come this year.

This is one of the seasons that I enjoy at home. The potatoes should be in and almost appearing above ground. There is a fragrance to the earth just turned up that is still in my nostrils. We plowed for corn the first of May and on till the last. We planted when the shagbarks were in bloom. The cows are out in the pasture and the oxen go out the first of June. The dandelions are putting a yellow hue to much of the land. We go to pick greens. The birch beer is already in the stone crock. It was made by boiling a few twigs of almost everything that grew as a bush. Then yeast was added and it is now working. My how we will smack our lips. We have all had our molasses and sulphur a spoonful three days and then wait three days and three more spoonfuls. It was not VERY good. House cleaning well over. How those rag carpets made ones shoulders ache as we shook them! The apple trees are in their most beautiful dress. A year ago the three trees in the south meadow were one mass of the most beautiful pink. I wonder if the bees have swarmed yet. Grandmother Beard used to sit on a box with a long stick to keep the old hens away while the little chicks ate. This is the time of year when Monnie and Kathleen and I sat out south of the house in the grass sunning. We had our pictures taken there.



This is probably the picture that Willard is referring to – from 1910.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Thursday morning May 23rd. The sun shines today and it makes smiles on faces. For three or four Monday evenings I have invited the workmen, there are twenty or more, cooks, gardners, pig herd, carpenter, mason etc.- I have invited them to come up for a “meeting” I do not name it. We talk about everything, but I always bring the talk around to Christianity. Last Tuesday the old lady who sort of runs this place, Ne Mu (you had better remember the name) said to me quietly, “The men say you had better not ask them questions, it embarrasses them. You just talk and they will be most happy to come and hear you.” Here are some of the injunctions that I get from her. “You had better give me that cloth for the orphans’ clothes. The tailor will swipe it if you trust him with it.” “2:00 p.m. and you have not taken your nap.” 4:30 p.m. I have not had my afternoon tea. “This man can wait. You take your afternoon tea.” “Some one saw children taking away wood the other day. You had better tell some of the orphans to put it in the cellar and I’ll lock it up.” “Ak-muoi is getting his board for the work he does, his wife is sewing for the orphans. She gets \$4.00 a month. She cannot live on that. It would be well to give her a little more.” I have just this morning got back a brace and bit that Ned lent a man two years ago. I wanted it the other day and was told it was three miles in the country, lent. I told two or three men here to get it back. They replied he has no idea of returning it, Mr. Smith has sent for it several times. I asked if there were police in Ing Tai and if their jurisdiction extended as far as this man’s house. O, yes. This was about four or five days ago. NeMu said to me “Mr. Smith is very easy. He lends everything anyone asks for.” She has just come to me for more cloth for the

tailor to make coats for the orphans. As I gave it to her I told her there were four coats that he had not put the buttons on, would it not be well to have him finish them before making more? "No, it is not economical to have the tailor put on the buttons. The women can do that." They are paid less.

After reading the above, you will know that I am well taken care of. Afternoon tea, nap shielded from those who would cheat me. Don't worry about me.

I must close this now With lots of love to each of you, Father

*[This letter dated **June 2, 1940** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Jerry. He writes her a quick note sending his love. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow China June 2- 1940

Dear Jerry:-

This is just a little note to you to take my hug and kiss to you. I am much interested *[in]* your 87 years old-recruit- How does he break in?

Often Periodicals announce- In our next issue will appear the following: - In my next issue will appear the following: The big dinner at our home of all church workers in the Foochow district on May 30th. Lunch with Mrs. Siemssen June 1.

This has been a beautiful day in June, clear, cool, fresh. Lots of flowers. Sweet peas planted late are in full bloom- the damp, cool, rainy weather up to today accounts for it. Mother has the parlor beautiful with bouquets. We both went 2 miles out the north Gate this p.m. to Na Ang for a church service- called on Mr. Nga Geng Guong- on the way home. He has been ill with a carbuncle for a month- is better but can not go back to Ing Tai for 3 weeks. He is still Dean of Foochow College.

We hope the mail due in a day or two will bring letters from our own. You might let Mrs. Christians sister know where you are. The Christians are nearing Honolulu now.

We are watching two couples at the game of "sparking." Is that an ancient word whose meaning you do not know? Mary Francis Buckhout who came out with us, now in Ing Tai receives a letter from Foochow every evening- watches for the mail carrier and meets him every evening and gets the letter so neither Helen or I will see it. Funny isn't it? The other two are here in Foochow. Lots of love father

*[This typewritten letter dated **July 3, 1940** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to his family and relatives. Willard traveled down to Foochow. He found that the return trip to Ing Tai was challenging because of river conditions from the rain. He tells of his bed mat making enterprise for the blind men of Ing Tai. Rice is expensive and hard to find. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ing Tai, Foochow, China

July 3rd. 1940.

Dear Gould's and Virginia's family

Geraldine, Dot and Harold and Monnie

Kathleen and Hugh's Family

Ben and Abbie and Family, Phebe and Mary, and Annie

Stanley and Myra and Family

Emma, Etta and Elbert:-

Since writing the last time the first of June a lot of water has run over the dam. I went to Foochow May 27th and was busy every day till the 8th. I tried to get up to the mountain but there was no day free. I left for Ing Tai June 8th. McClure was with me. We had engine trouble and did not get to the end of the launch journey till about 4 p.m. And the water was so high no boat would even talk of moving. So we hired a clean boat and slept on it. We got food in a Chinese restaurant in the village. There were others in the same box. One man with four students said he simply had to get on. He found a boat that would go up river six miles for \$12.00. We reached Gak Liang 12 miles from Ing Tai about noon on Sunday. I was able to get a chair and four coolies and two load carriers for Mac but I was stuck there. The next day after half a day of dickering I was off with three coolies for the 12 mile ride at 12:30. The price was to be \$9.00 for the three men. The road was BAD, Mud, mud, mud. But I arrived in good season and gave the men a

\$10.00 bill. If you could see some of these roads you would want as much for carrying a big lubber 12 miles. It continued to rain. Mac went home the next Wednesday. The river was so high that no boat was moving and I got a boat to go with him alone. He went flying down.

I was off again for Foochow the 22nd. I was 2 ½ hours going to the launch stop, - from 5:30 to 8:00 a.m. We waited four hours then some 20 of us decided to take a row boat the rest of the way, lest the launch should fail to come. Just as we were nicely settled in this boat the launch stuck its nose in sight around the bend of the river. It took every day but Thursday was filled with comm's etc. The one day I went to Kuliang. It was a beautiful day. One of my former students, living at Kuliang with a wife and six children got dinner for me. I saw two houses and arranged to have them repaired and got back home at 4:00 p.m. - made the trip as a gentleman. I was to have started for Ing Tai that Saturday. But it rained and the water was over the road and I just stuck until Monday when I had a nice day all the way. Helen and Mary Frances left for Foochow last Thursday. Eunice, Helen's sister is leaving Foochow for furlough yesterday or today. Helen of course wanted to see her before she left. I am making all plans to leave here day after tomorrow. Today is Sunday July 7th. I am leaving with 40 or 50 tins of that delicious preserved ginger. It is made of the tender young sprouts a little larger than your finger and from an inch to two inches long. The cook boils them and soaks them seven times. He pours off the water each time. The hot stuff in the roots is thus tempered so it is delicious. He uses a lot of sugar. When I get to Foochow I will try to send a tin to some of you.

At last the blind men have started on the making of bed mats of a kind of grass that grows here. I had to tell one of them that he got no more help from me till he started. Within half an hour he had material and was at work. One of them got sick while I was in Foochow. I had left money for him and told him not to bother Helen. He had been to her and got her to write three notes to two doctors for medicine and had got her to give him three dollars. To cap his stubbornness he walked up to beg of her in the rain with a fever of 103. I looked him up when I got back. He married two years ago against the wishes of all his helpers. No one had seen his wife. I arranged for him to go to the hospital. That nite he was at my door again for money. None came and I told he would get no more from me. He must send his wife for it. The next day he was here again, and the next. Then three days went by and as I was leaving the house a little girl stood on the steps and said she had come for Teacher Diong's pay. I could not think who it was. At last after several questions it came to me that this was Mrs. Diong. And some money came. The last time I was in Foochow I came back to find that he had sold a cornet that Mr. Smith had given him for use in services in Ing Tai. He had sold it for \$35.00. Some one had it back in my house. The end of this is not yet.

It is evident that the people here got well wrought up over the rice situation at the beginning of the year. Four men went into the northern part of the province to buy for all the schools in this district. They were gone four months. They got rice all right and much cheaper than local rice could be gotten. But the cost of the expedition was about \$800.00. And one teacher, - of athletics- did not meet a class during the other than buying rice all right. The principal of Dung Ing school helped him straighten out his accounts. When it was proposed to send men again now to buy rice he refused to go. The government sent a man down to a place near Foochow to investigate one consignment of the rice. He charged \$72.00 for the trip. I go down for \$3.00 ordinary, or for \$13.00 in luxury, which means I take a chair and do no walking.

Just before going down the last time Helen bought 100 lbs. of plums. I took half of them. A little boy came begging for money to start in business. This means money to buy some fruit to sell. I gave him 100 plums. He returned in two days said the plums were sold for 60 cents. I said all right take some more and give 10 cents for each hundred. He sold 300. He gave me 30 cents and said he made \$1.50. How is that for business? My guardian angel Ne Mu laughed at me. But she agreed it was better than giving the boy money outright.

Mother had had a girl about 20 years old to do mending half a day a week. Last Saturday evening she came to see Mother. I was in my study. Mother called me in to help understand the girls story. She had come to bid Mother good bye. The day before a man in the government here in Ing Tai had called on her and asked her to be his wife. His first wife had died not long ago and left him with three boys the eldest twelve years old. She told him she was a Christian and could not have any idolatry in wedding ceremony or the home. He said he had not used idols for a long time. She accepted him. That morning he had taken her out and bought one dress that cost \$60.00 and other clothes that in all cost over \$100.00. He said that his position made it best for his wife to have good clothes. This girl was getting one good meal a day from a rice kitchen, and Mother used to give her dinner when she worked for her. It is a sudden and big change for her. But it makes one less for the rice kitchen.

My big problem the past few days has been to know what to do for ten graduates of the Junior High School here. Positions for such there are none. These boys have been orphans all their life and have had all things prepared for them. They have now reached the stage where they are prepared for nothing except further study. They are above working with their hands. Four of them are going to Foochow tomorrow. We will see that they have money to carry them for two months. This morning they came for one months money. They asked me to add enough for their

transportation to Foochow. It was higher than I expected and I asked them. They said each would have baggage to be carried. I was cruel perhaps, but I told them that when I graduated from college I transported my own baggage from my room to the R.R. station to save a quarter. I finally told them the transportation money I had given them was theirs to do with as they pleased.

What did you do the Fourth? Hay is falling in the meadows. Is the air port in use already? How is Mr. Strickland? I had a very fine letter from Mr. Morse a few days ago. Eight pages of good clear reading.

I have had no news for three or more days of the condition in Europe. Did I write that the letter to the Boothe Brothers was worth to me \$110.00? With lots of love Father



The mats shown here being made by the Foochow Boy's Blind School may be similar to the ones Willard had his Blind School in Ing Tai making.

[Photo purchased from ebay by Jana L. Jackson and donated to Yale in 2007.]

[This letter dated **about July 7, 1940** was written from Savannah, Georgia by Kathleen to Jerry. Jerry is getting Jill a doll. Kathleen has not heard from Willard and Ellen and wonders if it is because of the Japanese takeover in China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2230 E. Gwinnett
Savannah Ga.
July 7 [About 1940]

Dear Jerry:

The news on your card made Jill quite ecstatic. I was bolted over by the price tho, for I had no idea they ran so high. This must be something extra special de lux. Jill's only standard of evaluation is Molly's big doll which her Aunt sent her from the store where she is buyer in Ohio and it answers approximately the description I gave you. I'm sending you five dollars for it and will let you go the two if you want to make that your Christmas present to Jill. Thank you muchly for doing it for us. I thought after I asked you that I might have ordered it from Sears Roebuck but they might have been out of them at this season too. It's funny how little you can get in the toy line outside the Christmas season.

Well, are you actually out of your job now so that your shoulders are free from their heavy burden? How soon are you leaving on your trip and will it really be Mexico? I haven't heard whether Pearl and Bill have come back from there but suppose they are in Woodstock for the summer ne ce pas?

Say what do all these notices from a Bridgeport lawyer about Uncle Oliver's estate mean? I thought it was not to be administered until Aunt Annie went. I guess whatever the notices mean they don't require any action on our part.

Do you have any letters from China? I haven't seen a letter from either Mother or Father since I came to Savannah. Don't their letters get thru any more since the Japanese took over? We saw an interesting "March of Time" picture on the Chinese war the other day and some of the scenes look very natural. The show we took in was the only celebration we had for July 4, not even a fire-cracker or a sparkler. Fireworks are against the law here as they are in most cities I guess. It is plenty warm here these days and it rains almost every day, so you can imagine we don't do any more than we have to.

If you haven't already sent the doll you can send it express collect which will be less bother to you. I am almost as excited about seeing it as Jill is for I never had a really lovely doll and so I'll renew my childhood with Jill's prize. Thanks again. It was very good of you to do it.

Love from all
Kathie

Photos of a picnic at Century Farm 1940- Willard and Ellen were in China at the time.









Written on photo: "1940"
Picnic at Century Farm
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **about July 14, 1940** was written from Savannah, GA by Kathleen to Jerry. Jill received her doll, Patsy, from Geraldine. Hugh is working for the Express Co. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

2230 E. Gwinnett
Savannah
July 14 [About 1940]

Dear Jerry:

Dolly arrived today and was unwrapped amid the greatest excitement and squeals of glee. She came up to our highest and wildest dreams and we are all delighted with her. I guess this is one of the happiest days Jill has known and she hardly left her prize for a minute. Of course all her clothes have been off and on again several times but I put my foot down on touching the lovely coiffeur. Cynthia had a broad smile on when she first saw the doll but when she found out that she could only hold it for a minute the tears flowed freely for some time. But with a promise of a new doll of her own soon and the handing over of Roberta to her she soon was cheerful again and has been very good about it the rest of the day.

I'm so glad you got a braided wig instead of a curled one for I remember Molly's doll's hair (a la Shirley Temple's curls) was in a wild mat inside two weeks, and I think this should keep for a long time with care. She has a very pretty face I think and isn't the hat cute? Did you pay the postage or did the store stand that? Jill has been proudly showing her around to everybody and has decided to call her Patsy. She may change her mind about that but for now she goes by Patricia. I am trying to have Jill take very good care of her so she will last a life time. I certainly never had such a lovely doll and I'm getting almost so much pleasure out of it as Jill is. It will be fun to make clothes for her.

Jill is writing you a letter of her own to thank you for getting the doll but I'll put in my echo again in thanks for your financial help in getting such a grand "edition".

The other day one of those travelling photographers came by and asked to take a picture of the children so I let him and this enclosed picture is the result. I was rather disappointed in it but got half a dozen of them anyway. Jill had not been feeling well for two days which is perhaps the reason for her pinched expression but I was sorry I had it taken at all.

It is so hot tonight I have to stop and fan myself every few lines. The past few days have been muggy, rainy and hot. It makes me feel very loggy and I don't get much done. People say this section has not had such a rainy spell in sixty years, but I guess it is making up for the very dry spring.

The Express wife's club had its monthly meeting out at the beach last Thursday so the children and I had a picnic but poor Daddy had to get dinner downtown and get off to work. It was refreshing to get out by the water in the evening for I'm always shut up in the house at night. We rode out with the Agent's wife who seems like the most cultured woman I have met in the club, but they are all very nice to me. The beach isn't as nice as Clearwater or St. Pete beaches and the surf is so high that one can't really swim.

Hugh's parents may come up the last of this month bringing Molly [*Mary McNutt*] and Chickie [*Rollin McNutt*] for a few days. Our little picket sized apartment will be bulging it's walls but the cousins will have a great time together. Jill is bereft of playmates this summer so the doll comes in especially well and she will love showing it to Molly.

Are you still in Chicago and what are the plans for summer and winter by now? We want you here next year if you don't go to Cal. You know. Love 'n more too

Kathie

[written by 5 year old Jill]

Dear Aunt Jerry

Thank you for getting my doll. I think she is the best doll I ever saw. I call her Patsy.

Love

Jill

[Also, a letter written by Cynthia is all scribbles.]

*[This letter dated **July 17, 1940** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. He tells of his trip to Foochow from Ing Tai and the difficulty of finding a boat because of a flood. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow July 17 -1940

Dear Geraldine:-

Two whole weeks is a long time to hold up a letter just to put in a few lines of personal thoughts isn't it? But it's just what I have done.

We are still in Foochow. I came down from Ing Tai a week ago yesterday hoping to go to Kuliang in a day or two, but the Principal of Wenshan Girl's School has created a situation that makes me stay on until Saturday July 20 at the earliest.

Miss Tapley a lady who is teaching in Foochow College- not an appointee of the Board- was coming down with me. We had set July 9 as the date to come. But on the 8th a big flood was swirling down river and I could not find a boat that would go. So I wrote Miss Tapley and went to bed with no early rising on my mind. At 6 a.m. July 9th I opened my eyes to a clear sky, sent the cook to the river to see if a boat would go. Before I was clothed a boatman was at my door to say he would go. At 8 I was on his boat, and in 15 min, down river a mile watching for Miss. T. and her Chinese companions. An hour passed. Every few minutes a passenger whom we could or would not refuse got on. An hour we waited. The last real passenger was on and we were off at 9:20. The boatmen said he was trying to reach Nang Bieng that nite. Miss Tapley does not speak the language and asked where we would all (13) sleep? The boat was full of baggage 50+ pieces, 5 or 6 orphans, a cook his wife and baby etc. I answered vaguely. We were going down river almost 10 mi. an hour. As we turned the bend that brought in view the place where the launch should be. It was there and a glad shout sent the air. But above that shout was changed to another quite different. The launch 40 rods away was pulling out and leaving us. They saw us and headed toward us. I talked a minute with the launch man and we tied securely to his launch and flew down to Nang Bieng arr'd at 2 p.m. 5 hours from Ing Tai- a very quick trip. Miss T. was happy.

Aunt Mary writes that she has \$90 in your B-port Bank acc't and before this it must be over \$100. Keep up the good work. It is very hot here- 90-94 in the house. The spring and all June and July ?? 12th were cool.

What a state Europe is in. If I did not believe in an all wise, all loving God I should have very little interest in living longer. But He sees the end of man's madness, and to us there is much very much to live for. Much love Father



Monnie and Ralph's wedding day- August 31, 1940- St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada

Monnie is wearing a blue dress with a black velvet hat according to Nancy Butte.

L to R: Phebe M. Beard, Ralph and Marjorie Beard Butt, Reverend Ross, Winnifred Butt (sister), Donald Hambling (Ralph's cousin) *[Names written on back of photo]*

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

In an email to Jana, Nancy Butte wrote: "Ralph was an apprentice with the Hudson's Bay Co. when Monnie met him. It was a long engagement because apprentices were not allowed to marry. Later, they lived in Labrador and then in far northern British Columbia near the Yukon border, managing Hudson's Bay Posts!! That means trading sugar and coffee and blankets with trappers--mostly natives--for furs!! Amazing. I have Indian moccasins for baby John *[born in 1943]*, and a photo of the chief who offered a stack of furs for the blond blue-eyed baby boy!! "

*[This letter dated **Sept 8, 1940** was written from Clearwater, Florida by Kathleen to Jerry. Dorothy may come south for Christmas. Hugh is currently not working. She refers to the latest news and Hitler. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

R.D. 1 Clearwater Fla
Sept 8 [1940]

Dear Jerry:

Actually I have an hour all to myself and by myself which I have been waiting for to begin this letter. You have been grand about writing and keeping me posted about family proceedings up there. Monnie is married by now and probably on her way to Davis Inlet for which I am thankful.

Hugh has been away for three days driving his father to Jacksonville, ostensibly to look at roofing for his house, but I think more than half the reason was so that father could get away for a jaunt. He can stand it at home about so long and then he has to go somewhere and do something to break the monotony. Mother is so sweet about it, understanding his need of a change perfectly and not seeming to mind at all. She dislikes travel, in fact anything which upsets her very routine life, but urges him to go when he needs it. Perhaps she finds relief in his absence from his irritability and domination. The men are due back today and I am glad I won't have to spend any more nights alone, tho I didn't mind it much this time. The children are now at Sunday School which explains my unusual solitude.

I was delighted when Dot suggested coming down for Xmas and of course you must come too. Save up your vacations so that you can have the time off (can you?) and if you have any of your old trouble I wish you would come prepared to stay until you feel fit again. Chances are that we won't be here for Hugh should be working by then (heaven knows where) but wherever we are there will certainly be room for you all, and what a jolly Christmas it will be.

Much thanks for the pretty necklace. It will fit alright with a link or two out and it goes beautifully with the dress. I'm glad the mangos hit the spot with you. They really weren't above average in flavor and size but were the best I could do to them. They are long past now, also!

We are entertaining the Shaws from Haines City this week. There are four of them coming so I won't get much sewing or anything else done. They are lovely people so we should have a good time. Lois goes to Maryville college next week.

What a surprise that Bill and Pearl are to be in Berea this year. Have they ever met Gertrude or Chili, and to you think they will like it there?

War news grows worse and poor Mother is agonized. Why won't that awful Hitler stop? If only bad weather would set in.

How goes it in the new department? Hope it doesn't detract from your needed rest to be with others. Love
Kathie

Cynthia calls her stomach her "tummyache" so when it does ache she says her "tommyache hurts." Her most recent game is to find the "cockroach in your mouf". I don't know where she got the idea but she penetrates to the tonsils for investigation.

*[This typewritten letter dated **September 15, 1940** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to his family and relatives. Postage is increasing and mail from the U.S. comes slowly. He refers to all of the activities of the family members. He tells of having to choose who to help in Ing Tai and tells more about the straw mat making business. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson and a copy also is in the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

Ing Tai, Foochow, China.
Sunday, September 15th, 1940.

Dear Gould & Virginia, Hazel & Willard; Kathleen & Hugh, Jacquilin, Cynthia
Geraldine, Dorothy & Harold; Marjorie;
Phebe & Mary; Ben & Abbie; Annie;
Stanley & Myra;

Emma, Etta & Elbert,-

This is the last 50 cent letter I can write they say. After the first of October the rate of foreign postage will be \$1.00 per letter. I am not surprised for the last I heard exchange was 18 to 1.

Your letters came regularly but it takes them a long time. Here are some dates. Geraldine's mailed Chicago July 1, delivered Sept. 9. Emma's mailed Putnam, June 16th. delivered Sept. 9, Century Farm, mailed Bridgeport, 17th. delivered Sept. 9. One from Alice Emery the same. As far as I can be certain we have received all letters, and I do not know of any of ours that have not been received. The letters from home come slowly but they get here, some with the censor's stamp on them but intact.

Your letters are most interesting. Jerry's rising to be the director of the whole shebang, both Gould and Virginia crossing and recrossing the continent, parking one child here another there,- we do not pretend to follow you very closely but we feel you are on the job, whether it's chasing a plane or a husband then Jerry dashing one week to Cincinnati, the next to Minneapolis, between making home runs in the organization of her kennel, Myra in the hospital one week and rushing to a party the next. But his time we do not hear from Stanley. He must be staying on the job. Monnie has had her week with Jerry and now what? Vinnie convalescing. With the ther. at 83 in my room, I have just gotten a towel to wipe my arms to keep the salty water from my arms dripping on the machine. This is the hottest I've seen since the first of July. It has been delightful until today. This last sentence was an interpolation. To start again. Phebe and Mary doing a rushing business in hay,- not so good on the garden. The same was true here, tomatoes were ruined by too much rain and they have not recovered. My package of garden seeds came all right from Burpee. I have the soil ready for putting in lettuce and a few other seeds. Ard is a great old sport, I'll have a talk with him when I get back. Say what was the sequel to that midnite auto race between Dr. Booe [*Boone?*] and his midnite guests? You left them in the middle of the road somewhere in Bridgeport. Elbert and Emma and Etta wearing out the good roads of the country, incidentally calling on a lot of relatives. I am frequently wondering if I'll get another car when I get back. Your reference to the E. Walter Smiths was the first we have heard of that in months. The last I knew there were five or six people in Shanghai waiting to get to Foochow. People are going and coming,- not exactly on pleasure trips,- heard last week that 400 were waiting to get to Shanghai from Foochow.

I left Kuliang Sept. 2 just at the end of a baby typhoon. Mother got up late and she stayed til Sept. 7th. I had planned to come to Ing Tai with Susan Armstrong on the ????. But there was a big flood on and I had one experience last spring coming to Ing Tai in a flood and I did not care to repeat it. So we waited til the 6th and had a nice trip up. I found NeMu had ordered milk for two days already and she had eggs and rice for me I was sumptuously fed and cared for. I found some sheets and a pillow case of Helen's and the room had been closed so long the mosquitoes had not found their way in. My baggage stayed on the boat and came up the next day. I have been up this stretch of the river for \$3.00 lots of times and since coming back for \$8.00. Now the transportation Co. has charge and the price was \$29.70. Rather than spend the nite on the boat Susan and I came on the last six miles, she by foot I by chair. It's a bit humiliating to ride while a lady walks but,- you know why. Ellen is full of her embroidery business with some twelve women. She will likely stay in Foochow till Mrs. Topping gets back about Christmas.

I plan to go to Foochow next Weds, Sept. 18 and return the 25th. for the retreat under the auspices of the Fukien Christian Council. About 9 or 10 of us go from here. There are to be 150 delegates, some 200 in all at the Retreat. It takes in all the northern part of the province.

Foochow College and Wen Shan plan to open the last of the month. All the Ing Tai schools are in full swing. This morning the church was so full some could not find seats. We shall likely put in another service.

The last week has been rather full and what shall I say? harrowing. Rice hangs at 2 lbs. for \$1.00. The poor are hard put to it to get,- not enough, but food to keep alive. They know,- some of them so,- that orphans are given food and bed here and schooling. Women with their young, men with their young, business men with the children of friends and neighbors, old NeMu with those who prevail on her to plead for them. This is the first experience I have had of picking out those whom we can help. I have asked a man of experience, a Chinese preacher-teacher, whom I baptized when he was 4 years old up on one of these beautiful mountains,- a true and faithful man, to sit with me and help in the selection. I may be getting a bad name but I know I'm getting a good name in some minds. They tell me Ned Smith used to have to dash out of one room into another across the hall and lock the door to keep them from tramping on him. Before I knew this I had closed and locked the door and let them in one by one. One woman tried to force her way in as I was letting in a little boy. I tried to close the door, telling her to wait. She grabbed the edge of the door and was forcing herself in. I took her hand and had to use about all my strength to unclasp her hold of the door. I think it had a good effect on the rest for there were no more of that kind of acting. One noon as I was at lunch with Miss Armstrong a little boy of about ten came up the walk and

walked right in the door and grabbed my arm with both hands. "I have no father, no mother, you must help me." I looked at him and told him plainly to let go of my arm. After telling him three or four times he obeyed. Then I told him to go to the door. He did, I did not know what he would do when I went home but he followed me only a short distance and I lost him.

I have written about a plan to get the blind men to make straw matting. I had everything all set just as I left for the summer. When I came up ten days ago I found 25 mats, and there are two more now. But a greater innovation is that there are only part of the blind men who do the work. The others do not know how. I told one of them a troublesome fellow that I wanted him to learn. He demurred, then I went to three of the leaders in the work here and asked what they thought of the proposal. They all agreed it should be done. But they all wanted me to do it. I told them plainly that it was more to them than to me. If they would stand behind me I would do it. Yesterday I took him down to the shop and introduced him to the workers. I think he will do it. If not he will find his own living. These mats are a superior article and will sell for 25% more than ordinary mats, - if we ever get our own students, - orphans supplied. Incidentally I am learning a lot from this business. A grass has been found near here (thus far all grass has come from Foochow) that makes a superior mat but not as strong for boys to play on. Grown ups prefer it. We now have the grass, the frame and all for using it to make mats.

I have credited the King's Daughters of the Shelton Cong'l ch. with \$10.00, and I'll write them soon. I am sorry for Mr. Strickland and for the family. When he gets better he must learn how to conserve his strength. It always seemed to me he was doing a lot of things that were not of the greatest importance. I have always maintained that the successful man was the one who knew and did what was of prime importance and who has the sagacity and will power to leave undone secondary things. And I have found this a very difficult program to carry out.

The government is calling for all graduates of Junior High schools and above. All the graduates of our Ing Tai schools have positions as far as I know. This is a great help to me for formally it was very difficult to find jobs for boys with only that amount of schooling. The magistrate here has practically promised to use all the graduates we can turn out.

With love to all Father

*[This letter, dated **September 20, 1940** was written from Foochow, China by Catherine Hsueh, wife of the principal of Foochow College to her friends. She has just been in American and tells about her trip back and the challenge of getting from Shanghai to Foochow. Letter from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

Foochow, Fukien, China
September 20, 1940

Dear Friends:-

How happy we are to be at home in Foochow this morning after almost two months of travel, some of which was dangerous and trying especially from Shanghai to Foochow; but yesterday morning we reached our home at Fairy Bridge.

After leaving San Francisco on August 9th, we had a very pleasant trip until after we left Kobe, Japan, where we met a strong typhoon. On August 26th, instead of reaching Shanghai in the morning we got there at about ten o'clock P.M. on account of the typhoon. We had to go ashore that night because the boat had to leave there for Hongkong the next day. My heart and mind were very tense because I had no idea where to go. During that time I just prayed God to lead me. When the launch came to the dock, I heard a voice calling me, "Mrs. Hsueh" from far away. You cannot imagine how happy I was to see two of my husband's former students coming to meet me and they took us to a hotel in the British concession. For twenty days we lived in that hotel. Because of the improper food, my youngest daughter, Elizabeth had a digestive upset. I had a very hard time then. On one hand, we thought that we could not dare to come back to Foochow because no boat was safe. A week before we reached Shanghai a boat for Foochow was pirated and all the passengers were sent back to Shanghai except nine who were kidnapped. The day we reached Shanghai from America, another boat tried to come to Foochow but was stopped and all the passengers were disembarked at a wild place on the coast and had to walk overland for more than twenty days. On the other hand, we could not live in Shanghai longer because living in the hotel was very expensive - - \$15.00 a day for lodging, \$15.00 a day for board. It is very crowded in Shanghai - - not a single room could we rent outside the hotel. It was a very trying time. There was no way to stay in Shanghai and no way to come back to Foochow.

While I was thinking and worrying, a person came to tell me that another boat would go to Foochow soon. Immediately I decided to take my children home. Many people thought that I was very foolish to attempt this. It would be dangerous for the children and there was no way to take any baggage. For nights I could not sleep well. I prayed earnestly to the Lord asking Him what I should do.

One morning when I got up I said to myself that I should go to buy tickets. On September 12th, we took a boat which had not definite destination. On the 17th, the boat could not go further so it anchored in the open sea outside a small, unfrequented harbor. While I was standing on deck wondering how to get my children and baggage suddenly we all saw Donald in a small boat with both hands raised in welcome. Then the burden dropped from my shoulders. He explained that he had no certain word of our coming to that harbor, but he determined to go on a chance to that particular port himself and sent a friend to another place to meet us in case we got through the blockade. Then we took a boat to the shore and from there we took sedan chairs across the mountains toward the Min River. Another day by sail-boat and on September 19th, at 3:30 in the morning we reached our home. It was all right for grown up people to travel day and night but it was very hard for the children. We thank the Lord that we reached home safe; and we were doubly grateful to have reached home in safety that when we learned that the next two boats that followed us were turned back to Shanghai by bombing planes. Only this one boat could have brought us to our destination without terrible fear and danger.

The first day that our children were at home they ran about the compound to see everything that they remembered. Elizabeth asked why there was no fruit on a tree that Mabelle had planted. When we answered that it had to be gathered, she said, "Blow me down! Didn't they leave me one?"

On the American steamer to Shanghai there were fifteen vicious criminals on board who were being deported, but who were allowed to be free in the boat. It was hot but I had to keep the children in the cabin, but this annoyance did not compare with the difficulty from Shanghai to Foochow.

The day after we arrived at Foochow the siren blew twice. All the people have got used to it, but our children got scared. Fortunately the bombing planes did not come to the city. Poor people are everywhere around. Many are starving. They are enduring unspeakable suffering.

The children and I are indebted to so many American friends for love, sympathy, help and prayers that we are sending you word at once of our safe arrival in Foochow.

I hasten to send this letter as our family will go to Ingtai, an interior town where my husband has moved Foochow College. There our work will be at least for the coming year.

Please do not hesitate to send letters for all first class mail is sure to reach me.

With much love and deep appreciation from all of us.

Affectionately yours,

Catherine Lin Hsueh

Mrs. Donald Hsueh
Foochow College
Ingtai, Fukien,
China



This is a photo of Catherine Lin and Donald Hsueh (Principal of Foochow College) taken on their wedding day, January 24, 1922 in Foochow

[Photo from Phebe Kinney Beard's scrapbook in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This note dated **about Fall of 1940** was written possibly from Savannah, GA by Jill to her Aunt Jerry (Geraldine). She thanks her for the books Geraldine gave her. Donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About Fall of 1940]

Dear Aunt Jerry

I am learning to read the books that you gave me. Can you come to see me for Christmas? I want to climb trees with you.

Love
Jill

*[This letter dated **Fall of 1940** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Jerry. He requests that Geraldine send another diary for 1941. A group of missionaries arrived in Foochow just one month after leaving San Francisco. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Fall of 1940]

Dear Jerry-

If I am not mistaken the two last mails have brought each a letter from you. When this reaches you it will be most time to think about another Diary= one for 1941. How far away that used to seem.

Last nite or rather this a.m. at 2:30 the following people arrived for our mission from the U.S.- They made the trip from San Francisco in a month,- just happened to make good connections in Shanghai.

Dr. and Mrs. Sam Leger, Eva Asher, Leona Burr, - Mrs. Donald Sieh or Hseuh- Miss Uong Sieu ding, Mr. Tang Ng Bue.

One telegram from Monnie came just a day or two ago. I came down from Ing Tai yesterday, - ostensibly to attend a Retreat. But I had 3 blind boys to look after all the way over to their school up at the north gate- and a woman who is coming to the hospital for an operation. There were some 15 in the party. We made the first lap of the journey in good time, got to launch at 10. Waited until 2 p.m. It got stuck on a sand bar and had to wait for tide. Then we towed 2 sam pans down and got to land at Uong Bing at 5:45. I had the 3 blind boys and a sick woman to look after and got home about 9:30.

How we shall look for the next letter from Monnie and for the comments of you all.

With much love

Father

Conserve your strength.

[on a separate smaller piece of paper]

I should like a Diary a little wider than the one you sent last year- about the size of these lines. But this is not at all essential. A diary is the need.

*[This letter, dated **November 15, 1940**, was written from Ingtai, China by Catherine Hsueh, wife of the principal of Foochow College to her friends. She tells about the difficulty of traveling from Foochow to Ingtai by river. Conditions are difficult in China and the teachers and students are trying to continue on despite malaria, shortages of rice and overall problems. The school needs to now build sanitary bathrooms for their 800 boys. Letter from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

Foochow College,
Ingtai, Fukien, China.
Nov. 15, 1940

Dear Friends:-

By this time perhaps you have received my last letter telling about our safe arrival in Foochow. Now we are at Ingtai, an interior place where Foochow College is, about thirty-five miles from Foochow City. The trip from Foochow to Ingtai was harder than the one from America to Shanghai.

After staying in our home in the city for two weeks we began to re-pack our things for Ingtai. On Sept. 8th we left Foochow at midnight on a sampan towed by a small launch. The next morning early we came to a rapid where we had to change to a "rat boat" which is still smaller than a sampan.

Ingtai river is very narrow and has more than twenty rapids on the way between Ingtai and Foochow. When the boat came to a rapid the four boatmen jumped into the water, one man at each end of the boat to push it up and the other two men to pull on a long bamboo rope tied to the mast. It required a skilful man to handle the long oar at the end of the boat. One of the boats in which we had put some baggage crashed against the rocks in the rapids and was wrecked and all the games which our American friends gave to our children were lost and some of our clothes spoiled. Fortunately we had put most of our baggage in the boat on which we were.

After two nights on the way we arrived at our destination. The children were very happy to get on shore. We went to live in a Chinese house which is not as good as most of the barns in America. We cleaned it and repaired it and made some stools out of some old boards and made partitions of some pieces of cloth and the children picked some wild flowers for the first decoration. Now since we are used to it we realize that it is better than thousands of other people's homes.

The children go to school while I keep house and teach five hours a week and help Donald with his school work so as to make contacts with the students. This year we have about 1400 students in Foochow College, 800 in the High School at Ingtai and 600 in the Primary in the city. The 800 students up here have a very hard time for they have no proper place to live. Many are still sleeping on the floor until beds can be made. There is no place to buy nourishing food. Sometimes we see some carried on the street but the price is terribly high. The students are hungry most of the time, because all they have to eat is old rice and a little bit of vegetable to make it palatable. My children always come from school hungry and, after searching the cupboard, exclaim that our cupboard is emptier than "Old Mother Hubbard's."

Even though the students have a very hard time, they have never complained. They are very ambitious to prepare themselves for future usefulness.

Not only the students have been patient during the transition from the City campus to this barren hillside, but the teachers have borne all these discomforts bravely. Not one teacher or his family has been free from malaria. Rice has been so scarce and so expensive that the teachers have suffered great hardship. Still they remained faithful to the school. Sometimes it breaks my heart to see these educated men suffering for enough food. Because the price of food is so high, and salaries in mission schools are so low, these loyal teachers have partly starved, and their families never have really enough food. We ought to do better by these educated, trained workers. If not, at the close of this war these people will be exhausted. How I long for just a share of the good things of America to pour into my suffering country! You can imagine how hard my husband has tried in every way to better the condition of his teachers and their families. His responsibility is truly very heavy. Will you remember him in your prayers and in your planning for the new year, that his health and courage may continue? There are marvelous opportunities in our work right now and we want to meet them bravely in a Christian spirit.

How glad we are that friends provided so much quinine! Every day the school nurse gives it out to many patients. It is like part of our food now. Every week we have to take some in order to prevent our getting malaria.

The living conditions are really very hard for everybody but there are some compensations. In the thirteen years that my husband and I have been connected with Foochow College we have never before seen such great spiritual longing on the part of the students. Because the church is small, the student body is divided into four groups for Sunday services, besides Sunday School and Bible Classes. At Christmas time twenty more of our boys will be received into church membership.

Since my husband came back from America in 1939 he has been struggling to make the hillside more comfortable for the students. Because of limited finances our development is very slow. We have a proverb in China, "Even a skillful woman cannot cook a meal without rice". No matter how good the plans are we cannot carry them out without financial help. Now we are still in need of funds to build sanitary bathrooms for 800 boys. When the school fled to Ing tai the health conditions were unspeakable. During this year my husband has made all the improvements that we had money for and has engaged a trained nurse and a graduate doctor, for there is not other medical help nearer than Foochow City. In spite of this, we are finding it impossible to fight against skin diseases which the students get from lack of bathing facilities.

A contractor has estimated that \$250.00 U.S. will be sufficient to build enough bathrooms to keep the boys in health and cleanliness. May God open some way for us!

My family and I are keeping well for which I am very thankful. I love to hear from you. Please write to me when you have time. I am very lonesome for America and the good friends there. This letter may reach you around Christmas time. Last year at this time we were near you. This year we are far away from each other. All that I can give you this year for a Christmas present is heaps of love and our deep appreciation. May our dear Lord bless you and take good care of you all. "The Lord of peace himself give you peace always by all means."

Affectionately yours,

Catherine Lin Hsueh

[This typewritten letter dated Nov. 29, 1940 was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. He sends a report of the work in Ing Tai. He heard from his sister, Phebe, about Monnie and Ralph's wedding. He requests that she send ½ pounds of Royal Baking Powder to Ellen. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Ing Tai, Foochow, China
Nov. 29- 1940

Dear Geraldine:-

This is a trial letter. I wanted to write sort of a report of the work in Ing Tai since I came up. Paper and print ink are so high, it would cost me over \$50.00 to have the letter printed, so I borrowed the copying apparatus from Dung Ing and tried my luck. The stencil paper is a bit different from what I used to write with nearly 50 years ago, and 50 years of disuse has shown its effect. I hope you will have patience to read it. I will send a copy to each of our own so you may [have] this to work on at odd moments, if you know what that means. I have no such things.

Aunt Phebes two letters written after she had been to St. Johns and seen Monnie married are most interesting. How I have devoured them. And how I long for a letter from Mrs. Ralph Butt herself. Mother and I have read Aunt Phebe's letter separately now we'll have to read them again when we are together. I hope your new location is proving satisfactory. Since reading your last letter, I told mother it was good not to read anything about your health. It ought to mean that you had forgotten it. I hope so.

I trust you received my check all right. I should have sent Christmas greetings in the last letter, but I did not so they are reinforced by a delay of two weeks. I did not get Gould's birthday greetings in either.

Last nite we had our Ing Tai Thanksgiving. The six Americans, Helen Smith, Mary Frances Buckhout, Alice Tapley, Susan Armstrong, Lucy Lanktree, and Mrs. Donald Hsueh, Mr. and Mrs. Iong Ming Sung and Miss Uong Sieu Ding, - English speaking. We had a rooster and a hen and lots of good things and pumpkin pie that was GOOD to top off. The E. Walter Smiths have written that they are on the way to Foochow. The Board sent them to Peiping in spite of the wish expressed by practically all the missionaries here and at home and the vote of the Synod and the telegram to the Board from the Synod. Now the question is where will they go first? They say in the letter that they wish to come straight to Ing Tai.

Say do you want to see if you can mail Mother a ½ lb. tin of Royal Baking Powder? We can get practically everything we need except that.

I am mailing this now and will have it printed for the others, so you will get it in advance of the others, altho in a sort of hodge podge.

The ther. this morning is at 55 degrees.

Lovingly yours,
Father

Since I wrote this the E. Walter Smiths write that they are leaving Peiping hoping to come straight to Ing Tai starting "before Thanksgiving."

I. Living conditions

These have eased up a little. Rice has gone down from 2 lbs to 3 lbs for one dollar. Hemp from \$1.70 to 70 cents for 10 lbs. The government has decided on the price of some commodities. Pork and chicken are fixed at \$1.44 per lb. Transportation for a sedan chair with 2 men \$1.20 per puo = 3 ½ miles. 70 cents per puo to a ?? road.

II. Education

Ing Tai has become an educational center. Our own school, Dung Ing, has nearly 800 pupils in kindergarten, lower primary, high primary and junior high. In the refugee schools from 700 Foochow are, - Foochow College 800. Wenshan Girls 400, Baoi Ching from Diong Loh, 200. Y.M.C.A. 6 miles down river 400. A government school 12 miles down 400. It is difficult to find suitable leaders for all the Bible classes the students ask for. They conduct Endeavor societies themselves that are alive. A class of 38 students and 4 workmen is preparing for church membership at the next communion. Attendance at church services is voluntary, and it is necessary to hold four services each Sunday to accommodate the students and others who attend. Pastor Ling invites some of the teachers and myself to help in preaching.

III. Conferences

In July we held a very satisfying two days meeting with the Christian workers of the district. All leaders were from Ing Tai. The meetings proved very helpful, specially the Bible study periods, in which all were asked to quietly study John 3/ one day, and Rom. 12/ the next day and then each gave one thought from his study. The verdict at the close of the meeting was, - "fully satisfying." In Sept. 10 of us attended a conference in Foochow sponsored by the Fukien Christian Council. 200 men met for a week of Christian fellowship. Travel conditions delayed 2 leaders from outside Foochow. Sometimes it is good to be thrust on your own resources.

IV. Annual Meeting of Synod

The Annual Meeting of the Mid-Fukien Synod of the Church of Christ in China was held in Foochow in the beautiful, quiet, convenient buildings of the Union kindergarten, now meeting in Yang Kau, nearly 200 miles up the Min River. It was purposely short and small, - 47 members with as many more attending. A spirit of unity, comradeship and helpfulness was present from beginning to end. Some revision of the constitution was made. The voting members of the Synod are: - the General Secretary and Associate, 2. 10 members from each Diong Loh and Ing Tai and 15 from Foochow. 17, 10, 10, 15 = 52 in all. I think it is possible to co'opt a few. The Executive Secretaries of the synod are ex officer members of all executive committees and Boards of Managers with vote. An attempt was made to limit the time of office of the general sec'y of the synod to two terms. It failed. Rev. Ling Iu Au was elected Gen'l Sec'y. Hung Seng Huang was elected Gen'l Sec'y of the Foochow district and Educational Sec'y of the synod. A comm. was elected to work out a system for salaries of workers.

Two men were ordained. Ling Kung Ek and Ling Ching Ing both of Ing Tai. This service had not been planned by the agenda committee.

Please turn to page 2

It seemed necessary to hold it on the last evening, which had been reserved for the Holy Communion. The suggestion was made that we omit the Holy Communion. A layman said he considered the Holy Communion the most important and helpful service of the Annual Meeting. He saved the day and the Holy Communion was held Friday morning at 6:30 o'clock with a full attendance, and all with whom I talked agreed that it was the most helpful service of the Annual Meeting.

The new industry of mat-weaving with straw is moving nicely. To date the blind men have made 59 mats. The orphans are supplied and we have sold \$16.00 worth. These mats that we make are better than any that can be purchased in this region. Ours sell for \$3.00, while others bring \$2.00. We are negotiating for a loom on which to make wash cloths for the orphans. We need 300. Those for sale here are thin and very dear.

We are living off the country. Practically nothing comes from farther away than the port of Foochow. From there we get fish, fresh and salt. No Irish potatoes, but the Chinese sweet potatoes are good. We have had only taste of beef since Sept. that came from Foochow two lbs. We grind our own Ing Tai wheat for cereal and buy flour from Foochow. The only commodity that we must get from home is baking powder. That our friends send in ½ lb. tins thru the mail from the U.S. The Chinese fruits are delicious. Bananas are plentiful and very good. Persimmons and pumelo are also plentiful and very good. Soon we shall have the winter persimmons that will last till February. We will have our first lettuce tomorrow, OUR THANKSGIVING. Our gardens promise carrots, beets, cabbage, cauliflower, kohlrabi, parsnips, strawberries. Most of the seeds came from Burpee's.

I came near forgetting another industry that is saving us about \$75.00 a term. The barber was charging 2 cents a head for cutting the orphan's hair when I came here last spring. In June he doubled the price. In Sept. he wanted 8 cents. I suggested that some of the boys learn the trade. Two of the teachers said at once, "O one of the boys knows how in my department, that made two barbers. I said go quick and buy the clippers and shears etc. "But" said one of the teachers "perhaps some of the larger boys will not take kindly to a little boy barber. I told them I would see to that. I went for a hair cut. "It would be better for the boy to come to your house", said one of the teachers. I told him that would defeat my purpose. Many pairs of eyes watched the orphan cut my hair. Thus far no complaint from the older boys has reached me. Two fastidious young American ladies pronounced my hair cut a good one.

We plan to stay here in Ing Tai on the job, altho we know all about the call to come home. No one in Ing Tai or Foochow as far as I know is asking for a sailing.

Your help in helping Ing Tai orphan boys develop into helpful Chinese citizens with Christian attitudes toward world problems.

Willard L. Beard

*[This typewritten letter dated **November 30, 1940** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to friends. He talks about the cost of food and the difficulty in obtaining it for 800 students. Ing Tai has become a great educational center. His mat-weaving business is working out well and they now have student barbers cutting the boys hair to save the school money. Ships arrive from the U.S. to take Americans back because of the political situation, but from past experience, Willard feels that they are not in danger for the time being and prefers to stay with the work. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson. A copy of the letter was donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ing Tai, Foochow, China.
November 30th, 1940

Dear Friends:-

Below I have tried to give a few of the most important doings connected with the Christian Movement in Ing Tai during the past few months. The cost of food and the difficulty of getting it at any price, is the subject of nearly half the conversation of every one. As I write this, the heads of the Dung Ing schools do not know where to get rice for supper for the 800 students to day. It is engaged from farmers but the officials will not allow it to come

in. But in some way or other the Lord will provide.” The treasury for this work is empty. But again “in some way or other the Lord will provide.”

Living conditions are easing up a little. Rice has gone down from 2 lbs. for \$1.00 to 3 lbs. 3 oz. for \$1.00. Hemp from \$1.70 for 100 lbs. to \$70.00. The government has fixed the prices of some articles. Pork and chicken at \$1.44 per lb. transportation, 1 sedan chair, 1 puo (3 1/3 miles) \$1.20, with 2 men. A load of 70 lbs. 70 cents a puo.

Ing Tai has become a great educational center in the last two years. Our own school, Dung Ing, has nearly 800 pupils in kindergarten, lower primary, higher primary and junior high. In the refugee schools from Foochow are:- Foochow College with 800 plus, Wenshan Girl's School 400, Buoi Ching from Diong Loh 200, Y.M.C.A. six miles down river 400. It is difficult to find suitable leaders for all the Bible classes the students ask for. They conduct Endeavor societies themselves that are very interesting. A class of 38 students and 4 workmen is preparing for church membership. Attendance at church service is voluntary, and it is necessary to hold four services on Sunday to accommodate the students who attend. The one pastor cannot preach four times in one day (he walks five miles to conduct a service for Buoi Ching school Saturday afternoon) so other teachers and I help in the preaching.

In July we held a very satisfying 2 days meeting of the Christian workers of the whole district. The leaders were all from Ing Tai. The meetings were very helpful, specially the Bible Study periods, in which all were asked to quietly study John 3 on one day and Rom. 12 on the other day and each person then gave one thought from his study. The verdict at the close of the meetings was “fully satisfied”. In Sept., ten of us attended a conference in Foochow sponsored by the Fukien Christian Council. Two hundred men and women from the northern part of the province met for a week of Christian fellowship. We had the promise of help from Shanghai, but travel conditions made this impossible, so all leaders were Foochowites. Sometimes it is good to be thrust on your own resources.

The Annual Meeting of the Fukien Synod of the Church of Christ in China was this year held in Foochow in the beautiful, quiet, convenient buildings of the Union Kindergarten Training School, now refugeeing. The meeting was purposely small and short. There were 47 members present from beginning to end. Some revision of the constitution was made. Two men were ordained. Ling Kung Ek and Ling Chiong Ing, both from Ing Tai. This ordination service had not been planned by the agenda committee. It seemed necessary to hold it on the last evening, which had been reserved for the Holy Communion. The suggestion was made that we omit the communion. A layman spoke and said, he considered the Communion the most important and helpful service of the Annual Meeting. He saved the day and the Holy Communion was held Friday morning at 6:30 o'clock. There was a full attendance, and all with whom I have spoken agree that it was the most helpful service of the Annual Meeting.

The new industry of mat-weaving with straw is moving nicely. To date the blind men have made 61 mats. The orphans are supplied and we have sold \$16 worth. A shop on the street has agreed to take all we can produce at \$3.20 a mat. This is \$1.00 more than ordinary mats are selling for. There is no mat-weaving industry in Ing Tai. A young man, a former student here has become partially blind. He has asked to learn the trade. He has been at work for a month, and I am now helping him to get the loom and start the business for himself. There is possibility that he may take the business off our hands and the support of these blind men also. This will give the blind men self respect and be a great relief to us. We are negotiating for a loom on which to make the wash cloths that are a necessity to every Chinese and the orphans must have them.

We are now living off the country. Practically nothing that we eat or use comes from farther away than Foochow. From there we get at intervals, fish, salt and fresh. We have had no Irish potatoes since Sept. The Chinese sweet potato is good. We have had one taste of beef since Sept. that was sent from Foochow,- 2 lbs. We grind our own Ing Tai wheat for cereal and for course flour, grown in Ing Tai. The finer flour comes from Foochow. It is made there from wheat grown nearby. We can not get Baking Powder. This must come from the U.S. Some of our friends are sending it by post. It comes thru all right. The Chinese fruits and vegetables are delicious. Persimmons and pumelo just now are plentiful and GOOD. The hung gek will be here in two weeks and they are as good as oranges. The oranges are already here and there are the two kinds, the so called Florida and the loose skinned. We are all right for fruit till next March. From Burpee's seeds we have already had lettuce and radishes and turnip (one). Carrots, beets, cabbage, kohlrabi, parsnips, kale, peas, corn (if the frost holds off another month,) and strawberries, to come next April. Most of the seeds that you will plant next spring we have already planted and lettuce we are now eating and continue to eat till the weather gets too hot next year.

I came near forgetting another industry that is saving us about \$75.00 a term. The barber was charging 2 cents a head for cutting the orphans hair last spring. In June he doubled the price. In Sept. he wanted 8 cents. I suggested that some of the boys learn the trade. At once two of the teachers said "One of the boys in my department know how." This made two barbers, ready made. I said go quick and buy the clippers and shears etc. "But" said one of the teachers "the older boys may not take kindly to a little boy barber." "Leave that to me" I said. I went for a hair cut. "You had better have the boy come to your house. It will be quieter." "Yes, but it would defeat my purpose." So I was barbered with many eyes looking on. Thus far I have heard no objection from the older boys. Two fastidious American ladies pronounced my hair cut a good one.

We know all about the special ships coming to Shanghai to take away Americans. We know all about the efforts to get Americans to go home. We plan to stay here on the job. As far as I know no one has asked for a reservation on a Pacific steamer for the U.S. Mrs. Beard and I have seen several tense situations here in Foochow during the past 46 years. We are pretty sure that if God wants us to leave he will make it clearer than we have yet seen this time.

Your help in helping Ing Tai Orphan boys develop into helpful Chinese citizens with Christian attitudes toward world problems.

Willard L. Beard

The next five photos were probably taken in 1940 when Willard and Ellen were stationed in Ing Tai.



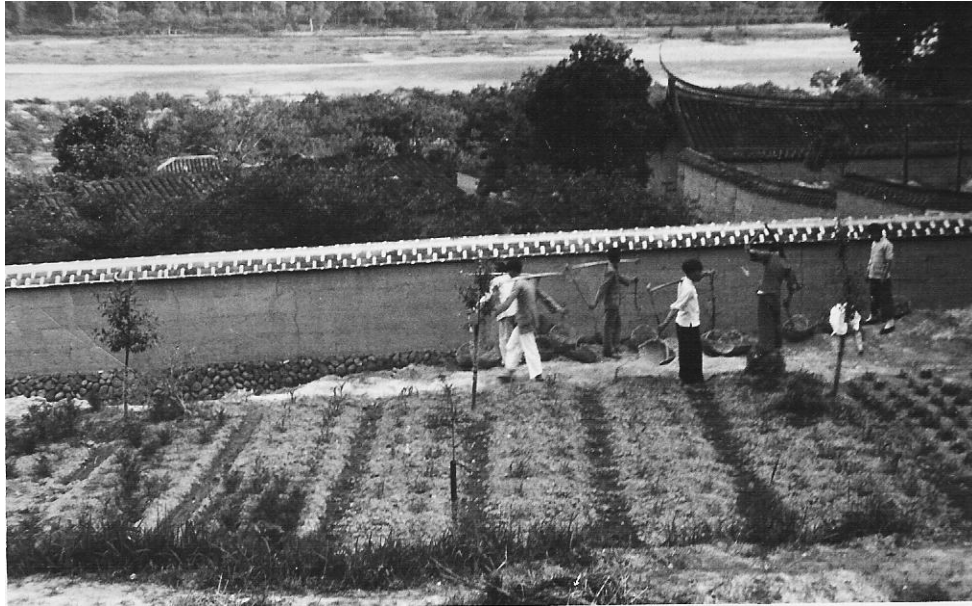
Written on back of photo: "Large farm house Ing Tai"



Written on back of photo: "Bridge Ing Tai Country"



Written on back of photo: "Inside front door of large farm house Ing Tai"
Note farm implements



Written on back of photo: "Students working.
Basket Ball court and garden."



Written on back of photo: "Gardens Ing Tai "

The Ingtai Station. The whole aspect of the Ingtai station has been very greatly changed as a result of the war. This town has suddenly become an educational center of first importance, and a visitor is as conscious of the student life as when visiting New Haven or Cambridge. Ingtai has been very hospitable in the manner in which it has provided for the many guests from Foochow, but it has not been easily done. I believe that the Ingtai Academy itself now has more than eight hundred students, so it is making full use of its regular equipment. However, there has been a good deal of "doubling up" and room has been found for everyone. Nearby houses have been rented, a number of new buildings have been constructed - mostly of the famous Ingtai tamped earth, and a Buddhist [Buddhist?] Nunnery was purchased! The town has suffered only one bombing raid, and at that time no student was injured, so the move into the country has seemed to be justified. About five miles above Ingtai, further into the

mountains, at a large family estate, the P'ei Ching Middle School from Diongloh is housed. This is a school for boys and girls. Here in the solitude of the mountains is such a place for study as the ancient sages of China found so stimulation and there have been few thoughts of the bombers that have so often threatened the Foochow region. – Arthur O. Rinden

The Foochow Station. The work of the Foochow station has probably been affected more than that either Diongloh or Ing tai as a result of the war. By the end of April (1940) there had already been sixty-five bomb raids on the city, which destroyed a large amount of property, and were the cause of large numbers of people leaving the city; a great deal of government pressure has also been exerted to this end, as a safety measure. Some bombs have exploded so near to our churches that a considerable amount of property damage was suffered, but I believe that no one of our workers has been killed. – Arthur O. Rinden

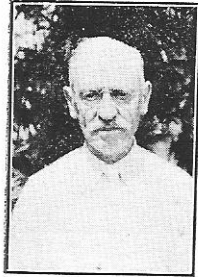
Diongloh Station. Diongloh has been affected by the war in much the same way as Foochow. Many people have moved away - - about all those who were financially able, but not a few refugees from occupied regions have moved home again. Various places in the district have been bombed, and two of the churches have been damaged - - one on the coast where it was shelled by war boats, and the other at Pagoda Anchorage, located all too near the Navy work shops. There has been a good deal of work by the women of the churches in preparing clothes for refugees in other regions; this same work is done in the churches of Foochow largely under the direction of Miss Martha Wiley. – Arthur O. Rinden

Industrial Work. A certain amount of industrial work - - sewing, embroidery etc. was started by Miss Josephine Walker for the women who came as refugees from Shaowu to Foochow; this was later carried on by Mrs. Topping, when Miss Walker returned to Shaowu, and is now being cared for by Mrs. Beard. It makes it possible for a group of Christian women to earn their own living. – Arthur O. Rinden

From: Getting Acquainted with the Foochow Mission, China by the ABCFM, 1940-41 [*From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]



Willard (standing by the pillar) and students from Ing Tai Academy (see flag). About 1940.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Willard L. Beard

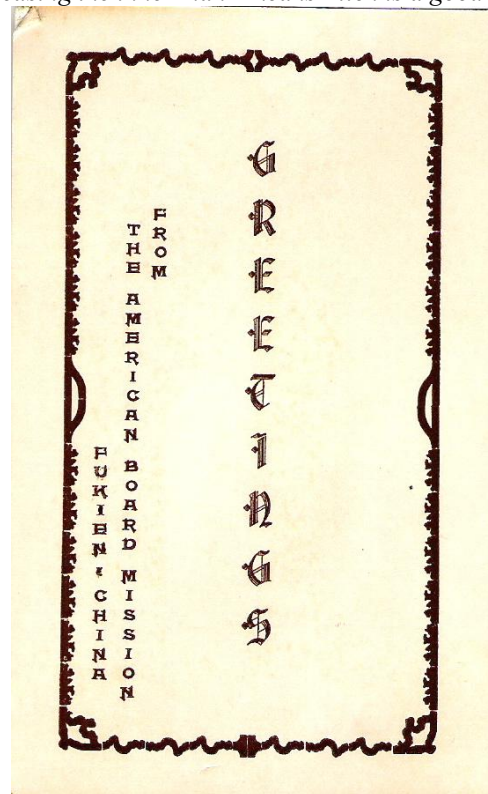
FAMILIARLY called the "Bishop of the American Board," he carries a heavy load of activities with a vigor that belies his forty years in China.



Mrs. W. L. Beard

PAST mistress in the art of pleasing the inner man, but never lets this interfere with teaching at Foochow College and other missionary duties.

[*"Pleasing the inner man" means Ellen is a good cook.*]



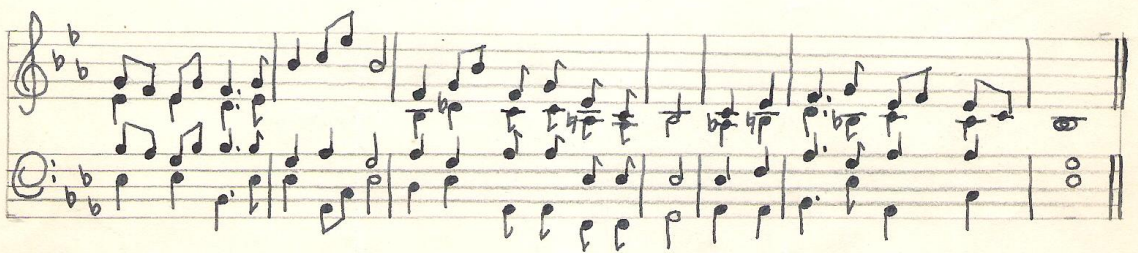


The envelope and cardboard covering or sleeve that holds the directory. The directory is in a fan folded fashion.
Other missionary photos from this directory have been inserted throughout these letters. Dated before July
1936.

[Directory in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

Da 190 Siu. Many are Our Enemies.

1. Hô-sék ngô cã iu siu-dik,
Cung dô hung-ak gik chok lik,
Siang-nôi siang gung sông lải ương,
Gaukchey hiông chông ik cã cık.
Hô dẽ ẽ hiông iu nguông mỉnh,
Ik ciông giẽ ngiẽ iing lải lỉnh,
Ik ciông giẽ ngiẽ iing lải lỉnh.
2. Ê-duãng siã-gâu buông bók kék,
Hung cũi sủk sỏ giêng siã pék,
Ciũ hong, ẽ-piêng, bẻng đũ-baũk,
Hũng-hũng bẻi-sủk huai iông-sék.
Hô mủ bók Chĩng, cũ bók kểu,
Bẻng-iũ bók sẻng cã sông ấu,
Bẻng-iũ bók sẻng cã sông ấu.
3. Giêng iu siu-dik siók bók cẻng,
Pỏ hiẽ ciẻng-cải hẻi sẻng-nẻng,
Lỏk lủng lỉnh-hũng gẻng chẻi-chẻik,
Siông dỏ sẻng đong kủ i-sẻng,
Siỏn ói Gẻu-Ciỏ cẻu đong sẻng,
Giũ i gẻng-gẻng gẻu hủa mỉnh,
Giũ i gẻng-gẻng gẻu hủa mỉnh.
4. Gẻ-Dỏk cẻu sẻ iẻng-sẻng nguỏn,
Đũ cẻ gẻng ửi Gẻu-sẻi-bẻng,
Tẻ-nẻng sủk-cỏi mủ Gẻu-Ciỏ,
Cẻi-nẻng Ông-Hẻi đũ sẻk cẻng.
Kỏng-giũ Tiẻng-Hỏ Gẻng Sẻng-sẻng,
Sẻi nẻng sẻng Ciỏ cẻng hủng-lẻng,
Sẻi nẻng sẻng Ciỏ cẻng hủng-lẻng.



Please return to

WYND WOLFERS
WYND WOLFERS
WYND WOLFERS

When you have finished with it

1941

- Foochow invaded by Japan in April 1941
- Willard and Ellen arrive back at Century Farm on September 19, 1941 after returning from China via the Pacific Ocean on the S.S. President Coolidge
- Japan attacks Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941
- US and Britain declare war on Japan
- Atomic Bomb research begins
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Florida
- Marjorie and Ralph are in Davis Inlet, Canada
- Geraldine is in Chicago then moves to Seattle, Washington
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Gould and Virginia may have moved to Great Neck, NY
- Willard is 76, Ellen- 73, Gould- 45, Geraldine- 43, Dorothy- 40, Marjorie- 35, and Kathleen- 33.

[This letter dated Jan. 5, 1941 was written from Ing Tai, China by Willard to Dot and Harold. The uncles helped send Aunt Phebe to St. John's in Canada to accompany Monnie for her wedding on August 31, 1940. He tells of the E. Walter Smith's difficulty in getting to Foochow because of a Japanese gun boat. He tells about the poor boys they care for and ways in which they help them. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Ing Tai
Jan. 5 – 1941

Dear Dot and Harold-

This is a very quiet, kind of lonely, warm Sunday evening. Sundays are rather full for me with two Bible classes and two church services. I lead the classes but attend the services preaching only two or three times a term.

Your last letter about ten days ago. I will plan to write the giver of the \$5.00. In Foochow I left to be printed a letter to the donors to this Ing Tai work and I will plan to put one of these letters into her letter.

Your letter with it's account of Monnie's last days with you and Aunt Phebe's letters- 3 I believe-have been most interesting. I do not know what to do to express thanks to the uncles for sending Aunt Phebe up to St. John's with Monnie. Monnie's letter has come at last and what a good letter. I have had very little misgivings all the year, but her letter on top of Aunt Phebe's allayed any doubts that may have been lurking about.

The E. Walter Smith's have been in Foochow for over a week. They left Shanghai on a steamer that planned to go to Hang Geng 40 miles south of Foochow on the coast. When they reached Hang Geng a Japanese gun boat told the captain to turn about and to back to Shanghai. The captain obeyed, steamed north beyond Sharp Peak at the mouth of the Min and on past Sang Du where Mother and I landed a year and more ago. Then he moved over into the Shanghai-Hong Kong path and headed South. After he had left Hang Geng a few hours a Japanese flew over to see if he was obeying orders. He was and they let him alone. When he got opposite Sang Du he turned and rushed into that harbor and unloaded. There were about 17 foreigners, 3 children. They had three days travel to get to Foochow. Mrs. Smith carried a 50 lb. child in her lap in the chair all the way.

We do not know when they will come to Ing Tai.

I plan to go down to Foochow to lead the International Week of Prayer meeting next Saturday in Chinese and to preach in St. John's church = the stone church Sunday evening at six. I hope to stay a few days just to visit with Mother and rest.

You might say to the giver of that \$5.00 that her gift was very much appreciated for it takes between \$3000 and \$4000 a month to provide for these 300 orphans. You see every thing must be provided for these boys, some of whom were found pawing our garbage heaps for something to eat and sleeping in some old tumble down shanty. I must talk every day with one or more who want a warm garment- or a pair of shoes or something. A little fellow came the other day - cold- he had on three cotton coats. One was worn thin and full of holes. I received some weeks ago four bags of old clothing. I gave the tailor a womans coat that came in one of the bags. He made a nice lined sort of vest, and I found a shirt for him and now he's warm, and so grateful. Yesterday Helen when she left in the morning said she would like some bamboo for decorations in the chapel that evening at a concert. I was very busy til about 11:45. I went out and found this little boy now 14 years old and small for his age. I told him what I wanted. He nodded and started away, back in 5 minutes. I must have a knife to cut the bamboo. I found one, "too large." Another with no handle "All right". Half an hour later, "Come and see if there are enough." "All right, now will you take them ½ mile down to Wenshan School and give them to Mrs. Smith." O.K that was all there was to it. Six years ago I landed here from Foochow just at dark with a lot of things. Among them a hen and brood of newly hatched chickens in a basket. Eight year old Cu Chung - our bamboo lad - spotted the basket of chicks, grabbed it and dragged it up 125 steps to the house. He was so short to lift it off the ground.

I read your success and that of Gould in the Masons and Eastern Star with interest and pride. I know a little of the satisfaction you feel, next year, or was it this? you will have leisure. Keep your face forward. Find something more to do and keep going forward.

Love to you
Father



Ralph and Monnie in Canada
 [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated **February 11, 1941** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to Dorothy and Harold. He tells her about a Chinese orphan child who they helped and his success as an adult. E. Walter Smith has arrived

in Foochow and visited his new field, Ing Tai. Willard is going to have another hernia operation. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Ing Tai
February 11th. 1941.

Dear Dorothy and Harold;-

I am sending you four sets of stamps,- Chinese. The enclosed printed sheet will tell you the object. Robert Wang was an orphan here in Ing Tai in 1898. I saw him after Dr. Emily D. Smith had picked him out of a dump heap and took him under her care. I used to see him come to her house on Saturday afternoons and get his bath, a change of clothes and go back to his school. He has graduated from the Ing Tai school, Foochow College and has studied in Fukien Christian University. He has taught in Foochow College and other High Schools. Now for about seven or eight years he has been head accountant in the Union Hospital here, in Foochow. He has made good in all places where he has been. I told him I would send these collections of stamps to some of my friends. Can you sell these four collections and send the money to Aunt Mary or to me direct. If the buyers give only the asked price i.e. ten cents a set it will be only 40 cents. I'll tell you,- buy me a half pound of Royal Baking Powder and send it thru the mail and I'll call it square. You may lose in the deal. I think I wrote you some time since to send me a private check,- (your private check on your Saginaw bank and it be as good as anything you can send.

I was in Foochow in January for a time and came up here February 3rd. for our Ing Tai Annual Meeting. Rev. E. Walter Smith just arrived from Peiping with his wife,- sent out for Ing Tai came up a few days later with Dr. Harry Worley of the Meth. Mission to help in the meetings. Walter came to see his new field. Lucia his wife is pregnant and the doctor does not want her to go about much, so she did not come. He had a good time here. Staid until this morning, I sent him down with my coolie. They will stop five miles down the river and take on the boat 853 Hung Gek, a citrous fruit some larger than the Mandarin orange and tighter put together. The Chinese say they are too sour to eat so they use them as decoration in their homes at this time of year. The foreigners like them to eat as we eat grape fruit.

I am in this house alone, and have been since the first of February. I plan to go to Foochow day after tomorrow, Feb 13th. I have one or two committee meetings etc. then I plan to go to the hospital to have another hernia fixed. It will take me at least one month from Ing Tai. Helen Smith and Mrs. Bill McVay nee Mary Frances Buckhout will be here tomorrow or the next day.

Yesterday I put on a dinner for ten. Walter and myself, and eight Chinese. Principal and Mrs. Iong Ming Sing, Rev. and Mrs. Ling King Ek, Mr. and Mrs. U Nga Kauk, and Mr. and Mrs. Tang Ga Dieng. I had only our Coolie whom I stole from Mother for ten days to bring Walter up, and take him back and get something for Walter, Harry Worley and Pastor Ling to eat during the meetings. Mother writes that she is having the time of her life with no servant to bother her. I shall hope for mail from home when I get home.

My garden is a joy. We have been eating turnips, carrots, lettuce, radishes, turnip tops as greens every day.

My love to you both,

Father

[This letter, dated Feb. 13, 1941, was written from Great Neck, NY by Ginny and Gould to Willard and Ellen. They tell what they did for Christmas. Gould feels that Japan is going to make trouble soon. He feels the U.S. is more knowledgeable about war now from the experience in WWI. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Feb 13, 1941
255-25 Iowa Rd.
Great Neck, L.I., N.Y.

Dear Father and Mother:

Virginia has the dates on all letters written from this place and it shows I hav'nt written you a letter in a long time. Aunt Mary gave me the \$100 check for you for Xmas and I must say I was hugely surprised. I had'nt expected anything at all from you in China. The whole family joins with me in thanking you for that very generous gift.

We spent Xmas at Seymour with Grandpa Space's. Dot and Harold were in Florida with Kathleen and Jerry was alone in Chicago. So with Monnie in Labrador, the Beard's were again pretty well split up this Xmas.

The Aerotague[?] Co. gave me an electric band saw and my boss Bill Littlewood gave me a grinder for Xmas which started my home work shop. I really have the start of a nice shop now.

During the last two weeks of January, Ginny, Sonny and I went thru the mild flu that went over the country. We fed Hazel enough homeopathic medicine and she didn't get it. I was hardly well over the flu when I had to take a trip and I have been trying to clear up my sinus condition ever since.

Virginia and I are taking a whole week's elimination diet of fruit and water and celery and carrots all raw, nothing else. We started Monday and I believe my nose and throat are getting a little better already.

Hazel is growing fast and actually putting on a little weight. Sonny is having a hard time keeping up in school. I haven't got on to what the matter really is. He is smart as a whip at home and far from dumb, but either his teacher doesn't know how to get the most out of him or he sits in a group of kids who are fooling most of the day. We will find out soon.

We are in the midst of all the discussion about the Land Lease Bill won in Congress. I believe the country is about 80% for the bill, some mildly and some rather uncertain about this stand. I believe it is the only course we can take if we hope to survive as a Democracy.

Tonight's news indicates that Japan is really going to make trouble. I believe we will be at war with Japan before we get in with Germany. I sometimes wonder what you could do to get out if Japan bottles up the entire Japanese coast and we go to war with her. It would then be the Chinese who will have to reciprocate and take care of you. There has been a lot of interest in China here in American and almost every large periodical has some article about the new order in China's fight for liberty in each issue.

The draft is taking a few men. I am a Reserve officer and will do my bit if called. At my age, my work would be mostly at home or administration. I have plenty that the country can use. Being married and having two children, I believe I will be one of the last called.

I believe this time the country knows a little more about what they are doing than prior to entering the last war. The country as a whole is wiser and more intelligent and better informed on the European and Asiatic situation than they were in 1916 and 1917.

I sometimes wonder whether I will ever get out to see my old Foochow again. If times ever get settled so free movement between countries is possible I would like to take the whole family out to see Foochow where I spent my boyhood days. It will be much changed, but they can't remove the rivers or the mountains and the ?? piles[?] will still be there. The Buffalow cows may be gone but the dogs should still be in packs around each village and the goats and ducks shall still be in flocks on the hills and in the rice fields.

The whole family is now well. The kids send their love and Ginny wants a little space for a few linens. We hope to see you back here before too long.

Lovingly your son,
Gould.

[The following is in Ginny's handwriting:]

Father and Mother Dear-

I'm going to save most of mine for a later letter, but I do want to say a big Thank You for your generousness at Christmas. It left us both quite speechless.

How very good it has seemed to the kiddies, and myself to have Gould home nearly all the time for a change. He seems to be much better this winter. More relaxed and at last feels at home in this house.

He is beginning to develop a bit of a work shop down cellar so spends quite a bit of time down there. I'm so very glad because it is a definite relaxation for him and maybe he'll get made some badly needed book cases, etc, also do a few odd jobs that will be a big help.

We think of you so often, and so glad you both seem to be completely happy in your work. May God guide and keep you always

Ever so much love
Ginny

*[This letter dated **Feb. 18, 1941** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. He has heard from Monnie since she moved and married in Canada and is glad that they are happy and that things were cleared for them to finally be married. He advises Geraldine to get plenty of rest. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.
Feb 18- 1941

Dear Geraldine:

Yesterday was Monnie's birthday and to celebrate it, we received the first letter from her from her new home written Sept 30th 3 ½ months. It was filled with good news. She is very happy. My own joy is great. After what she and Ralph and all of her family have been thru during the past two years, our happiness is only greater and deeper at the outcome thus far. But I had no positive proof and here I could only listen and keep still as I heard people express doubt about her ever marrying Ralph. So I expect I feel a deeper satisfaction over the consummation and her marriage and over her happiness as expressed in her letters. I wrote them that they had earned a big lot of happy times together from the months of enduring the thwarting of their plans. And what she writes of the uncles who opposed Ralph's marrying a missionary's daughter, and the one who refused to allow them to be married until he had proved his ability to run a station as manager throws a whole flood of light on what looked to some to be very ominous. She writes that both these uncles met her most cordially and tried in all ways to make up for all their seemingly unkind decisions. She writes that Ralph brought Davis Inlets Hudson's Bay Company's business out of 5 or 6 year old red into a paying investment. He did this in one year. Also that he has the confidence, respect and cooperation of the man who represents the workers there. These facts to me spell success. The sentence that touched me deepest in her letter was that Ralph suggested that they start the family altar in their home. From all I know now they are on the right track.

Your letter made me want to write at once cautioning you. But I did not and shall not for two reasons. 1. You are of age and you know yourself much better than I know you. 2. It would be so long before you received it that any mischief would have been done. But yet remember, that there are 24 hours in each day and it is wise to spend at least 8 of these in bed. (I spend 9 each nite and usually 1 in each afternoon there) and one or two more doing something not work for thirty or more years I have made it a rule to make up as soon as possible any loss of rest at nite. Lyman Abbott wrote in his life's story that if he had a spell of hard work ahead of him, he rested up ahead of it. By this means he did better work and did not get all fagged out by the extra work. I have tried this with satisfying results.

I enclose some reading matter for your edification and help, referring to the stamp. The \$100.00 check I wrote Oct. 12-1940 and it was No. 12. If you have not received it better write Aunt Mary the number, date and amount and ask her to intervene the Bank.

May God find up all profitable
Lots of love Father

Newsletter from Oberlin College titled "Ninety -One After Fifty Years"

China Contingent

Letters of unusual interest came for '91's noted China Contingent. "Order two plates for me at the 1942 Commencement Banquet" writes Willard L. Beard from Foochow. Mrs. Beard oversees a dozen women making embroidery on grass linen and has several new designs on the market. In 1939 Willard was made Associate Executive Secretary of the synod in a district the size of Connecticut, with seven boards of managers and executive committees. "I do a little of everything, even feeding pigs; he writes. He speaks three times a week, preaches now and then, and in February wrote checks for \$12,000. Perhaps these were Chinese dollars. In Chinese currency here are a few prices cited: kerosene \$8 a gallon; wheat flour \$125 for a 50 lb. bag.

"It is all right" says Willard, "for those who receive salaries in U.S. currency, but the Chinese on salaries and wages are paid in local currency. For a year many are jumping into the river."

When this letter was read, Alice asked couldn't we do something to help out the Chinese friends of Willard and Ellen and also of the Wilders; we all agreed, and began turning money over to her. Differences of exchange - 17 to 1- make an American dollar go far in China. The class is sending the two families \$300, which looks just like \$5100 to the Chinese.

[1891 Class newsletter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Jill, Etta Kinney Hume, Emma Kinney, Kathleen, Cynthia and Hugh Elmer taken about March of 1941 in Florida
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Beard]

Excerpt from an "Account of invasion of Foochow", **20 Apr 1941**, by Ellen Kinney Beard (Box 2, folder 17) Yale University Divinity School Library Archives:

"At least four bombers have just gone over my head but I couldn't see them and here go three more down river that I can see. You wonder at my heading. Well, yesterday at 2.45 pm the consul telephoned Mr. McClure that all women who had not a job that compelled them to stay had better go over to South Side, for the night, at least, for it is reported on good authority that troops have landed at Lieng Gong and Diong Loh and an invasion of Foochow is expected soon, perhaps tonight. He wanted a return call from Mr. McC in half an hour telling him how many and who would come over. Mr. McC called the Compound all together at Miss Houston's, explained the situation and asked how many would go. Nobody volunteered so he called the rolls as it were by saying, "Well, we'll begin with the Smiths' now they can go and Mrs. Beard can go and Miss Wiley...." Then he asked if we would go and we all said we would, it being the Consul's wish and advice. Then he asked the rest separately and they all said they would stay as they were all doctors and nurses of the Hospital and couldn't leave their patients – Dyer, Atwood, Jacobs, Saubli, Wilcox, the Jewish doctor and masseur. Miss Houston also said she would stay. McC responded, "Independent woman! The next time I marry I'm going to marry a man!"

Well, I had much to do to prepare to leave for an indefinite period (another single plane is just going over. They seem to be rumbling around in the distance much of the time). One thing – I had all my finished linen spread out on our two long tables in the process of pricing them. I wanted to take it all with me but finally could not conveniently do it, so gathered it all up and left it on the shelves of our closet. I hope it will not be looted.



Lyda S. Houston

SHE is finding expression for her Y. W. C. A. thinking in the school at Diong-loh, newly co-ed. She adds modernity to our mission groups.

I left the hens in Hok Uong's care allowing him to appropriate one egg a day and take the rest to Miss Houston. I also gave him all the cooked food I had left. Also I had to put bricks under all our wooden boxes (three of potatoes)

and two of other things and my trunk; this is to guard against white ants of which I have already found one nest in the bedroom. I tried to trace their tunnel in the basement wall, but could not. I left the house locked and windows all shut and hope it will be all right until I get back – I hope soon (another plane going over).

Yesterday was a hectic day. The siren blew at 5 o'clock but I was asleep and did not hear it. Just before 7 I heard planes coming and decided I had better get dressed and be ready for business. A few minutes later, two guns were fired indicating there were more than 20 planes on the wing. Somewhat later they boomed over us but I could not see them (there goes a bomb away down the river! and another! and another!) There were 11 in all and the Toppings from their veranda saw 7 of them (another bomb!) They were going over by 2's and 3's and singly at intervals all day until mid-pm. I heard 6 bombs go off up river; the Toppings heard 8 (another plane roars over low). Dr Dyer from her back veranda thought they fell above Upper Bridge somewhere. Yesterday was the longest time between the Ging-Bo and the Gai-Du – the siren and the all-off – there has ever been since the war began. The Consul says the Lieng Gong and Diong Loh have definitely been taken and the Government offices of those places have fled. But the invading force is not all Japanese; about 40 in each place are J and the rest are bandits, a hundred or two in each place that the J's have picked up to help them. We wonder about Miss Ward. I suspect she would feel obliged to stay and guard the property as she is the only foreigner there (another plane and others roaring in the distance).

I was assigned to Mrs. Wesley's and arrived there about 9 o'clock last evening. I found her and Clara Jean at Mrs. Lacy's for dinner so went there to report my arrival. Had an awfully slow man who did not run at all and couldn't pull me up the hills while ricksha pullers that passed us ran up (another plane just swooped over low, going down river, north-east) I had to walk the last half mile. I had 8 oranges left and over a dozen eggs, so I thought I would take the oranges and 8 of the eggs to my Nantai hostess-to-be, in part payment for my board. I packed them in a small fruit basket in which I bought the oranges and put them in the hood of the ricksha."

[This typewritten diary, dated April 22, 1941, was written from Ing Tai, China by Willard. He tells of the events of the invasion of Foochow by the Japanese through May 15th, 1941. Ellen is in Foochow while he is in Ing Tai. Diary from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Handwritten] Sunday Apr. 20- first report that Foochow was bombed.
Mon. Apr. 21 Students agitated.
Tues. Bert's radio says Foochow fallen.

[The following was typed:]

Ing Tai
DIARY

April 22nd, 1941.

April 22nd. Rumors have come here that Diong Loh has fallen to the Japanese. Day before yesterday there were rumors that Foochow had been heavily bombed. A class of eight Foochow students who were planning to unite with the church next Sunday, were planning a meeting this evening. I was to speak on Baptism. They did not meet. This was owing to rumors of invasion.

The last three lines are for Wednesday April 23.

Wed. More F.C. and Wenshan left.

April 24. Thursday

No mail since Sunday. Susan and Albert left this p.m. 2:00 o'clock for Foochow. I engaged their boat to Dai Chiong for \$24.80. They go to learn what the conditions are and to get money. No checks are cashed here on the street. 2 men arr'd to take boys and girls home.

April 25 Friday,

Rumors continue. It seems that we must believe Foochow has fallen. Diong Loh also. We are quiet, - except for rumors and fear. Yesterday two men came from Foochow, as said above.

April 26, Saturday.

Two men came about 4 p.m. with letters from Ellen and Mac to learn of our condition. Foochow is taken, Ellen went over S side, returned Tues. Just at dusk Mr. Pearson of the Salt Gabelle came here. He had left Foochow Apr. 18th to visit places on the coast toward Futsing to try and excellerate the production of salt. Hearing that Futsing was

taken he turned back for Foochow. Near Siong Ang (the birth place of Lin Sen China's President) he was attacked by bandits and everything taken from. He offered \$500.00 to boatmen to take him to Foochow in vain. His helper in the salt office had all the money for the crowd of 25 or more. He was taken by the bandits and it looked as if he bought off the bandits with about \$350.00 to which had and escaped to Foochow. Mr. Pearson turned back and came over to the Ing Tia river via Ek Du and Dai Chiong. And up to Ing Tai. He put up at the salt office here. He was roughly handled by the bandits but allowed to go.

April 27th, Sunday

Mr. Pearson took breakfast with us, also Lucy and Alice. After breakfast we all went to Susans for word had come to us that she and Albert arrived from Foochow Saturday at 10 p.m. We found them with money and news. It took them from 2:00 p.m. Thurs. until 10:00 p.m. Saturday to make the round trip, 56 hours. Quick trip. They reported Foochow in the control of the Japanese but conditions not too bad. Estimates as high as 30,000 Japanese or Formosans in the city The Japanese flag everywhere, and out as far Uang Bieng. They came back from Foochow, starting at 4:30 a.m. in rickshas to Gung Muo. It rained and they were stopped once or twice but told to go on. They walked to Uang Bieng. A launch was lying off shore. They took a small boat out to it. After floating about for an hour the launchmen thought it safe to start for Duo Kau. The journey was made with no trouble. From Duo Kau they walked to Ing Tai arriving at 10:00 p.m. No they took a boat from a little above Duo Kau to Dai Kau. They had on their persons \$16,000.00

Mr. Pearson went up with us all to Susans house after breakfast, about 10:30. There we heard again his story, and their report. The Magisthare [*Magistrate there?*] was arranging a boat to take him to Uang Bieng. He left us about 11:00 a.m. A rumor came about 7 p.m. that two boats had been seen at Uang Bieng with Japanese soldiers on them and then IT SEEMED AS IF THEY WERE COMING UP THE ING TAI RIVER. This caused some excitement among the Dung Ing Teachers. A meeting was called and it was decided to allow any students to go home who wished to go. We did not tell any one else of this rumor.

April 28th Monday

This morning another meeting of the teachers. No confirmations of the rumor about the boats coming up river. Most of the Dung Ing students have gone home, - perhaps 75 left, - no homes to go to.

How can I make the condition of this people at this time vivid? Just as I was sitting down to lunch today two men came to see me. One of them was a student of mine almost thirty years ago. The other I have known for twenty five years. He has been connected with the Foochow Y.M.C.A. for twenty five years. He has considered his own interests before those of the Y.M.C.A. But he is still a Y. secretary. The Y. school has moved up to Dai Kau six miles down the river from here. It has used a building built by Mr. Smith. The Principal went with thirty students up thru here last Friday. He is going away for his own safety and that of his students. These two men came to me today and said; - We must leave here and go far into the interior to go away from the Japanese. They will kill us if they can catch us. We have wives and children at Dai Kau. We want to find a place for them to stay in safety. Have you a house or a room for them? And will you take them to Foochow when you of? We must leave them. This is to save our lives. One of them left a small package in which he said were \$600.00. But this shows only one side of the picture. The other is that these men must think not only of the Japanese, they must think also of the bandits among their own nationals. And one enemy is as bad as the other. I suggested that several people living in Ing Tai had moved their families to the country, - off into the mountains. The reply was, - yes but they are going among relatives. We have no relatives in the mountains. We do not even have friends there. We must depend on you. There is no one else we can trust.

The sun rose beautiful this morning. About 9:00 a.m. it was cloudy. At 1:00 p.m. it began to rain. It has rained much for many weeks. This just now keeps the air planes away and it is good for tense nerves.

TUESDAY, April 29th.

Students from Foochow College and from Wenshan returned from Ming Chiang this morning. They had heard firing at Ming Chiang. Some of them, at least one girl had been robbed by bandits. Her dress was taken off and all the things they carried were taken. One day they got wet thru and their heavy winter coats were so burdensome they threw them away and when the weather turned cold they got cold. These few have had enough of such experience. An order from the Educational Bureau has come telling all schools to go to a place Sa Gaing. Perhaps it is ten days journey from here over very mountainous roads. My guess is that the order will not be obeyed by Foochow and Wenshan students. They have had their lark, and are pretty well satisfied. The Principals of Dun Ing, Wenshan and Foochow College are very steady. With the lesser number of students and with these steady heads the mental weather is much steadier. This morning we read at the breakfast table from TO DAY the reading meant for March 29th. The line at top of page is "Live one day at a time" other sentences are. - "Worry is not work, it is merely frictions." Bishop Quayle said that once, when he was alone in his study late at night, tortured with anxiety over

many problems, it seemed as God said to him,- "Quayle, you go to bed; I'll sit up the rest of the night." Tuesday is my day to speak at prayers at the Junior High. I used the page in TO DAY.

Wednesday April 30th.

To day Wenshan is loading two boats with effects to take to Sing Kau. The plan is to send these on ahead and the teachers and students will wait for an indefinite period hoping that it will not be necessary to go. The Principal and Dean of the Diong Loh school at Cha Ding Gio came to talk about the order from the Educational bureau, ordering all schools to move west. They are in a box. To obey means uncertainty, - all along the way and as to where the journey will end and as to what they will be able to do when they get there. On other hand if they do not obey the Bureau may refuse to allow them to open again. ?ing Maiu Daik from Gak Liang came in about 9 o'clock and said he saw 30 horses from Futsing at Dai Kau on their way here. The soldiers had not yet arrived. They were fleeing Futsing. At a faculty meeting last nite Dung Ing decided to tell the graduating class they must all decide either to attend classes for a month and then receive certificates or go home now, with certificates of what they had finished of the term. To day is a beautiful day.

May 1st. Thursday.

Another beautiful day. Calm, serene with the everlasting hills all about us just as God has been sustaining them for thousands of years. The sun in all his glory looking down on this distracted world. The roads from Ing Tai in a westernly direction full of boys and girls going somewhere, west. One girl came back from Mintsing yesterday walking all the way from Lek Du about 20 miles alone with feet covered with blisters from walking over from Ing Tai four or five days ago. Mr. Humphry of the Meth. Mission, Lek Du, Mintsing wrote and sent the letter by this girl. He tried to go to Foochow a few days ago. He went to the river and the Magistrate stopped him,- said the ?? was unsafe. He intimated he might come over here and go to Foochow from here, so we may have a guest some day. ?ung Ing is feasting the Magistrate this evening,- the one who is just leaving. In such beautiful and peaceful surroundings, one has to try hard to realize that the world is in such a mess, "and only man is-." Yesterday I sent a postal to Foochow for Mother by boatman who promised to put it in a post box in the suburb. He would not go into the city. The firing heard at Mintsing may be a fight between Chinese factions, not between Chinese and Japanese. Now here comes a man who said he met a girl that answers to the description of the poor little thing mentioned above with her feet covered with blisters, riding in a chair between here and Lek Du. Question, Did she make up the story of her walking all the way? If so some head she has.

To day more people came from Foochow to take students home to Foochow. Wenshan has loaded two boats with beds etc. to take to Ngu Deng Muoi preparatory to girls and teachers walking up. When will they go? When it seems necessary. In the mean time I have to keep after pig herder to give them pigs enough food. Today I bought 164 lbs. of very small potatoes for them at 10 cents per lb.

Friday May 2nd.

Last nite about 6:30 Humphrey of Mintsing arrived, having walked from Lek Du. Mintsing since 6:30 a.m. No trouble. Dung Ing gave a farewell feast for the retiring Magistrate ?? Uong and his wife. She is an earnest Christian and he is favorable. He is quite outspoken that if the Ing Tai soldiers were any good 200 of them could easily hold Ing Tai against the invaders. This morning Ming Sing Humphrey and I walked to see the new Magistrate about a boat for Humphrey and I walked to see the new Magistrate about a boat for Humphrey to go down river. He had gone to Dong Seng and was on his way back. We will need to wait til he comes before anything can be done about a boat or a pass. In case he does not get a boat or a pass one thing is left for him to go that is go on his own foot and run the risk.

Saturday May 3rd.

Yesterday the magistrate issued a "privilege" for Humphrey to hire a special boat down river. He also issued a pass for him. But he decided to wait until this morning and go on the regular passenger boat. We went down to see him off. There were two boats, both full. They were off a few minutes after 6:00 o'clock. Now at seven it is raining. The east was beautiful at 5:30, such an early rain may bring a nice day. Students are trickling back from all parts to Dung Ing and they are on the move all about. There was one boat load from Mintsing, from a school in Foochow. That made three boats down this morning.

Rumor;- The Willis F. Pierce Hospital was entered and some nurses taken by Japanese soldiers.

Sunday May 4th.

This morning I was told that Chai Buo Tieng had sent word that it would be better for the Wenshan school NOT to come to Sing Kau. It is a beautiful morning, Calm, clear as a bell cool. "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile". When will men realize that by getting afraid of each other and fighting each other and using all manner of inventions to maim and kill other men, he only brings all manner of evil on himself and all others. The little boy who came in last evening from Pagoda saying that his father and mother had both left home and he had gone to Foochow and from there was advised to go to Yeng Bing where he said he had an uncle, and to go by way of Ing

Tai, that he was held up by bandits at Geng Kau and all his money, about \$3.00 taken from him, and that he was living in the refugee camp here for a few days, wanted to go on to Mintsing, and from there to Yang Ping, came again this morning. I told him last nite that I would give him \$3.00 when we was ready to start. I gave him \$3.00, this morning. It was refreshing to go into a Bible class of six boys who sat with eager faces as we studied about the events that led up to the birth of Moses. Stories of bandits on the lower river are many. There is a stretch not under the Ing Tai government, but technically under Foochow which is now in Japanese controlled territory, therefore each man is a law unto himself. I have not heard of a person being injured but the bandits take all personal effects. At 3:00 p.m. a man appeared with a letter to Mrs. McVay and one for Ferot. He was a messenger from Mr. Pearson in Foochow to the Salt office here. He said that Mr. Pearson arrived last week without incident in Foochow from here. He had no difficulty in coming up. He will come again this evening at six for letters to take down tomorrow.

Monday May 5th

Students of Dung Ing coming back all the time. Yesterday a man from Mr. Pearson came from Foochow with a letter from Mr. McVay to Mary Frances, and one from Pearson to Albert. No news of Foochow. We did get a little from the messenger. He said only 1000 or 2000 Japanese in Foochow. Not much trouble. We all wrote letters and sent by him to Foochow. He was to start this morning. Today the military general for all of Fukien arrived in Ing Tai, Uong Ding Ngu, he is an American returned student and reported to be a strong man. A Foochow College student came from Foochow this morning and said the Union Hospital was not invaded.

Tuesday May 6th.

The military have moved into Ne Mu's house, the house which Wen Shan had just fixed up for the smaller girls. They all had to move out and let the soldiers in. The Diong Loh school is in trouble. Yesterday seven boys went home with men who had come from their homes. The others wanted to go. The Principal said not until their parents sent for them. His faculty did not stand with him. Some of them sided with the students and it makes an awkward position for him. Iong, U Tang and I told him to stand by his decision. It has been a sultry day with a shower at 4:00 p.m. We dressed another pig this afternoon.

Wednesday May 7th.

Nothing new this morning as far as I can learn. Ming Sing spent the whole day with the Commander in Chief of the Fukien forces.

Thursday May 8th.

Last nite all the foreigners and Mrs. Uong and Siek and Miss Uong had dinner with Susan and Albert. The soldiers are in the Siek house. This was used by Wenshan. They are in a house used by Foochow College and in the house used by the Higher Primary. They tried last nite to get the orphanage but men did not open the gate and they went away. The Commander is in this dialect Uong Ding Ngu. He spent a year in the U.S.A. studying munitions and war in general. A man came from George Newell this morning asking about Humphrey and asking us to get a request to Boston for \$500 ½ from A.B.C.F.M. ½ from Meth. This is to be used for moving. They are beginning to realize that it costs to move a school.

May 14th.

Yesterday was the first news since May 9th. That day I called on Commander Uong, -a pleasant man, looks as if he knew his business. He has an Aide that inspires confidence.

May 10th Saturday

Lorin Humphrey with the wives of Jimmy Ding, Principal of Anglo Chinese College and of Ling Guang Bing Principal of Union High, and some students and a refugee, Mrs. Guok a widow and her five children aged from 4 months to 8 years, arrived from Foochow incident.

May 11th Sunday

A hot day. Humphrey had an order given by the Salt Office in Foochow on their office here for \$8000.00. I found here only \$6400.00. I made up the \$1600.00 and the office will give it to me on the 17th of May.

May 12th Monday

The Humphrey party (without Mrs. Guok and her progeny) left for Mintsing. A little cooler today. Foochow College coolies left today for Foochow. I sent letter to Ellen. No news.

May 13th Tuesday

No news today. Much cooler this afternoon.

May 14th Wednesday

Cold. I went into my trunk for warmer clothes. This afternoon we heard that the Chinese had taken Futsing. Commander Uong went to Dong Seng last Saturday. This evening Alberts radio said the Second in Command in Germany had flown along and unarmed to Scotland and given himself up. He said the government in Germany was in a mess. The rulers of the world do not know what to make of it. This is all we know now at 9:30 a.m. May 15th.

May 15th 9:30 a.m.

The Mrs. Guok who came with Humphrey last Saturday is here on the veranda with all her baggage and one of her children. This morning we hear the phone between here and Dong Seng acted queerly at 1:30 a.m. Then the news came thru that there was fighting between Dong Seng and Futsing. This morning an order came from the Magistrate to move the School to Ngu Deng Muoi. The students got the news before the Principal. All soldiers have left Ing Tai for Dong Seng. This is at 9:45. It is raining hard. Principal Iong has been to several officials and thinks the facts are;- Last nite sometime two launches with men in them came up to Dong Seng. The soldiers there drove them back. They came in the very early morning again and were again driven back. Magistrate U has gone to Gak Liang. He asked the 75th division to help him and they refused. All officials are packed up ready to leave. Foochow students are ready to start for Shaowu when the rain ceases.

*[This typewritten letter dated **May 15, 1941** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to his family and relatives. Bandits are in control of land and river routes between Foochow and Ing Tai. He includes excerpts from his diary entries from April 20 – May 20 after hearing that Foochow had fallen. Ellen is still in Foochow and he hopes to bring her to Ing Tai. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ing Tai, Foochow, China.
May 15th. 1941.

Dear Gould and Virginia, Geraldine, Dorothy and Harold, Marjorie and Ralph, Kathleen and Hugh, Phebe and Mary, Ben and Abbie, Annie, Stanley and Myra, Emma, Elbert and Etta.

Will Geraldine please send to Gould, Dorothy to Kathleen and she to Marjorie, Emma to Etta. Stanley and family one letter.

The last letter I sent in installments, on different dates and from different places. I hope some of them reach you. Mother is still in Foochow and I am still in Ing Tai. Both are well as far as I know. About twice week we get letters each way. This is by special messenger or by some one close to us that is going. One man who had many letters was relieved of them all. Fortunately he had a companion. He himself returned to Foochow and reported. Duplicate letters were written and he got thru with these. It has not seemed wise for me to try to go down yet. Bandits are in the lower part of the Ing Tai river. The visitors from East control on land over to the point where we take the boat. From there to the place where we get the small boat to come up the rapids is a no man's land or water and the bandits have it to themselves.

We have had no trouble here. Rumors have been as numerous and as far from the truth as usual. It takes more self-control on my part to stay here and keep sweet and level headed, than it does to keep calm in the midst of rumors, and the running to and fro of many frenzied ones. I have kept a diary from the day we heard of the "fall" of Foochow. It will not be very exciting but I'll try to condense it so as not to take too much of your time.

April 20, Sunday. First report that Foochow has been bombed.

- " 21 Report of yesterday seems true. Students, 2000 much agitated.
- " 22 Monday, Bert Farot's radio says Ning Po falls.
- " 22 Monday Rumors that Diong Loh has fallen. Some students leaving.
- " 23 Wednesday. No new news, students not attending classes, Excited.
- " 24 Thursday. No mail since last Sunday. Susan Armstrong and Albert Faurot left this afternoon at 2:00 for Foochow. No checks are cashed on the street here. They went for 1. to get news, 2. to get money. Two men arrived from Foochow to take students home.
- " 25 Friday. It seems we must believe Foochow and Diong Loh are gone.
- " 26th Sat. Two men came from Mother and McClure to learn of our condition. Foochow is taken. Mother went South Side at request of Consul. Miss Wiley also went. Just at dusk Mr. Pearson, British, head of Salt Office in Foochow appeared at our house. He left Foochow Apr. 17th. To visit places on the coast hoping to increase the amount of salt made. Near Futsing he heard the city was taken and turned back. Near Siong Ang (the birthplace of China's President, Bin Seng) bandits took everything from him except the clothes he had on. He offered \$500.00 to the boatman to take him to

Foochow, in vain. His helper had all the money \$350.00 for the use of the company, about 25. The bandits got him but he bought himself off and got to Foochow. Mr. Pearson turned about and rather wandered. He brought up here, after walking 250 miles. He was in another hospital in Foochow for hernia at the same time with me. When he started the doctor told him not do much walking. He put up at the salt office here.

“ 27th. Sunday. Pearson came to us for breakfast at 9:00 a.m. All the foreigners met at Susan's after breakfast for we heard that she and Albert got home at 10 p.m. last nite. They had brought back \$16,000.00 in cash!! Had no trouble either way. Foochow is in the control of Japanese. Conditions not too bad. Mr. Pearson left for Foochow a little after noon. We decided to allow Dung Ing students to [go] home if they wished to.

April 28, Monday. A rumor that the two boats with Japanese in them were coming up the Ing Tai river set a lot of students and some teachers to spinning. More than half of our Dung Ing students are gone.

“ 29, Tuesday. Students returned from Mintsing this morning. They reported a hard trip. Hot, rain tired. Bandits were reported. (This was later refuted) Some of the girls started with winter coats. When too hot they simply threw them away. An order from the Educational Bureau tells all schools to go to the interior. Our Principal says they are a set of kids. They take a map and point to a place and say that is a good place for this school, and then so order. The order is not practicable. So the school sits tight. The Principals of Wenshan, Foochow College and Dung Ing are steady and calm. They can think. With them here the mental weather is steadying. This morning we read from TO DAY, the reading for March 29th. “Live one day at a time”. “Worry is not work it is merely friction.” Bishop Quale said one evening he was alone in his study late worrying over many problems. It seemed as if God said to him,- “Quale, you go to bed. I'll sit up the rest of the night.”

“ 30, Wednesday. Today Wenshan is loading two boats with baggage to start for Sing Kau. The boats will go only to Ngu Deng Muoi, half way. The Principal of Diong Loh school came to talk with me. He is up against it. The government orders him to move. He is as safe where he is as in any place. He has no money to go. If he does not move, will the government close his school? Ling Maiu Daik came this morning from Gak Liang. He teaches a school there. He saw 30 horses from Futsing at Dai Kau. The soldiers are fleeing!! Dung Ing this evening at a faculty meeting decided to tell the graduating class they must as a whole either attend classes for a month, receive certificates and call themselves graduates, or as a whole take some kind of a certificate and go home now. To day is a beautiful day.

May 1st. Thursday. Another beautiful day, - calm peaceful, serene with the everlasting hills all about us just as God made them, - and just as he has been sustaining them for thousands of years. The sun in all his glory looks down on this distracted world. The roads in all directions from Ing Tai full of boys and girls “going west”, some of them do not know where. One girl 15, came covered with blisters, from walking over a few days ago. She came all alone. She is a heroine. Mr. Humphrey sent a letter by her saying he tried to get to Foochow down the river from Mintsing. The river was closed. He may try via Ing Tai. The next day a friend was in my study and chanced to mention that he saw a girl in a chair alone who had just come from Mintsing. Our little heroine was rejoicing in a short lived notoriety. She at least had imagination and could carry off a bluff. People are coming from Foochow every day to take students, boys and girls to Foochow. Wenshan has loaded two boats to go up river to Ngu Deng Mui to wait for students and teachers. No date is set for them to start. It is really sort of a bluff. The teachers do not want to go.

May 2nd. Friday. About 6:30 last nite Humphrey arrived from Mintsing. Dung Ing gave a feast to the retiring magistrate this evening. His wife was with him. He was a student of mine one term long ago. She is an earnest Christian. He is favorable. He is quite outspoken that 200 soldiers in Ing Tai if of the right stuff could hold off any invaders. Spent the day negotiating for a boat to take Humphrey down the river.

Humphrey left this morning for Foochow on the regular passenger boat. There were three boats full. Students are trickling back to Dung Ing. Rumor says, Union Hospital entered by the visitors and some of the nurses taken.

Sunday May 4th.

A 14 year old boy came from Pagoda, on his way to Yeng Ping, -robbed by bandits, staying in a refugee camp here. Wants to go to Yeng Ping today. I gave him \$3.00. A man came from Mr. Pearson with letters for Mary Frances and Albert. He came up on business for the Salt Office, no trouble. He will take letters to Foochow. This is our only means of communication with Foochow.

Monday May 5th.

Students coming back to Dung Ing all the time. Yesterday a man from Mr. Pearson arrived. The messenger said there were only 2 or 3 thousand in Foochow. It was the first that we knew Pearson got home all right. Uong Ding Ngu the general in charge of all Fukien troops arrived here today. A F.C. student arrived to say the hospital was not invaded.

Tuesday May 6th.

The military has moved into Ne Mu's house. They helped the Wenshan girls carry out their furniture. Some men came to conduct home 7 boys from Diong Loh. Forty other boys wanted to follow. The principal refused to let them go. We here advised him to stand by his decision. We dressed another pig this afternoon.

Wednesday May 7th.

Nothing new. Ming Sing spent the whole day with Commander Uong. He showed him the town.

Thursday, May 8th.

Last nite all foreigners and Mrs. Iong and Mrs. Sick and Principal Uong of Wenshan dined with Susan and Bert. Soldiers tried to get into the orphanage but the men did not open the door and the men, soldiers, left. I had a very pleasant call on the Commander Uong. He spent a year in the U.S. about 1935.

Friday May 9th. No news

Saturday May 10th.

Lorin Humphrey with the wives of Jimmy Bing, Principal Anglo Chinese College, and Ing Guang Bing Principal Union High, some students and a widow Guok with five children arrived from Foochow. The children are from 4 months to 8 years old. She was all right comfortably situated in Foochow. But she disregarded all advice and attached herself to Humphrey. She has \$500 with her. She tried to attach herself to me, in vain. She is in to make trouble for herself and for others.

Sunday May 11th.

Humphrey has an order from the Salt Office in Foochow for \$8000 on the Salt Office here. The Fukien Bank and the Salt Office had only \$6400 on hand. I fortunately could make up the \$1600. and took a promissory note from the Salt Office.

Monday May 12th

Humphrey and party left this a.m. A chair cost \$54 to Mintsing, about 30 miles, a load \$36. They had four chairs and six carriers. This is one days expenses. Foochow College coolies left for Foochow, I sent letter by them to Mother.

Tuesday May 13th All quiet no news.

May 14th. Wednesday

Cold, we all went into trunks for warmer clothing. Rumor says Chinese have taken back Futsing. Commander Uong went to Dong Seng to day to fight any one trying to go to Futsing. Albert's radio said Hess had landed in Scotland from Berlin. You know all that has been conjectured.

Thursday May 15th.

Mrs. Guok and one child and the two coolie loads are on my veranda. I have told her she must leave. If she brings more of her children here I shall call the police. She has left. All soldiers have left Ing Tai. The magistrate has gone to Cak Liang. It seems certain that the enemy came up to near Dong Seng, and went inland. There was a battle with casualties on both sides. Magistrate U went down to Gak Liang. He asked the 75th division to help him. They refused. They have now gone to a safe place in the mountains to "rest". Our radio told us of the landing of Hess in Scotland.

Friday May 16th.

The last of Foochow Coll. students left for Shaowu.

Saturday May 17th.

University coolies passed thru on way to Shaowu. We are a metropolis, - right on the direct(?) route from one place to other places. Gave a man \$50 to buy charcoal 26 miles up the river. Two girl refugees met me as I came out on

the veranda for breakfast. They are fine looking girls from Futsing, hospital. They are orphans with no where to go. Futsing is in "occupied" territory now. I found breakfast for them.

Sunday no news

Monday May 19

Henry Lacy arrived just before dusk. He is one of about 40 Methodists who went to Shanghai the last of March to elect 2 bishops. He has been a month on the way via Amoy in a Butterfield and Swire, British boat, fare \$300 sent to Chuang Chow, Ing Ang, Yeng Ping, Mintsing, Ing Tai in boats, on foot and in busses. Travel expenses to Ing Tai \$900.

Tuesday May 20

Spent the morning helping Lacy get his pass, boat etc. for Foochow. He thought he had a boat too small for the widow and her children to get in. But when we went to the boat there she was and all hers, she was profuse in her fears lest she was too late but it was all right. She really was his protégé. He rather coerced her husband to go to study in Shanghai where he died last year. He had promised to see her and her husband thru. Now we want to know how the party got thru. Mary Francis and I want to send a messenger down tomorrow morning with letters to our own with instructions to bring back replies.

This is the end of this epistle.

No letter has come to us since April 20th. No paper either. We have a fairly good battery radio, from which we hear Manila and Treasure Island, transcribed. [*Treasure Island is an manmade island between San Francisco and Oakland. It was built in 1939 for the Golden Gate International Exposition. During World War II Treasure Island became part of the Treasure Island Naval Base, where it served largely as an electronics and radio communications training school, and as the major Navy departure point for sailors active in the Pacific theatre of the war.*

"Treasure Island California". Wikipedia. September 7, 2009

<[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Treasure_Island_\(California\)>](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Treasure_Island_(California)>).] But I am telling you it would be good to get a home letter. If any one of you to who we sent this ever get it and conditions are as they are now, you could send a message to "The Mail Bag," Treasure Island, San Francisco, California and it will be read Sunday evening. We listened last Sunday evening for 10 to 11 and heard a lot of news that concerned Foochow people.

I have hopes of getting to Foochow next week and I hope to bring Mother up. It is quiet and pleasant here. And I think it is easier to get food here than in Foochow.

God is just the same as ever, thoughtful of his children and caring for them now as ever. Some of them are pretty ungrateful and willful, and block his efforts. Pray for peace.

Very lovingly,

Father.

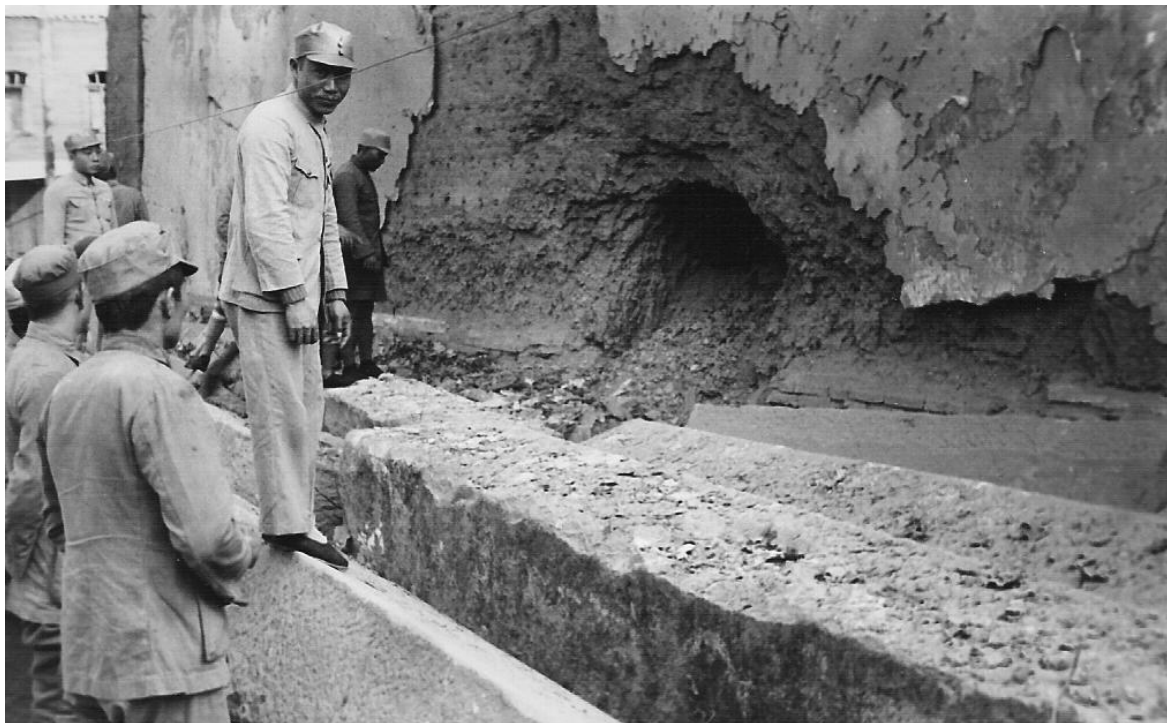
[This note dated **May 24, 1941** was written from Ing Tai, China by Willard. He talks about a bombing in Ing Tai. Donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Ing Tai May 24- 1941

We were bombed this a.m. at 10 o'clock. About 6 bombs dropped. Perhaps 10 killed and 20 wounded. No great damage to property. 2 planes. They went directly over me. I have 3 pieces of a bomb.

WLB

[The following photos were probably taken in 1941 or earlier showing the destruction from the bombings. Original photos donated to Yale by family in 2007.]







[This letter dated **June 8, 1941** was probably written from Century Farm in Shelton, CT by Phebe to Gerry, Dot and Harold. They have been busy with China Relief activities and family events. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

June 8, 1941

Dear Gerry and Dot and Harold

See the date of this "good intention". Now it is June 22 and these two weeks have been full of picnics, meetings and China Relief activities and now on Tuesday we are giving a home luncheon for Marian Mills, Well's fiancée [Wells is Oliver Wells Beard, son of Bennett Nichols Beard – Willard's brother] and wish that you could all be here. The wedding is planned for next Sat. evening in the chapel of the Presb. Church in B-port where she goes. They are having no wedding but we are all asked to come if we wish. Leolyn Jr. and little Nancy [Griffith] are at Seaver's [Seaver Smith] in N. Haven and are to be here all of July. They will be with us the first two weeks of July. Fred's [Griffith] planning to come on for 5 days- buy a car and take them back. We haven't seen them yet for Seaver's son graduated from Yale and was married yesterday and in their immediate family there were 5 weddings and 4 commencements so Leolyn is being kept busy in these at present, but she is going to run away Tuesday and come out here for the day. To go back to China Relief- we spent on a week of inclusive work. Mary was chairman and with the Mayor and Pres. of the bank, 8 back her, also the ministers and a lot of people to help. They made nearly \$800.00 and money is still coming in bits. We had hoped to make \$1000.00 and may sure do it yet. We had a display of Chinese things in the large lobby of the Commercial Building with tea served afternoon and evening. Three large garden parties and a float with loud speaker which went all thro Shelton and Derby during the afternoon.



Left to right: Fred Griffith, Nancy and Leolyn Beard Griffith – July 1941
 This is probably the new car that Phebe refers to in the previous paragraph.
[Letter from a negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On the 10th of June we had Stanley's family- Nancy and Fred [*Stanley Beard's daughter Nancy and her husband Fred Forbes*] came for about 4 days- here for luncheon to celebrate Myra's and Stanley's 25th Anniversary. M. Palmer was very sick at the hospital so we didn't try to do much. Mr. P. is at last getting better and ?? life is coming back from ?? heart attack. Edith's [*Bennett Nichols Beard's daughter, Edith Beard Valentine*] baby is a darling- growing like a weed. Win is going to be hospital soon for another operation on the roof of his mouth and help his speech. We do hope that this time will be the last for that. We heard last night that Stephen may drive to Cal. with some other boys- starting Wed. Ruth is studying at Jouliards and take a course at Columbia- ??each busy.

If any or all of you can come on while Leolyn is here do come. It would be fine. I wish that we could hear just when and how your parents are. We had Fulton's wedding announcement. He is in the thick of things too, and now it is Russian and ?? ?

Dan bought Danny [*Bennett Nichols Beard's son, Dan and grandson, Danny*] a black pony for his birthday. He doesn't go out on the roads much yet. He rode down here Memorial Day but Dan came along just to be sure he was all right.



This is probably the black pony (Bucky) that Phebe refers to in the previous paragraph seen here with Danny and Beverly Beard about 1941 at Century Farm.

[Photo from a negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We may go down to Stanley's the last of the week to pick cherries. They have a tree full of lovely big red ones. Don Frazier and his wife (our pastor) have gone to Storrs [*Storrs, CT*] for the Smith conference this week and Grandma Frazier is coming for 7 mos. old Bonnie Ann.

Will you please forward this letter. If Gerry wasn't to send it to Kathleen too OK for I do not seem to get at letter writing as often as I should.

We were out Thursday and ?? ?? get back ?? Gould's card stuck in the door saying that he and Jinny and Willard were on their way home from Putnam where he had been making speeches at Alumni meetings ?? the Heyte[*High?*] Sch. Jinny can't come Tuesday for Dot Littlewood is giving a luncheon for Jinny, her mother and Lillian on that day. Jinny was at her mothers the day Stanley's family were here so she drove down just long enough to see Nancy and Fred, who are still as happy as can be and have begun their new house.

With love-

Phebe

Dot please send to Gerry.



July of 1941

L to R standing: Oliver Wells Beard and Marion, Seymour Valentine behind his mother, Harriet Valentine, Edith Beard Valentine, Edith's friend Dorothy Ziegler holding Jay Valentine, Phebe M. Beard, Abbie Beard, Frederick Ziegler (Seymour Valentine's boyhood friend). [Win Valentine helped identify Harriet, Dorothy and Frederick.]

Front row of children L to R: Danny Beard, Win Valentine, Nancy Griffith, Beverly Beard.

[Photo from a negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This typewritten letter dated **July 26, 1941** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Mary to Gould, Dot, Jerry and Kathleen. Mr. Wynn Fairfield has written that Willard and Ellen and other missionaries are waiting to get passage to return to the U.S. because of problems in China. She talks about visits with other family members. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

July 26, 1941
Century Farm

Dear Gould, Dot, Jerry, Kathleen and all the family of each;

My reply to the letter to Wynn Fairfield came today. This is it:

"We have received a message from McClure through the State Department including: "BEARDS NEWELLS, HELEN SUSAN HAZEL AWAITING PASSAGE." This was sent July 9. Usually this means that they are awaiting trans-Pacific passage, which we authorized back in May for any who felt they should leave. It may also mean that they have problems getting out of Foochow, altho an earlier letter spoke if they hoped that after a few weeks more they might be able to get passage out on one of the numerous Japanese boats which were passing in and out of the Min River freely then.

"Since almost all of the American boats have ceased taking east bound passengers, and now Japanese boats will not come to American harbors, the problem of trans-Pacific transportation is a serious one. If the "freezing"

regulations are applied to occupied China, it may be even more serious. I am planning on Monday, when I cable about other matters, to include a sentence authorizing them to come by Dutch boat via Manilla. This is more expensive, but they may have thought of it anyway." End of quote.

Mr. Fairfield adds a personal line that his daughter Margaret who I knew when I visited them at Taiku as a two year old, has a little daughter 2 ½ now.

Shelton has raised \$510.15 for the United China Relief. Derby, Seymour and Ansonia have added enough so our full amount sent to New York is \$826.89. I have just typed a letter for the Sentinel and hope this one brings forth a few more checks. It has been so each time before.

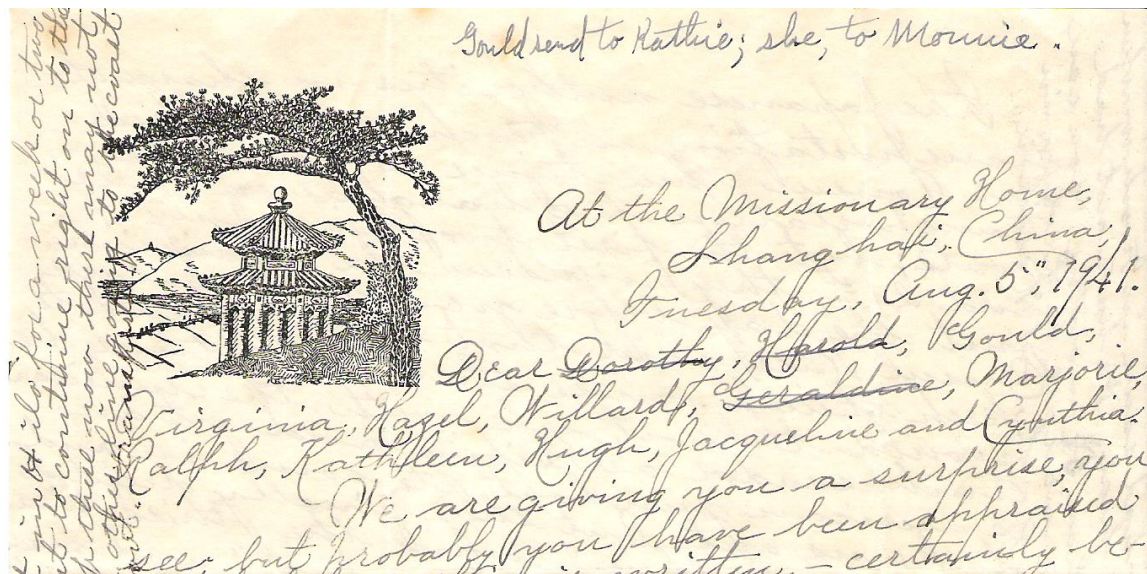
Yesterday we had Stanley, Myra and Stephen for dinner. Gould, Jinny and the children called. Both children are better from the whooping cough and we hope to feel free to ask them to stay next time they come. In the afternoon, Stanley, Stephen and I called on Ben and Abbie. After supper, Stanley, Myra, Stephen and Phebe went to Woodmont to see Leolyn and Nancy. Stanley had his pictures of their western trips in which are several with Leolyn, Nancy, Leolyn Sr. and William. Seaver Jr. and his bride were there and they had just been to the Yellowstone so were most interested.

I stayed home with a College friend who made a mistake Sunday morning about 3.30 and stepped off the top stairs instead of turning left and fell to the first floor. We had her thoroughly ex-rayed and there are no broken or cracked bones. So it is a case of getting over innumerable bumps and bruises. Stanley and Myra returned home this afternoon. Stephen stayed up to see "Johnathan" a "boy-friend" coming to see Esther from Princeton where Esther has been working this summer.

Had cards from Jerry and Kathleen today, a letter from Nancy also. So this counts a GOOD day.

With much love

Aunt Mary.



[This letter dated **Aug. 5, 1941** was written from Shanghai, China by Ellen Kinney Beard to her children and grandchildren back in the states. It announces their early departure from China because of Japanese occupation. She talks of the difficulties getting passage to Shanghai and how they were fumigated on the way. She tells of their stay in the Missionary Home in Shanghai and the activities there. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

At the Missionary Home,
Shanghai, China,
Tuesday, Aug. 5, 1941.

Dear Dorothy, Herald, Gould, Virginia, Hazel, Willard, Geraldine, Marjorie, Ralph, Kathleen, Hugh, Jacqueline and Cynthia,

We are giving you a surprise, you see; but probably you have been appraised of it before this is written, - certainly before this reaches you.

Yes, we are coming home before the expiration of our intended term of service, and are thus far on our way, waiting for reservations on a Dollar Line boat to take us across the Pacific.

You, of course, knew that the State Department long ago requested all Americans who could to leave the Orient and come to the States, especially women and children and men who were not absolutely needed. Our Consul Rice forwarded the message from Washington to us, and a repetition of it a few weeks later, and has ever since been strongly urging that just as many as could possibly be spared prepare to leave and he would do his utmost to get transportation to take us out; for Foochow is now a closed port and no ships come in or go out except Japanese boats on their own business.

Our mission had two meetings to decide who should go, and they put us on the list because of our age! Helen Smith and Miss Armstrong, because their furlos were due, Mr. and Mrs. Newell on account of her health, and Miss Atwood since her furlo is due next year. A Methodist lady is in our party, Miss Elizabeth Richey, who has been packed up and waiting for a chance to get out for four months.

The Japanese authorities in charge of transportation in Foochow, promised our Consul three times to grant us transportation to Shanghai on their boats; but the first two times, July 17 and 21st, they withdrew the permission just the day before we were to embark. Consul Rice said that if they failed to keep their promise the third time, he would take it up with the American Ambassador at Peiking and get an American gunboat to come in and take us out. But they finally decided to stand by their promise the third time and so, after much "red tape" and much waiting we finally embarked on July 26.

After we were on the boat at Pagoda Anchorage, "the Tianan Maru", we learned that she was going first to Keelung, Formosa and from there to Shanghai. But alas, we could not go ashore at Keelung as our passports had no Japanese visa. The Japanese government has recently made a ruling that no foreigners (Westerners) may visit Japan or any of her occupied territory.

However, when we reached Keelung they took us ashore as prisoners, to fumigate us and all our baggage, and fumigated the ship while we were gone, because we came from an infected port. There were a very few cases of cholera and of bubonic plague, but there was no epidemic. We were closely guarded every minute we were ashore and were never out of sight of one or more guards. The details of that fumigation are easier told than written, so more of that later when we see you. After they had finished their troublesome proceedings with us, however, they compensated us in some measure for the humiliation they had inflicted upon us by giving us the best lunch we had on the whole trip on the Japanese boat. It consisted of rice, a thick slice of salt salmon, a thick slice of egg preparation, apparently scrambled eggs baked in a loaf and sliced, some sweet pickled green vegetable stems (good) another sliced preparation of rice flour or vegetable (we couldn't name it) and chrystalized seaweed which Will liked much. We sat or lay around on the floor in kimonas till our clothes had gone thru the sterilizer (no chairs to sit in), some slept and some read, till our clothes were given back to us and we were clothed and in our right minds. About 5 o'clock the tender came back for us and we were taken back to the boat. A July 28th '41 that none of our party will ever forget!

Every mile of the way and every hour of the days since we left Foochow the sea has been very smooth, the sky clear, the winds fair and gentle, the night skies moon-lit till the young moon set, and brilliantly star-lit for the rest of the night. The sunsets and sun-rises have been gorgeous and glorious. We could not have asked of nature greater favor.

A radiograph message announcing our coming brought the Chinese English-speaking of the Missionary House to the boat to meet us and take all responsibility for getting us thru customs and arranging transportation for us and our baggage to the home. The latter was accomplished in a manner we have never tried before we and all our baggage excepting trunks and freight boxes were all bundled into a covered truck, fifteen persons in all and their hand luggage, some standing, others sitting on baggage for the long ride thru the congested Shanghai streets. Our truck hit another truck because our driver drove so awfully fast and recklessly and we had to stop ten minutes for police investigation. We left the boat at about one o'clock but the boat served us no lunch that day. So when we reached the Home we found that in half an hour (just time for us to get washed up) they served their regular 3:30 tea, which Miss Spurling made rather abundant in view of the fact that we had had no lunch. My! but most of our party were hungry! And the toast and cakes and tea tasted good.

We have a delightful front corner room on the second floor opening onto an opened, uncovered porch that is almost as large as the room itself and is used by no other room. It is a fine place to hang our washing and sun our clothes by day, and to sit and cool off in the breeze and enjoy the moon-light at night.

There are about 20 guests at the home just now. Our party has a table all to ourselves. Miss Armstrong went to a friend's house to stay; and Helen Smith went to the Y.W. where one of her friends lives. Miss Atwood went to the 7th Day Adventist Hospital here in Shanghai yesterday, for treatment of neuritis in her right shoulder which had given her severe pain for two days and nights. She expects to be back in a day or two more.

The "Coolidge" on which we had hoped to get sailing (Smith, Atwood, and Armstrong have had theirs definitely for a month) was scheduled to sail Aug. 15th, but changed its date first to the 14th, and now to the 13th. We are no. 11 on the waiting list. We could get on in 3rd class if the boat opens up its 3rd class and eat at 2nd or tourist class table. But some Foochow Meth. Missionaries who have been 3rd class say that is simply impossible. So we may have to wait for the next boat the "Harrison" or go 1st class on the "Coolidge".

A number of Cheifoo school children have reservations on the Coolidge, but being in occupied territory, can't get out for the same reason we were kept so long in Foochow. But the S.S. Co. says that if no news comes from them in 2 or 3 days they will open their reservations to others. So we may get on the "Coolidge".

It has been very hot ever since we arrived in S'hai,- 95 degrees most days. Board is good here; ice cream and fruit every day.

We are just across the street from a public garden where the foreign community are just now having a ten days series of entertainments to raise money for war aid. They call them "Moon-light Follies". Each nationality puts on one night's performance. Friday the open night was Czechoslovakia; Sat. U.S.; None Sunday. They began at 9:30 p.m. and end up between 3 and 4 a.m. We can plainly hear their music and auctions. The grounds are all lighted with Chinese lanterns over electric lights. Tickets for entrance \$10.00 a night. Includes everything.

Here we have the world radio news three times each day. Also had same in Foochow when static or Japanese interference did not make it impossible to hear. We have not had one letter, magazine or newspaper from home for more than 5 months. You can imagine how hungry we are for news. Write us either in care of Leolyn in Berkeley or of Dollar Line. Passenger on Coolidge probably or if not on Harrison.

We wanted to stop in Hawaii and go out to see Millicent in Hilo for a week or two but the S.S. Co. Agent here advised us not to stop there but to continue right on to the coast because the boats are so full now that if we stop there now there may not be a chance to get to San Francisco for a long time as the other line going to the coast the Matson Line has taken off some of its boats for gov't. transport.

We'll be seeing you all soon,
With much love to you all,
Mother

Leolyn's address:- Mrs. Wm. S. Morgan,
1683 LaLoma Ave.
Berkeley, Cal.

[Donald MacInnis sent Jana Jackson the following account of the evacuation via email. I believe the journal is now in the archives of Yale Divinity School Library.]

Missionaries Flee Foochow on a Japanese Troopship, July 1941
--from the journal of Donald MacInnis

This is an excerpt from the journal of Donald MacInnis, summer of 1941. Don had been stuck for six weeks in Foochow, trying to get out of Foochow to Shanghai where he could get a ship back to his home in Los Angeles. The port of Foochow had been closed due to the Japanese occupation of Foochow in April 1941. Finally, thanks to help from the American consul, the Japanese military authorities gave passage on an empty Japanese troopship to a group of about 20 missionaries and European business people, including Helen Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Willard Beard, Mr. and Mrs. George Newell, Beth Richie and others. The ship went first to Keelung, Formosa (then part of the Japanese Empire), then to Shanghai.

Don was 20 years old. He had been teaching English to high school boys at Anglo-Chinese College in its wartime location, Yangkow, which was upriver from Nanping. In Shanghai he secured a job on the crew of an American merchant ship, "The City of Dalhart", which stopped at Hong Kong, Manila, Luzon, San Pedro (Los Angeles), and through the Panama Canal to New York. Don finished his last year at UCLA and joined the Air Force in the summer of 1942. He returned to China and served as a coastwatcher for the 14th Air Force on the south China coast.

Don's Journal, Foochow, summer of 1941 (excerpts)

Sat. July 26

We prepared to board the Japanese troopship, Tainan Maru, at Pagoda Anchorage. As we prepare to board a launch at the jetty in Foochow, the Japanese soldiers spray us with insecticide "to kill the fleas that carry bubonic plague." (Bubonic plague was prevalent in Foochow.) There are about 20 of us, mostly older people including 3 Catholic priests and 2 French Catholic sisters.

We board the Tainan Maru, an empty Japanese troopship, amid hostile stares and no helping hand. Our luggage was loaded aboard by Chinese coolies. Most of the Japanese crew speak some English it seems, even the grizzled old boatswain. We had supper and so to be about 8:00. It was hot! Not much sleep, cockroaches, mosquitoes, Pop Newell and Dr. Beard snoring. Pop Newell got seasick.

Next day Helen Smith said she went on deck to sleep and got her feet tickled in the middle of the night by a Japanese sailor. She quickly came back down.

The ship's staff provides service, but grudgingly it seems. Why did they ever take us out at a time like this? Japan has invaded French Indo-China and FDR is threatening reprisal. I am uneasy about our first stop at Keelung, Formosa.

Monday a.m. July 28th

Last night on deck we talked, we sang, we ate some snacks (we supplement our Japanese-style meals with toast, cookies, peaches). I slept out on deck until midnight, then came in when it began to rain. Good sleep. The morning dawned beautiful in Keelung harbor- deep green sea, blue fluffy sky, serene. The chug-chug of tugs and barges. Brightly painted little sampans. Breeze ruffling the water. Mist around the breakwater and beyond.

The Quarantine launch pulls up. Green hills with three tapering steel towers. A well developed harbor. Quarantine inspection: stool sample, cameras and glasses, forms to fill in. Will be a hot day.

Tuesday:

Moved into the inner harbor last night. Jammed with vessels, big and small. Tremendous busyness. Yesterday in mid-morning we all piled onto a massive, splintered old barge towed by a steam launch- Americans, Spanish, French, Chinese, passengers and Japanese crew. It was HOT! We marched past a quarry into a decaying building, an old army barracks, for de-lousing. After much stalling around, we were lined up and went into the building in groups. The crew and Japanese first, our ladies last. We put our gold rings, watches, etc. into bags. Put our clothing in other bags. Stripped, we soaked in a 4-minute hot bath of disinfectant. Great stuff! Then walked out a passage and into a second room and a hot bath- with only a little rag towel not much bigger than a washcloth for cover. Finally, a dousing with a basin of water and out, where two stolid Japanese women (starchly clean) put on and tied our kimonos- we still with no covering. Dr. Beard didn't flicker an eyelash. I said, "If she doesn't mind, then I don't."

Then we walked up into the barracks to a room with tatami mats on the floor and waited for our clothing to come through the big "vacuum sterilizer" (made in Japan), and a good one, well polished in this broken-down, moss-grown building. We went out to get our clothing, then back to the tatami room for a long wait. Finally got a good box lunch at 1:30 after everyone had been cross-questioned one-on-one (Why were you in Foochow? Were you ordered out? How many Americans left? etc.) Then a long afternoon and finally, after another thorough spraying, back to the ship on a steam launch.

Everybody was tired. We had been in a fortified area, couldn't look around. Poor Pop Newell's leg...climbing in and out of barges, onto the dock, up steps, through the de-lousing procedure, etc. Everybody complained, considered themselves insulted, etc., especially the Catholic priests and sisters. But I got a kick out of it. Youth! Adventure!

I slept on deck again that night on a bench with a hard pillow. It was swell, cool. Got up early. Breakfast was the same as other meals. Fried cellophane (seaweed), pickled turnips, mushy eggplant, chopped squids, gooey soft

dough slices, soup with a hunk of dough in it, soupy rice. We eat our own peaches, and today had fresh pineapple, bananas, papaya, and apples purchased from local people in small boats. I've been living only for this fruit.

We sit around reading, talking, gawking, sleeping. Everyone thought yesterday's big adventure an onerous task. Today the constant banging of steam winches loading powdery coal jarring the ship. Our luggage is banged up from shifting it around. It's very hard for anyone to change our money for us. Local women brought toothbrushes, soap, cotton shirts and pants, hair grease, candy, straw hats on board to sell, carrying their goods in big kerchiefs (furoshikis). I bought pineapples and bananas from a sampan, tried on a straw hat, too small.

We can't go ashore, the ladder is closely watched. I wear shorts, -T-shirt, cloth shoes. The ship's servants are slightly smirky, unattentive, unwilling. Officers are mostly nice, some merely tolerant of us.

As for our bunch, Helen Smith and Susan Armstrong are fine. Hazel Atwood is class of '12, Ripon College, graying, dowdy, good-humored but naïve (like me!). Mrs. Beard had a fit once in a Japanese hotel at removing her shoes. You can imagine her yesterday going through these baths stripped. And walking in front of this gathering of men who had come to see the foreign women, with only this tiny rag towel! And the two French Catholic Sisters, wearing black robes and cowl, threw a fit! Helen Smith went out first, past these men, but couldn't take it and dashed back. Then they all screwed up their courage and dashed across into the next room. "I don't know how we did it!" said Helen. The women attendants couldn't figure out all this nonsense. Just isn't in their field of experience or culture.

[According to Edith Beard Valentine in a conversation in 2007, Ellen refused to walk out naked in front of the Japanese so they told her that she could just stay there then. She finally gave in.]

The French Sisters are quite a pair, silent like wraiths they steal about, reading their Bibles and prayer books. One has asthma, is going to Baguio, the other is being transferred. The German priest, young and blond, is changing posts. Father Manning, the American Dominican priest with his Bronx Irish brogue, is genuine American. Ten years out here, going on furlough. Dr. Beard is swell, 76 year old and full of tales of his 45 years in China. Has a blood-clot in his foot. Mrs. Newell has goiter, astigmatic, hyper-thyroid, and sprue. She is good-souled. Beth Richey always has a headache; she's been "going home" since May. Mr. Jackson (businessman) with his 45 big pieces including piano, Chinese bed, Chinese living room furniture etc., had to leave his hairy Pekinese dog (Thank the Lord!) And the Russian lady who has been eyeing me and isn't married to the fat guy she pals with. And Gomez, a Portugee, 38 years working for Jardines in Foochow. Speaks Japanese.

Later: I'm standing on the second deck, great dark grey cloud masses pour up from the west, lit by unseen flames from China, from Chungking, "City of the dead," from Nanking and the countless battlefields of the Celestial Kingdom... My body is jarred by the incessant chugging of the steam loading cranes swinging dripping baskets of powdered coal out of barges into the ship, baskets shoveled full by Formosan coolies working for their masters, their exploiters, some just boys in ragged shorts, coated from head to foot with coal dust. Coolies squatting on the coal, shoveling rice through grime coated faces with unwashed hands- taking on fuel to drive that engine, their own bodies, to shovel on by floodlights. Loading coal for the Japanese, for the hungry furnaces of munitions factories turning American scrap steel into bombs and bullets to turn Chungking into a City of the Dead. And the hills around this beautiful and busy harbor are green with trees- banana, papaya, coconut, valleys filled with pineapples and rice. Yet these subject people starve, are excluded from the high schools and are discriminated against in favor of the imperial immigrants. A world of plenty for those who are on top.

Thursday, July 31st

Well, yesterday after finishing loading coal and then piling in our freight and luggage, the steward banged a gong, the captain blew a deep whistle blast, and we slowly moved out. We were all herded into the saloon and forbidden to go outside. Fr. Manning said that yesterday he picked up his Bible after leaving it in the saloon all night, and found some papers missing- a Latin translation, bookmarks, etc. Later a gendarme returned them without a word of explanation. Dr. Beard lost a fine zipper suitcase. To be copied in Japan, no doubt.

As usual, I am scavenger No. 1. I eat soups and stuff that the other folks "can't". And this morning the stewards got mad when the crowd removed all the plates with dry salt herrings, complaining of the smell. I got mad because I was outside, and missed out, but I got some anyway, and they all poked fun at me, but I like the food. Our papaya

and bananas and pineapples are sure a useful addition to the meals, especially for Manning and Jackson, who eat little else...Our passports haven't been returned yet. At the shore inspection the inspector said, "Say, I brought my official seal but forgot the ink. I guess I'll have to return these passports later."

Sunday, August 3: Shanghai

We are staying in the International Settlement, guarded by American, French, British soldiers and their gunboats. Sitting in Shanghai heat at the Missionary Home (Miss Spurling, "40 years in Shanghai" – motto on the wall). Cheap board and room. Went to church this morning. Inspiring sermon by a young, earnest fan-waving chap from Soochow, "Dreams Come True."...

We landed Friday noon and I was sick all morning with bowel trouble, I guess I chilled my midsection the day before lying on deck, plus all that fruit we bought in Formosa for 18 cents. I took some medication and am OK now. We had a big jam unloading but finally got here and afternoon tea was my first food in 24 hours.

Saturday went downtown on a bus. Shanghai "city of contrasts," constantly runs through my mind. Beggars everywhere. A trembling woman in the gutter, unable to stand even when lifted by a policeman. Babies and sun-blackened filthy mother whining and crying all day long. "No momma, no poppa, no whiskey soda" – my friend Jim Worley says they're organized, a beggars union, can't beg without a permit. Their labor leader drives a big car. A little kid burns up a handful of spirit money, mechanically kow-towing, watching us. Saw a bloated body float by the big dirty coal barges. Crab meat is said to be very good this year. The crabs are well-fed. Some folks won't eat it. 200 froze to death in one night recently.

I trotted up to the Associated Mission Treasurers with Pop Newell and Dr. Beard, picked up a letter from Mom to Mr. Fuller, "Send my boy home at any expense." I got semi-assurance from American President Lines of a 3rd class passage. Went to a baseball game, U.S. Marines vs. U.S. Navy, met Ted and Johnny [*friends from the 7th Japan-American Student Conference the previous summer*]- both going to hell out here. Then I went to the radio studio and met Carroll Alcott, the famous announcer know up and down the China coast, told him the names of our group and to announce it so that the folks in Foochow could hear it. [*They did hear it.*] I went to the YMCA with Jim for a huge T-bone steak followed by bowling and a swim and ice cream sundae. Then back to my lodgings. A big day, at first I felt suppressed, inhibited, like a hick from the sticks, but after a day of socializing I felt capable of re-entering society.

Postscript:

I spent two weeks in Shanghai, summer 1941, waiting to get a job working on an American ship. I went to the American consulate each morning and waited for a ship's captain to come in looking for a crew replacement. Finally got a job on the U.S. Lines "City of Dalhart," a freighter. My predecessor got banged up, drunk, fell off the gangplank and ended up in the hospital. We took on cargo in Hong Kong, Manila, Lingayen Gulf (coconut in big bags), stopped at L.A. for eight hours (I saw my family), then through the Panama Canal to New York, November 1941, one month before Pearl Harbor. I went back to school and graduated from UCLA in summer 1942. I joined the Air Force and ended up back in China where I wanted to be.

Donald MacInnis

Transcribed March 22, 1999

In the book, The Hills of T'Ang author Muriel Caldwell Pilley (daughter of the tiger hunter missionary, John Caldwell) mentions the fumigation of the evacuees:

"Helen and ten others at last got a chance to leave China. But first they suffered the humiliation of having all baggage fumigated and each passenger being sprayed before getting on the launch that would take them to Pagoda Anchorage to board a Japanese ship. A letter came in the middle of August telling how Helen and the rest were fumigated in Formosa and forced to walk naked before men from one building to another to get their clothes!"
Pilley, Muriel C. The Hills of Tang. United States: Xlibris Corporation, 2001.

From the book, Family Letters from China 1901-1950 by Eunice Smith Bishop, sister of Helen Smith, Eunice includes one of Helen's diary entries from July 24 and 25th, 1941:

“Everyone and his family were there to see us off, with many gifts and fond farewells. I hated to leave. As we got on the launch, the Japanese guard sprayed us with Lysol, lest we carry a germ.

What a day. We anchored at dawn at Keeling, a port in Formosa. After inspection, we were piled into a quarantine station where we were to be fumigated. After much confusion, we were told to take off all our clothes and put them in a small bag and prepare for a disinfecting bath.

After the men were through, we were called in to a large open vestibule where we had to disrobe. The poor Catholic nuns held back and insisted they couldn't. Mrs. Beard (the most reserved proper New England lady) took one look at the public bath and let out a horrified cry. The large room was open at both ends and no attempt was made for any privacy. Hiding behind a slight partition, Mrs. Beard, the nuns and I undressed and jumped in. The tank was deep and the water hot. We had to stay in five minutes. We tried to crouch into the corners and were all overcome with embarrassment. The worst was yet to come. On getting out, we were herded out around the house into another room, passed all the men. I was so mad and disgusted that I was incoherent and failed to notice the men who were walking back and forth.”

Bishop, Eunice Smith. *Family Letters from China 1901-1950*. Brookfield, CT: DTP&M Services, 1991.

[This letter dated **August 22, 1941** was written on the S.S. President Coolidge nearing Honolulu by Willard to Geraldine. Willard hopes that their niece, Millicent, will meet them when they pull into Honolulu the next day. He tells of some of their travel plans once they arrive in the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Nearing Honolulu, S. S. Pres. “Coolidge” August 22, 1941

Dear Geraldine:-

This I am writing for the Air Mail tomorrow from Honolulu. It may work and it may not. We tried it from Shanghai to Millicent. Then we radioed her from the ship and she replied that no letter had come. I tried a radio “Honolulu Saturday” and they refused to send it. She knows we are on the Coolidge and I hope she will meet us in Honolulu tomorrow.

We hope to spend Friday and Sat. - until we take the train for Chicago with Leolyn and family, and then go to Chicago. I will wire you our train and time [of] arrival in Chicago as soon as I know. We plan to stay about 2 days, if convenient, with you. Then go up to Dorothys for two or three days and then on to Conn. This is presumptuous for we have not had a word from anyone in the U.S. since way back in Feb. You may be in Timbuktu for all we know. But I hope this will find you at your former address and that you can wire us at Leolyns= Mrs. Wm. Morgan 1683 La Loma Ave. Berkeley, Calif. If we may stop with you a day or two. - If the Morgan's are not at home we may be able to get away from San Francisco Friday. My wire to you will tell you.

Honolulu Aug. 23 Sat. 11 a.m.

We docked while at breakfast this a.m. We have talked with Millicent \$.22 for 3 min. Learned that Aunt Etta was leaving Oct. 1 for a visit to Millicent and that Fulton was married to a widow!!! with 3 !!! children and that he was visiting Millicent at the same time as his mother's in Australia.

Love

Father and Mother

[This typewritten letter, dated **September 13, 1941**, was written from Foochow, China by Dr. Gene Dyer to her Foochow friends. The Japanese have suddenly left Foochow and things are getting back to normal. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow, Fu., China.
Sept. 13, 1941.

Dear Foochow Friends:-

Believe it or not, the Japanese have left Foochow, every last mother's son (and daughter) of them, with all their horses and other belongings, plus considerable more! They began to move out a couple of weeks ago, inconspicuously at first, then in larger groups but closing the doors of their empty quarters, and finally in a hurry, with doors all left open, with an army of Chinese carriers to rush their loot to the river in time for the last boats. The

Bund, from the Big Bridge to the farthest jetty, was stacked to high heaven, with guards on all sides to prevent any sabotage while the stuff was dumped on boats at top speed.

The Japanese had notified the city that they were leaving on Sept. 2 at 6 p.m., that the firemen had been paid to act as interim police, and that the Chinese national troops, under the ChungKing gov't. would take back the city at 9 p.m. Did we dare believe it? Japanese observation planes wheeled over the city all day on the 2nd, probably to be sure that no Chinese troops sneaked in ahead of time, but the Chinese were being very careful to do nothing that might bring reprisals or delay the Japanese in keeping their promise to get out. During the day the Japanese collected their troops- and courage- outside of North Gate and finally at midnight, about 2000 strong, they dashed for the river, evidently jittery lest Chinese troops arrive and step on their heels.

Next morning, Sept. 3rd, the last boat pulled out from Pagoda, after they had fired all the buildings connected with the Naval Station and School. Planes flew over us all that morning, scattering a few bombs and bullets, perhaps trying to help a "lost unit" to escape, caught up river. Merlin Bishop's little red bug of a car, spinning up South St., caught the eye of a pilot who brought his plane down and spat machine-gun bullets at it, sixteen going through the car. Merlin and the American Consul, Rice, were in the car and miraculously dodged them all. The only vicious bullet was deflected by the backs of two seats and a bunch of keys, in Merlin's hip-pocket.

Foochow feared a period of lawlessness Sept. 3rd, but thanks to the well-laid plans of the Japanese and the new Chinese government there was no disturbance here at all. The rumor circulated up river that the city burned for three days after the Japanese left, as wild as a lot of other rumors we have had! Diongloh did not fare so well, as the Chinese control was left in the hands of mere youth and guerillas who did come reprisal looting and swarmed into the mission school buildings, more intent on exterminating "traitors" than on keeping order.

We all, even Chungking, are wondering why the Japanese left Foochow. When they came in there was a report that they would leave after four months, but that seemed like propaganda. They seemed to have come in through the connivance of disgruntled people who felt they couldn't stand any longer the prices that the governments was allowing its business monopolies to charge for rice and other staples, and possibly there was some agreement about time, but certainly no compulsion to keep it. In the four months the Japanese cleaned out all the lumber that had accumulated here waiting for the blockage to be lifted, and all the government-held tea-recently became a monopoly- plus whatever could be looted from the city in general. Shaw estimates they took out about \$15,000,000 worth but thinks the expedition cost them more than that. They are reported to have been surprised that the city was so empty, so poor that people stood around and begged for left-over bits of cooked rice.

The Japanese commandeered private residences, especially the semi-foreign type, and asked for some of our churches and schools, the Y.M.C.A. and even our nurses' dormitory, but were dissuaded and did not actually enter any British or American property. They used the new provincial hospital as a military hospital, brought in window glass, or paper, for the windows, built a Japanese bath(?), etc. but their civilian (and venereal!) cases came to us. We politely declined the honor of their presence as in-patients but saw all who came to the out-patient dept. At first two or three sword-wearing officials clanked into the office daily, asking questions or statistics, by pencil, later by interpreter, and my heart went pit-a-pat, but in the last two months only their polite Board of Health doctor came to get information about each plague case we took in,- a reportable disease. They supplied us with plague vaccine for the anti-plague campaign. As a matter of fact those who came to the hospital were always polite and gave us no trouble, except through red-tape.

The occupation actually was not as bad, here in Foochow, as we had feared, there was less violence and torture, and a better control of the food supply than we had imagined. However, many people lost all their valuable possessions and all were much bruised in spirit,- all who had any. No one, rich or poor, knew when he might be subjected to humiliating discipline or when, by day or night, his house might be searched and looted. The troops seemed to be well disciplined but were given privileges on the side. Each soldier, we heard, was allowed the space of four small trunks in his out-bound baggage, and most of them were quite discriminating about Chinese curios or what-have-you.

For a few days we rubbed our eyes and wondered if we were dreaming but the river is alive with up-river launches, mail from the interior comes promptly, there is no martial law at night and no soldiers shout "hehr-r-r-r" at us when we go on the street, so it seems really true that we are once more a part of free China. It's a world that is still far from perfect but it shows hopeful sparks of ambition, some of which we hope may blaze up into good government, that will clear out the weeds and let some good seed have a chance. The problems now facing the schools and churches in this half-starved territory, facing all who work here, are new and difficult and will call for patience and courage, but at least we are free from enemy domination. The return of Foochow to free China automatically "defrosted" our bank accounts, which solved one big problem. The problem of the crippling poverty of the rank and file will not be solved till the price of foodstuffs is remedied.

[The following is handwritten:]

Dear Helen:

Some of these items will be new to you, so I'll send you a copy. Laura went up to Wenshan, probably arrived 9/16. Lyda at the time went to Y.K.T.S. Bertha and Josephine Walker started for USA via Ku Kong and plane to Hong King. J.W. seems to be losing her vision. Mac has been having typhoid, modified by inoculations annually. Is beginning to sit up now. M. Wiley started for Goik De a few days ago. E.W. Smith III arrived on E.W.S. II's birthday, Aug. 20, a nice big boy. Hope you have a good rest and interesting study. With love, Gene Dyer
My love to Peggy.

*[This letter dated **October 2, 1941** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. Willard and Ellen arrived in Connecticut and there were 24 relatives at lunch the following Sunday. Aunt Mary keeps busy as chairman of the Woman's Missionary Society. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

October 2nd. 1941.

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Conn.

Dear Jerry:-

Your good letter came yesterday. We all but Aunt Phebe went to New Canaan to attend the Fall Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of which Aunt Mary is Chairman. She had a GOOD meeting with 180 present. They filled the church and overflowed the dining room into the Methodist church and the tea rooms of the town. The program was interesting and held the audience to the "last drop".

Today she has gone to Norwalk to a committee meeting and she also has to give a talk. Mother went with her to Bridgeport to "look at dresses and hats". No buy.

I enclose a clipping that Aunt Phebe cut out of the Tribune and thought you would find interest in.

Dot writes that Ralph and family arrived the Saturday after we left. She taught all day the Friday after we left and got the house cleaned up and also took some rest altho I do not see where she found the rest time.

We had a pleasant ride from Saginaw to New York. When we came out of the depths in Grand Central Station, there stood Gould and Jinny, and just around the corner was their new Pontiac snorting to start for Century Farm. We arrived about 11 a.m. They left about 5:00 p.m. to come back the next day with Hazel and Willard. There were 24 at lunch that Sunday. Gould 4, Aunt Annie 1, Aunts Phebe and Mary 2, Uncle Ben 2, Wells 2, Dan 4, Edith 4, Uncle Stanley 3, Mother and me 2.

I am addressing this as per the corner of your letter.

Lovingly Father

I hope you are enjoying your study.



Written on back of photo: "1941 – M. Gould Beard and son Willard F. Beard and 'Ruff' on board the 'Frolic' off Port Washington L.I., N.Y."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **Oct. 14, 1941** was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. Geraldine is now living in Seattle. Kathleen wonders what Willard and Ellen's plans are. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

R.D. 1 Box 126
Clearwater Fla.
Oct. 14 [1941]

Dear Jerry:

At last I know where you are. I had been wondering whether you really went to Seattle or maybe eloped or something as mysterious. But now I know for sure that you are about as far from us as you could be and be in the same country- and you have to go off there all by yourself and get sick! I hope now that the pressure and irritation are lifted you can relax and forget that goading drive for accomplishment that always seems to do you in whatever the task. You ought to have a bit more of my lazy-bones that permits me to drop everything as I did this afternoon and take a two hour nap with Cynthia.

That trip of yours and Happy's did sound like grand fun and you certainly covered plenty of territory. How I should love to take to the road again and do some large scale travelling, but we seem to be getting tied down with ever more numerous strings of one kind or another. (Now Jill is in school and we have a little piano of our own to pay for.) Does your work require lots of reading or is it mostly a study of how to make books accessible to others? Do you have any idea what this year of study will lead to? I mean, do you have any special job in view or will the University help to place you after you get your degree?

Mother and Father are silent on their plans for the immediate future- in fact they're just silent. But I hope they will come down sometime during the winter. I think Mother would like to for she seemed to enjoy Florida when she was here before but I suppose Father hates the thought of the long trip.

Just before Jill's school started we had to get out of the Bakeman's house because they came down early this year, so we found a little cottage way down near the water and the sanatorium. We just have to cross the shore road to get to the little pier where the boats are kept- remember? We like it down here even tho we are smack up against our neighbors on both sides, but it is a whole mile from the Elmer's and we each have to walk it every day for the car to take Hugh to Tampa. I asked Dot to send us the boy's bicycle that you had in the East. Is that alright? You can have it again when you want it, but it will help us a lot in getting back and forth this winter.

The bowl you sent is lovely and I was wondering what spot on your long trail it came from. But you mustn't go giving Christmas presents for past year. Remember you gave me that suit which should cover at least four Christmases and is still giving good service. Thanks muchly for the souvenir and I'll enjoy using it.

I sent your long letter right on to Monnie so it should make the last boat up the coast. I have a letter to you and me from Monnie but it is the same as the one Dot sent down and you must have seen it in Saginaw so I'll not send it.

Cynthia came out with the statement that something "irritated" her the other day. I forget what it was but the big word rolled out most amusingly. We all send love and hope your cold is gone by now- Kathie

*[This letter dated **October 18, 1941** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He and Ellen have kept busy attending meetings and visiting. He has had some problem with his foot and now takes medication for high blood pressure. Elbert has been renovating his house. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm
Shelton, Conn.

October 18th 1941

Dear Geraldine:-

This is christening the very nice box of stationery I found on our dresser in our new room at the farm when we arrived a month ago tomorrow the 19th, - with a gift card fr. Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary.

To day the bill for your life insurance came. I have written the check \$179.88 and am mailing it to them asking them to send the receipt to me. I will forward it to you at once. You will likely be able to understand all these figures. The bill due was \$179.88. What this Premium deposit fund Annual Statement is you will know. I have sent the check and bill to Chicago in the addressed envelope.

Since reaching Century Farm we have not had much time to loaf. Aunt Mary as Chairman of ¼ of the Congregational Christian Women of Connecticut is called here and there often. Mother and I went with her to New Canaan one day and we went to Meriden Oct. 7th and 8th - driving up and back both days. The second day Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert were there and we arranged to go to Putnam with them when they came down Friday Oct. 14th. That nite Mother and Aunt Emma attended a group meeting of the women of the church and the next evening we all went to a church supper prepared by the men. Then on Thursday we all went to Boston. Mother and I spent two hours with Harold Belcher, Wynn Fairfield and Ned Smith. Then Ned, Mother and I lunched together, and then Mother shopped with Aunt Emma, and Uncle Elbert businesssed and I talked half an hour with Ned and an hour with Wynn Fairfield, napped 20 min. and went to the car. The other three came very soon. We dined about half way home arriving at 9:30. Yesterday mother and Aunt Emma went to a women's meeting in the p.m.

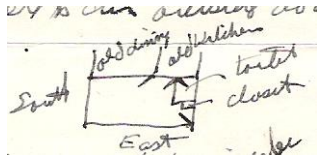
I have seen Dr. Curtis - osteopath and Dr. Edson Alafoth[?] during the time we have been at Shelton- both told me not to work for a month. Dr. Edson found a blood pressure of 200 and perhaps more. I am taking his medicine for this. My foot is almost normal. I am still wearing a large shoe- have worn my best shoes once. The foot does not give me the least trouble [*Willard has a blood clot as Donald MacInnis referred to in his account of their evacuation from China.*]. Both Mother and I are sleeping like babies. I sleep right thru the nite with out knowing a thing six nights out of seven- this on top of an hour's nap in the afternoon.

Your letter with your permanent address is here. I sent one letter to your temporary address in Seattle. I hope your work goes nicely and that you are getting what you want.

Monnie writes of a 5 or 6 weeks visit to North West River and a hunting trip with Ralph on which she did all the shooting six or seven ducks. Davis Inlet got near starvation- due to the lateness of the season that kept the boat from getting up. She and Ralph seem to be more in love with each other with each month. It is two o'clock. I have helped "do" the dishes and am sleepy- so I'll take a nap and resume this later. Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert appear very well- both of them.

Good ??- good nap- 2 hrs.

Now we're going to the Methodist church to a bean supper. Uncle Elbert has a very fine breakfast room and toilet nearly finished. He has extended the whole house to the East about ten feet. The old kitchen outside door remains and opens into the bath room. It is a glass door!! Behind one toilet is a shallow closet where Uncle Elbert will keep his garden clothes. The doors into the sun parlor open from the kitchen and from the dining room and there to our outside door. The East and South sides are all windows, and it will be a delightful breakfast and lunch



room from Sept. to May. Then he fixed up the East most garage for a workshop, - with tools and bench and heat. He is not planning to rust out. He dug out the foundation and air space himself- 250 wheel barrow loads. The earth is in a heap on his garden now. He will with it fill in the low places in the garden and lawn.

Mother and I are getting filled out and are feeling well. God has given us good things too numerous to recount- among them five successful children who honor and are an honor to us. We pray they may be an honor and honor God. Lots of love

Father and Mother.

The Putnam Patriot, October 23, 1941

Missionaries, Returning To America After 47 Years In Orient, Tell Of Dire Conditions In War-Torn China
Dr. and Mrs. Willard Beard Declare Chinese People Were Never Subjected to Worse Suffering, - Shortage of Food
Evident Everywhere.- Prices of Commodities Rising Constantly.- Doctor Relates Story of Return Trip to Foochow
Three Years Ago and Difficulty in Leaving This Summer.- He Did Much During Life in Far East to Raise
Educational Standards of China's Illiterate Heathen Masses.

Dr. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard, who left Putnam for the Orient forty-seven years ago to begin a life dedicated to the teaching of Christian education among China's illiterate and heathen masses, have now turned to America to spend the remainder of their lives in retirement at their home in Shelton, Conn. Mrs. Beard, who was a bride of only a few days when she and her husband put aside family ties and friendships and set out for the Far East where they were destined to spend the greater part of their lives, was Miss Ellen Kinney of this city, sister of Miss Emma Kinney and Elbert Kinney of Center street.

Although the couple arrived in San Francisco on August 28th, they did not reach Putnam until last week and are now visiting the Kinneys for a short time before returning to their Shelton home. In an interview with the Patriot reporter, Dr. Beard told vividly of the devastating condition which now exists in the country to which his life's labors have been devoted. He declared that neither he nor any of the others in China with whom he has talked can see any possibility of a Japanese victory in the present war, adding, however, that never was the plight of the Chinese so serious. A definite shortage of necessary food stuffs, such as rice, and the prohibitive price which is being placed on the available food supply, has caused wide-spread suffering and death unparalleled in the long history of China, the doctor said.

As for the conflict itself Dr. Beard stated that under the able and farsighted Chiang Kai-Shek, China is now far better prepared to defend itself against Nipponese aggression than at any time since the undeclared war started four years ago. This has been brought about by China's will to survive and now is being helped by the United States' aid that is arriving in China at a crucial time in the country's history. The weakest part of the nation's entire defense, he went on, lies in its air corps.

From the time that Dr. and Mrs. Beard first went to China, they have made only seven visits home and in 1936, when Dr. Beard was 71 years old the American Board of Missions, in his own words, "said retire, and retire we did." The couple came back to the United States and it was believed, ended their long careers as missionaries. However, in 1939, three years after their retirement, Dr. and Mrs. Beard received a letter from a former associate in China, Rev. Edward H. Smith, who said that his furlough was a year over due and that there was no one to take over his work if he returned home. The result was that soon afterwards the Beards agreed to return to China for another three years of work in Ing Tai, about 40 miles up in the country from Foochow.

Dr. Beard's account of their trip back to the scene of their foreign labors is most interesting. Upon reaching Shanghai from San Francisco, they learned that the Japanese, who had been at war with the Chinese for two years, were in control of the port of Foochow. "It was a serious question: How could we get from Shanghai to Foochow?" Dr. Beard stated. The distance was 50 miles. However, they heard that a ship, owned by a single man, was running down the coast and would pass near to Foochow. The rest of the journey could be made in sedan chairs or on foot.

"Although the ship was nothing but an old tub (with heavy shoe you could almost put your foot through her plates), it served our purpose admirably", the doctor said. The couple landed at Santu, about 70 miles north of Foochow. On the morning that they disembarked, they found themselves enveloped in a thick fog. A drizzling rain was falling. "It was the first time in my life that I was ever glad to see fog and rain on the sea," the doctor stated.

“After leaving the ship,” Dr. Beard went on, “we found a sedan chair and men to carry ourselves and our luggage.” It took us a day and a half to make the 50 mile trip to a point on the Min River where we found a launch to take us to Foochow. The second day we were up at 4:30 o’clock in the morning and ‘on the go.’ Except for an hour for lunch we continued until 11:55 o’clock at night and covered 35 miles. This is certainly an argument for the physical endurance of the Chinese.”

When Dr. and Mrs. Beard arrived at their destination, they found Foochow city and the hinterland “unoccupied territory” so they were free to live and travel as they pleased. Being the only man of the mission in Foochow, Dr. Beard said that he was “placed on about nine different committees and boards of managers and was also named general secretary of the synod. Mrs. Beard was given the position of overseer for a class of women who were embroidering grass linen which was bought by the mission and sold in America. This was the women’s only means of making a livelihood. Both Dr. and Mrs. Beard continued to live in Foochow.

In the spring of 1940, Mr. Smith, the man whom Dr. Beard returned to China to relieve, came back to the United States for his long-overdue furlough and Dr. Beard moved 40 miles west to Ing Tai, but Mrs. Beard continued with her work in Foochow. The doctor’s duties as general secretary of the Synod and a member of various committees brought him back to Foochow and his wife about once a month. Although the distance between the two cities was not great and the trip would only mean travelling an hour or more in this country, for Dr. Beard the journey required arising at 3:30 in the morning, riding two hours in a rickshaw, three hours in a crowded launch and from seven to ten hours in a small boat that was towed by three men. The trip included ascents up rapids and over a most difficult course. The craft arrived at Ing Tai at any time from 5:00 o’clock until 11:00 O’clock at night.

Although Dr. Beard’s work at Ing Tai was technically general secretary, his activities there were varied. When he arrived to take over his new work he found about 300 orphans and 40 or 50 other dependants, including the blind, who became his responsibility. The Ing Tai school was divided into four departments; kindergarten with 70 students; lower primary with 300 (mostly orphans); higher primary with 120; middle school (juniors) with 250. The principal of these combined schools was graduated from Foochow college while Dr. Beard was president of that institution and several of the teachers are his former students.

There are nine centers of Christian work in the Ing Tai field, which is about the size of the State of Connecticut. Besides these, Dr. Beard found upon arriving in Ing Tai that Foochow College with 800 students, all boys, Wenshan Girls School with 300, Diong Loh Boys School with 800 and the Y.M.C.A. school with 300 had removed there from Foochow. This made a student population of well over 2000 pupils which suddenly arriving in a little city of 7000 people when conditions in Foochow became such that further activity there was not advisable. Every Chinese house was rented and four new buildings were erected to accommodate the army of student refugees.

Dr. Beard stated that just when things became well regulated and running smoothly, the Japanese came into Foochow, despite the fact that three years before the Chinese had fought off the invaders and strongly fortified the city. But since that time all soldiers had been withdrawn and the Chinese officials in Foochow had become avaricious. In the district bordering the sea one magistrate so oppressed his people that the population really invited the Japanese to enter. The magistrate, Dr. Beard stated, fled out of the back window of his home as the Japanese came in the front door. He later came to live in Ing Tai. Foochow itself was taken by the enemy without the firing of a single shot, although previously they had dropped bombs and caused some damage. But when the Japanese arrived in the city, had been stripped by the fleeing population and all provisions for men and horses had to be brought in by ships.

Soon after the occupation of Foochow the native, population began to vacate the place and many of them came through the city where Dr. Beard was stationed. In one day, he said, 350 refugees from Foochow registered at Ing Tai. From there they trekked on into the west. Dr. Beard’s description of the refugees as they passed through the city was heart rendering. “I saw one father, with a few cooking utensils, a blanket and a few sweet potatoes stretched across his shoulders, trudging along the road. He was followed by his wife with a baby strapped on her back. She was leading a child by one hand and two or three others were plodding along behind. They had walked 25 miles and had 50 miles more to go before they reached their destination.

Some of the refugees had money in Foochow but they dared not bring it with them for fear of Chinese bandits along the road, Dr. Beard stated. In many cases, he went on, these refugees paid over their money to the mission treasurer and merely carried a receipt. When they arrived in Ing Tai, they contacted Dr. Beard and he reimbursed them to the amount that they had deposited in Foochow. “Cash was plentiful in Ing Tai,” the doctor stated, adding that in one month he cashed \$12,000 in checks on a bank in Foochow. Twice, he said, men came to him with \$15,000 in cash and asked only for a receipt which they took to Foochow to be redeemed there.

Two days after the occupation of Foochow by the Japanese, money was frozen in Ing Tai and two Americans had to go to Foochow and bring back \$16,000 in cash through the Japanese lines, the Chinese bandit regions and the Chinese defenses. Dr. Beard told of having taken \$5300 to Foochow in the face of the same dangers

although he added that he followed seldom-used by-paths with which he had become familiar during his many years in that section and therefore the danger was minimized.

After the Foochow occupation, the Putnam man said, food in Ing Tai was restricted to that which could be raised at home. "I had purchased seed from Burpee in 1940," he stated, "and I had a good garden. The only products that we had that were not home-grown were baking powder, cocoa and coffee. Fortunately, I had been raising pigs and at the time three were ready for consumption and were converted into hams, bacon, sausage and head cheese. Pork and chicken was then selling at \$2.00 a pound.

The food shortage in Foochow was just as acute as in Ing Tai and the American Embassy in China began urging the Foochow consul to send home all Americans whose presence there was not absolutely essential. "In May," Dr. Beard said, "the consul met with me and said that although there was no one there that he would rather see stay in Ing Tai he thought that it was best that Mrs. Beard and I leave because of our age. The mission met twice later and on both occasions our names were placed on the retired list."

With 16 other Americans, the Putnam couple prepared to leave China. The consul immediately began negotiations with the Japanese for passage from Foochow to Shanghai. They agreed to provide accommodations on July 17th but failed to keep their promise. The date was set ahead to July 21st and again the arrangements failed to materialize. It was not until after the consul had hinted that he might ask American gunboats to transport Japanese provided passage for the group. They arrived in Shanghai on August 1st. The trip lasted six days, rather than the ordinary two days.

Reaching Shanghai, Dr. and Mrs. Beard learned that all accommodations of the "Coolidge" were engaged but after two weeks' delay they were both provided berths and set sail on August 14th, direct to Honolulu. 100 other Americans in Japan who sought passage on the "Coolidge" were left behind. The couple landed in San Francisco on August 28th.

Dr. and Mrs. Beard began their service in China through the doctor's association with the American Board of Foreign Missions. As president of Foochow College, a post he held for many years, he did much to raise the standards of education among the Chinese and in leaving the wartorn country and its people whom they have loved and labored for during the best years of their life, Dr. and Mrs. Beard have left behind a heritage that doubtless will inspire the younger missionaries to take up and carry on the huge task that is their lot.

[Newspaper article from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Oct. 31, 1941 was written from Putnam, CT by Willard to Geraldine. They are currently in Putnam and have been busy attending meetings. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

32 Center St. [Putnam]
Shelton, Conn.
Oct. 31st 1941

Dear Geraldine:-

Your letter of Oct. 19, reached me a day or two ago. I have sent my check for \$173.72 to my New England Mutual Life Insurance Co. H.G. Swanson, Gen'l Agent, 3300 Board of Trade Building Chicago, Ill. I wrote you Oct. 18 about sending my check to the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co. 2086 S. LaSalle St. Chicago, Ill, for \$179.88, on Oct. 18th. This amount does not agree with the amount you mention in this letter of Oct. 19th. You had better take this matter up direct with the Phoenix Mutual. Their receipt has not yet come to me. I have asked the New England Mutual to send the receipt to you direct. The notice came to me too late to get my check to them Oct. 28, the date it was due.

You see we are still in Putnam. We plan to attend the Annual Meeting of the Board in Springfield from here. I go tomorrow Saturday Nov. 1 to stay Sunday with Rev. Ronald J. Tamblyn, Pastor of First Cong'l Church Holyoke, Mass. and to speak in his church Sunday Nov. 2. Then come to Springfield Nov. 3. Mother will come to Springfield that day and we will both be present at a dinner and evening session of the Am. Board and the New England Regional Meeting. This is something new to us. Aunt Mary will come to this meeting Tues. Nov. 3 and stay till Nov. 6. Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert will come up one day- I shall stay over in Putnam for Sunday Nov. 9 to speak in the Putnam Church, and go to Shelton so as to speak in Newtown Nov. 13- 2:30 p.m. Mother speaks in Woostock Hill 2:30 p.m. the day before= Wed. It looks as if we would have to go to Shelton by train-separately.

We have been on the go much of the time here in Putnam. On each Wed. evening we have taken supper at the Cong'l Church and devotional meeting and social afterward. Each Saturday evening we go to the Meth. Ch. to a bean supper. They are helping pay off one debt on their church, - built after the fire, - in this way. One day we

spent in Providence. - One p.m. we attended the funeral of the daughter of cousin Bertha Webster- Marguerite Hylse. It was sad. She and her husband have not lived together for some time. They had three children a boy and a girl- about 12 and 14. The daughter and children have lived with Bertha for a year or more. Now the father must take them. Bertha has had two shocks- and some one must stay with her or she must find a home.

Mother has a new dress- a new hat and I have a new suit and a new top coat. We left all our warm clothes in Foochow to help keep the poor warm this winter. We have no direct news from Foochow since we left July 26. A card came from Josephine Walker yesterday written in San Francisco. She and Berth Allen came out via Hong Kong- flew part of the way from Shaowu to Hong Kong. No one seems to know just where Mr. McClure is. Just here the mail came and 15 letters returned from Foochow!!- and a card- a pen sketch of a baby on hands and knees looking at a toy dog on a pedestal. Inside in fine script are the lines-

My name is Edward Walter 3rd
I arrived August 20, 1941 at 7:00 a.m.
My home is in Foochow, China.
I weigh 8 ¾ pounds
My daddy and mother are
Rev. and Mrs. E. Walter Smith Jr.



Josephine Walker

SHE claims four native tongues and uses them all in her work with women.

We are very happy to hear this news. As soon as they reached Foochow last Jan(?) Dr. Dyer kept Lucie=Mrs. Smith= very quiet. She was about all the time but did not get out of the compound often. So it is very good news to know that all went well.

In this lot of 15 letters are two from you written March 16 and May 23, one from Aunt Mollie, two from Aunt Emma etc. - one from Monnie. We have not yet read all of them.

We have two or three days of cold, ice 3/8 of an inch yesterday morning here. Day before that Harvey and Dedie were here for lunch. She said ice was 1 in. thick on her mountain. Today is quite warm. I have taken off my coat for comfort.

Uncle Elbert is attending a meeting of Bank Directors and Mother and Aunt Emma are at a Miss'y Meeting so I am alone in the house.

I'll look up the Insurance dividend as soon as I get home. I've only half taken over my business from Aunt Mary. But I think there are \$5 or \$6 to your credit and Dot or Monnie the same. The Bolosiks paid up the Mortgage so that will be closed out. I will also see if Aunt Mary has given you your share of the primatol[?].

Lots of love
Father

*[This letter dated **Oct. 1941** was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. Dorothy refers to Geraldine as being a co-ed again. They have had visitors and some unusual happenings in the neighborhood. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Dorothy Newberg

Saginaw, Mich.
Sunday –
[Oct. 1941]

Dear Jerry:-

Well, how goes the school work? – and how does it feel to be a co-ed, once again? You didn't say on your last card whether or not you took the hostess job. I rather hope you didn't, for I should think it would keep you rather tied down and up late nights- and you ought to get your rest!

Was so sorry to hear that you had been sick again. I hope that climate will be better for you than Chicago was.

I taught school over on the East Side Friday- the day after you folks left, and Harold's mother, Ralph, Relda and Donnie came Sat, evening. They stayed ten days too. They seemed to have fishing on the brain, for I took them up to Tawas for the day once, they went up again by themselves, and up to the Bay once, and Harold and Ralph and Donnie went to the Bay once. Fishing wasn't extra good any one of those times, but it was the first time Mother Newberg has ever been fishing and she caught two or three in all.

We've had excitement of all kinds in our neighborhood lately. A lady three doors from us (north) shot herself bout a week ago. She has not been right mentally for almost two years. Right back of us a house was entered by two young burglars a few days ago. The owner of the house caught one of the fellows and held him at the point of a butcher knife until the police came. Yesterday we had a wedding and all afternoon reception right across the street. Then, too, Hazel Patterson- were you here when she and her husband called?- went to the hospital rather suddenly and had an operation- a ruptured tumor I think, and is very sick now. Another of my friends just lost her second baby within a year and a half. All that within the last ten days- is too much!!!

Day after tomorrow (Tues.) I go to Grand Chapter at Grand Rapids, and on Thurs. afternoon I will be installed as Grand Ruth- and there with starts a busy year.

Myrtle Johnson was very sorry not to have seen you while you were here. She almost bawled me out for not dropping around there with you. Guess I should have. She just heard yesterday that she had a 6-weeks substitute job in 1st grade, starting tomorrow. She is President of the Culture Club and is thinking of resigning because right after that she'll be working at Worley's.

Say Hello to Gwin for me when you see her. Very much love, and take care of yourself. Dot.

*[This letter dated **about Nov. 3, 1941** was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathleen to her parents. She thanks them for some money they sent and tells how Jill and Cynthia were on a radio show where they sang a Chinese song. Jill has started school. Original letter in Jill Elmer Jackson's collection.]*

R.D. 1 Clearwater
Nov. 3

Dear Mother and Father:

According to your letter, Father, you are now in Springfield at the American Board Annual meeting. Are you doing any of the speaking for it? Thank you many times over for the check. We used some of it for long needed dentistry and the rest is in our reserve fund. Hugh just had a weeks vacation so we made use of the time for our visits to the dentist and I have to go again tomorrow. During the week we also played a lot of tennis and got a good rest. This is the first year with the Express that Hugh had worked all the time so a vacation meant a lot to him.

Two weeks ago I took the children over to St. Petersburg to appear on a children's radio program. They had listened to it for several Saturday mornings and Jill always said she wished she could be on the radio, so I wrote in and asked if they could be on. They sang "Jesu tiang nguai" which I taught them and Cynthia was the youngest one on the program that day. It was really lots of fun and I'm so glad we did it for it gave us all a chance to see just how a thing like that was carried off. We were there half an hour early and the girl in charge checked all the children in. The whole thing was very informal, even on the air, and the children were called up to the "mike" as their turns came, interviewed by the announcer and went thru their pieces. I played for my children so was right beside them to see that they spoke into the mike. They did well and several friends here and in Haines City said they heard them. It was a strictly local broadcast so I knew it would do no good to tell you to tune in. They have sung the Chinese version quite a bit here in town, at school and church and people seem quite interested. You can hear them when you come down.

Jill likes school and is doing her work alright as far as I can tell. I haven't seen a report card yet, but she comes home with extravagant tales of her achievements. Of course she has been reading and writing for over a year now so she should know her letters and words better than some of the younger ones. The school put on a big Halloween carnival last Friday night so I dressed both children up and took them. It was a bedlam of whistles and shouting but the youngsters seemed to enjoy it.

Last night was our first real cool night for we have had an exceptionally warm fall so I'm getting out blankets and woollens today and we are thinking of fires for the house soon. Persimmons are about gone and we had only half a bushel of them this year. They were scarce and high for some reason.

Keep us informed as to your whereabouts as you move around and come down here when it gets too cold. Give our love to Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma and tell them Cynthia sends them a big hug and kiss. She is saving yours to give in person.

My love to you all- Kathleen

[This letter dated Nov. 21, 1941 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. She updates Jerry on her activities. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Thursday
Nov. 21, 1941

Dear Jerry:-

I wonder how you are celebrating Thanksgiving. Is yours today, or next week?

They called me to work at Worleys last Fri. I went on at noon Fri. and all day Sat., and have been working mornings this week. Because of working, and a rehearsal for our installation and an installation tomorrow night that I wanted to attend, I didn't go to Galesburg with Harold. He left yesterday after school, picked up his nephew, Dick, at Lansing and I don't know whether they drove straight through, or stopped over night somewhere.

I didn't feel like asking Harold to drive into Chicago for your things, but, we'll get them sometime.

I'm plenty busy today getting caught up on a million odds and ends that have been put off because of working. I'm eating Thanksgiving dinner with the Johnsons.

The chapter sent out these invitations, but had some left, so turned them over to me to use as I pleased. Wish you could be here. I really haven't begun to be busy yet, altho the Grand Officers did take a five-day trip over on the west side of the state in Oct.

A card from Kathie says that Jill broke her arm and will be out of school, and in a cast for some time. Poor kid!

I would love to go East for Christmas, but don't know how things will work out yet.

If there's anything you want for Christmas that I can get at Worley's, let me know- soon!

How is school going? Have you had any interesting dates yet?

Very much love

Dot.

[This letter dated Dec. 15, 1941 was written from Century Farm, Shelton CT by Willard to Jerry. He writes a brief note telling Jerry that he has bought a defense bond in her name. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Century Farm
Shelton
Conn

Dec 15- 1941

Dear Jerry:-

Your letter to Mother via Dot just arrived. I cannot write a letter only a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you from us both.

And to say. I have just bought a Defense Bond in your name for \$100- i.e. you will be able to get this from the Gov't in 1951, Dec.

Mother and I spent 12 days with Gould and family and got home a week ago last Tues.

I am enclosing my check for \$25.00 as our Christmas greeting- use it any way you like to bring a bit of cheer into life.

With much love
Father

[This letter dated December 19, 1941 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. He has heard that the Storrs' house in Shaowu was burned down. The University, Foochow College and Wenshan are all crowded together in one place. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

December 19th. 1941.

Dear Jerry:-

Your letter about the black out came last week. Mother and I have been at home for a week and a half. Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra were up Sunday and spent the nite. They wanted us to go home with them but we both wanted to stay put a little longer at least so told them to wait till next year.

Monday morning Aunt Mary and I went into New Haven with them. Stanley wanted to see a man, the ladies shopped and I did business! We all four met for lunch. Mother also went in with us and she shopped all day and came home on the bus. Saturday evening Stanley and Myra went in and gathered Stephen and Esther was it? and the four had supper together.

Last week one day the Aunts, Mother and I went to Bridgeport. I wanted to get the Bank books posted up to date. The others did shopping (what a multitude of ideas that word "shopping" covers. When I had finished my BUSINESS, I went out and visited with Aunt Annie. She seemed well. The others came out when they had shopped their fill and we visited a little while and went home. Somewhere on their shopping they picked up Aunt Abbie and brought her out to Aunt Annie's. We came home via Huntington, for the Bridgeport-Shelton pike is under repair.

Yesterday Cousin Edythe Fairchild called. Only Mother and I were home. The Aunts were at King's Daughters. This is the second time she has called when the Aunts were not in and we were. And both times she caught me napping and woke me up.

I am enclosing my check for \$200.00. This will meet your next Insurance payment. The balance is a Christmas present from Mother and me. If you go to Berkeley it will come in handy. If the insurance bill comes to me I will send it to you. So I will put on my books under your account \$100.00.

We do not know much about what is going on in Foochow and Ing Tai and Shaowu. We heard last week that the Storrs house in Shaowu was burned. Only that bare fact came thru. They are much crowded now there for the University, Foochow College and Wenshan are all there. It creates many problems for so many institutions with so many students to huddle in one place. The University could get along nicely with only a bit over two hundred, students and faculty. But the other two institutions would augment the number to eight hundred at least. They will have to tackle the problem of housing and food and books and worse yet of living together in peace in crowded quarters. As far as I know they have not been bombed and are not likely to be. And now I hope the river is open to communication. While the Japanese were in Foochow, practically all intercourse was via Ing Tai. Down the Min river to Ming Chiang, then across land to Ing Tai, 50 miles, and down the Ing Tai river to Foochow.

Just what the Christmas plans are I do not know. Mother and I, and I suppose the Aunts are to go to Dan and Beatrice's. Gould's family are to take dinner with the Spaces. Then they will stop here just to say Hello-Good bye.

I am not writing much on the situation in the Pacific. Time will tell and the papers give guesses enough for any one to read.

We both send out best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Very lovingly,
Father

[The following was handwritten.]

In the Birmingham National Bank is a Defense Bond for \$100.00 in your name. Aunt Mary bought it last fall with my money. Last week I bought another for each of our children. So you have now two Defense Bonds for \$100.00 each= \$200.00 due in 1951. Don't forget them. I will put the one I bought last week in our storage box in the Birmingham National Bank to keep the other company.

Love
Father

[On a separate note.]

December 19 I sent you a check \$200.00

Use what is necessary for Life Insurance. The rest for whatever you like. I mentioned travel to Berkeley but that is off- so use it as you see best.

Father

*[This letter dated **December 23, 1941** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. They are preparing for Christmas and Willard's sisters have the house decorated and have jars of fruit ready to give to relatives. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm
Shelton
Conn. December 23rd. 1941.

Dear Jerry:-

Aunt Phebe and I went to town this afternoon to mail letters and Christmas parcels. We stopped at the end of the drive and took the mail from the box. A letter that I wrote to you several days ago was among the huge bundle of letters. I neglected to put on N.E. and it was returned to me. I took it right back and remailed it.

Your letter was there also but I did not find it till we got home. Also there was a letter to you. I have a very bad custom, when there are a lot of letters, of cutting them all open and then reading them. This gets me into trouble. For once in a while a mistake is made and I open a letter that is not mine. That occurred today. For I opened your letter. No one has read it. I am enclosing it with this.

It is unfortunate that your anticipated visit to Berkeley has to be postponed. I am glad you have the promise of congenial company-ions during the holidays. And I am glad you have in mind to take some of the time for rest. Mother and I are taking time in great gobs for that commodity. We put in about nine hours each nite and I get an hour often during the day. If Mother sits down a few minutes she also does some "Just resting my eyes".

The house is so full of Christmas things that it is difficult to find ones way around. It is interesting to see how the Aunts get things off for all their near relatives and cards or some Christmas reminder to many others. Just this evening the kitchen table is groaning under the weight of numerous glass cans of fruit, to go out tomorrow to near relatives. This afternoon I saw two mince pies and other things go on the cross road and to others who had been helping them in some capacity. The last few days I have been trying my strength with a sythe, mowing the pear orchard. This was not mowed this year and the grass was heavy. Now it is very dry. Aunt Mary wanted something to bank the house for winter. Usually we have gone to the woods for leaves, put them into bags and thus did the job. But the truck is out of commission and it is far to back them from the woods to the house. I suggested that I mow this grass. The job is now done and we are ready for Jack Frost. He came last Saturday nite and ran the mercury down to 18 above. It has warmed up now and it is raining.

We may have written you that we are to eat Christmas dinner with Dan and Bee. We were going down to Stanley's Saturday to meet Nancy and her husband, but Myra phoned two days that Nancy had to go to the hospital suddenly. It looks as if she would keep very quiet till baby is born. Myra's phone was unsatisfactory for it was so incomplete. She could not get the news herself. Nancy has no phone and I think her father in law has none. We have heard nothing since.

Here is another MERRY CHRISTMAS and A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

From a loving
Father-

[The following was handwritten by Ellen.]

No news has come from Fulton or Etta since Dec. 7.

Dear Geraldine,

You asked what I was giving Dorothy for Christmas. I think my letter to you said we would better let her decide whether she wanted the steam electric flatiron or not and so we would not plan to give it this Christmas. So I plan to give her linen from China as I sent you. Father sent her \$5.00 suggesting she spend it in a bathroom scale.

We ordered the Dictionary and table for Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert and I wrote a lengthy presentation note telling them it was the gift from all the nieces and nephews, sisters and brother (that is father). I will send a copy of the note to each one after Christmas. We ordered it sent direct from the publisher's to their house and I wrote them that two mysterious parcels would be delivered to their house addressed to W.L. Beard Care of E.C. Kinney. And would they please house them for us till I wrote them further as to the disposal of them. Also asked them to drop me a postal as soon as they arrived informing me of their delivery. That has not come and I am wondering if it is going to get there in time. My presentation note said on the outside "To be opened Dec. 25. In ordering the dictionary and table father asked that it be delivered before Christmas if possible. With love Mother

Get lots of rest this vacation and give us another good letter.

[This letter dated **Dec. 24, 1941** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. Ellen has been busy with Christmas cards and wrapping. They will have Christmas dinner at Dan and Bee's home. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Century Farm, Shelton, Conn.
Wed. Dec. 24th 1941.
Christmas Eve.

Dear Jerry:-

The habit of writing you has become daily. These two cards came to you today. No one here knows the senders of the card from Chattanooga[*Chattanooga?*].

We are just about ready for supper, and Gould's family phoned they would be here at 8 p.m. It may be a bit later. Mother has been confined to her room all the week with Christmas cards, Christmas wrappers and tapes and stickers and markers, sheers etc. etc. If I am patient she lays them off the bed so we can get in a few hours of sleep. Then in the morning after breakfast she is at it again. I feel quite honored for she has- under pressure of business, - allowed me to address one or two. They were censored by her before mailing.

This afternoon Aunts and I went to town. I am trusted to mail cards and parcels. We found everybody else in town too. As we drove onto the bridge we had to go in line and poke along with the line. But most of our way was with the crowds. We called at Seymour's Mother's, at the parsonage- Mr. and Mrs. Frazier are young, - here in Shelton to act as pastor and raise a family- both Oberlinites. We called on Marion= Mrs. Wells. She is all alone today- Uncle Ben and Aunt Abbie spent last nite with Seymour and Edith in New London. This is rather a venture for Uncle Ben. He shows a preference for his own bed. But he is enamored of his youngest grandson, Jay.

We all go to Christmas dinner with Dan and Bee [*Dan Nichols Beard and Beatrice*]. Gould and family dine in Seymour. Harold and Helen are at Theodore and Ruth's for the nite- they all drove with Vinnie and Anna.

Last nite rain fell all nite with the wind south and the thermometer at 50 degrees.

The world is lined up:-

Those who believe in God our Father=

The fatherhood of God on one side.

Those who do not believe in God on the other side

Those who believe in man as brother,-

The Brotherhood of man on one side,-

Those who believe in man as one the plundered

-destroyed, if it seems for one's personal profit,
good, on the other side.

This is Sunday a.m. - a beautiful day.

We all enjoyed a good dinner and good fellowship at Dan and Bee's Christmas day. Uncle Ben and Aunt Abbie, Bee's father and mother, we four and Dan's four. After dinner Dan tied Bucky= Dannie's pony in the new pony wagon he just bought. All, specially the children had a great time. Friday we did a lot of business and chores. Yesterday we four drove to Uncle Stanleys for another delicious turkey dinner. - The weather continues warm and pleasant.

Love Father

[This letter dated **Dec. 31, 1941** was written from Florida by Kathleen to Mother and Father. She thanks them for their Christmas gifts. Hugh is working and will not be home for New Years. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Dec. 31, 1941

Dear Mother and Father:

This may be my last letter of the year and I am celebrating New Year's Eve all by myself. However I think I'll let other people usher in 1942 for I intend to be fast asleep. This is one of Hugh's nights in Jacksonville.

Those defense bonds were a grand surprise (do I understand correctly that there are two?) and I was really thrilled to hear about them. And on top of that your check quite flabbergasted me, in fact with all your spending on us this fall I am beginning to wonder if you have kept enough for your own needs. We are very grateful for all your generous gifts, and will be for years to come.) The airplane puzzles are providing Jill with many hours of fun. I think she has done more than half of them already and the rest of us like to put in a piece now and then too. Cynthia

liked your letter, Mother, and the animal book which she has in bed with her tonight. (But you are a year behind on her age.) She is (four now and) growing to be quite a tall girl. She was sick with the flu the weekend before Christmas and ate nothing but grapefruit juice for three days so she is still a bit thin from it, but she was up and dressed on Christmas day and able to eat a bit of Christmas dinner up at Grandma Elmer's.

We have a small tree trimmed with trimmings you got the year you were down here. It couldn't hold all the red paper rope we had so I draped that from the tops of the windows to the center light and hung a red bell from the center. It makes our living room look very festive. I spent Christmas eve all alone too doing up last presents and filling stockings which had no mantle to hang from this year. The children got some lovely things- mostly clothes and books and lots of candy which I have to ration. Hugh and I opened our gifts after he got home and the children were in bed. Hugh gave me the pen I am writing with and it is a relief after the one I had.

I hope the fruit came thru alright and please let me know how the flavor is, for I didn't get a chance to sample it, and I want to know whether that is a good grove to buy from again. The displays looked good but that isn't always a reliable sample. (The Elmer's grove has very little fruit this year and their tangerine trees seem to be dying rapidly. I guess the trees have not had proper care since the original owner left the place.) Father Elmer hasn't been able to plant any garden this winter since his illness. He seems to be over his cough but I guess he isn't really strong even yet. He confines his activity to reading and walking.

We don't yet know about moving but should hear by next week. Even if Hugh stays on this run we may move to Tampa since we are driving Father's care back and forth every day and it seems unwise to wear out his tires since new ones are so scarce. I will let you know what we decide to do.

(Have you heard anything from Monnie this month? She sent a Christmas telegram last year. Have you heard what stations are broadcasting to the North this winter?) Poor Jerry was stranded all by herself this Christmas and she must miss not being with any of the family. She was in the same fix last year but she had a lot of work to keep her busy then. I suppose Gould's family came up to be with you for part of the day and I guess you were the only members of our family who were together.

Happy New Year, goodnight, and much much love from me.

Kathleen



"To know her, is to love her"

Dorothy's Eastern Star Photo

[Photo and following invitation donated to Yale by family in 2006]



Bethlehem Chapter No. 105 O. E. S.

cordially invites you to attend a

Dinner and Reception

honoring

Dorothy B. Newberg

Grand Ruth

Grand Chapter of Michigan

Order of Eastern Star

Wednesday, December 17, 1941

Masonic Temple, West Side

Saginaw, Michigan

RESERVATIONS
BY DECEMBER 13, 1941
MRS. WILLIAM MUNDY
141 LOCKWOOD ST.
SAGINAW, MICH.

DINNER 6:30 P. M.
\$1.00 PER PLATE

1942

- Ellen and Willard are living at Century Farm
- Gould and Virginia are in Great Neck, New York
- Geraldine is in Seattle, Washington then Berkeley, California
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Marjorie is in Canada and then Century Farm
- Kathleen and Hugh are in St. Petersburg, Florida
- Willard is 77, Ellen- 74, Gould- 46, Geraldine- 44, Dorothy- 41, Marjorie- 36, Kathleen- 34.

[This letter dated Jan. 9, 1942 was written from Putnam, CT by Emma to Ellen. Emma thanks her sister Ellen for the Christmas gifts. Their nephew, Fulton, a doctor, was called to the scene of the Pearl Harbor attack to assist with the wounded and he was shocked at what he saw. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Putnam, Conn.
Jan. 9 1942.

Dear Ellen,

Another surprise parcel was delivered at my door recently which contained a beautiful bureau scarf, which I think must be the most beautiful design you brought from China.

It is the choicest linen article in design and workmanship that I possess. I value it highly. The napkin ring is also very pretty and I assume was intended for Elbert.

We thank you for both gifts. I think we received much more this Christmas than we deserve. I wonder how you enjoy? the weather conditions this morning. You will remember that we have two thermometers hanging outside our south window which do not agree as to temperature. This morning the temperature by one was 20 degrees below zero and the other 24 below. Take your choice.

We are hibernating in the kitchen this morning since it is the only room in the house which is warm enough to sit in with comfort.

We have wondered this morning how Marjorie could endure the low temperature in Labrador. We heard from Stewart a few days ago, as possibly you did, that a cablegram had been received from Fulton that all our relatives in Hilo and Honolulu were safe. A few lines since from Myron states that in a letter from Fulton and Helen, Fulton said that when he was called to the scene of the attack at Pearl Harbor to assist in caring for the wounded, he was "shocked" at what he saw.* Fulton's note was short and added to a letter written by Helen.

I am enclosing two letters received from Etta on Monday and Tuesday of this week. Both are censored but nothing crossed out except the street and number in one letter.

Mr. Robinson has recovered from the mumps so that he was able to occupy the pulpit last Sunday.

Our annual church day exercises next Thursday evening, with supper and church reports. No speaker this year.

I called on Mrs. Robinson recently and saw the new baby.

He is a sturdy little fellow and is the idol of the Parsonage.

Elbert is nearly ready to go down to the Bank meeting and will take my letter so it must be brief.

With love

Emma

[The following written in Ellen's handwriting]

Am sending these two letters as there are one or two things in them that you will be interested in. Forward to Dorothy and Kathleen when you are writing either of them. Do not return to me when they have made the rounds. Destroy them.

I am enclosing a receipt from your Insurance Co. which came here in care of father so he opened it to see what it was as he said you had told him of your connection with this Co. and we are forwarding the contents of the envelope in this letter, - just the receipt only.

Love
Mother.

*[*In an article dated July 27, 1939 from The Chronicle Telegram (Elyria, OH), "Dr. Fulton Hume has been physician and surgeon in the Hospital at one of the large sugar plantations on the Hawaiian Islands, and is enroute to Beirut, Syria, where he will be head of the Medical Department of the American College there, under the Rockefeller Foundation." Since this was 1939, Fulton must have eventually gone back to Hawaii to have been there for the attack on Pearl Harbor.]*

[This letter dated January 10, 1942 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Aunt Mary to Jerry. Mary talks about her Christmas gifts. She mentions the scouting planes that fly over the farm and the Red Cross work for the war. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

January 10 [1942]

Dear Jerry-

Too bad you had to forego the visit in Berkeley! But as you write perhaps a less strenuous vacation was more useful and a better ?? for the new term. How do you like your College work? It must be rather fun to be a student once again. It sounds like a more carefree life without the responsibilities of a job.

We started to burn your pretty candle New Year's Eve but could not sit up long enough for it to burn out. It is a good candle and a slow burning one so we will save the rest for next Holiday season. Thanks a lot.

Santa was very good to us. Phebe probably has told of her gifts and so have Will and Ellen. I got an umbrella (Mine broke a rib in October so I needed it.); a summer night gown; a box of Corn Products (all kinds); a outdoor letter and note box which is now by the south door; a wooden case for my pelicans; one ?? ??; several handkerchiefs with my name ?? . Together we have an engagement calendar, a set of bath towels, a bath mat (badly needed as ours are getting old) a ?? jar, a snap shot album, the Reader's Digest, an electric clock, a ??? etc. Yes I had a work basket made in China and some nice envelopes for protection of delicate underwear etc.

We had parsley from my garden for decoration of a New Year's salad that I picked that morning. But now the last parsnips and parsley are under a cover of snow and ice. Winter came with a vengeance last Saturday and has stayed. Our lowest temperature was zero Wednesday morning. Tonight it is low and somewhat windy so we feel it.

We have scouting planes in 3's or 4's going over frequently in clear weather. With the Sikorsky plant so near we hear most of the testing of planes from there. Also at Lordship and in New Haven are schools of Aviation. Last year the New Haven students often ??ted over us but with the 10 mile limit they stay closer home. The Bridgeport ones are over us though.

We have all the Defense workers all over? town to but neither Phebe nor I are signed up. We have been sewing for Red Cross about one day a week and bringing unfinished garments home to finish. Our Missionary Society made about a dozen new garments for the Congregational Children of England and collected second hand clothing that weighed about 150 pounds for the same.

Our campaign for United China Relief started last May with about \$650, but gifts keep coming in so it is at or near \$1000.00. There were \$100 gifts and many of \$1.00 or less to make this up.

Will and Ellen are gaining ground every day in endurance and vitality. Both say the winter has not seemed as hard to bear as they had feared. This week has been the first real test for it is our first real cold. Zero is cold enough.

How grand it was that you could greet them in San Francisco! Kits [*Leolyn Jr. or 2nd*] has been urging Phebe and me to come west until this war broke. But we did not feel that Will and Ellen were equal to carrying things here yet. Both can fall asleep if they sit still too long, too easily.

Write us a line one day. I hope you do not have to have too many black outs. They sound not too good. The refugee from Spain in town has dug himself a bomb shelter just off Canter Street.

May 1942 bring you some measure of pay and happiness.

With love

Aunt Mary.

[This letter dated Jan. 1942 was written from Tampa, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. Kathleen is now living in Tampa to be closer to Hugh's work. She urges Geraldine to come back east once she's earned her librarian degree. She expresses hope that Ellen will come to FL for a while in the winter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2403 Azeele St.
Tampa Fla.
Jan. 1942

Dear Jerry:

By the heading of this letter you can guess what we have been up to lately. Our move wasn't as far as we expected it to be for Hugh was not transferred, but since we don't want to wear Father's tires out we are going to eliminate the drive to Tampa by living over there. We have a nice five-room apartment out on the edge of town and a very nice landlady and landlord. I am not sorry at leaving Safety Harbor for the house there was dark and cold and I didn't like using Father's car so much.

Your Christmas box came at a very good time, after the excitement of Christmas day had worn off and the children were wondering what to do with themselves. Jill washed her little mat all by herself and uses it for Patsy's table cloth. Cynthia likes to take her book to bed and look at the "pichures". Those candle holders are lovely and how clearly the grain of the wood stands out. They will be lovely for our mantel when I get some candles to go in them. I got Hugh some leather slippers with your check (the soft travelling kind) and he likes them a lot. Thankyou, and much, from us all.

I hope my five spot reached you safely. Hugh thought me very foolish to send it in that form but I have done it so many times without it being lost that I guess I have grown careless. Tell me if you didn't receive it. I was sorry afterwards that I hadn't put it into fruit, for you would probably have enjoyed that more even tho two-thirds of the value would go to the Express Co. But seeing as you are studying instead of getting paid I figured you might have use for a little spondelux (if that's the way you spell it.) I suppose by now you are hard at the books again and I do hope you got a real rest during your vacation. Perhaps it is just as well you didn't take that long trip to Berkeley even tho no bombs have dropped. As for that I guess Seattle is just as dangerous as San Francisco. I read that all sorts of key businesses were owned and operated by Japs there and the 5th column was well organized. Well, get back East as soon as you can, and South too. We have some lovely Libraries down here you know. Just what type of work are you going to head for when you finish there?

Mother intimated that she would probably be down sometime this winter (she had better hurry up for spring hats are already in) even if Father hugged the Farm, and I'm glad we have a place where we can entertain her. I think she will love browsing around the stores here and the Tampa Fair will be on next month.

I haven't told you anything about Christmas here but it is so far in the background and was so hectic that I would just as soon forget it until it speeds around again. Hugh had to work awfully hard and his train was late every trip, Cynthia was sick the week before so I couldn't do any shopping and I was all alone Christmas eve- so enough said. We did get loads of gifts "an embarrassing wealth" of them as Mother puts it, but things just get so rushed that I don't get the feeling of it the way I used to in the days when we trekked to Saginaw in your Ford. Oh to be a child- no life begins at forty doesn't it?, but Christmas is for children at any rate. I'm getting so sleepy that this sounds muddle-brained so love till next time- Kathie

[This letter dated Jan. 12, 1942 was written from Tampa, FL by Kathleen to Dot and Harold. She and Hugh have moved to Tampa. Jill broke her arm and it has been in a cast but it is alright now. Kathleen tells about her Christmas and remembers last year when they visited her. They have had to practice black-outs because of the war. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2403 Azeele St.
Tampa Fla.
Jan. 12, 1942

Dear Dot and Harold:

Here it is Jan. 12 and I am still not finished with my post-Christmas letters. I must confess that I got the difficult ones out of the way first this year and then we have been busy finding the above new address- but more of that later.

That Raggedy Ann book you sent Jill while her arm was in a cast made a big hit and has been read and reread. Both the children love those stories and I believe it was about the first book that Cynthia really listened to with interest. Jill's arm is alright now and she can straighten it out all the way. For weeks she has been exercising it daily and carrying my heavy iron around to get it back to normal and she has done most of the treatment by herself showing us her progress proudly every few days. It still does not bend up as close as the other arm but that will come. Cynthia loved those little snow men and played with them all the rest of the day. I have put them away for Christmas tree decorations now. They had lots of fun with those balloons for a couple of days too and I think they get just as much pleasure out of things like that as they do out of expensive toys. For C's birthday I had Molly and Sally down here for supper and the night. The four of them had such a good time and the next morning we all went to the school Christmas party. But I guess it was too much for C. That night she had such a high fever I got scared and called the local Doctor thinking it might be pneumonia. It turned out to be the flu but she was delirious most of the night and spent the next three days in bed. It rather messed up my Christmas shopping but I finally got it done the day before Christmas and she could be up for Christmas day. Hugh had to work so I spent Christmas eve alone doing up last presents and fixing stockings. I remembered a year ago when Christmas eve brought you two in and what fun we had over the tree next morning. Well, this Christmas I was tired and slept late, awaking to find the children already at the tree all by themselves and jubilantly bringing in things for me to see (I having no idea where

they were from). Off to a bad start- but I finally got them straightened (I hope). We had dinner with the Elmers and McNutts and spent the afternoon there until it was time to go to Tampa for Hugh. He had his dinner heated over and when the children were tucked in we had our tree late at night. I was very thankful that yours, Jerry's and Mother's packages came the week before New Years for they helped to fill that awful vacant let down after Christmas and for a while we were getting something every day. Jill would ask "what present is there today?" It was like having Christmas extended for a week and I think the children really enjoy having them come that way. From the shouts of joy when Jill opened the box of dollie clothes I take it she liked that the best of her presents. Anyway she made the most noise over it and Patsy had to try on everything right away. She is a bit stout for one dress but I think I can fix it and everything else is just right. Cynthia got a little vanity set (from Sally) in pink just like Jills so they were both pleased. And those little China dolls are darling. C liked them and took them every where with her. I am not familiar with the story they represent but they certainly are cute.

Where did you find that nice measurement chart? I used to keep Jill's height on the door casing but C. has "just grewd". Now we will keep a record of their progress upward. Thanks so much for all the things. I was interested in your banquet program and it must have been quite an honor. I would like to have seen it. Cynthia immediately appropriated the "little book" and took long looks at Auntie Dot kissing the picture and talking to it in the car going to Tampa for Daddy. She still has it among her treasures which she wraps up and puts carefully away. I find things in the funniest places, things I had long given up as lost. Once I picked up a missed newspaper and before throwing it away looked at a picture only to have a nickel fall out. Upon further shaking I got three more pennies from the folds of it. When she put them there I have no idea. Was she singing songs last year? She knows quite a few now. Besides "Jesus loves me" in Chinese and English she sings "My Country tis-a-dee, Sweet land-a-livatee" so that you can recognize it and "God Bless America" with variations. But the one that slays me is "HELP-Somebody today" which she got at Sunday School I guess. The help comes out like an SOS. She also knows Hut Sut.

Hugh did not get transferred as we thought he might but we have got to move anyway because we are wearing out Father's tires too fast driving to Tampa every day and spending too much money on gas to get us there. Yesterday Hugh and I looked around Tampa for a house or apartment. We found one that suited in every respect in four hours so we felt pretty lucky. It is a five room apartment on the ground floor of a four-apartment house just being redecorated inside and is on the edge of the city where there are a few open spaces. There is a pretty little school four or five blocks away and stores and bus service near. We move in next Sunday Jan. 18, so from then on our address will be as I have written at the head. There is enough room so that Mother and Father can stay with us if they come down. Mother said in her letters that she would come anyway even if Father didn't. I think she will enjoy being so near the city where she can browse around the stores and do what she likes. I am not sorry to be leaving Safety Harbor for there isn't much going on here and as any schedule was arranged I spent almost half of every day going to Tampa and back. Now perhaps I can get some reading and sewing done and even knitting for the Red Cross.

Mother wrote that she sent a letter to you about the family presents which you were to send on. Of course I had already decided to send the fruit so probably could not have gone in on them anyway but if you still have they letter I'd like to see it. What did you go in on for Mother?

(I'm getting so sleepy I can't write clearly. Good night!)

Jan. 13 Is Saginaw doing anything for civilian defense? You are located in quite a central position so shouldn't have much to fear at present. We had a practice blackout all along the West coast area a week or so ago for half an hour, but it was moonlight outside so it really wasn't so dark. I guess Jerry is in the most dangerous spot (of our family) just now, but she leaves Seattle in the spring doesn't she? I guess Aunt Etta may see some action. I heard over the radio that Hilo was bombarded by a lone submarine not long ago. Fulton must be pretty busy since Dec. 7.

Was it thrilling to hear about our defense bonds from Father, and he gave the children each an addition to their bank account. Mother gave us each some Chinese linens. Her sewing women did lovely work didn't they? I especially like the water lily pattern in appliqué.

We have just had a cold spell with a light frost which spoiled most of the poinsettias and papayas. Until now we have hardly needed fires or winter clothes but we surely are glad of them these days, and Cynthia wears the blue leggings you sent Jill all day long. And can you imagine it? - Cynthia is now wearing those all wool socks you left with us. If they keep on shrinking we'll have to give them to Gidge's baby. I am very glad of that green dress of yours too. It serves as my best now. I got lots of compliments on the play suit last summer, and you might be surprised to see some of your dresses still walking around on me.

The Saws were over from Haines City just after Christmas and Lois was with them. She drove clear down from Minneapolis with some relatives. Winnie Soll Webb (my chum in Logan whom you saw play basket-ball in Saginaw) just had a baby boy. She is married and lives in Tuscon Arizona.

Have you received one of those defense stamp chain letters yet? Hugh got one from a friend of his. Lots of love and don't let "Ruth" keep you too busy to write once in awhile. Kathie

[This letter dated Jan. 18, 1942 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. She sends thanks for the Christmas gifts. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

I've forgotten whether or not I sent you one of these programs and clippings. I had just enough for my family and I have one left and I think I sent all the others but yours.

Dorothy Newberg

Saginaw, Mich.
Sunday-
Jan. 18, 1942

Dear Jerry:-

Such a time as you and I have over Christmas gifts! I'm just plain ashamed of myself- I haven't sent Gould's family's gift yet, nor yours, nor Hugh's and Kathie's. I did get something off to the youngsters.

I don't get any discount at Worely's after I stop working there. I priced skates there yesterday. They don't carry Johnson's, but have another \$7.50 skate. However, it will cost about .75 to send them, so I am enclosing a check for \$2.50 from Harold and me toward your skates or whatever else you want for your Christmas present.

Harold very much appreciated your gift to him. He needed a new shirt, and used that to get it. Please don't send me anything this year. I know you need it very much more than I do right now. I feel as tho' I had lots more than my share this year with the many congratulatory gifts. Just how are you fixed for finances, now? Are you having to skimp terribly?

All this week I have been spending all possible time on contacting some 30 chapters for dates to give them their School of Instruction. My schools are all up in the thumb of Michigan, so I ought to know that part of my state after this year is over, anyway. I just finished my last letter today. Now I'm waiting for answers confirming dates. I start on my Schools Feb. 2.

Next week the Grand Officers are in Detroit for five or six days. We are all going to the Ford Hour, in a body, next Sunday, so if you listen, think of me there.

I'm sorry the enclosed card from Eleanor got lost for awhile among my other cards. It came before Christmas.

We had a solid week of sub-zero weather and were all nearly congealed. We have put in gas heat, and the gas furnace seemed to be going all the time- the way the ice box does in 90 degree weather.

Am enclosing my last letter from Kathie. Harold and I had a good laugh over the new repertoire of songs, especially the "Help"- one.

Congratulations on your good marks! You're doing finely.

We did just about as near nothing as was possible to celebrate the holidays. During the vacation we started remodeling our bathroom. Put down new linoleum and put in a new lavatory.

Do you have any idea where you'll be next year?

Love from
Dot.

[This letter dated Jan. 20, 1942 was written by Ginny (Virginia Beard) to Willard and Ellen. She will be taking Hazel to Chicago for a check up regarding her accident. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

VSB

Tues. Jan. 20, 1942

Dearest Father and Mother-

As far as I know now my plans to take Hazel to Chicago will carry through. I'm just waiting word from her Docs saying they will be available at that time.

The present plan is that we leave Wed. afternoon the 11th and hope to get back by Sun evening the 15th.
Mother Dear I suspect you would prefer to be here a few days in advance of my departure to get the feel of our routine.

As far as Gould can see now, he expects to be here while I'm away but he won't be able to guarantee it.

Thurs. Jan 22, 1942

This came this A.M.

"Thanks a million for Christmas gifts, they fit perfectly. Please tell Father and Mother we were overjoyed to receive their message Jan. 16th. Glad they got ours. Had grand Christmas. Ralph went North after New Years.

Love to All
Monnie Butt
Davis Inlet"

It's so good to hear from her.

Gould says if it is convenient for you to come back with us and the travelling is not too bad, we will come up Sat Feb 7th and bring you back Sun. nite the 8th.

I hope to hear from the Chicago Doctors by this Monday at the latest and then you'll hear again from me.

Your lovely Christmas presents to all of us made us so happy. We're all delighted with them. And we still haven't quite recovered from the generousness of the extra special gifts. Words of mere Thank you no matter how sincere are quite inadequate to express our appreciation.

The last couple of days here have been almost like the beginning of Spring so that it seemed almost foolish to continue hunting for a ski suit for myself. However there is much snow ahead of us I'm sure.

The youngsters had such good fun coasting in this last snow for it stayed good several days.

I got some good color pictures of it the 1st morning also my pictures of our Christmas tree turned out well.

Father since I have a lovely new slide projector, you'll have to let us peek at your slides. It is such a joy to be able to get a good look at them anytime we want to without planning to borrow a projector first.

Gould is very busy taking a course in celestial navigation which means much studying at home.

Love from us all
Ginny

[This letter dated Jan. 31, 1942 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Ellen to Geraldine. She asks Geraldine if they have to practice blackouts because of the war and inquires about the general feel on the U.S. West Coast. She talks about the call for citizens to volunteer for defense service. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Since writing the major part of this letter, your letter to us has arrived which answers some of the questions I have asked here.

Mrs. Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

Jan. 31", 1942.

Dear Geraldine,

It seems a long time since we last heard from you, but we suppose that implies that other members of the family and other deserving friends are getting their share of your interesting letters.

We wonder what the war conditions out in your section are; whether you have the practice blackouts occasionally and the warning signals for practice, and the wardens on duty in the streets thru the whole 24 hrs. each in his own appointed beat and for certain hours each day, as a defense measure against incendiary bombs, as they are doing in N.Y. City.

What is the attitude of the people out there, toward the war in general, toward the Japanese who are resident on the Pacific Coast and particularly in your immediate vicinity; and toward the military group in Japan who are perpetrating this aggression; and toward the rationing of food, especially sugar, but now any and everything that is sold in stores if it is in any way needed in defense measures?

How have you been as to health these past weeks since we have heard from you? And are you enjoying your work as much as you anticipated? Do you feel that you are getting out of it all that you hoped and will this one year of study there give you the highest library degree?

Is your work very strenuous or do you have time for sufficient rest, relaxation, recreation, and social activities and contacts? Have you found a church home where you are meeting pleasant and friendly people?

Has your rainy season come to its conclusion yet, or have you still some weeks to go?

I suppose you are having all the California fruits, - oranges, tangerines, grape-fruit, grapes, persimmons, dates, papaya, avocado, bananas, as well as those wonderful apples and pears grown right there in Washington State, and perhaps other local fruits.

How has the temperature been thru January in Washington? I suppose it never snows there except on the mountains.

We have had a very mild winter here, our only really cold weather being the week of Jan. 11-17. There were several days of zero weather in that week, but most of the winter thus far has ranged from 28 degrees to 56 degrees. We have had snow only three times, two of those falls being very light, and the heaviest one only three inches. Traveling in autos on the roads has not been interfered with at all by the snow, or ice, down here, but they have had much more snow in northern N.E. and some more even in Putnam. The aunts had some trouble starting their car during that cold spell and we all missed going to church one Sunday because they couldn't start it. Two other times we four had to push it all the way down the lane to the road before it would start.

But neither father nor I have felt the cold as keenly as we thought we should coming home after two years in a milder climate, - at our age. But I think they have really kept the house warmer this winter than they did the three years we were here before. And we have a warmer room this time, for they insisted on our taking the room over the living room, which Phebe used to have. I didn't feel that we ought to take it but they insisted and so we did. We really have been more comfortable.

Have you received an announcement of the arrival of Nancy's and Fred's little son Stanley Owen Forbes? I suppose you have. Nancy was supposed to have come home to Holland from the hospital in Holland Virginia, last Sunday when the baby was only ten days old. Seems rather rushing things to me. Stanley and Myra went down to see her. They also went down about two weeks before the baby came. The aunts say Nancy wanted a girl.

Wells and Marian are soon to become parents. They were invited here for dinner last Sunday. Father thinks they are destined to welcome a son. I am guessing, a daughter. We'll see who is the better judge, - or guesser.

People out this way are doing quite a bit of organizing and preparing for defense; and we hear a great deal about it over the radio, especially addressed to New York people, as of course that city is the most likely point of attack on this side of the continent. Buy defense bonds and stamps, and give to the Red Cross are almost hourly calls over the radio. Also calls for young men to sign up for airplane training as pilots, volunteers for the navy, for technical service, engineering service, radio service, nursing service (women) dieticians etc. etc. Everybody must sign up for some form of defense service. Father and I signed a blank specifying what we were fitted to do, but we have not been regimented yet.

Some people are buying cloth for black-out curtains and are planning the proper lights to use in such and emergency. At the King's Daughter's meeting last week, we were told that every women's organization or society was asked to send two of its members to a class which is to be put on hereabouts, to train leaders in preparing for large quantities of food for refugees in case of an emergency.

These things show how the war is touching us here and I suppose it is very much the same the country over.

Well, we presented the dictionary to Emma and Elbert with its table, and they were evidently much pleased and surprised. I am going to circulate a copy of my presentation note, and a copy of their notes of thanks to Etta's family and to you all. Em. and Elb. just couldn't guess what was in those two mysterious packages which they were not permitted to open till Christmas Day.

Virginia is taking Hazel to Chicago to have a checkup by her Dr's on Feb. 11 and has asked Father and me to come down and keep house while she is away about 4 days. They will drive up here the Saturday before, and take us back with them Sunday evening.

When Wells and Marian took dinner here last Sunday the 26th, Marian said that Edith and Seymour's older boy Wynn who has had to have so much surgery done to his face also has imperfect hearing. I understood her that he heard very little in one ear and that the other was not very good. That is an added tragedy. She said the Dr. said perhaps if he could be taken up in an airplane it would help his hearing. And Seymour spoke of getting Gould to take him up. I think he has not yet contacted Gould on the subject.

Tonight, Jan. 31", we are having a thunder shower, two claps of thunder came in the midst of a rain storm that has been falling since noon today. The springs that feed wells need the water but not much of it will soak in as the ground is frozen. The snow from our last 2 inch snow fall, is going fast in this rain. The radio tonight over all stations warned drivers that roads all over the state are slippery, icy, but are being sanded. Motorists were warned to exercise extreme care.

We were glad to get your letter and hope you'll write again soon. With much love from us both,
Mother

[This letter dated Jan. 31, 1942 was written from Great Neck, NY by Virginia to Jerry. Virginia is expressing thanks to Geraldine for the Christmas gifts. Gould is taking a course in celestial navigation. Virginia updates Geraldine on how her children are doing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Mrs. M. Gould Beard

255-25 Iowa Road Great Neck, New York

Sat. P.M. Jan 31, 1942

Dear Jerry-

I'm determined that all my Christmas Thank yous shall be on Jan. dates so now I'm working overtime.

On your slim budget we think you were mighty generous with this branch of your family. Willard loves his little deer and Hazel completely delighted with your H. pin and the lapel pin knitting. The latter I was more intrigued with than she for I was more than able to appreciate the work involved in making one of those little things. Her initial pin she has worn a great deal.

Our Indian mat exactly matches our Indian blanket so I'm putting it away with that. When we have a cellar game room we are going to use them there if Willard doesn't demand them before that. We're really pleased [to] no end and we all say a great big Thank you.

We had a grand Christmas in Seymour, having stopped at Farm on [the] way up Christmas Eve. You knew of course that we spent Thanksgiving at the Farm. The kiddies and I stayed up home a couple of extra days but Gould came back with Fred Christmas night, since we had taken our vacation last summer and had no extra days coming during the holiday season.

Hazel picked up a mean little cold during Christmas due to too much pre Christmas activity and not enough sleep and it went right through family catching up with me last (New Years Eve). Gould and I found it hardest to shed. Probably because we couldn't give up to it so completely and give ourselves the necessary rest.

Gould especially for he has been so very busy since Christmas. He's still home and has not been called to colors yet, but never can tell- I'm just very grateful for each new day he is still here with us. Of course he is in the Army Reserve Pool but can be taken out of it if conditions deem and tho he is pretty important right where he is. He has been to Washington several times.

Right now he is very busy taking a concentrated course in celestial navigation along with his regular work.

I plan now to take Hazel to Chicago Feb. 11th for a complete check up by her various Doctors out there. Mother and Father are coming down to look after their son and his son while sister and I run away. So if Hazel is O.K., the weather good, and two empty seats available on the non-stop we will be all set.

It was so good to have Father and Mother with us after Thanksgiving. I don't think I have ever seen Mother so consistently happy nor laugh anywhere near as much.

Isn't it grand about Nancy's young son. Hazel is so excited about it. We haven't heard a single detail as yet though. But trust that everything is fine.

My it is hard to believe that the month of January is gone already. The youngsters have had several days of good coasting this month. Thought we adults might get in a good evening of it tonite but it has poured whole water all day and removed almost every sign of snow.

Hazel played in her music teachers recital this afternoon. She still doesn't like taking lessons tho. She's been taking them since last May. We are storing Roberta's baby grand for her. Aren't we fortunate.

This year is proving to be very much Hazel's best year scholastically. She has at last come too and realizes that you have to buckle down and pay attention and work, if you expect to make the grade. So with the new attitude she is completely happy in school for the 1st time.

Willard hasn't come too yet. I think we'll have to let him repeat a year much as it would hurt his parents pride. He is just too much of a dreamer. His mind is a million miles away and nothing Gould and I, and his teacher and principal have tried have managed to help materially as yet.

They are both growing so fast. Hazel stands as tall as my collar bone and Willard about 5 inches shorter. In another year or so Hazel and I will be able to wear the same clothes in just different sizes.

I hope your winter work is coming along O.K., but that your not over doing for it just isn't worth it. Let us hear from you when you have a moment.

Love from us all-

Ginny

The Evening Sentinel, City of Ansonia, February 12, 1942

Rotarians Learn Much About China From Missionary

Dr. Willard Beard of Shelton Gave Highly Informative Talk at "China Day" Luncheon.

Members of the Ansonia Rotary club were given an interesting picture of the tremendous strides taken by an awakened China during the past 50 years in an address by the Rev. Dr. Willard Beard of Shelton, a retired missionary, at the "China day" luncheon of the club at the First Methodist church yesterday noon. Dr. Beard was presented by the Rev. Robert L. Weaver, pastor of the First Baptist church, and after his talk answered many questions concerning the Far East. A tasty luncheon was served by the ladies of the church. Ralph Van Arman presided at the meeting at which Frank Getlein and Dr. Irving Yale were inducted into Rotary membership by John J.F. Ruddy.

Dr. Beard spoke in part as follows:

"Circumstances have forced the United States to be the leading world power. Until two months ago China, Japan, the Philippines, Hawaii, Malaya, Burma, Australia, were of secondary importance to most of us. Our primary interest was in Russia and before that in Europe. Today Singapore, Rangoon, Macassar, Borneo, stare at us in large letters from the front page of most every paper. The radio shouts 'Singapore' with the first breath. We are studying geography as never before. All of us are trying to say Chiang Kai-shek. And we know who he is. Every school boy and girl knows who MacArthur and Wavell are.

"What has caused this great change in our attitude toward the Far east? A very easy reply is: Pearl Harbor on December 7th. But that is a lazy answer. The events that occurred at Pearl Harbor last December were only logical results, (I do not say conclusion) of the history of the past century. The story of our relations with China and Japan began 100 years ago when the British took Hongkong. Admiral Perry steamed into the harbor of Nagasaki in 1852 and fired a gun and Japan opened up, and agreed to do business with Uncle Sam. She was to allow her people to go to the United States and our people to go to Japan and do business. In her own mind she made another decision- if gunboats and cannon made one nation powerful over another, she would have these. Japan's one aim since the morning when Perry said: "we would do business with you" to Japan, she has steadily pushed forward to becoming a first rate world power. How well she has succeeded is told in Pearl Harbor and in all of her steady advance in the southern Pacific since that day. In prosecuting this ideal of becoming a first rate world power she has used her business, her eugenics, her education and her treaty making. Look up the story of her treaties with other nations. She today signs any treaty that will be to her advantage. Tomorrow she tears up the same treaty if she thinks it will be to her advantage.

"In the treatment and rule of her colonies, Korea, Formosa, Manchukuo, she has made many promises that today seem to her advantage. The papers are weary of printing her promises that she did not want and would not take any Chinese territory. She would guard the open door policy for China and for Manchukuo. But look up the records and see that all other nations have been pushed out of Korea, Formosa and Manchukuo.

Things to Make War.

"Another part of the question of why we are interested in the Far East is that we have done a big business with Japan in selling to her all kinds of material with which she has been killing the civilians in China for more than four years, high test gasoline, scrap iron, airplanes and parts, and we have sent over mechanics to help use these and to teach the Japanese how to use them. You may have seen the account of a man who found the plate from one of the bombers downed at Pearl Harbor. The name on the plate was '_____ Co., N.J., U.S.A.' Doctors in China have found on pieces of bombs which they dug out of wounded Chinese, marks that indicated that they come from the U.S.A. When we went to China in August, 1939, we saw scrap iron loaded on our steamer marked for Japan. Yes, we made a lot of money selling materials that were used in killing Chinese. What we did not see was that those materials would soon be used to kill Americans.

"China reacted differently from Japan when the west forced her to open up and do business and give of her territory for concessions and even turn it over to the foreign nations as Hongkong. She was rather lethargic for

years. China followed her, bent as a literary nation. It took her a long time to wake up, but when she did awake she made swift progress."

Great Changes.

Rev. Mr. Beard said there was no great change in China until 50 years ago. In China there is no department in the life of the people clear back to the backwoods farmers whose life was not changed. "Forty seven years ago," he said, "I first walked down the main streets of Foochow, and it was 12 feet wide. Not a wheel turned in all Foochow, nor was there a pane of glass in the entire city.

"I have seen that street widened to 35 feet and to 50 feet with five foot sidewalks on each side. The same is true of all China. Roads were built all through the country. Building went higher. Education in China started from scratch. There was no public school. Today her public schools are as well organized as those of the U.S.A. and they have their own normal schools. Woman, 50 years ago, was a plaything and a slave. A Chinese told me of selling a lazy wife for \$90 and buying a new one for \$120 as casually as if he had bought a cow. Today that is changed. Today the little Chinese girl sits beside her brother in kindergarten, school and college. You have no idea what United States diplomats, business men, missionaries and Chinese students have done. Woman has taken her place in the life of China and perhaps the most outstanding woman of them all is Madame Chiang Kai-Shek.

"In forestry tremendous progress has been made with acres once utterly unproductive. The bubonic plague and cholera have been practically eliminated. Even the language of the country has changed as I learned when I returned in September, 1939, after being absent since 1936. China formerly had a written language and a spoken language, which were distinct. Today she has a national language that is read as it is written, and the people are proud of their national tongue which has done much to dispense with the need for interpreters among people of far distant provinces.

"Japanese aggression has affected China in many ways. Before it the Chinese were so many grains of sand. Today they are a united people.

"Taking the advice of Horace Greeley, China has moved west, she moved back. Chiang Kai-Shek foresaw that Japan would take the coastal cities, and so people moved back, hundreds and thousands of tons of machinery moved back. Education followed them.

"The church in China is feeling the effects of the war, but is still holding on."

[Newspaper article from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **February 19, 1942** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He has given many talks since the beginning of the year. He tells Geraldine what some of the family members are doing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

February 19th 1942

Dear Geraldine:-

Your last letter brought good news- of time used to rest, and of feeling good over it. After the fall term of my sophomore year in Oberlin, I slept all the time when I was not at meals. I had worked very hard all the term- getting only 5 or 6 hours a nite in bed. I believe that as long as one can sleep in this way he is safe= he is able to revive himself.

Since the beginning of the year giving talks all about has been my business, - a bit too much some of the time. It pleased me to receive an invitation from the Woman's League of the Flatbush Church in Brooklyn to speak for them last Tuesday February 17. And in reply to my request that they write me directions to go from Grand Central Terminal to Flatbush, they replied, "Two ladies- one of who you know will meet you at G.C.T." I left Derby at 9:54 a.m. arrive G.C.T. at 11:58 and there was Miss Belle Preston who I have known since 1912 and Mrs. Burn who corresponded with me. She was born in Sendai Japan. It took a big load of nervous strain off me to have them show the way to Flatbush. We three had lunch at Miss Preston's home then I had 15 min. to rest before going 5 min. to the church. I became their missionary with Mother in September 1912. Dr. Lewis T. Reed was pastor and he and the whole church were always most cordial and after he left Dr. Wm. Dudley was pastor. He always asked us to come when we were home. In 1936 we took our letters from Flatbush to Shelton church. I expected they would forget us. But they have not. A lady teacher in the primary department of the S.S. got her youngsters to give money to buy me an eversharp, - stiner, monogrammed. I carried it for about 22 years. I forget the exact date but

not less than 22 years, and took it with me day before yesterday. The lady who gave me the pencil is dead but others remembered her.

Mother and I spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bassett and Miss Preston, Mrs. Bassett's sister in 1936 soon after coming home that year. Mrs. Bassett died recently- in January.

After the meeting Dr. Dudley came in and greeted me very cordially and said he was going on business by way of the subway station that I should take to get to G.C.T. with only one change and that just across the platform. I reached Derby at 7:57 p.m. walked over to Shelton got a light lunch, walked to the parsonage where Aunt Phebe and Mary were and came home with them,- after a very satisfying day.

Mother went by train to Great Neck Monday, Feb. 9th to be with Gould and Willard while Ginny took Hazel to the Chicago doctors for a check up. They left Wed. Hazel came home Sunday alone. Ginny could not get on the plane- which came to La Guardia field non-stop- Gould, Willard and Mother met her. Ginny came Monday morning- had to change planes at Detroit. The doctors do not want to see Hazel again for two years. They have written New York doctors. The bone in the hip is not growing satisfactorily. That is all I could get from Mother's report. Mother and her son and grandson drove down to see the Normandy Sunday.

We= Mother and I saw "One Foot in Heaven" and enjoyed it. Some time we will see How Green is my Valley. I read the book a year ago in Ing Tai.

The Aunts are planning to start for Holland Virginia day after tomorrow February 21st. They will stop for a nite with Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra- and stop in Baltimore and see friends. And they go to see of course Stanley Owen Forbes. Aunt Myra was down for two weeks after Nancy came from the hospital and I judge she had to work, - to care for the baby and kept house. Uncle Stanley has been down two or three times already. They drove up here Sunday for lunch and left about 3:30 to go to New Haven to see Stephen.

The month of February has been cold but both Mother and I have not felt the cold. I am still wearing fall underwear.

Monday Feb. 23.-

The Aunts left about 10:30 a.m. last Saturday as planned and we have heard nothing yet. Today's a holiday and no delivery. Saturday was a very disagreeable day. A strong, keen west wind that went right thru the house and thru all the clothes I could put on. The furnace did valiantly but the wind took the heat out of the rooms and to the East. It froze most of the day. Yesterday was much pleasanter. Uncle Ben took Aunt Abbie to church and then came down for us. He first took Aunt Abbie home and then brought us home. In the evening at 6 there was a reception for Dr. and Mrs. Russell McGown, a former pastor and after that at 7:45 a Union George Washington's Birthday service in which the four Protestant churches united. The four pastors and Dr. McGown made an imposing sight as they, gowned, mounted the pulpit. Dr. McGown preached a sermon appropriate for the birthday of the "Father of our country".

I wish I could get you some of the delicious Florida oranges and grape fruit Kathleen has sent us- two bushels and another bushel came from Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma sent by a M. Yates whom they became friends with last year when they were down there.

Last Dec. early I ordered 100 lb. of pecans from B. Llogats[?], Barnesville, Georgia. I received a post card saying they were shipping C.O.D. But nothing came. I wrote again. They replied with several questions that showed they had lost the correspondence- but last week they came and they are good- real paper shells= Schleys.

I believe there is no business to write about this time.

I hope you keep up skiing= just enough to put a blush on your cheeks- and that your study continues to be pleasant.

Tomorrow evening we have a Black Out,

Lots of love

Father

*[This postcard dated **March 1, 1942** was written from Seattle, Washington by Aunt Etta to Jerry. Etta had to leave Hawaii six months earlier than planned because of the war. Post card donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Postcard of a Hawaiian fish postmarked San Francisco, Mar. 1, 1942.]

Miss Geraldine Beard
5035- 18th Av. N.E.
Seattle, Washington.

Convoy of 8 boats. Going to Alliance.

March 1st/42

Dear Jerry-

Am on my way to Ohio. The Hilo paper, in an editorial, asked all people who did not live in Hawaii and could be cared for elsewhere to evacuate. Fulton and family came also. They had their tickets to the Mainland. Helen will be in Wisconsin with relatives until Fulton locates. The voyage has been smooth, but felt miserable. Was sorry to lose 6 mos. of my visit.

Aunt Etta

*[This letter dated **March 9, 1942** was written from Tamp, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. Kathleen's family has adjusted to their new location. Kathleen is recovering from a case of Bell's palsy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

2403 Azeele St.
Tampa Fla.
March 9, 1942

Dear Jerry:

We have been here over a month now and feel quite at home in Tampa. We are glad we moved for many reasons and altho we miss the use of a car we wouldn't want to take on the responsibility of another one now if we could. The other people in the apartments are very nice and now that I am acquainted with some of them I have all the sociability that I need. Jill didn't think she liked her new school at first but now she is fully adjusted I think and is getting along nicely. The school is higher in its standards than the Safety Harbor school which had one teacher for every two grades, and we have heard that the one Jill is now going to is the best grade school in town. I have talked with her teacher, who retires next year, and am convinced that she knows her children tho seems a bit of a crank in some ways. Jill was scared of her at first but now seems to feel that she is in Mrs. Harter's good graces.

Hugh had his vacation last week. We were much surprised to get it so early this year since he had one only last October, but they are very arbitrary about such things so we must take them when they are assigned and be thankful that we have one at all. It (the vacation) came in most opportunely just then for I was under the weather in a peculiar way and was glad of his help and comfort. The Sunday before, we had entertained Hugh's whole family for Sunday dinner and the anticipation of feeding twelve in this little dining room with my limited facilities set me in somewhat of a dither, so I worked pretty hard the day before and got nervously tired, and it was cold. So on the day of the dinner I awoke to find I couldn't move the right half of my face. The family told me it was a cold settled there and would be alright in a few days. But it persisted and I had pains in my head so finally went to a Dr. who called it Bell's Palsy and said I should take Vitamin B, concentrate by hypo. And that's where Hugh helped so much for he gave me one every day. Other wise I would have had to do it myself and from my one try at it I didn't relish the idea. But now activity is coming back in my cheek and I can blink my eyelid again. The pains are gone too and I feel fine after taking it easy for two weeks. Hugh went back to work today and is in Jax now. The Dr. said today when I went to see him that it was the quickest recovery of that trouble that he had known of so I feel that the money spent was worth while and the discomfort of the hypodermics isn't so bad.

We are daily expecting some word from Mother saying that she is coming. I thought she would be here long before this but I guess something has held her up. Maybe the recent railroad accidents have made her loathe to step aboard a train for such a long journey, but we are still hoping she will get here before hot weather does. This winter, especially February, has been particularly cold and rainy, and it is still cool.

I hope the long silences that greet us from your direction mean that you are busy having a good time and not that you are working yourself ragged. Remember we all love you very much and enjoy even a postcard occasionally. Love- Kathie

*[This letter dated **March 10, 1942** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He and Mary are Air Raid wardens and must see that houses are blacked out and all are safe in an air raid. He has had no correspondence with Foochow lately. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

March 10th 1942
Tuesday

Dear Geraldine:-

Your good letter came Saturday- I guess. I enclose my check for \$100.00.

The Aunts got home from their visit to Stanley Owen last Tuesday about 4 p.m. We all went up to the Lenten Supper at the church at 6:30 and Aunt Phebe was one of the hostesses for the supper. A full house was there and staid for the talk by Eilsen[?] Daniels= Assistant Superintendent for the Cong'l- Christian churches of Conn. Friday Mother, Aunt Mary and I went to town. Aunt Mary to deliver eggs, and do errands for the household, Mother to see Dr. Curtiss and have a treatment. While the Aunts were away she ran into an iron peg that stuck out from the clothes pole and hurt her chest bone. It was causing her pain. Dr. Curtiss seems to have fixed her up. I went with mother and to get my hair cut. Saturday we sort of staid at home and entertained our pastor and his wife and daughter Bonnie Ann. They walked down- or the parents did – and were here for lunch.

Sunday we all attended church. In the afternoon Aunt Mary took me over to Coram to attend a meeting of Air Raid Wardens for Long Hill Ave from Vigianas to Pine Rock Park [*near the intersection of Long Hill and River Road*] and Coram. We got home about 5:30 = 2:30 to 5:30 p.m.

Sunday nite I phoned Dr. Hodous that Mother and I would call on them in Hartford 2:30 -3:30. Aunt Mary was driving up to attend a meeting and we would go with her. But yesterday morning it rained. There was fog and the wind blew. Mother decided not to go. Aunt Mary and I went and had a pleasant call. Hodous is still teaching altho he retired last June. He is now staying on a year at a time. Defense has made teachers scarce. On the way up we had one shower. Then no more rain. We came home in sunshine.

In the evening Aunt Mary and I attended an Air Raid Warden's meeting in Shelton. There were about 70 there. I am to look after the school house, Mike's house and our house. See that they are blacked out in the signal and see that they have a proper refuge room and render any assistance in case of raid in which bombs are dropped.

Aunt Mary has the key to the Beacon light so she can shut that off if necessary. I did the past week while she was away.

Two letters that I mailed to Foochow and to a place up in the country have come back to me marked "Service Suspended". We have heard nothing from Foochow since the beginning of the year.

It is amazing the way the Japanese are forging ahead in all the Pacific- except the Philippines.

Mother plans to go to see Kathleen soon. I am booked here for March 21 to marry Eunice Beard of Milford in the Milford Church that day. Also I have promised two dates for talks which are as yet not definite. You know Kathleen has moved over to Tampa.

This morning a letter came from Miss Elizabeth Chase, Larchmont N.Y. She had lost your Seattle address and asked me to put it on her envelope. I hope it reaches you all right.

Yesterday Dan came down and pumped the water out of the cistern, 23 ½ inches. It bothers while the frost is coming out with a hard rain.

May God keep you and giveth you

With love Father.

*[This letter dated **March 28, 1942** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Ellen left for FL to visit Kathleen. He has kept busy with baptisms and weddings. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

March 28th.1942

Dear Geraldine:-

I have written a check for you for \$100.00. I will not now take the time to look up the account. It is all in my checkbook. I think you may cross off one check for \$100.00. I think it was before January 1942 that I sent you a check for \$200.00. I thought I wrote that one hundred of it was a gift, not to go on the account.

Mother started for Tampa March 28th; One letter has come from her saying that she arrived all right. She did not mention Kathleen's trouble,- like yours in 1916. So I took it that she was better.

I talked to the Rotarians in Waterbury last Tuesday. Mr. Frazier was in bed day before yesterday and after the Lenten service in the evening Mrs. Frazier asked me to come over to see him. He told me the doctor said he should not plan to preach on Sunday. So I am to take his place tomorrow and have two babies to baptize.

A week ago last Saturday I married Eunice Beard of Milford to Edward G. Bailey of Meriden. Rain began about 2:00 p.m. and rained all the time till after dinner Sunday. Gould and his family were here when we got back from the wedding, and stayed till after dinner Sunday. They then went to Seymour and stopped in Derby to see the

doctor just for a check up on the children. Marion, Well's wife went to the Hospital in New Haven yesterday, -no it was Thursday. We have not heard since. Edith came Wed. to take Winn to New Haven for another operation- this time on his nose. His doctor is soon to go to the war, and wants to finish up on Winn before he goes.

I am about decided not to go to Tampa. It will mean \$100 and with conditions as they are. I have not yet decided that it would be right.

Give my love to all the people in Berkeley, Leolyn and Fred and Nancy, Elaine and her family, Gwendolyn and her family and to Leolyn and William, Polly and Billy and the baby.

With love

Father

[According to his Biographical Sketch, Gould was in the crew as pilot and flight engineer of the first four-engine survey flight flown across the North Atlantic with a C-87 cargo plane in April of 1942.]

*[This letter dated **April 29, 1942** was written from Tampa, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. Geraldine is in Berkeley doing some practice work. Ellen has been visiting Kathleen in Florida. Fulton's family and Aunt Etta are back from Hawaii. Willard has a new car. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

2403 Azeele St.

Tampa Fla

April 29, 1942

Dear Jerry:

We were glad of the condensed information about you packed onto the postcard that came this morning. Father wrote some weeks ago that you were in San Francisco but we did not know for how long so were awaiting some word from you. Just what did your practice work consist of and how did it happen that you were sent so conveniently to Berkeley? When you get settled in Seattle again let us know all the interesting details.

You probably know that Mother has been down here with us for the past two months and is now planning to go back to Conn. next week. Father didn't come at all this winter but says he may come next winter. We haven't done a great deal while Mother has been here for we are handicapped without a car and rather confined by Jill being in school. But we have managed to get Mother to church every Sunday but one, and we took in the Easter Sunrise service here in the Park. Did you go to the Berkeley one? We heard it being broadcast as we were eating breakfast that morning. We also went out to the air base (largest in the southeast) on army day to view the flying fortresses and air field. Mother took in the St. Petersburg festival of States parade by herself the week after that but doesn't try to go down town here by herself at all. Of course we have been shopping several times and went to a school entertainment at which Jill and Cynthia sang "Jasu tiang nguai." Cynthia had a great time that night and loved every minute of it. This past week we have been rather tied at home by Jill's measles. Half of her class has been out with them for the past ten days and she blossomed out a week ago tonight. They were the regular measles this time (she had three day measles in Savannah last spring) and she was a pretty sick girl for four days, and was she red!! By now the spots are fading and she is wanting to be up as much as I will let her. I only hope that Cynthia doesn't follow suit.

You heard of course that Fulton's family and Aunt Etta came back from Hawaii in March. Fulton, Helen, and two children drove across the country and left the children in Wisconsin coming on to Bradenton, Fla. where her parents live. They had an accident in Georgia which demolished their car, and it's a wonder the same didn't happen to them. They came up here last week and had lunch with us one day. They looked alright but Helen's back has been bothering her and it may have to be in a cast for several months. Fulton says he wasn't hurt at all but maybe he is just modest. I liked Helen a lot. She seems very capable and has lively, dark eyes. She looks about the same age as Fulton but of course looks can be deceiving. We are hoping they may come up again if he gets his new car here. He talks of getting a job as physician in some big defense plant or naval station but their plans seem to be very uncertain. Fulton was his same reticent self and didn't tell nearly all we wanted to hear about their exciting trip home.

Hugh has been transferred again, this time to St. Petersburg but since it may not be for more than a few weeks we are not moving for awhile. We want Jill to finish out her term here anyway, and by that time we should be able to tell how permanent it is likely to be. Meanwhile he is going back and forth by bus across Gandy bridge and he has much more time at home than he did on the Jacksonville run.

Did Father write you about his new car? I do hope he doesn't smash it up and himself with it. Mother is glad he is practicing up on driving before she rides with him. Love from us all- Kathie

*[This letter, dated **May 4, 1942**, was written from Naugatuck, Conn. by H.M. Billings to Dr. Willard Beard. He requests that Willard come and talk to the Naugatuck Rotary Club about China. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

PETER PAUL, INC.
Naugatuck, Conn.

May 4, 1942.

Dr. Willard Beard,
Shelton,
Connecticut.

Dear Doctor Beard:-

We have heard do many good reports concerning your talk on China that the Naugatuck Rotary Club would like very much to have you come and talk to them.

We meet each Wednesday at 12 o'clock noon and we set aside about one-half hour for our speaker.

We have June 3rd and all of July open at the present time and, if convenient, we would like to have you with us on any one of those days.

Very truly yours,
PETER PAUL, INC.
H.M. Billings
Program Committee

*[This letter dated **May 26, 1942** was written from Florida by Kathleen to Jerry. They are moving to St. Petersburg because of Hugh's job. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[postal addressed to:

Miss Geraldine Beard
5035- 18th Ave. N.E.
Seattle Wash.

Postmarked May 26, 1942

Dear Jerry: We have to imagine what you are doing these days. Your letter to Mother had to follow her North unopened so we didn't get the benefit of it. How about a card? You can well imagine what we are doing when I say we move this Friday to St. Petersburg. Our address there will be 2551-15th Ave. N. Jill's school ends this week and Cynthia for one will be glad to have her home all day. She has done very well this year and her teacher would promote her to third grade if she were staying here, she said. She loves spelling and reading and often spells instead of saying words in conversation. Hope she keeps up her good work. Any lines leads or contacts on a new job yet? Love- K

*[This letter dated **May 28, 1942** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Because Willard is a clergyman, he gets an "X card" and can buy any amount of gas. Ellen enjoyed her stay in Florida. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

May 28th. 1942.

Dear Geraldine:-

Time has rushed by so fast that I was surprised to find it had been two months since I wrote the last check to you. I have not heard that you received it but it has come back to the Bank so I judge you got it all right.

Your letter to Mother and the one to us both are here. If you do not find a ranch to your mind, perhaps the Aunts would consider hiring you on the farm for the summer. I see by the papers that many girls are on farms. I wonder how much real work of a producing kind they will do. Or will they do as Monnie and Kathie did in 1928. They got their farm hats, overalls and had their pictures taken with each a fork of hay holding it as no farmer could possibly hold it and THEY WERE FARMERS.

I am inclosing the Oberlin Commencement program, for you to look back onto, and a card for you to vote for an Alumnus Trustee, this must get to Oberlin before June 30.

I have been so full of things to do that I have not written saying I was not coming to the Commencement. Mother and I did go up to Hartford last Tuesday May 26th, Aunt Mary's birthday. She had to go for a State Committee meeting and we took two other ladies from Shelton and New Haven so I thought I was justified in driving up. I am a "Clergyman". I have an X card, which means I can buy any amount of gas. Aunt Mary has been talking of this meeting in Hartford for months. And Mother and I went to the Hodouses at once. We drove into Hartford by the Seminary and I gave the wheel to Aunt Mary. She drove down to the chapel of the Center Church, put the car into a parking place and attended her meetings with the other ladies and drove back to the Hodouses and we drove home. Mrs. Hodous had fallen several days ago in her pantry and bruised herself badly. She was still in bed but sitting up seven or eight minutes a day. She had just taken a course in First Aid and directed Dr. Hodous as he strapped her up and then got her on to a blanket and on to the bed. He brought the bed from upstairs into the dining room where she is now.

Aunt Mary and I have been driving about between Hartford and South Norwalk quite a bit the last month.

There does not seem to be much I can do to help you in deciding what to do for the summer. I would like to suggest that you might be as likely to find what you are looking for here in the east as in the west. If so and you want to come, drop me a line at once and I will forward you the money to come. If you want to come here and just rest for the summer come on.

Mother had a great time in Tampa and has seemed very glad that she went.

I am enclosing a little piece of paper with the amounts that my check book shows I have forwarded to you since last September. If it is not correct let [me] know and I will rectify it.

Next week I speak in Naugatuck to the Rotary Club and Mother speaks in Madison the next day I believe. Let us hear from you soon.

Very lovingly
Father

*[This letter dated **July 15, 1942** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He is glad to hear that Geraldine is located near her work. Ellen is visiting her siblings in Putnam. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm, Shelton, Conn. 15/7/42 [July 15, 1942]

Dear Geraldine:-

Your letter is just here. I congratulate you on the way all things have worked together for your good. I'm glad you are so pleasantly located - so near your work- yet far enough to give you a little exercise walking to and from. I trust your companion will be congenial. The fact that she was William's Secretary argues well. Your view during the day is all right. And you have an incentive to walk to get the view at other times. I'm glad your room has three windows.

Mother is still in Putnam. I have a hunch that she will stay there until Aunt Etta comes to Putnam. The three sisters and their brother will have a good time together.

Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra, Nancy and Stephen [Stanley] Owen, Stephen and Ruth and Mack were at Mr. Palmer's and here two nites. Most of them spent nites at Mr. Palmers. They were there for dinners both Sunday and Monday. Nancy's baby is a fine boy. - She is justly proud of him. It looks as if Stephen was going to marry a Catholic girl- but not until he is out of college. She seems to be doing most of the courting.

Aunt Mary has not sold much of her hay- only what is north of the house and about 4 acres south. But Mike Stobursky rented 7 or 8 acres to plant corn and potatoes on. I mowed by hand the pear orchard and got it in well made.

You will recognize an old friend in this paper and envelope. I found quite a bunch in your desk.

I enclose my check for \$25. Your letter sounds as if you were quite sure this would be enough to carry you thru. How would it do to send me a check for a certain amount per month? Then both of us could know how to plan. If it had not been for payment on some of the Wh. Hills property I should have been hard pressed some of the time the past year. But, with these I have made ends meet. I saved \$100. by not going to Fla. Love Father.



Abbie and Bennett Nichols Beard's family- 1942. Oliver Wells Beard, Dan Beard and Edith Beard Valentine are the children of Ben and Abbie.

Left to right standing in back: Marion and Oliver Wells Beard holding baby Marion, Beatrice and Dan Beard, Edith and Seymour Valentine.

Front left to right: Abbie sitting next to (from top to bottom) Danny Beard Jr., Winifred Valentine, Beverly Beard. Bennett Nichols Beard is sitting holding Jay Valentine.

[Photo from a negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



This photo was probably taken within a month or so of the previous photo.

Back row left to right: Unknown woman, Stephen Beard, Wells Beard holding baby Marion, wife Marion Beard, Beatrice Beard, Dan Beard, Winifred Valentine on pony, Danny Beard in the shade at far right holding Bucky the pony..

Middle row left to right: Unidentified older woman, Mary Beard, Willard Beard, Ellen Kinney Beard, Phebe M. Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard.

Seated on the ground left to right: Edith Valentine with Jay Valentine in her lap, Seymour Valentine, Beverly Beard.
[Photo from a negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **July 19, 1942** was written from St. Petersburg, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. She asks about Geraldine's work at Berkeley. She wonders if the Express Company will transfer Hugh yet again now that they are in St. Petersburg. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

These pictures were taken mostly in Tampa while Mother was here.

St. Petersburg
2551-15th Ave. N.
July 19 '42

Dear Jerry:

How is the new work going in San Francisco, or rather Berkeley? After you get on to the ropes I hope the work won't be too confining or nerve straining. I read your interesting account of the background of the library and just where does your work fit into the picture? Is it further research among old material or is that part of it all done? How I wish we could visit Cal. I have become very curious in recent years to tour that part of the country and see it with my own eyes. However we seem to be touring anyway- in Florida- and just now we are busy learning the beauties and intricacies of St. Petersburg. We like it so far very much but I suppose just because we do some fellow

from Jacksonville will take a notion to roll Hugh and we will be on the move again. We are enjoying it while we may, going to the Gulfport beach and playing Badminton in our back yard during Hugh's evenings off. Cynthia stirred things up a bit by coming down with cough about a month ago but is nearly over it by now. Her two-way meals left her thinner than she ever has been before but she is as lively as ever. We found some friends from Safety Harbor living here and we are next door to a middle-aged couple who grew up in Oberlin. The man also works for the Exp. Co. in the office here so they are a great help as our information bureau. They have two sons in the army and a third nearly of age.

Hugh's family has been down twice and Molly and Chickie have each had their turn visiting us for awhile. I don't remember having as much fun with any of my cousins as Jill and C. seem to have with Enid's children. They are simply on top of the world when any or all of the three come to visit. Of course you had Uncle Oliver's girls when you were small and they were the right ages for you three, so maybe you can share the feeling of my two.

By chance I happened to run into the Christians downtown several weeks ago and had a nice little chat with them. They were leaving next morning so that I couldn't have them out to our house, much as I would like to have seen more of them. They both looked grand! They are speaking at conferences all over the South and middle West this summer.

Last month during one of Hugh's days off we went up to Safety Harbor by train for a visit and came back next day. The children were thrilled with the train ride and I must admit I wanted to stay right on the train all day and enjoy the cool air conditioning. We found the family as well as usual but Rollin Sr. was away doing defense work. He couldn't get anything around here after private construction came to a halt so he found work up in Mobile Ala. I guess he may be back here in the winter.

Monnie's last letter to me was written in April and said nothing about coming out. Have you heard anything more recent? I wonder if the war will cause any change in company transfers up there. At any rate I guess you and I are doomed to miss seeing them if they do come down. Hugh has had his vacation this year (in March) and there isn't a chance of my leaving with travelling conditions so uncertain. Many people are staying down here for the summer who never stayed before.

Lets hear from you soon.

Love from all- Kathie

*[This letter dated **August 12, 1942** was written from Florida by Kathleen to Jerry. She relays a message from Monnie that she will be coming home from Canada later in the month. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Postal addressed to:

Miss Geraldine Beard
c/o Dr. Wim S. Morgan
1683 La Loma Ave.
Berekely Calif.

[marked and forwarded to:

2508 Parker Street.

Postmarked Aug 12, 1942

Dear Jerry: Thanks for your Birthday telegram. My birthday does me some good anyway for I got a good haul of mail- among it a telegram from Monnie which you will be glad to hear. I quote- "Am leaving from Hopedale about Aug. 24. Will wire again from Bay Roberts. Please notify family pronto. Ralph following later. Many guests and packing have made last few weeks very busy. Both send love."

I wonder why Ralph can't come out with her. I take it that she will wait in Bay Roberts for him, don't you? I'm glad she is coming down. Love Kathie

*[This letter dated **August 26, 1942** was written from Florida by Kathleen to Jerry. Kathleen tells Geraldine that she is once again moving, this time to Ft. Meyers, FL. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Postal addressed to:

Miss Geraldine Beard
2508 Parker St.
Berkeley Calif

[postmarked:

Aug 26, 1942

Dear Jerry: Last week I notified you of Monnie's moving and more of our own. Hugh was displaced on this run by a man with more seniority who wanted it so we will be going to Ft. Myers – heading south for a change. It is a better paid job so I guess we should be thankful but I hate to move when we were so nicely settled and we can take only half our things. I'll be going early in Sept. so don't address me here after Sept. 1. A cousin of Mother Elmer's works in a Berkeley library but is now out with a sprained ankle I think. Her name is Olive Burrows. Have you heard of her? What do you think of Monnie's surprise? Will you be able to get East? Don't think I can. Love
- K



Willard and Ellen probably in the 1940s
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **Sept. 16, 1942** was written from Derby (Putnam), CT by Ellen to Geraldine. Ellen relays Monnie's message that she will be in Boston within a few days and Ralph's message that he will be coming soon afterwards. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Postcard addressed to:

Miss Geraldine Beard,
2508 Parker St.
Berkeley, Cal.

Postmarked: Derby Conn. Sept. 16, 1942.

Sept. 16th. 1942

Dear Geraldine,
News! News!

A Night letter today from Marjorie, for Truro, Nova Scotia said "Arrive Boston Thurs. Visiting Putnam couple of days. Will notify you from there when coming to Shelton. Enjoying trip immensely. Grand getting back to civilization. Can't wait to see you all."

An hour later a night-letter to her from Ralph came saying "Expect leave end this week. Will wire upon arrival. Please give my love Mother, Father, aunts and Family." And very tender personal message to her.

Father is in Hartford attending Conn. minister's meeting Mon, Tues, and Wed. this week. And Mary and I go to Hartford Thurs. and Fri. to attend Women's retreat.

We have been looking long for Marjorie's radiogram telling us of her starting from Davis Inlet last of Aug. But infer military reasons prevented her sending any message over wire. Love from Mother

*[This letter dated **Sept. 27, 1942** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Monnie to Jerry. Monnie is back at Century Farm and expects Ralph to arrive soon. Monnie is pregnant and will have the baby in the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Got your letter in Bay Roberts. You were the only member of the family who wrote. Thank you.

Century Farm
Sept. 27, 1942

Dear Jerry,

Just a note this time because there are so many folks to write and it's so hard to find time to write around here.

Mother said she wrote you when she got my message from Truro. I got to Putnam on the 17th. Mother and Father drove up on the 19th and we stayed until the 22nd, when they drove me down here. That drive was such a treat because I'd made up my mind to expect no car rides at all. Besides, it was a perfect day.

Any day now I expect a message from Ralph saying he has reached Bay Roberts. He will take the first half of his furlough there- 3 weeks- then come on here for about 3 weeks. Then he goes to Winnipeg to be assigned to a new post. Some people say he might be sent to Montreal for a six- month course in fur grading. I hope he is, for then I can go and live with him there and have the baby there. But if he is sent straight to a post, we'll wait to find out what sort of a place it is before I decide whether to join him immediately or not. If it's isolated I shall stay here to have the baby, then go to Ralph in March. It's so inconvenient not to be told your future plans so you can make arrangements ahead of time. But that's the way of the Company.

I'm glad you've got such a good job, and in such an interesting and lovely place. But it's a darn nuisance to have you so far away. I'll tell you- plan to come and stay with us for your vacation- we'll probably be somewhere in Western Canada, probably a rather nice post. Ralph has done so extraordinarily well at Davis Inlet that he has made a name for himself in Winnipeg and both uncles say that the big shots there have something really good in store for him. Uncle Ralph and Uncle Hayward were very much pleased with his work too, and also with the way we had fixed up our Davis Inlet house. So I guess both of them approve of me now.

I had a lovely time at Bay Roberts during my ten-day's stay. They all asked about you and wanted to be remembered to you. Uncle Jack Hambling especially. Their hospitality was lavish as usual and they all seemed to take me right in as one of the family. I got to know them all better visiting alone as I did than as if I had been with Ralph.

There won't be any family reunions I guess. Kathie can't get up- you can't get here; Dot hasn't written whether she's coming or not. If she doesn't, Ralph will stop there on his way to Winnipeg. Gould will be the only one who's near enough to come. I'd sent Kathie the money to come myself if it weren't that I shall have to live and have my baby on my \$500. because Ralph is paid in Canada and Canada allows none of her currency to be sent out of the country. I was allowed to by only \$25.00 in U.S. money to get home on. Had to leave all the rest of my money in Nfld. Of course I bought my ticket to Boston, there.

Thanks so much for those books. Had no time to get them but will send for them or Ralph will pick them up. The bed-jacket will be just the thing for when I'm in the hospital. More later.

Love, Monnie

[This letter, dated Oct. 4, 1942, was written by Gould to Willard. He discusses buying a new house and borrowing money from Willard as an investment for him. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Oct. 4, 1942

Dear Father:

We were so very glad to have you and Mother with us again and to have Monnie down was a thrill. We hope we can be all settled in 6 Martin Place when Ralph comes with Monnie and when you and Mother come again.

As to the finance on the house, I was going to borrow about \$2250.00. Some of this sum was to have been as a second mortgage and the rest on one of my insurance policies. If you want to take a second mortgage on the house for \$2250 at 3% per annum, I think I can pay it back within four years in semi annual installments without skimping the families activities beyond a healthy amount that will give them an appreciation of the home they are helping to earn.

We had planned to take title to the house on or about Oct 15th and will need the money then. If this is ok, please drop me a note rite away as if it is ?at I will write out a loan on my Mutual Benefit Annuity which will take about 6 days to complete. You can mail the check anytime and reach us by the 15th of this month.

I want to thank you with great appreciation for this offer. I remembered that you had said you had some money you would like to invest, but I did not know how you were fixed at present. And as my credit is good for several times the amount necessary and as Cullen[?], the ??, would take a second mortgage for more than half the balance of the sum necessary I decided to do it that way and not embarrass you in case you had already planned for the use of the money. The house will be good for the sum I am paying for it \$14,350.00 for some years to come as it is the last house available in any development around there and there will be no more building until after the war. Several houses around here and around that development have sold for a thousand dollars over that price without half the property around them. If I fix the place up as I hope to is should be worth \$15,500 anytime within the next two years. I think your money will be safe in a second mortgage if anything ever happens to me and Virginia has to disperse of the house. The total carrying charges will amount to about \$95.00 a month which is \$15 a month more than the rent we are now paying. I can deduct all the interest on indebtedness out of my income tax unless that is changed next year and that will help. I feel that I am getting nothing for the rent I will be paying on the house as a good proportion will be going into an equity in the property.

I am going on a military mission Wednesday to be gone about 10 days and hope to be able to move into the new house when I get back.

The little sickle pears are delicious and the grapes don't keep around this house. I hope Virginia will have an apple pie with the apples before Wednesday.

Guess I will have to put the boat away without another sail. I had to work all yesterday and today on plans and could'nt get a sail in the afternoon. The club, shore boat stop runs to the fleet very soon and I will not be able to sail the next two weeks.

With love to all from all here.

Your son,

Gould

[This letter dated Oct. 12, 1942 was written from Fort Meyers, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. She thanks Jerry for a sweater. They are now living in Fort Meyers and she talks about their place and living there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

c/o Railway Express Agency

Fort Myers, Fla.

Oct. 12, '42

Dear Jerry:

What a surprise your package was- and its contents even more so. I do like the sweater and it is a shade that I haven't worn much so it will add variety to my wardrobe (if my heterogeneous assemblage could be called that). It is still too warm to wear wool but in another month I should be able to strut downtown in it, and considering how far south we are I may not feel the need of anything heavier most of the time. Thank you loads for sending it. I am just wearing out that blue print dress that you and Monnie gave me two birthdays ago and am so sorry to see it go. It is such a good style for my "maturing figger" and comparatively cool for summer. However the relentless sun down here had already robbed it of its azure and left it a misty gray so I couldn't wear it for good anymore. You might laugh too, to see your red striped beach P.J.s still flopping around. The top disintegrated last year so I cut it off and made them into full slacks with the belt as band. Now I am considering hacking off more, for

strangely enough the pockets are the next to shred. The lower legs are full enough for a skirt so it may yet last the duration. Anyway I always liked the gay stripe.

Well, we are now in the city which Edison claimed ninety million people would discover, as he did. His winter home is still here, next to Ford's, and Mrs. Edison comes down every winter we are told. There are many luxurious estates here but most of them are quite far from town and we only saw them because our landlady was kind enough to take us for a ride one Sunday. We are nearly a mile out ourselves (in another direction from the wealthy) and we get plenty of walking just to keep us fed. Our house is very much like a summer shack up north but it does have an electric ice box, gas stove and water heater so we can be fairly comfortable despite no closets and other features which keep it from seeming like home. We fight ants constantly in addition to roaches and have to walk two blocks in deep sand before we can walk on a hard road. Our landlady seems nice tho and had taken the children to Sunday school every Sunday and me once to her class in the Methodist church. She is also an ardent Eastern star and Red cross worker.

Jill takes the school bus to school and I put her in third grade at the suggestion of her Tampa teacher. She seems to be keeping up alright but her teacher tells me she can see the lack of familiarity with words in her work. I think I can help her overcome that handicap. She loves spelling and goes around spelling out her conversation at home. Cynthia, not to be outdone tries to do the same with amusing results. She will say "Mamma, give me a m-i-o-t—drink!" She plays pretty well by herself and rides her tricycle when we go shopping. Hugh's work is awfully heavy with the town so full of soldiers and he has to sleep all the day after he gets in- works every other night.

It is good to think of Monnie back in the States again and I hope she doesn't have to go out into the sticks again right away. We won't be able to see her this time, I guess, or Ralph either, but maybe next time she gets down this way we can go up for a visit. I know you must feel very far removed out there too, and I don't suppose you can get a vacation so soon. By the way, when do you get one and how long is it? Have you met Olive Burrows, Mother Elmer's cousin, yet?

I want to mail this uptown today so more next time.

We all send our love

Kathie

[This letter dated Oct. 19, 1942 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT. by Monnie to Jerry. She is waiting for Ralph to arrive from Canada. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Postal addressed to:

Miss Geraldine Beard
2508 Parker St.
Berkeley Calif.

[postmarked:

Oct. 19, 1942

Sunday

Dear Jerry,

I had planned to go to Putnam yesterday to be there when Ralph was to have arrived tomorrow. But yesterday morning a message came from him saying he had been unavoidable delayed and would start today, probably reaching Putnam Thursday. We think it was the sinking of the Caribou last wed. in Cabot Strait that made it impossible for him to come. For altho that might not have been the boat he would have taken, it will have to be replaced quickly to take care of the greatly increased passenger traffic across there nowadays. That happened only 2 nights before he was to have crossed! How thankful I am! But I shan't rest easy until he's here. More later, when he arrives. Love, Monnie

[This letter dated Oct. 29, 1942 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Ellen to Geraldine. Marjorie and Ralph are now out of Canada and visiting . A baby shower was held for Marjorie. Ellen comments how times have changed since she had her children. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Altho most of this sheet is rather old news I will send it along for some possible side-lights which you may not have gotten from other sources.

Mrs. Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

Shelton, Conn.
Thurs. Oct. 29th, 1942.

Dear Geraldine,

How we all wish you could be here the next few weeks while Marjorie and Ralph are here. You and Kathleen are in unfortunate corners of the continent, viewed from the scene of home activities. This is one of the times when we wish we were worth half a million so that we could transport all the family home for a reunion.

It is still uncertain how long Marjorie will be with us as we have not seen Ralph yet to hear his report of the location of his next post. Marjorie went to Putnam last Wednesday night to be there to welcome Ralph coming down thru Truro to Boston, as she did, expecting him to arrive in Putnam Thursday p.m. at 2:30. This is still true as Ralph will not know till he goes to Winnipeg. She hadn't rec'd the telegram from him which she expected all day Tues. and Wed. and was very uneasy and anxious, - so much so that she called Putnam by phone to ask if it had come there. It had not. Nov. 8- This letter has rested over a week so I'll try to take up the thread and finish it. Much has happened in the ten days that have intervened.

Marjorie went by train via Waterbury to Putnam to meet Ralph who eventually came via Montreal buying a round trip ticket from Montreal to Boston so as to use all the Canadian money he could before leaving Canada as when money is exchanged to U.S. money one always loses considerable by exchange; moreover the Canadian Gov't. won't let any more Canadian money go out of the country than what is absolutely necessary to the person traveling there. They asked Marjorie what she estimated were her absolute needs then granted her \$25.00 and she had to send the rest of her Canadian money back to Ralph to be deposited in his Bank acct. there.

Ralph arrived in Putnam either Thurs. or Fri. (I forget which now) and they staid over Sunday there then went to Long Meadow just out of Springfield to see Fulton and Helen, staid over one night there then came to Shelton. Ralph spent two days, after arriving here, visiting his father alone.

On Saturday, Oct. 31st, Dorothy arrived in New Haven. Stephen had secured tickets to the Yale-Brown Football game for Father, Ralph, Marjorie, Dorothy and me, and he offered to meet Dorothy at the N.H. station, take her to lunch and take her to the ball field where we were to meet them at 2 p.m. at gate 15. So that is where Ralph and Dorothy first met. As for the game it was mostly tumbling down and getting up so far as I could see. Yale won 6 to 0; and I heard over the radio yesterday when the Yale-Harvard game finished that Yale had won every game it had played this season. Harvard 3, Yale 7; but Yale didn't score at all till the 4th quarter.

Sunday, Nov. 1st was the big family party which included all of Ben's family thru 3 generations, Annie, Edythe Fairchild, Theodore and Ruth. Dinner was served on the long picnic tables bro't into the living room, and on the dining room table full length.

After dinner they gave Marjorie a baby shower, at which Ralph and all the men were inveigled to be present. Ralph went thru it bravely. Every lady brought something so you know about how many gifts she received. And Dorothy bro't on all the baby things I had given her 15 yrs. or so ago. Just as Theodore and Ruth were getting into their car to go home Ruth announced that it was his (T's) birthday. They presented, at the shower, money, a bill \$5.00 in one of those presentation cards for cash gifts, - for "baby's first bank account." Marjorie now has 3 beautiful blankets, one full crib size, all pink from Mother Butt, and one small size pink on one side and blue on the other from bassinette size. Phebe and Mary; and another same size and same colors I guess. She has plenty of socks and stockings for the first year, plenty of hoods and several jackets or sweaters; one complete layette from Montgomery Ward's and a part of another she bought before she went up to Davis Inlet (she has given away some pieces of it to friends up there). Virginia gave her the baby sleeping bag she used for Willard; and she has one wrapper.

I have never seen any prospective mother so enthusiastic and so overjoyed as she is, or one that anticipated her prospect with more real deep pleasure than she does. When she was looking over the Montgomery Ward catalog making out her order, she would chuckle "My! it's such fun!" After "quickening" began she has been tremendously interested in the movements of the little one. For three weeks after she arrived here she talked a great deal about the coming event and asked information of all her young friends who had had babies recently, Edith Valentine, and our pastor's wife, and a whole group of young married women who meet at the pastor's house weekly and Marjorie has met with them for one supper. I guess she has about all the necessary information now, about hospital regime etc. - more than I could give her as they do things so differently in these days from what they did when my babies were arriving. We never went to the hospital then but had the delivery in our own house.

Times certainly have changed! People talk much more freely about this matter than they used to when I was young. Then it was more or less of a secret between husband and wife and the wife's mother and sisters, and the Dr. If a woman was "expecting" it was spoken of in whispers just between two women. Now it is common talk in the family "when the baby comes" unless there are young children present, - before the men relatives too. Marjorie said her relatives in Bay Roberts while she was there visiting on her way home, talked very freely about it and told her all their experiences, giving her quite an education.

Her size astounds her and almost alarmed her at first, it increased so rapidly the first two weeks she was here. She has kept perfectly well, and exercises freely in house work, walking, etc. and only has a little back ache, occasionally and a little "heart burn" when her food does not agree with her. She has visited her Dr. three times and had free talks with him and the second time had an examination after which he told her he tho't she was one month farther along than she had estimated, bringing delivery the last of Jan. instead of Feb. as she had tho't. Now she does not know when to write Ralph to come down. He said he would come for Christmas anyway.

She tho't some of going to Montreal with him and have it born there but apartments were not to be had. Dr. Edson always takes her blood-pressure, her weight, and examines a sample of her urine, all of which is well so far.

She hopes it is twins! And tried to have the Dr. discover in his examination the confirmation of her hopes, but he reported only one little heart beat.

She has reached the stage where the weight is somewhat burdensome but her carriage is very well-balanced, athletic, and as graceful as possible. However, she is beginning to wish the time would hurry along to the event. She will go to the Griffin Hospital and Dr. Edson will attend her.

With much love
Mother

W.P.A. activities are stopped now. Where would you be now if you had not resigned a year and a half ago?

We all appreciated your good long letter about your defense work, and the photos. They are very good of you. Isn't Dr. Morgan much thinner? I am glad your work and your responsibilities are not quite so heavy as in Chicago.

*[This letter dated **October 29, 1942** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Monnie and Ralph are now in the U.S. Gould has a new house. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Conn.

October 29- 1942

Dear Geraldine

Your letter asking for another \$100.00 came yesterday. It decreases my favorable balance in the bank more than I enjoy, but I can stand it if you are not calling for more. The only factor that enabled us to finance you this year was that Aunt Mary sold some of the White Hills property and got cash for it. I put that to your help. That source is now exhausted and I have only our normal income.

Monnie has made us all glad by arriving safe, sound and happy. Ralph came Tuesday of this week with us from Putnam via Springfield, Mass. where they spent one nite with Fulton and Helen. Fulton is leaving now for work as doctor for the Standard Oil Co. down near Venezuela- a hot country. Helen goes to see him off - in Florida I believe. Aunt Etta goes to Springfield = Long Meadow to care for Helen's two small children- 12+. Today Ralph took the 9:54 a.m. train for N.Y. He plans to come back tomorrow on the 3:44 p.m. at Derby. Mother, Monnie and Ralph and I want to attend a football game at Yale Sat. p.m. Yale vs. Brown- if the weather is good and we talk of going to a "shore dinner" tomorrow evening I believe- somewhere.

Plans are maturing for the Beard clan to gather here for Thanksgiving. There is also to be a party of those who can come this Sunday- specially to see Ralph.

It is most too bad to write this to you, for you can't possibly be present. We will think of you.

Mother and I plan to drive to Putnam next Tues. after rationing here - to speak in the p.m.- Women's Miss'y Meeting and come home Wed. or Thurs. The gas rationing Board gave me a special 16 gas to go.

Have we written you that we saw Gould's new house- about 3 miles from their Great Neck home? It is a new house- just finished- 3 bathrooms- on a corner. Ginny had the pleasure of choosing her own paper for the walls. Shrubs are planted, grass is green on the lawn. This is the last house of a "Development". The company used it for a year as an office.

The frost held off till three nites ago- Cosmos is still all right and Chresanthemums are not yet in bloom. The garden is all cleared- except celery and parsnips.

Ralph does not yet know where he is to be located. But somewhere in Canada- not in Labrador.

Did Berkeley deposit any of the Japanese? What is the reaction in this action of the government, that you hear?

Gould seems to be on the go much of the time. He was off for a week or ten days two weeks ago. We have not heard where he went. Ginny wrote that he was home-very tired. They should be in their new house. But we have not heard from any of them for ten days.

Lovingly
Father

Fri morning-

Dot has just wired that she is leaving this afternoon for N.Y. Takes trains tomorrow morning for New Haven to attend Ball Game- Brown-Yale tomorrow afternoon with us.

Father

[This letter dated Oct. 30, 1942 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Monnie to Jerry. Ralph is now in the states and they have been visiting. Her cousin Fulton, is now working in a hospital for Standard Oil in Aruba. Monnie is excited to have her baby due in January or February. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Oct. 30 [1942]

Dear Jerry,

Just a note to put in with Father's letter.

Ralph arrived last Friday via Montreal and Boston. I met him in Putnam and we stayed there until Monday. It was so good to see him and it is so good to have him here. Funny- but after you are married, even home isn't the same satisfying place any more unless your husband is there with you. Ralph is heavier than ever before in his life- 170 lbs. - but he can carry it and he's not fat. Ralph took the folks out to dinner Sunday- we went to the Gen. Lyon Inn in Eastford. There we saw Miss Chapdelaine now Mrs. Benoit- and her brother, - Chapdelaine, who was in yours and Gould's class. Both wanted to be remembered to you. Mrs. Benoit is still very attractive and vivacious.

Monday night we spent with Fulton and Helen in Longmeadow, just outside of Springfield, Mass. Day before yesterday Fulton started for his new job- as one of seven doctors in the Standard Oil co. hospital on the tiny island of Aruba off the coast of Venezuela. The largest oil refinery in the world is there with 7000 employees. It's a grand job and Fulton is looking forward to it except that Helen and the children can't go with him and are staying in Longmeadow in their newly-bought house. Did you meet them? Isn't Helen a dear and so charming. It is the family's gain that Fulton married her.

Tuesday we came to the farm. Dot telegraphed that she was arriving in New Haven tomorrow in time to go to the Yale-Brown game with Stephen, Mother, Father, Ralph and me. The aunts are getting together as many of the relatives as possible Sunday. How we shall miss you and Kathie!! We shall go to Gould's sometime next week, also Ralph's father's in Cedarhurst. Ralph has to leave Thursday the 12th. Ralph sends much love as do I and we both wish so much we could see you.

Dr. says I'm 6 months along instead of 5 1/2 so baby may arrive in Jan. He could hear the baby's heart beating yesterday! It's all so exciting.

Love, Monnie

[This letter dated Nov. 4, 1942 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Ellen to Geraldine. Ellen starts this letter in November and finishes it 8 months later in June. She, Dorothy, Willard and Etta were all in Putnam at Emma and Elbert's home. Dorothy got to meet Ralph. Ellen sends a No. 17 ration stamp for shoes to Geraldine. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Mrs. Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

Putnam, Conn.
Nov. 4", 1942.

Dear Geraldine,

You will naturally infer that I am visiting Emma and Elbert, which is correct. Father and Dorothy are with me too. Aunt Etta is here for the winter and so we make quite a party.

It all came about this way.

I was asked months ago to speak at the Thank Offering meeting here on Nov. 3" and promised that I would, or would get Father to take my place which he did yesterday afternoon. It rained, - and it was voting day, so there was not a large audience out.

Dorothy came east last Friday leaving Saginaw about 2:30 p.m. by train and arriving in N.Y. about 7 a.m. Saturday. She came on to New Haven about 10:30, and telephoned the farm. Stephen had telephoned out a few minutes before, about tickets for the Yale-Brown game in the Yale bowl which Marjorie had asked him to secure for us, as she wanted Ralph to see a big game while he is here. Hearing that Dorothy was arriving soon he offered to meet her and take care of her till we came in for the game. So he took her up to his room and to lunch and we met them at portal 15 at the bowl at 2 o'clock. And Dorothy met Ralph for the first time, and Marjorie and Father and me.

Hunting for a piece of paper to write to you on, (from my suit case) I came across this, written 8 months ago. And as the first sentence is true now, I thought I would use this to write my brief message today on, also to prove to you that I have had some good correspondence intentions toward you altho you have never received my letter.

June 12", '43

Dear Geraldine,

Your letter to Father and me was forwarded to me from the farm, but Father did not write whether he sent



you the ration point "No 17" or not.

I suppose he did, unless he had already given away to Ben's family both his and my No. 17. He knows that I have all the shoes I shall probably need for the rest of my life (7 prs.)

But in case he did not send you a "No 17", Uncle Elbert is sending you his, as he and Emma both have a good supply of shoes and after June 15th will have a new point, No. 18 on which they can buy shoes if they need any. If this does not arrive in time to use by the 16th and if you received no other, just drop us a card and we will send you a no.18 to use after the 15th of June.

Father and I attended a Foochow reunion at Geo. Newell's in Oxbridge on June 5", - came down here that night and I have been here since; Father went home Monday and I shall have to go Wednesday of this week.

Write us again, - we enjoy your letters.

With love, Mother.

Will send you Marjorie's letter soon and Johnny's picture. I think you received 6 or 8 photos of him and others some time ago.

[This letter dated Dec. 5, 1942 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Monnie to Jerry. She discusses Christmas gifts and talks about niece and nephew, Hazel and Willard, and their accomplishments. Ralph will return from Montreal, Canada for the baby's birth. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

I'll send you some silver spoons etc. after Christmas. Remember you lent them to me when I went to Labrador?

Century Farm
Dec. 5, 1942.

Dear Jerry,

Your letter of the 29th came this week. You really have done nobly on correspondence lately. Keep it up. And it's good to hear news of the Morgan family. I've not even been sure of all their names before.

About the lamp: I'm going to look around here an N. Haven first. We are going to N. Haven Monday Christmas shopping, so I'll look then. Meanwhile, just hang on to your dollars until I find out whether it is as much as \$3. Thanks you for the \$1.

Everyone is going slow on gifts this year I guess. I know we are going to have to budget. You have already given us our Christmas gifts for this year and next. That gift of books was very generous and we shall enjoy them for years to come. Thank you again ever and ever so much for them. You have already given me a baby shower gift, too. That pink wooly bed jacket, which I am planning to wear in the hospital. Winnie gave me a blue silk one, so I'm all fitted out.

I can't give you any suggestions for the aunts. You always have such good ideas anyway. No idea for Dot, either. Which Edith did you mean- Edith Valentine? I wasn't planning to go outside the family. We have all Ralph's family to buy for, too,- and more than \$100 to pay for a brand-new baby about a month after Christmas.

For Thanksgiving we had 20 - 5 of us, 4 of Gould's family, Uncle Ben's, Well's and Edith's families, Stephen, Aunt Annie and Cousin Edith. Gould had to leave that night for Long Island, but the children and Ginny stayed till Sunday. Ralph sent me a dozen roses that morning. I've never received so many flowers in my life as within the last month. It's very thrilling to get them from one's husband.



Written on back: "Thanksgiving 1943" although it is probably 1942 judging from the age of Oliver Wells Beard's daughter, Marion, and, in 1943, Stephen was in California.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Previous photo magnified

Standing left to right: Willard Beard, Seymour Valentine, Ellen Kinney Beard, Oliver Wells Beard holding baby Marion, Beatrice Beard, probably Stephen Beard, Marion Beard, Virginia Space Beard, Phebe M. Beard, Gould Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard, Mary Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard, Dan Beard.

Sitting left to right: Hazel Beard, probably Winifred Valentine, probably Beverly Beard, Edith Beard Valentine holding Jay Beard – Willard Frederick Beard and Danny Beard, Jr. are probably the boys.

The elderly lady seated in the middle may be Anna Beardsley Beard, 2nd wife of Oliver Gould Beard, Jr.

Hazel took quite a walk all by herself one morning when Ginny took Willard to the dentist's. She went down thru the back pastures to Coram Lane, and down that almost to the river road! I never would have taken such a walk alone when I was her age. Neither child made any comment on my size even tho I'm quite big now. Neither seemed to even notice anything. Ginny said she had told them about it, so they evidently take it quite as a matter of course, which is very wise, I think. While we were down at Gould's, Willard read us a story he had written and was to hand in at school Monday. It was some story- about 8 or ten pages long, and written with all the sound effects and more exclamation than you could shake a stick at. The spelling nearly convulsed Ralph who looked over Willard's shoulder as he read. It was all about the adventures of a little crocodile who finally ended up at their school. Evidently both children loved camp last summer and Willard is very proud of the fact that he was awarded a prize as best all-around boy or something like that. They both did well, especially in handcrafts and nature, and from their accounts and enthusiasm over the trophies and samples of work they brought home, they got a great deal out of it.

Hazel says her favorite reading is a sort of Child's Book of Knowledge she has, and Ginny says both of them love the National Geographic and Life Magazine. They certainly are alert and wide-awake children with much wider interests than we ever had at their ages. You wouldn't guess from the way Hazel handles herself that there was anything wrong with her leg. She still wears a half-inch lift on that heel.

Winifred isn't having anything more done for a year. But then he will have to have his mouth sewed up until it can grow together (isn't that horrible?!) and then it will be cut apart again, evidently to try to make his upper lip, which is all drawn tight, the same width as his lower lip. He still talks as if without a palate and I can hardly understand him. Jay is a little darling and just as cute as Cynthia. I guess everyone got fed up with Edith's and Seymour's staying so long. Father used to take Winifred's discipline into his own hands sometimes. And E. and S. used to go out more than the older people here thought they should. Uncle Elbert first told me a few of the complaints against E. and S., but very little has been said since I got here. Mother always shuts Father up when he begins.

Ralph is coming down both for Christmas and when the baby is born. I'm so glad he was kept in Montreal first instead of being sent right to Winnipeg. I'll give him your address so he can write you. Lots of love from us all,

Monnie

That note of Trudie's was most interesting. Thanks.



November 1942

Gould's children: Hazel Ellen (11 years old) and Willard F. Beard (almost 9)

[Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard]

[This letter dated Dec. 10, 1942 was written from Florida by Kathleen to Jerry. Kathleen is doing some Christmas work for the Express Company. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dec. 10, 1942

Dear Jerry:

We enjoyed your letters about picking fruit and taking trips so much. Now we joke about passing "Jerry's prunes" and getting some of your walnuts. The groves will be short on pickers here too but women could hardly climb ladders with heavy canvas bags on their backs and wield clippers too, so I have turned to lighter work for the Christmas rush.

The Exp. Agent is very short of help and my! what a business they are doing with the army posts and the added Christmas rush. Hugh offered my services so I'm a working girl, and when Hugh is away the landlady's daughter cares for the children. It has worked out fairly well for a week but the housework is piling up on me and everything is dirty. Hugh has to do his own cooking and he does wonderfully keeping things straight despite his own heavy work. He is gone from 5 P.M. until 10 or 11 A.M. every other night. The agent's daughter and I are sent by the company to a packing house across the river in a taxi every day and we bill out about 1000 pieces a day. Maybe I can hold out until Christmas but I don't envy the working "gal" at all.

The enclosed money order is not all a gift so don't think I am blowing you to anything. I owe you \$5.00 (is that satisfying to you?) for that boy's bicycle that was at Dot's. That's what she said she paid you for the girl's. Sorry it's so late but we are just beginning to feel flush for the first time since we lived in Savannah. Moving always sets us back. The remainder is for your gift if you can find anything these days for so little. We are letting most of our folks get their own presents this year both to save mailing and because I can't do any shopping while

working. But we are thinking of all of you wherever you are and our love is not rationed or diminished by war or distance. Thank you for the socks (to be) and stamps. I'll get them when I can. The sweater is most useful and I get lots of compliments on it when I take it. Most of the time it is still too warm to wear it.

Hugh was interested to know that Miss Burrows was in your library. Father E. stopped to see her a few years ago when he took his bus trip around the country. Please give her our regards.

I will write again and more when this hectic rush is over. I fear my cards will not get off this year.

Merry Christmas and heartfuls of love from us all- Kathie

*[This typewritten letter dated **December 25, 1942** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He tells of what has been going on at the farm. Ralph came down from Canada for Christmas. He tells about Christmas and gives an update on some of the relatives. He feels there is hope in the news of an end to the war. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

This is a hodge podge letter but it has some news and bears love and best wishes for a whole year of usefulness.

Father

Shelton, Conn.

December 25th. 1942.

Dear Geraldine:-

Your good letters to Mother and myself with the cards came a few days ago. I know I have not been a good father during the past two or more months. I leaned somewhat on the letters that I knew Mother and Dot and Monnie were writing. I was busy with many things, - some meeting Dot and Ralph and Monnie and taking them to trains and elsewhere. Uncle Ben has two heifers here and they require some attention. He bought them last May because he had an idea that beef might be hard to get this winter. One is nearly ready to convert into beef now. The other is due to freshen next February, and he plans to see what kind of a cow she will make. Then the problem of getting wood for the kitchen stove is some problem. It is not possible to hire a full grown man. Aunt Mary has thus far been able to find a high school boy who will come in the afternoon and help some. But it is necessary for me to be with him to haul up wood and to saw it up in the woods. Well beside this I have preached or spoken on China once or four times a week until recently. You know how that eats up time. This is enough to prove that I have been on some job if not the job.

Ralph came to New Haven last Wednesday morning. Mother, Monnie and I got up at 5:15 and drove in for him. His train was due at 6:28. It arrived at 8:10 a.m. I had phoned the Y.W. to see if they served breakfast. Yes until 8:30. We got there just five minutes early and had a good feed. Ralph did not sleep at all the night on the train. Everything was full, - only a seat with a woman and two small children. I guess he helped her more than he rested. Sunday was a very cold day, below zero most all day. Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra came here Friday afternoon to attend Stephen's graduation Sat. a.m. It was pretty cold then. And Sunday morning not one of our three cars would budge. Marion was to be baptized at our church that day, so we all wanted to go. Monnie was to play her saw also; I called Steller the service man in Shelton. He came right down but could not stir any one of the cars.

Sunday Dec. 27th.

Monnie got into his car and went to church. Stephen did the same but he went to meet Wells after the service and go to New Haven to get Stephen's couch for his new home. Seymour and Edith came down Sat. evening to see Stephen about a stuffed chair he had and which he had brought home from his room that day. Seymour and Edith have moved into the second storey of the house next to Uncle Ben's, he also owns this house, - a double house. Wells and Marion are to move into the ground floor as soon as it finished. The whole family will then be living next door to each other. Ben and Abbie and their three children with their families within a stone's throw of each other. It was a hard job to get the furnace into this house but it was a bigger job for uncle Ben to get the furnace and the new floors and the water system and other things into the double house for Edith and for Wells. Our furnace did fairly well last week then it was so cold. Last Monday when it was coldest the carpenters came down and patched the floors where the registers were, for the old furnace. This should make quite a difference with the warmth of the house. A week ago Friday Aunt Mary and I went over to the woods and got all the laurel we could back home. The snow was nearly a foot deep and it was cold. The wind was blowing hard from the north. We counted on having an easy time coming home in the path we had made on the way over. But the wind had covered our tracks. Last Thursday we went again to the pastures to get a Christmas tree. The snow was pretty deep then, but we found a very pretty one and it is in the corner of the living room, with tinsel and the string of electric

bulbs. The packages of presents were piled at the foot of the tree. I could not tell of all the presents. We undressed the tree and picked its roots just after breakfast Friday morning. Your big carton was unpacked then. The cups and saucers brought a big laugh from all. Mother has used them on every possible occasion since. We ate our crackers and milk from them this evening. This was written with Dot in mind. She saw Mothers big cup and saucer and found two even larger and sent to mother and me. Whether she intended it as a joke or not, it was a huge joke.

Today has been warmer. To conserve oil we met in the Sunday School room this morning for worship. It was cosy, the room was nearly full. After service we six all went to Ruth and Theodore's for a turkey dinner. We were surprised to find Joanna and her daughter there. Joanna is the adopted daughter of Ed Beard. Ed was the brother of Theodore's father. They live in New Jersey. Ed and his wife May nearly adopted Joanna when her mother died. She was 2 years + old. I think Ed died before the papers were completed. But she continued to live with May, and in time married, secretly I think. Her husband left her when Rita her daughter was young. I do not know what became of him. She teaches school. She teaches and her daughter works on a paper, - an advertising paper. She arranges all the advertisements for the paper. She is a very interesting girl of twenty. I have seldom talked with a girl that knew more about China than she did. She asked very intelligent questions. We sat next each other at dinner and had very interesting converse.

Ralph plans to go to Long Island tomorrow to see his father, and will return Wednesday. He was leaving for Montreal next Sunday morning but he says on looking up trains, there is no Sunday train. So he must go Saturday. We plan to take him to New Haven. Thus far the rationing of gas has not seriously inconvenienced us. The Aunts have a B card and have thus far gone when they wanted to. I have only an A card which gives me 16 units, 3 gallons for unit. Until Nov. 22 each unit was good for 4 gallons. The papers say they may be for 2 months worth only two gallons soon.

Marjorie is well and happy. She gets about with agility and out for a good long walk when the weather permits. She and I have been several times over to the east woods and once we went clear down to the old Coram road east of the farm and came back up the road all the way. I doubt if you ever went that way. I had not been over this way for 50 years. We explored Rocky Rest, which I had not seen for years. Tonite she and Ralph have gone to Edith and Seymour's for the evening. Seymour came down for them and will bring them back. He left the Southern New England Ice Co. last June and was working for the Crucible Co. but went back to the Southern New England the first of December. He seems much happier there.

I did not tell you all about our troubles last Sunday. As I came into the kitchen that morning Margaret blew in with, "Come out Mr. Beard. The cows are mixed up, stanchions [*stanchions*] all broke. Annie will not let me milk. Come out." So I donned my working toggs and went out and found a mess. Annie and the large heifer were loose and their stanchions broken. Annie was excited, I at last got a rope on her and quieted her and Margaret milked her. It took me all the morning to get the stanchions righted, with some help from Uncle Stanley. Dan brought Monnie home from Church. And he brought Stephen home after lunch when he came down to plow the snow out of the lane.

Dot and Monnie made the home here a very pleasant place while they were here, and Monnie and Ralph have helped to keep it so. Ralph came again as I wrote above and this morning Monnie and I took him to the 11:14 a.m. train to go down to see his father. He plans to return Wednesday p.m. and his boss says he may come again when the baby comes. I judge he has made good and then some at Davis Inlet, and he is reaping some reward. Monnie is very well and very cheerful. She looks forward to becoming a mother with much pleasure.

Your \$25.00 check came all right. There should be some rule by which a debt of this kind could be paid off before the income tax was levied. But, - we are so slightly inconvenienced, compared with the life and death struggle that so many of the people of the world have to endure that it is not right to complain.

The news of the past two weeks has been such as to give hopes of an end to the struggle some time. I am afraid the militarists of Japan must be exterminated. It looks as if they were of the same mind and had decided to die rather than become prisoners of war. The Christian constituency is the one hope of Japan, as it is of Germany.

Monday morning Dec. 21 Uncle Stanley left his home for the New York bus. He stopped and fell on the steps on the side walk. Aunt Myra saw him and rushed to help. She also fell and both lay there. After a brief time they got up. Uncle Stanley went into N.Y. Aunt Myra said he broke a rib it was later found. Aunt Myra was only bruised. Uncle Stanley cannot endure adhesive plaster so he was only strapped. But he has kept going. Went to Bessie Havalind's for Christmas dinner.

With much love

Father

*[This typewritten letter dated **December 31, 1942** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He reminisces over the past year. Ralph is due to go back to Canada for work but will return when Monnie's baby is due to arrive. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm
Shelton
Conn.

December 31st. 1942.

Dear Geraldine:-

That date looks as if I should not write many more with those figures. The old year is just passing over the top to go out of sight, but not out of memory. There is the full year of war effort. There is your settling in a new work and I judge with quite some degree of satisfaction. Mother and I both started the year rather "seedy" as the British would say. We both have decidedly pulled up. Personally I shall remember it as the year in which I purchased another car and drove it from Putnam to Pearl River and to Great Neck with pleasure. Thus far I have gone when and where necessity, and pleasure sometimes, called. And I have been able to work about on the farm with increasing ease and pleasure. I judge you have been pretty well during the year. I have had all the invitations to speak that I wanted. I must expect these to stop soon, due to my age and to the longer time since I came from China. Monnie's coming home will always be a bright spot in 1942, especially as she is looking forward to becoming a mother. Gould purchased a house 6 Martin Pl., Manhasset.

Until today I have not opened an account with you in my account book. I have just gone thru my check book and I am sending you what I copied. Will you check with your account and see if they agree. I'll put this on a separate sheet.

Monnie has gone with Aunt Mary and Mother to call on the doctor now. I'll try and send you any news she may bring. Ralph came back yesterday from a visit of a day with his Father and the family. He went Monday morning. He plans to leave for Montreal day after tomorrow, Sat. His boss promises him he may come down again when the baby comes. Marjorie is planning to leave here for wherever Ralph is stationed sometime in March.

Nancy and Fred and Stanley Owen are at Uncle Stanley's. He phoned last nite and asked mother and me to come down Saturday and spend Sunday. It is not yet decided whether we go. Neither of us have seen Fred or the baby.

Last Sunday we held service in the Sunday School room to conserve oil. This is getting more scarce all the time. Mother and I and Monnie took dinner with Mrs. Space [*Gould's mother-in-law*] a few weeks ago. She said she kept the thermostat at 65 during the day and put it up to 68 in the evening. We do not yet run the new furnace as close as that.

It has rained steadily since Monday morning. And some of the time hard. The snow is nearly gone, - only where it banked is there any left. I took the chains off my car the day after going after Ralph. The sun came out brightly this morning. And it is not cold.

There were 20 in. of water in the cistern under the kitchen last nite at 8:00. We put in the hose to siphon it out and at 10 it was down 2 in. It is running out fast now. I hope your Christmas brought satisfaction and that the new year will be full of it.

Lots of love
Father

1943

- Income tax withholding introduced
- John Charles Butt was born February 8, 1943 to Marjorie and Ralph
- Gould takes a leave of absence from American Airlines to go to Brazil as a member of the Defense Supply Corporation mission to Americanize the Brazilian airlines which previously had been part of the German aerial network of South America. [*Information from the Smithsonian Institute*]
- Willard and Ellen are at Century Farm
- Gould and Virginia are in Manhasset, New York
- Geraldine is in Berkeley, California
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Marjorie and Ralph are at Century Farm and then Nelson Forks, British Columbia, Canada
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Ft. Myers, Florida
- Willard is 78, Ellen- 75, Gould- 47, Geraldine- 45, Dorothy- 42, Marjorie- 37 and Kathleen- 35.

[This letter dated Jan. 9, 1943 was written from Fort Meyers, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. Kathleen thanks Geraldine for the books sent for the children. Uncle Elbert ran for State Representative but lost. She expects to receive a baby announcement from Monnie soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Fort Myers

Jan. 9, 1942 [*should be 1943*]

Dear Jerry:

Thanks for sending on those letters for Dot's answered many questions in my mind too. But I was disappointed in the length of your letter. I know you have been busy writing those dozens of letters to friends and will get around to me in time- but don't let the time be too long will you? And please when you write let me in on all this hush hush about Polly and Billy [*Leolyn's children*] which you promised to tell me long since. Everyone seems to know but me.

The books you sent the children are choice. They got lots of books this year (and plenty of other things too) but yours seem to be something special in the reading line. Hugh and I thought "Millions of cats" very beguiling and the children enjoyed it too. I can't say tho, that Cynthia is really keen about stories the way Jill is. She likes her books and looks at the pictures a great deal but seldom asks us to read to her and becomes distracted while I read to Jill- so I'm afraid she wouldn't be a good subject to judge child interest in a story by. Jill loves her little Suzanne book and hates to have me stop reading. Several of her books she reads alone now and she may grow into a regular book worm. I'm glad she loves reading so for I certainly missed out terribly by being a lazy reader. Trying to make up for it now by reading at least a book a month.

It's funny how the folks out East completely forget to mention things that we would like to know- like Uncle Elbert running for state Rep. - and losing. And not one of the family has ever mentioned much about Wells' wife beyond her presence. Dot's comment is the first I've heard. I had been wondering how Dot and Monnie felt when they got together again but evidently the strained feeling is still there. Hugh and I were saying tonight how terribly sad it is that such a situation ever came about for I'm afraid it is going to color every family gathering from now on, where they are both present, and hang over us like an unseen presence. Monnie said so little about Dot in her letter about Ralph's visit and Dot says nothing about either Monnie or Ralph to amount to much. I can't write about it to anyone but you for I guess it has become sort of our family skeleton. Mother has no inkling of it for she remarked to me last spring that she strongly felt that Dot should have gone to Monnie's wedding instead of Aunt Phebe. I nearly exploded but rejoined that Dot was far too busy being worthy matron to get away. I think Gould read the tension when he visited us all in Saginaw. Did he say anything to you about it subsequently? I can't help but wonder how Monnie feels about it now. She never would discuss the subject with me in Saginaw and apparently she ignores it all now. Poor Dot, it isn't fair that she should have that to plague her for all her life on top of not having any children. (There are plenty she could adopt here- illegitimate children of soldiers by local misfortunates.)

Well, I'm a lady of leisure again, or so it seems to me. I was so relieved to get back to being my own boss and doing my own work. There are several jobs I could have if I wanted to work, but we think it is better for me to concentrate on the home while we still have it. If Hugh is called there will be time for me to work outside. We do enjoy being together and the children are getting old enough to be fine as well as companionable. Jill has quite surprised us by her development and sweetening of disposition. Cynthia, reversely, is going thru a touchy period when she feels left out- of school, of Jill's play and of adult knowledge in general- but I think next fall will cure that- school!

We shall be getting Monnie's announcement in a few weeks now. I'm still waiting to learn what she lacks for the baby - if anything. I hope you really are taking an easier pace and feeling fit. Those pictures of you looked good. I do believe you look the youngest of us all now in face and figure.- Love from us all- Kathie

Did you hear from Gertrude this season? Eloise wrote that her Mother and Gertrude had been sick and she (Eloise) had to put her son in boarding school and turn nurse for most of the year. I should think the war would ruin their business.

[This letter dated Jan. 10, 1943 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Monnie to Jerry. Ralph has gone back to Canada. Monnie tells about the Christmas holidays and their visits with other people. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

I'm enclosing all the snaps taken during Ralph's stay- and Thanksgiving. Not many.

Century Farm
Jan. 10, 1943.

Dear Jerry,

Ralph has been gone a day over a week and I'm just finishing my Christmas correspondence. Your gift to Ralph came last Tuesday and to declare it in order to send it on to him, I had to open it. But I did it up again just as you had it. You've done well to keep that change purse so long! I know Ralph will like it. I hope he'll write you himself. He has your address. I know he'll feel "Thank you" anyway.

The card you sent me was so cute, and the wish on it certainly came true- we did have a very merry Christmas and more gifts than ever before. Everyone seemed to try to make up for the two Christmases we were in Labrador! Ralph got here the Wed. morning before Christmas. His train was supposed to get into New Haven at 6:30 a.m., but all trains are late so Father, Mother and I started from here at 6:30. It was a bit icy, having just started to freeze after a thaw, but the sand trucks had been around, so we didn't skid once, tho Father went 15 m.p.h. all the way. We got there about 7:15 and Ralph's train didn't get in until after 8. We had breakfast at the Y.W. cafeteria, then came home. Ralph hadn't been able to get a berth because of the congestion, and had set up all night in the same seat with a woman with two babies. So he got no sleep at all, and I guess the poor mother didn't either. He was dead tired, having had only a few hours sleep the night before because of working early and late at the Company's trying to finish up. So he went straight to bed when he got here, slept right thru dinner and got up only in time for supper- and slept well that night to boot! We trimmed the tree that evening - a cedar that Father and Aunt Mary got in the back pastures that afternoon- one of the most symmetrical ones they've ever had.

We had our celebration all by ourselves, for Uncle Ben's family all had their own plans. We six did well by a 12 -pound turkey. Saturday afternoon, all but Aunt Phebe, who had a bad cold and didn't want to go out, went to see Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager". I liked it, but I don't think Father and Mother thought much of it. They didn't think of it as the problem play it was but were impressed mostly by the fact that the hero was married and there was too much kissing. I was surprised that they consented to go, but it was sort of a party, and they were good sports and didn't spoil the gay spirit of it at all. It was the only picture I cared anything about seeing, of all the ones which were going to be here while Ralph was here. And I did want to get out at least once while he was here, and it's so hard to with gas rationing and being so far from town, and with everyone here old enough to have lost interest in going out much. I'm afraid Ralph sometimes finds it dull.

Sunday was a full day. Ruth and Theodore invited all six of us to dinner. She had wanted to take us out to a seafood place for a lobster dinner, but no one felt equal to spending all that gas to get out to the eating place. So she compromised on raw oysters- which Ralph loves- and a 24- pound turkey at home. Joanna and her 19-year-old daughter were also there, having come up for Christmas at the Mill. They looked like sisters rather than mother and daughter, because Joanna is still a vivacious little fairy of a person. Her daughter, Rita Mae, sat beside Father at the table and he was impressed by her intelligent and well-informed questions about China. The two kept up an earnest conversation all during the meal. The aunts say she has a very good position as arranger of ads in some business magazine.

Sunday night Edith and Seymour had Ralph and me up with the two other young couples, one of whom was our minister and his pretty wife, both Oberlinites, of the classes of '34 and '36 I think. The men had a grand time with the \$150.00 electric train outfit Seymour has gradually been accumulating for Win (and himself! He said he always wanted an electric train as a youngster and never had one.) I was fascinated by it too. When the system of tracks is large enough and there are two or three trains all running independently, running them is very complicated. We had a grand time all evening.

Ralph was at his father's on Long Island from Monday to Wed. The Butts have just moved again, to Lawrence, into the nicest house they've ever had. Ralph was quite impressed by it. He said he'd like it himself.

Wed. afternoon he got back here with a bad cold which made his nose bleed- a kind of cold he'd never had before. So since some of the rest of us had colds too in different stages of "wellness", we spent New Years rather quietly. My cold just took my voice almost away for several days and that was all. The aunts, Ralph and I played bridge, and the Butts beat thanks to Ralph. He's really good, and likes to play.

He left Saturday morning on the day train, for he thought since he'd probably have to sit up anyway he'd rather do it by day. His trip was 23 hours long, for they had a ten hour wait at White River Junction Vt. while a wreck was cleared off the tracks. So he had a night on the train after all!

Father and Mother also left on the same train from Derby as Ralph took. They had been invited to Pearl River for the weekend, we thought to baptize Stanley Owen. Nancy, Fred and little Stanley spent Christmas and New Years at Pearl River. But Father and Mother came home with the baby unbaptized, so we had all somehow got the wrong impression or else they changed their minds at the last minute.

Life goes on rather quietly here, with much resting on the part of Father, Aunt Phebe and me. I'm so big now that I don't crave to go out any more than is necessary. I got tired sitting, in church this morning, for the first time. I hope it won't be much longer. Ralph said tonight when he called from Montreal that the tension of waiting to be summoned was getting him down!

We've enjoyed your letters so much. I've never known the Morgan family so well before. I'm glad you're going out with nice people like that church group and making friends outside the library circle. I hope 1943 is your best year yet!

Ralph would join me in sending loads of love, were he here. Monnie

[This letter dated Jan. 14, 1943 was written from Fort Meyers, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. Kathleen is still recovering from Bell's palsy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Fort Myers

Jan. 14, '43

Dear Jerry:

You will be surprised at another full length letter from me right on the heels of my first, but I'm afraid I'll forget some of the items I want to tell you so now is the time to do it- or "take time by the forelock" as Mother was always telling us to do and didn't manage to do herself.

First about the check- thankyou for your most generous impulse- and the gift of the bicycle- but you see we really want to pay you for it, especially since we can't give the bike back to you- so I tore your check up and you may adjust your balance accordingly. (It was no. 132) I didn't want to tell you about the loss of the bike until it was paid for -it was stolen from our garage in Tampa. But we got much use and joy out of it before it slipped away and we keep kicking ourselves for not watching it better, for we could surely use it here. I'm afraid you paid more than five for it and certainly could get three times that on the market now so we should really pay you more. It only cost us five to get it here and get a new tire for it. Don't feel that it is any hardship for us to send it either for we made out very well during Dec. and still have enough to meet our income tax. I made \$97.50 in those two weeks of work and Hugh made three times as much for the month so we well might clear up some of our outstanding debts. I am all rested up from the work now and feel fine. In fact we have all been unusually well since coming here and I only hope the children don't come home with mumps or any other diseases that are going around. How is your poison oak? I well remember my siege of Ivy at the farm in 1931. There's nothing like it. I hope yours has run its course by now and it is clearing up.

My Bell's palsy seems to have left the facial nerves on my right side a bit unsteady. The actual paralysis cleared up within two months, the eyelid being the last part of my face to get back its normal muscular impulse, but I can see a definite sag to that side of my face (altho a stranger might not notice it) and if I get over tired or excited there is twitching in the eyelid and mouth corner. But it does not bother me and I don't think of it most of the time. However I have learned my lesson and limitations. I shall never try to serve dinner to twelve people again single handed as I did in Tampa a year ago- or let myself in for any comparable strain. It can recur and I think I know the conditions to avoid. My work at Christmas was not that type of strain- more plain fatigue.

I didn't see Gould's Christmas card. Was it a picture of the new house? Haven't even heard from them in many months. Your Christmas and New Y. sounded very jolly. I'm glad you had some kin (almost) to celebrate with. This is the first Christmas that we have been entirely by ourselves and it seemed peculiar.

Last night I went with one of my neighbors to hear a Mrs. Beahr from China speak. She is about my age, with two small children and was, with her husband, a missionary in western China. They were not members of any board but arranged for their own maintenance and were the only foreigners in their city. She was a fascinating speaker and I certainly hand it to her for courage and spirit. They had to leave when the Japs bombed the whole area.

I'm returning Mother's letters that you said you wanted back. I'm still in a quandary after reading it, as to what to get Monnie's baby. She must have stacks of things for it.

Have you read Marjorie Rawling's "Cross Creek"? It is such a good portrayal of rural Florida and a lovely book to saunter through.

Love
Kathie

*[This letter dated **Jan. 14, 1943** was written from Lincoln, Nebraska by Stewart Hume to his cousin Jerry. He thanks her for her Christmas gift of candlesticks. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Pvt. HS Hume

781. Tech School
Barracks 218
Lincoln Air Base
Lincoln, Neb.

Jan 14 - 43

Dear Jerry:

Elizabeth and I thank you so much for the unique California candle sticks you sent us. While we were in house keeping- we burned many candles above our fire place mantle and on the table during the dinner hour so your gift is the type that we will always use. They are exceptionally beautiful and unfamiliar to the east. They were used to brighten up this Christmas season in Elizabeth's room.

I did a very foolish thing in accidentally loosing your address so I wrote to Dorothy first, which answered today. I knew it was Berkeley Calif- but did not have knowledge of the street. Consequently the delay in acknowledging the receipt for same. Please pardon me for this will you not?

I'll not pardon you unless you write us of the past ?? about yourself. I have told Elizabeth that you exist-, but she would not believe it until your communication came.

Elizabeth is the type of girl you will like and I hope you people meet not afar off. I am scheduled for a change the latter part of this month to be moved to an aircraft plant for further study. It could be California- in which case we could visit you. However I have requested to be sent east, but the Army does not follow personal requests in every instance.

We are well and happy as could be- and lets hear from your long over due letter. Love
Stewart

*[This typewritten letter dated **January 16, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Aunt Mary to Jerry. To conserve gas, they save up all their errands and do them in one trip. There are some shortages in town but nothing serious. She and Will are doing less speaking engagements as few people ask when fuel is rationed. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Mary L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton, Conn.

January 16, 1943

Dear Jerry,

When Little Miss Sun arrived we took turns sitting down to read it. It is delightfully written and illustrated. I love the Chinese style in which it is gotten up. And the note on the front prevents readers from spoiling it to make it like our books. Many thanks. It was well worth waiting for.

Your letters with news of Leolyn and her family tell us much more than Leolyn's with the guarded attempt to conceal the whole truth. I sometimes wonder what the effect would be for one of us to write openly and let it be known that there is no secret. It might make it hard for you who are there and might not release her from the tensions of trying to live in a blind alley. There for I shall not do it.

It was good to know that you had such a pleasant Christmas. We had no Santa to kiss us with the gifts. But there was a pile of packages under our tree that left no unoccupied space. The seventh member, not yet in evidence, was well remembered also. Monnie has had several packages from New Foundland since Ralph went back and has sent on his gifts. She keeps remarkably well and went to Bridgeport with us to shop last Wednesday. We all save up errands until the accumulation warrants a trip. The last was before Nov 17th. I did not realize it until we went into the new store. Franklin and Simons opened up in Bridgeport since we were there last. I mentioned

that fact to the clerk and she remarked, "That was November 17th." It is mostly for dresses, but they were having a sale of toilet articles and we bought some for the house.

A letter from Myra says that Stephen spent the week end at Kits'. His letter was mailed before he had a room. It was air mail but took all week to get east. Ruth and H.M. [*Ruth Beard Taylor and Henry M. Taylor*] were in South Miami last we heard. We sent a package to them at Columbus before Christmas. It missed them. Yesterday I had word about it and hope it catches up with them before the next move. They seem very happy although life is so uncertain beyond a very limited time. Fortunately the couple who stood up with them are still with them so Ruth has someone to be with during the long days when H.M. has to be on his job.



Ruth Beard (daughter of Stanley and Myra Beard) and husband H.M. Taylor (as identified by Stanley Forbes, nephew of Ruth Beard)

[Photo from negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We all had letters from Dot this week. She had a very busy time over the holiday season. I am glad for her sake that she would not stay on at the store. She evidently got tired enough.

Ben bought two head of cattle last summer. One was a promising heifer and the other not so promising. He kept them on some property they own on White Hills until feed got short and it took too much time to hunt them up and restore them to the pasture. Then he brought them down here. They have been here all these months for Will to care for. But it was only to feed and water, so not too much. On Wednesday Mike Behuniak, who lives across the street bought the good one. On Thursday Block took the other up to butcher it. We have a forward quarter. And some of the liver. We had liver today and start on some steak tomorrow. We will not have to buy our 1 ½ pounds of meat for some weeks.

So far in Shelton we have not had any serious shortage. One has learned to take what is available and hope for better luck next time. Phebe has made two pounds of butter but will hardly have cream for more until Annie freshens in February.

Weather seems to be unusual everywhere. We have had extreme cold and today the thermometer went nearly up to 50. We had two weeks without a clear day and next two almost all clear and cold. The extreme (15 below) cold before Christmas caught me with celery and turnips still in the garden. I went out New Years day and pulled or broke off turnips for dinner. They had been frozen but were good.

The gas situation is giving Will and me more time because no one has the face to ask a speaker to travel any distance. I gave four talks in October and November and have none even scheduled. Will preaches for Mr. Stone in Huntington tomorrow; his first talk in many weeks. Our ration board has given me another B book which I asked for for Council and Church work. I have never used all the coupons and they are most glad to get them back.

We are enjoying the furnace and the even heat all over the house. Now there is more complaint about too much heat at night. I bank it and open the top draft but it is some time before it cools off. I am burning more coal than with the pipeless and have not yet gotten in the extra. I ordered it in April (The bin was filled in early March to finish out the year) and promised it in the fall. When I called, I was told it would be brought down in November. Frequent reminders failed to bring it and it is not here yet.

Will takes my helper boy (Freshman High) and goes to the woods to cut up the hurricane wood for the kitchen stove. Last week I had a second boy come three days and asked him to do it again this coming week. So far Will has been able to get Mike's horses to bring the wood up and another neighbor has been able to come and saw it into stove length.

Edith and Seymour moved into their new apartment next to Ben and Abbie Dec. 24th. They had a Terrill[?] party Christmas Night and three couples in for supper the following Sunday. It is the house Ben and Abbie went to housekeeping in. They are upstairs and Wells and Marion expect to move in down stairs this coming week. Marion says it will be nice to begin using her things they have had stored so long. They got stove, refrigerator, etc. very soon after the wedding so are all set to start. Ben has had to do much of the work himself. The two apartments look fine, new paint and paper everywhere and new electric wiring and fixtures. In the spring, if help is available, the outside will be painted.

Our church has an oil burner so we have stopped all use except Sunday School, Church and the Fellowship group on Sunday. Thus we hope to conserve our supply so if there is any important occasion we can open up for it. It is really quite cozy in the S.S. room for church and it is always nice and warm.

Jinny writes that Gould is away again. This time for two months. She has had a telegram that he reached his destination. Frick is staying with her while Gould is away for company. She writes, she has two dogs, Rough and Ready. This family has a habit of each taking part of an apple just before going to bed. Phebe came in just now with the donation. That means it is near retiring time. If you were here you could have your share. But it is good you are in a warmer country. Good for all who could be there.

Many thanks again for the book. I read today of a boy in the bombed areas who wished his friends "a gallant New Year". May it have much of happiness for you too.

With much love

Aunt Mary.

[This letter dated Jan. 21, 1943 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. He discusses her financial account with him. According to the doctor, Monnie's baby will be born in February. Willard is keeping the car ready to take her to the hospital. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

Jan. 21st 1943

Dear Jerry:-

Your letter re the financial statement came a few days ago. When I turned to my account book, I found there was an old account. I had not looked at this. In fact I had not put any items in the book since coming home in Sept 1941. I am sending you a copy of what my book says from Sept 1937. I am not sending this to hold you to it at all. Some items are not clear in 1939 and 1940. You see I left it with Aunt Mary when I went to China in 1939. I found one mistake in addition, so I am not too certain about the whole. But my balance is greater than yours. Look this over. Do not let it bother you. When you have looked it over write me if you can shed any light on the account and I will reply. We may have to agree on some sum to start out anew. I wonder if you kept an account of what you received and of the refunds. I have just looked at your Bridgeport Savings Bank acct. and find a little over \$90.00 in your account there. I had it written up last year.

We are all sorry about Kit. Your letter to Aunt Mary received this morning gives a cheering account of her condition. I hope she recovers completely and quickly. I am sorry that their plan for an addition to the family circle must be postponed and I hope it will still be possible.

Those who hoped for cold and snow this winter hoped in the right direction. On Dec. 20 it was about 10 degrees below zero with 10 in. of snow and a very keen wind. Last week Sat and last Sunday it did not freeze. Clouds and rain. Then on Tues it rained and froze. Streets were icy. Tues. nite it got cold again. Yesterday morning and this morning 10 degrees above and staid cold all day. The new furnace does well. But when the ther. is zero or below with a strong west wind, the house is not too warm. The furnace is not [to] blame. More storm windows on the west will help.

Last May Uncle Ben bought two young heifers. They have been around here most of the time. Last week Mike Behuniak across the way bought one to keep as a cow. Uncle Ben made beef of the other. The beef is super fine. He gave one quarter 80 lb to us. Aunt Phebe and I have cut it up. She has carved some- put some in the refrigerator and we have been eating it for nearly a week. I took about 20 lbs up to Elmdens and he put it in the brine for us.

Ruth writes that another bride and she must bid husbands good bye shortly. They are in Florida. Each has a car and another knows what to do with her car or with herself.

Did I write you that Mother and I went to Pearl River and met Nancy, Fred and Stanley Owen two weeks ago. The baby is a hum dinger and Fred is all right. Nancy did well to find him - I say this after seeing some of the nuts she was hanging on to a few years ago. Fred will bear well.

Monnie says- after seeing the doctor a week ago, "It will be another Beard- born in Feb." This because so many of our birthdays are in Feb.

My goal these days is to keep my car ready for Monnie when she wants it to go to Griffin Hospital and to direct and help the high school boys out and saw trees over in the east woods for the kitchen stove. We are still working on the trees blown down in the 1938 typhoon. The work is a bit strenuous for a 78 year old, but I am learning to loaf. The boys got here about 2:20 p.m. and leave a little after 5,- so it is not too strenuous.

Last Sunday I preached in Huntington for Mr. Stone. Mother and Monnie went with me.

I must close this - "business" with

With much love

Father

*[This letter dated **January 27, 1943** was written from Lincoln, Nebraska by Mrs. Elizabeth Hume (wife of Geraldine's cousin, Stewart Hume) to Geraldine. She sends a thank you for the candlesticks. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Army Air Forces Technical School
Lincoln, Nebraska

January 27, 1943

Dear Geraldine:

Stewart has told me so much about you, that I feel as though I knew you.

The beautiful candlesticks reached Stewart at camp. I was so interested in the type of wood from which they were fashioned. The high polish the wood takes adds so much to them. Thank you so very much. I hope that when this war is over, and we have out house once more, that you will come to see us and see your gift in use.

Stewart finishes his course here tomorrow. Just where he will be then is not certain. But I hope I can be with him for a while longer. We will let you know where we go. In the meantime if you have time to drop us a note, you had better use my parents address 1702 Ohio Ave. Youngstown, Ohio.

Thank you again so much. Sincerely

Elizabeth Hume

(Mrs. Stewart) [*Mrs. Stewart Hume*]

*[This letter dated **Jan. 29, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Monnie to Jerry. They have heard from Gould's wife Ginny, that he is gone on a secret mission somewhere for two months. Willard was concerned that the blizzard would keep them from getting to the hospital if Monnie were to go into labor. Predictions are that she will have a boy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Yes, “sia-sia” was right. Father was quite tickled that you remembered.

Has Ginny written you that Gould is gone again for 2 months, several thousand miles this time on a very important and secret mission which is “quite a feather in his cap.” She has heard by cable of his safe arrival. He should be home in March. Ginny usually doesn’t worry, but this time she is quite anxious about him.

Century Farm
Jan. 29, 1943.

Dear Jerry,

I had sat myself down to write you and Dot last night, and got Dot’s letter written, in between radio programs, and it was bedtime by that time, for we got to bed early here, generally before 10:30. And today your grand letter came, so I’m glad I didn’t get yours written, for now I can answer it. We all enjoyed that letter ever so much. I’m glad you liked the pictures- they weren’t particularly good. Didn’t you get that Christmas photograph of Hazel and Willard? That certainly shows how they have changed.

Those silk stockings I would have been ashamed to send as Christmas gifts before the war, but when I was buying those, the irregulars were the only silk ones I could get. The saleslady looked thru several pairs before she selected these as the pair with the least wrong with them. The only fault I found with them was that they weren’t the same length. I hope there was nothing else. I don’t know what make they were, but I think I could find the little lingerie shop in New Haven where I bought them. However, we don’t go to New Haven very often now, since the ban on “pleasure driving”. But if you’d like some more pairs perhaps we can try again next time some one has to go. Aunt Mary sometimes has to go for state church board meetings.

Your accounts of Count Sforza’s [*Italian Diplomat who refused to serve under Mussolini*] lecture and of Dorris Tinney’s mixed lineage were both most interesting. Sometime you’ll have to give us some of the main points of the lecture, which changed your attitude toward the Italians.

How nice that Kits got on so well. We’ll remember your warning about telling the Morgans about Polly. I hope she doesn’t have to stay at the sanatorium too long. Evidently Bill’s all right?

We all laughed when we came to that line about it being exciting during the last days. For last night and all day yesterday we had a regular blizzard. Father got more and more concerned as the day wore on, with no let-up. Just before dark he went out and started to shovel out paths thru the drifts outside the garage and at the bend in the lane. But that did about as much good as dipping out the sea with a teaspoon, for it was still snowing and blowing a gale. The night passed peacefully with no excitement, tho it had been decided that if the call came, Dan was to be called with his snowplow to shovel a path to the road. This morning dawned bright and clear and it has been a beautiful day all day, and not too cold. There was an undercurrent of excitement last night, tho no one was really worried except perhaps Father, and he didn’t show it much. But he is careful to keep his car all pinned and ready at all times. This is being a real winter with more than usual of cold weather, slippery roads, and snow. They sort of blame me for bringing it from Labrador!



Century Farm – probably 1943
[Photo from a negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

My last visit to the doctor last Wednesday produced nothing definite in the way of a birth date. Dr. Edson said only that there were no indications that it would come very soon- might be about two weeks. He advised against calling Ralph down from Montreal within the next week. Meanwhile I'm on pins and needles for fear it will come before we call him. And if we did get him here, then I'd be on tenterhooks for fear it wouldn't come for weeks, and would keep him waiting too long! So there I am!!

Did I write you about the other H.B. Co. [*Hudson's Bay Co.*] couple who are duplicates of ourselves in many ways? Pete Nichols is a Newfoundlander, his wife Marion, is an American, from Rochester. They are also on furlough- he is also taking the fur course in Montreal- and lives in the same boarding house with Ralph- and his wife is also (or was) expecting a baby. Pete went to Rochester the week before Christmas, for the baby was expected then. But it was three weeks late and only arrived last week. Ralph telegraphed me the news and he and I were almost as thrilled as Pete and Marion must have been. They named the baby Peter Royall Nichols- isn't that pretty? I haven't met either of them and Ralph knows only Pete. But I have written Marion and it seems as if we knew them well. Pete and Ralph seem to be like David and Jonathan already. Pete's and Marion's wedding picture was in the Beaver two years ago- they were married on the "Nascopie" just a week before we were. I got interested in them then. And then last year some excerpts from Marion's letters home were printed in the Beaver and I read them with interest. They were in an isolated Eskimo post on Hudson's Baby, and Marion loves the life and wants to go back. Their meeting and marriage was more fascinating than fiction. On her graduation from Duke Univ. her father gave her the trip north on the Nascopie. Coming south, Pete was on the boat, coming out on furlough. They separated at Halifax just good friends. She and her best friend went to Montréal during the following winter, and Pete was there. He and a friend of his made a foursome with the girls while they were there. The two friends became enamored of one another but Pete and Marion still didn't get serious. Pete and his friend went north again the next summer, and sometime the following winter, the friend wrote Pete that he was to be married the next summer and if Pete was thinking of the same thing why not get together and make it a double wedding. Pete immediately began "thinking" with the result that he sent a long telegram at a fabulous price, proposing! So the two girls went north again on the Nascopie and the double wedding took place- on ship-board, I think! Isn't that a lovely true story? And Ralph says they are as happy as they can be. Pete seems to be awfully nice and Ralph says he's a model husband. He's the son of a St. Johns clergyman. Pete wrote the sweetest letter to Ralph after the baby was born, and Ralph sent it on to me. It said it was one of the most wonderful moments in the world when you looked down at a tiny being and realized it was your very own. He said Ralph would soon know the feeling. Marion's last weeks, he said, were very trying (don't I know it!) and that a husband on hand was very comforting.

Thanks for the good wishes. Everything points to a normal and comparatively easy birth. Any fears that I might have had at the beginning (and I'll admit I did have a few when I realized that I was embarked on an undertaking, sometimes fatal, but from which there was no turning back) have been dissolved in the intense longing now to be relieved of this burden, sometimes very uncomfortable always in the way, and it makes me slow, clumsy, ugly, and quickly tired. I yearn to be thin again, to be able to sleep on my back and stomach, to be able to run!! And to see my feet once in awhile!! I'm now 43 inches around, and it all sticks straight out in front! Beautiful!! Mother says that's a good sign of a boy! Since Ralph wants a boy, I hope Mother's prediction is right. I do wish, too, that you could be here. But we'll take lots of snaps and when the baby gets old enough we'll have a "family photograph" taken!

I must close and get to bed. I'll try to write you from the hospital. Lots of love from us all, Monnie

The Sentinel, February 4, 1943.
Letters From the People

Century Farm,
Shelton, Conn.

Editor of the Evening Sentinel:
Dear Mr. Editor-

The question, what are we fighting for? Becomes more insistent as time moves on. I note that the answer- or attempts at the answer- changes as we get farther away from Pearl Harbor. The Japanese certainly knew how to unite nations against them. This they did in China and again at Pearl Harbor. When we declared war against Japan we did so in defense of our national existence. And we did it unitedly. We were of one mind. We were fighting to save our country, and our freedom.

There was no time to think far into the future. The immediate problem was self preservation. Then came the swift advance of the Japanese over the southern Pacific, Hongkong and Singapore, the Malaya peninsula. The war became global before we fully realized it. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill met somewhere and agreed on the "four freedoms," freedom from fear, from want, for the press and for religion. This was taken as an ideal for which we were fighting. But it is not yet certain how far these extend. Did Mr. Churchill afterward say that these freedoms did not apply to India and Hongkong? Others declare we must kill "every last Jap." They grow eloquent over what should be done to Hitler and the Germans. But we are not fighting to destroy any nation. In Germany there are Germans who are the salt of the earth. In Japan there are Japanese who will become the foundation of the new Japan. Our contacts with Japanese for one hundred years, through our diplomats, business men, missionaries and Japanese students who have come to this country for education and have returned- these have gradually raised up Japanese men and women who are true. They are as much against the ideals and tactics of the Japanese militarists as are we. At present these Japanese cannot express themselves, any more than can the true Germans express themselves. But many of these are all for the freedom of which we talk.

At times it sounds almost as if these freedoms were the result of the two men who met somewhere on the ocean last Year. But Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek five years ago said that China was not fighting to keep Japan out of China merely for the sake of China. He was leading China to resist Japan because Japan's attack on China was a threat to the whole world. Although the world did not then realize it, it would become known in time. I am not sure that the nations of Europe realize this even yet, but we in the United States realize it. We are thinking in terms of a world today, at least beginning to do so. The leaders of China were thinking in these terms five years ago. And they included Japan, Germany and Italy.

China is leading us in another line of thought. The generalissimo expressed this in a prayer not so long ago as reported. He prayed for the United States, England and China. And then he prayed for Japan – not that God would destroy Japan, but that she would be changed, saved. During the two years that I lived in China after Japan began her destruction there, I did not once hear from a Chinese an expression of hatred to the Japanese. I associated with all classes – officials, students, farmers, merchants and coolies. They distinguished the militarists from the Japanese people: I could detect no spirit of revenge or of retaliation.

In his report to the nation after his world trip to view the allies fighting on the fronts in the west and in the west, Wendell Willkie said: "Besides giving our allies in Asia and eastern Europe something to fight with, we have got to give them assurance of what we are fighting for. The 200,000,000 people of Russia and the 450,000,000 people of China – people like you and me- are bewildered and anxious. They know what they are fighting for. They are not so sure of us. Many of them read the Atlantic charter. Rightly or wrongly, they are not satisfied. They ask: What about a Pacific charter? What about a world charter?"

We have just abrogated our treaty of extraterritoriality with China. For a century we have not allowed a Chinese to arrest or judge an American for any crime he may have committed in China. We established our United States courts in China and sent our judges over there to judge citizens of the United States until the Japanese took Shanghai. (Personally I refused to avail myself of this privilege some 25 years ago). For more than 40 years we have maintained an armed guard in Peking (Peiping) and Shanghai and Tientsin. We have never held a concession. But a large part of Shanghai was "The British Concession." This was ruled by Great Britain. The French and the Japanese held concessions. And there was the International Settlement. Since Pearl Harbor these are in the control of Japan. There were concessions in Hankow and Amoy. Hongkong was Chinese territory until Great Britain took the island 100 years ago in war over the importation of opium. Since then it has been a part of the British Empire until the Japanese took it a year ago. Will the generalissimo ask that it be restored to China as he asks that Manchuria be restored? What will be the verdict?

What are we fighting for? Not merely to save our own freedom. I am in this war for freedom for every country. And for every individual. That means the untouchables in India, the enslaved inhabitants in Korea, and the alien races in our own land. It means that Orientals may enter the United States on the same conditions as Europeans.

William Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury, puts this idea concisely in these words: We have to find a way of ordering life which -

- (a) Expresses the fellowship of all men in one family.
- (b) Gives sufficient outlet to the self-interest acquisitive tendency in men to harness it to the common interest, and
- (c) Provides adequate checks and balances to prevent it from seriously injuring the common interest.

To attain this freedom will be the most gigantic task that man has ever faced. Men and women are already working on it. Groups are discussing it, a clergy man has written the president asking him to appoint a committee of the clergy to work on a post-war order. The president very wisely replied that: "Clergymen do not need formally to

be commissioned to do this. Indeed, there is advantage in your not being commissioned except by your duty and your God." . . . The government through the office of war information, the office of civilian defense, the department of agriculture and the office of education, is trying to facilitate a program of discussion of war issues. Prominent among these is the problem of the world beyond the war. We are counting on the leadership of our clergymen in making this effective.

From an isolationist nation we were suddenly and savagely roused and pushed into a global war. We are now the leading nation in that war and without willing it we are faced with the problem of the peace after the war. These two problems are separate problems, but they are linked together. We have won one war and then lost the peace. There must be some kind of a new world order if the world is to gain anything from the expenditure in life and money and material. There are already several authorized groups working on the problem. This will not detract from the effort we are putting into winning the war. It will rather give point to it. There are very few thinking people among us who are giving thought to what kind of a world we shall have when this holocaust is over. This is somewhat like a committee of the whole. The ideal committee is one where each member puts in something, not with the idea of dominating the committee but of contributing something to a whole which will be different from any one idea, and better than any one idea. When all have contributed, the result will not be recognized by any one as his, but be better than any one's individual idea.

We are in this war to preserve our freedom. We are also in this war, whether we will or not to help make a new world. What that world is to be depends very largely on us. There can be no reverting to the status quo before the war. There must be advance, and we must guide that advance.

WILLARD L. BEARD.

[Newspaper article from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



[This postcard dated **Feb. 10, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT probably by Phebe Maria Beard to Geraldine. Monnie is a new mother and Phebe comments briefly about the new baby boy. Postcard donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Postcard addressed to and written in Phebe Maria Beard's handwriting:

Miss Geraldine Beard
2508 Parker St.
Berkeley
California

Postmarked Feb 10, 1943 Derby Conn.

Feb. 10 [1943]

Hi!!!! We know why you are sending us such a saucy valentine- but we'll be your valentine with pleasure. We showed it to the new mother and told her to tell her son about it. He's terribly exclusive – doesn't really turn up his nose at his relatives but keeps himself in a sort of glass house and dares us to throw stones as it were, sleeps, or pretends to, when we dare to gaze thru the glass at home. But he's so adorable that we forgive all this upishness and hope to gain his favor when he gets a little better acquainted with the ways of this world.

Love from
"Century Farm"

*[This letter dated **Feb. 16, 1943** was written from Fort Myers, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. She thanks Geraldine for a magazine subscription and comments on the condition of her husband's sister, Pearl. Monnie's new son's name is John Charles. Hugh may have to go into the army. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

I mailed you Monnie's Labrador snaps today. She wants them sent back to her after you look at them.

Fort Myers
Feb. 16, '43

Dear Jerry,

Before I forget it again I'll start by thanking you for Arizona Highways. We are enjoying the second issue now and tho we haven't read all there is in them we have become well enough acquainted with the magazine to like it very much. The Christmas issue was full of lovely photography. How did you find it?- there in the Library? I had never heard of it before but it is giving me new light on that section of the country.

That explanatory letter of yours was most enlightening, and it all does sound very sad. I had no idea that the situation was that bad- in fact I had very little idea of what the family was like at all I'm afraid. I would like to see them all sometime but the prospects don't look very promising. It must make visiting there a bit strained but I hope you don't let it worry you too much. *[Kathleen is probably referring to Leolyn and William Morgan's family]* I think Enid let Pearl wear her down and now that Pearl has gone to Chattahoochee I hope Enid will pick up. Pearl got to roaming around the town so much that people were afraid of her, and she went into an empty house where she used to stay for hours doing heaven-knows-what. Enid finally summoned all the help she could and got red tape broken so that they could get Pearl into the state hospital where she seems to be doing as well as could be expected.

What do you think of your new nephew John Charles *[John Charles Butt]*? We got our telegram Tues. morning and I am now impatiently waiting Mother's detailed account of the episode. I am relieved that Monnie is safely thru her ordeal and that everything seems to be O.K.

The children liked their Valentines and are still playing with them. Cynthia loves the ones that "wobble."

I wonder how long our suspense is going to last- about Hugh's going into the army. One day we are sure he will have to go in the spring and the next day the news sounds more encouraging. But I may be looking for a job yet, tho I'd rather go into production work again- Baby production. Hugh is ready to go into the army if called but he has no desire to do any killing.

I'm dying to know where Gould is. Ginny wrote that he met the Chinese Minister "there" whose wife was Mary Whang of Oberlin. Monnie and I knew her well. We are having a little winter now for a change. Is it as rainy as predicted there? Must be miserable.

Do keep well- Love- Kathie

*[This letter dated **Feb. 17, 1943** was written from Hilo Hawaii by Millicent Hume Arimizu to Jerry. She updated Jerry on her sibling's whereabouts and doings. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Millicent Arimizu

Feb. 17, 1943
Halai Tract, Hilo, Hawaii, T.H.

Dear Jerry,

It was a delightful treat to hear from you during the Christmas Season. I had often wondered whether or not you were still in Seattle, and twas your letters that informed me of the change.

Stewart asked me in one of his recent letters, if I knew your address, so as soon as I know where he is, I'll send it to him. He has just left Nebraska for another post, and I'm hoping it isn't overseas, yet. Elizabeth has been

with him, and she will be, just as long as that is possible. How I would like to see him in Hawaii! It would be one chance in a million.

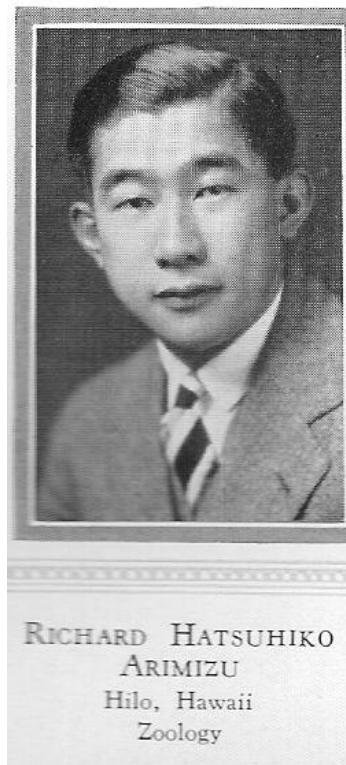
You, and Kathleen and I share similar regrets in missing out on so many family get togethers. I met Bish [*her brother, Fulton*] and Helen (and family) when they landed in Honolulu, and was so thankful that I had, for they never did get to Hilo after the blitz. We were so disappointed. There seemed to be many family gatherings we had to miss when they returned to the Mainland. Someday tho, this war will end, and Dick and I shall take a trip over, as soon as it is possible.

You probably know that Bish is on the Island of Aruba (off S.A.) under a 2 yr. contract with Standard Oil. He preferred it to the Army as Helen would always know just where he was, and in comparative safety. She remained in Long Meadow, Mass. to be near the children. Mother, Aunt Emma and U. Elbert have visited there several times.

Mother misses Hawaii very much. She agrees with us, that our weather is just about all one could ask for the year round, and this past winter which has been so cold, has made her yearn for the climate we have. She seems to dread the winters.

I am teaching this year as teachers were needed so desperately. I felt it my duty to help out. Have signed up for another year since an emergency still exists. I've really enjoyed it too, and feel that I am doing something worthwhile since it is so necessary. Have a 3rd grade, much to my liking.

Dick has worked so strenuously since his start in Hilo that it is beginning to tell on him. He needs a vacation- and a long one, but he just doesn't seem to get around to it. I'm trying now to get him to take a week off with me at Easter, but I'll never know until it is upon us. He is so thoroughly content in his own home, that he doesn't enjoy himself when he's away from it- yet the phone keeps ringing when he stays around. If we stay home- I shall refuse to let him answer it!! I'd love to hear from you again, Jerry. Love, Millicent



Millicent Hume's husband
Dick Arimizu's 1928 senior photo at Oberlin College

[This typewritten letter dated **February 24, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Willard talks about the events surrounding Monnie's baby. Willard had a blood vessel break in his eye. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Century Farm
Shelton Conn.

February 24th, 1943.

Dear Geraldine

A week ago I decided that I would write my own history of the events of the past two weeks as they center around Century Farm and Johnny. That means John Charles Butt.

All winter I have kept a shovel handy and have tried to keep a road out to the main road so at anytime I could get the car out and up to the hospital. I have slept with one eye open and one ear open. But Monnie was very considerate and called us about 5:00 a.m. Monday February 8th. There was no hurry, so we got off, - Monnie, Ralph and Mother. I went along. The morning was clear and mild. We got to the hospital, about 10:30 a.m. Mother and I came home for lunch and went back. Ralph and I walked down to Clark's Hotel in the evening for a bite of something to eat. We waited until 9:55 p.m. when the doctor came in to tell us that Monnie had a 9 lb. boy. In fact he did not come in till 10:30. Quite soon we were invited to go in and see Monnie and then to see the baby. He was a very mature looking young man. Not as green as some I have seen. My, but wasn't Monnie happy! As we stood by the bed she raised her hands and brought them down on the bed and exclaimed, "It's a boy". Everything moved according to Hoyle for ten days and Mother and I brought the two home on Thursday the 18th. It was a fine warm day. Ralph had to leave Saturday the 13th. It snowed but was not cold. Stanley, Mother and I took him to Bridgeport. His train was 50 min. late. Then we three went out to see Aunt Annie. The car pushed thru the snow until we got most up to Ard Blakeman's. Then it stopped. Stanley and I put on the chains and we came home. Sunday was not bad. All went to church, except Monnie and Johnny and Mother.

But Monday morning was a different proposition. The mercury stood at 18 below. Neither car would budge. Stanley and Myra wanted to get to Bridgeport. I had an engagement with the oculist at 9:00 a.m. We tried three garages in Shelton. No one could come. Aunt Phebe phoned Dan and he came right down. But my car would not start. He towed me and Stanley up to his house. Wells was just starting for Bridgeport and took Stanley and me home and Aunt Myra took my place and Wells drove them to their train for New York. Dan and Uncle Ben got my car started in the afternoon and I got it the next day.

That evening, Tuesday, Mother and I were invited to attend a farewell reception for Dr. and Mrs. Burtner in Ansonia. He has resigned and is leaving May 1st. The members of the Lower Naugatuck Valley Clergy Club gave him a reception. It was cold but we went and so did most everyone else. It was a very pleasant affair. Everyone enjoyed it. Cake, sandwiches, tea and coffee were served. They gave Mrs. Burtner a bouquet and a sewing basket, and Dr. Burtner a wood basket. This was for the fireplace.

The Clark Hotel in Derby made something out of the new baby, - at least fourteen meals. It has recently changed hands and they certainly serve good meals, at fair prices and are courteous. Two or three days I let Ralph take my car to drive up, and some days we made two trips.

I went to Bridgeport this morning to see Dr. Havey an oculist. He found that a small blood vessel had spread or burst in my right eye. I saw Dr. Edson this afternoon and he thought with Dr. Havey that it would clear up. Dr. Edson gave me something that he hoped would hasten the absorption. It obstructs the vision somewhat but I read and do everything much as usual.

From what I have written above you will get the idea that we have had and are having a real winter. The new furnace has kept us warm and we have all been well. Gould has been away on his third trip about 6 or 7 weeks- he was to be gone 60 days. 1st trip to Greenland, 2nd to England, 3rd ? With love Father

[This letter dated Feb. 25, 1943 was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Mary is going to see Madame Chiang Kai Shek at Madison Square Garden. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Feb 25-1943

Dear Geraldine:-

I have made a new balance in our account with \$1200 due me on Feb 20- 1943. Your check for \$83.85 arrived all right,- not yet in the bank.

Aunt Mary is running about a bit these days. This week she has been in Hartford two days on Miss'y business- Women's Miss'y Society of Conn. Next week she plans to go to the reception given to Madame Chiang Kai Shek= Tuesday. This means two days- the reception is in the evening at Madison Square Garden. Both she and I received individual invitations- but it will be a hard job, and cost about \$15= It does not appeal to me- altho it would be very interesting to see the lady and the crowd. Crowds never appealed to me- Both the generalissimo and

the Madame do appeal to me tho. Months ago I agreed to address the D.A.R. in Derby that very day. Mother will sing a solo in Chinese. Mek Le Kua. The music as well as words are Chinese.

Johnnie is a very good baby,- cries perhaps enough to satisfy us and sleeps well at night- does his fussing in the day. Monnie complains that he will not eat when she wants him to. He begins to nurse and forgets what he is doing and goes to sleep,- wakes up shortly and cries to eat.

Have you investigated to find if you would not be allowed to deduct from your income tax something for paying your debt. I heard here the other day something to that effect.

I'm glad you enjoy your work, your room mate, your home and that you feel well.

Lovingly Father

*[This letter dated **March 21, 1943** was written from Shelton, CT by Aunt Phebe to Gerry. She talks about Monnie's baby. Gould is expected back from his trip. She updates Gerry on the other relatives. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Hope you are well over that Grippe bug-

Shelton, Conn.
March 21, 1943

Dear Gerry,

You see I am a harbinger of spring and this morning was beautiful and one expected to see bluebirds and every farmer everywhere. Tonight is rain. Chill and cloudy- so goes our New Eng. weather. On the whole, tho, spring is surely in the air, and most of the spring birds have made their appearance- peepers are not in our pond yet but I suspect that some protected places have heard them. Mary was calling on the Platt girls up at the end of Long Hill and they had had their maple trees tapped and had a 40 qt. can of sap which they couldn't use because they had no way but by oil burner to boil it down and so they offered it to us as we have the "old-fashioned" wood stove. So we took 30 qts. of it and soon we will have in another 24 hrs. (after 4 days of evaporation) about a qt. of lovely syrup, which in these rationing days is quite a gold mine.

What do you suppose Aunt Mary is doing at this moment. She is giving your newest nephew a bath. I gave him one yesterday and its lots of fun. I must confess that it is the first time I can remember in bathing so small an infant and strange to say he didn't cry a cry- but he was in a good mood for his bath came midway between meals- today he is almost to the end of a starvation period and I hear a few crys. It does make a difference if our stomach is clear empty I fear. He is adorable tho whether he cries or not. He really cries so little that one forgets that he can. He is getting to be a big boy- 11 lbs. Monnie is worrying lest he is gaining too fast. He has so many dresses-sweaters etc that he'd have to kick hard and fast to get the good of them before he outgrows them. Every day brings something new. Today, Sunday, began with a gift from Margaret at milking time, of a lovely silk romper suit pure white but big enough for him at 6 mos. and possibly a little older. Then Ruth Hall ?field sent him by Monnie some lovely oiled silk bibs at church - one of which he is using at this very moment for his bath is over and he is happy with his bottle. He is the greatest little grunter- and stretches even in his sleep sometimes he ? grunts and murmurs and he is a very sociable little boy and loves even at this early day- he has you stand beside his blanket and talk to him. He really follows you with his eyes if you move about near him. If at first ?? ?? that you can't see him at this darling stage- but then all stages is just as fascinating. Edith's little joy is at a most interesting stage- just beginning to talk and always ready with a smile and Well's Marian is grinning all over when?? in there because she has learned to walk alone this last week. You see we have them at all ages now so are quite co?miscuous along this line. We are wondering if Gould is home for a letter from Jinny a few days ago said that she was daring to hope that he would come any time now.

Ruth's husband has been gone over a month and she had had 6 letters from him last we heard- each from a different place- India- Egypt- S. A. ? she has with his people at High Point N.C. until last Friday, when she was driving to Nancy's. (Ruth and her parents left for Nancy's Friday and will drive home with her sometime this week we expect.

Did you know that Uncle Ben has remodeled the house next to his for a two family home- and Wells has downstairs and Edith upstairs? This is the house that Ben and Abbie went to housekeeping in. It has made two lovely rents. Of course they are all much concerned lest Wells-Dan and Seymour be drafted. Dan is planning to do some farming on our farm if he is still here. Ben plans to fence our apple orchard and raise some pigs. If we have a big harvest of fruit perhaps we'll send for you to help harvest it. We got some giant prunes from a farm down in Tenn. and every time we have them your father asks if we think those are some you picked. (Johnny has just gone downstairs all dressed in a yellow sweater and cap that his Aunt Winefred made him).

We are wondering if Monnie and Ralph will be anywhere in Canada near enough for you to get them in case you could get away that long. I do hope that they can go by way of Dorothy. Monnie has her belongings here all sorted ready to pack. She is very methodical about it. We are going to miss her terribly. She said the other day that she had been here six months- and it doesn't seem more than six weeks. The baby has been so quiet and asleep so much of the time and upstairs in her room that we hardly realize that he has been in the house. We run in and peep at him whenever we are upstairs.

Elizabeth Frazier (our pastor's wife) is awaiting the arrival of her second child any minute now. She and Don have enjoyed Marjorie so much and have invited her and Ralph there and been down here, that Marjorie is hoping that her baby comes before she (Marjorie) has to leave for Canada.

Hazel Space [*Gould's mother-in-law*] has just telephoned that Gould has just talked to Virginia from Miami and expects to be home either tomorrow or Tuesday so they can probably arrange to go on to Father Butts when, Marjorie and Ralph go there, if they can't get up here. Won't Gould have a good story to tell sometime after all this turmoil is over. What a mess this world has gotten itself into!

Donald Blessing has just gone with they navy and his brother Charley- who married about two years ago going the last of May or after their first baby is born. Louise is working in the shop again. Marjorie is in High School and gets home in the afternoon to look after the old grandfather, who now lives with them because he cannot care for himself and gets the dinner with the help of her little sister Lillian almost 9 yrs. old.

Your father has just started an adult Sunday Sch. Class at church, and the members are very much interested and quite enthusiastic about it. He has to get there at 9:45 so it means that he has to miss a part of his Sunday morning nap. I'm a real back slider for I don't hustle off and go too. Perhaps sometime I'll get up enough energy to go. But with a possibility that going Danny may be here some this summer to help with his pony and the garden work and the extra duties of Victory gardens I'm afraid my courage about taking on any extra work – even at church- will not be up to such a mark.

Now that gas rationing is cut in half I'm afraid that we won't now be able to keep in touch with the family. I don't mind walking but it takes more time than I have to give sometimes. We now drive to Shelton- and walk to Derby for most of our errands.

It is nice to get your letters and learn the ? about Leolyn's family. It looks as tho Polly [*probably Leolyn's daughter, Pauline*] were really too far off mentally to get back- does it not? Is Billy [*probably Leolyn's son, William*] still able to keep at work? I feel so sad for Mother Leolyn and I hope that she is getting interested in outside activities enough to ease the tension somewhat. Leolyn Griffith [*Leolyn Jr. or 2nd*] writes us quite often. I think it was a good thing for her mental state to get away from Berkeley for a time at least. Stephen has seemed to enjoy her nearness to him as he ?? of running on these fairly often. The friend of Nancy's from Holland, Martha Holland, is married and lives near Stephen too and he has seen her often too. Then there is a Pearl R. boy in his factory so he isn't so isolated after all. He's working days and studying evenings and thus keeping busy-

With love-

Aunt Phebe

[This letter dated **March 21, 1943** was written from Shelton, CT by Monnie to Jerry. Monnie writes a letter to go with some photos of Johnny. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

March 21 [1943]

Dear Jerry,

Just a note to go in with Aunt Phebe's letter, and to bring you the latest photos of Johnny. Aren't they good! One day week before last Aunt Mary fixed up a regular studio with reflecting sheets and every thing. And all the trouble was not in vain because the pictures are perfect- every detail comes out beautifully. And Johnny is so good in both of them. Just forget about me- I'm terrible. Too bad I spoiled the picture. Having me hold him was a last minute idea and I hadn't fixed up at all. Just notice Johnny's lovely little round head- it's a beautiful shape- and his tiny fists up on his chest (he holds them that way when he eats – so cute). He gets wider awake and more observant and intelligent-looking every week. When you talk to him now he looks as if he understood every word and looks at you too. He's just beginning to coo, very occasionally. It's such fun and so fascinating to watch that tiny being develop. I do wish you could all be here too, to see him and live with him. The aunts do enjoy him so, and Grandma and Grandpa simply dote on him- Grandpa in a very quiet and not very expressive way, but doting all the same. I can understand now how proud parents simply hit the ceiling when Jr. gets a tooth or can sit up alone. You do feel like telling the world. But it is boring to others!

Father is going to baptize Johnny next Sunday. Don Frazier, the young Oberlin graduate who is pastor here, offered to let father do it. Wasn't that nice?

We leave Shelton about a week from Tuesday and reach Winnipeg on Saturday, after spending a night at Ralph's father's to show him his first grandchild.

Your letter of the 14th was grand. The clipping about the creed of the modern baby was so cute. We all hope you are strong again after that bout with intestinal flu. I had that in Labrador and can fully sympathize. I'll have to wait to answer your letter till I get to Winnipeg- I'll have more time. Loads of love from us all, Monnie

*[This letter dated **March 21, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. He tells about Johnny. His eye is better since the blood vessel broke. Aunt Flora's estate is being settled. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

March 21st 1943

Dear Jerry:-

That tie was a beauty. I put it on the very day it arrived. Mother laughed at me for being like a little boy, - had to use it right off. When I was 15 years old my Mother gave me for a Christmas present a nickel watch chain. I had been using a shoe string to tie my watch to me. I wore the new present to church. But Monday morning I put on the old shoe string and ticked the new chain away in the dresser drawer. When Mother saw the she string she asked, - "Where is your watch chain?" "Why I'm saving that for best." "Well you had better wear it and get the pleasure from wearing it. When it is worn out some one will give you another." I have remembered and usually lived up to her advice. I did wear that chain until it fell to pieces. For every day I am wearing a string tie that I tie in a bow. The tailor boy in Ing Tai made it lame- not much good- but he could do my mending and make over my clothes for the orphans- from the bags of old clothes sent by various people from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

I note you are changing your address. But I'll mail this to Parker Street.

Marjorie seems to have overcome all the inconveniences incidental to "borning" a baby and stopping the manufacturing of milk. Both Johnny and she are benefiting by the change from natural to artificial feeding. She was much disappointed but it was necessary. Johnny is a perfect child, sleeps and eats and evacuates normally and cries enough to exercise his lungs and let us know he is normal. He is growing rapidly- weighs 11 lbs I believe now at 6 weeks. I have not known of his crying - except for food and when he was wet or soiled. The Aunts are captivated by him. Monnie allows them to bathe him which both of them consider a rare, greatly to be desired privilege. Yesterday Monnie was packing in her room and put him in his basket on my bed in my room. I lay down for a nap on the other side of the bed. Pretty soon the basket began to shake and the bed to shake. I looked over and he was awake. His hands were clawing the air and everything else that came in their way. Then he began to make a noise. I went round and uncovered him and found him wet. As soon as I began to unpin his clothes he stopped crying and looked at me as if he understood that in a moment he would be comfortable. But soon he had another thought that seemed to come from his stomach and Grandma came and when he got food he was all right. He is a very proper child. I believe Ralph plans to come the last of this week and be here for next Sunday- Mar 28th, when John Charles is to be baptized by his maternal grandfather. I think they plan to take him to Long Island to show him to Ralph's father and to Gould's family. Then Monnie hopes to go to Winnipeg via Saginaw. This is not all worked out yet but that is as far as we all know now.

Winter is evidently giving up. But it is still rainy and damp, frost is out of the ground in some places but not all. People who don Victory Gardens are looking for flowers.

Dan may work the farm this year. Uncle Ben bought two heifers last May and parked them both here until the middle of Jan- he made so much off them that he has bought three more- one a bull- and has parked two here so I am a cattle herder. Annabelle freshened March 3. I could not dry her and she is not doing so well in milk production- we got about 11 gal a day instead of 18. Aunt Phebe does not moan, for it makes less work in caring for butter and cheese. We do not have to look out for butter rationing tho.

This morning I began leading a Bible class in our Shelton Church School. I think I shall enjoy it and I hope help people.

The ration for gasoline is only 1 ½ gallons for a coupon. That means No. 5 card must last until July 21= 12 gallons. I will try for more. Next week I drive to Stratford to speak at a Lenten service and it is almost necessary for me to use about 3 gallons of the coupon to do all my work.

I hope you are entirely well from your pull down. We here have been very free from any ailments all winter, - unless I could call a burst blood vessel in my right eye about 5 weeks ago. I perceived an obstruction to my vision- I thought at first it was my glasses. I made an appointment with Dr. Havey in B-port. But the morning I was to see him the mercury was way below zero and no car here would start. He found a tiny blood vessel burst, and told me to see Dr. Edson here. I have seen Dr. Havey once since and the vision is much improved. I am taking something to help absorb and it or nature seems to be on the job.

I do not know if you knew I received from Aunt Flora's estate a mortgage deed for \$500 with interest it amounted to 540. Mr. Fratcher was the mortgagee. (if that is the right term). Louise Blessing got him to sign the property with the mortgage to her. She sold 4 acres to a Mr. Swallen. He paid down enough so she paid me all last Wed. So that is one item cleared up.

May God guide and keep us all
Lovingly Father

*[This typewritten letter dated **March 31, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Mary to Jerry. Monnie, Ralph and baby John have all left for Canada. Gould was in Brazil training pilots in American planes. She fills Geraldine on the relatives and the farm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

March 31, 1943

Dear Jerry,

We are feeling much like the morning after the night before today. Only it is after the six months before. Yesterday there was a big exodus here - - baby Johnnie and his parents left for Canada. They took a 3:50 train to New York so they might have a three hour visit with Mr. and Mrs. Butt senior and Daphne. The later came from Long Island and they were to meet at the hotel Penn. Mr. Butt is on a job that demands his presence within the borders of Greater New York unless released for a short time by a special permit. Hence the place and time of meeting.

Your father took Ralph and the trunks up in the morning and checked them to Montreal via Bridgeport so he could check the personal baggage down. We gave them a lunch of sandwiches and cake which they planned to supplement with hot drinks at the hotel.

I had the fun of giving Johnnie his bath and bottle in the morning as Ellen was busy washing and Monnie was packing. Abbie had given Monnie a two handled basket to carry baby in. Monnie had been unable to get a regular baby basket but this is really handier than the one she could not get. It was lined with blue and babies bunting had blue trimmings, so he was very cunning in it.

Edith had loaned her bathinette and Mrs. Pease her baby scales. Also Edith had left her baby carriage which Johnnie did not get big enough to use. But now soon I shall have a returning day. The only article that will go into immediate use is the scales. Baby Pease will still use them.

On Sunday Monnie had invited a group of the young couples with whom she had mingled several times for tea from 4.30 to 9.00. Also on that date she and Ralph joined our church. Ralph joined on confession of faith and Monnie by letter from Oberlin. And Baby's grandfather baptized him at the morning service. He was wide awake and cooed and talked all the time while up front. He also stayed through the service and slept most of the time.

Jinny wrote that Gould was due back soon. Then the first of the week she called her mother and she relayed the message that he had talked from Miami. He did get in Tuesday but we had not heard. So Monnie called Manhasset Friday evening. Gould was there and when they learned that Monnie could not get down they said they would come up Saturday and stay until Sunday afternoon. They were able to get the 4.10 and Ralph and I had gone into town for errands. When we telephoned they had not yet called so I gave the list of calls I had yet to make. At Mrs. Bartlett's where I had to get two Angel cakes for the tea I was told to return to the station. Sunday afternoon all Ben's family came and had a nice visit with us all. The friends purposely waited until evening as they knew we were to be together. We served egg and chicken, sandwiches and peanut bread ones with just butter. Ellen made that bread. For drinks we had either coffee or cocoa. What a time we had getting the latter. Finally it was Hershey Chocolate we used. Coffee is no trick for us as neither of your parents drink it except on special occasions. We have furnished two pounds and a half pound for church group parties. We were also O.K. on sugar as Johnnie had a ration card, and shared his with his mother's guests.

Your mother feels the shortage of sugar very much. So on Saturday I got the 5 pound package of sugar due on Johnnie's book and did it up as from "Johnnie and The House" for the 29th.

Baby had gotten well over 11 pounds and was so good we hardly knew he was here. The only thing that upset his calm and happiness was a late delivery of his bottle. His bath he loved and during the last two weeks especially, he often lay wide awake and cooed to himself.

Gould has been in Brazil since just after Christmas. Among other things he trained several pilots to handle American planes. He was brown as a berry and showed the outdoor life he had been leading. *[The following article regarding Gould is from the Encyclopedia of American Biography, New Series, Volume XXIX, a Publication of The American Historical Company, Inc. New York, 1959: "Mr. Beard was attached to a special mission for the Defense Supplies Corporation as pilot on a DC-3 to indoctrinate the Brazilians with the excellence of the American flight equipment to replace the German airplanes which were taken over when the Brazilian Government nationalized the German Condor Airline System into a Brazilian Airline System. This mission was conducted from January 1st, 1943 to March 22nd, 1943".]*

Hazel has passed the five foot height and is very proud of the fact. Just in fun I told her she could have her choice of the cot, the baby basket and the baby carriage to sleep in. But "could Five feet" get into either of those, she asked most seriously. Both children looked fine and acted fine. Willard, Hazel, Danny, Beverly and Win had a grand time playing outside together. But they kept an eye on the indoors as they had spotted the table set for refreshments. The numerous errands were quite amusing.



Left to right: Willard F. Beard, Winifred Valentine, Daniel Beard Jr., Beverly Beard, Hazel Beard, Jay Valentine
[Photo from the collection of Edith Beard Valentine.]

Jay has at last gotten to talking something besides his one word "Ah". Marion walks alone but is not very steady. She will be a year old tomorrow and Ruth will be 21.

Ruth drove H.M.'s car to High Point and stayed with his people for several weeks. Two weeks ago she drove to Nancy's. Stanley and Myra took the train down and have been there 10 days. The three are driving to Pearl River. Started Tuesday if they kept their plan. They will take two days for the trip.

Stephen is on your shore. At first he did not sound interested in his job, but now he does. He sees Kits and Fred occasionally. But working 6 days a week and studying nights leaves little time for social life.

Dan *[Bennett Nichols Beard's son, Daniel N. Beard]* is planning to work the farm this summer. He has a starter of ten cows already. Little Dan is anticipating being his father's right hand man. When they brought down a calf, a heifer, a young bull, Danny was along and begged to take the calf back. His father let him and they say he takes entire care of it as well as of Bucky.

The weather has been such that it was hard to burn the refuse about until this last week. We had so many extras with getting Monnie off and all that we did little, until Saturday morning. Today I did a little then it rained and nothing would burn.

So far I have gotten the feed for my hens and the cows. The last delivery was Saturday instead of Monday when it was due. If I can keep ahead enough, it will be O.K.

Our church is having Lenten Suppers with the Methodist church. The first three were in their church, these last in ours. That was to make it warmer for us as we have oil heat and they have coal.

I shall not send this off until I get the snaps Monnie and I took of Johnnie last week. They should be back soon now. If they are good, I can enclose one for you.

It was good to have you feeling so well that a Christmas celebration was all to the good. We are glad that you keep us informed about the Berkeley Morgans. Leolyn writes occasionally. More often than I do, I fear. Give my love to all and keep a big share for yourself.

[not signed- letter written by Mary]

[This letter dated **April 4, 1943** was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. She and a friend have started a victory garden on a rented lot. She is substitute teaching a lot lately. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Saginaw, Mich.
April 4, 1943

Dear Jerry:-

Forgive me for waiting so long to thank you for my birthday gift. It's a very pretty blouse and I so like it! I have nothing like it. Thanks heaps! It was quite a coincidence that yours and Kathie's gift- a white slip- came on the same day. Thank you also for the cute valentine.

Your last letter told of spring coming your way, and we rather envied you. We've had a long, cold winter and will be awfully glad when spring comes to stay. Tulip plants are up three or four inches, and shrubs and trees are in tiny bud- and that's all we can boast of.

We were rather expecting Monnie, Ralph and Johnny last Thurs. They planned to come this way and stop over one day, but something must have gone wrong for last Sun a wire came saying that they couldn't make it. We were terribly disappointed. I haven't heard from them since.

Myrtle Johnson and I are planning to rent a lot not far from here, for a Victory garden this summer.

(Mercy on us! I thought I'd finished and sent this, and I came across it in my writing box today. Well I'll hurry up and get it on its way.) Yes, Myrtle and I have a garden out at the end of our street here. It is all plowed and harrowed and ready to plant, and we are waiting for warm weather now. Probably next week-end we'll put in our first seeds. Harold has out potatoes, corn and several other seeds already to go in. How about coming on here for your vacation this summer and help us enjoy the fruits of our labors.

I've been doing lots of substitute teaching lately- everything from soup to nuts (pedagogically). No kidding the other day I taught kindergarten and had lots of fun. I've had H.S. biology and cooking, Junior High Sewing and arithmetic and about everything but gym. However, the girl who took my place when I stopped teaching, has joined the Marines and may be called anytime. Mr. Case asked me if I'd be ready anytime, in case she went. So- I may be right back where I started from soon. I'd finish up the year, but don't know whether they'd ask me back next year, if there were a single girl available for the position.

We had two letters from Monnie- one explaining why they couldn't come here, and the other a duplicate of one you got. It seems that the Co. had bought their tickets right through from New York- through Montreal, so they had no choice. They're certainly getting a big kick out of little Johnny, aren't they?

Are you planning to stay over there next year? When are we going to see you again? I do wish you could come on this summer.

Believe it or not, I've been out of town just once since I came back from the East last fall, and that was way over to Bay City!

I am chairman of my church division now, so that with everything else keeps me busy. We made \$55. on a rummage sale lately.

Hope you have a Happy Easter. Thanks again for the blouse.

Love - Dot.

I've been listening to the radio as I wrote this letter, so it sounds simple- that's why.

*[This typewritten letter dated **April 6, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to some of his children. Gould was in Brazil establishing airports and training pilots. The family members enjoyed having Marjorie and baby Johnny at Century Farm for awhile. Willard refers to all the wood from trees downed by the 1938 New England hurricane. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm
Shelton
Conn.

April 6th. 1943.

Dear Geraldine, Dorothy and Harold, Kathleen, Hugh, Jacqueline and Cynthia;-

It takes a whole line to address you all. And "you" are not the all. Gould and his family were up last Saturday and spent the nite and so saw Monnie and her family. They were all looking very well. Gould had some to say about Brazil. He spent his time there for more than two months. He established several airports there and spent much time training pilots. It looks as if the U.S. was planning more business if not friendly relations with South America. One of the air ports was in Juruena way in the west of Brazil. And along the sea coast there were perhaps fifteen that he mentioned. There were others. He let fall one remark. "The next trip may be China." I imagine he would not be averse to going there and I also imagine he would try to make Foochow one place that he would see.

The visit of Dorothy last fall and the long stay of Marjorie were a very great pleasure. The Aunts enjoyed the visits also. How they did enjoy Johnnie! Monnie let them bathe him once or twice. Aunt Mary had the job the morning they left, and she is bragging about it still. If Monnie was busy all she had to do was to ask if one of them wanted to feed him and she would drop anything she was doing and sit down with his bottle in her hand. His personality certainly permeated this household. He was a very good baby. I think he never cried unless for a good reason. If he was hungry he let people know it. And if he was wet or soiled he told about it. One day he was put on my bed while Monnie was packing in her room. I was lying down asleep. Pretty soon he woke me. He was not crying but kicking and throwing his arms about and so uncomfortable. I began to unpin his diapers and he stopped crying and looked at me interested. He did not say another word until some time had passed then he began to fuss, and did not stop until he had something to eat. Two or three times I had the same experience.

Monnie wanted very much to nurse him and tried for perhaps two weeks to do it. But she had to give it up. He could not negotiate her nipples. When he got on a regular schedule of the "formula" he began to grow and to sleep and be contented. It made it much more complicated to plan for the journey from here to Montreal and then to Winnipeg, - prepare and take all the paraphernalia for his food but they made it. We had just a note from her mailed at Winnipeg. Mother and I took them to Bridgeport to a 3:50 p.m. train. Johnnie slept all the time after leaving here until I handed him up to his father in the train. Monnie wrote he was a very proper baby all the way to Montreal. On the way to Winnipeg, she went into the diner for supper, leaving the baby with Ralph. The service was slow and she was gone an hour. Johnnie got wet and his father tried to change him. He got all protection off and then was Johnnie's chance. A nice little stream shot right into the father's face. The last diaper was used and he reached for the bundle of paper substitutes. The whole thing tumbled on the floor and sprawled. Johnnie did not like that and he thought it was eating time. When Monnie came back she found a squalling baby and an irate husband. But she soon restored order and calm reigned.

This is Sunday the 11th, 5:30 p.m. After I began this letter I had meetings and went to Hartford and to a farm auction one day with Wells and Ben and to Bridgeport with Mother yesterday and to a forest fire yesterday afternoon with Mary. More than a month ago I burst a small blood vessel in my right eye, according to Dr. Havey in B-port. I have been down three times, it is almost absorbed, and I will not go again. A new road has been built from Wells Hollow right to B-port, that shortens the distance one mile. Mother and I called on Aunt Annie. She has a peck of trouble about getting her ration books and with sciatica and lumbago and with loneliness. She still has three roomers. She says she does not see them for they leave in the morning before she is up and she does not see them at night. They all leave the house Friday morning and do not come back until Monday nite. All the neighbors are Jews or Catholic she says. And her former pastor who is in Old Greenwich, do not come often due to gas and tires, and another congenial minister who often called has been ill himself. I hope our call cheered her a bit.

All winter I have been trying to get up wood from the east woods. A high school boy 15 years old has helped me. We have sawed down some 15 or more trees from ten to 20 inches in diameter. And some half dozen that were blown down in the 1938 hurricane and one big oak over 20 in. in diam. we have sawed up. This all lies on

the ground and is to be carted up to the woodpile. It is getting to [be] real work for me to walk over and do two hours work and then walk back. Uncle Ben has three head of stock here so I have four of the bovine species to feed and water. He has three cows up at his house. He found an old truck body that he drew down back of his house and has covered with something. Dan milks in the morning and Dannie in the evening. Dannie says he gets about seven or eight quarts and his father about six or seven. Bee Dan's wife, [Beatrice], Dannie and Beverly [Dan and Bee's children], Seymour, Edith, Win and Jay [Edith and Seymour's children]. That's quite a milk route in itself. Ben came down the other day looking for a small churn, which Aunt Phebe produced, - a two-quart churn so they will now have butter.



Written on back: "Daniel and Beatrice Beard and Beverly and Danny Beard 1942"

Daniel Beard is one of Bennett Nichols Beard's sons

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Spring is trying hard to beat old man winter. But this morning ice formed on the cows trough an inch thick. The grass is a little green. Vigiana has plowed and planted lettuce. But Aunt Mary stopped two days for small lettuce plants and he said "no wait. I set out some last week and they are mostly dead." I have bought two hundred pounds of seed potatoes to plant next winter. I want also to sow some soy beans. If you could get some seed of the edible variety I would like two quarts or say three or four pounds. I owe you money for pictures. If you sent the beans I will send you a check for all.

Yesterday afternoon the woods across the road from Vigianna's were on fire. We all thought it was farther to the west over in what we call Nell's Rocks, west of the Bridgeport turnpike to Henry Wells and home by the cross road by Blessings. We could not see the fire from the B-port road. It was on this side. Neither could we see it from the cross road. But later it was found to [be] about opposite Vigianna's. The fire trucks from Shelton, Pine Rock and Huntington came. The Shelton truck was for city work and not of great use but the other two had chemicals and water buckets for men's backs. They soon had it out.

This morning I was up at 6:05 a.m. and went to a men's breakfast at the Meth. church in Shelton. 49 were present. Several remarked that so many young men were in the service that it decreased the number who would have been there. The Meth. Baptist and our churches united in the service. It was an impressive service and after the service we all had breakfast together in the parish house of that church. Then I drove over to our church and led a Bible class which I took on three weeks ago and then attended our church service. I WENT TO CHURCH THIS MORNING.

We have one note from Monnie and that's all. We are looking daily for one from her mailed in Winnipeg telling where they go from there.

Don Frazier our pastor is taking the high school girls who sing in the choir to New York for a sight seeing trip soon. They plan to see Fisdick's church, Broadway Tabernacle, the Offices of our church 287, 4th Ave and perhaps a Museum in Central Park.

We remember you every night as we talk with God and family prayers.
Lovingly Father

[This letter dated April 13, 1943 was written from Florida by Kathleen to Jerry. Kathleen is curious as to where Gould's secret trip took him (Brazil). She is teaching Sunday School at the Methodist church they just joined. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Railway Express Agency
April 13, '43

Dear Jerry:

What have the past few weeks brought your way? Have you gone into one of your busy spells again or are you doing some more volunteer agricultural work? I don't hear much from any of the family these days but at least we know that Gould is home from his secret flight safely. If only they could tell us where it took him. We are eager to know where Monnie will be located for the next few years too, and I bet she is having a time travelling with young John. Don't you wish you could see him tho!

There isn't much to write about here just now but we have plenty to do. Measles are going around (the short kind) so I expect the children will both catch them. They had the long measles last spring about this time while Mother was with us in Tampa but these will not be so bad. Hugh and I are joining the Methodist Church on Easter by letter, and no sooner had we voiced our intentions to the Pastor than I was pulled into the Sunday school as a teacher. I will be in Jill's department teaching the class under hers. I already belong to the missionary society and am acquainted with several of the church ladies. It is a friendly church and about the largest in town I think. Mrs. Edison [*Thomas Edison's wife*] goes to it when she is in town but she didn't come down this winter.

What kind of weather are you having there now? Is this what you called the lovely green time of the year? We can tell more or less how it is by listening to the program "One man's Family" which comes from San Francisco but they don't always mention the elements. I think you have lived in more different sections of this country than any of our family but I bet I have lived in more towns. We went to see the motion picture Air Force not long ago. Most of the action was taken at Drew Field in Tampa and we wanted to see if any of the scenery looked familiar. There was very little ground scenery but I thought I did recognize the highway to Davis causeway in one scene. The picture was very exciting and tied right in with the story "Queens Die Proudly now running in Reader's Digest. Another picture is now being filmed at the same field.

I must make a lunch for Hugh to take to work now and Jill will soon be home from school. Do write soon and remember we all love you-

Kathie

[This letter, dated April 18, 1943, was written from Marrakech, Africa by Gould to Willard and Ellen. Gould writes a brief note comparing Marrakech to the mountains near Denver, Colorado. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Hotel De
La Mamounia
Marrakech

April 18, 1943

Dear Father and Mother:

This is Africa. Now I have only Australia and Antarctica to visit and I will have been on every continent of this globe. Believe I will have to take a year off and visit a lot of the out of the way places with the kids and Ginny when the kids get into or thru High School. This Marrakech is beautiful. It reminds me of flying up to Denver or Colorado Springs from the east. There is a range of snow covered mts. 13,000 ft high to the east just the same as at Denver only there the mts are to the West. The natives here are very poor and ragged. The people are either wealthy or poor. There are very few of the middle class.

Have only a few minutes to get a few letters off.

Love to all,
Gould.

[According to Gould's Biographical Sketch, he was the first engineer and pilot on the first C-54 cargo survey over the Atlantic. This flight was non-stop from Gander, Newfoundland to Marrakech, Morocco for which the entire crew received Air Medals.]

*[This postal card dated **April 20, 1943** was written from Shelton, CT by Ellen to Geraldine. Marjorie and her family arrived safely in Winnipeg, Canada. Phebe will have breast cancer surgery. Postal card donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[April 20 1943]

Miss Geraldine Beard
2008 Parker Road
Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Geraldine,

Have you received a copy of Marjorie's very detailed letter, her first after arriving in Winnipeg? It begins, "Our Butt luck is still holding"- and ends, "We have got no mail at all, - quite naturally, of course." I did not know whether she sent carbon copies to all the sisters or not. If you haven't received a copy of this one or a similar one giving a full account of their experiences after they left here,- 5 pages long, type written on large sheets,- just write me a postal and I will mail ours to you.

Your good letter came today. Let's have the second one "written on the train." Phebe had a lump taken out of her breast a week ago. Examination showed malignant tissue and she is having the whole breast removed tomorrow at Griffin Hospital. All the rest are well. Love Mother

I wrote this postal intending to mail it as is, but later thought best not to send so open a message about Phebe. So as I had these photos to send you of Marjorie's baby, I decided to enclose this with them and send it along. Phebe discovered a small lump in her left breast about 2 weeks ago and went to Dr. Edson at once about it and he thought it best to remove it. So she went to Griffin Hospital the next morning at 7 o cl. and had it out with only local anesthetics. Dr. Edson sent it away for analysis. Phebe staid in the hospital only the rest of that day and came home to supper. Next morning she was up as usual and prepared breakfast and has been doing her usual work ever since. Yesterday, Monday, she went to Dr. to get the report of the analysis and he told her they found a little malignant tissue and that she must have the whole breast removed. So she goes to the Hospital at 4 p.m. today, Tuesday, for 2 weeks at least. I suppose they will prepare her for the operation today and operate tomorrow perhaps.

Thank you very much for your share in my gift of a floor lamp. I am using it daily and enjoy it much. Also thank you for your fine Birthday card and slippers.

*[This typewritten letter dated **April 20, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Willard's sister, Phebe, has breast cancer and just left for the hospital for surgery. Geraldine heard Madam Chiang (Kai Shek) speak. Willard talks about some of the Foochow missionaries. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm
Shelton
Conn.

April 20th. 1943.

Dear Geraldine,

This is to tell you specially that ten days ago Aunt Phebe discovered a lump in her left breast. She saw Dr. Edson about it and he told her to have it out. He took it out with local anesthetic on Monday April 12th. She got to the hospital, Griffin, at 7:00 a.m. In the afternoon she came home. She was about the house and only rested more seriously and did no lifting. She went to see the doctor last week but he was in bed with the gripe or flu that is quite prevalent about here. Wells, Dan and Seymour were all in bed with it last week for most of the week. They are up now. Yesterday, Monday April 19th, she went and found him up. He had phoned the evening before and

asked her to come. He told her that at first nothing serious was found but later as they examined more carefully unmistakable tissues of a serious nature were found. The sooner she had the whole breast taken off the better, for such growths sometimes progressed rapidly. It is now 4:00 p.m. Tuesday April 20th and she and Aunt Mary have just left for the hospital. She expects Dr. Russell of New Haven will perform the operation. Dr. Edson will be there and possibly give the anesthetic.

Yesterday when the Aunts stopped for me at the service station where I took my car to be serviced, I opened the door as they drove up on Aunt Phebe's side of the car and I felt the second I looked at her that the news was not good. She is bearing up well, and slept well last night. The doctor said she had taken it in the very early state and there should be no trouble. At the same time it is not a condition that any of us would voluntarily chose. The doctor says she will probably be in the hospital about two weeks.

Yesterday was a sour cold drizzly day. Last night the mercury went down to 38 degrees. This afternoon it is brighter and warmer. The grass is beginning to show green but there is not much of it yet. I have written to some of you that I hope to do something toward raising food this year. I have two hundred lbs. of seed potatoes, and two hundred lbs. of fertilizer promised. Uncle Ben is chairman of vegetable gardening in Shelton. He has called a meeting of those interested for this evening at 8 o'clock. I hope to go. But Aunt Mary has taken Aunt Phebe to Derby and my car is being brightened up and I may not get there. Mike Stobiersky is plowing and this afternoon is disking the east end of the long meadow south of the house for potatoes. He is putting in nice acres of potatoes, he says.

Geraldine's letter received yesterday was very interesting. Specially the part about her hearing Madame Chiang. No one has in my memory made such a deep and favorable impression on the American people. I have been asked several times how she does it. I say because she asks nothing for herself and very little for Chiang alone. What she asks is for others as well as for herself. She is selfless. She is urging people to be good. Her text is really the Golden Rule. AND she lives her preachments. In their comments on her influence on her talks and on her character, I do not find any buts and ifs. She is real.

Guy Thelin is home after a long trip. Charlie and Peggy Storrs are also home. And several are starting for China this summer. Helen Smith, Merlin and Eunice Bishop (Eunice Smith, Helen's sister) Susan Armstrong and Hazel Atwood. Others are going too. I had a letter from Cong Li Gong (Robert G. Uong) last week. He has sent me 30 small packages of Chinese stamps, to sell. He will use the proceeds to help educate his five fine children. He was an Ing Tai orphan. I had a hand in his education and I married him and our Phebe was bridesmaid.

Lots of love to each of you,

Father

*[This postal card dated **April 27, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. Aunt Phebe is doing well after her breast cancer surgery. Aunt Mary also got to hear Madame Chiang talk, but in New York. Postal card donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton, Conn.

April 27- 1943

Dear Jerry:-

This is specially to say that Aunt Phebe is doing very well indeed- Sat up over an hour yesterday. Stanley and Myra plan to arrive on the evening train today. We 3 plan to dine at the Clarke Hotel in Derby and go see Phebe. They go to N.Y. on a morning train tomorrow.

Dan came down and plowed and harrowed the gardens yesterday. He has bought farm machinery and has rented the aunts farm- except the pasture in front. He is also putting in 20 acres of corn on the island in the river which they own. They have had 2 or 3 head of cattle here all winter and 3 head in a converted big truck near Uncle Ben's house in Shelton. These are giving milk. He also has 3 or 4 head in another place. I have set out 26 lettuce plants and Aunt Mary has planted peas that have not yet come up. We did not have a sunny warm day till last Sat. Apr. 24. It was rain, rain and snow almost every day.

You will write of your visit to Los Angeles and of Stephen etc. Aunt Mary heard Madame Chiang talk in N.Y. No one has ever had the respect, honor and approval of all U.S. people as she has. She was positive, selfless, altruistic, asked for herself and China only what she asked for all. Love Father

*[This postal card dated **May 1, 1943** was written from Derby, CT by Aunt Phebe to Gerry. Phebe writes that she is doing well after breast surgery. Postcard donated to Yale in 2006.]*

[Postcard addressed to:
Miss Geraldine Beard
2508 Parker St.
Berkeley
California

Dated May 2, 1943, Derby, Conn.]

May 1 [1943]

Dear Gerry,

The top of May Day morning to you and the rest of the day to me self if you please. It was a nicest kind of surprise to get your letter and to know that you still love your old aunt even if the doctors are taking turns carving her up. I'm in fine shape now and walking about the hospital at will and taking care of myself in every way possible. As soon as a bit more healing is done and a bit of draining I can go home- about Tuesday they say. Want to hear all about your visit to Leolyn. How is Stephen? Stanley called on me the other evening. Your mother and father come often too. Then we miss that adorable baby and he is just as wonderful as all the stories tell. Wish you could have seen him. With love Aunt Phebe

*[This letter dated **May 13, 1943** was written from Putnam, CT by Emma to Ellen with an addition by Ellen. Ellen forwards Emma's letter to someone (probably Geraldine) and comments on how well Emma writes with her failing eyesight. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Putnam, Conn.
May 13 1943

Dear Ellen,

I am writing just a few lines to thank you for the "Handy Helper" which you sent me some time ago. It is just what it's name implies, very handy to do very many things. I have it constantly at hand. You seem to find all the helpful kitchen gadgets. Thank you.

We have heard glowing accounts of Elbert's trip to N.Y. and Shelton. We are glad to hear that Phebe is recovering nicely from her recent operation. *[According to Jill Elmer Jackson and Edith Beard Valentine, Ellen's brother, Elbert Kinney was interested in Willard's sister, Phebe Beard.]*

Miss Thayer has been in the Day Kimball Hospital eight days with Pneumonia. She has been in an oxygen tent for 4 or 5 days, and her recovery seems rather doubtful. Charles had a hard cold and gave it to his wife and mother. Gertrude had the gripe and was unable to attend Martha's wedding which took place May 7 at Suffield. A chaplain she met at the veterans hospital officiated at the wedding. Martha has a furnished home in N.Y. Etta is leaving Saturday for Long Meadow to visit Helen a few days before going to Towanda and Oberlin for the Summer.

She has been mending and sewing for several weeks and has us all fixed as far as clothing is concerned. Today is warm and sunny after three days of rain. It has been so wet that we have not even ploughed the garden, consequently no seeds planted yet.

On Tuesday we attended a meeting of the Windham County Association at Abington. In the evening we heard a very interesting lecture on Australia by Rev. Walker of Waterbury. The lecture was illustrated by colored moving pictures.

Elbert is not here to blue pencil my letter. Hope you can read it but I can not correct mistakes. Hope we are to see you in P *[Putnam]* this Summer.

With love
Emma

[Added by Ellen]

I am sending you this rather old letter from Emma, not so much for the news in it as to let you see how well she does at letter writing even with her defective eye-sight. The early training of her hand in penmanship stands her in good stead when vision fails.

Mrs. Thayer has been moved from the Putnam Hospital to the institution in Mansfield, Ct. for the mentally diseased patients. She went quite wild at times and it took 4 people to control her. Other times she was quite sane and normal. But a letter since this one says she is failing and has lost her sight.

*[This typewritten letter dated **May 24, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to some of his children. Monnie and her family are to live in Nelson Forks, British Columbia, Canada. He updates them on some of the Foochow missionaries. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm, Shelton, Conn. U.S.A., May 24th. 1943

Dear Gould and Virginia, Hazel and Willard; Geraldine; Dorothy and Harold; Marjorie and Ralph, Johnnie; Kathleen and Hugh, Jacqueline and Cynthia;

We think of Monnie and Ralph and Johnnie as settled or at least in their home in Nelson Forks, British Columbia, Canada. So all our children and grandchildren are located. We have followed the family of three with great interest as two letters have come from Monnie telling of the route and mode of travel. We still are baited with the query of how they will get from Edmonton to Nelson Forks.

Thursday May 27th.

Helen Smith came to Derby on the 11:05 a.m. I took Monnie's two boxes up to the freight depot and met her. We came home and had lunch and then Mother and I took her to the 2:05 p.m. train to meet an engagement at Fairfield this afternoon. More about the freight. They refused to accept it to be paid for at the destination. Household goods going out of the country must be paid in advance, -that is the freight. I did not have money enough in my pocket to pay, so told them I would bring the money in the afternoon. I went after putting Helen on the train. But they met me with the news that I must make out a "manifest" for the goods. They had no manifests. But after a time a man from one of the manufacturing plants volunteered to get one and leave it there by tomorrow. So I hope to get the boxes ready to start tomorrow.

Helen had quite a bit of news from Foochow and Foochowites. She has met for an hour Mary Frances Buckhout and her husband. You will remember Mary Frances was the lady who lived with Helen and me in Ing Tai in 1940 and '41. [Willard refers to this romance in his letter dated June 2, 1940- they were "sparking".] I married her to Bill McVay. After we left they were sent to Chungking. He was in the Navy as radio man. He was stationed in Foochow, then in Chung King then they came home and he is now appointed to work in Louisiana. They were months on the way home. Guy Thelin got home about five weeks ago. E. Walter and Lucia Smith of Ing Tai with their son E. Walter III are doing well, -so well that they have planned for a brother to keep E. Walter company this summer. Living is very high. It costs most of the missionaries \$5.00 a day to live most anywhere in China. Mrs. Bankhardt is dead. The \$5.00 above is U.S. currency. Helen, Susan Armstrong, Merlin Bishop and Eunice Smith Bishop are told to be ready to start for Foochow in July.

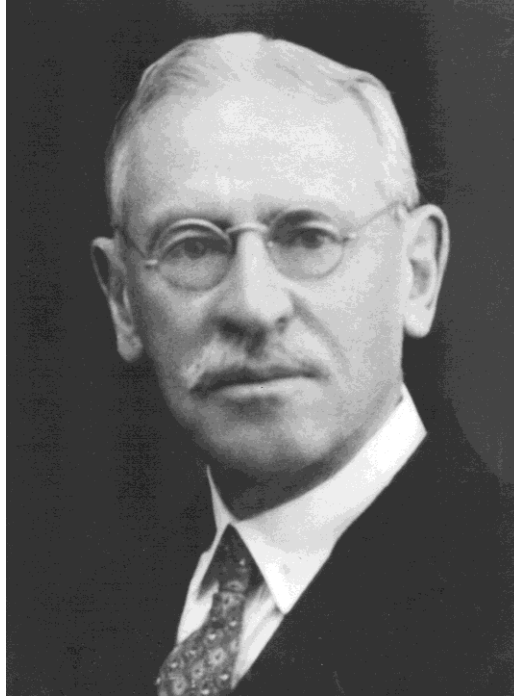
My potatoes are up nicely. I have hoed most of them before cultivating, - just close to the plants. If all goes well, Dannie will come down with Bucky tomorrow and we will make the grass and weeds look sick. I have transplanted 71 red raspberries and got from May Palmer 13 ever bearing plants and put them in. I have seed for rutabagas and carrots. My hope is to have these for next winter. Salsify and Brussels sprouts are a trial. We have not had them before. The Aunts bought 2000 spruce trees 6 cents each and Uncle Ben is putting them in the ground. I guess it is some job. He has put in a row along the Coram Lane, north of the house. Dan has ten head of cattle in the Spring lot. Annie Belle finds all she can eat of grass in the lane leading to the back pasture and about the yard and north of the house.

The pictures of the newest family came the other day and they are FINE. Johnnie looks like a New York Alderman, and a happy one too. They are very good. They are good of Ralph and of Monnie and of Johnnie. He looks as if he would be a load to carry about. My enlargements came in the same mail. I like them and am sending one to each of you children. I would have them framed and send them, but it will be a bother to pack them so they will not break. I will put a dollar bill in with each and you may get them framed. I cannot guarantee the dollar will pay for the frame you choose but it will help.

Aunt Phebe is getting on very nicely. She is not yet fully in the harness as to work but is fast getting there. Keep writing. Your letters are most interesting.

Love to all

Father



This is the photo that Willard is probably referring to in the above letter.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **June 1, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Marjorie writes that she and her family are on the way to Nelson Forks to settle. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

June 1- 1943

Dear Geraldine:-

Enclosed is a letter to all the children and a letter come from Marjorie in this morning's mail. She wrote it en route to Nelson Forks and writes to have this one sent round. I will make carbon copies and send at once. It will [be] a long time before the last one receives this one if I do not. Their new post is in some ways more isolated than Davis Inlet, - a much more interesting trip to get there judged from this letter from the trip to Davis Inlet.

I am sending this to your old address hoping it will be forwarded if you have moved.

With love

Father

*[This letter dated **June 7, 1943** was written from Ft. Meyers, FL by Kathleen, to Jerry. The heat and humidity have set in. They expect Hugh will be deferred from military service for at least a half of a year. She updates about Jill and Cynthia. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ft. Myers
June 7, 1943

Dear Jerry:

At long last I get my lazy pen to moving. The adjective actually applies to me and not the pen but there are lazy days and one is prone to think that things as well as people are lazy. We have settled into a humid summer much earlier than usual this year and it is difficult to keep from sticking to everything we touch. Almost daily showers do help briefly but they also make for perpetual static on the radio so that we feel cheated of our news and entertainment.

So you have moved again! Do you do that sort of thing just for a change or was there some urgent reason? I so hate the sight of a suit case that it takes a war or a transfer order to make me pack one, but maybe you don't have so much junk as we do. I have got so that I don't write your addresses in the book anymore for I have to cross them off too often. I just keep your current one on a loose card in the book. Do you do that with mine too? As a matter of fact we have been half expecting a transfer this month and the possibility of it is not over yet, but we have to keep swallowing those little eruptions of impatience to know, that well up in us, to keep a peaceful spirit. We are almost sure that Hugh will be deferred from the services on account of his work for at least another half year so we only have one worry at a time.

Thanks for the three dresses you sent. I think I can use them with some remodeling. The red one fits alright but I must be a lot bigger than you in the arms and have a longer waist. The blue linen I bisected and will use the skirt with blouses. The dotted one I can't wear till cooler weather anyway so it awaits decision. I find it increasingly hard to get any sewing done for it is too slow by hand and I always have to bother my neighbors to use machines so things just pile up until a move comes, when I get rash and give everything away. Isn't that awful? Last fall I gave away really good things that I could have used for the children but simply had no room to pack. I think they are doing somebody some good tho for the Salvation Army took them.

Jill has been out of school for a week now. I gave her that week for a complete vacation and she was begging for an assignment before it was over. This week we have begun a not-to-rigid program of school work and housework on alternate days to keep her from getting rusty and to help me a bit. She and C. do a little cleaning, keep their room straight, help with dishes and washing and Jill is going to learn to sew some too. There is talk of a community vacation program but it is slow in getting started and it would all be so far away from us the J. may not be able to participate. Our own recreation is rather cramped here for there is no way of getting to the beach, as in St. Pete, and the long walk to town is too hot to make when unnecessary so I guess we will be sitting at home trying to keep cool most of the time. (It saves money anyway.) Jill has changed noticeably this year and mostly for the better. She has developed from practically a baby to a reasoning and sensible girl and we are pleased that she seems so much more responsible and personable. Of course she still has her rough edges and is still awkward and lanky but if she keeps on growing as likeable as she has this year and doesn't get silly adolescent ideas in her head she will be very much alright. Cynthia, poor child, is going thru rather a trying period, coming out of her baby ways and trying to be big like Jill when she can't. She feels terribly hurt, too, when Jill refuses to play with her and from my own childhood experience I tend to sympathize with her. She is still her lovable self most of the time and needs loads of affection. There is one little girl whom they play with two doors away and they divide it about 50-50 between the two houses. Most of the time it woks pretty well but there are fights and squabbles every day or so. Just now my children are over there and the house is very quiet and peaceful, but they may decide to migrate over here at any moment.

Have you read "Last Train from Berlin" by Howard K. Smith? I am almost thru it and am finding it most interesting. It sort of begins where Berlin Diary left off and is especially elucidating about conditions in Germany since the Russian war started. Smith is a smart young fellow and gives a brilliant analysis from his six years in Germany. Simultaneously I'm reading The Secret Garden to Jill so my eyes get plenty of exercise. Cynthia has a sudden flare for Millions of Cats just now and begs Jill to read it nearly every day. Our only family mail for weeks was a letter from Father saying the Monnie is already at Nelsons Forks. Also said he was sending us his picture. Mother's tinted photo is on our piano so natural it almost speaks. Don't you like it ever so much?

The ever present need for nourishment impels me to stir my lazy self toward kitchen. Much love from all-Kathie



Stamped on back: "Vanart Studio, 501 ½ Franklin St., Tampa, Fla."

This photo is probably the one Kathleen refers to in the above letter taken during Ellen's 1942 visit to Tampa, FL.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This typewritten letter dated **June 7, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He and Ellen visited with fourteen other "Foochowites" at the Newell's home. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard
 Century Farm
 Shelton
 Connecticut

June 7th 1943

Dear Geraldine:

Last Friday Mother and I went to spend the nite in Putnam and go to Uxbridge the next day to a get-together at the Newell's of 14 Foochowites. I have just returned home and had a nap. I have an engagement in Seymour tomorrow so I came back early. Mother is staying for a week or more. Your letter was waiting for me. I have the "shoe" coupon, have stuck it onto this sheet and am getting just a word off to you in air mail envelope to make sure you do not go limping about the streets of Berkeley and Oakland on bare sore feet.

We found Aunt Emma, Uncle Elbert well. Aunt Etta had been gone for a week. She went to Helen's first then to Donald's then to Myron's then to Oberlin. I think that was the order. She is likely to stay at Oberlin for some time. But she plans to return to Putnam for next winter.

At Uxbridge we met Mr. and Mrs. Newell and Dwight. Mrs. Cushman (Betty Cushman Thelin's mother) Guy and Betty Thelin with their two sons Mark and Robert, 7 & 9. Ned and Helen Smith, Susan Armstrong, Mrs. Rinden. We had a good dinner together at the Newell's and had a picture taken and had a lot of good conversation. The day was perfect and all thoroughly enjoyed it. Helen and Susan are told by the Board to be ready to start for Foochow any time after July 1st. They go by boat to India then either by plane or Camel to Chung King. Then by plane or some other way to Foochow.

It is Aunt Abbie's birthday and she and Uncle Ben have just come so I must stop now. I also found a letter from Monnie, - just arrived in Nelson Forks. I will copy this tomorrow and mail a copy to you. So this is all for this time.

Lots of love.
Father.

Fri. ther. stood at 90 degrees
?? " at 50 degrees

*[This letter dated **about June 1943** was written from Shelton, CT by Ellen to Geraldine. She sends photos of grandson, Johnnie, and updates Geraldine on other missionaries from Foochow. Letter donated by Yale to family in 2006.]*

[About June 1943]

Dear Geraldine,

I am sending you some photos that we had taken of Johnnie while he was here.

There were earlier ones taken which Marjorie may have sent you, but these I ordered specially for you and I am sending the other sisters and Gould the same.

Father thinks, - or rather we heard thru Mrs. Frazier our pastor's wife who was in the Griffin Hospital to have a baby boy (their second); and thru Rev. Mr. Graham the Seymour Cong'l Ch. minister who called on her there, and thru Mrs. Space his parishioner, that Gould is away again, - somewhere. And Father thinks he may be in China. For Father remembers that when he was here last, he dropped a remark whose implication was that he might go to China some time. Father thinks he would certainly want much [to] visit Foochow in case he went to China, but whether that would be possible for him in his capacity, is doubtful.

We shall be interested to hear about your visit to Los Angeles. I wish I could have let you know, before you went, that Ray Gardner, formerly of Shaowu mission lives there, with his wife and two sons, - or he did live there 12 years ago. He was teaching in a high school in the suburbs. Do you remember him as a boy, on Kuliang, summers?

A letter from Mr. Smith formerly of Ing Hok, this week told us that Helen, the eldest daughter, and Eunice and her husband Mr. Bishop, were intending to return to Foochow this summer to be ready for the fall opening of the work. Miss Armstrong and Miss Atwood were going with them. That must mean that they are flying by Pacific Clipper for the A. Board would hardly take the risk of sending them at this time. What a trip they'll have! The Storrs and Mr. Wiant of Meth. Mission came home that way a few weeks ago. They flew from Chungking to India and from there home. I wish I could see them and talk with them.

[not signed]

*[This letter dated **June 18, 1943** was written from Putnam, CT by Emma to Geraldine. She updates Geraldine on the various relatives. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Putnam, Conn.
June 18 '43

Dear Geraldine,

Since my failing eyesight allows almost no reading or writing, I have been asking Uncle Elbert for several months to write you how much we have enjoyed the nuts you sent some time ago. We find nuts a good substitute for meat especially since meat is so short.

These nuts you sent are very good and we thank you. Regarding letter writing Elbert says his middle name is "Procrastination".. and I am convinced.

We had a nice visit from your Father and Mother recently. They went to Uxbridge Mass to attend a reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo Newell.

16 people were present.

How we would liked to have seen John Charles Butt before he went to his far away home at Nelson Forks B.C.!

He will be quite a boy when we see him three years hence. Elbert spent several days in N.Y. in April and had a fine visit with Gould and Virginia over a weekend. From the little that Gould can tell of his trips he has made

in the last 6 months we judge he is having some worth while experiences. I think he should make a record of these trips. They will be valuable to future generations.

Aunt Etta left about the middle of May to visit her children and to spend a part of the Summer in Oberlin. You know that Fulton is in Aruba, and island north of Venezuela, S.A. and that Stewart and Elizabeth are in Lincoln, Neb. He has been instructing classes in air-plane mechanics. His last letter stated that he might be transferred soon, but did not know his destination. Pearl and Bill were in Woodstock about May 1, and took dinner with us one day. Planting is about one half done. The season is very late. When you try to read this scra[scribble?] remember that I cannot see a word I have written. Let us hear from you once in a while. With best wishes. Love

Emma J. K-

*[This letter dated **July 11, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Ellen to Geraldine. Ellen talks about a photo of her grandson, Johnnie. She updates Geraldine on various relatives and gives advice on the maple sugar that she sent. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Mrs. Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

July 11", 1943.

Dear Geraldine,

My pen has at last heard the signal "Go", so we are off on the epistolary track, and it was Kathleen who counted the "One, two, three ---!"

In a recent letter from her, she mentioned writing you something about my photograph taken while I was in Florida last year, and that you had not seen it. And I suspect you wondered why I had not sent you one. And I wonder why too, for I had one finished for you as for each of the other children and it should have reached you long ago. But it is one of the things that I have inadvertently let slip. None of the others had to be sent. Kathleen took hers out when she got them from the photographer after I came home. I took Gould's down when we visited there. Dorothy took hers when she came East last fall. And Marjorie took hers when she was here with us so long. But now I will send you yours at once and with it your copy of Marjorie's family picture which they had taken in Winnipeg. They had two or three sittings but all were so poor that the photographer would not even let them see them but said he would take the best one of each of them, from the negatives, and put them together in a composite picture, which he did; that is the reason, Marjorie writes, that her right shoulder fades out. And I think it also accounts for the baby's position. But Johnny's picture looks much as he did when he left us here.



Ralph, John and Marjorie Butt
[Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard]

She sent a picture of Johnny alone which she asked to have circulated among you children as the expense was too great to have one finished for each of you; but each gets one of the family picture. The two pictures of Johnny alone are now making the rounds starting with Gould who was to send them to Kathleen and she to Dorothy and Dorothy to you, after which they are to be returned to father and me. These two pictures of Johnny alone, I think look fully two months older than his in the family picture. It shows him as so much bigger and fatter than when he left here, as of course he was. But the one in the family picture looks so much as he did when we last saw him that it is hard to see how they could look so different, taken the same day. But we all think they are all very good likenesses of the family.

I took the picture to Putnam to show to Emma and Elbert before starting them round and Elbert was much taken with Johnny's picture,- they did not see him before he left, much as Marjorie wanted to take him to Putnam; for it seemed rather unwise to take him on a train journey just on the eve of their leaving on the long journey as he might catch some germ that would hinder their starting to Winnipeg when they planned to, as the trains were so crowded with soldiers and measles were also around then.

I am glad their journey to Nelson Forks turned out so well; Marjorie had her misgivings about traveling to such a distant place in such uncertain conveyances with a baby, as she had had no experience in that line,- with a baby, I mean.

Perhaps you knew that Aunt Etta rented her house in Oberlin last year, reserving two back rooms for herself which she hoped to remodel a bit to make a home for herself whenever she wanted to be in a home of her own. She has been much with Donald's and Myron's families since she returned from Hilo, and spent last winter in Putnam with Emma and Elbert. It was fine for Emma to have her there, as Emma cannot read or sew at all. She left Putnam, as the enclosed letter from Emmas says, visiting Fulton's wife in Longmeadow and Myron's family on her way to Oberlin, to fix up her house. But she found it so badly out of repair and the cost of putting it in condition to rust or to live in herself was so great that she was discouraged and wrote details to Elbert, very evidently eliciting from him the advice to sell the house. I was there when her letter came and we all thought it wise for her to sell, particularly as she said frankly in her letter that she was somewhat weaned from Oberlin now. Elbert wrote advising her to sell and giving her some helpful directions as to how to proceed. He advised writing the three sons here in the U.S. for their opinion. Donald wrote Elbert he approved and would go up to Oberlin and help his mother

dispose of her remaining belongings there, and sell the house. Last week Elbert wrote me he had received a letter from Stewart detailing his opposition to her selling (what Elbert did not state except to say that S. thought he might want some of her remaining furniture after the war was over). So she decided not to sell now and has gone to Donald's for July at least, perhaps for the summer, where, Elbert writes, she has found plenty of sewing. Elbert thinks her daughters-in-law, particularly D's and M's wives are perfectly willing she shall work when she is at their homes. She has trouble with her feet and it was hard for her when Judith, and Myron's baby were little.

Hazel and Willard have gone to camp again this summer for two months, in Maine, Lake Sebago.

By the way, we must all write Marjorie right away, if not sooner, to reach her in the July 27th mail, as she will not get another until fall.

Do write her a good long letter.

Dan has rented the farm for the duration and has put (or Ben has) 14 or 15 cows in one of the back pastures (cows that they are not milking) and two that they are milking have calves. He drives up every night and morning to milk them. He has plowed with a tractor and planted potatoes. He has mowed the grass and loaded the hay by tractor. Last week was a pretty busy haying week, with some wet days too. It means lots of people milling around, for Ben, Dan, Seymour, and two of Dan's hired men; and almost every day Dannie and Beverly and a friend of Dannie's and Wynn ride up and spend the day and sometimes one of the hired men's children. They all bring their lunches but the aunts furnish milk and punch etc. Dannie's pony is up here most of the days. Dan has bought a horse to pull the rake for haying.

Dan and Wells are still doing jobs of building roads, and airports and excavating work with their bull-dozer and other heavy machines, but are taking on the farming so as to be exempt from going to war. Wells doesn't figure in the farm work however; he prefers to office work and riding around supervising their operations and looking up jobs. He is greatly devoted to his year-and-a-half old daughter Marian, who closely resembles her father.

Fulton likes Aruba, has a bungalow all to himself but would like to have his family with him. They have bought a house in Long Meadow near Springfield [*Massachusetts*], and the entire furniture of another house to furnish it with. His wife Helen and her 4 children are living there.

Emma thinks her quite an able woman doing her own work for a big house, into church work and war work and Woman's Club etc. The children are spoken of as being very fine, well trained children.

Tell us about your new residence and your associate there. Do you like it better than your former arrangement and companion?

Don't let Gwen interest you in any of her Italian men friends.

I hope you'll find the right man sometime, but don't let it be an Italian or a Jew or a foreigner or a Catholic. He may be a Christian Scientist, or a Quaker or a Methodist or a Baptist or a Presbyterian or any kind of a protestant Christian but not the above mentioned.

A recent letter from Mr. Ide said he had retired and now living in Pasadena near some of our Foochow Missionary retired friends.

I hope you are keeping well and not working too hard. With much love Mother

Do write us again soon. Your letters are most interesting.

P.S. - I have thought of another thing that had slipped my mind that I should have written about, so I'll begin all over again.

I ordered sent to you about six weeks ago from Vt. two pounds of maple sugar, as a gift from father and me. It was intended to be an Easter gift but didn't quite make the date. I ordered it thru an old friend of mine in Lyme, N.H. and know that it is the genuine article every grain of it all the way thru. I was ordering maple syrup for all the children who are nearer, but was not quite sure that syrup would travel so well going so far, so ordered sugar for you, from which you can make the syrup by breaking off pieces, put in a small stew pan, add a little water and boiled slowly. I think the tendency is to add too much water and make the syrup too thick; but it must have enough water to prevent its getting too thick and burn before it is all dissolved. A few trials will get the right consistency. But always cook it rather slowly, and watch it carefully as it boils over so easily and you lose some of it. It is always thicker when it gets cold so you allow for that. Let it cool before pouring into a table receptacle as it is so much hotter, than boiling water that is might crack the container. Be careful not to get the hot syrup on your hands for it does burn frightfully. The sugar goes well as candy if broken in pieces. I hope it reached you in good condition. And were you somewhat mystified by the arrival of the parcel? I think it should have bourn the dealer's name so you need have had no doubt of its wholesomeness and quality.

Let me know if you did not receive it and in what condition it arrived if you did receive it.

There! Have I left anything "to the imagination" this time? Ha! Ha!

Please give our regards to all the Morgans when you see them and give us the news from their families. We are having lots of fine large raspberries now from bushes we have planted when we first retired and came home 6 yrs. ago.

Aunt Phebe seems to be as well as ever and does almost as much work as she always has; but Mary now takes the lead in the weekly washing and somewhat about the meals. I think she cannot use her left arm as well as before, i.e. cannot lift it as high, and freely, for when she was buying a dress, the other day I think I heard her give that as a reason (to the sales lady) why she wanted one opening down the front.

Yesterday, Saturday the 10th after lunch we all drove to Munroe 6 or 7 miles away and picked high huckleberries. I never saw berries hang so thick. We pulled them off by handfuls and didn't have to bend over or squat at all as the bushes were all 2 or 3 ft. higher than our heads. We could stand and pick all the time. And the bushes were so thick that I didn't move 20 ft. from the place we stepped over the wall to enter the field. We were gone from the house 2 ½ hrs. and bro't home about 14 qts. of berries. It was the greatest picking any of us ever saw. There were plenty of them left when we came away too.

*[This typewritten letter dated **July 25, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He is sending Geraldine an extra #18 ration coupon for shoes. He updates her on the farm and the relatives. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

Sunday, July 25th, 1943.

Dear Geraldine:-

Some one got an extra #18 coupon for shoes and I am sending it to you. I think this one is good for some weeks if not months, so I hope you will be able to keep your bare feet off the side walks for the rest of the year. You must be able to get hold of these for yourself some time.

Dan is finished with the haying. That is I expect he calls it finished. I call it a sloppy finish. This is a lot of hay left in the corners of the meadows, - a small load. It has been out to the weather so long that it is good only for bedding. Yesterday he put on an exhibition. There were three plies of cow manure in the barnyard and back of the barn. It has been there for two years. Instead of using a manure fork and pitching it onto a wagon or a truck he took his power shovel and dug it up and emptied it onto the truck. What would Grandfather Beard have said to see his manure subjected to such indignities? It did the job fairly well but there is still a good load in the corners and places where the machine could not get. Dan awfully hates to do anything by hand. He bought an old horse for \$50 and either [he] or Dannie have done all the raking. If he had had to do any of it he certainly would have had two men, one on the rake and one on the tractor or pick up.

They have four small calves in the barn here and one in Shelton. Three are heifers and they plan to raise them. The other two are bulls and the various members of the family are already wheting their teeth for veal.

We four went up to Monroe for dry ground bilberries a week ago. We were gone from the house less than two hours and brought home over ten quarts. Did I write this in my last letter?

Nancy and Stanley Owen were here one night last week. Aunt Phebe went to Mr. Palmer's with them and from there she went to Pearl River Saturday afternoon. She plans to stay until Uncle Stanley comes up here with Aunt Myra for a week.

July 18th. I preached in Seymour for the Meth. minister. Yesterday I preached for Mr. Maylott in East Derby. Every Tuesday evening I go down to Pine Rock Park to attend the meeting of the Sea Scouts. Last Tuesday evening Mother and the Aunts went with me and stopped at a Mrs. Patouski or something like that, and I picked them up on my way home. She her husband, three children live in the old Seth Hurd place, the last house on the right as we go down to Mr. Palmer's, the place is owned by a Miss Peale. She took the Russian man and his Vermont wife and their children in for a few weeks until they found a place of their own. The two parties liked each other so well that they have lived together for some three years. The family have bought a house in Stratford and will move out shortly.

Blackberries are ripe in the east pasture and I have been twice and plan to go again when I finish this letter.

With love

Father

*[This letter dated **August 21, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. He reminisces on the day Geraldine was born (August 25) on Kuliang in China. He talks about the farm, relatives and acquaintances. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

August 21st 1943

Dear Jerry:-

Here are congratulations for next Thursday. I hope this reaches you in time. Forty five years ago on Kuliang we routed Dr. Goddard out about daylight and Dwight, her husband, was leaving about 8 o'clock to go to Ing Hok. She was in a great hurry to get away from our house. I guess she made it. I may have had to do more things than otherwise but it all came out all right. I hope you have a pleasant day all round.

Things are humming here on the farm these days. Dan or the B.N. Beard Co. have 7 small sucking calves in the barn and six cows to feed them. For the first months Uncle Ben came down each morning about 8:30 and let the calves eat. But for the last three weeks Dan has been getting here about 7:15 with Dannie. Dan feeds the calves and milks what they leave and goes to work leaving Dannie to lead the calves out and ties them to logs of wood out in the meadow. In the evening Dan comes down or from his work about 7. Dannie spends the day here taking lunch with us. Seymour also comes down nearly every evening and helps.

Bucky, Dannies pony, is here all the time- has been since May. In June they bought a cheap old mare to rake hay. Dannie did nearly all the raking with her. She was a very gentle old flug[?] and Dannie and Beverly and Win could do as they pleased with her. Two weeks ago Seymour traded her for a swanky riding horse and Dannie has frozen to him. Seymour rides him nearly every night. Dannie rides very well indeed. He and Dusty- the saddle horse- are just as one piece when he is on him.

The six milch cows are in the meadow north of the barn and they have ten young stock in the big pasture. Also they are pasturing seven for other people. And they have 2 cows and a 3 months calf in Shelton. Uncle Ben cares for them and makes butter. You see there are thirteen in his family to take milk and butter and one calf up there takes the skimmed milk. Dan has ten acres of corn on an island in the river off Coram and 2 acres of potatoes beside many vegetables. They have bought \$3000 or \$4000 worth of farm equipment since April. Dan said two days ago he had bought a milking machine, separator- cooler and 6 40 qt. cans. So they now have to take care of - feed etc 25 head of cattle and 2 horses.

Gould said over the phone a week ago that he and the family planned to come up for a few days Aug 28. Hazel and Willard will enjoy the horseback riding.

Mother went to Putnam last Wed.- she plans to return before Gould comes. He has been home most of the time this summer.

I dug 4 rows of my 9 rows of potatoes last week. They produced 4 bushels of good potatoes @ \$1.75 per bu. They just ?? for all the seed. The other 5 rows are later- still growing. I have a row of soy beans = edible 100 ft long that look fine. The Japanese beetles are trying to eat them up but by picking the bugs off twice a day I keep them down. My rutabagas (turnips) and carrots that I sowed for winter use do not look too good- not enough rain. The raspberries did very well, gave us from one to three qts. a day for five weeks. Blackberries in the East pasture were very thin. I have picked perhaps ten ??- 1 ½ qts. last Friday. The pasture is getting quite dry.

Helen and Eunice Smith- Mr. Bishop were to have sailed for China two weeks or more ago. I sent them an ounce of cabbage seed to take along to Foochow and Ing Tai. But I have not heard a word from it.

You are lately seeing Leolyn, Fred and Nancy by now according to Leolyn's letter last week.

A week ago Uncle Stanley, Aunt Myra and Ruth were here for nearly a week. Aunt Myra was in bed with flu most of the time but seemed all right when they left a week ago Thurs.

Letters from Monnie are less frequent than formerly. They were all well and Johnnie was thriving when they wrote. I judge summers are hot there and insects thick. Kathleen tried working in the Express office but it proved too much for her,-produced a miss carriage- I perhaps ought not to write that, but if you do not write it no harm will be done.

With love
Father

[This letter dated Aug. 22, 1943 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Aunt Phebe to Geraldine. Phebe sends Geraldine birthday congratulations. She talks about the various relatives and the farm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Century Farm
Shelton, Conn.

Aug. 22, 1943

Dear Gerry,

Aren't you glad that you have a birthday so that we Augustites at least will be reminded that you are due a letter of congratulations. When you get to be 70 as I did this month you really wish that you could forget several years.

If you were here now you might think yourself set back to the old days for Dan, with his young Danny (and sometimes several of his boy friends and Beverly with her's) and Seymour and Win- 20 head of cows, more or less, a bull, 7 calves- a horse (for riding or driving) the pony and all the activities which these demand almost puts us in a whirl. A well has been dug at the further barn to furnish the truck with water as they considered this easier than to lay pipes, put in a deep well perhaps and bigger motor in order to use our present well. The riding horse is a beauty and gentle as a kitten and all the men enjoy riding it. Danny is devoted to it and rides very well.

I have just had a two weeks visit with Uncle Stanley's family. Nancy and little Stanley Oliver [*Owen*] came up here for two nights so that we all could see the baby and I went back to Pearl R. with them. Then after Nancy went home, Stanley, Ruth, and Myra brought me home on a vacation permit given Ruth to use her car. I am well over the effects of my operation but for some reason I had two days in bed at Stanley's because of an extreme dizziness which the doctor thinks may have come from some ear disorder for it took nearly two weeks for it to disappear after I got home. It seems entirely gone now I'm glad to say. Poor Aunt Myra went to bed the day after she got here and stayed there until the day before she went home- nearly 6 days. Hers was the grip. She is all right now they write. So our vacations weren't all that we could have wished. I wish you could see Stanley Owen before he gets too grown up. He makes me think a bit of Willard- He is that same Petite little figure- rather solemn on the whole but a delightful little chuckle when amused. He is of course very active and very bright is talking some- puts two or three words together. One day he said, "Me ride me- mule Bye". His father puts him on their old mule in everything like a horse is "Me Mule". When he saw the calves ?? he said "Me Mule". We think because they had no horns for he calls a cow a "cov". He loved to watch the squirrels at Stanley's and will say "Quirl, quirl". Everything he's generally said twice like that. He's a marvelous little traveler. On our way home that day he was as cute as could be- just sat on one lap and looked at pictures and didn't even ask for a drink. They met us in N.Y. in the car so that made it easier. Does Stanley D. love to hold him and is Myra his ?? ??- even Aunt Ruth thinks him a dear and plays with him by the ??.. Nancy is doing a grand job at bringing him up. He has to mind. She is anxious to have him have a little sister- but the doctor tells her to wait at least 3 years. She had to be cut so much that he wants her to have time to be well healed. She is working very hard and looks ?? but seems well and is just as handy as ever with her fingers. She tried on five or six dresses that Ruth, Esther and Becky [*see photo of Esther and Becky at end of letter*] didn't want so that she could wear them. Much to the dismay of the clerk at Stearns she bought a silk jersey dress- a 42 I believe because she liked the style and color- the clerk said "You never can fix that to wear and almost refused to sell it to her- but Nancy persisted and she made a lovely dress without any apparent trouble. When she went home, unknown to her mother she bought material for a silk jersey ?? and old dress of her mothers in her bag. (She left Sat. night on a midnight train) and are next Thursday. Myra got the new dress all finished as a surprise. With the help question her dress all her own work with an occasional day of help from some ?? woman.

We heard thru Leolyn that Stephen has bought himself a Ford car and has driven it over to see her once and is very proud of it. He has at last finished his "studies" at the plant and has a metallurgistic job which makes him travel all over the plant so he really needed a car for that. Ruth gets letters sometime from 6511 at a time from H.M. who is flying a transport plane for India to China. He gets her letters but not so well as his came thro.

Your mother went to Putnam last Wed. but is coming back at the end of this week for Gould's family are coming for a week's vacation. ?? ?? first part ?? in Seymour the rest- that she's keeping her fingers crossed. The children come home from camp so they can come too. Won't Willard be overjoyed when he sees Danny's riding horse? He knows about the pony. The other day Danny and a friend rode the two up ?? for dinner. Danny has been coming down in the morning with his father to do the chores and playing all day to work of ?? after things. Dan is still doing a full days work at his construction jobs and the farm work is put in before and after and at any stray time he happens to have. When school begins he'll miss Danny who much of the time has done a man's job,

especially during haying. Seymour coming in every night about 7 and helps feed the calves and helped with haying too.

Aren't the letters from Kathleen interesting. We all offered a prayer of Thanksgiving when we read of Hugh's narrow escape. She sent a very cute picture of Cynthia in the pretty dress that was bought for Jill when Monnie expected to be married here. We do look forward to Monnie's letters ?? and ??? ?? about that darling baby is news to our ears. He has the most interesting little smile and we missed him so when they went.

I hope that your new house and companion is proving pleasant. We wish that you were not so far away. It seems a long time since we have seen you. You probably are not changing so much as Johnny is but nevertheless we do like a peep at you.

We are canning- canning and then canning these days. I made elderberry jelly the other day and no day goes by but some garden product is added to the closets in the cellar nearly 300 jars already. It is my dry line and the things like corn which like dry weather are fine, never finer I think, but tomatoes ?? my first quality are not too numerous. Wish we could get some of our surplus to you. Your father is raising potatoes for our l??der and they are good.

The family have all taken naps this afternoon and are now coming alive again. ?? to ?? ? – We can get no help in the house- so cleaning has to take a back seat. I can do just about so much and then I have to stop. I give my advanced age as the reason.

Hoping that your birthday will be a happy one and that there will be many more of them. I am,

Yours with much love,

Aunt Phebe



Left to right as identified by Stanley Forbes (son of Nancy Beard Forbes): Esther Haviland, Nancy Beard Forbes, Becky Haviland Zurner

[Photo from negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated about **October 1943** was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. Willard and Ellen are planning on going to Florida for the winter. Dorothy would like to go to Florida for Christmas but feels it would be unpatriotic. She is having success with her Victory Garden. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Saginaw, Mich
Sunday
[Early 1943]

Dear Jerry:-

I just don't know where time goes to! Don't the week-ends just whiz by when you're working. There is so much piled up to do on Saturdays and Sundays that I never seem to get it all done.

Last weekend we had company-friends from Royal Oak, who came up to go Pheasant hunting with Harold. The men went out early in the morning (Sun.), came back to dinner and went out all afternoon again. Jane and I stayed at home and got dinner and visited. They got six or seven birds and said it was the best hunting they had ever had. Harold didn't get any, so they left one for us, and we did enjoy it.

Mother sent me letters from Monnie and Aunt Emma. I should have sent them on long before this. I also have two photos of Johnny that I must send on to you this week. Mother wants those back.

I do want you to know how delighted I am with that striped blouse you sent for my birthday. I bought a brown winter suit and wear that blouse with it a lot. I have looked high and low for a jumper to wear it with, but have found none to suit me, so am going to have it made. I've received many compliments on it.

We have enjoyed the magazine "Arizona Highways". When Harold does get time to read it, he really enjoys it, but we don't always get the time to read the latest issue clear through and before long reading material piles up and magazines go down stairs unread. We always look at the pictures and enjoy them. I have saved every one of the magazines and thought I'd take them down to school. Some class ought to be able to make good use of them. I'm afraid our "trip west" is only in the long distant future, now. When are you coming East again?

What do you do with your food rationing stamps? - give them to your land-lady, or are you cooking for yourself, now? If you ever have any extra sugar stamps, we'll trade you for anything you need. That seems to be the only rationed article that bothers us.

How did your "picking" vacation turn out? Did you get rested or all tired out? Do you get those A-1 large prunes out there? We did until they went on ration, and now all I've seen are the smaller ones, that aren't quite so sweet. Those were delicious!

It was good to hear about all those Tankites again- Jippy, Dottie and Ish. Yesterday was Ish's Dottie's birthday. I hope my card got to her on time.

I'm well into our Volleyball season now. A game a week. We won our first game and lost the second. I do hope my girls can take this week's game. I have good material and they are a dandy bunch of girls to work with.

Mother writes that she and Father are going to Florida for the winter. They are trying to get a room or apt. near Kathie, for she hasn't room enough for them. Father probably won't stay as long as Mother wants to. I am trying to persuade them to come out here for Thanksgiving, and go direct to Florida from here. Would I ever love to go down there for Christmas, but again it couldn't be patriotic, I suppose, nor very pleasant travelling.

From Monnie's letter it seems as tho they were more isolated and alone up there, than they were in Labrador. It is too bad that all of Johnny's babyhood days and years will be spent way off up there. I suppose the silver lining to that cloud would be that there will be no interference in his early training by fond and doting Aunts, Uncles and Grandparents.

I'm so anxious to know how Cynthia likes school, and I haven't heard a peep from that part of the country for a long time.

We really did reap quite a harvest from our Victory garden. Still haven't dug our carrots and beets. The corn was the only big disappointment. The potatoes didn't do too well, but we got almost 2 bu. I canned more this summer than I ever have before. During the summer when we were eating fresh vegetables, I used my vegetable ration points to do a little hoarding for canned things for the winter like fruit juices and things that I didn't can much of, so, all in all, we have quite a supply in our cellar.

Would you send me a list of things that you would like for Christmas. It would help a lot - and soon, please, for I'm determined to get my shopping done early this year. We hear that they are going to ask people to mail their Christmas packages in Nov. this year. Can you keep a package that long without peeking?

Now that I am working again, I am also determined to send you money for your bicycle, that I've been using so long now. How much would you have sold it for. Please tell me.

I have only your summer address, so if you've moved again, this will have to chase you.

Very much love,

Dot.

[This letter dated Oct. 3, 1943 was written from Ft. Meyers, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. She talks about her family and hopes that Willard and Ellen will come down to Florida for the winter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Ft. Myers
Florida

Oct. 3, 1943

Dear Jerry:

Today I was thinning out my accumulated letters and suddenly had the urge to write you. It must be nearing the time for your next move but maybe this can be forwarded to you. I was just reading your letter telling about your prowler scare and hope you haven't been bothered again. But how do you sleep without air? I can sympathize with your feelings, for Hugh is gone every other night and this cottage is a mere shell. I had felt quite safe until a month ago when some neighbors said they had seen a prowler and then Mrs. Logan (landlady) began telling me some things that happened before we came. Hugh got to work and "burgler proofed" the house, as he called it, by putting a bolt on the back door (previously unlockable) and securing my window screens from inside, but for several nights I heard house-breakers all night and even slept with the hammer handy. Now the fear has worn off some, but don't know what I should do if a real occasion arose. I hope you get situated where you feel quite safe for it is bad to have your sleep wrecked.

Are you going out picking any nuts or fruits this fall, or is the danger of poison oak too great? I do hope somebody picks prunes soon for I haven't been able to lay my hands on a dried prune in months, and they are a must for Jill's regularity. Right now local fruits and vegetables are at their lowest, and apples and grapes are almost prohibitive in price. The crazy grocers would rather let them rot in the store than bring down prices. Persimmons are beginning to come in and we all love them. Citrus will be ripe in another month.

Cynthia is a school girl now and Jill is a fourth-grader. C. loves school but is impatient for some "hard work". She comes home chanting the cutest little rhymes such as

1-2-3

1-2-3

I don't drink coffee, I don't drink tea
Milk and water are better for me.

And she jabbles on and on about her little friends and all that she does. Poor child had to miss all last week on account of a bad cold and fever but will go back tomorrow. She also had to miss promotion day at Sunday School last week, and the department party. Jill graduated out of my class and department and C. came into my department. I would feel lonely without one of my children in there.

I have had two good letters from Monnie since she got to Nelson Forks and have been so busy that I simply haven't written. My curtains are all dirty and sewing piles up in mountains before me, but even having the children away all day doesn't leave me much time. I have been making more speeches on China, and another one next Tuesday. Also had some P.T.A. work put on me so it will be a wonder if I even get my dishes done. It's too bad I'm not one of these energetic efficiency hounds so that I could make every minute count, but I'm slow geared like Mother, and simply have to take my time about things or nothing goes right.

Mother wrote one letter during the summer that sounded as if she and Father are really planning to come down for the winter, but her subsequent letters have said nothing more about it. I know they will like Fort Myers but I only wish we could put them up. This shack has no extra beds and we are a mile from anything of interest in town so I don't know how it is going to work out if they can't bring their car down. I do think, tho, that it will be best all around if Mother leaves the Farm for awhile and gets away from the Aunts. Their accounts of Dan's farming up there this summer have been very interesting and amusing. They must have been much engrossed with the activity it created for every letter from there had much to say about it.

The local Exp. Agent and his wife and daughter (whose place I filled at the office in August) went to California for their vacation. If I had known they were going there I would have sent something by them for you, at least a message, but they never breathed a word about where they were headed for, on account of possible criticism I suppose. Lucille said they went to Los Angeles and Santa Monica so they weren't anywhere near you, but I was a bit breathless when I heard about it anyway. Having been here a whole year without moving has almost roused my gypsy blood again. Anyway I'd like to go somewhere on something besides my feet. We are prodigious walkers by now- all four of us. Even Cynthia can take a two-miler in stride.

Read "The Story of Dr. Wassell" by Hilton if you haven't already. It is so vividly written. "This is the Enemy" is very good on Germany too. I guess every correspondent in Europe has written his book- and so many of them are real good.

Well, how about a few words in your handwriting some day, and if you have moved- your new address.

Love Kathie

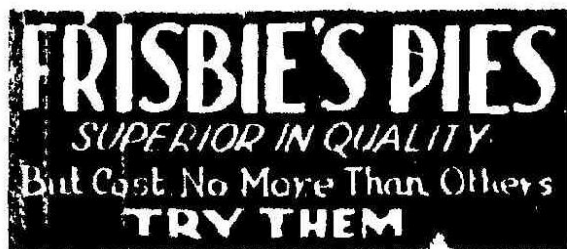
Am enjoying the slippers you sent so much. Wish they didn't have to get dirty.

[This letter dated **October 24, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He talks extensively about life on the farm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

October 24th, 1943.

Dear Geraldine

For a month I have been looking for this hour. Life is interesting here and now. The farm is humming. Ten cows go into the barn morning and evening to feed six calves and to give milk for Uncle Ben and Aunt Abbie and their three children and their families. In the pasture are still ten more young stock to become cows in a few months. Four more are about which they are feeding for other people. In the orchard (when they are not on other parts of the farm) are six big (500 lbs.) cows, three [pigs] with seventeen small pigs between them. These are living on Frizbie's pie dough [Bridgeport pie bakery].



[An ad from The Bridgeport Telegram]

Dan brought about a ton or more of this stuff in barrels and boxes and tin containers. He dumped it in the orchard as he brought it up and the pigs go and eat as they feel like it. The only care they get is the water Dannie takes out to them once in two or three days in forty qt. cans and pours into the concrete trough, which is an old sink that Uncle Ben picked up someplace. The little pigs are getting to be some pigs. They run all over – even up to the house. The sows produced nearly twice as many but they had no suitable place for birthing (find that in the dictionary) them and the sows are very large and fat and altogether too logy and the little pigs got the worst of it. But the seventeen are doing all right. The plan is to sell the old ones as soon as the small ones are weaned, for pork. The pigs are plowing up the orchard and the meadow back of the house in fine shape. Then there are Dusty and Bucky. Dusty a fine saddle horse and Bucky a nice little pony that Dannie has had for three years or more. Seymour bought Dusty. But Dannie has adopted him. He is a very pretty riding horse, dark bay and rather fancy looking and knows several gaits. He is very honest and gentle. Dannie goes up to him anywhere and leads him to some stump or elevation, jumps on his back and with only the halter, which is always on him, rides him after the cows or anywhere he wishes. Bucky is supposed to be Win's pony now. He carries Beverly or Jack Butler, Dannie's friend or any of the other children. The two horses are very close friends. Uncle Ben has dressed two calves. Each weighed about 150 lbs. meat alone. So the whole family have had all the good meat we needed for the past two or more months. Another is ready to be converted into food as soon as he is needed. They plan to raise all the heifer calves.

This farm work keeps Dan on the jump. Uncle Ben comes down in the morning and feeds the calves and milks three cows. The milk of one, an Ayreshire, he saves separately for a small child for one of his neighbors. Since last May he has furnished the whole family in Shelton with milk and butter. In the evening Dan comes after work on his bulldozer or shovel, and does the chores. It makes a long day for him, but he seems to enjoy it. Wells comes down once or twice a week and looks on. He seems to enjoy this also.

Dan got the job of furnishing 15,000 yards of loam for the shoulders of a new road running from near Bridgeport to near Shelton. They bought 20 acres of rough land over on the Bridgeport road opposite Platts, and have skimmed off the top of practically the whole piece. They do the skimming with the bulldozer and they also shovel it on the trucks, State owned. Their income on the job is around \$600.00 a day. When I tell them something on the farm needs attention the answer is "Will it bring in \$600.00 a day?"

My garden has been a pleasure this summer. I got Dannie to lead Bucky and we did a good job at cultivating the potatoes and the empty ground until I had planted the carrots and ruta begas for winter. I dug and sold eleven bushels of potatoes @1.75 a bu., dug them one day and sold them the next. So there was no shrinkage and no bother. I have sold about two dollars worth of summer pumpkins. We picked nearly one hundred qts. of red raspberries. The ruta begas and carrots are still growing. I think they should be very fine, for they were planted late and have grown quickly.

The cattle and horses and pigs make work. Hardly a day passes but they need some attention. Two Hereford steers got so nothing in the line of fence would deter them.

We've not been places much during the past six months. I have an "A" gas ration card and have stuck to it. It has taken us where we had to go. Aunt Mary has an extra allowance for her work with the Missionary society so she has been to Hartford a few times and we have been with her sometimes. I have [been] saving gas hoping to go to see Gould and Ginnie and then to Mt. Vernon and then to Pearl River. If all are agreed Mother and I will start next Saturday and be gone perhaps over two Sundays.

Perhaps I should add a word about the farm. With all the stock, some one has to be about practically all the time if all is to go well. Two of the white headed steers ate some of the garden. One day they got into it three times and no fence seemed to stop them. I told Ben they would have to do something. He put them into the stantions and there they have stood for nearly a month. The pits. Dan or rather Uncle Ben put a wire this side of the orchard and electrified it. That kept them in the orchard, until the battery ran down. Now those pigs go anywhere. But they do no damage. Then with Ben here for an hour or more in the morning and Dan here for two hours in the evening, I am apt to get out to the barn more then as if they were not here. This eats up time, AND interests me.

I wrote to most of you I think that I accepted an invitation to be one of the directors of a Sea Scout Ship at Pine Rock Park last summer. Since it started I have been down to the weekly meetings except three times. The number of scouts is now about twelve. They have a man for skipper that is right onto the job.

This last week I helped Aunt Mary canvass for the United War and Community Fund. I am sending today my report with \$43.00. This does not include our own contribution. I plan to put into this envelope (1) a dollar bill that I should have sent for the frame for my photo. (2) a set of five or six photos of machinery and buildings and stock that you have not seen. My Sunday School work is still going on. There were seven present last Sunday.

We have had only two damaging frosts. But these were hard enough to kill all garden plants except such as ruta begas and carrots. I pulled my soy beans to get them from the animals.

Thursday morning, Oct. 28th. It is still raining. Not hard but a drizzle. The weather is not cold, about 50 degrees each morning rising to sixty during the day. This morning I have just been up to Derby to have the car serviced and greased and anti-freeze put in to start for Uncle Stanley's tomorrow. We plan to leave Pearl River next Tuesday and stop just to say hello to Raymond and Mollie then get to Gould's by 5 o'clock. We will plan to spend the Sunday Nov. 7th. with Gould and family.

Letters have just arrived from Kathleen and Dot and one from Jerry only a few days ago. I had a phone call from Gould last nite. Monnie wrote three weeks ago (about) they were all well and Johnnie growing fast, 24 lbs. at that time, and becoming intelligent. I promised Gould I would speak at his Kiwanis next Wednesday and I told Stanley I would speak for his pastor in his Lutheran church in Pearl River if he was insistent, but not to seek the invitation.

The rats are in my soy beans and I want to get them picked off the stalks and hung up before starting for Pearl River. So here's love and all good wishes for you all. Every night and often between times I talk with God about each of you.

With love.

Father

Your letter came a day or two ago. Looks as if you should get to be adept at moving. It clutters up my address book.

I have readdressed two covers from the Life Insurance Co. to you written or ?? from a copy.

[faded words] all right

Love

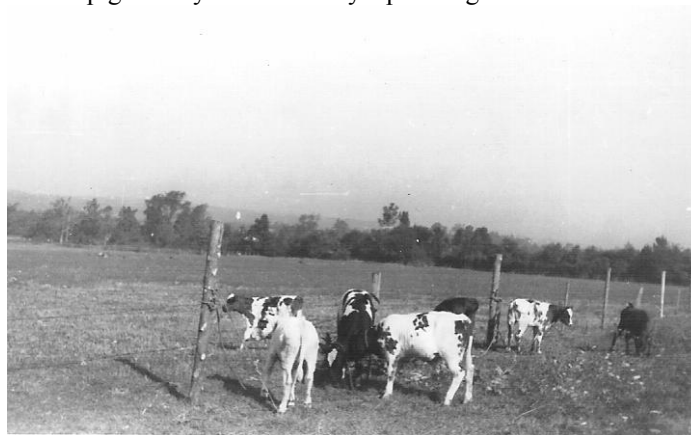
Father



Written on back of photo: "Dusty (horse) and Bucky (pony)"



Written on back of photo: "1 of 6 big sows. 17 young ones. Sows too big and fat and lazy. Lost nearly half young pigs. They live on Frisby's pie dough and water."



Written on back of photo: "7 calves 3 months"



Written on back of photo: "Taken fr. E. of cow barn

Note

1. New milk house
2. Lean-to for calves next to big barn
3. Electricity for milking machine, pumping water, lights, separator, refrigerator"



Written on back of photo: "Water wagon 1000 gallons No rain since July 15 Water pumped into wagon from old well just S. of house"



Written on back of photo: "Dan using the power shovel to put loam into a truck"

[This typewritten letter dated **December 2, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. The hogs and pigs keep escaping their pens at the farm. Willard teaches Sunday School and attends Sea Scout meetings. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

December 2nd. 1943.

Dear Geraldine:-

The other day I sent you a few picked out pecans. I put them in a cellophane or a waxed bag and I hope they will not be too dried out.

For months I have tried to write you about a fur coat that I gave Mother perhaps twenty five years ago. Her attempts to get it made up were so discouraging that she has given it up. Can you use it? I am pretty sure that it is possible to get it lined reasonably cheap. I do not know if you may have seen it sometime. It is the lining to a Chinese coat. There is plenty to make a good coat. And the fur is fine quality. Mother has renounced all claim on it and I have cared for it for years. I am tired of looking after it. If you can use it drop me a line and I will mail it to you for a Christmas present.

It was good to see Stanley and Myra last week and hear the good accounts of you which they gave. It was next best to seeing you yourself. Gould and Ginny and the children were up the week before. They drove up Thanksgiving day morning and went back that evening. We sat up Wed. evening until about 11:00 when Ginny phoned that Gould had not got home and they would not come that evening.

Mother and I were at Uncle Stanley's the last Sunday in Sept. and at Gould's the first Sun. in Dec. We were away eleven days. It was a good rest for me.

The weather has been ideal for two weeks. The stock is increasing all the time. Uncle Ben has just driven in with a new cow bought yesterday at an auction in Milford. This is the list of stock

Cows and heifers	21	Horses	2
Bull	1	Hogs 5, pigs 15	21
Calves	<u>11</u>		
	33		

With fences very poor and with good weather so the stock has the run of the farm with not much to eat, it means there is much "getting out". Until two weeks ago the hogs and pigs stayed fairly quiet. But the last two weeks, perhaps more, they have taken to wandering far. And when a 500 lb. old sow decides to go places she usually goes. One day I went to Fred Bennet's after three and three small ones. The next day I went down to Mrs. Frenches. Today I have looked the farm over and found her at last down in the Goose lot. Uncle Ben is now at work on a fence to keep them in the orchard.

Monday evening I attended a teachers meeting for the Sunday School. I "teach" the Bible class. Tues. evening I attended the regular Sea Scouts weekly meeting at Pine Rock Park. Last evening Mother and I attended a meeting of the Scout and Cub leaders of the vicinity at the Veteran's Home in Derby. That's three evenings in succession.

This afternoon we all go up to the church to a sale. I have made some Boston Brown Bread for the sale. I have sold a loaf to Phebe already.

With Lots of love and the best of Merry Christmasses to you.

Father

[This note dated **about Dec. 1943** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He asks if Geraldine would like an old fur coat that Ellen does not want to keep. Note donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

About Dec 1943

Dear Geraldine:

For months I've had it in mind to write you about a fur that I bought and gave to mother years ago. She looked in New Haven for a man to line it and makes fur coats for herself- that was her intention when I gave it to her. But the place she consulted wanted over \$100- she gave up the idea. I have taken care of it for years and some

time ago she told me to do whatever I liked with it. Would you care for it? From all inquiries I have made it could be lined and made into a fine coat for 30 or 40 dollars. If you can use it I will be glad to mail it to you.

With love
Father

You may have seen this fur. I bought it in Foochow. It is a lining from a Chinese coat.

*[This letter dated **Dec. 4, 1943** was written from Pearl River, NY by Myra Beard to Jerry. She talks about various family members and mentions a hurricane that hit California where Jerry lives. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Mrs. Stanley D. Beard
88 North Main Street
Pearl River, New York

Dec. 4, 1943

Dear Jerry,-

This came back a week ago but I thought you would not need it. How do you like "your" writing?

We hope the reports of the hurricane around Oakland and Berkeley were exaggerated in our papers.

Nancy and baby arrive Thursday morning in N.Y. The train is due before 7 AM. so Stanley, Ruth and I will stay in over night to be there to meet them.

We will go to Pleasant Hill for Christmas day and Phebe, Mary and your father will be there too. Your mother will be in Florida with Kathleen.

We wanted the Long Hill folks down here but then Betsey asked them there to meet with us. It made it much easier for them to drive only that far in bad weather. So far it has been nearly zero and the reports are for still colder weather tonight. I surely envy you the nice warm weather. Have your rains started yet?

Fred (Nancy's husband) will be up too but does not come until just before Christmas. We have found them a second hand Ford, two door sedan and they will drive back in it.

If you find smudges in this letter, blame it on a very playful black kitten which we brought back from Shelton. I was so lonesome without Ginger that we got it and it is lots of company and we all love it already.

Here's hoping that you have a very nice Christmas. Will you try to go to Kits?

Love

Aunt Myra

How do you like the suit? Was it as satisfactory as you hoped?

*[This letter dated **Dec. 14, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard and Ellen to Geraldine. They drove up to Putnam, CT. Willard's brother, Ben, keeps them well supplied with meat. Ellen plans on spending Christmas with Kathleen and Willard will go to Florida later. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Connecticut

Dec. 14- 1943

Dear Geraldine:-

This is to ask you to open that package I sent you- a round package and use it at once or begin to. It will last over Christmas if used wisely.

Mother and I drove up to Putnam last Friday and back home Sat. Found all well and comfortable. We went and returned over the charter Old Bridge- cut the mileage to 97 miles. It used to be 105. We went Thursday to come back the same day. But I- knowing all the persons- suggested that we throw in our nightgowns. Sat. morning the ther. stood at 8 degrees above zero and there were 1 in. + of snow on the ground and the wind 50 miles an hour. The car started the first try and we left at 10 o'clock. We picked up a Storrs student at Mansfield. He and Mother had a good talk fest all the way near New Haven. We drove to Derby for lunch. The next morning my starter

refused to make a sound. But Aunts car took me to S.S. Dan, Elizabeth, Bonnie and Billie Frazier were at lunch Sunday.

Week before last I was out three evenings. Last week four and drove to Putnam the fifth morning.

Uncle Ben keeps the Beards in meat- veal- beef and pork. The meat of a 400 lb. hog is hanging up in the old ice house now- frozen solid. He finds some of the family rather particular.

We enjoyed Stanley and Myra's account of their visit in Berkeley and you.

Here's a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you.

and lots of love

Father

[Following written by Ellen]

Dear Geraldine,

To answer your question where I will be on the 25th, if all goes well I'll be with Kathleen. I start the 21st. Father does not plan to go so early but I hope will come later.

Did you receive the carton of bayberries? I hope so. It was mailed about 10 days ago. The carton was larger than you indicated but I couldn't get one that was just right. Most of them were too small. The gov't has commandeered them all, so store keepers can't give them away. I hope you'll keep the good lot of string around the carton, as it is good string and may be useful to you. I hope it held the carton together. Please let me know how the contents arrived. Any berries left on the branches? With love,

Mother.

[This letter dated Dec. 20, 1943 was written from Putnam, Ct by Elbert Kinney to Geraldine. Etta is staying with Emma and Elbert for the winter. He feels that Ellen does not enjoy living at Century Farm with Mary as the boss. Elbert keeps busy helping the 10 widows and 10 "old maids" on his street. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

E.C. Kinney
32 Center St.
Putnam, Conn.

Dec 20/43

Dear Geraldine,

You know that it has been our custom for many years to send pecan nuts as Xmas gifts to our nieces and nephews.

This year, I guess the real paper shells (Schley's) have gone to war for where I have usually got them, I could get only the ordinary ones, and rather than send them, we have sent English Walnuts, which I purchased here thru a friend of mine, a manager of a chain store.

As you are right in the country where they came from it seemed foolish to send them right back from where they came, - So- as we do not know what you would like we are sending the enclosed money order and let you get your own gift. Aunt Etta came the day before Thanksgiving and will spend the winter with us. I think she rather enjoys being with us. We certainly enjoy having her for she is so much company for Aunt Emma. While she likes to be with Myron and Donald, I can read between the lines that the children rather get on her nerves for a continuous stay.

Aunt Emma is just fine with the exception of her eyes. She cannot read or sew, but gets about O.K. to do her work.

Your mother and father made us a flying visit a week ago Friday returning Sat. We wanted to see your mother before she left for Florida. She leaves tomorrow the 21st. I hope she has selected a train that stays in the track for you have seen in the papers of the terrible train wreck of two Florida trains in No. Carolina a week ago where 50 or 60 were killed. Your mother has aged a great deal in the last year I think and does not look too good to me. She has lost weight although she says she feels well. She does not enjoy living on the farm you know. Your Aunt Mary is boss and what she says goes, and living under those conditions does not make for good health. I doubt that any of your Aunts on your father's side would care to live there for any length of time.

I hope that she will stay a long time in Florida and with its sunshine and congenial surroundings she can put on some weight. Of course you need not broadcast what I think of the above statements. Of course you have heard that Stewart has a little girl, Millicent Stearns Hume. Stewart said in his last letter that he would like to come East when he has his furlough in Feb I believe if he is not sent over before, he wants to take advantage of the half

fares and has not been East for some time, but it seems to me quite a trip for that young lady, of course. Grandma and all the rest of us want to see her.

You know of course Pearl has been very sick last reports state she is improving slowly. We have not heard from them in several weeks. Dr. Pease has been in bed for 10 weeks with a heart ailment, improvement very slow. I doubt that he will ever practice again. Mrs. P- fell and broke her hip a year ago, gets around with cane, is blind in one eye, and hears with one ear.

Bruce, Edith's boy 9 years old has been sick a great deal, so Edith is having a hard time with caring for the house and teaching school. I have helped them out where they need a man; I seem to be about the only man in our neighborhood available. So with 10 widows and 10 old maids on our street I have plenty to do to keep them all going.

Now of course we are only one of your many relatives and I know you are very busy, but we should like to hear from you, or shall I have to send you one of my booster letters. I thank you for whatever is in your Xmas gift which came several days ago. My sisters would not let me open it, which I think is a dirty shame. We all wish you a very Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely E.C.K.

[This letter dated Dec. 28, 1943 was written from Putnam, CT by Etta Kinney Hume to Geraldine. Her son, Stewart, is the father of a baby girl. She updates Geraldine on the rest of her family. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

32 Center St.

Putnam, Conn

Dec. 28- 1943

Dear Geraldine

You were so helpful to the P.O. by sending your gift early, that we waited many days wondering what the mysterious package contained.

It was a timely suggestion for us all, for you do not receive as many letters from us as you should, being so far from your family. Thank you.

We envy you your climate now, as we are having around zero. The day I arrived, Nov. 23rd, we were having a small blizzard, so Elbert and Emma did not meet me in Springfield as they planned. Since then we have had only flurries, and a green Christmas.

Am glad your mother is enjoying the Florida sunshine. Your parents spent one night with us just before she left.

No doubt you heard of the R.R. accident in the South, just before your mother went, I think. Some cars were derailed and were across the track on which a north bound train was due; no effort was made by the train crew to flag the coming train. It ran into the cars across the track with great loss of life. Our 2nd cousin Mary Porter of Woodstock, was on the derailed train, but her car remained on the track and was not injured.

You have heard of the arrival of Millicent Stearns Hume in Lincoln, Neb. I almost went out there, but Grandma Stearns had the priority I thought. They say the baby looks like Stewart. I hope he may be allowed to remain with the family. It is doubtful tho. He took a course in airplane mechanics, and was retained as one of the 50 instructors as Sgt. Now they are sending fewer students to that Base, and are shipping the instructors some where else, so his tenure of service there is uncertain. They have a little apartment, and are as happy as one could be in war time.

He sent us nice photos of himself in uniform. I can note that the out side work has been beneficial to him physically.

Helen has been in Aruba with Fulton two months, and only yesterday did we hear that she had arrived, and it took her only 8 hours by plane from Miami! She has so many to whom to write, she probably left it to Fulton to write his family; and his superior and 2 officials of the Company have had the flu, so he has had to put in extra hours. They also had a house to furnish, and Jan 1st are moving into a larger home. John and Helen Jr. are with them. Ann is in Smith College, and Marjorie is at the Russell Sage College of Nursing in Troy N.Y. It is fortunate that the University of Beirut helps largely with their education, as their father was a Prof. there.

Millicent writes nearly every week, and I write to her the same, so she does not seem so far away. Dick has been ill and probably will not fully recover unless he takes a vacation. He has never taken much time off, only week ends. As soon as travel is resumed I think they will fly over to the Mainland. Millicent is on her second year of teaching, because teachers are so scarce. She has a maid, so can conveniently do it. She has a car of her own

now, and is sorry she did not have it when I was there. I took only one long trip, as Dick always wanted his car on call. We went to the volcano and National Park.

Aunt Emma's eye sight is about the same tho she thinks the far sight slightly improved, as she can see movies a little better. She cannot read or sew and there is when I can be of help. She seems to be proficient with her general work.

Dr. Pease has been in bed two months with a heart trouble for which there is no help. His pulse is very low=37. I do not know how they would get along without Edith. Mrs. Pease was afflicted with a broken hip last winter, but is able to get up- down stairs now without the aid of a cane.

During the summer I was with Myron's family 14 weeks, (on two visits) helping Janice do some canning. She had never done any before, but attended classes in Victory canning. They had a small garden, and with Myron's and my help she canned 412 pints.

I was in Alliance 9 weeks on two visits but escaped the canning there as Helen has a woman two days a week. They had a garden and canned about 25 qts. I enjoyed my grandchildren, especially the youngest was Elliott (Myron's 2 ½ yrs) and Judith (Donald's very active 3 year old.) Elliott is a handsome child- looks like his daddy they say, but handsomer than his daddy at the same age. He has an adorable smile, is slow about talking. Judith looks like Millicent, is very bright and active. Talked very young and sings many, many songs. I also spent a few days in Youngstown with Dr. and Mrs. Stearns, Eliz parents. He is head of the Conservatory of Youngstown College. I also spent a month in Oberlin with Mrs. Winkler while her husband went to the Pacific Coast to see his mother and sister who were ill.

It gave me an opportunity to look over the things which remain in my store room (which was Willis' study). The children have taken some furniture. The house is rented. I tho't some of selling it, but Stewart didn't want it sold.

I wonder when you are planning a vacation. Janice's sister is in Los Angeles- a Secretary. You may find her some time at 922 W. 30th St. Alice Ruth, she is coming to her home in Elyria and to visit Janice about this time- after Christmas. Happy New Year.

Aunt Etta.

Aunt Emma- Uncle Elbert say thanks for your Xmas gift- Happy New Year.

Kathleen sent us a picture of her family. They all look fine. The girls have grown since I saw them. Beautiful hair Cynthia has.



The Elmers 1943

L to R: Jill (Jacqueline), Kathleen, Hugh and Cynthia

Written on back: "Taken by our landlady's home. Dot says it is good of all but me and (tactfully) that I look tired.

The truth is that I'm simply showing my age."

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated Dec. 29, 1943 was written from Shelton, CT by Phebe to Geraldine. Phebe thanks Geraldine for the Christmas gift of towels. She updates her on various family members. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dec. 29, 1943

Dear Gerry,

The package with the pretty rose set of towels was among my gifts at the foot of our little cedar Christmas tree and I surely thank you for this most useful and attractive gift. You had the cutest card, too. I shall be humbled to save this set to dress up a guests towel rack and here is a very hearty "Thank you" for the gift and the ?? that that sent it.

We have pictured you in your home as presented by Stanley and Myra and Elaine's note told how glad they are to have gone there. We feel our mouths water when we hear about steak ?? ?? some out of door fire place. We can have steak anytime here for Ben is furnishing all the family with beef-pork and veal but I fear we would not enjoy it out of doors if the thermometer has been flirting with zero and ?? now for nearly a month. We had a lovely sunny day for Christmas but it was cold and we drove to Pleasantville to spend it with the Palmers and Stanley's family also came over there. Nancy and her family were there too. We had the heater going both ways and got out the old buffalo robe to augment the two wool robes and so did not get a bit chilled. Stanley, Myra, Mary [*or May*] Palmer and little Stanley were just on the trip so didn't feel any too peppy. Betsey had been working for a month at the Reader's Digest office and loves it but now that the Christmas rush is over she is hard off. She is hoping to get in again. Becky came back with us for she had to play for a little drama that was given at church Sun. night. You will enjoy having Ruth out I think. She had a very sweet voice and Prof. or Dr. or whatever his title Halasz has helped her to a great degree. She sang "Oh Holy Night" with the choir and organ Sunday before Christmas here- to help Becky and my one who heard her spoke of how much they enjoyed her. She says that H.M. is writing that they are promising that he may come home in Feb. and she is quite excited of course and is ?? to plan for it.

Seymour is enjoying his new work I think more ?? he ?? did his ice company work. He feels that there is more opportunity for him to really advance. He is in the Ansonia part of the Iron Foundry.

I hope that your mother is going to have a real Florida winter with sunshine and warm weather. The awful railroad accident just before she went made her apprehensive but she went off with good courage. One of our church ladies was on that train but did not get hurt so far as we can learn.

I hope that you are fine and we'll be glad to hear how you spent Christmas and about Leolyn's family. ?? ?? ?? about Billy and Polly!

With all good wishes for this New Years- with – love

From

Aunt Phebe

1944

- June 6 “D Day” Allies invade Normandy
- Battle of the Bulge
- Willard and Ellen celebrate their 50th Wedding Anniversary
September 1944
- Ellen and Willard are living at Century Farm
- Gould and Virginia are in Manhasset, New York
- Geraldine is in Berkeley, California
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Marjorie and Ralph are in Nelson Forks, Canada then
Saginaw, Michigan
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Florida
- Willard is 79, Ellen- 76, Gould- 48, Geraldine- 46,
Dorothy-43, Marjorie- 38 and Kathleen- 36.

[This letter dated Jan. 25, 1944 was written from Manhasset, NY by Gould's wife, Ginny, to Geraldine. She thanks Gerry for the Christmas gifts. She discusses the accomplishments of her children and husband. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Mrs. M. Gould Beard

6 Martin Place
Manhasset, N.Y.
Jan. 25, 1944

Dearest Jerry-

What a real treat your letters have been, for they were so newsy, and are so rare.

Your Christmas pkgs. arrived in fine shape, we had to try out the Thumb-it Forks almost immediately on marshmallows in the fireplace and they certainly work beautifully. We can't wait to have our own barbecue in the yard so we can make good use of such things.

With all your talk of steaks and barbecues, we wonder if there is no rationing on such things out your way. For up until just this last week it took every meat point for the four of us to get a really nice sized sirloin steak.

The kiddies games will see many hours of joyful use. With yours, they each received a Flinch pack so we could have a party now. The dominoes are always fun. I remember playing Numerica at Dot's in Saginaw and loved it. All those things are so much more fun now for we can all four enjoy them together.

Jerry you won't believe it. Hazel is 5'2" and weighs 102 lbs and looks simply wonderful and is maturing into a rather pretty girl, when she remembers not to let her appearance slip. Willard is about 4'9" and weighs about 70 lbs. and has been even transformed since he came home from Camp at the end of August. He and Gould have a grand time working together now, when previously Willard just wouldn't be gotten to work with him, he'd just rather play. But not now and he is so much better natured. It is a joy to each of us to see the change.

I think you did know that they both went back to Lake Sebago in Maine this past summer for the second time. It was money so well spent. It did them worlds of good and did any one tell you that Hazel swam a half mile before she came home. The doctors were thrilled for they have been so insistent that she get in every minute of swimming she possibly good [could].

Willard passed his beginners then Intermediate and then Swimmers Red Cross tests and also came home with his Junior Pro-Marksman's badge of which he was justly proud. Also had a ribbon won in their horse show.

Anytime you come they'll gladly take you on in archery. Both are achieving a measurable degree of proficiency in it and Hazel really hits the bulls eye surprisingly often.

It is so grand, having room enough in our own yard for such things without endangering the neighbors scalps and windows. They shoot at about 80 feet with room for about 60 feet of over shooting the target which takes care of them quite nicely. We gave them their big 36" target and tip of this year plus a quiver apiece and new arrows. Gould and I are definitely going to have to look to our laurels or be out-ranked.

So far we have done nothing about our badminton court except to play on the grass but hope to put in a permanent paved court after the war is over.

We managed a grand garden this past summer and I filled over 250 jars of 19 different kinds of foods and do they ever taste mighty good now.

This Christmas we had most of the Spaces in Manhasset for Christmas and it was such fun. Mother and Dad and Lillian and her family (2 boys) came Friday P.M. and left Sunday and then 5 more came for Christmas day only- Roberta and her daughter, were two of those- We sat down 15 to Christmas dinner. Freck [Virginia's brother] had just gotten back from a sojourn in Scotland for Am. Air so it was very very special in many ways. We felt nearly very humbly grateful for so much in so many ways.

Aren't Monnie's letters fascinating? Willard is sure they are in paradise. Gould and I are sure that little Johnny is the most perfect thing they could ever have asked for in this world right now. For it is he that is going to make life interesting in the isolation up there. Can't say I'd enjoy wolves prowling around my front door, can you?

Tonite Gould is delivering a paper before the Institute of Aeronautical Services in N.Y.C.

Did you hear about his receiving the Air Medal along with 4 others for their chartering trip from Newfoundland direct to North Africa non-stop, last April. So that we'd be already to open up just as soon as the Azores were open for the use of the Allies.

Perhaps you haven't heard that Gould- no longer Chief Test Pilot for Amer. Airl. but is now Director of Flight Engineering and has the Chief Test Pilot plus quite a department under him. Of course he still does the very most important tests himself, but he doesn't have time for too much of it, altho he works 7 days a week most of the time, with seemingly absolutely no end to the hours.

We were so glad to get your note to the effect, that the congested breast had all cleared up. We know you must have put in a few bad hours of worry.

Tell Elaine that she simply must look us up should she get to N.Y.

Write when you can and give out love to the folks out there.

Much love from us all

Ginny



Monnie with Johnnie helping to push the wheelbarrow probably in early 1944 –Nelson Forks, British Columbia.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[These two letters dated **June 6 and 9, 1944** were written from Florida by Jill and Cynthia Elmer to their parents. They are staying with their Aunt Enid and cousins and tell about their adventures. Letters in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

[written in cursive]

June 6, 1944

Dear Mama and Daddy,

Saturday evening we went to the bay. Margaret has a little car and was going to take Joann to the bay. We were going to the store Aunt Enid, Molly, and I when Margaret pulled up and asked if we could go swimming. Aunt Enid said we could so she rode us back to the house so we could get on our bathing suits. We had a lot of fun.

On Sunday we were planning a picnic with Grammy, Molly, Sally, Cynthia, and I but it turned out to be a bad day so we didn't. But the next day we did. On the way home we saw the biggest and widest snake I have ever seen. It was as big as Aunt Enid.

Last night Cynthia was homesick but isn't now. I do not need ennamus (do not know how to spell).

I think this leaf I'm sending you is pretty so I'm sending it to you.

Love,

Jill

[printed]

June 9,

Dear Mother,

I am having a good time with Sally. I paly balls often, some times she is hurt. Mother can I skate squatting bown [down], because, I know how. Sally and I get nito [into] fighbtts some tines. For you and Daddy, love Cynthia
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

*[This typewritten letter, dated **July 24, 1944**, was written by Gould to Uncle Elbert. Gould discusses the possibility of arranging a reception in Putnam for Willard and Ellen's 50th wedding anniversary. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

July 24, 1944

Mr. E.C. Kinney
36 Center Street
Putnam, Connecticut

Dear Uncle Elbert,

Pardon this typewritten letter but I seem to have been unable to get to it at home and I want to send Father and Mother a copy, so I have taken the easier way and asked my secretary to write the letter from dictation.

I believe Father spoke to you when you were with him at Grand Rapids concerning a reception for their Golden Wedding Anniversary which occurs on the fourth or fifth of September. I have not, as yet, contacted Dot or any of the other sisters about their wishes in the matter but time is getting short and I believe it is up to us here in the east to make arrangements. Father suggested that the reception could be given in Putnam at the First Congregational Church and that one of the ladies' societies might like to put on the refreshments and decorations, charging enough to make a little extra cash for their benevolent funds. If this is possible, I would be very glad to plan it that way.

I think Father and Mother would very much enjoy a reception where all of their old friends around Putnam would be invited. You probably talked with them more about that than I have and if so, could it be arranged by putting a notice in the local papers to that effect or do you think special invitations should be sent out. Again, I have not talked to the sisters about it but a reception could be given by their children or by the family, whichever you think appropriate. I will plan to be there with Virginia and the kids, although we should plan to have the kids back at school on Tuesday. Perhaps it will not be too bad if they miss the first day of school. Father and Mother spoke of having receptions both in Putnam and Shelton and in that event, it would be very much better if the reception were given in Putnam on the fourth and in Shelton on the fifth.

Could you get an estimate as to how many people might be there and what such a reception might cost if given in that manner? I see I have gone ahead and written the letter as if you had already agreed that this was the right way to give the reception. In my talks with Father, I gathered that you and Aunt Emma thought this was perfectly proper and were in accord with it. However, please let me know your sentiments in the matter as, after all, the reception is being given for Father and Mother and your own people there in Putnam.

The kids went to camp in high spirits and we hope they will return at the end of the summer in high spirits. Virginia and I took a few days in Vermont at Lake Hortonia during one week of my vacation and I am planning to spend another week at Shelton and Putnam when the kids return from camp. Father tells me that Aunt Emma is looking better than she has for years, which is very pleasing to Virginia and myself. The house and grounds are keeping me busy- especially the garden- so that I would have no time to go sailing even if I had not sold the boat. The weather has been very dry here and we are running up the water bill, trying to keep the lawn and garden from drying up.

Let me know your thoughts concerning the reception for Father and Mother as soon as you can.

With love to all,

Gould

Father:

Just a copy to let you in on the arrangements.

Love Gould

[This letter dated Aug. 10, 1944 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Ellen to Kathleen. Ellen would like Kathleen, Jacqueline and Cynthia to come north for the celebration of their 50th wedding anniversary. She includes a page of a letter that she wrote to Willard about a drowning that occurred while she was in Saginaw. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

I'm sending you a part of a letter I wrote to Father while in Saginaw as it gives an account of an incident which happened while I was there and I'll not have to write it again. *[See excerpt after letter.]*

Century Farm,
Shelton, Conn.
Aug. 10th, '44.

Dear Kathleen,

I'm just home from Saginaw at 10:30 today, after a good trip. My suitcases are not here yet but the aunts are going to town this afternoon and I hope they will bring them home.

Your letter came this noon and of course we are all sorry it does not sound quite so certain that you will come as [we] wish it did. I don't want to urge you too much beyond your own inclination or your judgment of what you ought to do. If you feel it will be too much exertion physically for you to endure, I do not want you to get all tired out, or get no pleasure out of it, because of the effort it requires and the conditions under which it must be made. I know the other three children will be greatly disappointed not to have you present as well as Father and I. We will certainly help you financially if you will come. And when shall we ever all, - or so many of us, ever get together again while Father and I live? Yet we don't want any of you to get sick or wear yourselves completely out doing it.

If you come, each of you will need to bring a spring coat and a sweater for possible cool weather. If baggage would be eased up by leaving yours at home, I could lend you my white wool coat and the aunts could lend you a sweater. But the children's would need to be brought.

You asked if we met many China friends at the Grand Rapids meetings. Yes, we did, quite a number. Mrs. Belcher, Geo. Shepard and Mrs. Shepard, Mr. Smith, Mr. Neff, Mr. and Mrs. Christian, Mrs. Hinman, Dr. Ward of the Am. Board, Dr. Judd, Mrs. Rawlinson of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. Gold.

I greatly enjoyed all the meetings but it is so impossible to remember much that I heard at my age.

The meetings, and the visit at Dot's and at Gowanda on their way home, considering the great heat, were all together a little too much for Emma; she was quite tired out, and has done nothing since she returned home. She is having a slight touch of her old trouble but I do not believe it will last as long. She asked that Etta come back as soon as she got home and she came two days later. I am glad it is so she can be with Emma.

Because of her condition we shall not have any celebration in Putnam, and, very fortunately, nothing had been said to any one up there about the anniversary, except Emma and Elbert. So now, nothing will be said about it until it is all over down here.



L to R: Elbert Kinney, Emma Kinney, Ellen Kinney Beard, Etta Kinney Hume

Dorothy suggested before I ease away, that Sept. 1st Friday, will be a better day to have the celebration than the 5th so that those in schools can get back in time for the opening of school as Labor day is Monday the 4th and schools begin the fifth. We all think that is the best for the school-connected families and it makes little difference to us. So I think that will be the date.

I have not been home long enough to talk over plans much; but Father says Mr. Frazier, our pastor is favorable to having it at the church and he has asked the Golden Guild and organization of young married women to take charge of refreshments;- I don't know whether decorations too.

I don't know what we will do about any program, but Father wanted you to play the wedding march. And, I had thought Jacqueline and Cynthia could sing the Chinese song. "Jesus loves me" and perhaps the little song we used to sing when I was there, "Sometimes I say a little prayer besides the one for which I kneel" or the one "Every little flower that grows", "God is love". The first is better, - if not both. Could they learn the words and you the music so you wouldn't have to bring the book? Could you suggest any thing else for a little program? A reading - or a solo? You might read your original poem. This is presuming that you are coming you see. Well, I'll write again soon and tell you about my visit to Ann Arbor while I was in Saginaw. We do hope you can come. Glad to hear about your new house and furnishings. Hope I shall see them all some time.

My heart has been doing well ever since I left Fort Myers and has given me no trouble at all. I have checked up with a Dr. occasionally, here, and in Saginaw once. Am taking only 5 drops of Digitalis a day now. Love to all the family. Mother.

[on a separate sheet originally written to Willard...]

...Today was rather a sad day at the municipal swimming pool where Dorothy sells tickets. A little six year old girl was drowned this afternoon with two life-guards on duty and only 7 people in the pool at the time. Nobody can imagine how it happened. Her two older sisters were with her; she lived just a little way up N. Bond St. The pool was not opened this evening. Two fire companies were summoned and the manager of the pool gave first aid

artificial respiration for 20 minutes before they arrived. The firemen used oxygen but she did not respond. They called a Dr. who pronounced her dead. The police came; the news reporters came and many other people came. Her parents were sent for. Life guards, manager and every body connected with the pool felt pretty bad. Dorothy did not even tell me and Harold when she came home to supper, - not until she surprised me by coming home about half an hour after she had left for her evening work, saying they had decided not to open the pool that evening at all. Then she told me why. It will decrease the attendance at the pool quite considerably for some days, perhaps weeks to come.

That was an interesting letter from the Board rooms regarding the location of its missionaries. Your letter was interestingly newsy too. With love, Ellen.

Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary

Ellen Lucy Kinney Willard Livingstone Beard

Married September 5th, 1894

Anniversary Reception

Shelton Congregational Church

Shelton, Connecticut

September 1st, 1944, at 7:30 p. m.

You are cordially invited to be present

No gifts please

MYRON GOULD BEARD DOROTHY BEARD NEWBERG

GERALDINE BEARD MARJORY BEARD BUTT

KATHLEEN CYNTHIA BEARD ELMER

Note spelling of Marjorie – “Marjory”



Willard and Ellen's 50th Wedding Anniversary

L to R: Dorothy Beard Newberg, Harold Newberg, Etta Kinney, Ellen Kinney Beard, Willard Beard, Virginia Space Beard, Myron Gould Beard

The Chinese letters on the banner mean "longevity" according to Willard and Ellen's write-up of the anniversary festivities.

[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Willard and Ellen Beard
 [Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

*[This letter dated **September 26, 1944** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard and Ellen to their children. They relate the details of their 50th Wedding Anniversary celebration. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm, Shelton, Conn., September 26th, 1944.

To Our Children and All Who Contributed to the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Wedding that took place in Putnam, Connecticut at the Home of Mr. and Mrs. Myron Kinney, September fifth, 1894.

Greetings:-

It has been suggested that many of us who have derived so much pleasure and profit from the anniversary held in Shelton on September first, 1944, would appreciate a brief account of the anniversary which they might keep to refresh their memories from time to time, and that others who wanted to be present but were unable to do so would appreciate such an account.

It is difficult to say just when and where the idea was born. But one day the last week in May, Aunt Emma, Uncle Elbert, Mother, and I were together in Willimantic and we talked of the project and each approved. That was about as far as we got. Then the last week in June we four were at Dorothy's and Harold's, with Aunt Mary added, for a few days and we talked more. Just before, Mother and I were at Gould and Virginia's and he suggested that "We children give you a Golden Wedding Anniversary." That seemed to clinch the idea.

The Celebration really began with the arrival of Dorothy, Saturday, August 26th at 11: a.m. She sort of "took over" for the children the arrangements for the celebration. She with Gould's family helped to decide on the change of date to September first. Neither of these families could be here for the fifth, owing to the opening of schools. Geraldine could not change her dates, altho the change of the date made it impossible for her to be present for the celebration. Dot was here to help in getting invitations printed in the Sentinel. We had two hundred invitations printed and about one hundred sent to relatives and friends beyond the reach of the Sentinel.

Harold arrived Thursday, August 31st, about 10:00 a.m. and [was] here to help in decorating the church parlors. Aunt Etta arrived early that afternoon, and Gould and Ginny and family about the same time. Geraldine got here during church service on Sunday, September 3rd. Marjorie and Kathleen were unable to make it.

The decorations consisted of a bouquet of fifty very rare and beautiful yellow roses from the Putnam Congregational Church, gladioli from the Shelton Church, the Huntington Church and several friends. At the wedding in Putnam in 1894 the decorations were golden rod and purple asters gathered from the road sides of Putnam suburbs. We planned to use these flowers at the golden wedding anniversary, but we could not find an aster (they have [*or haven't?*] blossomed since the hurricane), golden rod was scarce but enough was gathered to make the figures "5" and "0" about 1 ½ ft. high. These were hung on the curtains each side of a large red silk banner which hung behind the receiving line and on which was embroidered with gold thread the Chinese character for "longevity". Chinese gold embroidery hung on the walls, and in the center of the room hung the three Chinese flags under which we have lived and worked for nearly fifty years; the flag of the Old Manchu Dynasty, the dragon in red, blue and green on a yellow background; the flag of the early Republic, five horizontal stripes, from the top red for Chinese, yellow for Manchu, blue for Mongol, black for Mohammedan, white for Tibet; and the present flag of the Kuomintang, red flag in upper left corner of a blue field with white 12-pointed star. A large bouquet of asters adorned the piano. On a table were placed many portraits of the family with a key to them.

On Friday afternoon about an hour before we were to start for the reception, Mother and I and some of the others had the pleasant surprise of our lives. Stanley arrived with his projector and assembled us in the living room of the home here and began a movie. He made no explanation, - just began the reel. It was of a small boy toddling about on a board walk. He was in a sun suit, running here and there, picking up a stick, then a hoe for a grown man, then an iron wrench trying to break a tree stand, then he was sitting in his high chair eating, then on the walk again and putting his hand to his head, then shaking bye-bye with both hands. I wish some kind of a recording instrument could have been attached to the mind of Mother and me. It would have had a time of it. Our reactions were much the same. "It must be Johnnie. No, it cannot be. They could not have possibly have gotten the film, and by no stretch of the imagination could they have sent the film down here and had it developed in time for this, but it surely is Johnnie. No other. Yes, a miracle has been performed. But how he had grown and developed!"

It is still a bit hazy; in my mind just how the picture was gotten. But I think an aviator and a priest had part of a film, just how much Monnie and Ralph did not know. But these two visitors left or I guess sold the part of the film and gave them instructions as how to take the picture and they set Johnnie to going and the camera at the same time and what we saw was the result. They sent the film to the States and it was developed and sent to Gould. His projector was not the right size. He phoned Stanley. Stanley had the right projector so the whole was fitted together and the result was a 100% surprise for us. And it was a perfect setting for the Anniversary, which followed in about an hour.

Kathleen had sent us a song and music which she had composed, and which was to be sung at the reception. So altho neither she nor Marjorie could be present at the reception, they were both represented there in our minds. And the disappointment due to their absence was much tempered.

The bridal party consisted of the bride and groom, Aunt Etta Hume, the maid of honor at the wedding in 1894, Gould and Virginia, Dorothy and Harold, Rev. and Mrs. Donald Frazier. We gathered on the stage, which was curtained, and were led down to the receiving line by Rev. and Mrs. Frazier. The reception began at once. As soon as it was well under way, the ladies of the Golden Guild and their efficient helpers, the Pilgrim Fellowship, began serving cake, punch, coffee and ice cream. At the proper time Mr. Frazier opened the program by calling on Mr. George Wakefield to sing. He sang-"Through the Years", and for a second selection, by request, he sang his inimicable, "The Old Bassoon." Miss Becky Haviland pleased the company with a piano solo. Kathleen's original (both words and music) song, "The Golden Wedding" was rendered by Miss Anna D. Pullem of Huntington. Miss Margueretta Cox of Shelton was her accompanist. This song was very well received. Mr. Frazier then asked Dorothy and Gould to tell what kind of parents they had, after which he called on the Bride and Groom to speak. A final word of appreciation came from Mrs. Etta Hume, sister of the bride. Dorothy incorporated in her remarks the following poem:-

“Toast for a Golden Wedding Anniversary” Leviticus 25:10

“Hallow the fiftieth year! – So Moses said:
For they for half a century have been led
By God’s good hand along life’s upward slope,
Reaching at length this golden crest of hope,
Full well may pause and glance a moment back
Then, thankful, take again the upward track.

“Hallow the fiftieth year! – the year of gold,
By bards and prophets heralded of old!
Life’s rosary of half a hundred years
Told, One by one, with joys and prayers – and tears
Meet now in this, which clasps the holy chain,
And in this hour you live them all again!

“Hallow the fiftieth year! – Servants of God
Who life’s long road together thus have trod,
Your children rise and honor you today;
Friends with this golden milestone mark your way,
So long a path for two to walk as one;
And yet but yesterday these years begun!

“Hallow the fiftieth year! – God grant you still
Years with us yet to work his Holy Will,
And countless centuries in the land of bliss
When God has given you all the joys of this!
There, fifty years shall seem a moments play-
For there a thousand years count but a day.”

William E. Barton

Three letters were read; one from the church at Putnam, one from its pastor, Rev. Henry Robinson, and one from Mrs. Robinson, president of the woman’s organization, and one from Dr. Philips, clerk of the church. Mr. C.Z. Morse, oldest member of the Shelton church, volunteered a few appropriate remarks.

Before leaving several people expressed their great pleasure at being present. More than one said it was the finest gathering of its kind they had ever attended. They mentioned specially the remarks by the Bride and her son and daughter. The last person left at about 11:00 p.m. One hundred and ten persons signed the guest book and nearly one hundred regrets for not being able to attend were received. People came from New Haven, Mt. Carmel (near New Haven), Milford, Nichols, Seymour, and Huntington. The spirit of the whole evening was all that we could wish for.

Very Sincerely Yours,

Willard L. Beard

The Words to Kathleen’s Song

“Golden Wedding”

Fifty years together
Is just a memory
A treasure sweet to cherish
On this anniversary.

Life may have its sadness,
Friendships pass away,
But only joys are counted
On the Golden Wedding Day.

Kathleen Cynthia Beard Elmer.

[This letter dated Oct. 15, 1944 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Monnie to Kathie and Hugh. In it she tells of her trip back from Canada and Ralph's release from his job at Hudson's Bay Store and his search for a new job. She talks about her 20 month old son Johnny. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Century Farm
Oct. 15, 1944.

Dear Kathie and Hugh,

This is the first time since we entered the country that I've had a chance to sit down and write a real letter. There has been so much travelling, visiting, laundry (yes, I even had to do some ironing at night because Ralph was coming and going so fast that I have had no evening to myself. And writing during the day is out of the question.

To begin at the beginning; we spent a week at Fort Nelson waiting for a plane. After three weeks of perfect weather, of course it had to begin to rain and be cold after we got to Nelson. But finally, on Sunday Sept. 17th, we were suddenly notified that we were to be ready to leave in five minutes. Fortunately we had kept pretty well packed for we had had two such calls that were false alarms. It turned out that we had to wait half an hour, but we got out on that plane anyway. It was a queerly arranged interior with seats running lengthwise of the plane like the subway cars in New York. And there was no heat so we were each given a blanket to put over our knees. It was noisy too and we had to shout to each other. The weather was still very cloudy, so we flew almost all the way to Edmonton in a fog, and saw nothing. I was disgusted – as well as nervous. I had hoped to see the Alaska Highway from the air. It was bumpy and rough in the lower strata of air when we started up or came down, but we cruised along in a high and smooth layer. We stopped to have lunch on the ground and tho Johnny wasn't eager to eat I managed to get some bread, milk and orange down him. But the poor little thing lost it all when we next landed. I was sorry I'd fed it to him.

We got into Edmonton at five o'clock in the evening. It had taken us five hours from Fort Nelson- and the same trip by train and car a year and a half ago had taken us two and a half days. We stayed in Edmonton until Wednesday night. Ralph did his business with the district manager and I got a permanent in one of the most modern beauty parlors I've ever seen. It was in the large Hudson's Bay Store there.

Ralph went down to see Mr. Milne, our district manager, Monday morning. When he came back I asked him what had happened and he said "We're out of the Company!" I was floored for a minute and felt as if we were terribly on our own, suddenly. It was what we had half hoped for, but when it actually happened, it scared us. Mr. Milne had told him as soon as he reached the office, that he (Mr. M.) had got a letter from the head office in Winnipeg saying that, as Ralph had said he would not take a post where medical aid was not available, and as there was no such post available, Ralph was automatically released from his contract with the Company, because by contract a man must go where he is sent. *[According to Nancy Butte, wife of John, John had a convulsion at age 2+ (actually less than 20 months according to this letter) and they decided it was not safe to be so far from medical assistance. That was when they moved to Saginaw to be near Dot.]* Everything was "automatic" and very friendly on both sides. Ralph, tho bowled over by the suddenness of it, calmly said – yes, that was satisfactory. Ralph was given an extra month's pay, and our hotel bill was paid in Winnipeg for two days so he could talk it over with the head office, whether they pay our way east is yet to be decided.

We took the train Wed. night for Winnipeg arriving there next morning. Ralph spent the next two days getting permission from the U.S. immigration authorities to enter the U.S. (they were satisfied he was an American citizen on his father's papers), getting our Canadian money changed into American (possible only because we were U.S. citizens) and seeing people we knew at the office. We thought for awhile that we wouldn't be able to get out of Winnipeg in time to reach Detroit by Saturday night. We had wired Dot for \$100.00 to use in case we couldn't change our Canadian money. She wired back that Jerry was to be in Detroit Sat. night and they were meeting her. We finally got on a plane leaving Winnipeg at 2:40 Saturday morning and arriving in Toronto at 9:00 a.m. That trip was lovely- northern lights, sunrise above the clouds, and the layer of cloud looking like fluffy cotton, coming down thru the clouds to darkness again for a landing, breakfast on the plane and finally the clearing away of the clouds so that we could see the earth at 6000 feet below. Even tho we hadn't slept before we started, neither of us slept a wink on the plane – I because, as usual, I was nervous. Johnny, tho, slept as peacefully as usual even tho he had to sleep on our laps,- we took turns holding him. The seats in that plane were like bus seats, comfortable, deep, plush seats with backs that let down.

The last hour Ralph was in the Winnipeg office building, he was called in to the office of one of the four highest executives. This man asked him if he was leaving and why. When he learned all the details he was very much disturbed and said that he hadn't understood the facts of the matter. He said they didn't want to lose Ralph and would he consider returning. When Ralph said no, he asked if Ralph would keep in touch with them and if they

had something good to offer him in a year, would he consider coming back. Ralph said that would depend on circumstances. And that's where matters stand now. It made us feel much better to be wanted.

Many men are leaving for similar reasons to ours. Just the day before we arrived in Edmonton, a man in the Company for 15 years, left (in the Edmonton office) for the same reason Ralph did. Ralph was advised by two or three men in the Company, who don't agree with the present administration (vastly changed since Ralph's Uncle Ralph Parson's was retired as head of the Canadian branch) he was advised to leave, mainly because they felt that his relationship to Uncle Ralph would count against him in promotion because of jealousy on the part of the men who had not liked Uncle Ralph. So we feel it was as well to get out when we did. But we shall both miss the north and its freedom. We will even miss Nelson Forks sometimes. *[According to Nancy Butte, a Native American Chief offered a load of furs to Ralph and Monnie in exchange for baby John.]*

We took a two p.m. o'clock train for Detroit, from Toronto, reaching Detroit 20 minutes late at 9:50 p.m. Because Jerry was expected in at another station at 10 o'clock and Dot and Harold would be there, and wouldn't know where we were coming in, I took Johnny and got a taxi across town, while Ralph got our bags out of check. Jerry's train was 20 minutes late, so that we didn't get back to Ralph for an hour. Poor boy, he thought we had deserted him.

Johnny had played nicely with Dot while we were waiting for Harold to bring Jerry, but he went to sleep very soon after the car started for Saginaw. Harold told Jerry at the train that there was a surprise for her. She exclaimed "I bet it's Monnie!" She didn't know we were coming. Our tongues wagged at both ends all the way to Saginaw. We all slept till almost noon the next morning. Even Johnny didn't wake up too early.

It took Johnny two or three days to really become friends with the new relatives. In our own home he made friends with strangers quickly, but in strange surroundings it took longer. Harold might have been the president of the Chamber of Commerce the way he boosted Saginaw to Ralph. Ralph was much impressed, and was all for settling down there pronto. Jerry left Wednesday night and we, Thursday noon. Gould had phoned us in Saginaw telling Ralph that he would give him letters of introduction but that things were closing down in the east. That made Ralph terribly restless. Gould told us to wire him when we were leaving. We did and he and Ginny met us Friday morning in Grand Central, had breakfast with us and put us on the train for Bridgeport. We saw them only about 45 minutes.

Mother and Father met us in Bridgeport and drove us home and at long last our travels were over! I was glad for a 20 months old baby is a nuisance to travel with, toilet-wise.

Ralph went to see his father on Long Island next day and came back Sunday because Seymour had said he would have someone from Shelton Sponge Rubber to see Ralph. Ralph had two interviews there and they tried hard to get him. But neither of us want to live in Shelton. During the following week Ralph had two interviews in New York. One was thru Uncle Stanley at American Cyanamid. They have jobs in S. America, but none were open at the time. We got excited about S.A. for while. The other was at Am. Airlines thru Gould. It was in a new department created to order and distribute stock- Ralph has had plenty of experience in that- but paid only \$195 a month for the first six months. Ralph's father told us we couldn't possibly live on that on Long Island. He and Ralph figured that after rent, taxes, insurance etc. had been paid we'd have about \$3.50 a day from which to get food, clothing and incidentals!

Ralph was discouraged. A week ago Thursday we went down to Ralph's father's and spent two days, then on to Ginny's for two days. Gould was in California.

When we got home last Monday, Ralph was determined to go to Saginaw to look the situation over again. I had told him I didn't want to live there and why, but it did look like the most promising place and Ralph's father had told him he was a fool if he didn't go out there. Ralph registered with the Selective Service Monday and started for Saginaw last Wednesday. He arrived Thursday and Thursday night he called me. He had got a splendid offer with General Motors, in the personnel department of the Chemical Branch at \$240 a month but with the present overtime it will be \$300. According to Harold, F.H.A. hours are available at \$32.50 a month. Living expenses are less there than the east. Ralph was simply on top of the world and said personnel work seemed just what he wanted. He is good at dealing comfortably with people. I simply hadn't the heart to say no. Saturday morning a night letter arrived saying he was starting work that day. So it's in Saginaw we will be. Johnny and I will stay here until about the end of next week, then we will join Ralph.

Jerry is getting up a real family reunion next summer as you have probably heard, mainly to divide evenly Mother's Chinese things, now that we are all in the country. It looks now as if we shall have to wait till then to see you all, tho it just seems as if I couldn't wait that long. Couldn't you come up just after Christmas, when the trains are a little less crowded and stay as long as the children's vacations will permit? I do want Ralph to meet all four of you, and you to see Johnny, and me to see Jill and Cynthia – and you.

By the way, has anyone you know a 16 mm. movie projector? We took a film of Johnny and it got home in time for the anniversary celebration – intentional on our part – and if you have any way of seeing it we'll send it down to you. We haven't seen it yet, but everyone says it was good.

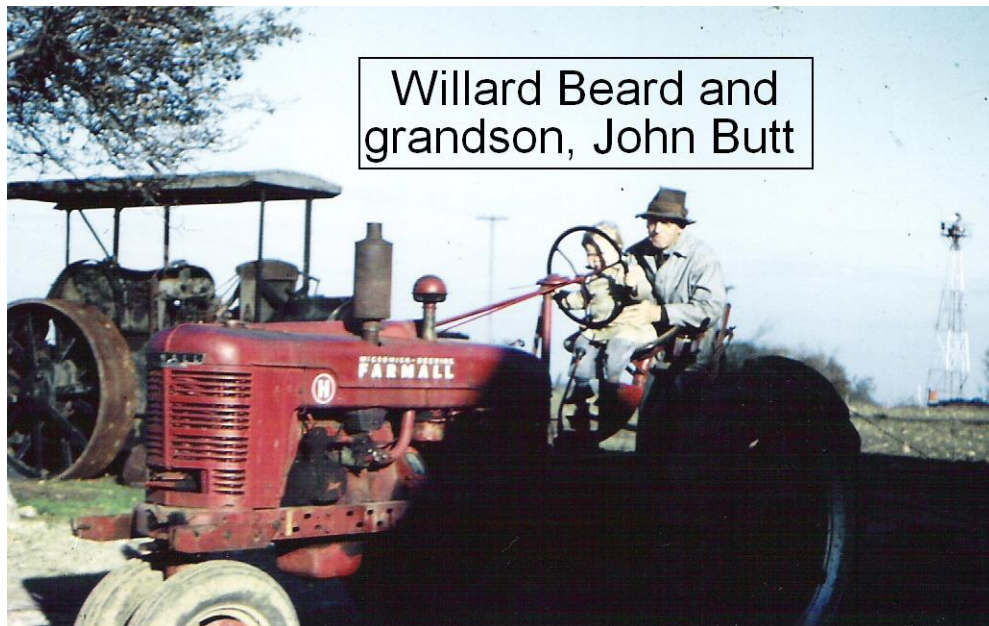
I've only struck the high spots, but it brings you up to date. I must close and get to bed. Johnny wakes at 6:30 these mornings and it leaves me yawning most of the day. Ralph would join me, if he were here, in sending our best love to you all. Mother, Father and the Aunts do too.

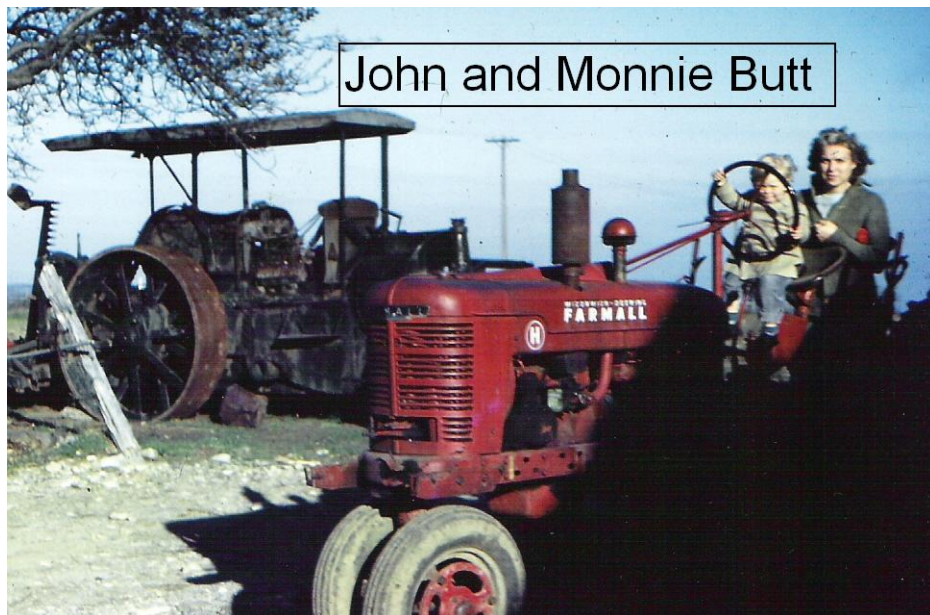
Monnie

Your new house sounds lovely – and doesn't it make you sort of proud to own your own home?

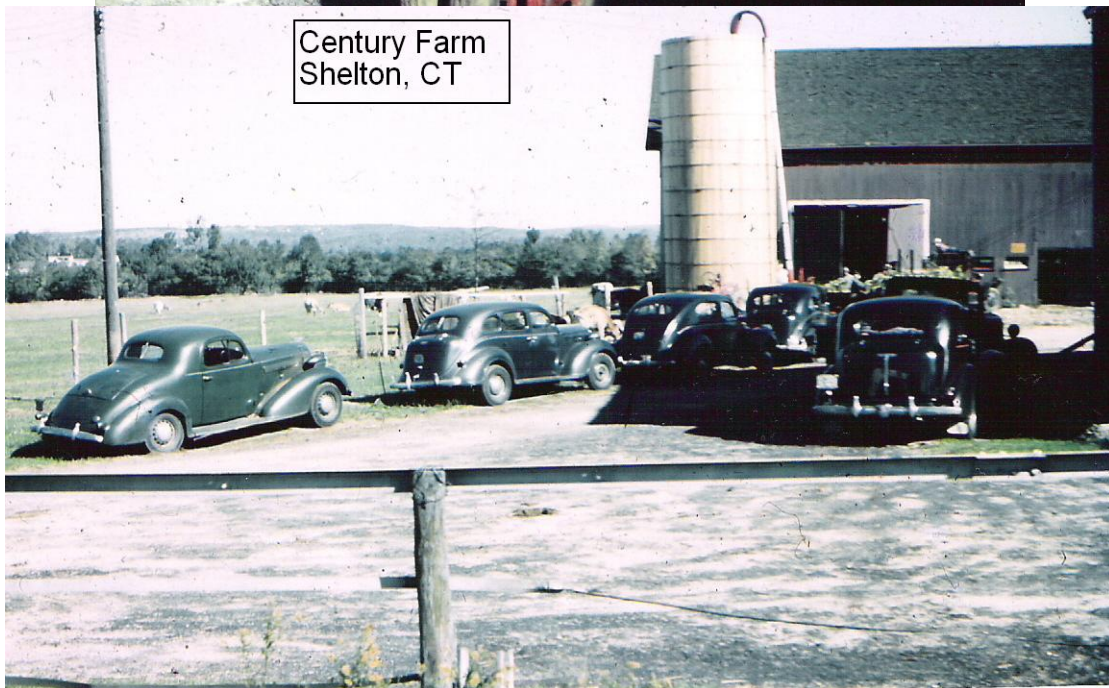


Monnie and Ralph's son, John Charles Butt
[Photo slide from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]





John and Monnie Butt



Century Farm
Shelton, CT

[Previous photos from slides in the collection of Jill Jackson.]

The Evening Sentinel, page 3, Saturday Evening, September 2, 1944

Observe Golden Wedding

Dr. and Mrs. Beard Are Honored at Golden Wedding Reception

Dr. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard, of Century farm, Long Hill avenue, last night observed their golden wedding anniversary. Dr. and Mrs. Beard were married Sept. 5, 1894, in Putnam, Conn., then the home of Mrs. Beard, who is the former Ellen Lucy Kinney. The late Rev. Frank D. Sergeant, former pastor of the Putnam Congregational church, officiated.

Oliver G. Beard, Jr., was best man at the wedding ceremony, and Mrs. Etta J. Kinney Hume, sister of Mrs. Beard, was maid of honor.

Soon after the wedding, Dr. and Mrs. Beard left for China, where Dr. Beard was a missionary for nearly 50 years. The happy couple returned from China in 1936, and he was recalled and reappointed by the missionary board to go to China again in 1939. Because of the Japanese invasion of China, they were forced to return in 1941.

Dr. Beard is a graduate of Oberlin College, Oberlin, O., class of 1891. His wife also attended the same college. In 1894, he was graduated from the Hartford Theological Seminary, and in the same year, he was ordained.

The couple, who are held in high esteem and respect by their many friends in the local churches, have five children. They are: Myron Gould Beard, of Manhasset, L.I.; Miss Geraldine Beard, of Berkeley, Calif.; Mrs. Dorothy Beard Newberg, of Saginaw, Mich.; Mrs. Marjorie Beard Butt, of Nelson Forks, British Columbia, Canada, and Mrs. Kathleen Beard Elmer, of Jacksonville, Fla., also five grandchildren, Hazel Ellen Beard, Willard Frederick Bear; John Charles Butt, Jacqueline Elmer and Cynthia Elmer.

Choosing last night to celebrate their anniversary, because it was most convenient to their children, Dr. and Mrs. Beard were honored at a reception in the Shelton Congregational church, during which they were congratulated by hundreds of members of the Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist and Congregational churches in this city.

In addition to Dr. and Mrs. Beard, the only other member of the wedding party, Mrs. Hume, the maid of honor was present at the reception last night. Miss Geraldine Beard, oldest of the children, who makes her home in Berkeley, Calif., was unable to attend last night's reception and she will arrive on Sunday.

[Newspaper article from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Waterbury Republican, page 8, Sunday Morning, October 29, 1944

Founder of Foochow College Has High Hopes for China

Dr. Willard Livingston[e] Beard of Shelton, and Mrs. Beard Spent Nearly Half a Century as Missionaries in Fuchien Province – Saw Rise of Sun Yat Sen and the Republic – Recalled After Japs Landed in 1941.

Guests attending the wedding of Ellen Lucy Kinney at the home of her parents in Putnam on Sept. 5, 1894, found themselves in a paradoxical mood. It was a feeling described as a sort of heavy-hearted happiness that overtook them when the first strains of the traditional nuptial music filled the gayly decorated room. Their happiness stemmed from the fact that the pretty, popular and serious-minded bride was being given in marriage to a promising young man of Connecticut stock. His name was Willard Livingston[e] Beard of Shelton. He was tall, handsome, nervous and devoted.

Paradoxically, the guests' foreboding sprung from the news that the bride-groom, ordained to the Congregationalist ministry only a few months before, had just been commissioned a missionary to the Far East. *[He was actually ordained on September 11, 1894, after they were married.]*

This meant that Ellen Kinney's honeymoon would be a distant journey far beyond the famous road Kipling wrote about in the enchanting country where the dawn comes up like thunder "outer China 'crost the bay."

Some of the more pessimistic of Miss Kinney's well-wishers speculated that she might never see her loved ones again.

The soon-to-be Mrs. Beard, however, shared none of her friends' qualms about this possibility.

Of course, the assignment which had just come to her future husband meant sacrifice, but it also contained the opportunity for which he had long awaited – that of spreading the gospel of his Creator among those who had never heard it.

More than a half-century has passed since Willard Beard and Ellen Kinney exchanged their vows and today in lovely old Century farmhouse in the outskirts of Shelton, these venerable missionaries look back with affection on 47 of those 50 memorable years spent among the people who now are giving their blood and resources to defeat Japanese aggression in the Orient.

Time is the only thing that has weighed upon this devoted couple. Were it not for the war and the fact that missionaries, like judges, have to contend with an age limit, both would be back in their beloved Foochow directing the work that needs to be done.

As matters stand, Dr. and Mrs. Beard really have two careers merged in one. They came home to Connecticut in 1936, retired with the appreciation of a grateful American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions for a task well done. Behind them in big and busy Foochow they had left the University of Fuchien, an institution that had grown out of Foochow college which Dr. Beard founded in 1912 with a gift of \$3,000.

The war was on in the North, but things were running smoothly in Foochow when this couple took what they thought was their farewell sabbatical leave. Their retirement became only a holiday that was terminated in 1939 when conditions developed abroad that prompted the American Board to urge Dr. and Mrs. Beard to return to China.

Foochow was in the war headlines when the Shelton couple got back to their adopted land. Their return to harness was short. On April 20, 1941, the Japs landed from nearby Formosa and took the city without firing a shot. No harm came to residents of the American compound but the cauldron was boiling, was imminent and the missionaries were recalled. Dr. and Mrs. Beard got back before Pearl Harbor and have watched developments with anxiety ever since.

Foochow, a teeming city of 300,000, is on the China coast just back of the northern tip of Formosa, now a center of the American Far Eastern attack.

When Dr. and Mrs. Beard went there in 1894, it was a large city of north-central China and the capital of Fuchien province. American missionaries had preceded them but a vast amount of work remained to be done in the vineyard.

The Connecticut couple were young and devoted, enthusiastic for their work and were determined to succeed. Mrs. Beard says that the only time she remembers being gripped by a sinking feeling was when their ship sailed out of the Golden Gate in San Francisco [*this was before the bridge was built*]. "Only then did I wonder about the future," she remarked as she sat before the fireside opposite her husband. Only occasionally did she interrupt the story of their labors when she felt that an interesting point had been overlooked.

It was Dr. Beard who remembered that their association began in the little Tolland county village of Staffordville one Sunday in 1893 [*actually 1892, since they were writing letters to each other and were engaged October 1, 1892*], perhaps when the young divinity student went there to supply the pulpit. During his sermon he cast an inquiring eye toward the organ loft. He hesitated a moment as he caught sight of an attractive soloist in the choir. After the service they were introduced. Miss Kinney was the teacher at Staffordville school. It developed that she had been graduated from Oberlin college where Dr. Beard had taken his degree [*In reality, the already engaged Ellen did not attend until the Fall of 1893, probably in preparation for her upcoming foreign mission work with Willard.*]. Both were born in Connecticut, Dr. Beard in the ancestral home on Century farm when that part of Shelton was in the town of Huntington. Mrs. Beard is a native of Union in Tolland county.

Whether it was love at first sight neither said, but Mrs. Beard's smile seemed to indicate that it was.

After their marriage the members of the Congregational church in Putnam honored them at a service of recognition that symbolized the dedication of their lives to the foreign mission fields. "People didn't appear to know just what they should do for a bride whose life was to be spent in China," Mrs. Beard said. "Presents I received were largely gifts of money. I recall that one of my friends decided against sending silverware because she felt that missionaries to China would have no use for such a remembrance."

Their Six Children Born in Foochow

China is close to the Beards. In addition to their extensive work in education and religion, Foochow is the birthplace of their six children. All were reared there until it came time for their advanced education when they came to the United States to study at Oberlin, the alma mater of their parents. Their son, Myron Gould Beard, chief engineer and test pilot of the American Air Lines, is an outstanding aviation authority. Their first child, Phebe Kinney Beard, who followed in her parents footsteps, is dead. The other children are Geraldine of Berkeley, Calif.; Mrs. Dorothy Beard Newberg, Saginaw, Mich.; Mrs. Marjorie Beard Butt, Nelson Forks, British Columbia and Mrs. Kathleen Beard Elmer, Jacksonville, Fla.

Dr. and Mrs. Beard speak Chinese as do all of their children.

Becoming fluent in the language of the Orient is one of the most difficult tasks the average American can imagine. When the Beards reached the scene of their labors in 1894 and started work the first obstacle to be cleared was the problem of understanding and making themselves understood. The only companions the couple had in the city knew no more of the tongue than they. So Dr. Beard set out to master this task.

"What is this?" is the first sentence he learned to speak. It's a strange combination of sounds, but it was the key to a new world for the inquisitive and ambitious young as America[?]. When the missionaries arrived in China, the revolution was fermenting, but the Manchu dynasty ruled the vast nation and with it the poverty, illiteracy, suffering and superstitions that had held back progress through the centuries.

Dr. Beard's own version of the McGuffey reader in Chinese next taught him how to say "God is light" and "The Light shined in the darkness." For the missionary it did precisely this. It wasn't long before he had grasped the fundamentals and continued study increased his proficiency until he was working in Foochow preaching and teaching in the spoken work of the land. From this time on, his Christian Endeavor began to return dividends.

Dr. Beard says he and his bride took easily to the customs of China, and eventually their life in the American compound was a compromise between that of their native America and the land of their adoption. The good will of the Chinese pleased them tremendously and was a great aid to the success of their work.

Hard Struggle with Chinese Dialects

During their first years, the couple found their greatest challenge in the conflict of dialects. "Many Chinese could never speak the language of their brethren from other parts of the nation," the minister said. He explained that it was the rise of Dr. Sun Yat Sen and the Republic of China that he helped establish, which did more to end this confusion of tongues than any other single factor.

After the revolution and the breaking of the Manchu dynasty China made rapid strides in various sections although that which could have been accomplished was hobbled by the divided leadership that gave rise to dominions of the war lords who ravaged and plundered for their individual gains.

Out of this collection of warriors came Chiang Kai-Shek, China's generalissimo in the struggle against Japan. Dr. and Mrs. Beard have great faith in China's future on the leadership of Chiang and the influence of his American-educated wife.

The missionaries are convinced that China will emerge from the war more united than ever and will lean heavily on Western civilization to bring their standards of living, work and education to the levels of America. The average Chinese, they say, is sold on the United States.

Had First Bicycle in Foochow

Dr. Beard's contributions to the Chinese educational system have been many. He likewise is responsible for other changes. One of the first was the introduction of the bicycle to Foochow. The first of the two-wheel vehicles to be seen in Fuchien province was a Columbia wheel which he brought with him from Connecticut in 1903 following his return from his first furlough. He purchased the bicycle from the manufacturer, in Hartford and got it for half price, \$52.50. When he uncrated it in Foochow the wheel posed a new problem for the astonished and admiring Chinese Christians. There wasn't any name in the Chinese vocabulary for bicycle and consequently characters had to be invented in the language that would express it. This task came up with every development in the intervening years which changed the thought light of China and had a bearing on its abstract terms.

How vast these changes have been is seen in Dr. Beard's recollections that 47 years ago one out of every 10 persons could read. Now the ratio is eight in every nine.

Dr. Beard says the transition that has been brought about is so widespread as to be incomprehensible to most Americans. The education of the Manchus was strictly one of committing lessons to memory without regard to the adaptability of the information to practical purposes. The degree system then in vogue meant to the handful of learned who mastered its obligations the privilege of going to Peking to visit the emperor. With the rise to the Republic the days of the queue or pigtail were numbered and out with this went many other forms of ancient Chinese life, many of them predicated upon superstition.

Dr. Beard Founded Foochow College in 1912

The adoption of the national language gave a lift to Dr. Beard's ambitions to found a college. Foochow college held its first classes within 10 days after the Shelton missionary got his first check in a \$3,000 gift from his friend, Dr. Goucher of Baltimore Women's seminary in 1912. The missionary continued as president until 1927. He could have been installed as president of Fuchien university but declined the honor in favor of a Chinese gentleman, who was schooled under him. When the Beards were evacuated from China in 1941, Dr. C.J. Lund, who was president of the provincial government, was chairman of the university's board.

Like all missionaries the Beards had to be proficient in many fields of endeavor. Foochow was one of 13 Christian seats of higher learning in China and its courses ranged from the liberal arts, through animal husbandry, other agricultural subjects and science.

When the clergyman found need for his service in the sections outside heavily populated Foochow, he became sort of a Chinese TVA. This was when he went "up country" in Fuchien to teach the advantages of rural electrification. Besides introducing a new agent to lighten the burden of Chinese farmers, the city utility company made concessions to the missionary that supplemented his income for the sponsorship of other forms of education. There were 450 students at the university when Dr. and Mrs. Beard last saw it. It was located in a beautiful part of the city. Its campus contained a number of buildings which, while definitely Chinese in character, reflected the American influence of those who fostered it.

Dr. and Mrs. Beard know the Chinese as the "Most wonderfully cooperative people." They are eager to learn and their devotion transcends all depths of loyalty. They recognize the United States as the "No. 1 good country". Britain is also their neighbor, but in the province of Fuchien the missionary said he was compelled by local spirit to declare a holiday for students once each year. This was China's way of letting England know that it

remembered Hongkong was taken by British sea power in 1842 and that the nation is expected one day to return the great base and seaport to China, Dr. Beard said.

Japs Entered Foochow as Inhuman Conquerors

Clouds of war descended over Foochow on April 20, 1941 when the Japanese came into the city unresisted. Although the conquerors from the land of the Rising Sun did not molest the Americans they made life miserable for the native inhabitants. Food was confiscated for their garrisons and, as usual, with the inhumanity of the invader, the women of Foochow suffered intolerably. Before the outbreak of war, with American, the Japs withdrew.

Twice Dr. and Mrs. Beard received the plaudits of their Foochow neighbors. The first time when they thought they were going home for good in 1936. At that time a big reception was held near the harbor as the couple said their farewells. The one in 1941 was sad because most people knew that withdrawal of the American missionaries bespoke evil for the country.

Here Mrs. Beard interrupted to say that it is now that the Chinese need the help of their American friends more than ever and that she would rather be there than any place in the world and she has visited most of its inhabited places.

Her husband shares this feeling. For a man who will be 80 on his next birthday, he hardly looks 65. Tall and rawboned, he has a sharp mind. He assists in the management of his 100-acre farm and was off to bring home and milk a cow when this interview was terminated.

Mrs. Beard, pleasant and retiring, is fully as active as her husband and superintends the household which temporarily includes one of their daughters and her grandson, a yellow-haired lad of 18 months.

The complex political picture is something Dr. Beard refused to attempt to interpret. "You've got to understand Chinese to do and obviously you don't," he said good naturedly. "Suffice it to say that the Chinese understand it and know what they are doing and where they are going," he added. He said this brought him to transportation.

"Our friends in China love the challenge of transportation. They are great road builders even with the limited means at their command. Imagine the progress that will come to the nation when it is possible for our American-made equipment to be taken into the country to open up vast sections. With the war on the Chinese manage to keep buses and trucks operating whenever they can get them. Then they even run vehicles by alcohol and charcoal when gasoline is not available, and very often it can't be had."

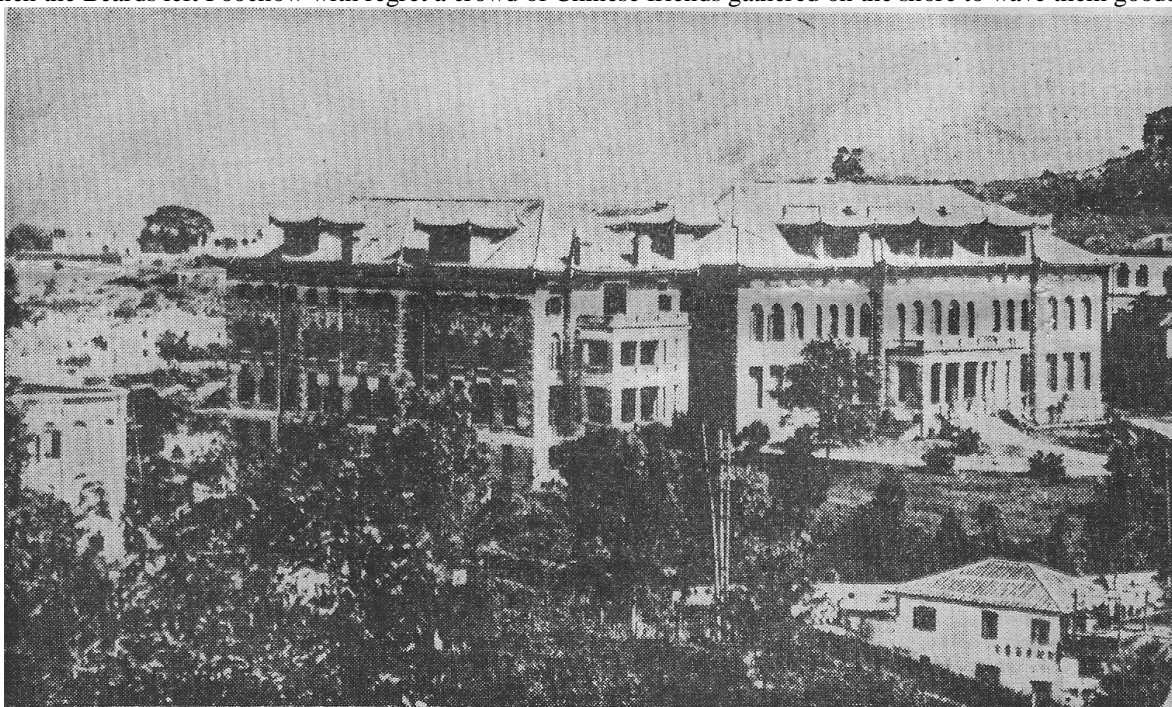
Dr. Beard agrees with other leaders that the first objective of Chinese rehabilitation after the war is the development of a stabilized internal economy. This may take some time but when it has been accomplished the prosperity born of it will spread to all the world and to American in particular, he feels.



Dr. and Mrs. Willard Livingston[e] Beard who spent almost half a century in China where Dr. Beard founded Foochow college in Foochow. Here they are pictured at their home in Shelton with their young grandson, John Charles Butt.



When the Beards left Foochow with regret a crowd of Chinese friends gathered on the shore to wave them goodbye.

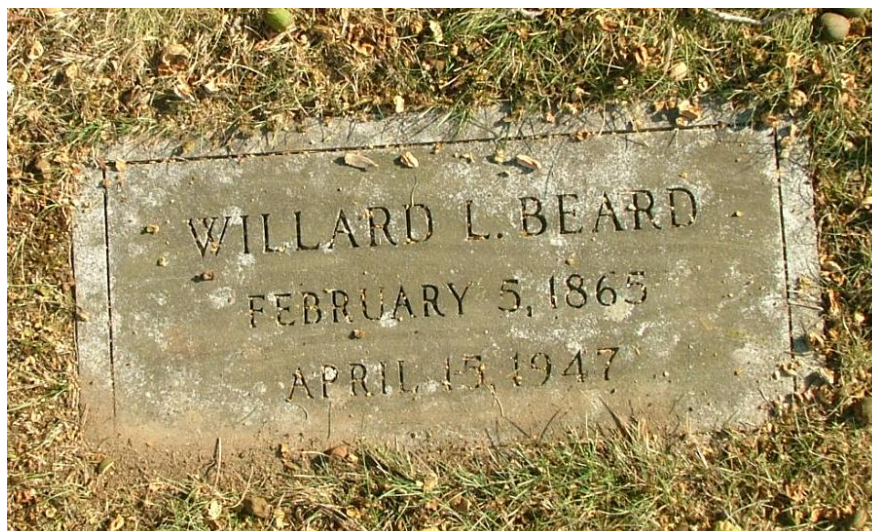


The Beards were in Foochow in 1927 when mission buildings in the city were entered during anti-foreign riots. This is a typical group of American Mission buildings, a women's college, which was entered by the rioters.

[News article with photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1947

- Chuck Yeager breaks the sound barrier
- Dead Sea Scrolls discovered
- Anne Frank's Diary of a Young Girl is published
- Willard and Ellen live at Century farm and Willard dies while visiting the home of Kathleen Beard Elmer in Jacksonville, FL on April 15, 1947 at the age of 82.
- Gould and Virginia are in Manhasset, New York
- Geraldine is in Berkeley, California
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Marjorie and Ralph are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Jacksonville, Florida
- Ellen is 79, Gould- 51, Geraldine- 49, Dorothy- 46, Marjorie- 41, Kathleen- 39.



Willard's headstone – Riverside Cemetery, Shelton, CT

Willard L. Beard

February 5, 1865

April 15, 1947

[Photo from James Smith, Shelton, CT researcher.]

Willard's death certificate issued in the state of Florida states that Willard had been in Florida for 4 months and died at 6:10 a.m. of Myocarditis due to Arterio Sclerosis which he had had for a duration of about 3 to 4 years.

From the Evening Sentinel, Shelton, CT

Death notice: April 17 1947

Beard - Jacksonville, Fla. April 15, Dr. Willard L. Beard of Century Farm, Long Hill Ave. Shelton. Funeral services are in charge of the Lewis funeral home. 148 Elizabeth St. Derby and will be held in the Shelton Congregational church at a time to be announced. Burial will be in Riverside cemetery, Shelton.

Rites arranged Saturday at 2 for Dr. Beard April 17

Funeral service for Dr. Willard L. Beard, 82 of Century Farm Long Hill Ave., who died Tuesday in Jacksonville, Fla , will be held Saturday at 2 pm in the Shelton Congregational church. The Rev. Howard C. Champe, pastor of the Shelton Congregational church , assisted by a representative of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, of Boston, will officiate. Burial will be in Riverside cemetery, this city.

Dr. Beard was a Congregational church missionary in China for nearly a half century, and was retired president of Foochow College, Foochow, China. A native of Shelton, Dr. Beard's life work was with the Chinese of Fukien Province. China, where he was assigned in 1894, with his wife of two weeks, the former Ellen L. Kinney. He returned to this country in 1936, supposedly to retire, but was recalled soon after, and it was not until 1941, and the outbreak of the war, that he returned again to the United States.

Evening Sentinel April 16, 1947

Dr. Willard L. Beard, former Missionary to China, is dead

Dr. Willard Livingstone Beard, a missionary in China for nearly a half a century, and native of Shelton, died yesterday in the home of his daughter Mrs. Hugh Elmer, Jacksonville, Fla., after a brief illness. Dr. Beard had been spending the winter months in Florida, when he was stricken.

Born Here

He was born at Century Farm, this city, Feb 5, 1865, the son of the late Oliver G. and Nancy Nichols Beard. Dr. Beard married Lucy Ellen Kinney, of Putnam, in the Congregational Church there, in 1894 and within two weeks the couple left for Foochow China where they spent more than 40 years. In September of 1944, they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Dr. Beard served as a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in China from 1894-1936. During that period he was released to start a Y.W.C.A. for Fukien

province in China and to act as the first secretary for a five year term. For three years he was secretary in this country of the middle district of the A.B.C.F.M. After returning to this country in 1936, Dr. Beard went back to China for two years at the request of the American Board to serve on the missionary staff at FooChow. At the outbreak of the war, he was advised by the consul at Foochow to return to this country. He was a graduate of Oberlin College and the Hartford Theological Seminary. He received his Doctor of Divinity degree at Oberlin College. Dr. Beard was a member of the Shelton Congregational church and served on the executive board and board of deacons of the local church. At the recent annual meeting of the church, he was named honorary deacon. Survivors.

Surviving him are his wife, Mrs. Ellen Lucy Kinney Beard, of this city; one son, Myron G. Beard, of Manhasset, Long Island; four daughters, Miss Geraldine Beard, of Berkeley, Calif.; Mrs. Harold Newburg, and Mrs. Ralph Butt, of Saginaw, Mich; and Mrs. Hugh Elmer, of Jacksonville, Fla; two sisters, the Misses Phoebe M. and Mary L. Beard, of Shelton; two brothers Stanley E. Beard, of Pearl River, N.Y., and former Mayor Bennett N. Beard, of Shelton; also five grandchildren, Hazel Ellen Beard, Willard Frederick Beard, Jacqueline Elmer, Cynthia Elmer and John Charles Butt.

Dr. Beard was well known and respected and appeared often as a public speaker at the Kiwanis club and other organizations in the valley. His passing ends a notable career during which he was the founder of Foochow College, in China and its first president.

Funeral services will be held in the Shelton Congregational church at a time to be announced. Burial will be in Riverside cemetery. Arrangements are in charge of the Lewis funeral home, of 148 Elizabeth Street, Derby.



*[This letter dated **May 15, 1947** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Ellen to Kathleen. It has been a month since Willard died and Ellen directs Kathleen on what to do with some of their possessions that they left at Kathleen's home in Florida. She tells about some of the activities on the farm. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Century Farm,
Shelton, Conn.
May 15", '47.

Dearest Kathleen,

It is just a month ago today that Father left us. Altho I miss him keenly at times, it really does not seem so long ago. I am receiving letters of sympathy almost every day and the work of writing acknowledgments is nearly wearing my eyes out.

Marjorie staid with me a week and helped get a lot of them answered but there were many that required a personal response that only I could write and those are the ones that take most time, thought and eye-sight.

So I shall have to be brief and much abbreviated in my letters to my family.

I was to write you what to send up here of the stuff I left. And now I just can't remember what I left.

So I shall have to tell you in general terms and let you use your judgement for the rest.

1. Don't send any sheets.- Keep any that were left. Also pillowcase (if any) and towels.
 2. Look over all that was left in Father's leather suit case and anything in it that Hugh can use let him keep. Anything he does not want you may give to the collection of used clothing for overseas distribution, or local Salvation Army collection, or destroy it if too much worn.
 3. I think there is nothing in his airplane suit case. If you find any thing there, apply the same direction to it as I gave you in No. 2.
 4. In Father's black satchel:- I don't know what is there, but as he kept his important papers there I guess all that is now there would better stay there. When it is sent up, except the following:
 - a) the old bank reports, on yellow cards in tan envelopes, which are of no value now I think and may be destroyed.
 - b) A package of safety razor blades, new, from the "New Process" Co. which Father bought a short time before we went south. Hugh may keep these for his own use. Also Father's safety razor if he cares for it. I think I left Father's barber shears, somewhere, which I do not want and you may keep them if you care for them.
 5. The blue pajamas that the undertaker sent back Hugh may keep. (Harold and Ralph when they were here, each took a new set that had never been worn and which came in the same shipment as the blue ones which Father had worn little.) (The pajama I cut off from Father goes into the rag bag or into the bonfire. So also does my old union suit and my old nightgown.)
 6. If there are more suspenders than Hugh cares for you may send any surplus to Ralph. But let Hugh keep all he can use.
 7. I am not quite clear in my mind as to what suits were left there; but think there was I. a blue suit, and II. a black suit, and an extra III. pair of trousers that belonged to the suit Father was laid out in, that came back from the undertaker's, and IV. the coat and vest Father wore so much and that needed cleaning so badly; V. and the palm beach black trousers I washed so many times and the coat that went with them.
- Let Hugh take his choice of any of these that he can use. And let him exercise the right of priority to the full extent since both he and you are due abundant consideration for opening your home to us and giving us much appreciated help during Father's declining days.

Ralph had Father's winter overcoat. Gould cannot use any of the suits Father left in Jacksonville. I fear they are all too small for Harold. After Hugh has chosen write me what is left. I will send you money to have the coat and vest Father wore so much and the black Palm Beach trousers I washed so much cleaned at a cleaners.

VI. I think Gould, Harold and Ralph all have traveling toilet cases. I don't know whether Hugh has or not; or whether he would care for Father's. It sadly needs cleaning up as I remember. The last time I cleaned it was when he went into Saginaw Hospital. If Hugh cares for it I would be glad to have him take it. Some of the fittings may need replacing. I don't know whether Gould wants those white backed military hair brushes or not. Will find out.

VII. I think Father left a pair of new shoes that he had worn only once or twice. Also a pair of black shoes that he wore every time he went to church or to town. Now does Hugh wear that size or are they anything he cares for? If so, he may as well have them for they are expensive to mail.

The pair of red felt slippers that Father wore so much Hugh may as well use if they fit him and he likes them.

VIII. I think there was a white shirt in the little cabinet drawer made of cloth checked in quarter inch squares, all white. Hugh may as well use that. If there were any good hdkfs. with embroidered initials B in corner, put them in

the black satchel before you send it. If any socks were left there Hugh may have them except the green pr. and the blue pr. of wool socks that Gould and Virginia gave Father for his last Christmas gift. Those should go to Gould and may be sent up in the black satchel.

Gould took Father's watch, for he said his watch had gone bad and he was using a small watch that he had given to Virginia. Gould took the ring Father was wearing, which Leolyn and the Morgan family sent to Father for his 50th wedding anniversary gift. It was a gift to James from Aunt Louise when he graduated from high school. When he died, Leolyn kept it for her possible son. But as she can have no more children she gave it to Father. Now Gould says he will take it out to the Coast when he goes and talk with Leolyn about it and see what she wants done with it.

Now what else did I leave? I guess I will have Father's Pullman robe sent up in the black satchel. I don't know yet what will be done with it.

Mrs. Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton, Connecticut

Dear Kathleen

I am enclosing \$5.00 to pay for the cleaning of Father's clothes, and for the postage on the parcel post pkg. to send up the small black satchel and its contents, which will be, what you found in it after I left, minus the old bank reports the razor blades which Hugh is to keep, and minus anything else which you know is worthless. If there are letters in there which you know are worthless destroy them; if you think I might want to see them, the envelopes may be taken off and destroyed if the writer's address is inside.

To fill up the satchel, the Pulman robe may be put in, and the green and blue wool stockings of Father's and any large hdkfs. with the initial B in the corner. I don't know of any thing else that I want sent up now for I can't think what I left. Please send up my Ration Book. Father's Ration Book, of course, may be destroyed, - should be.

If you can find good clean heavy wrapping paper large enough to cover the satchel, I would like to have it covered for mailing parcel post, as it is quite new and wrapping will save a lot of wear on the outside, and the corners and ends of the bag. Buy a ball of heavy wrapping cord if you have to. Parcel post the satchel to me at the farm, for I can give no other permanent address. I shall probably be in Putnam when it arrives.

Our Yale Divinity School student assistant pastor was at dinner with us Sunday (19th) last. He has been for 2 yrs. a member of the Prudential Committee of the A.B.C.F.M. in Boston, representing the Pilgrim Fellowship of the Cong'l Christian National Organization, which holds its meetings once a month at 14 Beacon St. Boston, the Cong'l. House.

This student assistant pastor had just returned from attending the May meeting in Boston and told us that one matter of business the Prudential Com. transacted at this session, was to elect a Capt. for the sixth "Morning Star," a new ship to fly between the Missions of the Micronesian Islands in the Pacific and owned by the A.B.C.F.M.

When I was 10 yrs. old, I used to give my pennies in S.S. to buy and support the first or second "Morning Star? I don't know which. Capt. Garland, of Tank Home was formerly the Capt. of the third or fourth "Morning Star: I forget which. Did I tell you that last time when we were in Oberlin for Father's 55th Class reunion of '91, that after Commencement was over Stewart Hume drove up to Oberlin from Youngstown to meet us with wife and small daughter, and took us to dinner at Oberlin Inn, then drove us around town to call on any of our friends we wanted to see. I wanted to call one Miss Alice Little who was our neighbor when we lived in Mr. Dart's house. As I entered, Miss Little said "Capt. Garland lives here; wouldn't you like to see him?" I was so pleased and surprised that I went right back to the car and brought Father and Stewart and family in and we had a very pleasant call of almost a half hour.

Well, now here is the point of my writing you all this. This student assistant pastor, Mr. Vorba, by name, told us that while they were in session at the Prudential Com. Meeting in A.B.C.F.M. in Boston last Tuesday, electing the Capt. of the new Morning Star, an officer of the Board came in to the meeting to announce that a telephone message had just been received announcing the passing of Capt. Garland of Oberlin! He was 94 yrs. old, I think. Wasn't that an interesting coincidence?! With love to all, Affectionately Mother.

May 19"

I am not using this stationary outside the family.

When Marjorie was here we packed a carton of Father's clothes etc. that we thought possibly Hugh could use. I hope you received it all right. Now if there was anything in it that Hugh or you (I forget just what was in it) cannot use, just give it to the overseas collection or to the Salvation Army.

I hope to send another small carton of things before I leave for Putnam which will probably be a week from tomorrow. Mary drives up to Hartford for a meeting on that day and I can ride up with her and Elbert will meet me there.

Last evening, Sunday, Becky Haviland and her mother's college mate gave an organ-piano recital in the church and we all attended. It was very good. The solos by Robert Johnson, a member of our choir were especially good. I'll send you a program.

The aunts are having the bath room all done over, i.e. the walls and ceiling; new paper and paint and white wash. The paper is very pretty and a great improvement over the old paper. The man who lives in Uncle Dan's house on White Hills is doing the work,- in two days at \$10.00 a day. They buy the paper, paint and whitewash.

Tonight Becky Haviland, her mother, her aunt May Palmer and Mrs. Churchill, the pianist all are coming up to call.

Next Friday, Stanley, Myra, Nancy, Stanley Owen all come up to stay over Sunday, their time divided between the two houses, Beards and Palmers. Stanley and Myra are going to Europe soon by air, on business, to be gone about two weeks. Stanley had a physical check-up two weeks ago to see if he was all fit to take the trip, and found he had diabetes. He is taking treatments and hopes to be able to go soon. He has lost 20 lbs. but still weighs 200+.

The men who are keeping horses in the barns and pastures here on the farm have one horse that had a colt two weeks ago. They let it out in the corral one day and when they wanted to put it in it wouldn't go in but kept running everywhere else. So when they got it cornered two men picked it right up and put it in the barn; and how the little thing kicked with all fours. It has proved a great attraction.

Dan, you know, rented the farm from the aunts to run a dairy, when the war was on, as a measure to keep Dan and Wells both out of the army. Then as soon as the war was over, Dan re-rented the farm to another dairyman, or hired other men to run it, and now the third set of men are running the dairy, and the aunts have had lots of trouble with broken fences, and cows all over the door yard, and neighbors telephoning that their cows are walking all over their newly seeded lawns and newly planted gardens, and last Monday, Phebe had to leave her washing and go down the street to drive 30 cows home for not a man was on the place. She got hot, inside and out, and talked to the dairyman and things have staid in place since,- fences and cows.

A store was selling out in Shelton and I bought some socks for the girls. I hope they are not too large. Perhaps you can sew a half inch seam around the toe if they are too large.

With much love to you all and will write soon again. I hope Marjorie and Dorothy have written you all about the funeral and their trip East. I will write more if I can ever get caught up on the acknowledgements. Affectionately, Mother.

*[This letter, dated **May 20, 1947**, was written from Manhasset, NY by Gould to Ellen. Willard has died and Gould briefly discusses some financial matters with Ellen. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

M. Gould Beard

6 Martin Place
Manhasset, N.Y.
May 20, 1947

Dear Mother:

I got home late Sat. night to find a lot of work at the office and plenty to take care of at home. Ginny bumped her head on the garage door and has'nt felt much like doing anything since.

Now to quickly answer your questions. You took your Chelsea Bank book upstairs the last evening we were there. The bank books are all in the safe deposit boxes and I will look at them as soon as either Ginny or I can get to the bank. We still bank on Great Neck when we first lived on L.I. I hav'nt looked at the old check books yet, but will do so before we come up next time and if we have it I will destroy the signed checks.

I am enclosing a letter from Mr. Belcher giving the details of the scholarship Memorial fund. If this is satisfactory to you, let Mr. Champe read it and announce it as he sees fit. I will wait until we see you next time before replying to Mr. Belcher. It is all agreeable to me.

I was to have seen the Mutual Benefit Ins. Agent before I left for the west but we did'nt make connections so I will try to see him sometime this week to arrange method of payment of the insurance on father- I believe you

would rather have regular installments rather than one lump sum since installments will give you checks coming at regular intervals which you can depend upon. If you are traveling from child to child you can have them send to my address and we will forward them to you wherever you are.

Please have Kathleen send you all of father's papers etc which he left there. The check book might be with his things left in Jacksonville.

If everything works out well we will be up Friday night, but must return Sat. night.

Lovingly- Gould.

*[This letter dated **June 1, 1947** was written from Putnam, Conn. by Ellen to Dorothy and Marjorie. She is staying with her siblings, Elbert and Emma. She talks about establishing a memorial fund with the A.B.C.F.M. in memory of Willard. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Putnam, Conn.

June 1", '47

Dearest Dorothy and Marjorie,

You see I have at last got to Putnam. Came last Tuesday with Mary as far as Hartford where Elbert and Emma met me and drove me to their home.

Am writing this brief note to send Gould's letter to Mr. Belcher of the A.B.C.F.M. regarding establishing a memorial fund in memory of Father. If Gould hasn't sent you a copy, I am sending the one he sent me for you to read; then send it on to Geraldine. Need not return it.

Mr. Belcher's reply, I loaned to Mr. Champe, our pastor in Shelton, and he has not yet returned it to me. Will send it as soon as I get it back.

About \$100.00 already in hand without any from the family yet except \$4.00 from Marjorie. I plan to put in quite a sum when I can make up my mind how much I ought to lay down as a foundation,- a sum of at least three figures.

Elbert and Emma get along very well without much help from me. They think I am tired out and try to make me lie in bed till noon to rest,- even offering to bring up my breakfast to eat in bed! Not done that yet but have not got up to get breakfast for them yet either! Have rested several mornings till 10.

Decoration Day, Friday, we drove to Union to decorate my father's, mother's, sister Mary's [*b. Mar. 3, 1865, d. Mar. 6, 1865*] and grand parent's graves. Elbert found one corner of their monument settled 6 inches, and on investigating found a big hole under it which will have to be filled with a quantity of earth and stones. He hired a man to do the job and will go up again to see that it is done. We decorated with lilacs and iris.

We went to Mt. Ochepetuck to see the new gov't television structure that has been just built there on land the Gov't bo't. from Dedie Lawson (1/2 acre) for \$500.00. It is about 30 ft. X 30 ft. square and 35 to 40 ft. high, all finished, closed and locked, so we only looked in the windows from the ground.

By the way, did you hear that Dedie Lawson died about two months ago and was cremated so that a part of her ashes might be buried beside her husband and children and the other part buried on Ochepetuck, her beloved Mt. We also called on Harvey, her husband [*Ellen's cousin, Harvey Lawson*], and on Pearl and Bill [*Taylor*], and took lunch at the Gen. Lyon Inn in Eastford. Pearl and Bill were just up at their farm for two days to plant their garden, (at which they were just then busy). Bill is teaching in Dickinson College in Carlisle, Penn. He is at the head of the dept. of International Relations and has four Profs. under him. They like their present location and set-up pretty well. Their college closes in about two weeks, where they will be up in Woodstock again. Dorothy and Marjorie will you two write all you can think of about Father's passing and funeral, to Geraldine, for she hoped to have a long letter from me which I cannot write now because my eyes are tired out writing responses to notes of sympathy. And enclose this half sheet with Gould's letter and yours to Geraldine so she can get a little something from me. Thank you all for your Mother's day greetings. All were in Shelton on time. And thank you Dorothy and Marjorie for the gardenia corsage.

Geraldine, you remember the Marot School,- it has been bought by a Dr. or a hospital for a "Convalescing House" and renovated and equipped, and last week they had their opening day inviting the public in for inspection.

The lovely fragrant gardenia of the corsage lasted till I came away on Tuesday the 27th refrigerated and taken out at meal times. Love to all six Affectionately Mother.

A. Word-by-Word Translation:

嗚呼 先生，美洲之英，早年 梯海，秉鐸 榕城，
Alas! master, able man of America, early years cross ocean, proclaim truth in Banian City

手 辦 庠序，廣 煦 春風。清 苦 刻 勵，愷 悌
hand establish schools, widely blow spring breeze. self-denial, enthusiasm, brotherliness

圓 融，願 予 小 子，化 雨 親 承，遠 聞 噩 耗，
amicability, wish I your inferior, refreshing rain personally absorb, afar hear of grievous news,

悲 痛 莫 名，海 山 萬 里，執 紼 無 從，
sorrow pain indescribable, seas mountains thousands of miles, presence in funeral impossible

短 歌 當 哭，用 寫 愚 忱
short poems for wailing, to express my heart

益 知 院 長 千 古
Beard President Thousand of years ("Thousands of years" means to depart forever)

受 業 陳 調 農 敬 輓
Instruction Receiver Ding Diên Nung respectfully submit

B. Explanation:

"Refreshing rain" means valuable instructions

Mr. Ding Diên Nung is now the acting chairman of Foochow College Board of managers.

"Instruction receiver" means student. Mr. Ding Diên Nung left Foochow College long before Dr. Beard became its President. He calls himself "instruction receiver" to show his politeness.

C. Literary Translation:

To President Beard

Alas! you were a man of talent from America. Long ago, you crossed the ocean and came to the Banian City (Foochow otherwise designated) to proclaim truth by opening schools and teaching students with a heart as warm as the spring breeze. Because of your self-denial, enthusiasm, brotherliness and amicability, I wish I had personally receive your instructions. I cannot tell how sad I was when I heard of your death. As I am separated from you by miles of seas and mountains, it is impossible for me to be present in your funeral procession. Instead of wailing, I write this little piece of poetry to express myself.

From Ding Diên Nung, a former student.

[This letter dated Oct. 5, 1947 was written from Shelton, Conn. by Ellen to Kathleen and her family. Ellen attended the American Board meeting in Burlington, VT and tells about the trip and the many people she saw. She spent time with Elbert and went visiting. Ellen explains that in her time women did not announce their pregnancies as openly as now and gives Kathleen her blessings to announce her pregnancy to the relatives. Ellen is planning a trip to Saginaw. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Century Farm,
Shelton, Conn.
Oct. 5", '47

Dearest Kathleen, and all the family,

It seems so long since I have written you that I hardly know where to begin.

You see I'm still here, tho I ought to be in Saginaw, - I'm way behind schedule.

One thing that intervened to put me behind was the American Board Annual meeting which was held in Burlington, Bt., way up on Lake Champlain, which I wanted much to attend, and for which a way opened invitingly.

Mary was to attend officially, by virtue of her position as state president of Women's organizations of which her term of office has expired, but has left her a member of some committees. She planned to drive up and offered me a seat in her car, with two other ladies (one did not go eventually), so after much consideration I decided to go, and I enjoyed the trip and the meeting and seeing old friends very much. At the meeting I met Mr. Belcher, Dr. Ward of the A.B.C.F.M. and two ladies I know in the Board Rooms, but can't think of their names now, Helen Smith, Miss Houston, Miss Lanktree from Foochow, Mr. Shrader, formerly of Foochow and now of the Board Rooms in Boston, and Mrs. Shrader's mother, Mrs. Hand, who was out in Foochow with them for about two years I think. Also I met Mrs. Donald Sick who has brought her eldest daughter to America to enter Oberlin. You know Donald Sick is Pres. of Foochow College. Mrs. Sick was Phebe's pupil in Wenshan Girl's School I think. Her daughter is going to study music in the Conservatory. I don't know where she gets the money for all this travel and study in America.

The scenery of Vermont is beautiful, - the Mts. are rightly named "Green Mts." for they are very thickly wooded and so green to their very tops.

Along the roads we saw many places where Maple Products were advertised. I stopped and bought a little maple sugar for souvenirs of my trip, to my friends. You will receive your little gift of a part of a box soon. It was so expensive that I had to divide boxes to make it go around. So when you are eating it as candy, cut up in chinks, enjoy its sweetness and flavor to the full capacity of your olfactory and gustatory powers!!

It pains me to realize how little of the addresses I heard there, and enjoyed so much, I can now remember, to report. The impressions left by the meeting on my mind and soul are more lasting. Two thoughts were indelibly imprinted on my mind by the addresses, and the report from the mission fields! More missionaries are needed and locally wanted by the natives of all mission fields. And 2. More money is needed from our churches to finance this additional force and their work.

Elbert wanted me to stop on my way back from Vt. in Putnam for a visit. So, coming home, Mary and Mrs. Humphrey, her passenger, from New Haven, left me in Springfield, Mass. at 9 o'clock Thursday night Sept. 25, at the greyhound Bus station and I long-distanced Putnam that I would take a bus for Putnam in about ten minutes. I reached Putnam at 11 p.m., to find Elbert there to meet me, having just arrived home from a business meeting at the parsonage. So I didn't have to get him out of bed. I staid there till Oct. 1st when Elbert brot me down here, Emma and Etta riding as far as Hartford to do a little shopping, and Elbert picked them up on his way back.

Elbert's grapes were almost in the prime, not perfectly ripe, but eatable, so you can imagine I enjoyed my stay there. A frost came the night after I arrived and Elbert had to spray cold water on the grapes with his lawn hose before the sun shone on them the next morning to take the frost out of the grapes so they would not be injured by the slight freeze.

That day, Saturday he wanted to go to Stafford Springs to a fair and have a little vacation and rest from being tied down to home duties, and a day away all by himself alone to do just what he wanted to. He said he would be home in time to pick the grapes, for the radio said there would be a hard, killing frost that Saturday night. I told him before he went away that I would pick some of the grapes while he was gone, I picked two bushels heaped up. He picked a few more just before dark when he got home, but had to spray the rest Sunday morning to save them. I never saw so white and heavy a frost as there was Sunday morning. He covered the Worden grapes on the arbor, with old blankets and quilts over the top and saved them. He let Mr. Robinson, the minister pick some for grape juice and a neighbor above pick some and gave some to three other parties. His pears are all gathered but not his apples. So I had a feast of pears. He has bushels in a freezing unit he rents.

While in Putnam Elbert took us all to Uxbridge, Mass. to see Mr. and Mrs. Newell, formerly of Foochow. She had written me that they expected to be at Penny Farms, Fla. after Oct 1". But as it was my only day left to go, we took a chance of finding them still there and went to Uxbridge Tuesday p.m. Sept. 30". To my surprise, they were still there and we had a very pleasant call. Mrs. Newell has been in the hospital to have her spleen removed. You know Jean their daughter is a registered nurse. Dwight married a nurse and they three got their heads together and declared that their parents should not go south without a physical examination and check up so the children sent them to the Boston Lay Clinic (is that correct) where Mr. N. passed 100% but Mrs. N. should have her spleen removed, - which she did and staid two weeks in the Hospital, deferring their trip south to accomplish that. Mrs. M. is now convalescing at home and getting along well. They go to Penny Farms on Oct. 9". They have engaged the cottage next to the Chapel, I don't remember which side.

Edith Pease came in and made a long call the last night I was in Putnam. Eleanor Carpenter's older sister Marian died of cancer in Falmouth, Mass. just before I reached there and Elbert had taken Eleanor and Mrs. Ballard, Marian's mother-in-law, and Mrs. Ballard's sister down to Falmouth for the funeral.

You remember Gertrude Perry and her brother Gilbert? Their father, George Perry who was in high school when I was there, died just the day I went to Burlington, Vt. and his funeral kept Mr. Robinson (Elbert's minister) from attending as he would much have liked to do, i.e. the Burlington meeting.

Mrs. Bowen, who has lived upstairs on the north side of Elbert's big home for many years since her mother and her husband died (you remember she lived just below us when we lived in the big house and used to like to hear you girls talk and frolic in the little upstairs bed room, - thru the open windows?), she, Mrs. Bowen fell on her back veranda, on a wet spot, and broke her hip and has been in the hospital for 2 or 3 months but is really getting better, at 88 years. We called on her in the hospital while I was in Putnam and she had just that day put her foot to the floor and rested her weight on it for a minute or two, supported by a strong man. A speck of encouragement on a very discouraging case. But she is cheerful and thankful. We also called on another similar case in the same hospital and also one of our Cong'l. church members and financial supporters. And I stepped in to call on an old high school boy who came to the hospital with a toe infected with gangrene. They took off the toe but the wound would not heal. So they took off the foot and a part of the leg below the knee, but still it would not heal. So they took off the rest of the leg way up to the body, and hope he may recover. I know he appreciated my call.

When I was in Putnam, Elbert wanted me to go up into his garage attic and look over some of my things stored there, which I did; and destroyed some things and packed some in a carton to send to Saginaw and some in a carton to send to you, - some things I thought the children might appreciate. If they don't care for them they may give them away.

From here, I am sending a parcel containing some books and a set of grill plates for your electric stove to place between the heat unit and the bottom of the pot so that the contents will not burn. They can be used inside the pot under the food to keep it off the bottom of the pot to insure against burning with an inch or so of liquid under it. They can be used either way, in the pot under the food, as meat, vegetables, or under the pot. I think you will find them a help.

Dorothy and Marjorie keep writing, "When are you coming to Saginaw". And, Gould telephoned Saturday to know when I was coming down to visit them. He said he is going to the Coast to be away at least two weeks. I told him I thought it would be about that length of time before I would be ready to come to Manhasset. I shall stay there only about ten days then have Gould arrange for my transportation straight thru from Grand Central to Saginaw, if possible. Dorothy wrote that they would meet me at Detroit if I could not get conveyance clear thru to Saginaw, if I would plan to arrive in Detroit on Saturday or Sunday when they would be free to meet me. But I hope to get a straight thru passage to Saginaw.

I want to answer a question you asked in your last letter, as to why I wanted to keep your good news a secret up here for a surprise. There is no reason only my natural inclination to wish to make it my own personal matter, when I was going thru the days of young mother hood. And I realize you should act your choice in the matter which is so distinctly your own. So I wholly withdraw my wish to keep it a secret and I want you to write the relatives just as you have wished and planned. I want you to have that pleasure and the way is entirely open for you as I have not said one word about it to any one but Marjorie and Dorothy to whom I showed your letter. *[Kathleen is pregnant with Allen.]*

Have I given you my congratulations? If not here they are, one thousand strong; if I have, they will bear repeating at the same strength. So do go ahead at once and announce it, as you wish. The ban is entirely removed cheerfully.

Are you keeping well? Do you find your work too heavy for comfort? Is it going easier than the first two? Do be careful about falling or over exertion. If you need my help at any time just let me know for I can come direct

to Jacksonville without going to Saginaw at all this fall, if necessary, since I have seen both Dorothy and Marjorie and Harold and Ralph since I have seen you and Hugh and the girls.

Did either of the hurricanes injure your property in Jacksonville at all, or did the wind make you uncomfortably nervous? I thought of and prayed for you all much during the progress of those storms. Give up another letter soon.

Are those winter union suits of Father's still there at your house? Or is there any other good clothing of Father's that Hugh does not want? I want him to take anything he wants and can use, but would like to know what is left there now, that is good, that he does not want.

I am going with the Aunts, to the D.A.R. tonight as a quest to hear a speaker and see pictures of the Atomic Bomb. (Wednesday a.m.) I went last night and saw the picture of the explosions at Bikini, and the lecture by one of the key men of that experiment, a brother of the famous Mrs. Jones of White Hills, and Regent of the Derby D.A.R.

Wednesday- Today p.m. - I am going to New Haven to the Annual State Meeting of Congo. Chr. Churches, with Banquet this evening. Tomorrow we go for all day with the women's banquet at noon. If I keep going to meetings, I shall not get packed up to leave for Saginaw very soon, shall I? Much love to you all and much solicitous prayer for you. Affectionately, Mother

[This is probably an addition to the previous letter written by Ellen Kinney Beard judging from the hand writing. It tells of a church auction held on the farm. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Why! after all, I haven't told you anything about our Church Auction except the statistics of my personal connection with it, on these tiny scraps of paper!!!

Many churches around here have been holding auctions to raise money for the church. Every one in the parish is asked to bring something to sell, which he does not want or can spare, like a rummage sale you know. Only in these events, they have a professional auctioneer come with his secretary and his helper and conduct the sale. He wanted at least 500 articles contributed.

Phebe and Mary offered the farm as a place to hold it, - out in the open of course, - in the back yard between the cow barn and the house. They wanted it in May or June but couldn't get this particular auctioneer whom Mr. Champe, our minister wanted, so it was put off and put off till I feared it would get so cold and windy up here on the hill that people would be so uncomfortable that it wouldn't go very well or be very successful.

But fortunately it was a perfect Oct. day warm and sunny and almost no wind. People came out well, about 200+ here, a very orderly quiet crowd and no noisy boys or prowling curiosity folks. Ladies had to use in door toilet but that was not too disturbing.

Women of the church made piles of sandwiches of several kinds, good big ones, 2 slices and thick filling for men, and some made pies, apple, prune, pumpkin and sold lunches to the crowd; Sandwiches 20 cents, Pie 10 cents Coffee 10 cents. The sale began at 10:30 a.m. and went thru till sunset. Almost every thing was sold. Cars lined the street and the lane and the back fence from barn to gate and then some way in back. They made \$349. total. The lunch table in the back yard made \$88.00 as all food was contributed by church members. 4 boys tended an iced cold drink in bottles stand and turned in \$8.00

Huntington Church had one a year ago and made \$700.00. Another Church some distance away made \$1000.00. They had antiques and very good things to sell. But the auctioneer told me that he couldn't get big prices in such a community as this for the people didn't have money.

Every body enjoyed the day especially the ladies who managed the refreshments. Folding chairs were brought from the church S.S. rooms so a large part of the crowd could sit. Also chairs brought to be sold of which there were many, as well as trunks and other pieces of furniture afforded seats till they had to be sold toward the last. They had hoped to realize \$500.00 but all were pleased with the result.

AUCTION PLANNED BY CHURCH GROUP

SHELTON

Plans have been completed for the auction sale to be conducted by the Church Workers of the Congregational church tomorrow at the Century farm on Long Hill avenue.

Among the articles to be offered for sale are an ice box, vacuum cleaners, dining room suite, radio, bedroom furniture, tables, chairs, glass and chinaware, fruit jars, chests, lamps, antiques, farm implements, freshly canned fruits and vegetables, foodstuffs and other articles.

The ladies of the church will serve a hot luncheon at noon. Roy Gilbert, of Monroe, will be auctioneer.

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Cars parked along Century Farm driveway for auction



Church Auction at Century Farm



This is probably the table full of pie slices for sale at the Century Farm church auction.
 [Photos printed from negatives in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Oct. 12, 1947 was written from Jacksonville, FL by Kathleen to Mother. She talks about past Foochow missionary families and Hugh's tiring work schedule. Hurricanes have threatened but they had no damage. Kathleen entertained her PEO group and used many of her Chinese items as decorations. She is pregnant (with Allen) and asks Mother about her later pregnancies and how she felt. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

1038 Bunker Hill Blvd.
 Jax 8 Fla.
 Oct 12 '47

Dearest Mother

If you are leaving the farm next week this letter will have to be on its way soon to reach you there. I'm very glad you went up to the Burlington meeting and enjoyed it so much. You certainly saw a lot of friends (is Helen Smith home on furlough?) and a lot of beautiful scenery too. Last week some Express friends of Hugh's called on us and the man said his father was a Congregational minister in Vermont and was at that same meeting. Sorry I didn't know it before the meeting. His name is Rev. Hale and we will have the son and his wife over when you are here this winter. Didn't you write that Uncle Elbert was going to Vermont too? But evidently he didn't. The maple sugar sounds great and we shall enjoy every crumb of it to the full.

The Newells were fortunate to get into Penny Farms so soon don't you think? I was glad to know that they are down here and we shall drive down to see them as soon Hugh's work permits. He is on a rather tiring run now down to Tampa, working two nights out of three and having only two consecutive days at home most of which he has to spend sleeping. He is tired all the time and will try to change for the winter but this way he gets over to see his folks quite often so it is nice in that respect. Do you think the Newells plan to stay in Florida now or will they go North for the summer?

The suitcase of Father's clothes has been stored in the attic so I can't tell you everything that is here but there were several union suits and odd pairs of pajama pants, and summer underwear besides the two black suits and his English hat. Hugh took the blue suit, overcoat, shoes and slippers and can use perhaps two of the union suits, but I think there were five or six of the latter. (you did much more hand washing last winter than you needed to) Do you want me to mail any of those to you or will you wait until you get here?

None of the storms (and there have been plenty of them this fall) have done any damage to us, for which we are thankful. The first one, and worst one, was headed right for us and we were really alarmed for a day or two, then it suddenly veered due west and struck south Florida instead of us. We were glad not to be living in that little Ft. Myers house, for, as you may remember, it was not too firm on its foundation. We felt just a little of the edge winds here and had a few rain squalls but not enough to close schools. The storm that followed right after that one swept up thru the center of the state and passed 30 miles West of Jax. It was not called a hurricane but it brought such bad rains that transportation was held up and schools closed for a day. Low parts of the city were flooded for days and roads badly washed out. After that followed strong North East winds which made extremely high tides at the beach and washed away the concrete sea walls in places. One house fell into the ocean and other houses were in such danger that they sent out radio calls for workers to fill sand bags and help reinforce the walls. The latest storm cut across south Florida from West to East and is now out in the Atlantic but is giving us some rainy weather today. A couple of "twisters", as they call them, have been thru the city lately and have taken off a few roofs and messed up a trailer camp. We didn't feel them but they were a bit to close for comfort. But- "it is an ill wind that blow nobody good" you know, and ever since the first hurricane we have had lovely cool weather – even cold at times – which is a grand contrast after the terrible heat. It has made us feel so much better and everybody feels more like doing things. Last week I entertained my P.E.O. chapter and the Adult Church class. Hugh helped me clean up the house and it looked so nice I wanted everyone to see it. I simply let it go all summer and the job was a tremendous one –but I seem none the worse for doing it. I got out all the Chinese things I could use – bureau scarfs, finger towels table cloths dishes etc. and trimmed up for the P.E.O. Lots of remarks passed on them and I was glad of the opportunity to use them. However as usual, none of the towels were used. I have yet to have my first Chinese towel used by a guest. I served pineapple upside-down cake with ice cream and coffee for the desert lunch to ten members present. It was the first meeting of the year and rather a small one but I'm glad I have my entertaining over for this year both for that and the Church group, for soon I won't feel up to it. I'm glad you don't mind my telling the relatives about our prospects for I'm sure they like to know and such things aren't guarded secrets any more as they used to be. I shall write them when I get around to it. My nausea has just about passed now and I feel so much better that my activity is almost normal but I'm sure that I am larger now than I was before at four months and much of the time I feel terribly distended and stretched. Probably the baby is growing fast just now, but I have not felt "life" yet. You asked if it seemed easier this time. (Were your later pregnancies easier than the earlier ones?)- No, I think it is a little harder – after all I'm ten years older and suppose my muscles are more set. My sick period was longer – 2 months instead of one, and more violent. Sometimes it seems as if I just couldn't stretch any more, but I guess nature will take care of that. Thank goodness my period of constipation is over for it was really bad this time. I had to use water almost every day. Monnie sent me four of her maternity dresses so I'm very well fixed for clothes after I let them down. She is shorter than I and the style is longer now.

My! all that fruit you mentioned at Uncle Elbert's sounded so good. How I wished I was near enough to taste some of it. We have had bartlett pears this season but they are 6 to 8 cents apiece and I found some little seekle pears one day that tasted good. Persimmons are in market now and grapefruit is coming in early because of the early cold spell but citrus will be high this year because so much fruit was damaged by winds and rain.

Well, come down just when you feel like it. Your room is ready and waiting for you, but don't feel that you must rush down to help me for I am getting along beautifully, and I want you to do all the visiting that you like. We all send warmest love and hope you have good travelling everywhere – lovingly - Kathleen

1945

- Franklin D. Roosevelt dies
- Hitler commits suicide and Germany surrenders
- Two atomic bombs are dropped on Japan in April and Japan surrenders
- First electronic computer built
- Willard and Ellen are at Century Farm
- Gould and Virginia are in Manhasset, New York
- Geraldine is in Berkeley, California
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Marjorie and Ralph are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Florida
- Willard is 80, Ellen- 77, Gould- 49, Geraldine- 47, Dorothy- 44, Marjorie- 39, and Kathleen- 37.

*[This letter dated **Jan. 3, 1945** was written from Shelton, CT by Ellen and Willard to Geraldine. The letter was written prior to Christmas of 1944 but it was dated Jan 3, 1944. Geraldine is not able to make it to Shelton for Christmas and neither are her sisters. Willard talks about their plans for the holidays. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Jan 3 1944 [*Should be 1945*]
Shelton

Dearest Geraldine,

Warmest Christmas Greetings to you from Mother and all of us. We are all sorry you cannot be with us over the holidays but you have lots of company in your deprivations, for Kathleen, Marjorie, and Dorothy are all feeling about as you do over their inability to be with us. Marjorie thinks at least that she cannot leave as two children are ill. She is coming up tonight to see Gould and family and stay over night returning in the morning, -if this snow that has just begun falling does not make the roads too slippery. We had a snow here Wednesday but they had none in Putnam. Emma and Elbert are coming down Saturday just for the day if weather permits.

Gould and Virginia went to New York yesterday morning and are returning tonight. We have had the pleasure of caring for the children in their absence. The six cats are having the time of their lives??!! or the children are playing with them. They have my sympathy, much as I am averse to feline pets. But how the kiddies enjoy toting them around and playing with them.

I think we're having a turkey for Saturday, our Christmas dinner day, if Emma and Elbert come. If not we may have it Sunday. G's family go to the Spaces Sunday p.m.

I hope you go to the party this p.m. and have a little of the Christmas celebration with others.

I fear you have contributed more than you should to the China relief. Better keep the rest of your money for your own needs for I think this generous enough for you. There are many calls for help.

A really Happy Christmas to you

Love. - Mother.

[written on Willard's calling card by him]

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Jerry. - Gould and family arr'd Tues. evn'g. Ginnie's father and mother drove to B-port and bro't them here about 9:30. We plan to see Monnie this evening and Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert plan to drive down tomorrow.

We would like to feast eyes on you Christmas but your decision to lie low and safely is best. Your \$10.00 China Relief came yesterday, more than \$120.00 thus far thru me- most of it from the idea you started to give to Chi. Rather than to ourselves. Mother and I have sent \$30.00 this time. In all \$50.00 +.

Gould and Ginnie are in N.Y. returning today -the children. Aunt Mary and I got a Christmas tree this a.m. I am not yet used to seeing Hazel go everywhere without difficulty.

Much love

Father



[This letter dated **Feb. 18, 1945** was written by Ellen Kinney Beard to Kathleen. She has heard that Kathleen has had the flu and is wondering if she should come down to help. Father, Willard L. Beard, is in New Haven at Yale Divinity School to see about getting a new pastor to replace the current one who is moving to Vermont. Kathleen's sisters are talking of a reunion and at the reunion they will go through unpacked boxes to divide the contents. Ellen feels the reunion should wait until summer of 1946. Original letter is in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Century Farm,
Shelton, Conn.
Feb. 18", 1945.

Dearest Kathleen,

Thru Dorothy's valentine to me I learned that you have been ill of flu. Are you recovered from it now? Did any one else in the family have it? Did you have a severe case of it? How many days were you confined to your bed? Did you have any one to care for you beside the family, or any one to help care for the family?

Dorothy wrote me, "Why don't you go down now and take over and give Kathleen a chance to recuperate and convalesce without taxing her strength too much."

Well, - why don't I? To answer that I must first ask, Do you really want my help? Will it be a real help to have me there; or will I make you more work than I relieve you of? Would I be crowding you too much? Do you think I could get a reservation on the ground of going to assist a daughter who is ill?

Some people say it may be difficult to get passage home in the spring when people want to come north. Do you think there is any danger of that, in my case? Are they having more R.R. accidents now, that we don't hear about, due to worn-out rolling stock? Do you think there is enough danger of that to deter one from going south where there is a good reason for such a move?

I wrote you a letter in Putnam which probably reached you while you were ill. Your answer to that, if on the way will tell me some things I want to know.

It is still quite cold here and considerable snow still remains. The road beds are clear of it for the most part, around here, but along the sides of the road and on fields, cultivated land and wood land there are several inches of snow on the level, and drifts from one to 4 feet still remain in many places.

Monday- This morning at 7:30 Phebe drove Mary to the Derby just to go to Hartford for a committee meeting, and from there she goes to Boston for another meeting of two days duration, - all in connection with her work as pres. of the Conn. Council of Country Christian Women. She expects to be home Wednesday night.

Father drove to New Haven today to see some man in Yale Divinity School about recommending a student to be our pastor for the next year beginning Mar. 1st. Our present pastor has resigned to take effect Mar. 1st. He has accepted a call to a church in Proctor, Vt. where they wish him to found a small college as well as be the pastor of the church. Both Mr. and Mrs. Frazier seem happy to go there. They will have a number of university graduates in the church who can act as members of the faculty of the college-to-be. Proctor is the city where the great Vermont Marble quarries are and many of the buildings are of marble. He said the basement of their parsonage is built of marble, - floor, walls, etc. smooth finished. The church is built of marble too. They move there a week from tomorrow, Tuesday.

Wednesday of this week our second Lecture service and supper is held and the speaker is to be the man whom Father interviewed today regarding a new pastor for our church, Mr. Woodward of New Haven. Following the supper and the service, the church will give Mr. and Mrs. Frazier a farewell reception in the same room where the supper and service have been held. They are planning a purse of money as a gift, of \$50.00 or more, not definitely decided how much the last I heard. But it was suggested that each organization in the church contribute \$10.00 viz. The Church, the church workers = (women's organization) the missionary society, the S.S., the Pivorim Fellowship = (young people's organization), The Golden Guild, = (the young married women's society.) The King's Daughters, and the choir.

We have had a real winter this year, with lots of snow and cold weather. Up at Elbert's of course, I was warm for his house is so well insulated and he has coal and likes to keep warm himself. And they had plenty of hot water always. I came home last week Thursday by train. Elbert thinks they can get along very well alone till Etta comes back about Easter time.

I fear I have never thanked you for that gift of a bottle of astringent you sent me so long ago. But I do thank you very much for it. I didn't realize I should be away so long when I went to Putnam and as I could not very well get it into my suitcase (which I had to check- I did not have it to use for three months, so I still have most of it left now; but I need to get busy using it steadily for I am getting very wrinkled. Thank you again for it.

I first saw your family photo at Emma's but now have seen the one you sent us at the farm. It is fairly [good] of all, but could be better of you and the girls. Hugh's is very good I think. Thank you very much for it. [See letter dated Dec. 28, 1943 - this may be the photo Ellen is referring to unless there is one more recent.]

Today a broadcast says we may expect more snow tomorrow, perhaps turning to rain late in the day. That will mean bad traveling I fear.

I suppose Marjorie keeps you up-to-date on her family affairs, - that they are now in their own hired furnished house with garden, and trees, strawberry bed and flower garden, and that Johnny's baby hair is now cut boy style "very cute" and that it changes him in appearance definitely, - that Harold and Dorothy gave him as a birthday gift a little sailor suit with long pants. I'm waiting impatiently to see the first photo of him with shorn locks and sailor-suited.

Do you ever hear from Dorothy?!! She must be very busy. We get a good long letter once in a long while.

Marjorie told me when she came east after the three girls met at Dorothy's that they talked over plans for a family reunion next summer here at the farm and when all were here together, go thru the boxes we haven't opened and divide the Chinese things. But I am beginning to wonder if there is really much to divide; for it has been so long since they were packed that I have entirely forgotten what is in them. Some of them were packed fifteen years ago and may contain used clothing and bedding and be linen and bath-room linen and table linen and books and letters we wanted to keep and photographs and such things that you children would not care for, - as well as a few Chinese curios. Two of the boxes we have opened, have contained some used clothing which now, after all these years, and after being packed so long in the leaky school-house, not even we ourselves care anything about, nor will ever use. Some few curios too of course. And the contents of other unopened boxes may be similar; we just can't tell, after all these years, what is there.

I am writing you all this to guard against you children getting too high an estimate of what there is that came from China to be divided. Certainly there are no large or costly curios among them. And probably you children will not care to fill your houses up with such ordinary things as we shall find there.

As Harold and Dorothy and Geraldine and Marjorie and Ralph have all made the expensive trip out here so recently, only a few months ago, they will hardly want to incur that expense for the same trip so soon again. Of course, I know, the important thing in the girl's minds was the getting the whole family together to get acquainted with each other again and for all to meet new members of it. But I wondered if it would not be better to wait the reunion until the summer of '46. I know you all want to see Johnny before he outgrows his baby attractiveness; and they all want to see your girlies before they get quite grown up. Elbert regrets that he is missing seeing them during these tender years of early childhood. Well we cannot tell that Geraldine may be putting on as a feature to change the whole picture; so we will hold our decision in abeyance for future developments.

Do write me how you are and to answer my inquiries in this and my previous letter. With much love to all the family, Affectionately Mother.

[In the margin of the first page she explains a random pen marking across the page.]

These oblique marks mean nothing. My undirected pen did that while I was asleep!!

[This letter dated April 14, 1945 was written from Shelton, CT by Ellen to Marjorie. She includes excerpts from a letter written by Eunice Smith Bishop who is now living in Chungking, China. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Shelton,
Apr. 14", [1945]

Dear Marjorie,

Just today we received a circulating letter from Eunice Smith Bishop who is now living in Chungking.

She and her husband and Helen Smith went back last year to China and had to fly part way, - from Calcutta to Chungking. They were so limited in baggage that they could hardly take what they really needed.

This letter is to circulate among 17 people so I can't send it to you, but have copied some of the most interesting parts, as I thought you would be interested in how she is living and what she is doing, - you knew her so well on Kuliang in China. Moreover I remember you wrote father some time ago for material for a talk you were to give on China. I forget the date of it and have not the letter before me; but thought if that was not already past, you might find a few ideas in this letter of Eunice's that would be of interest.

Helen's working in Chengtu perhaps 200 or 300 miles from Eunice in Chungking.

A letter from Myra yesterday said Stanley is starting Sunday Apr. 15 on that much announced (by me) trip west. He goes first to Montreal, Toronto, _____, Detroit, Chicago and perhaps, Saginaw. I don't know how long his trip is to be nor when he will arrive in Saginaw, - if he comes.

Father and I went to the Dr's for a check up this morning. He found my heart condition better and says I may hold up on my medicine for a while and see how it acts.

My blood pressure was all right, also urine.

I will let Father write the result of his check up himself.

Did you and Dorothy receive invitations to Dorothy Jewett's wedding on Apr. 21"?

Father says we will go. We'll go down to Gould's on Friday p.m. and go with Gould and family to the wedding and spend Sunday with them and come home Monday A.M.

Hazel and Willard are attending the wedding also.

A letter from Mrs. Jewett today said she wished all the Beard girls could be present.

Yes, I am going to write a reply to Ralph's fine letter just as soon as I can find a measure of time sufficiently vacant of musts to do justice to that fine honor. You'll see when that time arrives that I did appreciate the honor enough to give it a prompt reply- if it hadn't got waylaid. I hope he'll forgive the delay.

How I would like to hear one of Johnny's long stories. We'll be out there to see him and you all as soon as we can after the wedding.

Annibel is being sold, - is sold to Dan. She is in the big barn with Dan's cows tonight. Because she is too much work for Father to milk and care for and too much work for Margaret to milk and too much work for Mary to make butter, and too much work for Phebe to make cottage cheese. So we will buy our milk of Dan and our butter at the store, and give all these people a rest.

Wasn't our President's sudden death [Roosevelt-April 12, 1945] a sad and terrifying surprise! But radio reports from commentators inspire confidence and faith in our new President's ability and purpose to carry on as Commanding Chief and heads of the Nations.

Oct. 18, 1944.

Notes from Eunice Smith Bishop's Letter.

Both she and husband find plenty to do. Many opportunities.

The Chinese Industrial Cooperatives; The Friends of the Wounded; the United Christian Publishers; and local industrial organizations have all been anxious to get Merlin (her husband) to join their organizations to work with them.

Poor Arthur Coole (Dr. Coole's son whom I think you knew at Kuliang) was just breaking under the weight of all his treasurieships and the most immediate need seemed to be for Merlin to take over the treasurieship of the United Clearing Board, which is the Board set up for the Mission and Relief organizations, to get better exchange for the U.S. Dollar. It has the approval of both the Chinese and the U.S. Government.

It has been very successful and hundreds of millions of dollars go thru his hands every month. (I think this figure must mean Chinese dollars,) after the U.S. dollars have been changed into Chinese currency)

He has an office in one of the banks in the center of town and that has given him a chance to make all kinds of interesting contacts. It is a great satisfaction to know that his long hours at this office are helping to keep schools and churches going and relief funds more adequate.

The official rate of exchange is still \$39.00 to \$1.00 U.S. and the situation was desperate for much of the church work. The Clearing Board rate at present is about \$180.00 to \$1.00 U.S.

In Eunice's work- "From Sept. 18 to 28 there was held here in Chungking the first National Conference of all those interested in Child Welfare. It was called by the Woman's Advisory Committee of the New Life Movement. (all the more interesting because started entirely by the Chinese without foreign missionary guidance) Educators, Social Workers, Medical Workers, Psychologists, sociologists, gathered from all over free China. I went to all the meetings that I could and had an excellent chance to meet many splendid leaders, and to find out what was being done.

I was greatly impressed to find that most of the conference leaders were people trained in our Christian Schools. Three were graduates of the Xua Nan College of Foochow. (Meth) The lectures covered many vital fields of work and the discussions dealt with war and post-war problems concerning the children and the home and institutional care.

After the conference adjourned, trips were planned for all those interested in seeing some of the work being done near here. One day was spent at Kilo-shan seeing Madam Chiang's No. 1 War orphanage- the "showplace"- and it was just that. Perfect to the Nth degree, as far as exquisite buildings, equipment and cleanliness is concerned, and really quite thrilling to see what can be done in war time in China. Yet we realized it was at the expense of some of the other orphanages, and that the contrast between this and others was pretty great.

We were most impressed by the work of the Ministry of Social Affairs. This ministry was just established 2 ½ yrs. ago and they have set before them a vast program of relief and social work. The leader is a very fine young man who, altho he is not a Christian himself feels and openly says he needs and wants the close cooperation of the church in his program of work. They have a very fine orphanage for foundlings and poor children. Ideal from the standpoint of nutrition health, and medical care, but quite lacking in educational methods and technique. Wonderful buildings, grounds, kitchens, clinic and location. We visited their orphanages for the nursery, Kindergarten and other children. We found them equally fine in health, and physical care, but we all felt the lack of adequate educational opportunities. One group of 9-14 year old children had a very fine leader and had had a great deal to do with the building and fixing up of their play ground. One group were making their own straw sandals but there seemed to be too little of that type of work. At another place we visited another project of the Ministry of Social Affairs. Here they had a Maternity clinic and hospital, a school for the blind, an old people's home, an industrial shop for training of the older orphans, a kindergarten and a nursery, and a shelter for beggars.

It is all very fine, and certainly makes you realize what possibilities there are. All this is just the beginning of a vast project that has just been going over 2 years. It is certainly thrilling to be here and see what New China is doing.

At the Laura Haygood Kindergarten School where I am teaching two days a week, I am teaching a class in homemaking- that is, the child care side of the home. I am working in all the specialists that I met at the conference. The medical Dr. has talked to them on Pre-natal health; now a nutritionist is speaking on the baby's food and how to fix it. She is demonstrating and making it very practical. We will have a doll next week and demonstrate bathing and dressing the baby. The girls are just Sr. High School 1st and 2nd year girls, and it is just an experiment to see how much they can get.

I am also teaching a handwork class, and supervising some in the kindergarten. Besides these, there are contacts with those working on children's work around the city. Another job I have is being chairman of the

Cooking Section of the International Women's Club. It is a lively group made up of Chinese, French, British and Russian (and herself American?). We try to make practical things out of local products. It is lots of fun and gives me a chance to meet some very lovely Chinese women and to be in their lovely homes. We will get some interesting International Recipes also.

End of direct quotation

She tells also of their joy in having a home by themselves, - that a home in Chungking is a rare and cherished joy, - that they were the most fortunate couple in Chungking when they fell heir to their little doll house on the hill. They are the only foreign couple in Chungking living in a home above by themselves. Every other couple, - and there are only a very few, - are living in boarding houses or are boarding a lot of wifeless men. Their little house was built last year and belongs to the treasurer's office and Merlin as a treasurer was entitled to it. The whole house is 24 ft. square, - has a cozy little living-dining room, a wee kitchen and servant room, a bed room and a tiny bathroom. It has some furniture, and they borrowed rugs to cover the current floor and pictures to cover white-washed walls, and they bought a few things. They thought Foochow was an expensive place but here they paid \$18.00 U.S. for a pair of flatirons. \$10.00 for 2 small bread pans. They are very happy to have their own place. There are so many lonesome people there, - men without their wives are certainly a forlorn lot, and single ladies boarding around. Eunice likes to entertain them, and some Chinese friends in her home, as she can to supper or tea.

She writes;-"Merlin is out with a group of bankers and government men this evening. He has enjoyed so much getting to know a lot of these men. So many of them are fine Christians and they are active in the church! We go to church here on the Chin Ching school campus- a church started and run entirely by official and government and wealthy people. The audience itself is an inspiration."

Then she writes of how wet it has been there at the time she writes Oct. 18th, '44, - they had not seen the sun for over 3 wks. And the conditions were mud and more mud.

She also writes of how they both are using many things left by other missionaries of our board who have recently left on furlo, - they couldn't take much as they flew, and were limited on baggage. And what they left came in very handy for Merlin and Eunice as they also were limited on baggage when they left America, knowing they too would leave to go part way by air plane. What was discarded by those who left was a God-send to those who arrived short-handed.

[This letter dated Nov. 25, 1945 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Ellen to son-in-law, Hugh Elmer. She thanks him for his letters and for his invitation for them to come to Florida to visit. She talks about her trip to Putnam and updates Hugh and Kathleen on some of the relatives. Eighteen people spent Thanksgiving at the farm. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Century Farm,
Shelton, Conn.
Nov. 25", '45.

Dear Hugh,

This letter is especially to you in answer to that fine letter you wrote me so long ago. It was very much appreciated, being the first I had received from any of my sons-in-law. Since then, I have received one from Ralph and another from you.

I realize how difficult I shall find it to prove to you how very much I did appreciate that thoughtful, friendly message from you, the only positive proof- a prompt reply- being entirely absent.

Sincerely apologizing for that unconscionable lapse of time, I trust you will accept my hearty thanks for your good letter and for the kind invitation it contained to visit the family in your new home.

From certain rumors floating about, you may have gathered what I am about to report; viz. that not only I but we accept with pleasure your generous invitation to make your home our retreat for a brief sojourn.

Father has looked forward for some months to visiting you all this winter, and it is needless to say that I have anticipated it with reminiscent background.

If all goes according to plan, we shall spend the week end of Dec. 9" with Gould's family and come on from there to Jacksonville early in the week. Definite data we will report later as our plans develop.

I hope this influx of people and baggage will not crowd you unbearably, and I hope it will not necessitate readjustment of your home arrangement too drastically.

Two weeks ago I made a brief visit to Putnam, considerably briefer than I intended, because of conflicting appointments. I had anticipated three or more long auto trips to visit relatives while in Putnam, but discovered Elbert had suddenly and unexpectedly sold his car, quite on the spur of the moment, for the advantage of top price and spot cash. He plans to go thru the winter without a car and buy a new one in the spring. He had used his car seven years.

Perhaps Father has written you that he sold his car before we went to Saginaw this past summer; and how we both do miss it. Elbert will miss his car too, I'm sure.

We were so glad to hear of the correction of the mistake on Cynthia's report card! What a discouraging effect the wrong marks must have had on the little girl's efforts at the school work she loves so well! Congratulations to her and her parents. It touched me deeply.

We had the usual party here at the farm on Thanksgiving day, eighteen sitting around the table. Stanley and Myra were not here as usual, but went to Nancy's instead. They will visit Ruth before they return on Wednesday next; and Stanley put into the trip two business engagements, one in Philadelphia and one in Duke Univ. Myra telephoned us from Nancy's saying all were well there and that all had gone well with their trip.

One of the appointments which hurried me home from Putnam was the weekend visit of Stanley and Myra just after their return from their long trip to the West Coast. They had seen Geraldine and I could not miss a personal interview with them. They reported that she was well and happy and very much interested in her all-absorbing subject. Myra said Geraldine had promised herself that she would decide the question by Christmas. G. and Roger were at dinner with Stanley and Myra in their hotel, and S. and M. were at G's apartment once. They had a great trip,- all by air.

Kathleen will remember Vinnie Beard [*Lavinia Beard*], Theodore's [*Willard's cousin, Zina Chatfield's son*] down at the mill. She died last week after an illness of several years. We four attended the funeral last Friday at 2 p.m. Anna, her sister, a former court stenographer, will now be all alone in her part of the house, but Paul Clapp and family, whom Kathleen will remember as farmer for the aunts at the farm 12+ yrs. ago, live in the other part of the house and will be company for her.

We will give you all the rest of the news when we see you, soon. With much love to all the family; and another enthusiastic Thank you for your two good letters. Sincerely,- Mother.

I was very sorry to hear of your mother's accident and illness. I hope she is nearly recovered now and is comfortably convalescing.



December 15, 1945 in front of an American Airlines DC-3 "Flagship Palm Springs" at La Guardia Airport, NJ
Left to Right: Willard Livingstone Beard, Ellen Kinney Beard, Virginia Space Beard, Myron Gould Beard, Hazel
Ellen Beard, Willard Frederick Beard.
[Photo from Mona Beard, family of Myron Gould Beard.]

1946

- UN General Assembly meets for first time and League of Nations dissolves
- Benjamin Spock publishes book on childcare
- Willard and Ellen are at Century Farm
- Gould and Virginia are in Manhasset, New York
- Geraldine is in Berkeley, California
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Marjorie and Ralph are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Jacksonville, Florida
- Willard is 81, Ellen- 78, Gould- 50, Geraldine- 48, Dorothy- 45, Marjorie- 40 and Kathleen- 38.

[This letter, dated **Jan. 1, 1946**, was written from Manhasset, NY by Gould to Willard, Ellen, Hugh, Kathleen, Jill and Cynthia. Willard and Ellen are visiting at Kathleen and Hugh's house in Florida. Gould talks about the past Christmas. He tells about some of his work travels. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

6 Martin Place
Manhasset, N.Y.
Jan 1st, 1946

Dear Father, Mother, Hugh, Kathleen, Jill and Cynthia:

What a family! You must have had a grand time all together this Xmas. So did we with all the Spaces here at the house. Mother and Father Space and Lillian and all her family were here from Sunday nite till Wednesday morning. Roberta and Jodee came down the night before Xmas and stayed with Fred and Nancy and they were all here for Xmas dinner on Xmas Eve. Ginny had the big dinner then so that the tree could take preference on Xmas day. I carved up one 19# turkey completely Xmas eve and half of a 14# turkey for afternoon cold dinner Xmas day. We found beds for everyone except Hazel who slept on the couch cushions of the floor in our room. Roberta and Jodee slept at Fred and Nan's. The package containing the book ends, fur mittens and grand sticks of candy came, a couple of days after Xmas and we all had a lot of fun opening it.

Work was piling up so fast before Xmas that I got rather tired and had a hard time getting into the zest for celebrating that the others had. Hazel and Willard were out of school with the flu the week before Xmas but all the kids were ok on the 25th. All the kids pitched in and decorated the tree on Sunday night and had a grand time. Our tree is a little smaller this year, but is a shade prettier than last year.

Mother and Father will be interested in knowing that we flew to Tulsa that Sunday nite when we left LaGuardia. We had about 4 hrs. rest then and took off to arrive at Santa Monica at 8:00 a.m. We were very tired when we arrived, but had to stay around till the plane was unloaded and fly it to Burbank, then catch a taxi back to Santa Monica and the hotel. Got to bed about 4:00 in the afternoon and slept till 10:00 p.m. then dressed and went out to eat a leisurely, late dinner. The next two days I spent checking the DC-6 mockup. Thursday morning we took out of Burbank for Tulsa via El Paso as there were storms and cold fronts across the route and we might need more fuel to fly over Tulsa if the weather continued bad. We arrived there about 7:00 p.m. Tulsa time and after looking the New York weather over we decided to hold at Tulsa for 12 hrs and let the front pass over that was due over N.Y. about the time we would have arrived if we went straight thru. The next day we had a good trip there on top of the overcast all the way.

We had a beautiful white Christmas in the north. Christmas night it started to rain and by the next morning the rain had melted almost all the snow. We have had a rather wet snow and a rash of rain since Xmas and today it is just freezing. I suspect you had a cold snap in Jacksonville too for Xmas.

I was in hopes that a deal would come thru to send me to Eglin Field for a day or two and I could stop off in Jacksonville. The mock up of the Douglas "Mix Master" has called off that trip so now I doubt whether I get thru this winter.

Ginny is putting on another church supper soon and is on the phone much of the time making plans. The kids start school again tomorrow and all activities of the new year get back into the usual groove. This year we are to work ½ hr. longer each day and have Saturday off. That will give me more time to work around the place and my garden and landscaping may come along better than it did last year. I am still trying to get some daffodils into the ground that Uncle Stanley gave me. They will bloom in the spring if I can get them in before Feb. There is a ?d of glads still undug that I should get in to the ?? ?? I covered them with leaves and think they will be up if it does not freeze to hard.

Jerry sent us a handsome wrought iron house marker No 6 on a spike to stick in the ground by a lamp post. I also got the book of knots by Ashley which I have wanted a long time. It illustrates every knot every tied and should be a lot of fun to work with, especially if I do the cellar game room over into a ships cabin. With the money that was given me I have now a total of over \$30.00 for a drill press for my workshop. I will get it when the second hand drill presses come on the market from these war factories. I believe the government will not be too quick about closing our all the plants because they are not sure what old Joe Stalin may have in his mind for the future.

The aunties at the Farm sent us a picture of Grandpa and Grandma Beard which we have admired so much and for so long.

Further, I am attaching the interest check for the loan on the house which should have been mailed you in October. We intended to give it [to] you when you were here, but the general confusion made me forget to give it to you.

I have heard nothing about plans for a class reunion as yet. Hope someone starts the idea going as I would like to see all the old friends again.

All our love and best wishes for a very happy New Year to all.

Lovingly,
Gould.

*[This letter dated **May 5, 1946** was written from Jacksonville, FL by Kathleen to Mother and Father. She tells about all the free spinach that she and the ladies from church canned for the European Famine Relief. There are new neighbors from CT. She tells her parents about a couple of items they left at the house on their recent visit to Florida. Kathleen wonders about everyone's plans for summer vacation. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

1038 Bunker Hill Blvd.
Jacksonville 8 Fla.
May 5, '46

Dear Mother and Father:

Your cards have let us know that you arrived at your two destinations safely, and I suppose you are now resting up from the trip- and watching the Northern spring. This house seemed pretty empty for a few days after you left but there was enough to do to keep me from getting too lonely. The mission study book on Africa consumed most of the week after you went but it rained on the day we gave it and only eight or nine ladies showed up. On the following Monday the church ladies were cutting and canning spinach for European famine relief so I joined them in the morning and did my laundry in the afternoon. Fortunately it was a marvelous day and everything got dry. A truck gardener about two miles west of here donated about five acres of spinach because he couldn't get enough for it to pay for picking it, so all the Methodist women in the city are collaborating on the project. I can think of more nourishing foods to send than spinach but will hope they like it. Mrs. McCoy (wife of the church violinist) drove us over there, and Mrs. Sneller was also in our party. Other cars from other churches arrived later until we had about twelve people out at the field. Such straight, even, weedless rows I never saw and everything around there was in "apple-pie order". Cutting was not hard for the rows were hilled up nearly a foot and the leaves grew on stalks almost a yard long (such is Florida spinach) only the top ten inches of which we were told to cut. But carrying the hampers back to the shed and packing in the crates, which we also had to hoist, was a bit hard on our frail backs. We were not loath to quit after two hours when someone thought we had enough to keep the canners busy all day. We picked and packed 35 crates in that time, then we drove to the county prison farm where the public canning kitchen is, and a view of that was most interesting. Any woman may bring her produce there and can it herself, using all their modern equipment for nothing. All she has to pay is 4 cents per can for the tin cans she uses. There must have been over fifty women there, perhaps thirty of them doing spinach. The rest were canning meat, squash, beans, etc. for themselves. Maybe we will take advantage of that when we get our car. We stripped leaves off of spinach stems until noon and then came home.

Doctor Walters was in the hospital two days when he had his tonsils out and he says he has been getting along just fine since then. However, he has not preached for two Sundays. Two retired ministers have supplied for him, but I think he will preach next Sunday. He certainly does not look as though he had under-gone an operation- perhaps partly because he took local anesthetic instead of ether. We sent him some strawberries when he was well enough to eat normally. Our strawberries are continuing to bear copiously and there are still lots of blossoms so we will probably have them until June. We had shortcake again this noon.

Our new neighbors are getting settled now and we know them fairly well. Mrs. McNeil is from New London Conn. so we have something in common. Mr. McNeil is the son of a Methodist minister in Alabama. Their little boy is about Cynthia's age and is over here half the time playing. He goes to Sunday School with us and is named- John!!! Their baby boy is 14 months and I have taken care of him once while his mother went to town. He is marvelously good - stayed just where I put him playing with blocks, didn't cry at all, and slept half the time he was here. She gave me a pound of real butter the next day for keeping him. They can get all the butter, soap, canned milk and other scarce items at the navy commissary. He is a naval officer you know- and the navy always has plenty. We haven't been able to get even oleo lately and were days without it or butter. Mrs. McNeil seems very nice but looks of foreign descent or Jewish, I can't quite tell. She has black hair, dark eyes and a rather large nose. She seems fairly cultured and he seems much interested in fixing up the yard so they will make good neighbors. All the renters in this block have their notices to vacate in 60-90 days, or buy, so we will soon be having lots of new

neighbors around here. Copelands are going to move as soon as they can after school lets out. We will also be sorry to see the Gormans go.

We see many things around that remind us of your visit here but I think you left only one article which you didn't mean to- possibly two. The morning after you went I discovered Mother's large wash-cloth hanging on the hall rack. Shall I send it or wait and bring it? Then I found on your closet shelf two Chinese fans which you hadn't mentioned. Did you mean to leave them? On my closet shelf I found (When I cleaned) the little bulb syringe that you bought at Walgreen's. I guess from its location that you intended to leave that. Thank you. Thanks too for all the nice hangers.

Easter was a lovely day here. We got up at 5:30 to attend the sunrise service at our church and all wore coats. There were perhaps 20 people out to it, but I was a bit disappointed in the service, for it was just a short edition of regular church service- nothing special except candles and additional flowers. The Sunday School and church services were capacity crowds with additional folding chairs in the aisles. The choir sang the "Holy City" and dragged it unbearably but otherwise it was a good Easter service. We left our coats at home for the second service and the bus made a special trip down here to bring church-goers home that day. Now it is May and the summer heat is coming. After such a delightfully cool April I hate to have it get hot. It may hurry my tomatoes along a bit tho. I have about forty plants set out now and will not have room for all the rest of them so may give them to the McNeils next door.

Are you still planning to go to Oberlin next month for commencement? And what are your plans after that? None of the girls say a word about summer plans and summer is almost here. As far as we know our vacation is still set for August 9/18 unless this coal strike cuts off all the trains and gives Hugh the whole summer off. It seems as tho they must settle it soon or there will be chaos.

All four of us send love to all there
Lovingly
Kathleen

*[This letter dated **May 23, 1946** was written from Jacksonville, FL by Kathleen to Mother and Father. She tells them that all of the maple syrup they ordered was delivered to her and what should she do with it all. Hugh is caught in the rail strike. She lunched with Monnie's roommate, Eleanor Edwards. The house has new paint on it now. Cyndy said "iniquicity" at a bible study one evening. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

1038 Bunker Hill Blvd.
Jacksonville 8 Fla.
May 23 '46

Dear Mother and Father:

The pressing subject of this letter is maple syrup. Its here- all of it, and I would like to know what to do with it. The Mr. Smith who drove you to the station was kind enough to bring it out here for us, since it weighs 70 pounds and now it is standing in your room awaiting instructions. There are five gallon tins, two half gallons and a large can of maple sugar which melted on the way down and leaked all over the carton and other tins. I put it in the ice box but don't think it has crystallized yet. If you wish me to send each piece to its destination from here it will probably save quite a lot of Express charges, or we can box it all and send it up to you. Just let me know soon for I don't want it moulding or fermenting on my hands and the weather is hot now.

Well, what we have been dreading for the past weeks has finally happened- and the rail strike caught Hugh up in Florence. I don't know whether he will stay there until something definite is announced or whether he will try to get home by bus. Either one will be costly and he will miss his run. What a mess this country is going to be in and how angry everyone will be at the train-men. If the coal strike is called too we might just as well all quit.

Last week Thursday I met Eleanor Edwards (Monnie's college roommate) downtown for lunch. We decided to go to the Coffee Shack where you both lunched with me one noon, but found the restaurant part of it closed and the store being remodeled so E. took me to a new Chinese Inn recently opened near the Post Office. It was very nice, air conditioned, quiet, not crowded and the Chinese food was fairly good. It was a little more expensive than the Shack so she insisted on treating me. (Seeing as her husband had got a raise and mine hadn't I thought maybe she could afford to!!) We exchanged clippings, pictures and news for an hour and I'll enclose this one that will interest you- from her town paper in Penn Yan N.Y. of which her brother is owner and editor I think. She spoke again about how thankful she was to Father for speaking at her WSCS meeting, and said they were going North late in June for a vacation. We also planned a beach trip together after school closes and just today a letter

came from her asking if David could stay with us for two days while she goes to a convention down state. Of course the girls are delighted. That will be June 5 and 6.

You should see our little house now with its new shiny coat of paint. All the passers-by look at it and probably smell the fresh paint. The two men who talked to Hugh while you were here finally came back and they did a quick job- two days. We have been messed up a bit and have had bugs in the house without screens but it certainly does improve the looks. The yellow is a shade deeper than before and the shutters are more brick colored than maroon but it blends very well. Next year we'll have to paint the inside. The piano tuner also came during the painting so we got everything done at once.

Cynthia was reading at our bible session the other night and came upon the word "iniquity". She called it "iniquickity" and it was very hard to contain our laughter.

Ants are getting more strawberries than we are now and the rains are rotting them, but they are still bearing and we have given Walters, Copelands and Edwards some. I have a few green tomatoes on my plants now and red poppies in my flower bed.

The painters told us that our house has termites so Hugh is going to creosote it underneath. Much love
Kathleen

Your Shanghai Evening Posts are still coming here. Do they know you have gone back north? We enjoyed your collective letter very much and hope we do get a vacation. If the strike lasts long all vacations may be cancelled.

*[This letter dated **July 14, 1946** was written from Jacksonville, FL by Kathleen to Mother and Father. She inquires about her sisters and if they are coming east. She declines the offer to stay in the north longer as she must get home to entertain father Elmer while Hugh is on his train runs. She tells about the 17th anniversary of her church. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

1038 Bunker Hill Blvd.
Jacksonville 8 Fla.
July 14 '46

Dear Mother and Father:

Your letter, Father, was most welcome and we were glad to hear about your trip, details of which we can hear from you in person, but your allusion to the mangos was most mystifying. I'm afraid I must disclaimed any knowledge of them for I have not seen one myself this year and we can't get them here. I'm certainly glad you got them but you had better look again on the crate and find out the right person to thank. Are you sure they came from Florida and do you have any friends in South Florida who might have sent them? Perhaps Gould ordered them while he was in California. A good letter from Gerry came last week saying that Gould was out there recently. I was glad to know that Gerry is quite definitely coming East and so we will see her at least. Now how about Dot and Monnie?

Thankyou for your offer for me to stay on and come home by train but I guess I had better not do it this time for several reasons. I should help Hugh with the driving on the way back and be there to entertain Father Elmer while Hugh is gone on his run, and then school comes pretty soon after we get home and we need a little time to get ready for it. However Hugh says he will ask for an extra trip off with his vacation so that we can stay over the week end. He will have to take it without pay, of course, but four days does seem awfully short. Do you know yet how we are going to distribute ourselves without making too much "discombobulation"? Will Gould's family be able to come up too? The children are getting all excited about riding the ponies. I do hope they are gentle ones for neither of my girls know a thing about riding.

Today was "Homecoming" and 17th anniversary of our Church. The lay-leader of Jacksonville Methodists spoke and gave a very good sermon. There was a community dinner on Mr. Sneller's lawn following the service, but it rained before we began to eat so tables were placed on their screened porch and it was pretty crowded. The shower was a short one tho, and most of us took our plates out and stood around the yard. Being a "pot-luck" there was about everything one could imagine to eat, and plenty of iced tea to drink. It was really most enjoyable. Last night was Hugh's class meeting at Mrs. Green's. We had the best turnout yet, about twenty, counting children and we had quite a hilarious entertainment with Mrs. Walter's giving comedy readings. She had us in stitches. Tomorrow begins our daily vacation Bible school so it will be a busy week – and I hope not so hot as this week.

Lots and Lots of love

Kathie



Beard in-laws and three of the grandchildren- probably August 1946 in Shelton

Kathleen refers to taking a trip up north in her previous letter.

L to R: Ralph Butt with son, Johnny , Hugh Elmer with daughter, Cynthia, Virginia Space Beard, Jill Elmer and Harold Newberg.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **about July 25, 1946** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He kept busy with a council meeting and talks when he visited Dot and Harold. He now has a hernia on both sides. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

July 25th [about 1946]

Dear Geraldine:-

It seems long and it is long since I have heard a word from you. It seems longer because I have been over a trip (Chinese expression) and done and seen people and things- many. The council meeting was interesting- all of it and the 12 days with Dot and Harold with a little work for me, two talks at the boys camp were very pleasant and after I got back I realized that that 12 days gave me a good rest. Both Mother and I slept, slept, slept. One morning it was 9:30 when we appeared for breakfast- so late we did not eat lunch, - two meals that day, - nothing to do but eat, sleep and rest.

Gould and Ginny stopped a week ago on their way to Vermont or N. Hampshire to the Spaces camp, - stopped about 15 min. and again 15 min. on their way home. They appeared well and said the children were enjoying camp.

It remains hot and dry. A little shower last nite and now at 2:15 p.m. it looks like more. I am ready to go see Dr. Edson again about my hernia- one on each side now. I wanted him to let me wear a truss, but he was unfavorable in June. I have talked with one man who has worn one for 10 years or more- with others who have known men who wore them and all favor the truss.

I wish I could write something that would help you decide your momentous question but that no one but you can decide. In any combining of people- whether two or more or nations each must give up something to make a success and the success depends on the how of the giving up. In your letter to me you say Roger is an ardent Episcopalian and you are a heathen. What is your definition of "heathen". Look it in the dictionary. My private conviction is that you would not be classed as a heathen, by an interested person. There is some Being outside yourself to which you lean at times. I should- always have done so when a problem baffles me, and I have been helped. I have talked with my Being outside myself about you and told Mother you were built of her- she kept me waiting a long time for the definite answer- but she does not remember it.

Lots of love
Father



Undated photo of Marjorie, Gould, Ellen, Willard and Geraldine before 1947
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson. A copy is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on photo: "Fall 1946"

Left to right: Willard and Ellen Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard, Phebe M. Beard with Myra Palmer Beard behind her, Mary Beard, Stanley Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1948

- Ghandi assassinated
- Nation of Israel proclaimed
- Truman ends racial segregation in the military
- Theodore Allen Elmer II was born March 16, 1948 to Kathleen and Hugh
- Ellen is in Saginaw, Michigan
- Gould and Virginia are in Manhasset, New York
- Geraldine is in New York
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Marjorie and Ralph are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Jacksonville, Florida
- Ellen is 80, Gould- 52, Geraldine- 50, Dorothy- 47, Marjorie- 42, and Kathleen- 40.

Theodore Allen Elmer II was born March 16, 1948 to Kathleen and Hugh Elmer.

*[These two letters dated **June 1, 1948** were written from Saginaw, Michigan by Ellen to Kathleen and Hugh. She is sending money for them to use. She plans to send money for baby Allen and she tells them the latest on her health. Letters in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

2306 North Bond St.
Saginaw, Mich.
June 1st, 1948.

Dearest Kathleen,

I am sending you herewith the check I intended to give you at the time baby came, but I was slipping some then, I guess, and more afterward and it didn't get done. This is not the first birthday gift for Allen such as Father gave to Jacqueline and Cynthia; that will come when you write me, (as I asked in my letter to Hugh.) how to write the name on the bank book similarly to the girl's names on their books. I shall let you get the bank book, of course, when you deposit the check down there starting his account.

This check is for you to use as you wish. And if you take your vacation trip and come north as I have heard some talk of, this summer, I will add something to this.

Have you made any plans yet? Just write us as soon as you decide. I am sure Dorothy and Harold have given up going to California this year. Harold has taken a job at the Y.M.C.A. for the summer and will be here most of the time. I suppose he will have a vacation the last of the summer.

I suppose you have had an invitation from Leolyn and William Morgan to the wedding of their youngest daughter, the twin to the only son, (forget his name.) [William Jr.]

This is Polly's second marriage and I was a bit surprised to see it so ceremoniously carried out. We all up here in Saginaw are going together on rather a modest gift (considering it is not a first marriage) and we wondered if you would like to go in with us making it a family gift and much easier for us all. In that way I think two dollars for a family is enough. Dorothy suggested table linen which I think is very appropriate, - a table cloth or a set of place mats, or whatever we find that makes the most suitable gift. We may have to go a little higher but I will be the one to put in more, with perhaps Dorothy's help, but you and Marjorie ought not to put in more than two dollars, you know the family so little. Geraldine will want to make her own gift, as her relations with the family have been so much more intimate than any of the rest of us. But I shall help her out on that as she will probably not be satisfied to present anything that will not cramp her purse. But don't you send more than two dollars, if you decide to go in with us, - or even one dollar is enough, if you happen to have been invited. Write soon.

We are all eager to hear your plans; I wonder if you are waiting to hear anything from us. I wish I had a home to invite you all to, but I am not in that position. I think it would be possible to rent rooms wherever your plans take you. A letter from Etta says she is on a tour of visits to her sons and to Oberlin to the Cong'l. meetings. Phebe writes she and Mary are going to Oberlin but does not say from there, where. Edith is going to bring her family to the farm to keep the house and feed the animals while they are gone. They have rented the farm for the year to a Stratford man who will take charge as soon as his son is out of college. He will have a hired farmer in the little cottage where the school house was, to help out.

Phebe's letter does not say whether the renter will live in the house at the farm or not; but she writes that he "has a business or rather works at the G.E. in B-Port" but is up at the farm every free moment he has. Will send you her letter and others as soon as all here have read them. With much love to all the family.

Affectionately,
Mother.

2306 North Bond St.
Saginaw, Mich.
June 1st, 1948.

Dear Hugh,

It was a happy surprise to receive your "Mother's Day" letter, and I thank you for remembering me on that occasion with such a cheering account of family activities.

Repetition of a never failing event has led me to expect an appreciative message of some kind from each of my own children, but felicitations from my sons-in-law are often incorporated in their wife's letters. So your letter in your own hand writing was a very special remembrance. And very special not only for that reason but because it

told so much about the new member of the family about whom I am always eager for news. I too, wish I could see baby Allen now for I am sure he has changed a good deal since I saw him last. You have done well to start him on church attendance at so early an age; and I can well understand how he stirred up a Father's pride when he was taken to town shopping! And how about the Mother's?!! And why shouldn't the Baby hold the center of things in the home when you have waited for him so long? I surely would like to be there to enjoy him with you all too.

I should have sent the enclosure I am including, before that shopping trip for a hat and bag. I have not given Kathleen the birth gift I intended to send long but at last am sending it now to her in your letter. This one is not Theodore Allen Elmer's first birthday gift from Grandpa and Grandma Beard but I will send that soon if Kathleen will write me how the names should be written on the bank book and on the check, just as Father had it written on Jacqueline's and Cynthia's. Is the word "Parent" or "Guardian" used on the book or only Kathleen Cynthia Elmer, for Theodore Allen Elmer? Kathleen please write me soon.

I have given your message of "thanks" to Dorothy for all her goodness to us. I have also thanked her too, for her good care of me in my illness in Jacksonville and here, and for her willingness to relinquish her teaching and come down to Fla. to care for me and help us out in my incapacity, and escort me to her home. I paid her railroad fare both ways and reimbursed her for the time she had to pay a substitute, giving her a check for \$285.00. Perhaps I should not be the news breaker, but possibly it is all right for you to know that Dorothy and Harold have both received their contracts for teaching next year at a salary raise of \$500.00 each over last year's figure. Ralph has also had an increase of \$600.00 in his salary and he thinks it should be more!!!! Don't tell any one I told you this, about either family.

Yes, my health has gradually improved with rest and Dorothy's good care, as you wrote you hoped had taken place. The Dr. has also had a hand in the improvement. I have been to his office twice a week for most of the time since I came here. By his prescription I am taking four kinds of pills, some of them one a day, some of them one, twice a day, another kind, two, three times a day for two days then skip one day then repeat. That, I think, makes about eleven pills a day. It takes some brain power to keep track of my schedule. At the Dr.'s office I get a shot in my arm, and Dorothy gives me nose drops at night. Don't you think I ought to get well?!!!

Yes, I have greatly enjoyed the opening of Spring here in the north; watching the trees unfold their abundant foliage has been a wonderfully beautiful sight, as indeed it was in Jacksonville, the maples, elms, birches and all the rest. One maple tree in the next yard to Dorothy's, she says has four colors during the growing season; just now it is dark red and turning to green. The lilacs have been beautiful, just now passing. Do you remember the great garden of them, over back of the water works? Just now the horse-chestnut trees, or buck-eye trees are in their glory. Iris in all shades of purple, lavender, yellow, and white are fine to look at as we drive along the streets. The flowering crab apple in Mr. Ogram's yard, next door, is in its prime now; so are Dorothy's lily-of the valley, a large silver bowl of which sits in the center of the dining table before me as I write. I wonder if you were in Saginaw in the right season to see these things I have mentioned. But you have seen them all elsewhere and it is not difficult to recall their beauty by imagination, especially with so many other local floral beauties all around you that we in the north do not have.

Harold heard yesterday that strawberries would be abundant this season and would sell, at the height of the season, as low as 25 cents a qt. basket if the dealers did not buy them all up to freeze.

You certainly are to be congratulated on being able to visit your home people so often. Kindly give my greetings to them all; I'm not sure I shall ever get to write your mother for I am still having trouble with my eyes. I am planning to see an oculist in about a week. I hope all your people in Safety Harbor are well and are enjoying good spring weather and their respective customary activities.

We all do thank you and Kathleen for sending us that box of delicious Florida fruit. It was very delicious and I think I ate the last half of grape-fruit this morning. We have greatly enjoyed it. Thank you both very deeply.

And have I thanked you and Kathleen and Jacqueline and Cynthia and Allen for the Mother's day greetings? I fear I have not, so I will send my thanks very sincere and hearty right here and now to you all for the beautiful cards and very kind greetings. If little Allen cannot walk alone yet, and cannot swim, he certainly can write his name very well, - for his age!! Thanks you, Hugh, for your very kind letter. Sincerely yours, with love,
Mother Beard.

*[This letter dated **July 16, 1948** was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Ellen Kinney Beard to Kathleen and family. Ellen asks if Kathleen will be coming north this upcoming summer. She tells of other family member's travels. She had recently been to Oberlin and at 80 years of age had a heart attack. She describes the Train of Tomorrow that recently came through. She received the photos of Kathleen's children and is contemplating what type of baby gift to send Kathleen for baby Allen. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

2306 North Bond St.
Saginaw, Mich.
July 16", 1948

Dear Kathleen and all the family,

Aside from the National Democratic Convention, the question which holds the center of interest is, will Kathleen and family come north this summer?! Geraldine was anxious to know, but decided to go on her vacation trip to the High Sierras with her hiking club this coming week-end, as her last chance before she comes east to live next year; she will be gone two weeks.

I suppose she has been writing you periodically as she was so anxious to know if you two could meet on your vacations this year. Marjorie's family are now on their vacation trip to Canada. They will be home about the 18th or 19th. (We had a card from M. today. They have had pretty good weather I guess, mostly rather cool (Later- They surprised us by arriving home a day early- Saturday night.

Etta is now making the rounds of her children and took in the Oberlin meeting en route, Elbert and Emma are getting along alone. I thought as I reread some of Elbert's letters this morning that you would appreciate reading them and some others from the girls and Etta and relatives. I will mail you a bunch of some we have read.

I suppose you are wondering how I stood the Oberlin trip. Well, I overdid, of course, as I wanted to attend so many meetings, and do not fully realize my limitations with this 80 year old heart of mine. So, altho I got home alright, I had a little heart attack which took me to the hospital for four days and necessitated Ralph's bringing out from his hospital, the night previous, a small oxygen tank to relieve my difficult breathing. [*According to Who's Who in America 1966-67, Ralph was the administrator of Saginaw Osteopathic Hospital from 1946 to 1972. During this time the hospital grew from a seven-bed establishment to a hospital of over 200 beds. Ralph was named a Fellow of the American College of Osteopathic Hospital Administrators and was president of the Michigan Osteopathic Hospital Association.*]

Dorothy and Harold are taking the best of care of me and my Dr. at the Osteopathic hospital is doing his best to rejuvenate my worn-out physical mechanism, and he has succeeded better than I expected. I begged him not to start a course of treatment with the aim of prolonging my life, for I have lived my life and it is time I got out of the way of the generations following me and not be a burden and a care and expense to them. I am no enthusiast for longevity.

I have been recuperating lying on the porch swing couch on the front veranda where I get the beautiful view of the blue sky and white clouds thru the fresh tender green of the many beautiful trees up and down the street and all around here. It has been very cool for a week,- almost cold if one isn't working right in the sun shine and there has been a surprising lack of mosquitos even when we sit out evenings.

Until within two or three days, I have not been allowed to do any work at all,- nothing that requires expenditure of strength, or motion. Yesterday for the first time I wiped the luncheon dishes. When I told the Dr. he was evidently surprised and considered that I had gone beyond his permission. He said, "You won't do it but once a day will you? So you see I'm not of much use.

Dorothy wrote Gould suggesting that he call around here some time when he was going across. Wednesday night about 11:30 p.m. Dorothy received a telegram from Gould saying he would stop off and run up from Detroit Thursday a.m. Actually he did not arrive till after lunch, for lack of transportation from Detroit. It was so good to see him after so long; he is looking well. He staid with us four days, which was pretty good for a busy man. He sacrificed the privilege of being at his home with his wife and son in order to do it, almost on the date of their 17th anniversary. Sunday morning he took a plane at Detroit for Los Angeles and will get home for his visit there next Sunday.

Have you heard thru the papers of the "Train of Tomorrow"? The "General Motors" put that out for exhibition and it came here from [*she left a big blank here*] and stood on the bean elevator track for four days and happened to be here when Gould was here and we all went over and walked thru it at one time or another. It was certainly a wonderfully fine traveling outfit. The chair Car, the, the observation car, the Dining car the Sleeping Car, each had an "Astra Dome" overhead as a second story, furnished and roomy, with top and sides closed in all with a special kind of glass not easily breakable and shaded slightly gray to prevent sun glare and burn. The diner seats 18 passengers in the astra Dome, 24 in the main dining room, and 10 more in the private dining room on the lower deck. It is amazing what an amount of comfort for so many people could be crowded into one train.

Raspberries are at their prime now and we have been indulging. I wish it were possible to send some to you. Dorothy bought a crate and froze about 3/4ths of it and we ate the rest.

I think I am gaining a little from month to month but I am not strong and vigorous and peppy; but feel my age and infirmity in my step, and gait and retarded speed. My sight is rather better I think, but my hearing is a bit dull. However, I am thankful to be able to use [ends here]

We received your very interesting letter today and are much pleased with the photos of the children all of which are very good. It must be an excellent one of the baby,- he looks so tall. I hope he is not being troubled still by colic. With two such devoted sisters he ought to be a good baby.

We in Saginaw, (I think thru Dorothy's spoken or written word), intimated that we plan to give baby a gift of something you needed in the care of him,- like a play-pen, or baby buggy, or something else you may have thought of. We have been terribly slow about doing it. But now we have got to the point and this letter will enclose the where-with-all to purchase such a gift. We thought it but to send you the money and let you select it right there in Jacksonville where you can see what you are getting. Make your own choice of what you most need and will get the most help from. Get a good one, whatever the article is and let us know if you need more money to get it. I hope baby will like it and that it will be a great help to the whole family in caring for him.

Congratulations to Jacqueline on her outstanding success in school honors. It certainly bespeaks faithful work and superior ability. I hope she carries it thru high school without undue strain. I hope Cynthia is enjoying her school work as much as she did when I was there and she brought home her A+ spelling and arithmetic papers. I am hoping both the girls are finding lots of time to practice piano this summer vacation.

It seems to me we have had a very cool summer thus far and I hope you have had some of our cool, crisp, fresh Mich. breezes blown down to Jacksonville to cool you off. Take care of your health, all of you; it doesn't pay to be careless and become ill like me. Affectionately, Mother

Dear Kathleen,

Am sending to you under another cover several letters of earlier date from others that I thought you might find something in that you had not heard elsewhere.

To make all possible use of postage, perhaps I'll put one or two of the earlier letters into this cover.

A short note from Geraldine this morning says she is now on the High Sierra Club Hike, started the 18", "to be gone two weeks, 125 in the party, their luggage carried by burros or donkeys, all meals prepared in a central commissary"- certainly a delux hike! I hope she enjoys every minute of it to the full and keeps well all the time. It certainly will be a great experience!

She leaves Becky Haviland there in Berkeley, in a nice boarding house, studying music in the University and giving music lessons, and substituting for organists on vacation.

Gould read these earlier letters when he was here and requested that they be sent to Virginia as she would be interested in them.

The ones that they themselves didn't write I was planning to send to Elbert and Geraldine.

Much love to all the family,

Affectionately,

Mother.

The photos of all were so good!

[This letter dated Nov. 5, 1948 was written from Berkeley, California by Geraldine to Ellen. She informs Ellen that she will be spending Christmas in Saginaw because she is taking a new job in New York and will be moving back east about that time. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Berkeley Nov. 5, 1948

Dearest Mother-

It looks as though I should be spending Christmas with you! I have just accepted a job at the N.Y. Historical Society, to begin January 1. There were so many considerations of such varying natures that I have been nearly beside myself during the last six weeks,- ever since Glen's first letter came. Then I did not hear for four weeks and conjured up all sorts of reasons for the job possibly failing to materialize. And when the definite offer did come, I had to start all over again to weigh the pros and cons. It surely is a pull to decide to leave California. But

I've decided if it is so hard, I must be soft and spoiled, and need to battle some of the rigors of climate again to prove my mettle. The salary will not be much more than here at first, but I guess I can make it go as far there as here. The work itself is what made me take it. I'll be in charge of the reading room, the part of my work here I have liked the most. Meeting the readers, who are, in a library like this, and like that, all scholars doing interesting research, has been fun, and there it will be even more so perhaps. What I shall miss the most is our student assistants,- who are such nice boys,- and so much fun.

I am resigning as of December 31, and figure that I will have about two weeks of accumulated vacation so should be able to leave here about the middle of the month, or by the 20th at least. I could have nearly a week in Saginaw, and then go on to N.Y during the week between Christmas and New Years. Edna says I can stay with her until I find an apartment. I think I'll try to live as near as possible to the Historical Society, so that I can walk to work if possible. There is so much to do here before leaving that I'll be plenty busy. I should study all my spare time, for I'm rusty on what little New York bibliography I did know. And I'll have to get some winter clothes. Which leads to a question I meant to ask when I was there, and now is much more vital, than mere curiosity. Did Father dispose of the brown fur coat he offered me in 1946? I told him I did not need it then, and he did not mention it again. Will you let me know soon whether it is still available and whether, if so, I might have it?

Both Kits and Fred have been ill since they returned from their vacation this summer. Kits had a little polyp removed from her rectum, and then Fred had an attack of unknown cause, which was repeated and finally led to a hospital examination and proved to be kidney stones. They feared the kidneys were affected, but operated and found not. He is still in the hospital, and was pretty sick, but is reported doing nicely. It does seem as if they have more than their share of trouble.

Monnie's good letter came today. It will be so good to see you all again soon.

Most lovingly
Geraldine



Jill, Kathleen and Cynthia – about 1948



Allen Elmer – 1948

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Nov. 7, 1948 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Ellen to Kathleen and her family. She talks about her health and Monnie's activities. Elbert visited them in Saginaw and they toured a sugar factory. Elbert is concerned over lumps on his skin. All would like to see Kathleen's baby Allen. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Finished Nov. 25th
2306 North Bond St.
Saginaw, Mich.
Nov. 7th, 1948.

Dearest Kathleen, Hugh, Jacqueline, Cynthia, and Baby Allen.

As I sit here at the dining-table in Dorothy's home writing, (she sits beside me writing to Geraldine), I can visualize you all, from the happy memory of days gone by, gathered around the studio couch in the living room, each (save Allen) with a Bible in hand, all reading a verse around in turn, followed by a prayer, and then singing favorite hymns. It is a very pleasant memory and I hope you will always keep up this very worth while Sunday evening family practice. The children will always remember it with pleasure and will look back on it from mature life with grateful appreciation.

How I would like to be with you again joining in these Sunday evening devotions. But Grandma's voice would not help much now in the singing; for I discovered this morning in church that even singing requires strength and my heart told me I had done enough when we reached the end of the first verse of the opening hymn. So I followed the words along and just listened to hear the congregation finish the hymn. And I rested from singing all the other hymns too, and further conserved my strength by sitting thru the entire service while the others stood for hymns, collection prayer, and benediction. My heart worked peacefully on after having given me the warning, but I thought it best to pursue a course of safety. I am taking four kinds of medicine daily, regularly, and have a fifth kind that I take "as needed", - occasionally. This last is taken when my heart gets to beating too wildly and using up too much of its strength. I make an office call at my Dr.'s about once in four weeks now. And I am living quite a normal life now, - with discretion.

I go out afternoons or evenings, occasionally, to meetings or church dinners or concerts, as one or the other of the girls invite me and is free to take me in her car. I went with Marjorie to a women's church missionary group last week and, by request led the devotions. Last week also I went with Marjorie to her Foreign Relations group of which she is chairman, in the A.A.U.W. of which she is a member. Heading this group has given her hours and hours of work, in research work in the library for her paper on the United Nations to open the year's program. More hours telephoning to members to get ladies to take papers for the meetings, or to entertain the meetings at their homes, or to be hostesses; for she is determined to make this series of discussions a success while she holds office as leader or chairman of that department of the organization. She was highly complimented for her paper on United Nations by some of the most outstanding intellectuals in this group of the A.A.U.W. Last year, under another leader as chairman, this group, foreign relations, petered out entirely at the third meeting as no one came to the meeting. This has spurred Marjorie's determination to make it a success under her leadership. There is abundant material for discussion of foreign relations, in the out-stand [?] world-wide events, in which our country is interested and involved, as indeed, there was last year; but it is difficult to get the women to tackle those great history making events and conferences and negotiations that are so involved and hard to understand as the China situation; the Palestine trouble; the Berlin blockade.

Johnny likes his school very well and is doing satisfactory work in his teacher's estimation. He has developed fast in past months, from infancy to real boyhood. He is outgrowing some of his faults and parental spoiling.

Very much love to you all, Mother

Marjorie and Ralph took me to a Violin concert by a famous lady violinist, on Dorothy's season ticket for the Saginaw Entertainment Course, which she couldn't use that night on account of another important engagement. The artist certainly was a skillful violinist and Marjorie, with her knowledge of violin music and practice hugely enjoyed it and of course got much more out of it than I did. And you would have appreciated it immensely too.

Dorothy, last week, took me, on Marjorie's season ticket which she sacrificially gave up to me for my enjoyment to hear the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, which you may some time past have hear in Oberlin, with a somewhat different personel. I once heard it there; but I think I enjoyed it quite as much in Saginaw as I did in Oberlin. As an encore after the third call, at the end, they played a piece on all the stringed instruments (without

wind or percussion instruments) without bows, by just picking the strings. The leader announced they were playing it by request.

We had a wonderfully good visit with Elbert, when he visited us arriving Saturday Oct. 23", and staid just a week. He came here at Dorothy's first [*request?*] as D. and H. would be out of school over Saturday and Sunday and they would have more time to visit with him then.

He had just been having exray treatment for the lumps which you have heard he has on his arms and legs, which treatment had taken his appetite away, and his pep and ambition, and had made him feel rather debilitated; and he asked us not to arrange any picnics, or parties, or feasts for him, for he could not eat much and did not feel like going about much. We had arranged to have one family get together at Frankenmuth for a dinner; but when we saw how he felt we gave it up, and all got together at Dorothy's for a dinner and social evening, and again at Marjorie's for dinner and a social evening. We got permission to show him the Sugar-best industry and Marjorie took her car and drove Elbert, Johnny and me to the plant where beet sugar is made. It was very interesting and I have wanted for a long time to see it. But I fear Elbert didn't half put his mind on to seeing the processes and hearing the description, for he was so worried lest the walking about the big building and climbing the long stair-cases, and going thru the hot steamy machinery rooms, should be too strenuous for me. He said to me repeatedly, "This is no place for you." But I stood it very well and suffered no harm from the trip. We cut out the third stair case, to the top floor out of consideration for his anxiety. It was interesting to see the five lb. bags filled with granulated white sugar ready for market, and stitched across the top for closing and the extra length of the paper bag trimmed off the top all by machine, almost automatically. This machine was tended by only two women, placing the empty bags under the five pound measuring hoppers that delivered exactly 5 lbs. to each bag then shut off automatically. At the press of a button, the 6 filled bags moved off on a moving belt and were cared for by an attendant and another group of empty bags was placed under the filling machine. We also saw, similarly filled and stitched, 10 lb. bags, 50 lb. bags, 25 lb. bags and 100 lb. bags. We also saw them loaded on to freight cars, right on the tracks beside the ware house.

On Saturday, just a week after he arrived, there was a ball-game at Michigan U. stadium at Ann Arbor, and Harold had tickets so that Elbert could go with his party. They invited him to go and it appealed to him as he had not seen a big ball game for many years. Harold told him he would drive him to Detroit for his train to Cincinnati from where he would take a bus to Hamilton to visit Fulton, which he had arranged with Fulton by correspondence. He had told his Putnam Dr. to write Fulton fully about his case (the lumps) and he hoped to get from Fulton more fully the real facts about his case than the other Dr.'s would be willing to give him. He will write fully about his interview with Fulton when he gets home and I will send his letter to you. I think he fears the Dr.'s diagnose some of his lumps as malignant. He thinks he has two kinds of lumps. And my Dr. says there are three kinds. He had to drive 30 miles to Willimantic hospital, for ten minute treatments by exray, every day for ten days. He also went thru a clinic in Putnam which was conducted by two experts from Providence and N.Y. and at which all the Dr.'s in Putnam were present and examined and felt of his lumps.

Perhaps you have heard that Elbert has changed his heating outfit from coal to oil, so it is very easy for Etta to manage the heating during his absence. He has fixed up a nice room in his cellar around his oil heater, and whitewashed the walls, and finished the floor in some way, hung pictures on the walls, hung curtains at the windows, refurbished some old furniture in the attic, chairs, tables etc. and put them down there and they found it a very cool place to sit in the hot weather.

Elbert has aged considerably since I saw him last, both in looks physically, and in the temperament, - interest, and aggressiveness. I think he suspects some, at least, of his lumps are malignant; and the feeling that he is on the down-hill road affects all his thinking and his out-look on life generally. But he is trying to face it courageously. I await Elbert's next letter with interest as he will probably detail his physical condition, in the light of his interview with Fulton whom he believes has exact information from the experts at the Putnam Clinic, and his own physician in Putnam, and from the Willimantic hospital where he took exray treatments.

I have a few things that I plan to send to you soon. Could you use my white wool coat next spring? I have had it cleaned. I bought a pair of panties which are too small for me; perhaps Jacqueline could wear them. I have a book of poems that the pupils of the North Junior High school wrote and the school had published. I have read my copy thru and perhaps Jacqueline and Cynthia would enjoy reading it. I will send it to them. Some of the poems are very good, for children of that age- about Jacqueline's age. - I will wait about sending the white coat till I hear whether you want it or not. If you don't want it I can send it over seas. If you want it, but would rather I would keep it up here till next Spring, I can do that!

Thursday Nov. 25: - I took Thanksgiving Dinner with Marjorie's family as Dorothy and Harold had driven to Galesburg to spend Thanksgiving with his family. Marjorie comes over to spend the nite with me as I do not like to crowd Marjorie's family by going over there as much as would be necessary.

Wish I could be with you all this winter, but do not think it best, everything considered. Wish I could see little Allen now. Dorothy said the other day she so wanted to see baby Allen now as he is, that she was almost tempted to go down at Christmas vacation.

1949

- Communist's Republic of China proclaimed by Mao Zedong
- Ellen is in Saginaw, Michigan
- Gould and Virginia are in Manhasset, New York
- Geraldine is in New York
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Marjorie and Ralph are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Jacksonville, Florida
- Ellen is 81, Gould- 53, Geraldine- 51, Dorothy- 48, Marjorie- 43, Kathleen- 41.

[This letter dated Oct. 14 and 23, 1949 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Ellen to Geraldine. They attended Fulton Hume's wedding in Ohio. She updates Geraldine on her health, activities and Marjorie's activities. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

2306 N. Bond St.
Saginaw, Mich.
Oct. 14" 1949.
23"

Dear Geraldine,

Hasn't this been a glorious fall day with its blue sky and golden sunshine!!! I hope you were situated so you could get out into the open for some hours of it. It would have been joy to be rolling thru New England today. I suppose Autumn foliage is almost past its peak of beauty now tho, but I hope you have been favored with more than one opportunity to see it at its best this fall.

I fear a cold I had, interfered to a certain extent with the family here enjoying this fall's color display at its best, but they have taken two trips to Flint and have some other travels, so they have not missed it all. The wind has made it inadvisable for me to lie out on the porch couch these golden days, but I have greatly enjoyed the sunshine that floods in my window. I sit in its warmth and glow more than an hour each day.

Today and yesterday were Mich. Teacher's Convention days in Flint, so I have been alone all day from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.- later yesterday. But I don't mind that, for I never mind being alone, there is always so much one can do with a surplus of undisturbed time. I didn't make a very startling record of accomplishment to-day, however, for I had to bathe and dress to go for an office call to the Dr. when Dorothy got home with the car. And caring for my own necessities, meals, bath, dressing and medicine with answering the door and the telephone used up about all the minutes available.

To-night, Marjorie and Ralph are dinner guests at a 7:30 dinner and Johnny is staying here with us tonight. Marjorie and Ralph will probably not be able to rest their heads on their pillows till 1:30 or 2:00. Their host and hostess are my Dr. Petty crew and wife who are famous for their late hours. They are great friends of Ralph and Marjorie. M. says she doesn't see how the Dr. keeps up his practice and his wife's social hours. She can lie abed as late as she needs to make up for lost sleep but he has to respect the professional man's hours.

I have just eaten a delicious bunch of concord grapes, cold and sweet, which I just brought in from the back veranda where I keep them covered with newspapers to hide them from the robins who are helping themselves to otherwise. Harold bought them for me from the corner city market a few days ago; I hope he can get one more basket before they are gone. Dorothy is very fond of them too. If you visit Putnam within a few weeks, you can have some of their specially fine "Wordens" which they are keeping in their refrigerator; they have the Concords too. I think I have read of a grape diet being recommended for an ailment like yours.

And now, how are you feeling these days since you last left us? And how goes the regime you are now trying? You must be feeling the thrill of vigor and ambition to take this Autumn trip up the river to the highlands by train to view the Autumn foliage which Virginia wrote us about. I'm glad you took the opportunity to view the foliage, and hope you didn't entirely miss the alternative offer of autumn raspberries from Gould's garden. Perhaps you can get a chance at them on some later week-end.

Well, we all had a grand time at Fulton's wedding meeting all the Hume clan,- some I had never met. [*Is this Fulton's second marriage?*] They certainly put on a grand affair for the wedding, without ostentatious or over display. There were some odd omissions, along with a well planned and well executed affair. I am very glad I went and have not felt any harm.

One odd omission was that, so far as it concerned us, no one seemed to be commissioned with the office of informing the out-of-town guests where the wedding gifts were on display. And so far as I have heard none of our family saw them.

The five-tiered bridal cake was a light cake with moist frosting and was delicious. I didn't see any dark wedding cake, or else I have forgotten it. Delicious punch was served. They planned a supper after the wedding reception for the out of town guests, I think, which we from Saginaw declined so that we might be making a few tens of miles on our way back home before a late hour. But they urged us so hard to stay for it (and the Humes urged us, also, on the ground that seventy had been invited to this supper and had been prepared for, and at the last minute, so many of them seemed to be going home that the bride's mother wondered who would be left to eat what she had prepared; so to please the Humes we decided to stay. Myron and Janice couldn't stay and Etta was to ride with them, (rather hastily arranged at the last, I guess,) so they all wanted us to stay, in their place. Donald's family were not staying, so they urged us to stay. Stewart's family stayed. Elbert was riding to Saginaw with us, so we

didn't want to take him away from the festivities too early. It was a delicious chicken supper with ice cream and cake and coffee.

On our way home, we stopped for the night at a Motor court in Marion, Ohio, which we had engaged as we were leaving Marion that morning, having staid there in an ordinary group of over-night cottages. Harold drove around the town while he was waiting for us to dress and pack up, and found this DeLux Motor Court and engaged it for our return trip. It was absolutely new and fresh, and not entirely finished, new furnishings of extra quality, - blankets, sheets, pillows, and pillowcases, towels and all-over carpets, metal bureaus, with the idea of building fire proof, I fancy. It was not too expensive, considering what it supplies, - and so clean and new. Showers and everything very modern. I greatly enjoyed the ride, Ohio has many beautiful large trees along the roadways. I had not realized Ohio raised so many sheep and so much field corn. Quite a lot of hogs and cattle! We drove thru good farming area.

I sent as my gift to the bride one percale hemstitched sheet and a pair of pillowcases to match. The girls seemed to think I ought to give a larger gift as I was in the generation above them so I did not join with them in their gift of a white wool blanket which was exquisite, for I saw it before it was sent. And Elbert said it was far superior to the only other blanket he saw among the gifts.

I am very glad that Emma could bring her self to be willing to stay alone befriended by Mrs. Warren, one of Elbert's tenants in the big house. And I am thankful it did all work out so well, being a venture of some uncertainties. We, here, are all waiting eagerly to hear from Elbert himself just how he took the whole trip and how he enjoyed the whole and how his health is holding out. We have had two well filled postal cards about his travels since he left us, but nothing since he arrived home. We have all been very slow to write each other since we have settled down to business after the summer's goings and comings.

Marjorie felt she must give up singing in our church choir as it required her to be out one evening for practice and Ralph does not like her to be out so much from home evenings. But I miss her presence in the choir, - it was a joy to me to see her there for I knew she enjoyed it. She felt she ought to help in Sunday School, so I do not have her with me now in the morning service; and she misses a very interesting and able sermon each Sunday.

Johnny is just beginning his practice in the Cherub choir; he has been to two rehearsals. I do hope he will be a good boy there, so that they will want him to stay.

I think Marjorie is still singing in her women's choral club simply because she feels she cannot honorably pull out and leave them, for some reason I do not understand. Ralph would like to have her give that up too, I think. She also thought to give up her AAUW in order to be at home more evenings with Ralph, but she had done such good work in the section she joined that they wouldn't let her off there either; (I can't think of the name of the section now, but it was the one in which they studied the United Nations).

As for myself, I remain here in Saginaw, about so-so from week to week, and have attended church regularly each Sunday and get out to a meeting or a dinner, or to go shopping once or twice a month beside; so I get around a bit, but I am not strong and still have a cough that attacks me at intervals. I do hope you are keeping fairly well and do let us hear from you often.

Very much love to you. Affectionately, Mother.

Enclose this in your letter to Kathleen if you think there is enough in it for her to enjoy.

Be careful to dress warmly when you go out on a windy day like today. It has grown cold since noon today. Has your co-resident in your apartment returned from her summer home yet?

[This letter dated Oct. 30 and Dec. 10, 1949 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Ellen to Kathleen and her family. Ellen talks about the fall weather, leaves and fruit. She took a trip to Northern Michigan with her daughters. Elbert visited them for two weeks. Ellen send money as a birthday gift for grandson, Allen. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

2306 N. Bond St.
Saginaw, Mich.
Oct. 30", 1949.
Dec. 10th

Dearest Kathleen and all the family,

Are you having such wonderful sunny Oct. days down there as we are having up here. It seems a pity to stay indoors; the wind is often a little too strong a breeze, to permit me to sit or lie out on the porch swing, which I enjoyed so much this spring, but the fall weather has been beautifully blue and sunny.

Now, almost all the shade trees up and down our tree-lined streets have dropped their leaves and only a few apple, pear and plum trees and a few others, are holding on tenaciously to theirs. Jack Frost has taken all the flowers except those of the Chrysanthemum family. Dorothy and Marjorie both have a few of those left in their gardens. Today Dorothy found two strawberry blossoms in the bed in their back yard. Cranberries are in market. Do you get them down there in your markets? You like them do you not? If you do not get them there, I will send you some. By the way, we sent you some apples a few days ago, - by express, I think. There are three kinds in the crate; the Greenings are for cooking in pies, dumplings, applesauce, etc; the delicious are for eating fresh; and the Northern Spy also good for apple sauce or pies. Now I think I have named the three kinds correctly, and their uses, but I am not quite sure so you will have to try them out and see for yourself. I know the greenings are always considered a cooking apple. And I know one of the other kinds makes good applesauce, but which?!!! I wanted to send you some pears but they are not a very good kind, - the Keefer pear; and the earlier and better kind, the Sheldon, ripened so fast there was not time to get them to you.

Well, Marjorie has written you all about the wedding, and of Elbert's visit to us all in Saginaw, and I could not hope to add any thing of interest following her dexterous pen. We all enjoyed Elbert's somewhat surprise visit for we had hardly expected him to be able to do it. He staid with us over two weeks, and he was so desirous of recruiting more physical strength that I put him under my Dr.'s treatment for the time he was here and I really think he actually did gain a little strength while he was here. He also visited the nephews except Myron, and he was with Myron a good deal during the wedding. I will enclose with this some letters and post cards which will fill in bits of information, where there may be blanks in piecing together the family news from our scanty correspondence of the past few weeks. We all seemed to fail out at once. Did either of the girls tell you that they took me way up in the [*scribbles*] (fell asleep here) north of Mich. on an auto trip as part of their vacation trip when I was not supposed to be able to take a vacation trip. But I went the whole trip with them. (Geraldine was with us) and I lost only ½ day when they went to the Soo, the very place I wanted much to see, but had to stay in bed and rest in our hired cottage with Dorothy staying with me while the rest went, as she had been on that trip a previous year. But I came thru the week's trip all right and did enjoy it very much. We took in the Macinac Island trip with its wonderful Hotel and the longest veranda in the world and where no automobiles are used; we took the long ride around in a double carriage with a span of horses and a driver. A steam boat trip of over an hour took us to the island and another hour's trip took us back to the main—land. Very memorable trip.

Our papers have reported hurricanes at two different times some where south of Jacksonville and I have watched their progress and direction but have not seen that they hit Jacksonville very hard. But some one recently spoke as tho Jacksonville did get quite a damaging blow at one time. Is that true? And did the storm come near enough to you to jeopardize you or do any harm to your home? Did it give you hours of anxiety, or any trouble or inconvenience or loss? Do write us all about it, and what date was it?

We have enjoyed the girl's letters very much and are glad to hear of their summer activities. I knew little Allen would keep the family busy investigating his where-abouts and activities when he found his feet. You are doing very well to include in his training and education regular church attendance. I hope all [*scribbles*] (Another nap!) the family have been well this fall.

Dorothy thinks she never has seen a fall here in Saginaw when weather and health conditions have been so good. Has polio been very prevalent in Jacksonville?

Are the girls taking band music this fall in school? And are they taking up their piano practice at home?

This Sunday morning I went to the Ames Methodist Church with Dorothy. A Meth. missionary from the Philipines was to speak and I thought it would be interesting and it was. A well prepared address and very ably given. His name was Rev. Riley; if he comes you may be sure to hear him.

I presume the same series of missionary meetings in Florida were held this past summer as has been conducted for many years. Did you get to attend any of them?

Dec. 10". - This letter has waited long to be finished but I will try to finish and mail it even tho its news is no longer new. As I was making out this check it seemed to me I ought to be making out another check to you for something- I cannot think what. If you know of anything I should pay you please let me know. I forget so.

I will try to send in this letter the last installment of Allen's birth gift. If I am right, I have given him three checks of twenty-five dollars each, to make up the amount of one hundred dollars, equal to the gift that Father gave to Jacqueline and to Cynthia each. Now if I am wrong, and this is the third \$25.00 instead of the fourth, please be sure to write me at once and I will correct it. My memory is getting so poor I can not trust it on important matters. So be sure to write me soon if this is the amount that completes the \$100.00, or if it is only the third \$25.00. And

because Allen has had to wait so long for his gift and has lost some interest in taking it in instalments, I am going to make this last check thirty dollars instead of twenty five. And I think that will put him even with all the other grandchildren.

Oct. 31", - Well, this is Haloween and we have had a large number of visitors, in groups of from one to eight, averaging three or four to a group, and ages of all the way from two to seventh grade. They ring the bell and ask for "Treats or Tricks". Harold bought a bag of candy to dispense, but when his 7th grade boys came in, he gave them each an apple. The candy gave out and when the calls continued thick and fast he got into his car and went to the nearest store for a fresh supply leaving me to hand out the last of the first bag full. I think we must have had nearly 25 callers. Harold took care of them all as Dorothy is out teaching her gym class to-night. I didn't think I could accomplish it all, as it is one of the newer ways of celebrating the Haloween.

Dec. 10", - I have been sitting up quite long periods recently and yesterday I wiped most of the lunch dishes sitting beside the sink. But I have not tried to do any work at all,- it takes so much strength, of which I have little.

Thank you for the kind remembrances of friends I met down there, and return my appreciative greetings to all of them,- Christmas Greetings too, to them all,- I am not strong enough to write them all. A boy just came to the door selling Christmas trees- pretty little ones five feet tall.

With deepest love to you all, especially little Allen,
Mother and Grandmother.

Very cheery Christmas and New Year Greetings to each and every one of you. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.- Mother and Grandma.

Johnny sings in the Cherub Choir of our church tomorrow morning at church for his first time. He has practiced with the choir three times. They will wear white gowns. There will be 45 little boys and girls. How I wish I could hear them but it is too cold for me to go out.

One last word!

Don't give up your trip north for any reason pertaining to our side of the question. There is plenty of room, beds and bedding. Plenty of help to take care of baby and do washing and cooking, large family no bother to anybody, plenty of eagerness to see you all, wish I could say plenty of strength and comfort for you to make the trip both ways, but I have so little strength myself to spare, that a realizing sense of the actual experience rather weakens my pen when I try to enthuse truthfully on that phase of the undertaking.

1950 +

- Korean War begins
- 1952 Elizabeth II takes over throne when George VI dies
- 1953 Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay reach the top of Mt. Everest
- Ellen Kinney Beard dies September 7, 1953
Phebe Maria Beard- February 6, 1957
Bennett Nichols Beard- January 21, 1960
Mary Louise Beard- September 14, 1964
Stanley Drew Beard- July 31, 1970
Myron Gould Beard- December 25, 1974
Dorothy Beard Newberg- May 18, 1991
Geraldine Beard- September 1, 1994
Marjorie Beard Butt- December 2, 1994
Kathleen Beard Elmer- May 12, 2004
Edith Beard Valentine – April 3, 2009

Ex-Missionary Marks 82nd Birthday

A prim New England school teacher, who left Putnam, Conn., back in 1894 to accompany her husband as a missionary to China, today is celebrating her 82nd birthday in Saginaw.

She's Mrs. W. L. Beard, who now lives with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harold C. Newberg, 2306 North Bond.

She was teaching and Rev. Willard Livingstone Beard was a minister in a small Connecticut town when the two met and married, and made immediate plans for spreading Christianity

in China.

They arrived in China at the outbreak of the Boxer Uprising in 1900 and stuck through it in spite of Chinese attempts to oust foreigners from the country.

The Beards were stationed in the city of Foochow, in Fukien Province, where Rev. Mr. Beard eventually became president of Foochow College. Mrs. Beard assisted her husband by teaching English in the college and later in a girls' school.

Their compound, besides the college, consisted of a hospital, a boys' school and girls' school,

as well as eight other missionary homes. It was sponsored by the Congregational Christian Church.

The Beards were involved in more warfare when the Japanese invaded China in the early 1930s, but again they remained through it and were not bothered. In 1936 Rev. Mr. Beard retired but was called back. He retired again in 1941 and died in 1947 at Jacksonville, Fla.

During their 37 years in China, Mrs. Beard obtained a working knowledge of the Chinese language and became adept with chopsticks. She believes her greatest hardship during the years there was the separation from her six children when they came back to America for education.

The eldest daughter became a missionary and returned to China, where she died. Five live in the United States. Besides Mrs. Newberg, there is Mrs. W. R. Butt of Saginaw, Miss Geraldine Beard of New York City, Mrs. Hugh Elmer of Jacksonville, Fla., and Myron G. Beard of New York City.

Past Leaders Entertained

A crystal bowl of daffodils and irises was flanked by yellow tapers at Mrs. Carl Gray King's dinner party for past presidents of Junior Woman's Club. She entertained Tuesday evening at her Golfside home.

When guests played bridge, honors were scored by Mrs. A. E. Leuenberger, Mrs. Robert L. Herrman, Mrs. Allan A. Campbell and Miss Alice A. Arnold. Other attendants were Miss Carrie A. Rieder, Mrs. James H. Curtis, Mrs. Floyd G. Torongo and Mrs. Martin R. Krueger.

Birthday Party Honors Miss Helen Weisheim

Miss Helen Weisheim was entertained by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Weisheim, 1602 Marquette, at a party Saturday observing her 17th birthday. Refreshments and dancing were enjoyed by Misses Doris Clabusch, Joyce Hubbell, Charlotte Bain, Lorraine Schultz, Marlene Schneider, Marlene Trier, Donna Fuller, Delores Donner, Betty Fountain, Lila Weiner, Dolly Pawada, Phyllis Schneider, Donna Martuch, Elsie Reising, Dorothy Weisheim, and Ray Bauer, Robert Goodeman, Alfred Wielock, Nate Slocum, Kenneth Stevens, Jack Dammann, Leonard Schroeder, Donald Zuziak, George Reising, Dan Harnden, William Moore, Douglas Hayden, Dan McCauley and Emeril Lentner.



MRS. W. L. BEARD.
... missionary 37 years.
(Saginaw News Photo.)

Mother was in a dither when she heard of our plan to have this done, but when all was over, she got quite a kick out of it & continues to when our friends all over town mention seeing it.

fashion important

navy and white
The picture isn't good as is the case with

Easter Dress
most new paper flash photos

\$1.41

The Saginaw News 1950

Written in Dorothy's handwriting: "Mother was in a dither when she heard of our plan to have this done, but when all was over she got quite a kick out of it and continues to when our friends all over town mention seeing it. The picture isn't good as is the case with most newspaper flash photos."



Etta Kinney Hume, Elbert Kinney, Ellen Kinney Beard and Emma Kinney – taken before 1953
[Photo from the collection of Jana L. Jackson]



Kathleen, Geraldine, Ellen, Marjorie, Dorothy wearing dresses from the Philippines - 1950
[Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



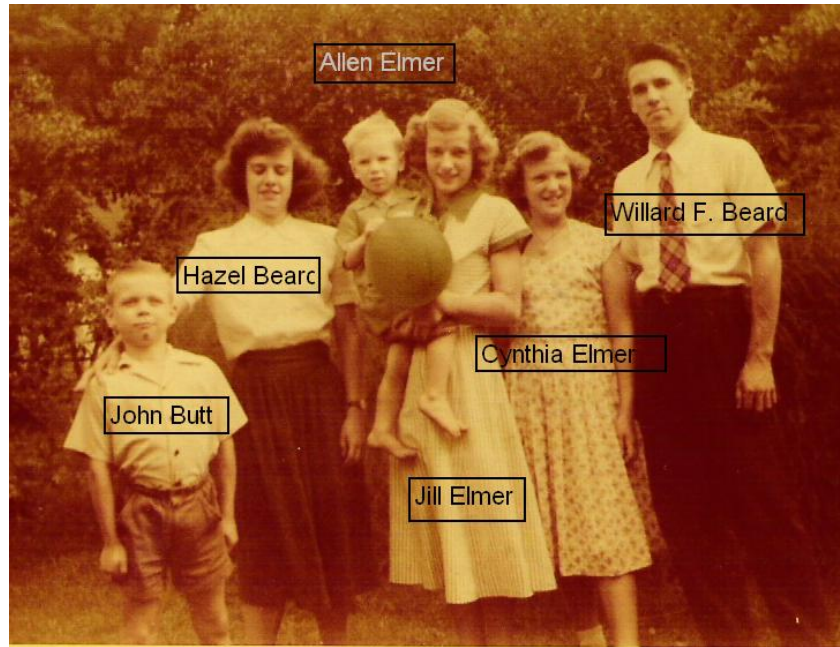
The Willard and Ellen Beard family reunion 1950

L to R: Jacqueline Elmer, Willard Frederick Beard, Hazel Beard, Cynthia Elmer, Hugh Elmer Kathleen Beard Elmer holding Allen Elmer, Ellen Kinney Beard, Geraldine Beard, Gould Beard, Virginia Space Beard, Marjorie Beard Butt, John Butte, Harold Newberg, Dorothy Beard Newberg.
Marjorie Beard Butt, John Butte, Harold Newberg, Dorothy Beard Newberg.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Geraldine with Fred and "Kits" (Leolyn Jr.) Griffith- 1959
[Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



The grandchildren of Willard and Ellen Beard - about 1950 - photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson



Written on back:" At Pearl and Bill Tayler's in Woodstock Conn. June of 1952

Left to Rt. front: Etta Kinney Hume, Elbert C. Kinney, Ellen Kinney Beard

Rear: Gould and Virginia Beard, Geraldine Beard, Pearl Tayler, Bertha Richardson Tweed, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin (Pearl's brother), Dorothy Beard Newberg and Wm. L. Tayler."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back: "At Pearl and Bill Tayler's in Woodstock Conn 7-52 [*previous photo said June '52*]
 Etta Kinney Hume, Elbert C. Kinney, Ellen Kinney Beard.
 Weekend of High School Reunion in Putnam Conn.
 Mother Beard's 66th reunion year, she is 84 yrs old."
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Some of the Beards – probably July 1953

Jill Jackson believes that this photo was taken at Dorothy and Harold's home in Saginaw. Ellen Kinney Beard is in this photo and she died in September of 1953. Allen Elmer is also in this photo and he was born in 1948. If this photo was taken the year Ellen died, Allen would be 5 years old, which is about how old he looks in this photo. Left to right: Gould Beard, Willard F. Beard, Cynthia Elmer, Jill Elmer, Hugh Elmer, Ellen Beard, Hazel Beard, Allen Elmer, Geraldine Beard, Virginia Space Beard, probably Harold Newberg, Dorothy Beard Newberg, unidentified man behind her. Kathleen Beard Elmer may be taking the photo.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Stamped on back: "Week of July 27, 1953"

L to R: Hugh Elmer, Harold Newberg, Dorothy Beard Newberg with young Allen Elmer in front of her, Jill Elmer with young John Butt in front, Kathleen Beard Elmer, Cynthia Elmer, Ellen Beard, and Marjorie Beard Butt. Ralph Butt may be taking the photo.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Written on back: "Taken last September ('52) when Jill left for college."

Left to right: Kathleen, Cynthia, Allen, Jill, Hugh.

[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]



Ellen L. Kinney wife of Willard L. Beard

March 29, 1868 – Sept. 7, 1953

[Photo from James Smith, Shelton, CT resident and genealogy researcher.]

According to Ellen's death certificate issued in Saginaw, Michigan, Ellen died at age 85 in a Saginaw osteopathic hospital of Recent exacerbation of Cardiac Infarction and Intestinal obstruction with varasio[?hard to read--maybe a varicose condition?] of small intestine. This was discovered during an autopsy.

[From the Saginaw newspaper September 8, 1953]

BEARD, Mrs. Ellen K.

4703 Ironwood Street

Widow of Dr. Willard L. Beard, passed away at the Saginaw Osteopathic Hospital Monday morning. Age 85 years, Ellen L. Kinney was born March 29, 1868, at Union, Connecticut. She graduated from the Putnam Connecticut High School and attended New Britain Normal School and Oberlin College. She taught school in Connecticut for two years. In 1894, she was married to Mr. Beard. They then went to China and were in missionary service at Foochow, China for nearly 45 years. In 1940 [1941], they retired and made their home in Connecticut until Dr. Beard's death in 1947. Since that time she had made her home with her daughters in Saginaw. She attended the First Congregational Church. Surviving are four daughters and one son, Mrs. Harold Newberg, Mrs. W.R. Butt, both of Saginaw; M. Gould Beard, Manhasset, Long Island; Miss Geraldine Beard, New York City, N.Y.; Mrs. Hugh Elmer, Jacksonville, Fla.; six grandchildren; also one sister and one brother; Mrs. Etta Hume and Elbert C. Kinney, both of Putnam, Conn. Funeral service will take place at 11 a.m. Wednesday at the Case Chapel. Rev. Harry Suttner and Dr. Hugh Townley will officiate with burial in Shelton, Conn. Friends may call at the chapel from 7 p.m. until 9 p.m. Tuesday and are requested to omit flowers.

According to the Memorial Service Book of Ellen Kinney Beard, the pall bearers were Willard F. Beard, Oliver Wells Beard, Daniel N. Beard, Theodore W. Beard, William Lonsdale Tayler, and Seymour F. Valentine. Services were held at the Congregational Church, Shelton, Ct., September 11, 1953. Relatives attending were: Geraldine Beard, Dorothy and Harold Newberg, Marjorie Beard Butt, Virginia Space Beard, Hazel E. Beard, Willard F. Beard, Phebe M. Beard, Stanley Beard, Myra Beard, Bennett Beard, Abbie Beard, Etta Kinney Hume, William L. Tayler, Pearle Tayler, Evangeline Lawson Leslie. [Son, Myron Gould Beard was not listed, so it is unclear if he attended. Daughter, Kathleen Beard Elmer was unable to attend. Memorial book in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



THE NEWBERGS REVIVE MEMORIES

... Harold C. (Whitey) Newberg and his wife, Dorothy, coaches and directors of physical education at North Intermediate for most of the past 37 years, thumb through their college year books. Whitey recently retired as director of the YMCA-Boytown Basketball League after 25 years of service. (Saginaw News Photo).

Dorothy Beard Newberg and husband, Harold – probably sometime after 1960

*Excerpt from letter dated **March 4, 1962** written to Kathleen and family from Dorothy:*

I was lucky on the day Astronaut Glenn took his quick trip around the earth.I saw the blast-off and all that the TV showed in the morning. It's refreshing to see a man of his caliber, personality and humility become the nation's hero, after all the attention given by the nation's kids to these screw-ball rock-and-roll singers and twist dancers, and wild west gun-men!! I think that event has increased our prestige around the world. I don't know what to think of more nuclear tests.



Jill Elmer Jackson feels that this is Mary Beard – this could have been taken at Century Farm in Connecticut
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

Obituary of **Mary Louise Beard**- died September 4, 1964 [*Breast Cancer*]

Miss Mary Louise Beard, 82, died yesterday afternoon at her home, 564 Long Hill Avenue after a short illness. She was born in Huntington May 26, 1882, and was a descendant of a family which helped found the Town of Milford in 1639. Her father was Oliver Gould Beard and her mother Nancy Maria Nichols Beard.

She attended school in Huntington and graduated from Derby High School in 1901. She was also a graduate of Mount Holyoke College class of 1905. Following graduation she taught for a year in New Haven and for three years in a preparatory school in Santa Barbara, Cal. She also taught for several years and was head of the science department at Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Ill.

Founded School

In 1914 she went to China with her sister, Flora, and founded an American School there for the children of missionaries. I school was established in Tungchou near Peking. This school furnished training for the primary grades through college preparatory work. In 1920 she returned to this country and obtained her master's degree at Columbia University. Returning to China in 1921 she taught there until 1924.

In 1924, she returned to the family homestead on Long Hill Avenue, Shelton, where she resided the rest of her life.

She was a member of the Shelton Congregational Church being active in the Women's Missionary Society and a past president of the Connecticut Fellowship of Congregational Women. While head of this organization she traveled extensively throughout the state and represented the organization at the national council meetings. She was an honorary deaconess of the church and member of the Silver Circle. She was also a member of the Sarah Riggs Humphreys Chapter, DAR. She is survived by a brother, Stanley Drew Beard, retired director of Lederle Laboratories of Pearl River, N.Y.: four nephews, eight nieces, nine grand nephews and grand-nieces and 13 great-grand-nephews and great-grand-nieces.

Rites Wednesday

Funeral services will be held Wednesday at 2 p.m. at the Shelton Congregational Church. I Rev. George L. Mann, pastor, will officiate assisted by the Rev. Howard C. Champe, former pastor, and Mrs. Paul Minear, a director of the Church Board for World Ministries. Mrs. Minear will represent Dr. J.B. Carlton, president of the United Church Board.

Interment will be in Long Hill Cemetery. There will be no calling hours. I Cyrus E. Lewis and Son Funeral Home, 148 Elizabeth Street, Derby, is handling funeral arrangements.



Jill Elmer Jackson and Cynthia Elmer Amend identified the lady at the right as Mary Louise Beard. This undated photo was probably taken at one of the many meetings where Mary spoke about China. These are probably her curios and Chinese clothing that she purchased while in China.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The following was written for the 1995 25th anniversary of Wesley Heights built on the location of Century Farm:

WESLEY HEIGHTS: HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS

A tradition began in 1726, when Samuel Beard of Milford paid the “full sum of Nineteen Hundred pounds good Bills of Publick Credit” for the land which came to be known as Century Farm at Long Hill in Shelton. From that time on, those who have lived on that land have consistently been committed to strong religious values and concern for others in the community.

Seven generations of the Beard family farmed the land and took an active role in the community and local church. Mary Louise Beard, who sold Century Farm to United Methodist Homes, served as missionary in China before retiring to the family homestead. According to Edith Valentine, a member of the family who signed the deed to The Homes, Century Farm was well known and everyone loved to visit.

At that time in the early 1960's, the existing Methodist Homes in West Haven and Danbury were not large enough to accommodate the growing need for quality care for older adults. Bishop Lloyd Wicke appointed a commission to plan and raise funds for additional senior facilities in Connecticut and New York.

In December, 1964, The Health Care Agencies of the New York Annual Conference of the Methodist Church paid \$5,000 for an option on 39 acres of land from the estate of Mary Louise. The land was purchased the following year for \$120,000.

Wicke Health Center was built first, opening in 1968. Two years later, Wesley Heights began operations. Peg Belden Martin, a newspaper reporter who became one of the first residents at Wesley Heights, kept tabs on the project from the outset.

According to Peg, that first summer, residents lived in a “cloud of dust and no lawns.” They watched as the trees were planted and the streets paved.

In addition, not all the Congregate apartments were finished, so several residents stayed in cottages in West Court and were driven back and forth for meals in the dining room.

Residents soon made Wesley Heights their home, enjoying cookouts, parties, progressive dinners and other neighborly events. A residents association was formed and many issues of concern to residents were worked out. The first newsletter was published in 1971, with Glen Ketchum Maresca as editor and Peg Belden as publisher. Early activities included a sewing circle, woodcarving, table games and sing-a-longs. Bingo games and the Flower Fund (now the Sunshine Fund) debuted in October of 1972. By September of 1975, the newsletter included a full page of activities for residents.

That same year, the resident newsletter took note of how caring and concerned the staff members were. In describing Lillian Haurilak, today the administrator of Wesley Heights, editor Maresca noted: “Who has ever approached Lillian’s door, and not found somebody standing in it, with three or four more outside, while Lillian, between typewriter and telephone, finds the means to smile at one and all and even appears to like to smile, no matter how many times she’s interrupted for no reason at all?”

Throughout these past 25 years, that same attitude of caring has shaped the lives of all who have lived or worked at Wesley Heights. The joy, the smiles, the laughter... the sorrow, the tears and the sadness have been shared and borne by the entire community. Residents and staff come from all over to make a community of caring and love. It is this which we celebrate today, on Wesley Heights’ 25th anniversary.

In a telephone conversation with Edith Beard Valentine on February 22, 2008, Edith told Jana Jackson that she taught kindergarten at a school near Century Farm. She recalled a beautiful staircase within the home. One day she was at school and saw trucks going by and she realized that they were going to the old farm. She had someone watch her class for her and went over to the farm and saw them knocking it down. There had been a problem with vandals at the now vacant house. Later, after the Methodist Mission home was built, she would take her kindergarten class for a walk over to visit the residents.

Following is an undated article regarding Century Farm by Patricia Villers of the Register Staff:

Methodist retirement community celebrates silver anniversary

Shelton- Calling Wesley Heights “a place where people feel safe and welcome,” the Rev. Walter Everett looked back on the retirement community’s origins as he hosted a rededication ceremony there Thursday.

Wesley Heights, run by United Methodist Homes of Connecticut at 580 Long Hill Ave., opened in 1970. It consists of 90 cottages and 92 apartments.

Everett, chairman of the board of directors, led the 25th anniversary celebration, which drew more than 250 friends, residents and supporters.

Twenty-eight years ago “the land belonged to Mary L. Beard, who had spent many years as a missionary in China before returning to the family homestead,” Everett said.

Beard sold the land, known as Century Farm, to United Methodist Homes in 1967. A year later, Everett said, Wicke Health Center, a 120-resident nursing home run by United Methodist Homes, opened. Two years after that, Wesley Heights opened.

Everett also looked ahead to the future of the complex. “We propose to build 65 apartments for assisted living,” he said, stressing that “it would be residential rather than institutional living.”

Everett said United Methodist Homes will undertake a major gifts campaign for the project, which is expected to cost \$6.9 million. “With your help we can expand to meet the needs of our growing aging population,” he said.

Edith Beard Valentine of Orange, daughter of Bennett N. Beard, Mary Beard’s brother, reminisced about the homestead.

“I’m sure the family would be very pleased” with its use, Valentine said with a smile. “It was a very religious family.”

She said her father was one of 10 Beard children — five sons and five daughters — who were born and raised on the farm.

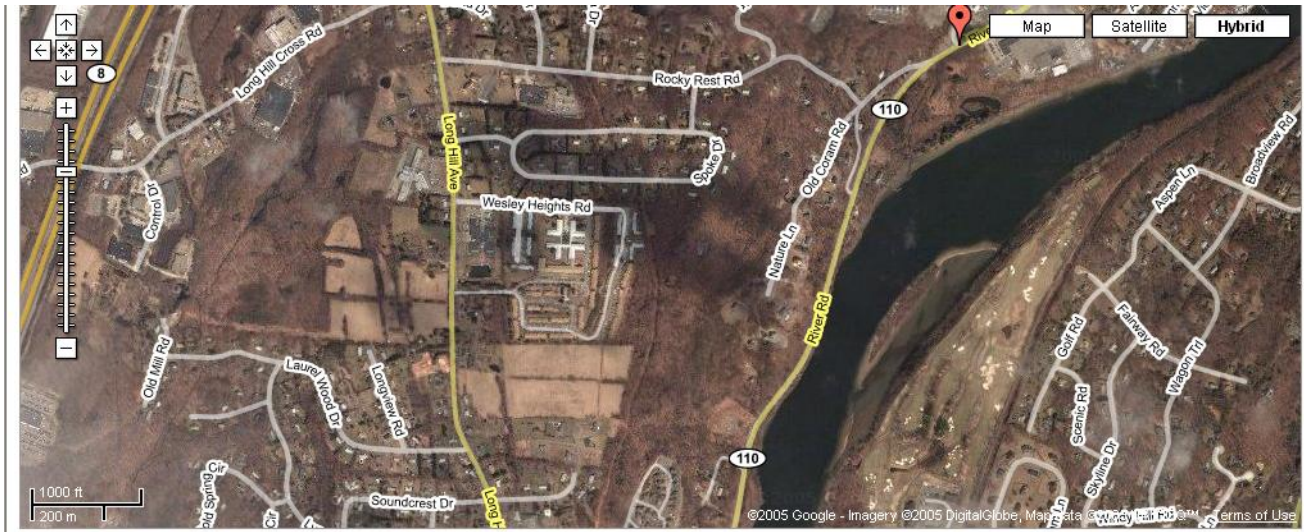
Valentine, who taught in the Shelton school system for 35 years, said she remembers the dirt roads on Long Hill.

There was a long lane leading up to the house,” she recalled. “I house was set back far from the road.” She added that she has many fond memories of family gatherings at the sprawling farmhouse.

John P. Barrett, president of United Methodist Homes of Connecticut, said, “This is a wonderful place to live...one we should all be proud of and thankful for.”

Resident Patricia Towle raved about Wesley Heights. “I wish everybody had an opportunity to live here,” she said. “And we love our new chaplain (the Rev. Richard Yerrington). It has meant so much to the residents to have him here every day.”

Thursday’s celebration featured a buffet luncheon followed by a ceremony that included prayers, scripture readings, a litany of dedication and two hymns.



Property where Century Farm was located – between Long Hill and River Rd– now Wesley Heights Rd.
From Google maps

LOCAL

Methodist retirement community celebrates silver anniversary

By Patricia Villers
Register Staff

SHELTON

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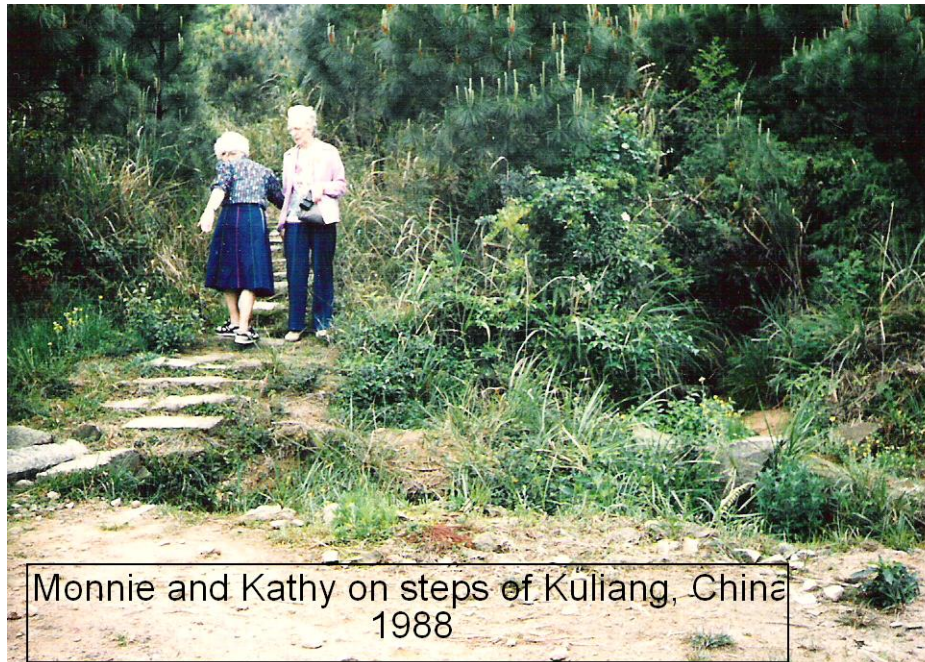
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Monnie Beard Butt, Edith Beard Valentine, Kathleen Beard Elmer, Barbara Beard (wife of Stephen Beard), Nancy Butte [Note-Barbara died in a car accident later that year-1988.]

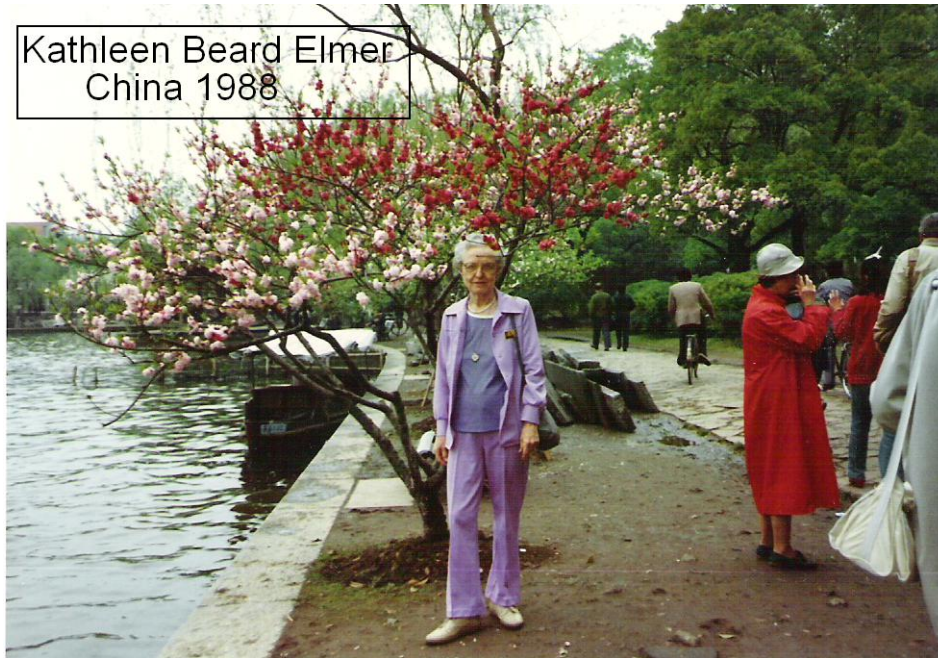


Monnie and Kathy on steps of Kuliang, China
1988



Marjorie and Kathleen on Kuliang 1988
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Kathleen Beard Elmer
China 1988



Monnie and Kathleen in China
1988



This photo was taken during the 1988 China trip. It is probably one of the buildings or residences on the Mission Compound in Foochow.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



View of Foochow 1988

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

The following was written by Nancy Butte, wife of John Butte, about her travels to Foochow with Monnie and Kathleen in 1988:

“When we were in Fuzhou it was so very difficult. We were assigned a government guide who spoke some English. We were assigned a hotel and restaurants to eat in. The guide, about 20 years old maybe, left us at the restaurant and would return later to pick us up. Often we were ignored when he left. It was unusual to see Caucasians at that time...there were no signs (as we know them) in English or even pictures that we could read. It was terribly awkward to be detached from the tour guide and group we had been with for almost 3 weeks previously! Monnie and Kathy wanted to see the “old bridge”, and this young guide took us to a bridge built in maybe 1950 or so! THAT was not what they meant, of course. But Fuzhou had grown at a tremendous rate in the last 25 years and so most of it was “new”. The guide did know the white pagoda. It was there that Kathy and Monnie felt some degree of familiarity....large boulders, banyan trees where they had played. But, absolutely no sign of any old Western buildings at all. The guide did not know “Kuliang”...maybe because of the way they pronounced the word, maybe because, like all of China, it had been renamed. The missionaries really took the Chinese pronunciation of words and translated them into English spelling as they sounded. It may not have been originally Kuliang. Where he took us seemed, to me, to be like what they had verbally described to me. But they did not really recognize much. Even though there were sort of overgrown stairs—which they recalled as having been part of the journey—they were not sure. After all, it had been fifty years, hadn’t it? Or more! They had been children in sedan chairs.

Fuzhou is a HUGE city of skyscrapers, waterways, and, at that time, zillions of bicycles!! We rode in a small bus. The kind that may seat 15 people. I did not ever have a paper map of the city. (I always do when traveling, but at that time, such things were not available to tourists) So, I really cannot be specific, sadly. In writing the above, I decided to get out the little “journal” I kept of our trip. (April, 1988) I will write you below what I wrote in the journal.

Wed, April 28, 1988

Today, after a two hour delay at a crowded, smoky, airport in Guangzhou, we stepped off the plane in Fuzhou! Nana (Monnie) has not beamed like this on the entire trip! As we walked together across the asphalt, 5 women from America among 100 Chinese, Monnie looked up, pointed to the hill, and said in a tear-choked voice, “There is Kuliang!” All of the waiting of today was worth it. I airport was a very basic place...luggage delivered to a cement platform in a shed by a truck. So much yelling, shoving, and pushing that we just stood back and waited. But not only a CITS guide awaited us, but also Dr. Chen, a doctor who visited Aunt Gerry in Connecticut when he was at a Public Health Conference about 2 years back. He is about 60, very kind-faced, speaks great English and most hospitable. (Jana, I believe he finally moved permanently to the U.S. and would be helpful if we could locate him!!)

The CITS guide is about 23, a young man named Lin (pronounced Lean) He is so very eager to please us, and will show us anything we wish. Good!

It took only a few minutes before Monnie and Aunt Kathy realized that everything building-wise they remember is gone. Totally. Either bombed in the late 1940’s or torn down. They are quite surprised and distressed by this. What we saw, as we came to our hotel, was typical of China: lots of rubble, some old buildings and some quite new buildings. There are 1.2 million people here now. Our hotel, The Hot Spring Hotel, is many stories, very western and not very full. China has overbuilt new hotels and they are not really well-built nor well-maintained. (i.e., dirty carpets, draperies snagged or unhooked, bath tiles quite dirty.) Hotel shops are overrun by locals out “looking” and they are very loud! This atmosphere does not lend a feeling of quality or tranquility to a place!

April 29

The day dawns muggy and either overcast or smoggy, it’s hard to tell. At 9:00 we board bus and go to Drum Mountain. (GuShan) to locate some remnant of familiarity. One leaves the city soon and there are rice paddies now growing winter wheat. People in straw Chinese hats dot this area—all bent over. In the near distance the land rises abruptly into a rather tall hill....bigger and more rugged than a “hill” actually, but certainly “mountain” is overstating it! At any rate, where they used to walk up on stairs there is now a road winding crazily up. First it’s paved, but soon it is a dirt road progressively more bumpy and narrow. The other four are saying “ooh” and “ah” at steep cliffs and hairpin turns. The hillsides have been planted with pines and there are wild azaleas, white climbing roses, and wild lilies. The fog/clouds drift by occasionally, obscuring views but only adding to the sense of being quite removed from the city. We were not really blessed with a view from any part of the mountain to the plain-but Monnie recalled it for us. All of the old houses appeared gone—the Air Force now has buildings and antennae on top. Monnie and Kathy searched in vain for something familiar everywhere we stopped. A few peasants live near the top in a small cluster of buildings and we saw them on the terraced hillside and near houses.

On the way down we stopped at Gushing Spring Temple. What was there was not important. But, here a man came up and spoke. He had been in Dr. Beard's school and recalled for us those days!! THAT cheered up Monnie and Kathy a lot!

We continued down in the bus and went to lunch. After lunch we visited the Christian Church. (Flower Lane Church) This is one of 400 in Fujian Province we were told. While we had tea and walked about, (the sanctuary building was a Western-style church) they went to fetch "THE BISHOP"! He appeared in about 25-30 minutes. He was 85 and not retired. He remembered Dr. Beard and others who Monnie and Kathy knew. We had a long visit, signed the guest book, and took pictures. (talking through interpreters)



L to R: Financial Ch.; Monnie; Bishop Mosu[?] Hsieh; an aid; Kathy
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Finally, we left and visited Lacquerware Factory #2. Our guide could not speak well on how the lacquer products were made. We each bought something in the usual shop after the "tour". We visited another shop of Arts and Crafts of China, then to the hotel.

Dr. Chen came about 5:50 and we six had tea in the lobby/bar for about an hour. It was very interesting to speak to him. He has an exceptionally kind face and I liked him immediately. You can tell he is well-educated and has traveled a great deal. His wife and two children live in New York and work there. The children all graduated from Syracuse."

Myron Gould Beard



In Memoriam Death Takes DC-3 Pioneer
From: American Airlines "Flagship News: January 6, 1975

M.G. (Dan) Beard, who played a key role in the development of transport aircraft from the DC-3 to the 707, died Dec. 25. at Veterans Hospital in Northport, N.Y. He was 78.

A noted test pilot and aeronautical engineer, Mr. Beard was assistant vice president, safety, when he retired from American in 1964.

He joined American as a pilot in 1932. Later, as chief engineering pilot, he worked with a long-time friend and associate, the late William Littlewood, who was then AA's vice president, engineering. In the mid-1930s, Mr. Beard flight-tested the DC-3 before its entry into commercial service. Mr. Beard, Mr. Littlewood and Douglas Aircraft Corp. engineers were primarily responsible for the development of the most famous of all piston airplanes, the DC-3.

Another highlight of a career studded with accomplishment came at the end of World War II, when Mr. Beard headed up a group of American engineers and pilots, under a Navy contract, in research on airborne radar. From this research came the installation in the mid-1950s of this important navigational aid.

A long list of AA "firsts" bears the strong imprint of Mr. Beard and Mr. Littlewood: Specifications and sponsorship of the DC-6, Convair 240 and DC-7; development of flashing navigation lights; an entire fleet equipped with full-feathering propellers, reverse pitch propellers, to name a few.

He received numerous awards for his contributions to aviation. He was the holder of the Air Medal. Other honors included a citation from the University of Michigan, the Flight Safety Foundation's Safety Award, a certificate of appreciation from the Society of Automotive Engineers and the AA Million Miler Captain Award.

He was a fellow of the Institute of Aerospace Sciences and belonged to several other aviation and fraternal groups.

He is survived by his wife Virginia; daughter Hazel; son Willard F. Beard, an Air Force major based in Honolulu; sisters Geraldine Beard, Dorothy Newberg, Marjorie Butt and Kathleen Elmer, and two grandchildren.

[From a resume of Gould provided by his descendants, Gould was a member of the Quiet Birdmen, an exclusive and secretive aviation organization.]

In a note to Gould's Biographical Sketch, written shortly after 1963, F. W. Kolk adds the following:

The above recitation of names and places really doesn't do too much to give a stranger a correct impression of Dan Beard. Behind this outline lies a long story of continuous adventure, punctuated by the exercising of leadership in dealing with everything from black gangs on tramp steamers to groups of highly individualistic, intelligent and temperamental engineers and similar technicians. He has had to exercise ingenuity in keeping engines running at sea and in the air and he has particularly faced up to and solved the problems arising from the front ends of airplanes in the various capacities of pilot, engineer and management. He has taken a turkey buzzard full in the face through the windshield of a Ford Tri-motor. He has deliberately spun large transport airplanes. He has re-built baulky, raw engines with his bare hands, manufacturing some of the necessary parts and he has led, cajoled and forced the development of American Airlines' fleet of transport airplanes into the finest, all-around aircraft in the World, and in so doing has become one of the most loved and respected figures in American aviation today.



The following article is from the Encyclopedia of American Biography, New Series, Volume XXIX, a Publication of The American Historical Company, Inc. New York, 1959:

BEARD, Myron Gould "Dan"

Assistant Vice President for Equipment Research of the American Airlines since 1954 and active in the field of aeronautical engineering for more than thirty years, Mr. Beard is a Fellow of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences and member of the Society of Automotive Engineers. His articles on aeronautical subjects have appeared in the "Society of Automotive Engineers Journal" and the "Aeronautical Engineering Review" of the "Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences: since 1929, and he has presented papers frequently before both societies. He is chairman of the SAE Committee on Cockpit Standardization, which received the Flight Safety Foundation's safety award in 1953 for having obtained for the first time a national standard flight instrument panel for transport planes. Made a Fellow of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences in 1954, he served on the IAS Council from 1954 to 1956. He has been a member of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, Committee on Operating Problems since 1944. He was Chairman of the Daniel Guggenheim Medal Board of Award for 1958.

Mr. Beard was born in Foochow, China, on November 13, 1896, the son of Willard Livingston[e] Beard and Ellen Lucy (Kinney) Beard. His ancestry stems from family roots put down in America during early colonial days. Records show that Martha Beard and five children landed in Boston on June 26, 1637 and moved to the Milford (Connecticut) colony in 1639, the father, James Beard, having died enroute on the ship "Martin". She was one of the few "free planters" who alone had liberty to act in choice of carrying on public affairs in the plantation. I family lineage runs through Samuel Beard, a Lieutenant in the Milford Trainee-Band in 1723; James Beard, Deacon Samuel Beard, a Sergeant in Captain Birdy's Connecticut Company in the Revolutionary War; Joel Beard who built the house in 1783, now standing on the original Beard homestead in Huntington, Connecticut; Joes Beard, 2nd, a

representative in the Connecticut State Legislature in 1855; Oliver Gould Beard, grandfather of Myron Gould Beard. His father, William [Willard] L. Beard was born February 5, 1865 at Huntington, Connecticut, graduated from Oberlin College in 1891, and from Hartford Theological Seminary in 1894. He received an Honorary D.D. degree from Oberlin College in 1916. He married Ellen Lucy Kinney, born May 29, 1868, in Putnam, Connecticut, and that same year, 1894, they went as missionaries to Foochow, China, under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. During the first term he founded the Foochow Theological Seminary of that Mission. From 1905-1910 he started YMCA work in Fukien Province, China. In 1912 he was appointed President of Foochow College of the American Board. Dr. and Mrs. Beard were the parents of one son and five daughters, all born, reared and educated in China. They retired finally in 1941 and returned to the United States in August of that year.

Mr. Beard studied in the grammar school of the Foochow Mission until 1909, then entered P.S. no. 3 in Mount Vernon, New York, and he graduated from Putnam High School in Connecticut in 1916. He attended Oberlin College in 1916 and the first semester of 1917, and then after World War I he returned to College in 1921 and obtained the degree of Bachelor of Engineering at the University of Michigan in 1925.

During World War I, Mr. Beard enlisted in the Army Air Corps on December 21, 1917, and was then stationed at the USSMA Princeton Ground School from March 21, 1918 to May 15, 1918. He took his flight training at Kelly Field, Texas on the Curtis JN 4-OX, commonly called the Curtiss "Jenny". He made his first flight on June 17, 1918, soloed on June 26th following, in 4 hours, 2 minutes, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps on November 12, 1918. He resigned on January 19, 1919 and accepted a commission in the Army Air Corps Reserve and remained in the Reserves through WWII.

Upon receiving his aviator's wings in World War I, he was presented with a membership in the Federation Aeronautique Internationale- Aero Club of America No. 3739, and in 1929 he joined the Quiet Birdmen (QB's) in the New York hangar.

Test engineer on diesel engines at the Winton Engine Works, Cleveland, Ohio, from February to July 1919, Mr. Beard was third assistant engineer of the motor ship Mount Baker of the Gaston, Williams and Wigmore Globe Line from July to December 1919, and second assistant engineer in January and February, 1920. First assistant engineer from February, 1920, to February, 1921, he served on the ship to Europe, South America and Gulf of Mexico ports, and he then became installation engineer on diesel engines at the Newport Ship Building Company at Wilmington, North Carolina, from February to June 1921.

Upon his graduation from the University of Michigan, in 1925, Mr. Beard became associated with the Ingersoll-Rand Company on design, test and installation of diesel engines from July 1925 to August 1927. He re-entered the aviation engineering field when he became an installation engineer and test pilot for the Fairchild-Camenez Engine Corporation of Farmingdale, New York. In September 1927 he passed the tests for a Limited Commercial Pilot's License No. 755 and the Transport Pilot's rating in 1930, with the Airline Transport Instrument rating following in 1934.

Mr. Beard was the test pilot of the Fairchild Aviation Corporation from October 1928 to July 1929 when he became chief test pilot of the American Airplane and Engine Corporation of Farmingdale and he served in this post until October 1932, at which time he was attached to the New York Office of the Aviation Corporation which was the holding corporation of the previous mentioned companies. It was as chief test pilot of the Fairchild Aviation Corporation that Mr. Beard did most of the development testing on the Fairchild-Camenez "Cam" engine. He also flew initial test flights on the KR-21; the KR-34; the Pilgrim X-100 and X-150; the Clark GA-43 and numerous pontoon versions of the land models.

Co-pilot with American Airways, Incorporated, from January 1933 to June 1934, he was promoted to Chief Test Pilot of American Airlines from June, 1934 to January 1935. Instrument flying check pilot with the operations department of American Airlines at Chicago from January to November 1935, Mr. Beard became chief test pilot in American Airlines engineering department, testing the DC-3 at the Douglas Factory, and he was later appointed Chief Engineering Pilot of the Engineering Department, first at Chicago and later at New York, from January 1937 to October 1943. Mr. Beard held the post of director of flight engineering of American Airlines from October 1950 to 1954, and he now holds the post of Assistant Vice President in charge of Equipment Research of American Airlines.

As chief engineering pilot and director of flight engineering for American Airlines, he personally did all acceptance testing of the Vultee V-1A at Glendale, California, the Douglas DC-2, DC-3, and he was in charge of testing the DC-6 and DC-6B at Santa Monica, California, and the Convair 240 at San Diego, California.

Mr. Beard, as chief engineer, was in charge of development and analysis and he was responsible for the specifications of the Douglas DC-7. As assistant Vice President, Equipment Research, he was in charge of

developing the preliminary specifications and performance requirements for the Lockheed Electra turbo prop transport, and for American Airlines model of the Boeing 707-123 jet transport.

During World War II Mr. Beard was pilot and flight engineer on the crew of the first cargo DC-3 flown by American Airlines for the Air Transport Command, Cargo Survey flight to Greenland in preparation for military cargo service across the North Atlantic. This was in April 1942. He was on the crew as flight engineer and pilot of the first four-engine survey flight flown across the North Atlantic with a C87 cargo plane in October 1942. Mr. Beard was attached to a special mission for the Defense Supplies Corporation as pilot on a DC-3 to indoctrinate the Brazilians with the excellence of the American flight equipment to replace the German airplanes which were taken over when the Brazilian Government nationalized the German Condor Airline System into a Brazilian Airline System. This mission was conducted from January 1st, 1943 to March 22nd, 1943.

In May 1943, Mr. Beard was flight engineer and pilot on the first cargo flight with a C-54 across the North Atlantic. This flight started across the north Atlantic from Gander, Newfoundland to plant a radio navigation station in the Azores. An hour before arriving there, they received radio orders to detour the Azores and land at Marrakech, Africa. The flight then proceeded to Preswick, Scotland. This was the first nonstop flight from New Foundland to Africa and was accompanied by General Ben Giles, Commander of the North Atlantic wing. General Giles and the entire crew received the Air Medal for this flight.

From 1935 to 1950, Mr. Beard personally flew most of the experimental icing tests on the DC-2, DC-3, DC-4 and DC-6 for American Airlines. From 1945 to 1948, he was in charge of the experimental work and flew many of the tests to determine operational uses of airborne radar, which is now so useful for weather surveillance.

As an additional sidelight to his professional flight testing work, he was the second pilot and the first airline pilot to fly the famous DC-3 on December 21, 1935 and participated with the Douglas test pilot in all of the certification flights on that famous airplane. On one of these flights, Mrs. Beard Accompanied her husband, being the first woman to fly in the DC-3. The DC-3 was later rated one of the four outstanding vehicles of transportation of World War II.

Mr. Beard flew his first jet powered plane on August 29, 1945 which was a Bell P-59 twin engine jet. He was also the first U.S. Pilot to fly the A.V. Roe Canadian "Avro-jet" on April 27, 1950. On April 21, 1953, he was invited to fly the British Vickers Viscount and in August 1953, the first British Bristol Britannia. On September 12, 1955 he was invited to fly the first American built jet transport- the Boeing 707, and on February 21, 1958, the first American turbo-prop commercial transport- the Lockheed Electra, and was the first airline pilot to fly both these airplanes. Climaxing a long flying career, on October 7, 1958, he flew the Convair Delta wing supersonic TF-102A, putting it through the sound barrier to Mach 1.3 or about 900 miles per hour.

Mr. Beard enjoys social connections as a member of the Michigan Union of the university of Michigan and of Bethpage Lodge No. 975, Free and Accepted Masons at Farmingdale, L.I., N.Y. He is a member of the Congregational Men's Club and a past president of the LaGuardia Airport Kiwanis Club. When he can find leisure from his duties, his favorite sports are sailing, hunting and fishing and his hobbies are woodworking, horticulture and gardening.

Mr. Beard was married on July 15, 1930, to Virginia Blatchley Space, the daughter of Frederick Grant Space and of Hazel Bauman (Van Namee) Space. Her father's family is descended directly from John and Priscilla Alden, of "Mayflower" fame, and her mother's family stems from Elder Brewster who also came over in the "Mayflower". Mr. Frederick Grant Space was born at Port Jervis, New York, on August 4, 1886, graduated from Port Jervis High School and attended the Young Men's Christian Association School in New York City. Purchasing agent for the General Ordnance Company of Derby, Connecticut from 1916 to 1921, he held the same post with the Seymour Manufacturing Company of Seymour from 1921 until his retirement in 1954. Mrs. Beard's mother [Virginia Space Beard's mother] was born in Mount Vernon, New York, on March 25, 1889. Both of her parents now resides in Oxford, Connecticut. Mr. and Mrs. Beard have two children: 1. Hazel Ellen, born on July 9, 1931, at Derby, Connecticut, graduated from Manhasset High School in 1950 and attended Pennsylvania College for Women in Pittsburgh, 1950-1954 majoring in Biology. She is now assisting with research work in the Laboratories of New York Botanical Gardens. During the summer of 1954, Hazel Beard was the young Adult Community Ambassador from Manhasset, New York under the Experiment in International Living, to Denmark where she lived with a Danish family the entire summer. 2. Willard Frederick, born at Cincinnati, Ohio, on December 7, 1933, graduated from Manhasset High School in 1951 and obtained the degree of Bachelor of Science in Business Administration at the University of Michigan in 1955. A second lieutenant in the Air Force Reserve Officer's Training Corp., he attended the navigation school at Harlingen, Texas, Air Force Base, becoming a First Lieutenant, and he is now navigation officer on KC97 tankers at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Air Force Base. He married Mona Kerruish Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Junius P. Wilson, 2nd of Roslyn Estates, on July 27, 1957. They are the parents of Virginia Lee born July 4, 1958 [and later, 'Barbara June', July 25, 1960].

Few pilots have had such an extensive experimental and test flight record as Mr. Beard. In May 1958 he had accumulated 6,200 hours in all types of airplanes and most of it in engineering and experimental testing.

Mr. and Mrs. Beard make their home at Manhasset, New York.

[Copy of article provided by the family of Willard Frederick Beard, son of Myron Gould Beard.]



Dorothy and Harold Newberg after 1950 [From the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

[From the Oberlin College Alumni Magazine]

Dorothy (Beard) Newberg

Dorothy Beard Newberg, [OHS '19, OC '23, died] May 18, 1991, in Saginaw, Mich. Born Feb. 26, 1901, in Foochow, China, she taught physical education in Saginaw 29 years. She coached girls' basketball for Ames United Methodist Church, winning state championships in 1936 and 1937. She was a former Worthy Matron and Grand Ruth of the Order of the Eastern Star. She was preceded in death by her husband, Harold; her father, Willard L. Beard, Class of 1891; her mother, Ellen Kinney Beard, Class of 1891; a sister, Phebe Beard '19; and a brother, M. Gould '20. She is survived by sisters Geraldine Beard '21, Marjorie Beard Butt '28, and Kathleen Beard Elmer '30. *Oberlin Alumni Magazine*, Oberlin, Ohio, Fall 1991, p. 32.

[From the Saginaw newspaper, May 1991]

Newberg, Mrs. Dorothy B.,
Saginaw, Michigan

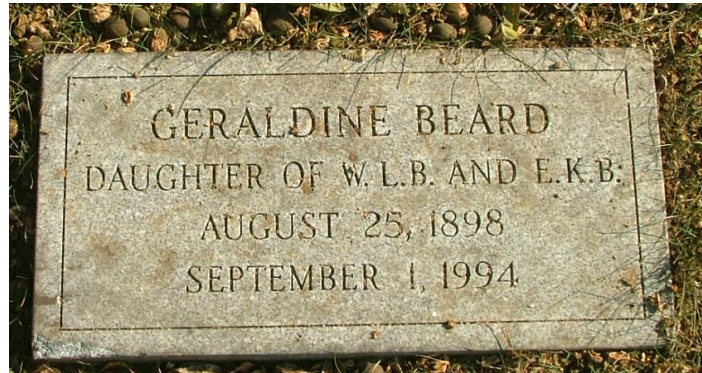
Passed away Saturday, May 18, 1991 at the Saginaw Geriatrics Home. Age 90 years. Dorothy Beard was born Feb. 26, 1901 in Fuzhou, China, where her parents were missionaries. She was married to Harold C. (Whitey) Newberg on Aug. 17, 1927. He predeceased her Nov. 9, 1969. She was graduated from Oberlin College and then taught physical education at North School until her retirement. Mrs. Newberg was an active member of Ames United Methodist Church where she and her husband organized the athletic program. She also sang in the choir and taught Sunday school. She was a member of the Bethlehem Chapter #105 O.E.S. where she was a past Worthy Matron and also Grand Ruth at State Convention. Surviving are three sisters, Geraldine Beard and Marjorie Butt, both of Saginaw; Kathleen Elmer, Jacksonville, Fla; many nieces and nephews.

Funeral service will take place 11:00 a.m. Wednesday at Ames United Methodist Church, 2015 Hanchett St. Rev. John W. Hinkle will officiate with burial in Roselawn Memorial Gardens. Friends may call at the W.L. Case and Company Funeral Chapel, 409 Adams Street from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. and 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. Tuesday where the Bethlehem Chapter [Copy unreadable here for a couple of words. Possibly- will conduct a memorial..] ..rial service at 7:30 p.m. They may then call at the church on Wednesday from 10:00 a.m. until time of service. Those planning an expression of sympathy may wish to consider the Ames United Methodist Church or the Bethlehem Chapter #105 O.E.S. designated for the ESTARL Fund.



1982- Dan and Bea's 50th Anniversary [*Dan Beard and wife, Beatrice*]

Left to Right standing: Geraldine Beard, Win Valentine (son of Edith Beard Valentine), Hazel Beard
 Left to Right seated: Virginia Space Beard (wife of Myron Gould Beard), Edith Beard Valentine (daughter of Bennett N. Beard), Maureen Valentine (Win's wife)



Geraldine's gravestone- Riverside Cemetery

Geraldine Beard
 Daughter of W.L.B. and E.K.B.
 August 25, 1898
 September 1, 1994

[Photo from James Smith, Shelton resident and genealogy researcher.]

[From the Saginaw newspaper, September of 1994]

Beard, Geraldine,
 Saginaw, Michigan.

Passed away Thursday morning at Saginaw Geriatrics Home. Age 96 years. She leaves a sister, Mrs. Marjorie Butt, Saginaw.

Cremation has taken place. Burial will take place in Connecticut. Arrangements by the McIntyre Chapel.



Monnie and Ralph's grave stone, Bay Robert, St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada

Nancy Butte wrote in an email about Monnie and Ralph's gravesite: "Monnie and Ralph are buried in Bay Roberts, Newfoundland in a little old cemetery on a bluff overlooking the sea. It is a windswept and lovely spot."

[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

Obituary of **Marjorie Beard Butt**

Butt, Marjorie (Monnie)

Saginaw Township

Passed away early Friday morning, December 2, 1994 at her home after a short illness. Age 88 years. Born Marjorie Beard, February 17, 1906 in Foochow, China, the daughter of a Congregational Missionary couple who spent 50 years in China and founded a university there. Like her five siblings, she was sent back to the United States in her mid-teens. She was raised thereafter on the family farm in Shelton, Conn., by two maiden aunts. Monnie graduated from Oberlin College (Ohio) and went to Labrador with the Grenfell Mission as a teacher to the Indians. There she met and became engaged to William Ralph Butt who was then starting a five year apprenticeship as a Hudson's Bay Company trading post manager. They were forced to wait the entire duration of the apprenticeship before HBC company policy would allow them to marry. The long wait was rewarded, however, by what Monnie refers to as a "two year honeymoon" while Ralph managed the HBC post at Davis Inlet, Labrador. They were totally alone there at that outpost except for the occasional trapper or Indian who came to trade. From that position near the Arctic Circle, they were enlisted as part of the Allie's "Distant Early Warning" (DEW LINE) using morse code through a huge government supplied, gas generator powered radio to send daily reports of weather condition and airplane spotted and identified to the military base during the war. *[Nancy Butte added a note here that "The part about the DEW line should be when they were in Fort Nelson, British Columbia."]* Monnie and Ralph briefly returned to the U.S. for the birth of their son, then were reassigned across country to the HBC Post at Northwest River, British Columbia *[actually Labrador]*. Traveling there, they were informed that theirs was the first infant up the newly opened ALCAN Highway. At two their son suffered a short illness that frightened them into an

appreciation of the vulnerability of their remote existence. They returned to the U.S. settling in Saginaw, Michigan where Monnie had a married sister living. Within a few years, Ralph won the position of administrator for the new Osteopathic Hospital being founded in an old Victoria mansion on N. Michigan Ave. in Saginaw. Monnie supported Ralph through the difficult years that saw both the hospital grow from fewer than eight beds to over 275 and Ralph elected to the position of National President of the American Osteopathic Hospital Association. During these years Monnie taught school, raised two children and was active in the First Congregational Church of Saginaw. The AAUW, P.E.O and many civic organizations. She was married to William R. Butt on August 31, 1940 in St. Johns, Newfoundland, Canada. He passed away on October 16, 1983. Surviving is one son and one daughter, John C. Butte and his wife Nancy and their children, Ted and Jessie Butte of Burlingame, California and Sharon Murphy and her husband Gerald Murphy of Hemlock and their daughter, Brookie Taylor of Midland; one great0grandson, Trent Rogers; one sister, Kathleen Elmer, Jacksonville, Fla.; several nieces and nephews. She was predeceased by her parents, husband, one brother and three sisters.

Memorial service will take place at the date to be announced later at the First Congregational Church. Dr. Charles Guerreno Jr. will be officiating. Burial will take place at Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, Canada. Memorials may be made to the First Congregational Church, Hospice of Saginaw, or the American Cancer Society. Cremation has taken place. Arrangements by the McIntyre Chapel.



Gravestone of Hazel Ellen Beard
July 9, 1931- June 7, 1999

Hazel E. Beard [From the Manhasset Press, June 18, 1999 edition]

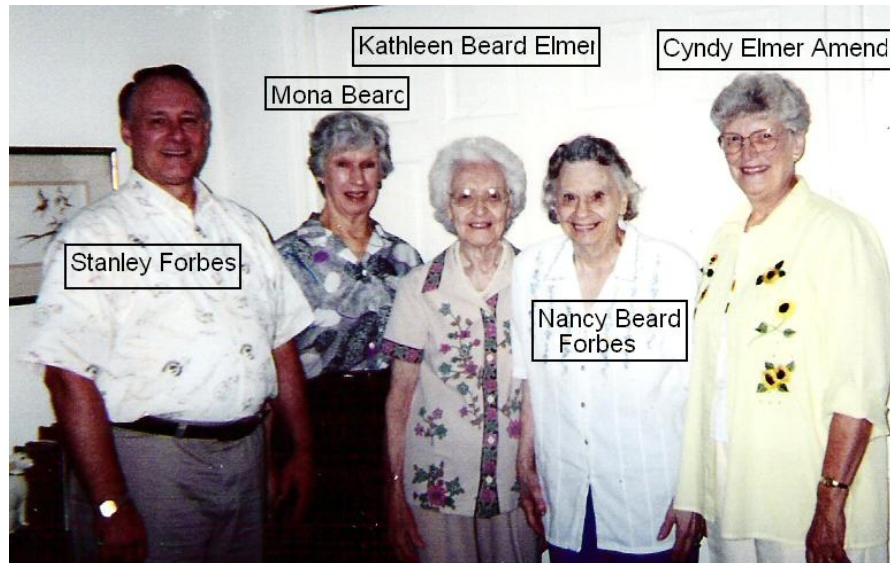
Hazel E. Beard, Manhasset resident since 1942, succumbed to cancer at the Sunharbor Manor in Roslyn Heights on Monday, June 7. Daughter of M. Gould "Dan" Beard of American Airlines and Virginia Space Beard, Hazel assumed the family Munsey Park home after the death of her mother in 1994.

A Manhasset High School graduate, Class of 1950, Hazel attended Chatham College in Pittsburgh and received her degree from Adelphi in 1980. In the middle 1940's she attended the Aloha Summer Camps in Fairlee, Vermont, and acquired a life-long interest in nature and the environment. An original appointee to the Nassau County Soil and Water Board, she continued to serve on the board until the time she was incapacitated.

Miss Beard worked as a laboratory research technician at the New York Botanical Gardens and then spent several years as a dental assistant for three Manhasset dentists. For the past several years she has been a receptionist with the Fairchild and Sons Funeral Home in Manhasset.

A memorial service will be held in The Congregational Church of Manhasset Chapel on Tuesday, June 29, at 7:30 p.m. The family suggests in lieu of flowers, a donation to any environmental or nature organization.

Hazel is survived by her brother, Maj. Willard Beard, USAF Ret. of Charlottesville, VA.



Stanley Forbes (son of Nancy, grandson of Stanley Beard), Mona Beard (wife of Willard F. Beard), Kathleen Beard Elmer (daughter of Willard and Ellen), Nancy Beard Forbes (daughter of Stanley Beard) and Cynthia Elmer Amend (daughter of Kathleen Beard Elmer). Probably 2000 or 2002

Kathleen [Beard] Elmer, 95 Jacksonville

Kathleen Elmer, a resident of Jacksonville since 1946, died Wednesday, May 12, 2004, in Crystal River, at the age of 95.

She was born Aug. 10, 1908, in Foochow, China, in a small stone cottage near the top of a mountain called Kuliang. She was named Kathleen Cynthia Beard. Her father, Willard L. Beard, was a missionary and principal of a Chinese boys' high school, and her mother, Ellen Kinney Beard, taught English in his school. She was educated in China by missionary wives until the age of 12. Kathleen left China at the age of 12, sailing from Shanghai to Seattle, Wash., with her parents when they returned to the United States on furlough.

She then lived in Oberlin, Ohio, and completed her high school education there [*OHS class of 1926*]. She met her childhood sweetheart and future husband, Hugh Elmer, in Oberlin.

Following high school, she attended Oberlin College and graduated in 1931 with a degree in music. After graduation she went to Logan, Utah, and taught in a high school for one year. She then returned to Saginaw, Mich., and married Hugh Elmer on Sept. 9, 1932.

They settled in Jacksonville in 1946 and joined the Epperson Memorial Methodist Church. Kathleen became the church organist and she was also very active in other church functions. She continued playing the organ and piano for the church for more than 50 years. In addition to playing the organ and piano for the church, she played for many weddings and other functions. She also wrote numerous songs including songs for individual weddings.

When Epperson Memorial Methodist Church closed, she became a member of the Wesley Fellowship.

She was a member of the PEO Sorority.

In 1988, she and her sister Marjorie, escorted by her niece, Nancy Butte, returned to China for a visit to see their birthplace and childhood home.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Hugh Elmer, Dec. 7, 1996; four sisters, Phoebe Beard, Geraldine Beard, Marjorie Butt and Dorothy Newberg; and one brother, Gould Beard.

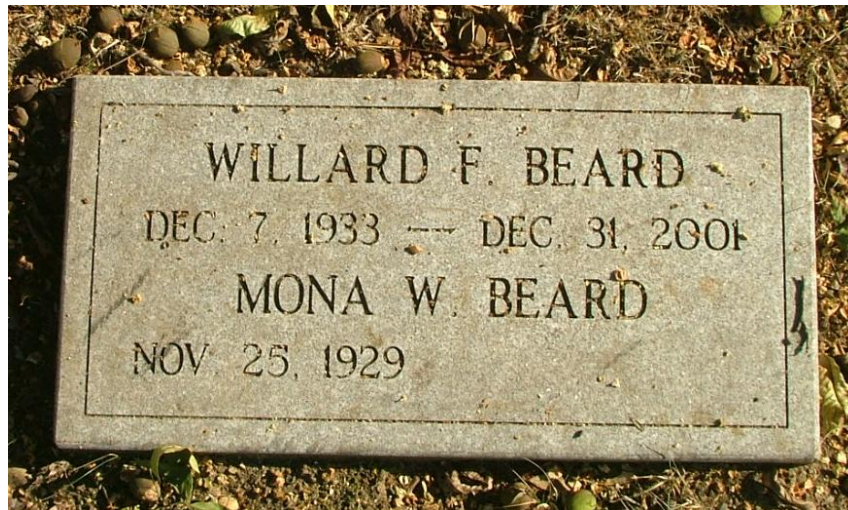
Survivors include one son, Allen Elmer and wife, Sherry, of Jacksonville; two daughters, Cynthia (Cyndy) Amend and husband, Bob, of New Smyrna Beach, and Jacqueline (Jill) Jackson and husband, Charles, of Crystal River;

nine grandchildren; and 15 great-grandchildren.

Her grandchildren and their spouses are: Adam Elmer and wife, Sandy, Nicole Simmons and husband, Randy, Christopher Elm, Mark Jackson and wife, Jana, Scott Jackson and wife, Della, Laura Peugh and husband, Bill, Robert Amend and wife, Robin, Michael Amend and wife, Diana, and Steve Amend.

Her great-grandchildren are: William Peugh III, Timothy Peugh, Jordan Peugh, James Peugh, Liana Amend, Nathaniel Amend, Rachel Amend, Michaela Amend, Andrew Amend, Megan Amend, Sarah Jackson, Joshua Jackson, Lucas Jackson, Jamie Jackson and Brett Jackson.

Citrus County Chronicle, Crystal River, Florida, May 15, 2004.



Willard Frederick Beard

Obituary -Charlottesville Observer, Jan. 2, 2002

Willard F. Beard, 68, a resident of Charlottesville, died Dec. 31, 2001. Mr. Beard and his wife, Mona, were long time residents of Honolulu before moving to Charlottesville six years ago. He was born on Dec. 7, 1933, in Cincinnati, the son of Virginia Space Beard and Myron Gould "Dan" Beard, an aviation pioneer. As his father was an early pilot with American Airlines, he grew up on Long Island, N.Y., with a love of aviation. After graduating from the University of Michigan, he joined the Air Force as a second lieutenant in 1956. While in the service, he obtained an MBS from Harvard Business School and then was stationed at Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines, where he flew cargo missions to Vietnam for two years. During that time, his flight crew received the Marine Unit Citation at Khe Sahn. He was transferred to staff duty at Hickman Air Force Base in Honolulu, where he retired in 1976.

After retirement, he became active in local Honolulu politics. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention, and ran successfully [*unsuccessfully*] for the U.S. House of Representatives. During that time he joined the Sons of the American Revolution. He and his family were active supporters of the Obedience Training and Labrador Retriever Clubs of Hawaii. He worked annually for H&R Block, in both Hawaii and Charlottesville. After moving to Charlottesville, he was actively involved in leadership of the local chapter of the Air Force Association. He has been a lifelong supporter of many national and local non-profit groups focusing on environmental and social issues.

Will is survived by his wife, Mona Wilson Beard, whom he met and married on Long Island in 1957; two daughters, Barbara June Scott and Virginia Beard Van Andel; four grandchildren, living in California and Michigan.

Services for this weekend will be announced by Teague Funeral Home. Donations in his name may be made to Hospice of the Piedmont, 1490 Pantops Mountain Place, Suite 200, Charlottesville, VA, 22911, or the Virginia or Hawaiian Chapters of the Nature Conservatory.

Myron Gould Beard's family

Family Group Sheet

Husband: Myron Gould Beard		
Born: 13 Nov 1896	in: Foochow, China	
Married: 15 Jul 1930		
Died: 25 Dec 1974	in: Veteran's Hospital, Northport, NY	
Father: Willard Livingstone Beard		
Mother: Ellen Lucy Kinney		
Wife: Virginia Blatchley Space		
Born: Abt. Apr 1910	in: NY	
Father: Frederick Grant Space		
Mother: Hazel Bauman Van Namee		
CHILDREN		
1 F	Name: Hazel Ellen Beard	
	Born: 09 Jul 1931	in: Derby, CT
	Died: 07 Jun 1999	in: Manhasset, New York
2 M	Name: Willard Frederick Beard	
	Born: 07 Dec 1933	in: Cincinnati, OH
	Died: 31 Dec 2001	in: Charlottesville, VA
	Married: 27 Jul 1957	in: Manhasset
	Spouse: Mona Kerruish Wilson	



L to R: Hazel, Virginia, Gould and Willard F. Beard
Hazel is also seen in her later years in the first photo on the previous page.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Willard Frederick Beard's family

Family Group Sheet

Husband: Willard Frederick Beard	
Born: 07 Dec 1933	in: Cincinnati, OH
Married: 27 Jul 1957	in: Manhasset
Died: 31 Dec 2001	in: Charlottesville, VA
Father: Myron Gould Beard	
Mother: Virginia Blatchley Space	
Wife: Mona Kerruish Wilson	
Father: Junius Pendleton Wilson, Jr.	
CHILDREN	
1 F	Name: Virginia Lee Beard Born: 04 Jul 1958 Married: 28 Dec 1985 Spouse: Richard John Van Andel
2 F	Name: Barbara June Beard Born: 25 Jul 1960 Married: 30 Dec 1989 Spouse: Stephen Reid Scott

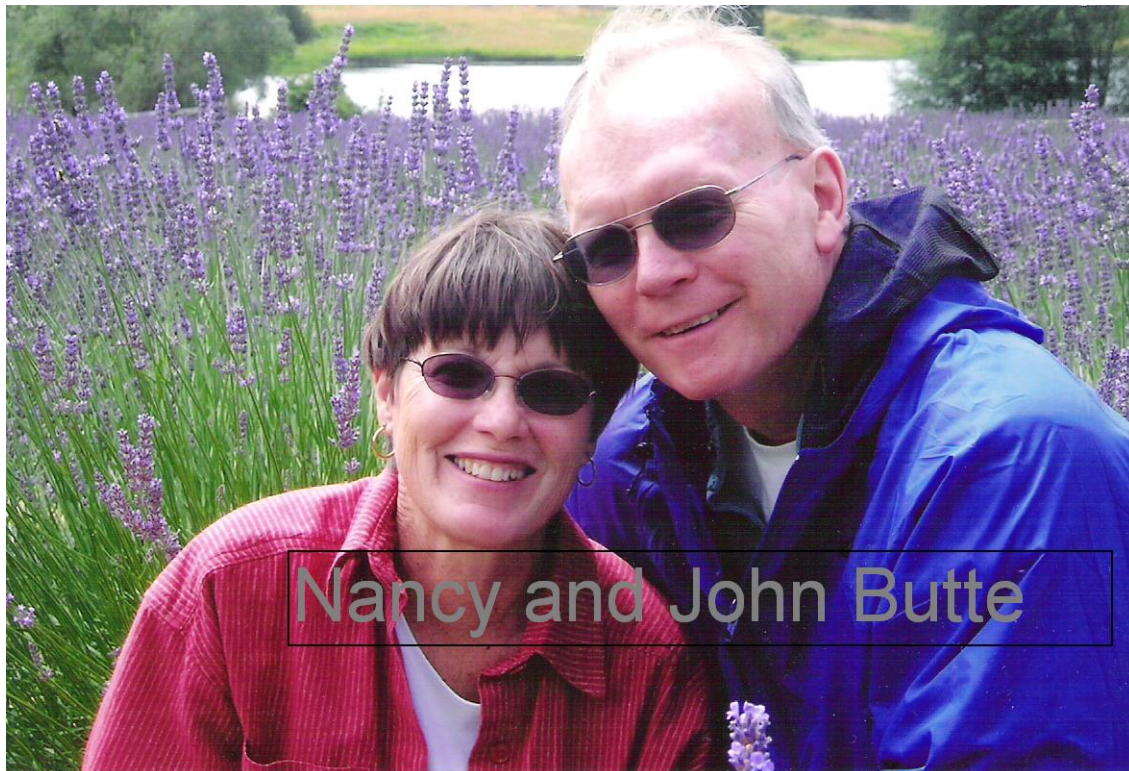


Willard Frederick Beard (son of Willard Livingstone Beard), Virginia, Barbara and Mona Wilson Beard. 1977
Hawaii

Marjorie Beard Butt's family

Family Group Sheet

Husband: William Ralph Butt	
Born: 1914	in: Newfoundland, Canada
Married: 31 Aug 1940	in: St. John's, Newfoundland
Died: 1983	
Wife: Marjorie Beard	
Born: 17 Feb 1906	in: Foochow, China
Died: 02 Dec 1995	in: Residence in Saginaw, Michigan
Father: Willard Livingstone Beard	
Mother: Ellen Lucy Kinney	
CHILDREN	
1 M	Name: John Charles Butte Born: 08 Feb 1943 in: Shelton, CT Married: 24 Nov 1973 in: Portola Valley, CA Spouse: Nancy Lee Roberts
2 F	Name: Sharon Butt Born: 03 Apr 1948 in: Saginaw, MI Married: 05 Jan 1980 Spouse: Gerald Edward Murphy



John Charles Butte (son of Marjorie Beard Butt) with wife, Nancy

Kathleen Beard Elmer's family

Family Group Sheet

Husband: Hugh Elmer	
Born: 19 Jun 1909	in: Marsovan (aka Merzifoun), Turkey
Married: 09 Sep 1932	in: Saginaw, MI
Died: 07 Dec 1996	in: Jacksonville, FL
Father: Theodore Allen Elmer	
Mother: Henrietta Mary Horsley	
Wife: Kathleen Cynthia Beard	
Born: 10 Aug 1908	in: Kuliang, Foochow, China
Died: 12 May 2004	in: Crystal River, FL
Father: Willard Livingstone Beard	
Mother: Ellen Lucy Kinney	
CHILDREN	
1 F	Name: Jacqueline Elmer Born: 03 Mar 1935 in: Clearwater, FL Married: 28 Jul 1956 in: Jacksonville, FL Spouse: Charles Edward Jackson
2 F	Name: Cynthia Elmer Born: 19 Dec 1937 Married: 02 Feb 1958 Spouse: Robert Nathaniel Amend
3 M	Name: Theodore Allen Elmer II Born: 16 Mar 1948 Married: 15 May 1969 in: Dothan, AL Spouse: Sherry Darlene Walden



Hugh and Kathleen Elmer at their 60th Wedding Anniversary 1994



Thanksgiving 2002

Kathleen Beard Elmer and 13 of her 15 great grandchildren. By 2009, four more great grandchildren were born, making a grand total of 19.



Cynthia, Kathleen and Jill

Cynthia Elmer Amend, Kathleen Beard Elmer and Jill Elmer Jackson - July 20, 2002



Jill and Charlie Jackson – Cynthia and Bob Amend



Theodore Allen Elmer (son of Kathleen Beard Elmer) and wife Sherry 2002



Christmas 2006 – Jamie, Mark Charles Jackson (great grandson of Willard and Ellen Beard), Jana (Beard letter compiler) and Brett Jackson

